

# Catboat Association Bulletin



No. 187



Winter 2022

## ON THE COVER

*Willow*, a Marshall 18 skippered by Peter Knowlton, on the way to participating in the Salem Sound Summer Solstice Sail-around (S-5) out of Salem, Massachusetts. Four Northshore catboats participated: *Mamie* (Marshall 22), *Fitz* (Arey's Pond - Lynx), *Willow* (Marshall 18) and an unnamed Marshall 18, No. 558.

In the early afternoon, a nice ten knot SSE sea breeze filled in off Cape Ann, and *Willow* jibed in behind *Mamie* for the reach (WSW) back towards Manchester.

Photo by Jerry Jodice

Jerry reports: He was sailing *Mamie* when the wind died. They were near the line a full thirty minutes prior to a successful crossing! The wind had nothing to do with their progress—they did not paddle!

# Catboat Association

www.catboats.org



## BULLETIN NO. 187

Winter 2022

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### THE CATBOAT ASSOCIATION

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

Members receive the Catboat Association Bulletin (ISSN 2689-7067) published three times a year (spring, fall, winter) and the Catboat Association Yearbook. The single-copy price of each is \$10.00. Members also receive periodic information about Association events and activities including the Annual Meeting and access to the CBA website. See the membership application within. Make check payable to the Catboat Association, Inc. and mail to: 322 Concord Road, Wayland, MA 01778-1121 or apply at [www.catboats.org](http://www.catboats.org)

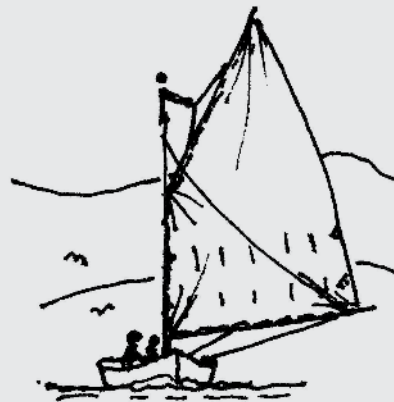
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## *Where To Send... Editorial Copy*

- *boat building and maintenance:*  
Eric Peterson  
112 Wading Place Road, Mashpee, MA 02649  
(781) 856-8873 eric.peterson@catboats.org
- *book reviews:*  
Ned Hitchcock II  
6 Pacific Avenue, Mashpee, MA 02649  
(774) 722-5753 ned.hitchcock@catboats.org
- *cruising and races and rendezvous:*  
Steve Flesner  
2037 Indian Circle, St. Leonard, MD 20685-2400  
(410) 586-8179 steve.flesner@catboats.org
- *history:*  
Judy Lund  
7 Middle Street, So. Dartmouth, MA 02748-3413  
(508) 996-4864 judy.lund@catboats.org
- *navigation:*  
Skip Stanley  
94 Clarendon Street  
South Weymouth, MA 02190-1351  
(617) 755-7269 skip.stanley@catboats.org
- *sailing techniques and seamanship:*  
Brent Putnam  
824-A Lake Avenue #194  
Lake Worth, FL 33460-3754  
(508) 444-0222 brent.putnam@catboats.org
- *social media coordinator:*  
Carol Thorsten-Stein  
52 Flash Road, Nahant, MA 01908-1153,  
(978) 764-1536 carol.thorsten-stein@catboats.org
- *keeper of the light:*  
Jay Webster  
25 Reservoir Road, Apt. B3  
Pembroke, MA 02359-2847  
(781) 826-7748 jwebster@catboats.org
- *editorial board:*  
Mark Alan Lovewell  
P.O. Box 2034, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568  
(508) 696-4655 mark.lovewell@catboats.org  
Dan McFadden  
39 Boulder Ave.  
Stonington, CT 06378-3004  
(860) 333-7155 dan.mcfadden@catboats.org  
Skip Stanley  
94 Clarendon Street  
South Weymouth, MA 02190-1351  
(617) 755-7269 skip.stanley@catboats.org
- *proofreaders:*  
Paul Cammaroto, Spencer Day, Teri Favreau, Jim Grenier,  
Peter Knowlton, Ray Lane, Ned Lund, Dan McFadden, Bill  
McKay, David and Kimberly Morrow, Anne Morton Smith,  
and Eric Peterson
- *line drawings:*  
Unless noted, contributed by: Rex Stewart, Dave Park,  
Charles Chapin, Frank Lovewell, and John Kurgan.
- *photographs:*  
All photographs contributed by the authors unless  
otherwise noted.

## *CBA Directory*

- *policy, guidance, & general information:* **Tim Lund**,  
*Steering Committee Chair*  
262 Forest Street, Needham, MA 02492-1326  
(781) 444-9695 tim.lund@catboats.org
- *awards:* **Skip Stanley**, *Chair*  
94 Clarendon Street  
South Weymouth, MA 02190-1351  
(617) 755-7269 skip.stanley@catboats.org
- *invoices, donations, etc.:* **Tim Fallon**, *treasurer*  
16 Maple Road, Warren, RI 02885  
(401) 252-1672 tim.fallon@catboats.org
- *memberships & updates:* **Carolyn Pratt**  
322 Concord Road, Wayland, MA 01778-1121  
(508) 397-6276 cajpratt@comcast.net
- *computer webmaster:* **Neil Titcomb**  
38 Brookwood Dr., Stanford, CT 06405-2325  
(203) 488-3088 neilcarrolt@sbcglobal.net and or  
Spencer Day contact info listed below
- *cats for sale:* **Spencer Day**  
7 Cottage Place, Milton, MA 02186-4504  
(617) 696-1067 spencer.day@catboats.org
- *advertising:* **Dan Look**  
100 Partheni Court, Cary, NC 27519  
(770) 855-3135 dan.look@catboats.org
- *merchandise, bulletin back issues and publications:*  
**Mary Crain**  
17 Ocean View Avenue, Mattapoisett, MA 02739  
(508) 758-8081 mary.crain@catboats.org
- *annual meeting coordinators:* **Eric and Dawn Peterson**  
112 Wading Place Road, Mashpee, MA 02649  
(781) 856-8873 eric.peterson@catboats.org



**WHAT TO DO ...**  
**WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:**  
Notify Carolyn Pratt at the address above.

# From the Editor:

I recently learned of a fellow named Beau Miles, a self-described “Backyard Adventurer.” Beau, an Australian, spent years taking on big challenges, running, kayaking, and hitchhiking around the world, before coming home to Victoria, Australia. Now content to be home, he now creates his own “backyard adventures.” That got me thinking, could we shoal-waters sailors do the same?

Many “adventurers” take on a journey to challenge themselves, to experience something on a big scale: to traverse a continent, climb a mountain, or sail across an ocean. But few of us have the time, the money, or the desire to do such things. Big things like these require big sacrifices. (Sure, you can do it, but at what cost?) But still, on a smaller scale, we can we find our own challenges.

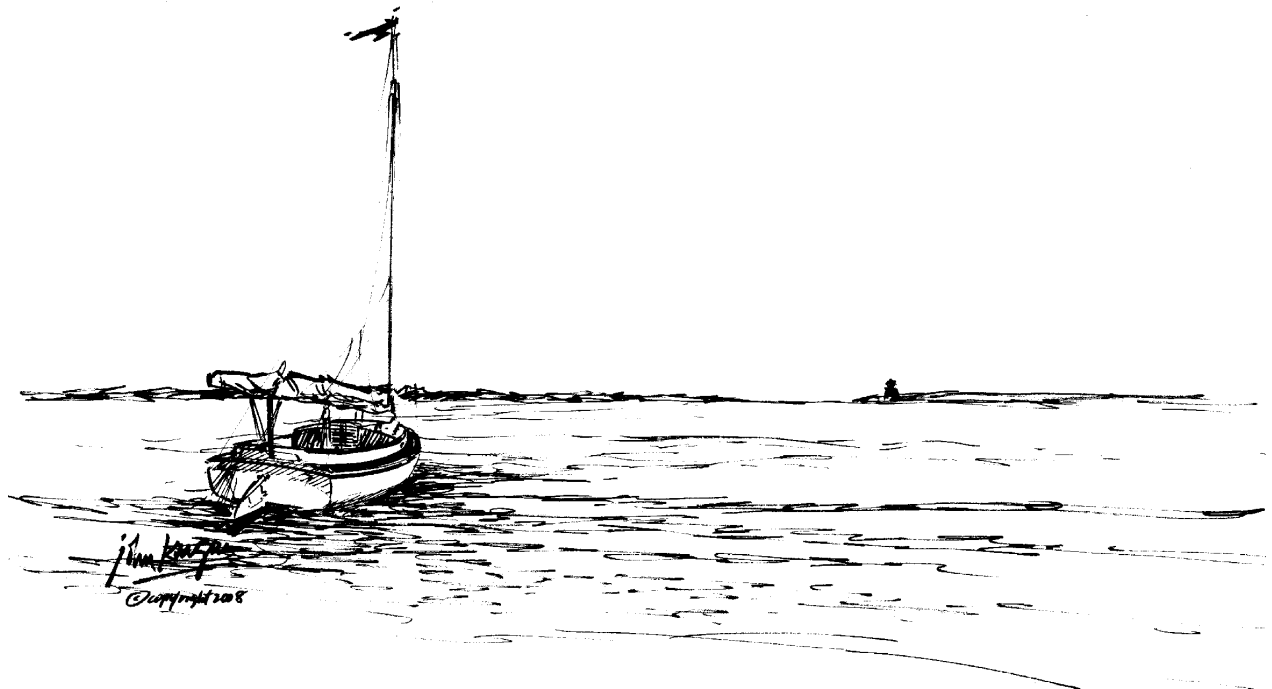
The essence of a “backyard adventure” lies in setting a goal, an often-arbitrary way to test your skills: to sail to an intended destination—a harbor, a buoy, or other mark despite less-than-optimal weather; to tack your way upwind against the current; to tie a reef in underway (maybe even having to duck into the lee of an island to do so); to learn to deal with up-and-down-bound traffic in a channel. Maybe even to find yourself in a “what-have-I-gotten-myself-into?” situation.



But then you come through it. You got where you wanted to go. You made it; you hit the mark; you got it done. You learned something. You built your confidence.

Then you file it away in your mind. You get the quiet satisfaction of having accomplished your goal. You may tell somebody someday about it, or not; it was just of those things.... You tested your mettle just a bit and came through. And had fun doing it.

That’s the wonderful thing about catboats—you can have an adventure or just enjoy being out on the water—or both!





# Now Hear This:

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## Annual Meeting Postponed, Rescheduled for March 18-20, 2022

We thought we had it in the bag. With the positive downward trend of COVID, we figured we'd be able to hold our Annual Meeting, so we went ahead and made our arrangements with the Marriott Mystic. Then Omicron came along and again we were forced to make a go/no-go decision. After much deliberation, the decision was reached to go ahead, despite the expectation that the attendance numbers would be low and the event somewhat curtailed.

But then Mother Nature intervened. A one-day snowstorm (i.e., blizzard) was predicted to hit the northeast beginning on Friday, January 28th right through Sunday, the 30th and was sure to impact travel to and from the Meeting. A flurry of emails were exchanged. The hotel was contacted and, in short order, a new date was agreed upon: March 18-20, 2022.

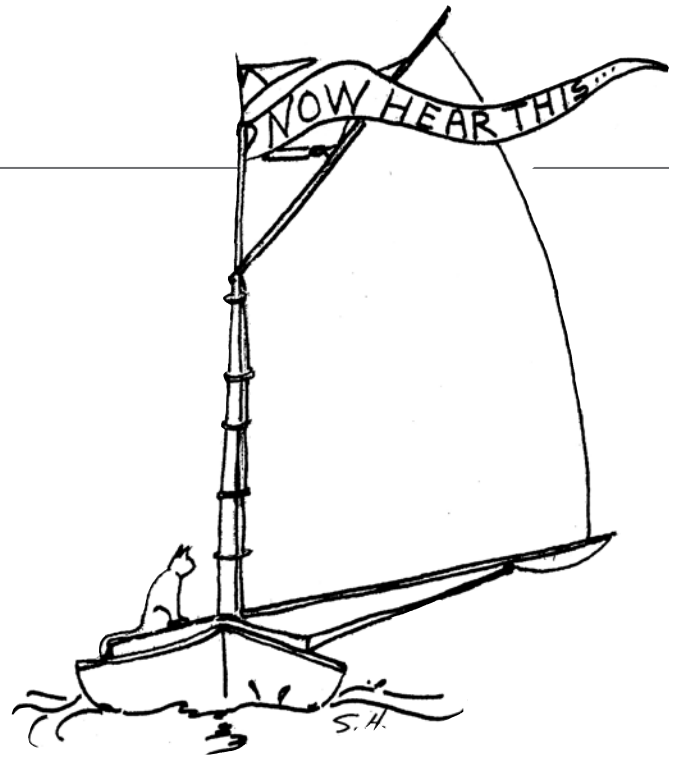
All tickets sold will be good for the new date. See the CBA website: [www.catboats.org](http://www.catboats.org) for details.

## New Ways to Log on to the CBA Website: [Catboats.org](http://Catboats.org)

As of January there are two new options for signing onto the CBA website as alternatives to using the standard username and password: Facebook or LinkedIn. This was the result of a system software update by Your Membership (the web platform the CBA uses).

## 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.

## Storekeeper Needed

The Steering Committee is looking for an energetic volunteer (storekeeper) to manage the CBA store. The storekeeper is responsible for ordering and maintaining inventory, which includes publications, clothing, and other CBA items, fulfilling online and mail-in orders and the creation of new CBA products. The storekeeper also serves on the Steering Committee and manages the merchandise table at the Annual Meeting. For further details, please contact Tim Lund at [tim.lund@catboats.org](mailto:tim.lund@catboats.org)

## BoatUS Membership

Please don't forget—if you are a member of BoatUS, you can get a 50% discount on your annual membership by applying the CBA's Cooperating Group Program code GA83247B. For specific



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Remember to also ask about insurance—they insure boats too.

## **Spring Bulletin**

To accommodate coverage of the Annual Meeting, the spring Bulletin may arrive a little later than usual. Rest assured – it's on its way.

## **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 chanteys have never been more popular.

The Facebook live link is: <https://www.facebook.com/1583227957/videos/10222369348054221/>  
For more about Mark go to: [website:www.boat.us.com](http://website:www.boat.us.com)

## **Marshall Sanderling One-Design Class Association**

Dan Look, the owner of Windshadow, along with members Erin Kenyon and Joseph Seymour, recently took the initiative to create and register the Marshall Sanderling Class Association with US Sailing. Following up, he is now looking to establish a community of Sanderling sailors. A Zoom meeting is being planned for the spring to discuss ideas for the group. If interested in joining, or have any ideas, comments or questions, please email Dan at [dlook@windshadowgroup.org](mailto:dlook@windshadowgroup.org).





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Arey's Pond currently builds three versions of a more traditional 14' catboat in wood or fiberglass. The new AP14 XFC takes the traditional catboat designs to a new place in the long history of Catboat Racing.

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# Crossing Over the Bar

Steve Flesner and Marc Cruder



## Stu Hopkins

Stuart “Stu” Hopkins, 87, a Chesapeake Catboat Association member for many years, passed away August 19, 2021.

In 1969, Stu and his wife Dee set out from Chicago and went down the Mississippi River in a thirty foot ketch. They lived aboard her for 22 years in the Caribbean islands and along the Eastern Seaboard before settling in Wicomico Church, Virginia. Along the way, Stu learned sail making and opened Dabbler Sails in 1991. Working alone, he specialized mainly in making sails for traditional small craft, eventually making over a thousand.

Stu and Dee often cruised with the CCBA and joined the 2005 cruise at St. Mary’s, Maryland in their yawl-rigged Marshall 22 *Muskrat*. Stu joined us again on the Nanticoke cruise.

When Marc Cruder asked him to make a sail for his Wittholz 25, Stu declined saying his shop was too small!

The modifications to his 22 certainly optimized the boat for their cruising purposes and she sailed really well in her own right. Prior to *Muskrat*, he bought a dilapidated Marshall 18 and gave her a complete makeover. The story of the rebuild appeared in Bulletin No. 166 (winter 2015). Named *Dabbler*, she was the forerunner to *Muskrat* (he called her *Muskrat’s* little sister). Guess he figured he needed a little more room! He sold *Muskrat* a few years ago but continued sailing her with the new owner. R.I.P. friend, you will be missed.



Stu and *Muskrat* in 2004.



Stu and Dee aboard *Muskrat*.



# Catboats Found Part Two – *Catherine*

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Ed Dankievitch

In part one, I mentioned the catboat *Catherine*. As I said I'm always looking for my next project. Yes, I'm a glutton for punishment. But boats are a huge part of my life. I've lost track of how many boats I have given a new lease on life. But most of them were fiberglass hulls needing a good cleaning and a re-freshed engine or wiring. When *Rose Bud* entered my life, I had to learn how to work with wood. Let me be clear—I am a wood butcher. Wood cuts way too fast. I can't tell you how many times I have tried. I would measure it twice cut it three times and it's still too short. I can lay out a project in steel or aluminum and it will work out. But wood? The stuff has a grain that will take the saw off it's intended path. I'm sure some of you can relate.

*Rose Bud* forced me to take my time. While she wasn't all that bad, she, like all boats, needed love. After *Rose Bud*, *Anna* came along and the woodwork projects grew. I had to build a complete cockpit sole. Yes, I trashed a few boards, but the reward was awesome. Anyone who saw her when she rolled out of the shop was in awe. So, when a listing for a Herman cat project boat came up on my computer, I had to look deeper. I reached out to the person that posted the listing and within a few days had a stack of pictures. I was hooked. Something about a boat with classic lines that just seemed to beg for help. She was too far to drive out to inspect her, let alone drag her back. But she spoke to me.

Her story started out with a gentleman out in Kansas buying a set of plans from the wooden boat store. Like many of us, this guy had a dream to build a boat. Only he passed away when she was about forty percent complete. His wife gave the hull to a neighbor who had been helping her husband build his dream. But he was overwhelmed with the scale of the project. And the hull was abandoned and offered up for sale. I stumbled on her listing by chance. (I wondered how much it would cost to get her from Kansas to Long Island, New York, I asked. Well, if you must ask, *a lot*.)

Boat transporters don't run from the center of the country to the coast very often. The first quote was well over \$5000.00. Discouraged, but not deterred, I pressed on the whole time the listing agent

kept sending me pictures. I stumbled on a shipping service called Uship Trucking—companies are looking for return trip loads (after all who wants an empty truck). These companies will bid on the jobs. And if you are not in too much of a rush, there are some really fair deals to be had. And best of all the service offers insurance if your package gets damaged or lost you don't lose a thing. So, I put out for bid the job of bringing this catboat hull back east. Within a few days, I had a contract in place, the sale of the hull finalized, and the wait began.

The hull also came with a trailer. But I had *no* idea about it's condition. So, I opted to have everything flat-bedded. A few weeks later, I got the notice that my new-to-me boat would soon be delivered. You remember that feeling of Christmas morning? Well, I couldn't sleep the night before she was would arrive.

The transporter showed up nearly on time. With New York traffic, showing up any time on the day planned is huge. My street is too narrow for the truck to unload; however, just a mile down the road is a nice parking lot for the town boat ramp. I had the driver meet me there.

There she was: the hull I had purchased after seeing only photos. The cockpit had suffered from exposure, and it was evident the wrong type of plywood was used, but the hull was intact and in better shape than I expected. Little did I know at the time what or how involved this adventure was going to become. I helped the driver unload and got him underway in time to catch the 4:30 ferry to Bridgeport. He was grateful as it saved him about six hours of driving in rush hour.

I got the hull home and into my workshop and started to off-load everything that was packed in the cabin. Mostly odds and quite a few ends. There in the cabin was a binder with photos of her birth and a tube with her plans. *Catherine* is cold molded epoxy. Three layers of quarter-inch strips all glued with System 3 Epoxy covered with fiberglass. Cold molding a wooden boat is basically like making a sheet of plywood but in the shape of a boat. If done right, it's super strong and lightweight. The gentleman that started this project had done an outstanding job in her layup. But he did make a few changes. Most

noticeable: the height of her cabin is between four and six inches higher than the plans called for and he added about twelve inches to her length.

Called the “Cape Cod Cat” designed by Charles Whittholz back in the 1960s, the design was adapted by Tom Herman in the early 1970s and was one of the early fiberglass catboats. They were first built by the Tom Herman Boat Shop of Long Island, New York, then later by Cape Cod Shipbuilding in Wareham, Massachusetts. It was easy to see why this design was used for the hull. As many owners of these fiberglass hulls will attest, they sail well and offer a fair amount of boat for the size.

My adventure was just starting. As I said, something about this hull spoke to me. I also said I am a wood butcher and did I have my work cut out for me! Her cockpit had suffered in storage, so it was the first to go. Once I had a clean slate, I was able to lay out her plans and compile a materials list—one of many to come. What I didn’t know, or fully grasp, was just how much time this project would consume. My wife will tell you I became obsessed with this boat. Any time I had free time you could find me in the shop trying to figure out how to cut, shape and install the next board. The local lumber yard became my new best friend. Mistakes—I made many. But if at first you fail, try and try again. Little by little the cockpit started to look like the plans and her bunk seats and storage took shape. So did her cabin interior.

I’m a huge fan of recycling and I was blessed with a marine consignment store only a few miles away. There I could, and did, spend many afternoons digging through bins of deck hardware. Blocks, cleats, you name it, I found it there. All these parts would have cost many weeks pay but, being used, were sourced for pennies on the dollar. There is a guy known locally as “the Sailboat Doctor.” I only know him as Jim. Jim put me in touch with Jerry Thompson of Thompson Boatworks, the builders of Menger catboats. Mr. Thompson happened to have a mast that needed a home. A few people now started to learn about my insanity—no, my *project*. Mr. Thompson stopped over at my shop one afternoon to see what I was up to and where his mast was going to end up. Inspired by his input, I plugged along.

It was around this time that I finally lifted her off the trailer and attempted to lower the centerboard. That was when I discovered that her builder had added a keel. I’m not really sure why he did—the plans don’t call for it—but he also added a two inch cap to the entire length of the hull. Only problem

was, he didn’t make the opening large enough for the centerboard to pass through.

As a result, I now had the hull almost done but no way to lower the centerboard. Innovation is one of my best and worst skills. Out came the saw and, with beads of sweat dripping, I slowly, very slowly, went to work on the opening in the keel. I finally got the opening large enough for the board to pass through and was able to remove it. Now came the hard part—how to re-glass the keel to the trunk. I’d like to say I was successful, but the trunk had been made with the same interior plywood as the cockpit and no matter how well I glassed the inside some water found its way in. This winter I have the task of removing and building the trunk properly. But that will be a tale for another day.

I found a used-sail shop in Florida. Remember, I recycle as much as I can as often as I can. They just happened to have a gaff-rigged sail that was very close to the dimensions called for in my plans. A few weeks later, a UPS package showed up. Now I had her engine. The local sail loft in town made the necessary adjustments. And one windless afternoon, I rolled her out of the shop. Only the second time in almost two years. I had set her up with a tabernacle mast and it was time to see if it worked. Within an hour I had the mast up, head stay adjusted, and her sail bent on. It was now time.

The Gods were smiling—the winds stayed calm and, as I hoisted her sail for the first time, she looked like the sketches in the plans Mr. Whittholz had drawn. A long time and a strange winding path to get to this point, but now it really started to feel like it was worth it. I am (by far) not a boatbuilder. This project had taken over my life for two years. Obsessed my wife said. But there was something about the smell of the fresh cut wood and epoxy that kept me going. Like I said, she spoke to me.

On May 1st, 2017, she slid down the launch ramp and floated for the first time. Within an hour, her mast was up and her sail bent on. *Catherine* came to life—she now had a soul. Who knew that all those years ago when my dad and I brought that old wooden catboat home that it would lead to a career working on boats? More than a career—a life. The things I’ve learned no college could ever teach. And the people I have met along the way all because I had a project that needed doing. *Catherine* is not my last boat. My adventure with her is still going on—she has much more to teach me.



That first summer, Dad and I sailed almost every week. Hmm... I probably should have mentioned Dad sooner as he was there, involved in this project. Though not as much as with our earlier boats, Dad helped with the frames for the cabin windows. He provided moral support whenever there was a problem to sort out. One thing we noticed with *Catherine*: she is comfortable and, while not fast, she gets you there. The sea doesn't bounce you around as much as it does in a smaller boat. While we could get her where we wanted to go, there was much to learn.

In the fall, I felt confident to enter the Great South Bay Catboat Rendezvous. Dad and I sailed her from East Moriches to Blue Point, by far the

longest sail we had ever attempted to date. We got an award for furthest distance traveled for the race. My plan was to stay out of everyone's way and just sail. Dad couldn't sail on race day and I needed a crew. The West Sayville Yacht Club had a few people that were up for sailing. I was paired with this older gentleman named Joe. Joe showed me things that I never knew about sailing a cat. Up until that day, I always thought sailing a cat was a compromise, that a sloop could out-sail a cat. Boy, was I ever wrong. In a well-trained sailor's hands, a cat will sail circles around a sloop. Except for hull speed, cats can and do point way higher into the wind.

Like I said I have much to learn.....



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# Excerpts from *Petunia's* Logbook, Volume II

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Tom Sieniewicz

*I shared, in CBA Bulletin No. 180 (fall 2019), excerpts from the first five years of ship's log entries from catboat Petunia, our 1969 Crosby. Petunia is likely the last wooden Crosby built by that yard. With my wife, Martha, and our three children, I sail Petunia and my boyhood 1957 Concordia Beetle Cat Pequod in and around the tide-swept granite shores near Acadia National Park and Mount Desert Island, Maine—perhaps the far northern range of our beloved American catboat fleet. The frigid Atlantic waters and cool air seem to have helped preserve Petunia's old wooden hull and her crew. Here I share with my fellow CBA members excerpts from the subsequent five years of family cat boat adventures.*

## **OPENING ENTRY ON THE TITLE PAGE OF VOLUME II of the catboat *Petunia's* logbook August 16, 2016**

*In the course of our busy life, give us times of refreshment and peace; and grant that we may so use our leisure to rebuild our bodies and renew our minds, and that our spirit be opened to the goodness of creation.*

(Paraphrased from the Book of Common Prayer,  
kept in *Petunia's* seaborne library.)



*Petunia and Pestow.*

## **September 10, 11, 2016 - A quick trip to get some fresh air.**

I sit by the afterglow of the wood-fired ship stove in weather that makes me happy to be close to land. Yesterday a perfect sail – rescued a becalmed Lucy Belle in her Beetle Cat with a *Petunia* diesel-powered tow—a Concordia Beetle (1976) on which she has spent nights with her daughter. Beetles do that to you. I too had the same experience forty-five years ago, sleeping overnight on Sandy Neck beach on Cape Cod in my Beetle. I only had the company of sandflies.

I caught mackerel while sailing up the Sound today, dodging lobster pots, a complete tangle of lines, sheets and live fishing tackle.

I now pen this with seagulls laughing at me.

## **October 10, 2016 Columbus Day, Canadian Thanksgiving**

The summer has flown by. A sad day putting the boats away for six and a half months. It is gray/grey and very windy today, strong breezes for the last three days. A reefed *Pequod* bounded out over the Sound yesterday. She now pitches and bucks on her mooring. *Petunia* riding high and empty of her stores, library, blankets and pillows is ready for winter. We proudly burned only six gallons of fuel this year! ...but maybe that was because I did not spend enough time on her.

Teddy Roosevelt's great white fleet extended American influence across the globe.

Our three white painted wooden boats with matching green bottoms, also a great white fleet. They proclaim wooden boat! Short but profound voyages reached Brooklin or the Cranberry Islands this year. The shapes and spirit of their hulls and crews spread up and down Somes Sound—but whose influence is also carried like the fleet's cedar smoke to all corners of the globe. No cannons, just a few model rockets is all the fleet is armed with save her powerful logbook and complete library.

(There's also a thirty-two foot Ralph Stanley wooden lobster boat but she's not the subject of the logbook or this Bulletin. *Martha* shares the anchorage



with my boyhood 1957 Concordia Beetle Cat *Pequod* and the logbook carrying *Petunia*.)



*Petunia and Martha.*

**April 29, 2017 Winter zoomed by and we are back aboard.**

The smoky and oily smells mixed with salt sea and whisky carry me back in time. A time machine only interrupted by presence of one of my children who is now confidently chiding me for dropping crumbs in the cabin.

“I am just trying to leave you a few crumbs, so you know that I have been here.”

We slept overnight to the sound of Man-O-War Brook’s waterfall splashing into the ocean after a sea-borne sunset scramble up Robinson (Acadia) Mountain. No one is here, and there was no one there.

All the boats are now ready, even sixty-year-old *Pequod* is painted and ready to launch Memorial Day. Sixty seasons and still bright and spry—there’s hope.

Maine, the White Pine State, the State of fireworks, bonfires, blackflies and small engines, of ocean, mountains and emptiness. Maine the State of coldness and coolness. The State of silence if you know where and when to go... *and I’m not telling!*

**June 9, 10 & 11, 2017**

A twenty-four mile sail with Martha to the gut between the Cranberries and into the Pool on Great Cranberry Island where schooners were once made. A very narrow channel gets you into the Pool—jibing on the way out without my jibing gloves I burnt my left hand in nine places.

First aid? Grip an ice cold can of Budweiser firmly. When empty—repeat.

We rushed home so I could go boating. In Beetle Cat *Pequod* I close the day with three crossings of the Sound.



Rushed home so I could go sailing in Beetle Cat *Pequod*.

**August 19, 20, 2017**

To Brooklin, Maine with a reef in my sail to meet the catboat sailing class taught by Martin of Venice Beach, California. My fourth trip to WoodenBoat in *Petunia* with tender *Pestow*. They both turn heads. I managed to have the whole class sail her this year. Tales of Crosby and an understanding that the WoodenBoat School is summer camp for adults—one of the class members had taken twenty-five courses. Some there to make plans to build a *Petunia* and no doubt will. They asked about the lobster boat *Martha* and remarked that I was the luckiest wooden boat owner in America. But *Martha* is for another class.

I made 9.7 knots over the Bass Harbor Bar on an outgoing tide and a broad reach. *Petunia*’s bow begins to submarine at this speed. A new world-record for

speed. Twenty-five miles down to Brooklin—note the Casco Passage rips a powerful tide similar to the one off Bass Harbor light.

The engine quit in the wide-open Atlantic swells of the Western Way. I had less than half a tank of diesel, as *Petunia* burns none. It is likely that the huge off-shore sloshing put some air or gunk in the fuel lines. After about twenty minutes rest and a series of prayers she would stop chugging and racing and go back to purring like a cat should. Or, purring like a well cared-for cat should.

There are more people who love her now including the woman who captains the WoodenBoat fleet launch, who swooned and drove the swoon meter up to a new level upon boarding her. *Petunia* is purr-fect in 2017.

After reading some log entries out loud the class asks, ‘Why I don’t publish her log?’ My answer, “Who would read this stuff?”

“Try the Catboat Bulletin first,” Martin says. The man who wears a tee-shirt emblazoned with the words, CATBOAT WORLD DOMINATION.

Maybe a likely readership set of N=1. OK, I will start there.

### September 16, 17, 2017

Martha and Tom kissing overnight at the Man-O-War Falls’ anchorage. We awoke to super thick fog. Sailing away we obediently ding two bells regularly, with the resonant sound bouncing back off the wall of the sea’s mist. Martha having to do all this dinging because she’s the bell girl—instead of me doing the ringing and of course being mistaken in this thick fog for...a bell-buoy!

Back soon.



Man-O-War Falls, Somes Sound, Maine.

### June 9, 10, 2018

I needed to go to sea, as Patrick Tedesco died Monday night at aged fifty-one. My business partner of twenty-two years.

Sitting on the foredeck of *Petunia* at twilight with Bartlett Island’s forested and shadowy shores reflected on the surface of last light’s calming-down waters. The sound of rhythmic waves tapping on *Petunia*’s hull became my familiar place to reflect on my now-missing friend.

I am to give his eulogy next Saturday morning at Saint Cecelia’s in Back Bay. Here on *Petunia*, I have written the structure of my reflections of my friend on pieces of the MDI-grown split and aromatic Eastern white cedar firewood we use to cook and heat here on *Petunia*. When done perhaps I will either cast the inscribed wood on the waves to just float calmly away or burn the sticks on board in the stove, sending smoke to heaven.

I plan more adventures and need all the pages from this logbook onboard *Petunia*.

I really hope I can organize all my thoughts into a good mourning for my friend!

Peace, Patrick.

*Petunia*’s decks are now washed in my tears for you.

On this fifty mile trip up and back to Bartlett Island in Blue Hill Bay, we spent the night in Dogfish Cove on the guest mooring with a baby seal barking and playing next to us. Leaving at dawn, there was a lot of bait showing at 4:00 a.m. for what will certainly be today’s baby seal’s breakfast.

I am so grateful for my son Satchel, shipmate for this reflective time at sea for me. He has been a sympathetic dream of a crewmate as always.



Son Satchel with his spyglass.

Patrick Tedesco's eulogy, invented and sketched out onboard *Petunia*, seems to have touched many of the hundreds at his service and helped me with the beginning of the long, longing process. I can hear and see him in this silence of a still Sunday morning while turning to all the compass points slowly here at anchor in Broad Cove.

I get to BE and be here for Patrick. I will make the most of it.

Back soon – but not soon enough.

### **August 1, 2, 3 & 4, 2018**

A trip to the WoodenBoat School again to help with the catboat class and to see the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta.

Got fogged in and spent two nights at WoodenBoat surrounded by yachtsmen. Five Concordia yawls which no one even noticed, they being as plentiful as New York City pigeons. Ninety boats—I went out on the course and *Petunia* made new friends.

I started this year's class lecture with the prayer at the beginning of this log. I felt a lot like a preacher reading all this stuff out loud. *Petunia* does that to me.

Two dawn sails on this passage, one beginning in the dark at 4:10 a.m. and one at 5:30 a.m. Glassy sea sunrise, one cloud gray skies, black islands turning deep purple colors in dawn's early light. The sea surface alive with mammals, birds and fishes or the day's first ripple of wind. The cockpit washed in the scent of last night's ship's stove cedar fires. With a thermos of hot black coffee made aboard last night, I feel braced and more alive to the world than I ever have.

Sailed with the whole class on board to Campbell Island. A young student borrowed my tender, *Pestow*. He could not row. A great show for our picnic lunch as he struggled with the tide's currents and wind as the oars repeatedly levered out of the oarlocks as they do when this is all new.

*Petunia* devotees—I allowed them full run of her. Someone remarked, after toggling the GPS, "How do you get the maps back?" I was busy and thought nothing of it...a lesson. Do not let students use vital life-safety stuff unless they need too. (No worries, *Petunia* carries two hand-held GPSs.)

Once again, the class encourages me to publish this drivel.

Lots of discussion about inshore vs. offshore/blue water sailing. The aged class all arguing for inshore and Martin and I are drawn to the big water.

Every time we go out off the Western Way, I wonder. I wonder what's on the other side. I wonder if I could do it. I wonder if I am running out of time. I do not know for sure what is out there except profound nature, beauty and likely terror. I also wonder, why? Why have I always wanted to go there? I am so taken by the sea—NO—by the Atlantic; I have no desire to go south, always north.

Perhaps I am a compass.

### **May 4, 5, 2019 (50th launch, 50th season!)**

Opening Day, delayed one week because of Aunt Mary Welch's memorial service—a very grand old dame of Mount Desert Island who died last November at the age of 101. Aunt Mary did not approve of centerboard boats, so she was unimpressed by *Petunia*. She loved to cruise with her husband Sohier and said her most favorite anchorage was Cookie Bite Cove, on the north side of Bartlett Island. (Not the real name but if you look at a chart, it is unmistakable as a cookie-bite out of the island. It is still the best anchorage I have ever been to.)

So, in honor of Aunt Mary, we had a new centerboard made for *Petunia* this year. Martha and I tested it this morning and it works great!

### **July 25, 26, 27 & 28, 2019**

If you don't have your Swiss Army knife, you'll need it. If you have your Swiss Army knife, you will never need it. We have four onboard *Petunia* this cruise. If you forget your rain gear, it will rain hard. If you have it, fair weather, clear skies, ten knots of breeze and a reach home. Spent our last night in Somesville Harbor on a stolen mooring—using the Mary Welch rule: If it's free at sunset, take it!

So how do you know when your cruise is over? When the whiskey is gone? When the firewood's all burnt up? When you are out of bread and cheese? Or, when you are longing for Martha. That is the only thing we did not have a plan B for, and I never will.

Best cruise ever.

### **September 13, 14, 2019**

On deck at noon under navy-gray sky on angry Atlantic water, the wind building and a silver-gray sea roaring in its throaty way. White caps beyond the cove. The wind in the pines sounding like a salmon-river rapid. I think I even see some amber colors in the leaves. The sound of the Sound is like an excited audience before a concert.



Last night under the light and shadows of the full moon, *Petunia* was washed in moonlight tinted by the pale warm glow of her cabin's oil lamps. Although often alone I never feel alone onboard. At night especially, memories, objects and all the books embrace me while in the cabin, cockpit or on deck. Hundreds of cloudless new reflections and vistas. I can hear Melville's voice by simply glancing at the spine of *Moby Dick*. Homer, Whitman, and Lincoln's voices too. Hudson Bay blankets bring all of Canada into the cabin with my boyhood dreams of dark green canvas canoe, of pocketknife and first aid kits to rescue the wounded.

Sitting by the fire I appreciate its warmth and scent like my first paycheck or my first day of school. Everything is in order on *Petunia*, and I am separated from all my disappointments and lists of undone tasks by these waves.

What matters out here? Few things. Longing for Martha. Wonder at my children. The direction of the wind and the volume of seawater sometimes caught inside the hull.

Is *Petunia* correctly provisioned for her next voyage? Am I?

**May 22, 2020**

A devil's wind in Somes Sound.

The boys told me, "NOT to put a reef in my sail!"

They are not catboaters with fifty plus years of catboating experience. I should have overridden the taunts from the young Misters Bravado.

Microburst gusts from all directions make my head, helm and hull spin. I was fine—but not at the leisure I so desperately need these days.



A devil's wind.

**April 24, 2020**

Son Jasper, captain of the Cambridge Rindge and Latin High School sailing team, and I took *Petunia* out for some frostbite sailing. We washed the deck in spray and buried the rail. Had to do a series of brilliant chicken jibes on the way back home which showed the new twenty-two foot homeward-bound pennant to very good effect.

*Petunia's* fifty-one and spry. She even submarined a bit in the strong April breezes. Hull's tight, mahogany is bright and winter dreams come true. I get to be back on the Atlantic again with confident boat and competent crew.



Furled home ward bound pennant.

**May 8, 2020**

A Friday sail before the snowfall (it did snow). Satchel at the helm with two tucks. I had a meeting with four Boston coworkers who were not quarantining at sea and were stuck at their desks.

"Is that water I hear in the background!?"  
BUSTED.

**May 23, 2020**

Two tucks in my sail and a perfect stress-free voyage with Martha.

It has been years since Captain Haddock ruled over *Petunia*. The new standard is stress-free sailing. Daughter Stella says, "There's no such thing," and laughs at her Dad.

MIT sailing team member and son Satchel remarks, "What's this new thing? Reefs all the time?"

THEY WORK, and I like tying lots and lots of knots.



Stress-free sailing.



Oil-powered anchor lamp fastened to the forward deck.

### May 1 - June 2, 2021

Pandemic views of *Petunia* and the whole great white fleet for more than a month.

“Let’s go sailing after a whole day of zoom meetings.” Martha says, “Do things here in a pandemic that you cannot do in Cambridge.”

You cannot cocktail with your bride on the Atlantic Ocean and sail back to the mooring. Bourbon does not taste as good in Massachusetts. Here it is mixed with the salt air and the essence of the tides. Low tide does smell different than high. Yet another natural and regular clock!

The whole month to properly provision her for the year. Her cabin doors left open for thirty-two days straight and her ship’s bell hung on the outside of the cabin’s bulkhead ready always to ring out the watch or wring out the fog.

### June 12, 13, 2021

Overnight at Man-O-War Falls. A bald eagle poses at cocktail hour. A quiet night with the oil-powered anchor light fastened to the forward deck near the air vent so that soft light spills into the cabin. Light air on the homeward beat. My kind of zoom—1.7 knots which makes for a level keel. Slow down and you get an even keel.

P.S. I found weevils on board in the food locker. Now *Petunia* is real Royal Navy! HMS *Petunia*, rule Britannia.

### June 19, 2021

A Father’s Day sail, so NO reef.  
Burnt my hand on a jibe again.  
Back soon, with luck.

### August 27, 28 & 29, 2021

Out catboating for the weekend.

Please remember how great this is to live by tide, wind and whim. To prove that solo sailing can be and is very social. Arise with the sun and sleep with the sound of porpoises circling the hull, spouting as they feed in merry-go-round motion.

Friday night sailing captured by a shorebound friend on my way to Northeast Harbor. There’s a yachtman’s building there with showers and laundry for longer cruises if you have a date and need to clean up some.

On my way out Saturday morning, I pay respects to *Owl*, a Concordia yawl, by switching off the iron sail and hailing the captain, “My perfect dream boat!”



Perfect dream boats.



He replies, “*Petunia* might be perfect too.”

That’s what Martha says.

In the Great Harbor under sail, a USCG cutter cruises by. I tack well ahead of her to avoid her path and a pin on the main sheet block lets loose. So, rather than presenting as a smart and seaworthy captain at one with his vessel, I am scrambling and look like another bumbling summer sailor.

At the Islesford dock, I am greeted Steven Shirley who has photographed *Petunia* with the Mount Desert Island mountains as a backdrop. He runs and gets me a bronze pin to fix my tackle and his wife comes aboard and does the *Petunia* swoon. They cross their hearts and promise to buy a catboat and join the CBA.



*Petunia* seen from Little Cranberry Island with Mount Desert Island as a backdrop.

As I sit at the Islesford dock bar for lunch, the building rocks as the whole world does after you’ve been at sea for a while. Rocking like a chair or a cradle, not like an earthquake, so pleasant and meditative.

I spilled my tea about six times in three days—never remembering where I set my tin cup down or the amazing Ouija-board effects of my Persian-carpeted engine cover when the iron sail purrs.

### October 15, 16 & 17, 2021

Clean out weekend for *Petunia* who seems so sad without all her stores.

I leave some things on her thinking I will just get ONE more sail this year. Camp chores and constant rain make that dream a wisp.

Six months without her! If she were in warmer waters, she’d have rotted by now. So, it is good that we must part. I spend more time on her in my dreams than I do in the salt air.

This year’s perspectives of her were transformed by our new dock. The captain and mates sit with whiskey-soaked ice on the thrones that are the family’s old gray and weathered Adirondack chairs and are mesmerized by her as she spins on her mooring and rocks and pitches, tethered to the bottom of Broad Cove. Her curves made double at twilight by her upside down, weightless and rippled reflection on the sea’s surface.

With luck I will be back next year to be rocked by you and I will write a few more love letters in any remaining pages.



Sunset



# Tabby Damaged by Fall Nor'easter

Skip Stanley

It is rare that an accident or disaster has just one cause. More often, it is a series or chain of events that leads to the incident. One small thing, the needle valve in an engine, a tangled line, etc., that eventually leads to a casualty. Break the chain and nothing happens. Many incidents have been avoided this way: the chain is broken in time, due to foresight, experience, or luck. Something amiss is noticed and fixed in time. No such luck this time.

In the fall in New England, the harbor masters send a letter, often delivered by email, notifying the owners of when their boats must be off their moorings and out of their slips. This fall was no different—all boats were to be out by October 18th, 2021. The town float would be removed at that time.

*Tabby*, the 1947, eighteen foot, Fenwick Williams catboat, owned by Phil Carling is kept in a slip at Bare Cove Marina in Hingham, Massachusetts. The marina owner, Nick Bonn, asked that all boats be out by October 15th; at that time the launch service would be stopped.

Phil takes great care of *Tabby*. Last winter it was an engine rebuild, by his son-in-law Dane, and repairs to the upper gudgeon on the transom.

Each season he launches her and takes her over to Steamboat Wharf in Hull to have her 200 pound fir mast stepped. Then he brings her back to Hingham and, with Dane's help, puts on her spars and sail. And goes sailing. He also makes an annual trip to Salem, Massachusetts, to attend the Antique & Classic Boat Festival, where *Tabby* has been a fixture for many years.

Sometime over the summer, *Tabby's* engine began to get balky and finally wouldn't start at all. This was puzzling because the engine had been rebuilt over the winter and was working fine. Attempts to pinpoint the problem proved futile. And the summer moved on. The problem persisted into the fall; *Tabby* stayed in her slip.

When the notice came for the boats to be out, Phil asked to remain in her slip a little longer. Nick said no problem; but he did want to start pulling the slip-floats. With the engine kaput, Phil arranged for *Tabby* to be brought to the town ramp where the mast

could be pulled and she could be out on the trailer. But that couldn't happen till the last week in October. Nothing unusual, so far....

The next week's weather forecast said a tropical storm was headed for New England. As with past storms, many, including Phil, expected this to be little more than a wind and rain event by the time it reached the northeast. Nick took the precaution of doubling-up *Tabby's* mooring lines and making sure her fenders were in place.

Meanwhile, in the south-central U.S., trouble was brewing. This was going to be more the usual tropical storm. A sub-tropical disturbance was developing and, as it moved eastward toward the Atlantic, it would eventually become a "bomb cyclone," an area of rapidly deepening low pressure which brings with it hurricane force winds. It would eventually be named tropical storm Wanda.

The storm arrived on the South Shore of Massachusetts on Tuesday, the 26th of October with a vengeance—hurricane force winds accompanied by heavy rains. At Provincetown, the gusts were measured at over ninety miles per hour. Trees were uprooted, taking down power lines, impacting travel, and leaving many homes and businesses without power.

On Wednesday morning, Phil got a call from Nick telling him *Tabby* had been damaged and he



Phil's first look at *Tabby*.

needed to get down to the marina. When he arrived, all he could see was *Tabby's* mast which was pointing to the east and practically horizontal. This was odd because last he knew she was tied up facing the other way. He couldn't get down to her immediately because the bridges between the floats had washed away and one was in the parking lot.

When he finally did get down to the slip, he found her awash and listing to port. A couple guys from the marina helped get her upright but she was still submerged. There appeared to be a six inch by four foot hole in the port side and the rudder was gone.



*Tabby* upright and awash.

Phil originally thought he would be able to patch the hole with plywood and screws. He figured if he could get her over to the beach, and let the tide go out, he could dewater her. First they tried dewatering her with a heavy-duty pump but made no headway. When that proved futile, he thought maybe take her to the town dock and patch her there, but the hole was far too big—four feet long, yes, but extending below the waterline. The plan was then made to side-tow her to Steamboat Wharf—semi-submerged—and pull her out there.

This was not an easy trip. Steamboat Wharf is about three miles from Hingham. Fortunately, the weather was clear and the trip uneventful. On arrival, they positioned *Tabby* along the seawall and straightened her up enough to get the mast out with a boom truck. Once the mast was out, they leveled her further and, as the tide started going out, positioned her on jack-stands to steady her until the trailer could be driven under the hull to pull her out.



Side-towing *Tabby* to Hull.

Then Phil got his first look at the full extent of the damage. In addition to the hole in the port side, the stem was damaged and the upper gudgeon had been torn away. Nothing was left in the interior; what few possessions there were, were gone.

He figured that, during the storm, the wave action pushed the fenders up onto the dock allowing *Tabby* to pound against it. Sometime during the night, the bow lines parted and she swung 180 degrees and the rudder broke away; the quadrant was actually pulled through the transom. There was also significant damage to the stem too. She had managed to stay afloat, though barely. Later, Phil went over to the nearby shore to see if any pieces could be found. He didn't find any, leaving him to conclude, "She must have been pounded to splinters."



The damage to the port side.





The hole in the transom where the quadrant pulled through.



The transom under repair.

In the following week, divers found the rudder (intact), with the quadrant still attached, on the bottom twenty-five feet from the slip and retrieved it.

Phil reckons the initial cause of the engine trouble was something to do with the fuel pump, which was the only thing not replaced during the engine overhaul. It was Phil's sense that the timing of the fuel injection was off; but they were never able to pin it down—and now they'll never know.

*Tabby* is with Dave Peterson at Wooden Tangent Boatworks in Mattapoisett, Massachusetts. Dave, a highly skilled Boatwright, doesn't build new boats, he

only restores old ones. Phil is thankful to have *Tabby* in such good hands. She is too iconic to lose.

And it all began with a balky engine.

To be continued...

*Tabby was built for and owned by John Killam Murphy. It is the boat displayed on the JKM award plaque. The JKM award is presented annually to a member "for the advancement of the principles and the perpetuation of the traditions of sail as exemplified by The Catboat Association."*

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# *The Peapod* - A Catboat Kid Story

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Jim Grenier

An old truck parked near us, right on the lake proved the ice was thick. There were a handful of ice shacks scattered around but many people were fishing out in the open like we were.

I was shivering to stay warm in the teeth-chattering cold, shoulders hunched to the winter breeze as I watched my dad scoop the remaining ice chunks from the fifth fishing hole. Crumpled newspaper stuffed between my oversized galoshes and thick wool socks, my faded gray Mighty Mac jacket just not enough to keep me warm. My Nana-knitted hat tied under my chin was warm but the matching mittens were another story.

It was February school vacation, 1963. We were sitting on old boat cushions inside a canvas windbreak with three tip-up rigs spread out about twenty-five feet away, two holes near the tent for our short jiggling poles. Our only source of warmth was the small flame of a “hobo stove” made from a coffee can stuffed with a roll of corrugated cardboard and paraffin. I was cold and unenthusiastic. The tip-ups sat waiting for a strike to send the spring-loaded flags skyward. I looked around for something else to do. Cold is discomfort, bored is tedium, to be cold and bored is kid torture.

Listening to me complain for the past half hour, Dad told me to get up and move around. Do jumping jacks. Get my blood flowing. I thought, “moving around” only takes your mind off how quickly you are freezing to death.

Dad waves me off, scowling. “Go take a walk. See if anyone is catching anything. And if they are, find out what they are using for bait. Just don’t go too far. Be back in a half hour!”

Like I had a watch! I didn’t have a watch. But my birthday was coming up next month and I had been hinting.

I shuffled around to some of the other fishermen but no one had caught anything. I watched several iceboat sails far away on the other side of the lake. They looked interesting, but they were way too far away to get to. I headed back to the parking lot by the boat ramp.

Two men hovered around a small pea-green sailboat. I trotted over to see what they were doing.

It was a small catboat with a wide crossplank running side-to-side underneath the boat a few feet back from the stem. At either end of this were wooden blocks with steel runners on the bottom. Two cables and turnbuckles stretched from behind each side block to a metal fitting clamped to the aft skeg. The shallow boat keel rested on another plank running fore-and-aft. The bottom of the rudder had a steel plate with some slots and bolts.

There was another plank under the hull running fore-and-aft. A slot in that plank allowed the centerboard to be raised and lowered against a spring hinge that had a length of toothed blade welded to it, acting as a brake. The centerboard cap was removed with a steel bar with a pulley fastened to the top of the centerboard. A line ran through the pulley. Pulling on the line would put pressure on the hinge below, forcing it harder against the ice.

Straps and ropes secured the boat to the frame.

They made their catboat into an iceboat!

“Is that a Beetle Cat?” I asked. I suspected it was.

“How did you know it was a Beetle Cat?” asked one of the men.

Even after all these years I remember his name. He said everyone called him Peewee. He was the shortest man I’d ever seen, except for the dwarfs in that Oz movie. The other guy had on a long red coat—and I can’t remember his name—so he’ll be “Red” to my readers.

“I sail a Beetle with my friend sometimes,” I answered. My face was cold but the rest of me was fine.

“The iceboat thing is new to us. An experiment,” said Peewee. “If this thing works, maybe we can give you a ride later. Hang around a bit.”

My heart jumped! You bet! I felt pretty darn warm at that point.

Both men climbed into the boat, Rocking their bodies, testing to be sure the boat was stable. They checked the straps and ropes. Everything was tight.

Just as they were finishing bending on the sail, Dad showed up.



"Where have you been for the past hour? I've been looking all over for you!" Dad was furious.

"These men are going to launch their iceboat." I had forgotten to check back with Dad. Sometimes it's better to answer the question you wished was asked, rather than the one that *was* asked.

Red, sensing I was in a bit of trouble, offered Dad a metal flask. "This your kid? He's pretty sharp. Been a big help getting this thing ready."

Dad looked over the contraption. "His name is Jimmy. What did he do?"

"Gave advice," responded Red. Red and Peewee both chuckled.

Dad smiled. He took a second swig from the flask. "Are you really gonna put that on the ice?"

"Yeah we're gonna sail 'er. Or at least try," said Red. "It's Peewee's boat but I engineered the iceboat part."

Peewee added, "I sail this lake all spring through fall. Figured with some modifications I could sail year round."

Dad and I helped the two men drag the boat down the boat ramp and onto the ice. We placed the boat so the bow was pointing into the breeze.

Red dropped the steel steering plate at the bottom of the rudder so it bit into the ice and tightened the bolts. He then tied a line from under the skeg up through a bronze eye on the top of rudder to keep the pintles from jumping out of the gudgeons.

The name on the transom was crudely hand-lettered: *The Peapod*. Considering the owner's name, it was kinda funny, I thought.

We held the catboat in place while Peewee climbed aboard and raised the sail. We let go. Peewee sat there, waiting. The boat didn't budge.

Peewee grabbed the boom and pushed it to port and turned the rudder in the opposite direction. This is something you may have to do when "in irons," meaning when you need to point the boat away from the wind. Basically, the wind hits the sail and forces the bow sideways while the rudder turns the boat. The boat still did not move.

So we swung the boat around to better catch the wind. The sail started to fill and we gave the *The Peapod* a good push. She slid away slowly. The boat was moving on its own.

The rudder blade bit into the ice and the boat turned and picked up speed. A chattering was obvious as the runner blades hobbled over some of the rougher ice near the shore, but *The Peapod* settled down once it

hit the smoother ice further out. It moved out of the cove and onto the main part of the lake.

The boat turned to a broad reach. Peewee was yelling: "Wow! Lookee this! Holy Mackerel!" and so on. We were cheering him on too.

"I hope he doesn't break anything before I get my turn," said Red.

After a series of tacks and gybes the *The Peapod* turned her bow straight towards us. She was on a run, her sail ballooning, the wind directly behind her. We could see the centerboard's toothed blade carving gouge in the ice as she came. She was slowing, but not much. Peewee brought the boat around into the wind and dropped the gaff peak enough to stop.

We jogged over to the boat and helped Peewee back onto the ice. The maiden voyage lasted less than ten minutes.

"Did you see that?" Peewee's grin stretched wide across his face. "She is fast! Fast like race car fast! Wow!"

Turning to Red he said, "We need to make some adjustments, but the concept is basically okay."

"What adjustments?" asked Red.

"The side runners need to be moved more forward or a front runner added forward of the bow... and a better brake system. See what you think."

Red took his turn. He sailed the boat "flat" keeping all three runners on the ice. On a reach one of the side runners lifted off of the ice. When he got back he said to put in a reef. He said tipping up like that was fun, but the rudder did not respond when the rudder left the ice.

Red dropped the gaff and tied in the first reef. I could have helped, but I didn't want to take off my mittens.

Reefing a catboat sail is an easy thing to do, as long as you aren't being tossed around by wind or waves. You simply lower the gaff, tie off the front and back of the sail to the boom through the largest grommets to the tack and the clew to the boom. Then tidy it the sail up by tying the smaller lines called reef points around the bundled sail with reef knots or slip knots.

Peewee took another turn. When he arrived back to us he said, "She is still a bit over-canvassed for this wind, but as long as you keep all the blades on the ice, she handles well. I did lose a bit of rudder heading downwind...nothing too serious."

Dad wanted to get back to fishing. I wanted to stay and watch Peewee and Red.

“Wait a minute there Bob,” Peewee interrupted, “Jimmy here still needs his turn.”

“He’s not going in that thing!” Dad pointed to the catboat. “It’s too dangerous for a small boy.”

It was fun to watch Red and Peewee argue over who was going to take me out in the boat. Finally Peewee overruled: “My boat, my choice. I’m taking Jimmy with me.”

“Yes, yes, yes!” I whooped and jumped up and down, slipping a little but catching my balance.

Dad saw that I *needed* to take that ride! He knew how boat-crazy I was.

Dad said he wanted me back in one piece as he lifted me into *The Peapod*. All the lines and interior were just like Tweety, except for that weird rod sticking up from the centerboard.

I remember taking in a big breath of icy air as Peewee and I began to slide across the pebbly ice, how the boat quieted as we moved onto the smoother surface. The only sounds were a hiss from the runners and the ruffle of sail. I remember the sting of wind rushing across my face, and my eyes filling with tears against the cold. I gripped the front coaming and laughed so hard I lost my breath. We accelerated across the slick frozen lake.

After a few tacks Peewee said, “Okay kiddo, your turn, take the helm.”

At the speed we were traveling I was afraid to move. “No thanks.”

“Your turn.”

I shook my head. “We’re going too fast. I don’t wanna.”

“I’ll slow it down for you”

Nope. No thanks. I shook my head again.

Peewee pulled on the centerboard-brake line, a trail of chewed ice running out behind us. He dropped the gaff peak and spilled air. We slowed, but not enough to budge me from my spot next to the centerboard trunk.

A gust of wind hit, lifting the port runner off the ice. I held my breath. We settled back down.

*Keep her flat. Keep her flat.* Peewee dropped the peak a little more. The sail was luffing but we were still clipping along.

On that course, we covered a football field length in under a minute (FYI: over 10 knots!). I felt afraid I wasn’t coming back to Dad in one piece. Don’t panic. Don’t panic.

*Slow it down. Keep her flat. Please. Please.*

More gusts flew at us from across the lake. The tops of the shoreline trees were swaying. Peewee’s

bomber hat straps flapping and slapping the collar of his Macinaw coat. “Want to head back?”

I nodded. *Good plan!*

“Let’s try to slow her down. We still have too much sail up.” He pulled and cleated the centerboard rope. The bucksaw blade drove deeper into the ice.

I lowered the peak, dumping more air, and Peewee turned towards the parking lot area. However, with the wind on our backsides, the rudder blade lifted off the ice as the mast tipped forward. Peewee motioned me to come aft. He needed more weight back there. The transom had become the “high side.” He shook his head. “We need to keep the brake on!”

The back of the boat kept lifting and dropping. Over and over. We kept losing steerage. The boat was scraping ice and we were crabbing towards the ice shacks and the truck.

The sound of the side runners grew from a quiet hiss to a scrape as we hit some rougher ice. The whole boat was vibrating.

I closed my eyes. “Maybe we should jump before we hit something!” I yelled. The boat was out of control, racing towards the truck.

Now I don’t know, exactly, how we got out of that mess. I had my eyes closed and I was screaming at the time. I felt the boat spin a little and I thought I was about to fly overboard.

When I opened my eyes, I was on hands and knees on the floorboards of the boat. The sail was totally scandalized with the gaff peak sitting on the inside ribs, and we were almost beside the truck. Suddenly we turned and slid away from it. The rudder had grabbed at last!

We slid for another fifty feet and came to a halt just as another big gust hit us. The starboard side runner lifted off the ice. We dropped back down with a tooth-jarring bang.

If that sail wasn’t scandalized, we would surely have run into the truck or the ice shack beside it. Maybe even tipped *The Peapod* over onto its side, breaking the mast and who-knows-what-else.

Peewee stared at me. A giant grin spread across his face. “Where did you come up with that move?”

“What move?”

Peewee continued, “Trouble sure jumped aboard when the tiller wouldn’t do anything. I was running through our options and you just untied the halyard and let the peak come crashing down. I was getting ready to grab you and jump out.” Peewee was shaking me by the shoulders the whole time.

I honestly don't remember taking control of the *The Peapod* halyard that day. Yet Peewee made such a big deal of it I am half-convinced I did. Still, I'm haunted by the idea that it was really Peewee. Why he gave me all the credit is a mystery.

Red and Dad came running, slipping, and sliding over to the boat. They seemed relieved that we and the boat were still in one piece.

Peewee told them how I saved the day. I said Peewee saved the day. No, Jimmy did. No Peewee did. We went back and forth like that until we all had a big laugh. That laugh was important because Dad stopped thinking about how close I came to no longer "being in one piece."

The men passed the flask around. Dad gave me a sip but it tasted horrible.

*The Peapod* was now officially an iceboat as well as a catboat. We toasted to Beetle Cats, to skippers everywhere and to water both hard and soft.

Red and Peewee said goodbye, lowered the gaff throat, and pushed the boat back to the boat ramp, discussing ways to improve the rig. The wind now blasting across the lake, they were all through sailing and needed to break the whole rig down and go home to wherever home was.

And though it was still early in the day, Dad and I packed our fishing gear onto our sled and headed back to the old Dodge.

All our holes had frozen over. Not a single fish in our cooler. It had been an excellent trip.





# Boat Building and Maintenance

Eric Peterson, Editor

## A Marvelous Mystery in Pursuit of a Catboat Legend; Part 4: Of Builders, Ribs, Motors, and Spars

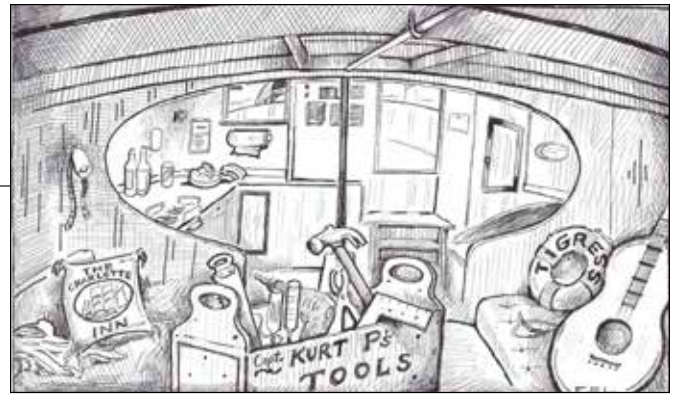
John Conway

“OMG! You may not have a Herbert F. Crosby boat after all. You may have a Daniel and Charles H. Crosby-built boat. Call me.”

Those following this tale will recall that Part 3 ended with a finding by naval historian, Joe Chetwynd, that potentially threw the history of this boat on its ear. The registration records show that *Marvel* was designed and built by Herbert F. Crosby. So how could the record in *Marvel's* Quincy Yacht Club yearbook claim something else? Repeated attempts to contact officers at the QYC to explore their records have gone unanswered. However, guidance from Carol Crosby, a great, great Crosby niece and a living expert on her clan, may have confirmed this yearbook entry as a mistake.

“There’s just no way that Daniel Crosby and Charles Crosby collaborated on a single boat,” Carol has advised. “They each had their own boat sheds and each built boats somewhat in competition with one another.” Carol continued, “My guess is that the Secretary at the QYC knew *Marvel* was a Crosby boat and just jotted in a few Crosby names that came to mind to meet a yearbook deadline.”

The answer may lie in the records of the QYC and with those held by Osterville Historical Society on Cape Cod, home to most of the Herbert Crosby records. Stay tuned for updates on this ever-deepening mystery as the research expands.



### The Case of the Missing Rib Pieces

Meanwhile, the Track 3 restoration process continues to move ahead at full speed...not without some curious findings, however. An examination of the port side of the boat revealed a masterful replacement or sistering of virtually all of the boat's ribs. Her starboard side, however, presented a different story. Many of the starboard side's ribs had also been sistered...but with partial rib pieces(!). Figure 1 illustrates the situation.



Figure 1 For some reason previous restorers left gaps in new, sistered ribs.

As shown, the sister rib is solid from amidships to the keel and solid from just above midships to the deck, but it has a plank-wide gap right in the middle. (Does any reader have any idea why a boatbuilder/restorer would do this?) At first, we thought this might have had something to do with the removal and replacement of a single plank but the gaps are not uniform from rib to rib. Some are amidships, some are higher, some lower.

Amongst the boatyard experts consulted, a debate raged as on how to resolve the problem. Some said, "Replace the whole, damn sister rib." Others suggested that we "Just fill the gap with a new piece." Yet others said, "Leave well enough alone. The boat obviously sailed for some amount of time with these gaps.... It must be okay." After several beers passed around to the consultants, coupled with a few coin-tosses, we decided to "plug the gaps" by grafting in an appropriate piece of rib stock. Figure 2 shows how we accomplished this.

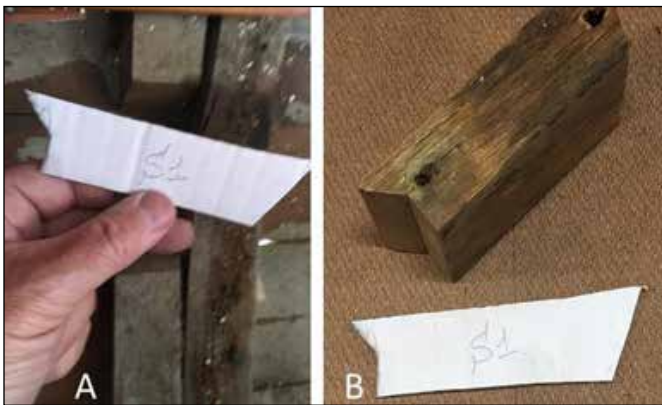


Figure 2 The gaps in the ribs were filled by grafting in a rib-stock plug made from a template.

- Step 1: Make a cardboard template of the gap. (A)
- Step 2: Trace the template onto a properly dimensioned piece of rib stock.
- Step 3. Bandsaw out the gap-filling plug. (B)
- Step 4: Carefully epoxy the plug into place and secure with screws on the inside (wax paper placed beneath the graft would prevent epoxy bonding to the plank).
- Step 5: Drill and countersink screw holes from the outside and secure the plank to the graft. Voila! A full rib is born with its accompanying plank secured.

The boat's starboard side required us to repeat this process for a dozen ribs. Again, we would love

to know why these gaps were there in the first place. Yet another mystery. (Please send comments to jeconway3@gmail.com)

### Motivating the Motor

From the records provided by Kathryn Green, daughter of former owner Walter Krasniewicz, we learned that the boat's 1950s vintage Universal gasoline engine was replaced with *Marvel's* current Volvo-Penta MD-7A, twin cylinder marine diesel. This was done during the boat's second restoration in the 80s.

"The diesel was still running ten years ago," claimed Paul Cook, one of the most recent owners when we took delivery of the boat this past summer. "But there are no guarantees, of course. We had a kid knowledgeable about marine engines pull the thing and restore it a bit. Then he put it back into the boat. Good luck."

Paul got one part right: the engine was back in the boat. However, it had only been partially re-assembled. Within *Marvel's* cabin we found several boxes with an assortment of hoses, belts, pumps, clamps, a SenDur heat exchanger, an air intake muffler, several electrical wiring harnesses and gauges, and some bolts. (Figure 3)



Figure 3: Boxes of motor parts were found in *Marvel's* cabin.

Thanks to the internet, I was able to download both the Owner's and Workshop manuals, the former detailing how to operate and maintain the engine, the latter explaining how to disassemble and reassemble it. An examination of both quickly revealed an anomaly: The manuals depicted the MD7A as a salt-water cooled machine. Yet, the presence of the



SenDur heat exchanger in the parts boxes suggested she was a freshwater cooled beast. Hmmm.

I once again turned to the internet for an answer. After a considerable search, I discovered a YouTube video wherein an MD7A aficionado demonstrates the operation of his freshwater cooled version. You can check it out at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RzNanzptu7A&t=234s>

Armed with this, I began to reassemble the little “two-banger.”

From experience (hard-learned experience) with old marine diesels, I’ve learned that it’s wise to run a test on the engine’s valves before cranking the thing over. After sitting unused for a number of years the valves are often stuck in place either through rust or by just being gummed up with sludge. A cranked piston hitting a stuck valve can lead to a bent valve or worse, a shattered piston or bent connecting or push rod. Fortunately, the test and, if needed, the cure is mindlessly simple. As shown in Figure 4, the process begins by unfastening and lifting off the engine’s valve cover. This reveals the rocker-arms. (Figure 4A) Removal of the rocker arms exposes the valve stems.



Figure 4: A simple procedure tests to see if an old engine’s valves are stuck.

All one then needs do is gently tap the top of the valve stems with a soft blow hammer (Figure 4B). If the valve is stuck, the hammer blow will hit the stem with a dull thud. If the valve is free, it will sing out with a satisfying “boink.” To unstick a stuck valve (assuming it is not already bent) just spray WD-40 on the exposed stem and gently tap it. Repeat until the valve frees up. Once all the valves have been successfully tested, replace the rocker-arm assembly and valve cover. You have just saved beacoup-bucks and possible saved the engine from self-destruction. (I know because, as the saying goes, “I’ve seen the movie.”)

### First Things First

Rightfully or wrongfully, after running the valve tests, I decided to begin the assembly process by

reinstalling the freshwater cooling components. The first task was to determine how cooling water flowed through the engine so that I could properly install and plumb the heat exchanger. The flow diagram shown in the manuals (Figure 5) illustrated saltwater cooling.

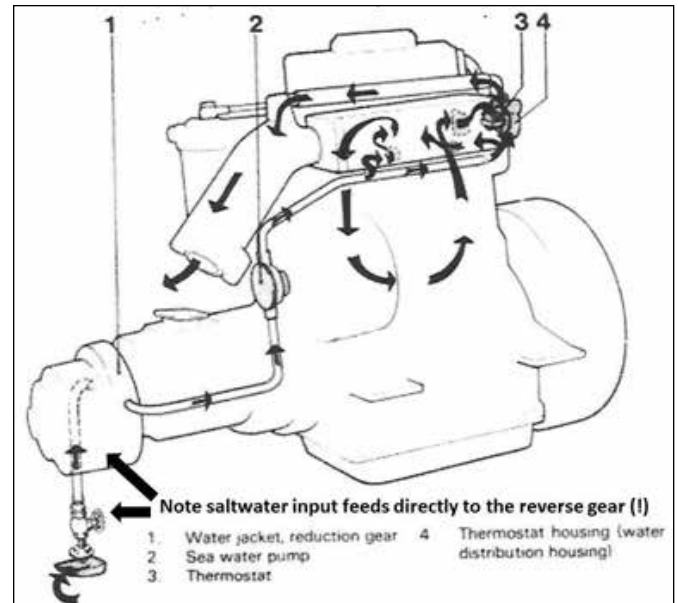


Figure 5: All of the engine’s manuals said it was a saltwater cooled machine. It was not.

When the engine was reinstalled in the boat, whoever plumbed it plumbed it as a saltwater cooled machine. I was amazed to see that the engine was designed to pump seawater directly through the reverse gear transmission as its first stop(!). Pumping saltwater through the reverse gear seemed insane to me, but that is how the engine was originally designed.

Fortunately, the YouTube video provided the information needed to secure the heat exchanger in the appropriate place along with its accompanying salt-water feed pump. I found the little Jabsco-based pump in the box along with the other parts but missing its impeller and cover plate. In yet another box, I found an impeller still in its packaging along with the cover plate.

Unfortunately, the new impeller turned out to be the wrong size. After several internet searches, the correct impeller was identified and secured. Screws to fasten the cover plate and a gasket to seal the plate were another matter, however. A hunt at the local hardware store resolved the screw problem. And, in a fit of brilliance, I decided to fabricate a new gasket from some elk skin leather that I had from previous gasket-making projects. (Figure 6).



Figure 6. A hand-made Elk-skin gasket would restore the seawater pump with style.

Pump rebuilt, heat exchanger installed and lots of rubber hose connected, the MD7A was (hopefully) upgraded to freshwater cooling magnificence.

To test the setup and with help from my three-year-old grandson, Luke, (Figure 7) I filled the engine with fresh water and antifreeze and ran the saltwater intake into a bucket of fresh water.



Figure 7. With extensive help from my 3-year old grandson, we ran the cooling water test.

I was especially anxious to see if the seawater pump would draw water from the bucket, circulate it through the heat exchanger and then eject it into the exhaust cooling line. To do so, I connected a battery and a starter switch to the starter motor, crossed my fingers and turned the key.

NOTHING HAPPENED! Long story short, the starter motor was stone dead(!).

I kicked myself for working on the cooling system before determining if the starter motor was among the living. Resolution of this problem would entail removing the starter with a follow-on trip to a repair facility.

I was most familiar with this process as I had the starter on my previous boat's Westerbeke engine rebuilt about every two years. I could drop the Westerbeke's starter in *Buckrammer* in about two minutes. Three easily accessible bolts, once unscrewed, would release the thing. Cake.

So, naturally, I assumed the starter on the MD7A would follow suit... NOPE!

Turns out the starter on an MD7A is a bugger to remove. Only two nuts and bolts secure the thing, but they are almost impossible to access with a wrench. Worse, removal of one of the bolts seemed to require removal of the engine's flywheel as the head of the bolt just hit the gear teeth on the wheel. Arrggghhh! (Figure 8)



Figure 8. Release of one of the starter motor's mounting bolts required flywheel removal.

Worse, access to the second bolt would require removal of the recently installed heat exchanger, the seawater pump and associated plumbing. Following that, extraction of the starter would require dropping the engine's oil filter and air-intake muffler. Great engineering!



A close quarter hacksaw made slow but effective work on removing the bolt blocked by the flywheel. (I was determined NOT to remove the flywheel). Disassembly of the cooling system, coupled way too many 1/4 wrench turns, at a time released the second nut and bolt. With that I was finally able to dismount the offending starter.

In the twenty-three-odd years I owned *Buckrammer*, Brian and Lou Farkas at Hub Starters were my “go-to guy,” for starter motor and alternator repair ([www.hubstarter.com](http://www.hubstarter.com)): “Go-to,” that is, when I lived about five miles away from their shop. With *Marvel* based in Westport, this would entail a ninety-minute drive from the Massachusetts South Coast, through Boston to Malden.

There had to be a closer solution.

“There sure is a closer shop, JC.” Once again, my catboat “go-to guy,” Bob Luckraft, had sage advice. “Check out Leo Boulanger and Son in New Bedford. Everyone says they are the best.” ([www.lhboulangerandson.com](http://www.lhboulangerandson.com))

Glowing reviews on Google seemed to confirm Luckraft’s advice. Better still, their shop was located about ten miles from Westport. Sad as I was to abandon the Farkas boys, convenience won out over loyalty.

The Boulanger facility, located on the northern fringe of downtown New Bedford, is a site to behold. (Figure 9)



Figure 9. In a shop not much bigger than a two-car garage, Boulanger & Son work their magic.

Now owned and operated by the father and son team of Dennis and Jarrod Freitas (Figure 10), the shop has been in continuous operation for sixty years.

Crammed with every starter motor, alternator or generator known to man, the place, and its remarkable father and son team, are legends in the New Bedford community.



Figure 10. Son Jarrod (right) and his dad Dennis (left) restore all makes of starters and alternators.

On a whim, I decided to bring the engine’s alternator along with the starter motor. Might as well get both checked out together.

Dennis examined the machines and pronounced them “fixable.” “Give us two weeks,” he advised.

True to his word, a fortnight later Dennis handed me both the rebuilt starter and alternator.

“Looks like these had gone under water,” he explained. “They were rusted solid and required some machining as well as rewinding...but we’ve brought ‘em back to life.”

Hmmmm, I thought. Underwater! (I later found out that the engine had indeed sat uncovered for about three years in the storage yard next to *Marvel*.)

Dennis was also kind enough to tag all of the alternator connections (Figure 11) and explained in detail how to rewire the thing as it required an “electrical field kick start” when cranking the engine to operate correctly.

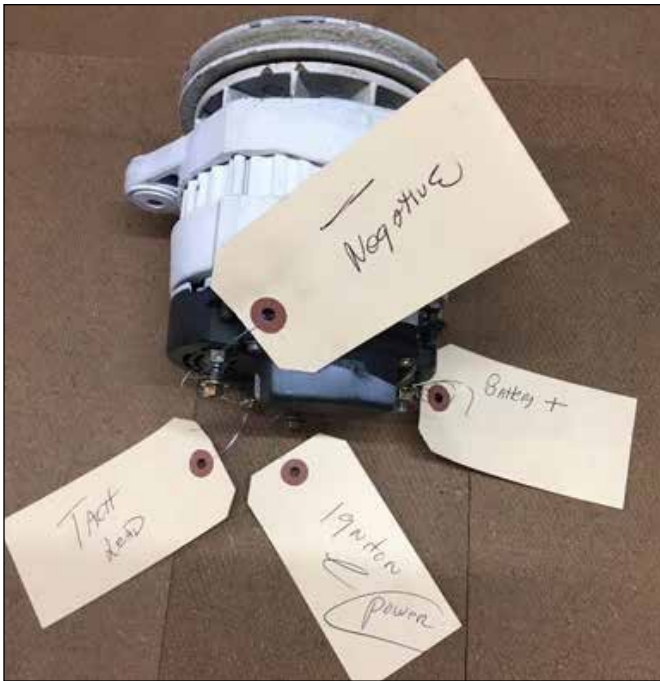


Figure 11: The good folks at Boulangers' were kind enough to label all the connections.

To reinstall the starter, I modified the trouble-making bolt blocked by the flywheel. A few passes on a grinder shaved off one side so that it would slide past the flywheel's teeth. (Figure 12) I am happy to report it worked like a charm.



Figure 12. By grinding off a bit of its mounting bolt, the starter re-install went smoothly.

Starter motor (and alternator) and cooling system reinstalled, I was finally back to the test of my plumbing handiwork. I hit the ignition switch, the engine cranked over beautifully (thank you Freitas'), the saltwater pump turned and...it did not draw water from the bucket. Something was clearly wrong. Thoughts on the cause included a broken shaft on the Jabsco pump, the wrong impeller or my plumbing fix installed incorrectly. I disassembled the rig and brought the pump back to my workshop to run some bench tests. The impeller seemed okay. The shaft was not broken. What could it be? (Figure 13)



Figure 13. The saltwater pump was mysteriously unable to draw and pump cooling water.

I ran some kitchen sink tests. Water run into the pump's intake side immediately ran out of the output side without engaging the impeller. As the saying goes, "light dawned on Marblehead" when I realized that my fancy-schmancy leather gasket was too thick. As a result, it did not allow the cover plate to mate with the side of the impeller. So, water just flowed around the impeller blades. Son of a gun.

I removed the gasket, fabricated a new one from wax paper and Shazam!...we had a functional saltwater pump. Reinstalled on the engine, the thing drew water from the bucket, through the heat exchanger and out to the exhaust. The MD7A's cooling system was back in business.

All that remained now was to prime and bleed the engine's fuel system and crank her up. What could possibly go wrong? (More on this next time.)



## Sparing Partners

Despite all this engine fussing, we had not forgotten that *Marvel* is, after all, a sailboat. So, in parallel to the work on the “cast iron breeze,” we simultaneously directed our attention to her sail, rigging, mast, and spars.

The boat’s mast, main boom and gaff boom had been stored both outside and inside over the past ten years, but all appeared to be in reasonable shape.

Her sail and rigging, however, had been stored in large, plastic tubs or sail bags during this time and had not been open or inspected for a decade. We had no idea what to expect but assumed the worst. A new sail, if needed, would be prohibitively expensive as would new rigging. So, it would be an understatement to say that we held our breath as these items were unpacked.

We decided to lay out the boat’s rigging and spars “on the hard” horizontally. To do this, we had *Marvel*’s mast and spars delivered to a convenient, grass-covered field in Westport. (Figure 14) These were then assembled on sawhorses in the same configuration as if they were aboard the *Marvel*.



Figure 14. *Marvel*’s mast and spars were delivered by boat trailer to the testing field.

This allowed us to lay out, inspect and connect her rigging and sail well in advance of her launch next year. We certainly did not want any last-minute surprises. (Figure 15)

Our expectations were pleasantly exceeded by what we found. Her sail had been flaked and bagged in a very professional manner and was in excellent shape. With a bit of cleaning and a stitch or two here and there it would be ready to fly.

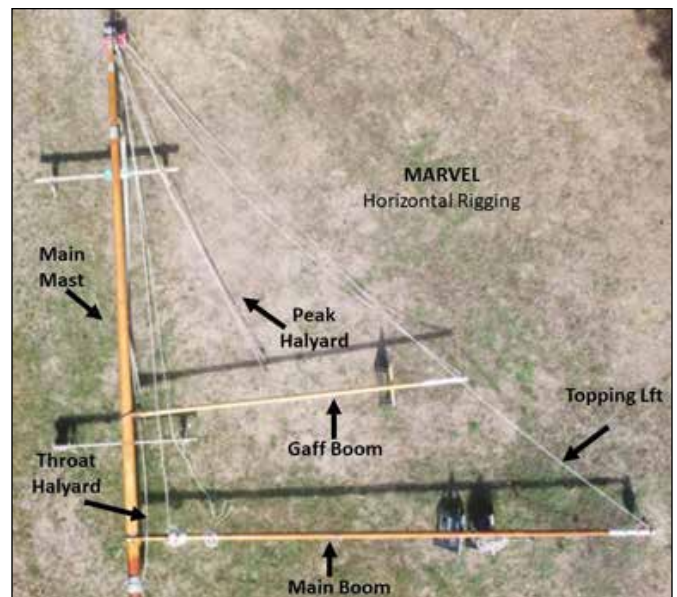


Figure 15. The mast, spars and rigging were set up, examined, and tested horizontally. (Aerial drone photo by Tim Lund, President of The Catboat Association)

The same was mostly true of her rigging. The boat’s throat and peak halyards, topping lift, and main sheet, all 5/8 triple-strand Dacron, were in very good condition with only minor wear in a few, anticipated areas. Her 1/4 inch nylon lazy jacks had been neatly coiled and stored and were ready for service.

The rigging blocks were another matter, however.



Figure 16. Virtually all of *Marvel*’s rigging runs through restored Merriman Brothers blocks.

On the good news side, all but one were Merriman Brothers blocks, clearly identified by their trademarked Trident brand. (Figure 16) This meant that *Marvel* was equipped with what many consider to be the finest marine blocks ever made and consistent with the “no expense spared” nature of a typical racing boat of *Marvel’s* era. For those unfamiliar with this company, a bit of history. Merriman Brothers started in Boston in 1898 with their rigging loft and blockmaking factory on Amory Street in the Jamaica Plain section. There were two brothers, Edward Butler Merriman, born 1867, and Frank White Merriman, born in 1873. The Merriman Company specialized in designing and producing blocks and fittings for high end yachts. Their products became world famous for their superior performance and quality. The firm hung on until 1995 but, sadly, is now just a part of history.

On the bad news side, at some point the rig’s six Merriman halyard blocks, two topping lift blocks and the three main sheet blocks, all beautiful works of art, had been varnished and then left to weather. As a result, the blocks’ sheaves and pins were frozen, the wooden shells were in serious need of refinishing (NOT with varnish) and the metal work cleaned and polished. Given their history, these amazing artifacts of a bygone time begged to be properly restored.

Fortunately, none were beyond restoration. In fact, Merriman blocks were renowned for their ingenious design. As a result, they can be easily disassembled, and with a lot of TLC, cleaned, tuned up and reassembled. (Figure 17)



Figure 17. The ingenious design of Merriman blocks allows them to be readily restored.

After carefully stripping off the failed varnish, a good, long soak in in a bucket of boat soup (a concoction of pine tar, boiled linseed oil, turpentine, and other ingredients) restored the beautiful hardwood shells. A thorough cleaning of the sheaves and pins followed with a spray of SailKote dry lube had the hardware spinning like new. Finally, a strong wire brushing of the metal parts followed with a coat of cold galvanizing revealed the solid nature of the wrought-steel strops.

This well-deserved effort brought all the rig’s blocks back to virtually good-as-new condition.... Not bad for hardware that could well be over 116 years old.

The unpacked rigging and restored blocks were connected to the mast and spars and then tested on “the flat.” Once we were satisfied that all was in order, the rig was carefully removed, coiled, and stored, ready for reinstallation come the summer of 2021.

*Marvel’s* spars received similar legacy treatment. Prior to storing the mast and spars for the winter, each was inspected for defects, repaired if necessary, then refinished with six coats of high-quality varnish.

### The 2020 Restoration (Hopefully) Continues

The excellent, dry summer weather had lulled us into thinking that restoration work could continue outside indefinitely. Then, as if a switch had been thrown, fall hit with a bang bringing gale force winds and near freezing temperatures. Hull work below the waterline, deck and cabin-roof work, interior cabin work, new wiring and, of course, engine restoration all remains on the October punch list. Fingers were crossed that the weather would cooperate.

To be continued...

*The author would greatly appreciate donations as small as \$1.00 to support the grassroots project restoring this historic catboat. These can be directly made to: <https://gogetfunding.com/marvel-an-historic-boat-restoration-project/>*





## Three Things that Worked(?)

Peter Knowlton

This past season I made three modifications/additions to my 1969 Sanderling *Willow*. I added a “gifted” 1992 Autohelm 800, relocated the Harken Hexaratchet block from the cockpit sole to stern coaming, and tried Pettit’s Hydrocoat ECO bottom paint.



Autohelm 800.

When a friend upgraded his boat’s system, he gifted me his old Autohelm 800—which is now a Ray Marine product. The installation was straight forward, following instructions found online. An independently fused power source, a mounting hole in the cockpit seat, and a fabricated drop-down bracket on the tiller were added. At the time of installation, I was unable to find the proper drop-down bracket online.

It is a true autohelm—it only attempts to maintain a set heading from its internal compass. There is no display and only six control buttons. One each for ten degrees port or starboard, one each for one degree port or starboard, one for standby and one to engage the unit (Auto). In practice, when the unit is plugged in (and in standby mode), the ten degree button is used to align the hole in the control rod with the tiller pin when the desired heading on the boat’s compass (or visual) is obtained and the Auto button pressed. Fine adjustments can be made using the degree buttons (or to dodge lobster buoys!).

One interesting dual button function is tacking. By depressing both the one-degree and ten-degree buttons at the same time a 135-degree tack can be initiated.

How did it actually work? Fairly much as advertised. The geometry only permits about sixteen degrees of rudder port or starboard, and the control arm is only eighteen inches from the pintle; therefore, the force is about 2.3 times that which you feel at the end of the tiller. It is fairly easy for weather helm to overcome the unit, requiring reefing a bit earlier than normal, or really minding the sheet. The sixteen degree range of motion also impacts the value of the tacking function, and it is fairly easy to end up in irons in a good breeze and sea. The instructions recommend not using the unit at an apparent wind angle (AWA) of greater than 160 degrees as the yawing could cause a jibe. In ten to twelve knots of wind and fairly flat seas, I didn’t find this to be much of a problem.

The unit really was a nice addition, particularly for a long run, or a relaxed lunch—when one hand can have problems with a sandwich, drink, and skittering potato chip bag.



Harken block and bracket.

As mentioned above, an autohelm is convenient; however, it won't turn the boat around to pick you up if you go overboard. To prepare for such an occurrence, I wear an auto-inflation vest with a safety tether. I thought the most handy place to anchor the tether was by the hexaratchet block on the cockpit sole, but this proved to be a tripping hazard—not good. My solution was to order a stainless-steel mounting bracket from Marshall Marine. This very well-made unit came with all the mounting hardware needed for the coaming and block base. For those of you that have a similar block mounted to the teak runner on the sole, you may want to check the screws; mine were seriously corroded.

How did it perform? It definitely made the cockpit more spacious and somewhat easier to work in as ninety-five percent of my sailing is solo. It is a little inconvenient when jibing, but I've learned to jibe more slowly and deliberately, and can grab the sheet to get it around the outboard. You may notice two modifications in the photo. First, Marshall recommended a bronze half-round to the cap-rail to keep the block from hitting. My block base has two holes in it, one on either side of the pin, by inserting a 3/8-inch wood dowel (temporary) in these the angle of rotation was reduced to 180-degrees and a bump-stop isn't required. Second, the sheeve, which is slightly proud of the cheeks, rubs against the camcleat bracket creating friction. My solution was to add the Plexiglas u-bracket to the block cheeks. I tried every glue I had, and none worked. So, the bracket is pinned to the cheeks, being sure not to drill all the way through, and has held up for three months of sailing.



Haul-out 2021.

When I purchased *Willow* in 2014 the bottom needed some attention due to a build-up of paint. I cleaned the bottom using a good carbide scraper and hand-sanding block. The gelcoat was in excellent condition and didn't require a barrier coat. I applied two coats of Pettit Hydrocoat and used it until the past season with reasonable success. A mid-season cleaning, when hauled for the rendezvous, revealed some brownish growth and it was heavier at haul-out in October.

This season I decided to step-it-up and use one of the new non-metallic paints. For compatibility, Pettit's Hydrocoat ECO made sense. After a good hand sanding, two coats of ECO were applied, rolled and tipped, and it flowed nicely. Mid-season *Willow* had some green growth at the waterline and on the vertical surface of the rudder. This was brushed off and there was no evidence of brown growth on the remainder of the bottom. At haul-out, as shown in the photo, there was heavy green growth on the rudder, which gets a lot of sun, and along the waterline; however, the remainder of the bottom is nearly as clean as when launched. Also, it's interesting to note that above the waterline the paint hadn't oxidized as a copper paint often does. The harbor water was warm this summer and my mooring gets flow from a freshwater creek. Did this have any effect on the paint's performance? She'll get a new coat this spring, and two on the rudder. Stay tuned!

P.S. For the 2021 season, *Willow's* 1996 main was replaced with a Quantum cruising sail and new sail cover. Did the work? No Question!







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# Cruising

Steve Flesner, Editor

## Chesapeake Catboat Association 2021 Long Cruise

### St. Clements Island in the Potomac River and back to the Eastern Shore's Choptank River

Fred Sherriff with Phil Livingston and Butch Miller



For many years, the CCBA has taken seven-day Long Cruises in the upper Chesapeake Bay, featuring the Eastern and Western shores for rafting out as well as stopping at critical marinas for fuel, ice and a nice restaurant meal. Last year, we journeyed up the C&D Canal to Delaware City on the Delaware River. The year before that, we did the Western shore, venturing as far south as Herring Bay.

We thought in planning this year's journey we should try going south and seeing what the Bay is like in the bigger waters. The islands where Maryland's earlier settlers arrived offered some destination motivations. The three islands with this history are St. Georges, St. Clements and Cobb Islands. So, with this backdrop in mind, we put the trip together.

Marc Cruder, the club's long-time cruise planner and former commodore, asked if he could step away and would someone/ones take over the planning of the 2021 Long Cruise. Phil Livingston, Butch Miller and Fred Sherriff said they would take it on.

In late July, Butch and Fred spent a day by car traveling to the lower Potomac River to check out the three historic islands and potential marinas/restaurants for consideration in putting the trip together. Steve Flesner the CCBA's commodore lives on St. Leonard Creek, which is up the Patuxent River, offered a stop on the way to the Potomac River. After doing their reconnaissance, they found the only island worth making was St. Clements, about twenty-five miles up the Potomac River from its entry at Point Lookout. The other Islands were either too commercial or didn't have much to see.

St. Clements Island has a forty-foot white memorial cross and an historic refurbished lighthouse. Today it is about forty acres and one tenth the size of the 400 acres at its founding in 1634 by European

settlers. It was named for the fourth Pope, St. Clements, the patron saint of fishermen. The cross was put up in 1934 to memorialize the first mass in 1864.

We also wanted to visit the Potomac River's northern shore of Virginia. With these destinations and the Choptank River's Dunn Cove as the trip meeting location (convenient for both Western and Eastern shore CCBA members) the 7-day long cruise plan came together. In planning, this would truly be a long cruise (174 nm) with four nights at a marina or pier and three nights at anchor.

#### 2021 Long Cruise Plan (174 nm) was as follows:

Day 1, Saturday - Dunn Cove off the Choptank River, Cruise Meeting Anchorage

Day 2, Sunday - 37 nm, the Flesner's, St. Leonard Creek, off the Patuxent River

Day 3, Monday - 37 nm, Smith Creek, just inside the Potomac River, Point Lookout Marina

Day 4, Tuesday - 22 nm, St. Clements Island, Coltons Point Marina, St. Patrick's Creek

Day 5, Wednesday - 23 nm, Coan River, Virginia, Anchorage in Kingscote Creek

Day 6, Thursday - 30 nm, Solomons, Spring Cove Marina, Patuxent River

Day 7, Friday - 25 nm, Hudson Creek, North Side of the Little Choptank River

As we all know, this was a tough year for decent weather, this trip turned out to have its fair share of tough stuff. On Saturday the 18th, three CCBA members showed up at Dunn Cove off the Choptank River's Harris Creek. Butch Miller in *Lark* his Americat 22, Phil Livingston in *Patriot* his Marshall Sanderling and dink *Rosebud* and Fred Sherriff in



*Pride* his Marshall 22. In previous years we would have had 8-10 members make this event but this year there seemed to be a lot going on in members' lives; it just didn't work for many. Marc Cruder's boat is on the hard, but he did sign on with Fred in *Pride*, sailing with the group days three through six.

So, the following is the day-by-day narrative of an eight-day, 189 nautical mile Long Cruise taken by a few of your CCBA members.

**Day 1** The three of us got to Dunn Cove in the late afternoon, rafted up to and enjoyed our usual snacks and liquid favorites and did our planning for the next day's weather down the Bay to the Patuxent River and up to the Flesner's on St Leonard Creek. The winds for Day 2 were reported to be eighteen plus knots. We all took the time to put a reef in that night while there was still daylight. Agreed we would leave early (sunrise) at 07:00. Each boat separated from the raft and anchored in Dunn Cove.



Sunrise at Dunn Cove.

**Day 2** We were all up and organized with anchors up and away at 07:00 as the sun was just peaking over the trees. All three of us had sails up quickly with the wind out of the northeast; the wind was at our back and what a ride we had to the Patuxent River. We stuck to the eastern shore of the Bay and out of the shipping channels as we got clear of Tilghman Point and down the shore. We were traveling with the waves which were building to three to four feet. The winds were gusting to twenty plus knots (*Pride* has anemometer and can read wind speed). The three of us enjoyed the surfing and the wind in our favor. We

pulled up to Steve's pier around 15:00 hours. **Travel time of about eight hours covering forty-four plus nautical miles and great sailing.**



Steve's pier on St. Leonard Creek.

That evening Lois and Steve hosted us to a great crab cake dinner along with all the trimmings as well as our favorite drinks. And I can't forget the hot showers. As planned, Marc Cruder joined us and loaded his gear onto *Pride* for the next three nights. We all agreed on an early morning start down the Patuxent and down the Bay to the mouth of the Potomac River.

**Day 3** We left Steve and Lois after a nice breakfast; away from the pier at 08:00, kept the reefs in with reports calling for eighteen plus knots wind but now out of the south, or right on our nose, once out on the Bay. Stopped for ice at the Solomon's marina and then headed out of the Patuxent to round Cedar Point and for the mouth of the Potomac River. Once out in the Bay and headed south, it was obvious we needed our motors on to help us make Point Lookout without tacking.

The wind did drop so we all took our reefs out at 13:30. The sun was out, a nice day, however, the flies were terrible and biting. All three of us had issues. We rounded into the Potomac River around 16:00 and made the Point Lookout Marina around 17:30. Moored along the pier head. **Travel time nine plus hours covering forty-two nautical miles.** Had our usual get together for the days recap, tomorrow's planning and enjoying each other's company. We all put a reef in for Day 4.

(Continued on page 40)







Beetle Cats  
at their Centennial Celebration -  
Pleasant Bay, Chatham, 2021

Photo by Emily L. Ferguson



(Continued from page 37)

**Day 4** We all needed to fuel up at the marina's facility, getting underway around 09:00 for the visit to St. Clements Island and our overnight stay at nearby St. Patrick Creek's Colton Point Marina. The wind was at our back or out of the east initially around twelve knots but built to twenty plus by midafternoon. *Patriot* hugged the north shore; *Lark* headed for mid-channel to the buoy that marked the *Black Panther* (sunken German sub); putting *Pride* in the lead for St. Clements Island.

As *Pride* got close to St. Clements Island, you could see the huge white cross on the island as you dropped in and out of three to four foot waves and a sea state that was getting tougher by the minute. You could also see the waves breaking over the island's only pier with the winds building rapidly. So, it was easy to pass on the island visit and continue on to find St. Patrick Creek. Marc and Fred got their sail down and secured, Butch and Phil were headed to *Pride* and doing the same with their sail. The creek entry was to our starboard side, well-marked once in, and the marina tucked back in behind several sharp bends in the creek. **Travel time four hours covering twenty-two nautical miles.**



Coltons Point Marina.

We checked into the marina, fueled up, got our showers, and scoped out the weather for the next several days. Didn't look good: high winds, tides, and thunderstorms for day 5 and could be the same for day 6. So, over dinner and a few dark and stormys, we decided to lay over Wednesday, stay safe, relax and see what day 6 would bring. We might have to also spend day 6 at Coltons and then rethink our trip back to the Solomon's versus a long, long day heading up the Eastern shore. We had the wind direction, the Potomac River's tide and the status of the thunderstorm hanging around to deal with.

We had a nice evening with no pressure planned for the next day. Marc made the call to Steve to come pick him up Wednesday morning, given the uncertainty of what we could do next. It was great having him aboard—he is a wonderful teacher/friend even for an old duffer like Fred.

**Day 5** As planned, we relaxed at Coltons Point Marina, Steve arrived in the late morning and took our picture at the stern of an old tired catboat. The high tide had the water up over the pier decking most of the day. We three just took it easy and kept our eye to the developing weather for the next day. The winds were to be out of the west and much reduced in velocity, but they were still calling for thunderstorms. We would just have to wait and see if we could make the Coan River on the Virginia side at the mouth of the Potomac River. It was twenty-three miles, one of our shorter legs.



The crew and one tired cat at Coltons Point Marina!



We did our usual meet, snack and drink for the evening and did our weather planning. By this time, we had a better read on the storm and it looked like it would move through by mid-morning, day 6. We would be ready to make a break for the Coan River in the morning heading back along the north shore where there were places to duck in if the storm became a problem.

**Day 6** Started off with rain and thunder showers at day break, the wind was not howling in the marina's sail boats' rigging but the water level was exceptionally high (at the pier's decking). Our weather watch sources indicated the storms were passing quickly. We were itching to move on so we were prepared. Our band of three was ready to move out after the storm had moved through and there were no following cells showing on our iPhone apps. It did clear up and we were able to leave the marina at 11:00 and motor out of St. Patrick Creek into the Potomac River by 11:40.

With clear skies above, but with ominous storm clouds ahead and behind, we headed east on calm seas, along the north shore, under motor with no sails up. The river was friendly for a change and we made good time. We had the north shore's Piney Point on our port side at 14:00 and at this point we took a heading to the southeast and the Coan River approach which we reached at 16:00.

The wind, tide, and no storm, worked in our favor in reaching our anchorage spot in Kingscote Creek off the Coan River. This put us in the lee of the forecasted north wind for that evening. We were rafted and settled in for another evening of fellowship by 17:20. **The day's travel logged us twenty-three nautical miles in seven plus hours.** Based on the weather forecast for Day 7 of north winds of eighteen to thirty knots, we all kept the reef in for tomorrow's sail.

The wind picked up through the evening. Around midnight, *Lark's* anchor alarm sounded noting that the three-boat raft-up was dragging anchor, fast. *Pride* broke off and motored to a better spot near the lee shore. Phil, in *Patriot*, slept through that move but awoke at the start of *Lark's* engine to peel away himself.

**Day 7** We were underway out of the Coan River and heading of due east for Point Lookout at the Potomac River entrance about eight miles away. Wind was out of the north with gusts to twenty-five knots with the river current ebbing at this point. *Pride* led the parade out and, as we left the river's approach,

we all put our sails up and headed for Point Lookout. The seas were beginning to get very rough as we got closer to the mouth of the river and the Bay—the ebb tide meeting the fetch of the north wind coming down the bay created a very confused and rough situation. I will never forget it. *Pride* could negotiate the waves and was more comfortable sailing out into the Bay and then tacking back to the western shore versus pounding into each wave. *Pride* also has a dodger to break the waves coming over the bow.

*Patriot* and *Lark* took a less aggressive tack and were taking every wave in their faces. At Point Lookout, they took their sails down and motored (slowly) as they tried to make head way up to Point No Point. *Pride* tacking out and then in to shore was, at first, keeping up with the straight liners coming up the shore. For *Pride* this was not pretty, she clocked gusts close to forty knots with waves at four-plus feet with sail up and no one else on board.

The two boats coming up the shore were making the same progress along the shore. *Pride* eventually dropped sail and headed for the slow parade up the shore. We had set up our cruise rules on using our VHF radios, with them in use, we were in constant communication as we all made the journey toward the Patuxent River.

At this point it was obvious to the three of us that at two knots we were never going to make the Solomon's in daylight if at all. We were fortunate with our timing; we had just passed the entry of St. Jerome Creek as we were heading for Point No Point. By VHF, we quickly agreed to call it a day and turn around and head for St. Jerome Creek. On the charts it shows as very shallow (two feet) but we are catboaters and this group uses their centerboard as their depth finder. *Patriot* led us in the entry and would signal to us when aground and lead us to the marked channel to the port side of the entry. As we moved through the channel, it opened up into a large open lake-like body of water. It was dead calm in there at 11:30, in four feet of water, we dropped anchor and rafted, as usual. **Travel time 4.5 hours covering fifteen nautical miles.**

Of course, we had many personal war stories of the grueling trip up from Point Lookout. We were thankful for this option of refuge and a good contingency plan well executed. That afternoon we tuned into the weather and it looked like Saturday, day 8, was going to have calm winds on the Bay for a change. That afternoon, at our daily planning session, we all agreed we should modify our trip up the eastern

shore to get us all closer to home. We decided to scrap the Little Choptank River's Hudson Creek anchorage and return to Dunn Cove off the Choptank River's Harris Creek for our last evening together. For *Pride* and *Lark* this would put them twenty miles closer to home for their next day's travel.

We all needed fuel and discovered that there is a marina at the west end of the open body of water that makes up St. Jerome Creek, and they opened at 06:30. The plan for day 8 was to be on our way at 06:30, fuel up and then head up the eastern shore to Dunn Cove.



Heading home from Dunn Cove.

**Day 8** Saw the band of three off at 06:30, traveled around without running aground, take on our fuel, ice and get on with our last leg of the cruise. We were out of the creek at 07:50 and into the Bay. It was flat and the motoring over to the eastern shore and the straight north was pretty mild given the last seven days and all the crazy weather and difficult sea state. *Lark* was in the lead, followed by *Pride*, then

*Patriot*. We turned into the Choptank River at 13:30 and moored at anchor at 16:00. **Day 8 travel time 9.5 hours and covering forty-three nautical miles.** This last evening together we rafted, did our normal gamming, talked about what to do for next year's trip and all agreed it doesn't get any better than this. We made a special effort to recap the ups and downs of our eight days together. We have shared these below in the **Highlights and Low Lights of the CCBA 2021 Long Cruise.**

#### Trip Highlights

- Great sailing with heavy winds
- Surfing off the waves down wind
- St. Jerome Creek-best anchorage
- Marc Cruder's company
- Dinner with Lois and Steve Flesner
- More than enough to eat and drink
- Discovered some great places
- Heavy weather experience
- Boat engines that got us through
- Nothing of significance broke
- Boom tents are great
- Great cocktail hour every night
- Very good marina facilities, all nights
- Good trip and contingency planning
- Boats that were in good condition
- Flexibility of the three captains to (adapt to changing conditions) deal with change
- Many thanks to Steve and Lois
- The company and fellowship of Butch, Fred, Marc and Phil
- We all made the trip safely

#### Trip Lowlights

- Sea state off mouth of the Potomac River, although typical
- Dragging anchor in Coan River
- Don't anchor near a wedding party with a loud amateur drummer
- Boat food every night but one
- Rain
- Phil in high seas with no dodger (tonnage ruled on this trip)
- Lack of an "egregious act of stupidity" for *Clewless Award* consideration
- Wanting for more CCBA boats participating in this cruise
- Not making onto St. Clements Island

## Down on dee Bay Hon

Steve Flesner

I looked out the window a few months ago and it was fall...now I see traces of snow and temps in the 20s...ouch! Dee cats down on dee Bay don't like cold weather and are tucked away till early spring. Varnish brushes are put away and all we got are memories of 2021 and the events we had despite what was thrown at us! The Chesapeake Catboat Association has grown to seventy-three members with members as far south as North Carolina and as far north as Maine. Our annual meeting, held on Kent Island on the Eastern Shore, usually sees thirty-five to forty

members—I think it's the dark and stormys that attracts them or maybe they just like talking catboats! We have a few cats who like to roam, Kate Grinberg and Tim Kallman, 2020 Plummer Award recipients, sailed *Curlew*, their Marshall 22 back up to Cape Cod last spring and left her there for the winter. I'm guessing we will see them back down on dee Bay sooner or later...a cats gotta do what a cats gotta do! I mean how many times do you want to sail down the Hudson and take in the New York City skyline... don't those tall buildings block the wind? I guess not! Enjoy the sailing season...make every minute count, with or without a reef! Hope to see some of you on dee Bay one of these days!





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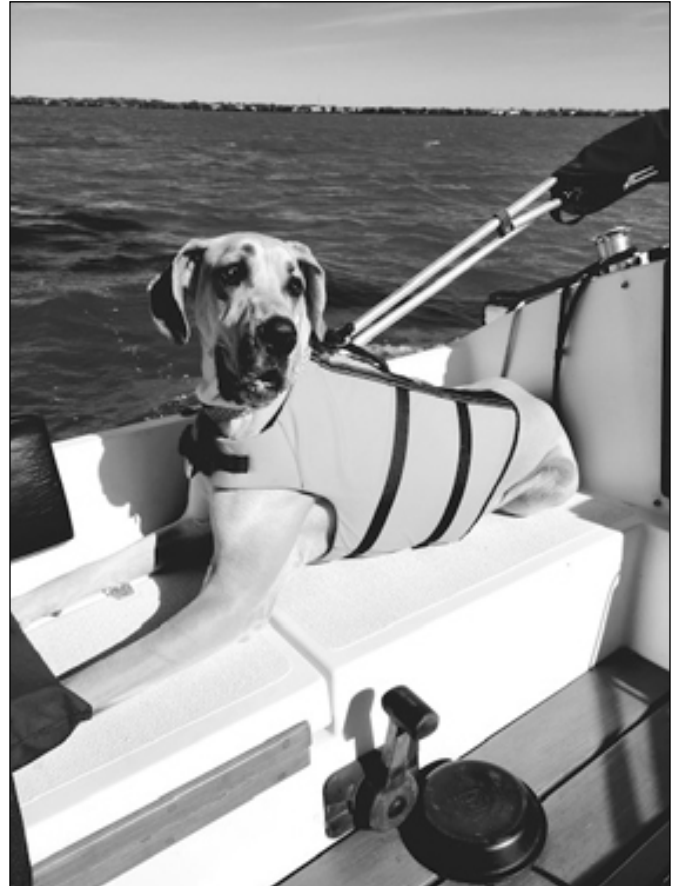
# Canines and Catboats

Teresa Favreau

**Dog Lovers!** What could a make a day sailing day even more fun? The company of your salty dog as first mate, that's what. Don't forget the dog treats, fresh water, DFD (Doggie Flotation Device).



Best Buddies. Skye, age four, the granddaughter of Bob and Linda Kelly, with Blondi their fifteen year-old Labradoodle. This photo was taken onboard their 1980 Marshall Sanderling *Bob Cat* on the Shrewsbury River, Oceanport, New Jersey.



This is Lilly, a fourteen-month old Great Dane, owned by Gary and Kate Dahl of Heath, Texas. Lilly is Second Mate on *Katydid*, a Com-Pac Horizon sailed on Lake Ray Hubbard, Texas. Lilly has natural (not cropped) ears that fan outward in stiff North Texas gusts making her look like The Flying Nun.

*Got a great photo of your dog on your boat? Email your photo, as a jpeg (.jpg), to us at [catboatcanines@catboats.org](mailto:catboatcanines@catboats.org) and we'll put it in the Bulletin. Please include some basic information such your dog's name, kind/breed, your (or the owner's name), the name of the boat, where it was taken, and any other relevant information. If you'd like, feel free to provide a few lines about your dog that say something about his or her personality.*



# Rendezvous and Race Results

Steve Flesner, Editor

## Arey's Pond Boat Yard 2021 Sailing Events

Haley Cedarholm

### Wednesday Night Sails

Wednesday Night Sails have been a part of Arey's Pond summer schedule for a number of years now; this year was one of the best. Every Wednesday evening, all summer long, there were great winds and weather to enjoy sailing as a group from Namequoit Point to Big Pleasant Bay and back and, if the tide was right, through the shallows and creeks on the backside of Hog Island.



Photos by Anita Winstanley Roark



### AP 14 Worlds

On Friday, August 21st, Arey's Pond Boat Yard hosted the very first AP 14 Worlds Regatta. The one-day event proved to be competitive and fun despite some light and variable conditions. Thirty-four AP cats, spanning the fifty-two years of the designer's history, sailed a short windward-leeward course with an offset. The course was ideal, with many lead changes and top finishers. Three races were sailed in the morning and two in the afternoon which made for a full day and lots of anticipation as Hurricane Ida was bearing down on Cape Cod and predicted to make landfall within forty-eight hours.

All of us at Arey's Pond are eagerly anticipating the recognition of our AP cats as a new US Sailing one-design class. Sailors with 14's will be officially included in sailing events all over the country and... the world!

#### AP 14 Worlds Results (Top Three)

Place	Skipper	Sailing
1	Allison Coleman	<i>Ali Cat</i>
2	Mark Wiatrowski	<i>Storm Cat</i>
3	Tony Davis	<i>Crusher</i>







Photos by Anita Winstanley Roark.

### Cat Gathering

The following day, Saturday, August 22nd, and with Hurricane Ida still heading toward New England and expected to make landfall later in the day somewhere between South Shore of Massachusetts and Long Island, the crew at Arey's Pond and the Orleans Harbor Master, concluded based on the hurricane tracking models, we could go ahead with the Gathering as scheduled. Although we decided to not have the shore-side party and awards celebration to give people time to prepare for the oncoming storm.

The day was perfect and the high pressure that was pushing the storm brought us ideal conditions—sunny skies and a consistent, steady breeze not seen in recent Gatherings. Ten traditional sloops and seventy-four catboats sailed in the 29th Annual Cat Gathering. As usual, the course was a port only start and port rounding marks. The start was a close-haul through The Narrows, then a broad reach to the first mark, a beat to the second mark, a beam reach to the third mark, and a broad reach/run to the finish line.

The first boat to finish did the three and three quarter nautical mile course in fifty-nine minutes. After that, another eighty-three boats followed.

Despite the storm, all of us at Arey's Pond were so grateful for the sailors who supported us in the first ever AP 14 Worlds Regatta and the Cat Gathering. Proceeds were donated to the Friends of Pleasant Bay and Sipson Island Trust in support of their great work to preserve and protect this amazing place. Results can be found on the APBY website: [www.areyspondboatyard.com](http://www.areyspondboatyard.com)



Photos by Anita Winstanley Roark.

# Oxford Parade

Phil Livingston

The Oxford Catboat Parade of 2020 was canceled because of the pandemic. This resulted in moving it to the second week in August 2021.

By mid-June menus were gone over, activities and route put to paper, and initial emails sent. If you ever want to spruce up or clean out stuff from your boat barn, just invite everyone from the Chesapeake Catboat Association over. Our boat barn was the location and I had my Marshall 18 sitting in it. By the second week in April *Patriot* was in the water. All that was left was to clean up the barn so we could have everyone over. As you might imagine, this was no small task.

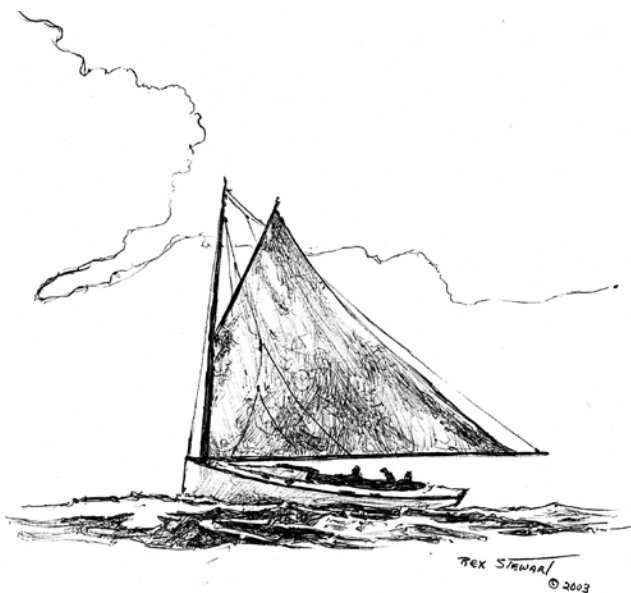
When the end of July was upon us, everything was falling into place. People were replying to the RSVP and we had thirteen boats registered and a total of thirty people committed to being in Oxford.



Photos by Gerald Mulligan.



Phil & Karen's backyard is a boat yard!



For those that have never had the pleasure of being in Oxford, Maryland, it sits on the Tred Avon River which is part of the Choptank River that flows into the Chesapeake Bay. All of this water is tidal and it is an outstanding place to sail and live. Oxford has more boat slips than people in the village. The 2018 Star Worlds were here and the 2021 Shields Nationals were held in September in Oxford.





No, that isn't a man cave, it's a boat cave!

People and boats began to arrive on Thursday, with Jack Smith and his Marshall 18 *Winter's Dream* leading the group. When Friday afternoon rolled around, Town Creek Marina began to look like catboat heaven. The first real activity was dinner at a local restaurant. The best part of the evening was going to the Scottish Highland Creamery for ice cream, ranked the best ice cream in Maryland and the 9th best in the country. Needless to say, we all added a few more pounds of ballast.



Saturday breakfast cooks.

Saturday morning starting at 6 a.m., my wife, Karen, Fred Sherriff's wife, Wanda, and an Oxford friend, Susanne, were busy making breakfast for everyone. We had a French toast buffet, with a host of toppings, bacon, eggs, juice and coffee. After breakfast most everyone walked over to the Oxford Community Center where they were having "Cars

and Coffee." This is a great place to view classic and exotic cars. Those who went had a wonderful time. Then, as promised (90 percent chance), the rain started. When the skippers meeting was held at noon, the decision was made to postpone and reconsider at 2:30.



Follow the floating arrows...ignore the kids racing...ouch!

During this time the wives saw an opportunity to visit the independent book store and other shops in the village. Meanwhile, the guys went to the Oxford Market and brought back some two-handed sandwiches. When 2:30 arrived, the decision was made to postpone until Sunday morning. The rest of the day had folks standing on the dock in the rain talking catboats.

Dinner was great: hot dogs, hamburgers and pot luck sides were on the menu for the evening. Frank Newton was our chief on the grill and cooked everything to perfection. Then, with a few dark and stormys, Fred Sherriff divided the group and played stump-the-dummy with a question and answer book about boating from 1910! Needless to say everyone had fun and nobody knew the score at the end. Maybe it had something to do with rum. I don't know.



During the weekend, I was approached by an anonymous catboat admirer who offered to buy breakfast for everyone at the local firehouse on Sunday morning. We had around twenty people walk over for the best fire department breakfast in the county.

Then it was back to the barn for the parade brief and to shove off. During the weekend we also had over one hundred Optis, 420s and Lasers with 6-18 year olds in for a Junior regatta. Yes, we gave them a wide berth, especially the 6 year olds. By now we were down to eight boats, *Pride*, *Lark*, *Winter's Dream*, *Patriot*, *Pip-Squeak*, *Red Squirrel*, *Old School* and *Tigger*. Since this wasn't a race but a parade, here are the boats that registered:

*Liberty* - Marc Cruder  
*Mystic Wind* - Craig Ligibel  
*Seabuscuit* - Peter McCrary  
*Lark* - Butch and Denise Miller  
*Tigger* - Frank Newton and Dave Park  
*Old School* - Jim and Barbara Palmer  
*Meow* - Earl Segal  
*Pride* - Fred and Wanda Sherriff  
*Winter's Dream* - Jack Smith  
*Red Squirrel* - Jeremy and Marsha St. Pierre  
*Pip Squeak* - Digger Vermont & Josie Smith  
*Perr-fection* - Scott and Judy Shuler  
*Patriot* - Phil and Karen Livingston



Everyone loves a parade.

At the end of the parade, most people peeled off and headed home. *Pride* came alongside *Patriot* and dropped off our newest member, Rick Acker, who has a Marshall 22 on order. In spite of the rain, overall it was a great CCBA weekend and I, for one, can't wait for the next event.

## Prospect Bay Race & Rendezvous

Butch Miller

This year's event was held on Saturday, June 12 and was a "Round the Islands" course, Parsons and Bodkins. Everyone sailed in but, due to the rain the day prior, those making the hop across the bay did so on race day with a departure time of 5:30 a.m. to make the noon start. *Patriot* and *Pride* braved the rain on Friday to be rewarded with a warm, dry dinner at the unusually tame Jetty restaurant. Race day was an exercise in herding cats beginning with a delayed start to allow *Curlew* and *Muriel* to join *Lark*, *Old School*, *Patriot*, *Pride* and *Tigger* at the line. *Liberty* and *Mystic Wind* dropped in along the way. Brother Bill and company manned *Party O' Five* for race committee duties and, although rookies, they did a fine job.

The course tracked once around the two islands, with a start to windward but the captain's choice of direction, either clockwise or counterclockwise, and finish either way through the line. Wind, current and obstacles were all in play to make it interesting. We had a northeast, six knot or so wind at the start, which went smoothly until *Muriel* got hung up on the pin's anchor rode. A radio call from the host requesting a restart was answered with a resounding "Hell No" from the lead boat at which point the wind died. Karma bites again. A tug from *Lark* freed her with *Curlew* and *Pride* offering moral support.



Think we need to reef? Hell No!

All but *Lark* (local knowledge) headed counter-clockwise around the course. After riding the current through the narrows between Parsons and the main

land just beyond the start the wind picked up with a shift to the north and the fleet spread out using different tacks and tactics until lining up like ducks in a row after the turn around Bodkins and the legs home. The “wrong way” *Lark* felt a bit out of place, being passed head-to-head by the rest of the fleet, but in the end made up for the “rescue delay” and came across the finish behind *Patriot*, *Old School* and *Pride* followed by *Tigger*, *Curlew*, *Muriel* and *Mystic Wind*.

The awards and dinner party was held at Fisherman’s Inn at Kent Narrow in a fantastic room arranged by Frank Newton (a holdover from last year’s cancelled reservation). A half dozen or so other members and friends joined the racers which made for a great get together. Following a welcome from Frank, the awards were presented the first of which went to Fred Sherriff and Phil Livingston for making the trek over in the rain. Lawn chair umbrellas seemed appropriate for the feat. The newly-traditional Lyon’s Rum was presented to the race winners. A wonderful time was had by all and it was great to see old friends once again.



Now these are real trophies left to right Fred, Phil, Jim.

### RACE RESULTS

Finish	Vessel	Skipper
1	<i>Patriot</i> (Marshall 18)	Phil Livingston
2	<i>Old School</i> (Marshall 22)	Jim Palmer
3	<i>Pride</i> (Marshall 22)	Tamara Vermette

**Editor’s Note:** *This was the first race for CCBA in 2021, West River RR was a washout, so now we can tell you, the cats are out of the bag and on the water down on dee Chesapeake Hon! Butch and Denise did a great job hosting the event.*

## Spray Beach Yacht Club Catboat Rendezvous

Tom Caro

The Spray Beach Yacht Club (SBYC) Second Annual Catboat Rendezvous was held on August 27-29, 2021. This year we had twenty-one boats pre-registered for the event with the furthest coming from the eastern shore of Maryland. Unfortunately, the weather precluded them from making the trip north. Friday, August 27th, started with the arrival of Bradley and Kiyomi White, who trailered their Merger 19, *Mehitabel*, to SBYC. They would end up spending two nights on the boat tied up at the south floating dock.



*Mehitabel* docked at SBYC.

The event started Friday evening around 5:00 pm with an informal gam at the SBYC wharf. There was a good turnout from our neighbors at Little Egg Harbor Yacht Club (LEHYC). A good time was had by all.

Saturday morning started with overcast skies and a forecast that was not looking promising. After studying numerous weather apps, we thought we’d found a weather window to get the race in. We proceeded with registration (nineteen boats) and the captains meeting, then the boats headed for the course. As the fleet approached the course, the conditions worsened. The wind picked up, one boat measured eighteen mph winds, the bay had teeth and the fleet was taking a pounding. In the interest of safety, and based on the premise the number one rule for the

rendezvous was to have fun, the race was cancelled for the day. The fleet headed back to the docks and even though we didn't race, we still held the post-race social, which was also attended by members of the SBYC. There were plenty of burgers, hot dogs, baked beans, pasta salad, chips, beer, wine and, of course, dark and stormy's. After a good afternoon of food, libations, music and good company we turned our attention to Sunday's forecast, which was iffy at best.

Sunday morning started with overcast skies, rain, and winds that were on the edge of our comfort zone. Again, carefully studying the forecast, it looked as if the conditions were not going to worsen and may even improve. So, we decided to try again and the race committee and mark boats headed out to set the course. The boats left the docks at 11:00 am and arrived on the course at 11:45. The rain had stopped but the skies were still overcast and the winds were around fifteen mph out of the north. Out of the nineteen boats that checked-in on Saturday, fourteen were on the course and the Second Annual SBYC Catboat Rendezvous was underway!

The Race was a "mixed litter" with all fourteen boats starting at the same time. In a mixed litter race, all size boats race together and the final results are determined based on time-on-time (ToT) corrections using Portsmouth ratings. The course was a triangle, of approximately three miles, set in Little Egg Harbor. The race would be twice around with a windward finish at the start/finish line. The wind cooperated and we had a fresh breeze throughout the race. The start had ten boats at the line jockeying for position with two boats close behind and two laying back.



Beating to the first mark.

As the fleet approached the windward mark for the first time they were starting to spread out. Three groups were forming and the smaller boats were losing a little ground to the bigger front runners. The fleet rounded the first mark and headed to the reach mark in three groups.



Rounding the windward mark.



Heading to the reach mark.



The start.





This would continue throughout the race with the leaders changing positions numerous times heading for the final leeward mark rounding. Leading the fleet rounding the leeward mark for the second and final time were *Meander* (William Pilling) and *Star Bird* (Peter Maschal),



Leaders rounding the leeward mark for the final time.

With *Sugar Magnolia* (Megan Maschal) and *Macavity* (Laura Darling) following close behind and very much in contention. As the four boats headed toward the finish line, the first three stayed to the east side of the course while the fourth took the west. The top four boats had to tack numerous times to the finish and it was a drag race. On the final tack to the finish, *Macavity* was on starboard with *Meander* and *Star Bird* on port and all were heading for the same point on the bay. When they came together *Star Bird* dipped behind *Macavity* while *Meander* headed up and stayed clear. *Meander* crossed the line first, *Star Bird* second and *Macavity* third. The top three finishers were separated by fifteen seconds and second and third were only separated by two seconds. *Sugar Magnolia* finished fourth a mere thirty-three seconds back from the winner.



The Finish.

The SBYC Race awards were given to the top three finishers who each received three engraved cups per boat. Also, the first place finisher was awarded the Thomas Foster Award, a perpetual award that was established in Tom's name and is on display in the SBYC clubhouse with the winner's name added to the award each year. The award reads: "Spray Beach Yacht Club Catboat Rendezvous, Thomas Foster Award, Recognizing the Commitment and Promotion of Catboat Sailing."

The top three finishers were:

- First Place – *Meander* (William Pilling)
- Second Place – *Star Bird* (Peter Maschal)
- Third Place – *Macavity* (Laura Darling)



First Place Award.

In addition, Bradley and Kiyomi White were recognized for their determination to participate in the rendezvous. They traveled the furthest, trailered their Menger 19 (*Mehitabel*) to SBYC and spent two nights on board in not the best weather.

Congratulations to all sailors who competed in the race!

Next year's event will be held on August 26-27th, with August 28th as a rain date. Sailors are welcome to sail in on Friday and tie up for the evening in our harbor or beach your boat on Sunfish beach at the club. Friday evening, August 26th, there will be an informal gam and all sailors are welcome. Saturday will be the race, awards and a post-race social. Sailors are also welcome to spend Saturday night. Be sure to mark your calendar and come sail with us.

## SBYC RENDEZVOUS RESULTS

Place	Boat Name	Captain	Boat Type
1	<i>Meander</i>	William Pilling	Marshall 18 (Sanderling)
2	<i>Star Bird</i>	Peter Maschal	Marshall 18 (Sanderling)
3	<i>Macavity</i>	Laura Darling	Marshall 18 (Sanderling)
4	<i>Sugar Magnolia</i>	Megan Maschal	Marshall 18 (Sanderling)
5	<i>Tiger Cat</i>	Doug Dearden	Marshall 18 (Sanderling)
6	<i>Rub-A-Dub</i>	Ken Klaus	Marshall 18 (Sanderling)
7	<i>Snowball</i>	Scott Rothman	Marshall 18 (Sanderling)
8	<i>LE28</i>	Jennifer O'Neill	Marshall 15 (Sandpiper)
9	<i>Catbird Seat</i>	Larry Peacock	Marshall 15 (Sandpiper)
10	<i>Whiskers</i>	Tom Green	Marshall 18 (Sanderling)
11	<i>Mehitabel</i>	Bradley White	Menger 19
12	<i>Kitty Kat</i>	Mike Hyler	Marshall 18 (Sanderling)
13	<i>Katmantoo</i>	Nina Gilman	Marshall 15 (Sandpiper)
14	<i>Sea Lion</i>	Ed Gibbons	Marshall 18 (Sanderling)

## LBIYRA SANDERLING RESULTS

Place	Boat Name	Captain
1	<i>Meander</i>	William Pilling
2	<i>Star Bird</i>	Peter Maschal
3	<i>Macavity</i>	Laura Darling

## LBIYRA SANDPIPER RESULTS

Place	Boat Name	Captain
1	<i>LE28</i>	Jennifer O'Neill
2	<i>Catbird Seat</i>	Larry Peacock



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# Sailing for the 150<sup>th</sup> Toms River Yacht Club Challenge Cup

David A. Morrow

I hadn't intended to sail in the Toms River Yacht Club's Challenge Cup this season, even though it was the 150th anniversary of the race. (The Challenge Cup is the oldest continually raced perpetual yachting trophy in the U.S., sailed annually on the Toms River and Barnegat Bay by twenty-eight foot Barnegat Bay A Cats.) My thought was to watch from the comfort of a large rigid-hull inflatable boat (RIB), shaded by a big "T-top", sipping a cold beer.

By noon the southerly wind was filling in and the breeze had built to fifteen knots. This meant a crew of six would be light. Gusts were climbing above that number so a reef would also be in order with a crew of eight to nine necessary. *Vapor* had six crew and swung by our RIB asking if anyone was interested in sailing. A fellow spectator from the RIB agreed to go along, and I hoped that would satisfy *Vapor's* skipper allowing me to stay dry and comfortable for the rest of the day. Unfortunately, the breeze kept building and they needed one more body or, to use the proper racing term, rail meat!

I jumped aboard. We tied in the reef and got ready for the starting sequence. I had a very nice PFD, but no sailing shoes, no sailing gloves, and was soaked to the skin by the five minute gun.

The course, as required by the original Deed of Gift, is always over ten miles long. This year we sailed windward-leeward legs at the mouth of Toms River,

then a long reach, with the traditional finish in front of the Toms River Yacht Club. While *Raven* won the start and held the lead throughout the race, the rest of the fleet had multiple position changes making for exciting legs. At one point we sailed to an unfavorable side of the course and were next to last! But thanks to our smart skipper, able tactician and two strong (albeit older) mainsail trimmers, we fought our way back and ended up third behind *Raven* and *Tamwock*.

One of the original A Cats, *Lotus*, built in 1925, capsized while heading upwind, because of a big wind gust and communication error. All on board were okay. The boat was righted, towed to her marina, hauled and dried out. I'm told she's none the worse for wear and that this wasn't her first capsizes!

The Toms River Yacht Club Challenge Cup is a beautiful trophy created by Tiffany & Co. for the original race held in 1871. It's an honor to have the chance to compete for this trophy on an A Cat. If you are ever sailing on the Barnegat Bay most Saturday afternoons in July and August, you will see the large Marconi-rigged sails of the A Cats racing as they have since the 1920's.

**Author's Note:** There is a story floating around the Barnegat Bay concerning a skipper who, after winning the race and showing the trophy around his yacht club, returned the trophy case with a brick inside instead of the Challenge Cup. (At that time the trophy was kept in a local bank for security reasons.) I'm told that when the bank president discovered the deception, all hell broke loose in the sailing community! But shortly thereafter, the trophy was returned intact and all was forgiven!



Rail Meat!



# Vineyard Haven Rendezvous

Drew Staniar

After pummeling the Boston area with over nine inches of rain during July, the Greek Gods Zeus and Poseidon agreed to provide catboaters with a lovely Vineyard Haven weekend. Typical of previous VH Rendezvous, the forecast called for a hot day, light winds, and a ripping, full moon ebb tide. The winds started from the northwest and slowly clocked around to the southeast toward late afternoon. The midday wind lull combined with endless powerboat wakes from every direction had all of the catboats rocking.

I fail to understand powerboaters. Here are three basic types:

- High Speed/Not Paying Attention: Noticing a collision course with a sailing vessel late, they have to veer to avoid you while smiling and waving with their beer hand. Some have gold chains.
- Attempt to be Kind, But Not: As they approach, they take their boat off of a plane, creating the most monstrous wake possible, sending your boat into an unintended circle.
- Sailors with Powerboats: Very kind, no wake, but they are one-in-a-hundred.

But I digress.

At the skippers meeting, our Principal Race Officer (PRO), Eric Peterson, designed a triangular course starting off Eastville, beating to a mooring on the eastern side of Vineyard Haven. Eric's detailed description of the first mark was: "It is the first of two mooring buoys off the newly shingled house, which is seven houses down from the East Chop Light. You can't miss it." This is why I love the Vineyard: it's so laid back. The second leg was out to West Chop's N"4" with the final leg back to the start.

## RESULTS

Place	Boat Name	Boat Type	Captain	Time
1	<i>Pandora</i>	Huddlestun 20	Burt & Drew Staniar	1:33
2	<i>Solange</i>	Menger 23	Ryan Peterson	1:35
3	<i>Salina</i>	Marshal 22 Sloop	Bob Betts	2:11
4	<i>Ishmael</i>	Marshal 22	Diane & Jay Webster	2:14
5	<i>Sea Paws</i>	Menger 17	Catherine Kilduff	2:18
6	<i>Moon Shadow</i>	Marshall 18	Jeff Lott	2:23
7	<i>Glimmer</i>	Marshall 22	Jim O'Connor	2:30
8	<i>Alice</i>	Chebaeco 20, yawl	Skip Richheimer	2:32
9	<i>Julia Lee</i>	Stimson 21	Woody Bowman	2:32

Jim O'Connor, in *Glimmer*, won the start as we headed out to the first mark. *Glimmer* was to leeward with Catherine Kilduff (*Sea Paws*) and *Pandora* sailing three-abreast to weather. There was jockeying on the long starboard tack, as we all thought we could lay the windward mark, but the ebbing tide had other ideas. Looking aft, Ryan Peterson in *Solange* kept charging, getting closer and closer. While being first around the weather mark, *Pandora* noticed that Ryan had two secret distractions. Crewing were his fiancé, Mailyse Ferber, with her sister Constance, two beautiful young ladies, in bikinis.

The second leg was a reach/run to N"4". Fortunately, the first boats had enough breeze to round the mark without being tide-swept to Woods Hole.

The last leg got exciting as *Solange* caught *Pandora* and blew through her lee, stretching out to a seven-plus boat length lead in super-light air. Again, Ryan demonstrated outstanding boat handling on this leg. He now had a clear shot for the leeward end of the finish line, but we were all barely making headway. *Pandora*, sighting some slightly darker water (wind?) to the east, tacked to starboard and prayed. *Pandora* was sailing parallel to the finish line while *Solange* continued toward it.

About five minutes later, a slight easterly allowed *Pandora* to tack back to port and head for the finish, just nipping *Solange*. In addition to the tight finish, the ebb tide out of Lagoon Pond made it difficult for some of the later catboats to finish. One boat, *Mary Gray*, made contact with the committee boat. The names, however, have been withheld to protect the guilty.

Jeff and Wendy Pratt hosted the afterparty at their lovely home. All were entertained by the singing of Eric (on bass) and Ryan (on ukulele) Peterson and the sea shanties of our very own professional troubadour, Mark Lovewell.

# West River Heritage Regatta and “Rendezvous”

Kate Grinberg

As anticipation built after a long and protracted winter, plans were laid for the inauguration of the season at the West River Heritage Regatta held at Hartge’s Yacht Harbor in Galesville, Maryland. The best laid plans, however, were put on hold while pandemic regulations evolved and big gatherings uncertain. Nail-biting ensued and eventually the catboat rendezvous was officially welcomed once again for its third year.

Once the green light was given, all hands were on deck to organize a weekend to celebrate a new season, some new boats, and a return to some semblance of normalcy after a year of pandemic isolation. There was no doubt that folks were eager to get together, sail, and socialize.

After two weeks of unbroken high pressure, sunshine and perfect winds, the Memorial Day weekend forecast spelled change. Not to be daunted, we thought a little rain would not possibly interfere with plans for a race and overnight rendezvous for boats coming from across the Bay. As the forecast drew closer, it became clear that activities might need to pivot to a more sheltered location and that sailors might arrive Saturday wet and tired. Again, nothing could stop us.

Boats were packed, food prepared, and plans put in motion. Kate woke at dawn on Saturday to read the marine forecast: rain, winds north northeast at fifteen to twenty with thirty knot gusts, seas three-plus feet.... Would anybody choose to do battle with this weather and motor, much less sail, across the Bay? After some more nail-biting, Kate pondered, should we postpone? Cancel? Absolutely not.

Wondering if the brave skippers actually set out, the phone rang. Fred Sherriff, who had sailed *Pride* over to the Magothy to meet Jim and *Old School*, reported conditions and a decision to abort after setting out. Relieved, now we wondered about Butch Miller in *Lark* who had joined “Jersey Frank” Newton in his new Menger 19, *Tigger*. Phil Livingston, intending to sail *Patriot* solo from Oxford, boat packed and slicker on, made a last-minute decision to abort due to a medical issue, not because of weather!

After some more nail biting, we learned one by one that each boat had encountered enough adversity

to make the decision to turn back. Relief all around as we learned that everyone would make their way over to the West River—not by boat but by car, where three foot waves would be replaced by Memorial Day weekend traffic!

A few who gathered at Hartge’s earlier in the day enjoyed checking out the historical artifacts in the personal collection of the Hartge family in the Hartge Nautical Museum. A fabulous evening followed, hosted by Bruce and Jill Ogden in their Chalk Point home overlooking the West River. Many post-Covid reunion hugs and handshakes and a pit barbecue supper made for a great evening as we watched whitecaps and waves lapping on shore from the comfort of Bruce and Jill’s living room. Thank you, Bruce and Jill.

Kate and Tim, the only sailors that night who returned to sleep on a boat, were kept awake by howling winds in the rigging at Hartge’s in the comfort of their secure home port slip. Definitely not a great night to be on the hook!

Sunday dawned quiet and cloudy with diminishing winds. The forecast, however, called for omelets and a welcome gathering on the porch of the old house at Hartge’s. Jersey Frank served up a wonderful omelet feast, complemented by pastries and coffee to keep us all warm.



Jersey Frank....order up!

*Curlew*, *Liberty* and *Muriel* stayed in their slips at Hartge’s for the day; *Seabiscuit* was on a trailer; *Lura* was across the river; and all the other boats were in other Bay locations. The decision to cancel the race was obvious, and we all turned our attention to enjoying some quality social time, swapping stories (and advice). Lots of excitement ensued when Paul Cammaroto showed up with son Dominic and his friend Jeanne—Paul has recently relocated Downeast



and made a special trip so as not to miss his own WRHR.

The topic of the sailing seminars was more than apropos. Marc Cruder discussed tricks and lessons for sailing in heavy weather, and David Morrow followed with tricks for reefing and rigging.

The duo presented a lot of useful and entertaining information and answered lots of questions from the porch audience. We hope they will give a follow-up after we've all had a chance to utilize their tips!

The morning breezed by and evolved into lunch and early afternoon festivities, after making the decision to move things up and eliminate dinner, to give folks a chance to head back home on the early side.

The afternoon kicked off with the unexpected and welcome surprise of raw Rappahannock oysters, brought and shucked by Craig Ligibel, recently back from Australia. An impromptu lunch of leftovers from Saturday night was supplemented by cake and a few pot-luck contributions.



Craig's special oysters....mmm good, slurp!

How can there be awards if there was no regatta? This being the year of the "pivot," we turned the trophies into awards unique to this 2021 experience. All the skippers who started out to encounter the wrath of the weather and attempted a Bay crossing received an award and a little "something" to accompany the trophy.



One way to stay dry and trophies!

Preparations for the raffle followed, with assistance by Dominic as usual. Thanks to Marshall Marine, Beetle Cat, Inc, and Edgewater West Marine who helped make this part of our event such a success! You will no doubt see more catboaters sporting t-shirts and caps donated by these generous sponsors. We hope that the boathook, won by new members Digger and Josie, is an omen for the addition of a new boat to our fleet.

Finally, the John Brown Participation Award was ceremoniously presented to Dominic by Marc Cruder and Phil Livingston. Dominic shared a look of complete surprise when he learned that he was the well-deserved recipient of the award! Smiles all around, especially on the face of his dad, Paul.



And the recipient is...who....me?

In spite of a sail-less regatta and adverse weather, there is no doubt that a good time was had by all. We are especially appreciative of our hosts, Hartge's Yacht Harbor, without whose generosity and flexibility this event would not have happened.



# Martha's Vineyard Art Association *Catboats! 2022*

June Schoppe, MVAA, Event Chair

Plans for the Catboat Rendezvous, Exhibit and Event in Edgartown July 16-22, 2022, hosted by the Martha's Vineyard Art Association, are well underway. With last year's successful rendezvous event still in our memory, this year's is sure to be another exciting and informative event and week of amazing art, archival photographs and artifacts celebrating the Old Sculpin Gallery's catboat heritage and Manuel Swartz Roberts' legacy. If you didn't participate last year, we would love to have you!

Who can forget the sight of fifteen majestic catboats sailing through the harbor last year, crowds cheering at every turn? And the fun reception and entertainment provided by Mark Alan Lovewell and the Peterson Family! Plans for *Catboats! 2022* include the popular Catboat Parade of Sail throughout Edgartown harbor on Saturday, July 16.

New this year, a catboat race for the esteemed Manuel Swartz Roberts Cup (a magnificent half-hull model carved by him) will be held in the outer harbor following the Parade. After the parade and race, captains and crews will be honored guests at a private reception at the Old Sculpin Gallery.

Please RSVP to Captain Kurt Peterson at [catboatkurt@yahoo.com](mailto:catboatkurt@yahoo.com) or 508 524-6903 to register by July 1 if you plan to attend.

Reminder: If anyone is in need of a mooring in Edgartown Harbor you must register ahead of time with DOCKWA ([www.dockwa.com](http://www.dockwa.com)) and then go online March 1 at 8 a.m. to secure a mooring rental. Expect there to be heavy demand for these moorings.

Cheers!



*Pinkletink, Sea Chanty, and Tigress* at last summer's MVAA *Catboats!* rendezvous. Photo by Crispin Haskins.



  
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# Sailing Techniques and Seamanship

Brent V.W. Putnam, Editor

## A Final Thought on Anchoring

Brent V.W. Putnam

We're going to close our series on anchoring with some mail and a few references.

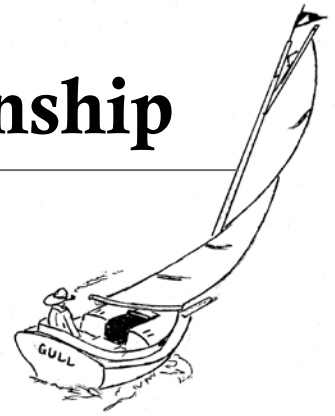
Skip Stanley sent this note about a find in Chatham, Massachusetts: Teri and I were in Chatham recently and came across this while we were walking. I immediately thought of you and your recent article on anchoring.

The plaque reads: "This stockless anchor dates from the mid-1800s. The Porter anchor (originally patented by the Englishman William Porter in 1838) has a pivot where the arms join the shank which results in a low profile for the upper fluke, thereby reducing the risk of damage to the ship's hull in shallow water or at low tide as well as the risk of fouling the anchor chain. It also improves the holding strength (although this in turn can make it more difficult to recover). The horn welded to the outside of each arm forced the arm to rotate and thereby assumed a better position for penetrating the ocean floor. The gravity bands on the lower part of the shank and the brackets on the upper part of the shank were used to deploy and recover the anchor. For onboard storage, the stock could be removed by pulling the stock pin, unbolting the one ball and sliding out the stock. The Porter anchor was popular on merchant sailing ships and steamers. This example was recovered by a diver in Michigan near Port Huron in 2010 and is in unusually good condition because it was in fresh water rather than salt water. It was manufactured at the former Camden Anchor Works in Camden, Maine."

Further, Skip wrote, I had never seen such a thing. I imagine when stockless anchors came into use for larger ships these disappeared. Still, I found it very interesting.

I'd be remiss if I didn't share a couple anchoring references. Over the summer, several magazines devoted entire issues to the topic of anchoring. There are two of them:

"The Anchoring Issue." *Good Old Boat*. Issue 138. May/June 2021, pages -37. Articles included the installation of windlasses, kelleys, the Northhill anchor



(with a generous sidebar on the Fisherman), pawls, snubbers, weighing anchor, and the catenary effect.

"Summer Anchoring Guide." *BoatU.S. Magazine.*, pages 78-92. June/July 2021. The anchoring section was broken down into, "Where to anchor," "How to anchor," "How to weigh anchor," "Which anchor is right for you?" and "Ground tackle upkeep."

These two issues alone have more articles than we could fit into several years of our seamanship columns.



Porter anchor and plaque in Chatham.





# Navigation

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Skip Stanley, Editor



## Frank Worsley and the Voyage of the *James Caird*

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Skip Stanley

I'd like to step back for a moment from the world of catboats, but not from the world of small boats, to talk about what I believe is arguably the greatest feat of small boat navigation ever accomplished—the voyage of the *James Caird* across the Southern Ocean from Elephant Island to the island of South Georgia in April 1916. It is a story any small-boat navigator can appreciate.

Now many of you may be familiar with the saga of Ernest Shackleton, which has been the subject of countless books and articles on the importance of leadership. His adventure has been touted as one of the greatest “successful failures” of all time.

At the turn of the twentieth century, the “golden age of exploration” was coming to an end. One of the last feats left to be attempted was to traverse Antarctica. Veteran polar explorer Ernest Shackleton, set out to do just that. In short, the plan was to sail to Antarctica and travel across the continent on foot. Meanwhile, because they would not be able to carry enough provisions for the entire journey, another ship was to travel to the other side of Antarctica and leave provisions in depots on the other side of the continent so they could complete the arduous trek.

On August 8, 1914, with twenty-seven men, Shackleton set out in the ice-hardened ship *Endurance*. All seemed to be going well—they were well equipped and had plenty of provisions – until they encountered more ice than expected. In fact, whalers had reported seeing more ice than ever before so early in the season. Shackleton made the fateful decision to continue on. He was confident the ship's hull would be able to withstand the ice. In January, however, the *Endurance* became trapped in the ice, which eventually proved too much for the ship. It was slowly crushed, forcing the men to abandon ship and camp on the ice.

While they appeared to be stationary, they were, in fact, moving northward with the ice. Five months later, they could see a portion of the Antarctic

continent, and in October they found water clear enough to launch their three lifeboats, the *Dudley Docker*, the *Stancomb Wills*, and the *James Caird*. Seeking the solace of solid ground for the first time in six months, the men sailed to Elephant Island, which was little more than a barren piece of rock. There they camped again.

Knowing no one would be coming to rescue them, England was at the time in the throes of World War I, Shackleton decided their only hope would be to sail to South Georgia island, a voyage of *eight hundred miles* across the most treacherous seas on the planet, to get help.

In this area of the world, known as the “Roaring Forties,” there is no land to slow the wind in its circular rotation around Antarctica. The result is near-constant gale-force winds and mountainous seas. These are coupled with sub-freezing temperatures. Shackleton and his men were going to attempt to sail these waters in a *lifeboat*, not a well-fitted vessel made for the purpose.

Before taking to sea from the ice, the irascible but highly-skilled carpenter, Harry McNish, had already raised the gunwales of the *James Caird* using pieces of wood salvaged from the *Endurance* and whatever else he could find. Now he set about preparing the boat for voyage to South Georgia—mending a hole in the bow made by the ice and constructing makeshift “decking” with wood from the *Dudley Docker*. There wasn't enough wood to cover the whole boat, so boards nailed over the forward portion were spaced apart and covered in old canvas, stitched together and nailed over the “deck.” The canvas was frozen stiff and had to be thawed over a blubber stove before it could be sewed; the needles had to be pulled through with pliers. (Pause for a moment and think about that: refitting a wooden lifeboat on a barren beach using hand tools.)

On April 24th, 1916, Shackleton shoved off from Elephant Island. He took with him five men he deemed best suited for the voyage: the captain of the *Endurance*, Frank Worsely, McNish, Bos'n John Vincent, and two Able-bodied Seamen Tom Crean and Timothy McCarthy.



Rocks were used for ballast and only three of the men could be below at any one time. A small Primus stove was used for cooking and incidental heat. Their food consisted of a high-calorie mix of seal meat, lard, oatmeal, sugar and salt, which they called “hoosh.”

In the breaking seas, the *James Caird* shipped water constantly, which required the men below to pump and bail continually. Any sleep they could grab was on top the ballast. Under these conditions, it was up to Frank Worsley to get the boat to South Georgia—800 miles away—using dead reckoning and celestial navigation. The men had to maintain a course as best they could.

Now, popular culture might lead you to believe that having a sextant would be enough to figure out where you are. But it takes more than that. You also need a chronometer, a nautical almanac, sight reduction tables, paper and pencil, plotting tools, and a chart and the know-how to use them. Obviously, under these conditions, the three paper items would have been soaked. The chronometer also had to be meticulously maintained and there was no way to check it with a radio “time tick.”

Taking an accurate sight of the sun is a bit of a trick even on a reasonably level deck. The sun’s altitude (angular distance above the horizon) is measured by bringing its image down to the horizon with the sextant itself perpendicular to the horizon.

Now imagine the difficulties here when trying to do this on a heaving small boat with seas so high the horizon is difficult to see; with the wind screaming, spray flying, and the sun barely visible, all in subfreezing temperatures. Then going below and doing the calculations and plotting—with wet, freezing-cold fingers—all to yield *one* line of position (LOP). The LOP have to be “advanced” along track line to a future LOP to yield a “fix.” This is where Frank Worsley’s other talent came to the fore: he had a gift for dead reckoning. With little to go on, he was able to intuitively know, approximately, where they were and, from that, was able to keep the boat on course. Sixteen days later, on May 10, 1916, they reached South Georgia.

In his own words: “Navigation is an art, but words fail to give my efforts a correct name. Dead reckoning or DR – the seaman’s calculation of courses and distance – had become a merry jest of guesswork. The procedure was: I peered out from our burrow – precious sextant cuddled under my chest to prevent seas falling on it. Sir Ernest stood by under the canvas with chronometer pencil and book. I shouted “Stand by,” and knelt on the thwart – two men



Royal Geographic Society photo

Captain Frank Worsley

*holding me up on either side. I brought the sun down to where the horizon ought to be and as the boat leaped frantically upward on the crest of a wave, snapped a good guess at the altitude and yelled, “Stop,” Sir Ernest took the time, and I worked out the result. The navigation books had to be half opened page by page till the right one was reached, then opened carefully to prevent utter destruction.”*

— Excerpt from Frank Worsley’s Diary

Characteristically, Worsley downplays the situation. But the truth is, for all the touting of Shackleton’s leadership, it was Frank Worsley who was the real hero of the story for both his celestial and his dead reckoning skills. Shackleton had little experience in small boats and no navigational skills. Without Worsley, all would truly have been lost.

*To learn more about Ernest Shackleton’s expedition, I recommend two books:*

*Endurance by Caroline Alexander which contains many photographs of the voyage.*

*Endurance by Alfred Lansing, a fast-paced account of the adventure.*

References:

Caroline Alexander, *Endurance*, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, NY, 1999

Frank A. Worsley, *Endurance*, Norton, New York, NY 1999

*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

## The Lunds and the *Red Squirrels*

Jay and Di Webster

As many catboaters know, an interesting article was written by Ned Lund concerning three boats named *Red Squirrel*.<sup>1</sup> You may remember that the first *Red Squirrel* was a Beetle Cat bought in 1934 for Ned's oldest sister, Zoe, age seven. During the following winter, red squirrels invaded the family's summer house and chewed the window muntins. Ned stated "how better to get revenge and bestow dastardly infamy on those varmints than to name our boat *Red Squirrel* after them as an excuse to paint it the distinguished color." The distinguished color was a bright red hull with a light green deck.

After sailing the Beetle with three Lund kids for many years, Hurricane Carol came along at the end of the summer of 1954 and landed the *Red Squirrel* on the summer house lawn, resulting in significant damage to the stern. In 1969, Ned and his wife Judy commissioned a Marshall 18 and named her *Red Squirrel*.

In 1973, after sailing a few years in the eighteen foot red catboat, the Lunds commissioned a new twenty-two foot catboat from Marshall Marine, the third *Red Squirrel*. For many years thereafter, Ned, Judy and their family cruised and raced on the Cape and islands, Long Island, Cuttyhunk, Provincetown, and Duxbury/Plymouth. During the years of sailing, the Lund kids learned to sail and race and ended up with many first-place honors. When asked about the best cruises, both Ned and Judy feel that they were



all different, unique and enjoyed by everyone. As for racing, Ned guesses they had well over a dozen first place finishes.

The Lunds sold *Red Squirrel* last year and the boat now sails on Chesapeake Bay. Her new owners have maintained the historic *Red Squirrel* name and kept the unique colors.

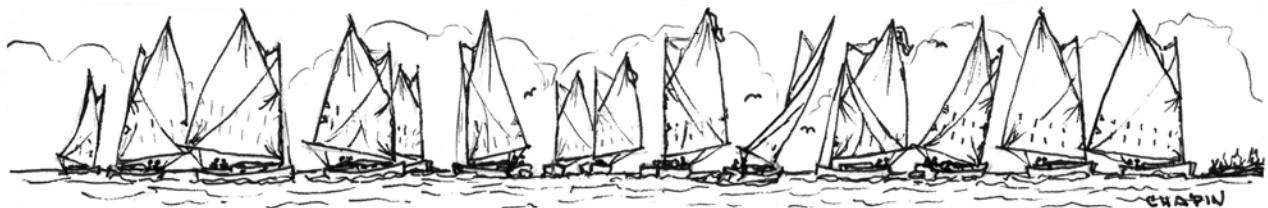
Many know Ned is a retired, prominent doctor in the New Bedford area and Judy is a well-respected historian in the same area. Judy is the co-writer and editor of the book, *The Catboat Era in Newport, Rhode Island*.

Ned and Judy have served on the CBA Steering Committee in various capacities for many years, often hosting meetings at their homes in Padanaram and Nonquit.

If you ever wondered how our esteemed Steering Committee Chair, Tim Lund, could be such a capable, learned, and successful leader of the CBA for the past twelve years, with its approximate number of members hovering around 1000 catboat sailing enthusiasts, you need look no further than his parents: Ned and Judy.

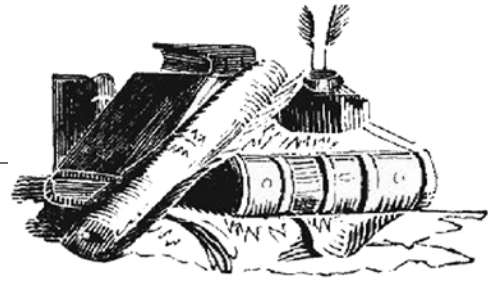
A huge thank you to the Lund family for your friendship and all you have done to benefit and continue the traditions of the Catboat Association since 1970.

Smooth sailing!



# Book Reviews

Ned Hitchcock, Contributing Editor



## *Chesapeake*

by James A. Michener

Review by Bill McKay

### **Voyage One: 1583**

“For the whole day, he drifted south in wonder, now close to one shore, now venturing out to the terrifying yet consoling middle... It was more beautiful than a lifetime along an inland river... He had exchanged a collection of mottled wigwams for a greater majesty.”

Pentaquod, a tall, athletic, and in all other ways an imposing Susquehannock, spoke out against the idea that he should be part of the tribe’s raids upon neighboring tribes—just because that is what “he was born to do.” Quite likely, he was one of the first indigenous persons to feel that being on the warpath was a stupid idea. This led to tribal plans to execute him. Thus, he made his escape upon the “river,” a water route south, which would lead him to a solitary life in creeks and shallow refuges along larger waterways. Four hundred years later, these same waters are well known by catboaters in their shallow draft boats.

The descriptions of Pentaquod’s travels, and the lands on which he survived are beautiful. Eventually, in his search for other pacifists (if there were any),

he came upon a small band of the tribe, Nanticokes. With them, he learned from observing “Fishing-long-legs...great blue heron” a treat unlike anything he had ever seen. “It was larger than a man’s hand, seemed to have numerous legs that squirmed in the fading sunlight and was brown-green in color.”

A second food was introduced to him by a young Nanticoke woman. She opened a sharp shell-like object and told him to eat. It was salty and favorable for him. He had eaten his first oyster. She told him, “More sleeping in the river than you could count. All winter, we feed on kawshek.”



For two delightful chapters, Michener describes early life in the area now known as the Choptank. Pentaquod eventually became the Werowance (chief) of this band, married and produced children.

And so end the first two chapters of *Chesapeake*. The rest of the 865 pages I leave to you. There is nothing better than reading a book you love and it is *not* over in 220 pages. In this historical novel, Michener takes you through the people who populate



this one area of the Chesapeake all the way to 1978, almost 400 years. On your catboat during the summer or in your living room during the cold months, you will love this novel. If you are a sailor, you will dream of some way to get on a cruising catboat in the Choptank. If you are lucky enough to live along the Chesapeake, you will find more meaning to every time you hoist sail and spend time on this historical, huge and unique body of water.

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## *The Gulf Stream: Encounters with the Blue God*

by William H. MacLeish

Review by Terry Gips

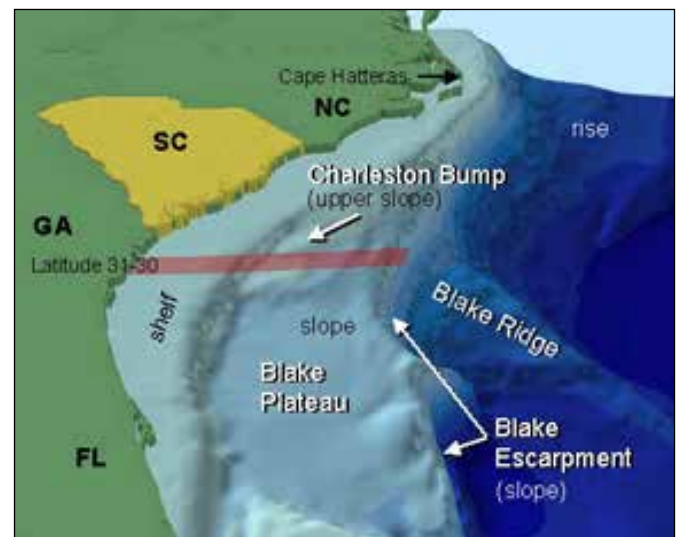
This is not a book about catboats, nor is it about sailboats to the exclusion of other watercraft. As indicated by the title, it is about a moving section of water known as the Gulf Stream. It arises from the Straits of Florida and runs along the North Atlantic coast to the Canadian Maritime Provinces and branches northeast toward the British Isles and due east toward Portugal.

This current may not seem relevant to most of us catboaters who submit and entrust our boats to lesser “blue gods:” the bays, harbors, estuaries, and sounds that hug the coastlines or shelter behind barrier islands. However, even in these gentler waters we may sometimes encounter spurs or loops of the Gulf Stream and knowledge of it can be applied to other currents as well.

If you’re like me, a sailor with limited credentials, understanding a mostly invisible current is a challenge. We might get comfortable navigating the powerful but predictable currents of the Cape Cod Canal or Hell Gate in New York City’s East River by carefully following the Eldridge Tide & Pilot Book. However, the Gulf Stream, as well as many lesser currents, are more convoluted. MacLeish’s overview of this dominant current is highly engaging and helpful in understanding currents in general. Using a rich mix of history, science, technology and seamanship, he describes the Stream’s influence on sailing, marine life, coastal geography, and weather.

Author William H. MacLeish (1928-2015), the son of poet, statesman and former Librarian of Congress Archibald MacLeish and singer Ada Hitchcock MacLeish, was editor of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute’s *Oceanus* magazine and lived in Woods Hole on Cape Cod for a dozen years. At WHOI, he was in the heady realm of researchers and scholars who no doubt fed his investigations of the Atlantic; but what gives luster and structure to this book are the voyages MacLeish undertook aboard a number of large and small, sail-powered and engine-powered boats during which he experienced the idiosyncrasies of the Gulf Stream. In one case, MacLeish describes “hitchhiking” on the 635-foot Exxon *Wilmington* as it hauled its petro-chemical load from Baton Rouge to New York. On another, he joins the crew of *Welcome*, the forty-five foot wooden schooner built in 1975 by Concordia on a 2,500-mile trip from Portugal to the Canaries and on to Antigua in the Caribbean. I found this chapter especially interesting as it interwove their 1986 crossing with one by Columbus four centuries earlier, citing similarities and differences.

MacLeish’s book, while nontechnical, isn’t poetry—although he does cite poets T.S. Eliot, Lord Byron, Tennyson, as well as noted chroniclers of sea travel. He describes underwater geography and the shifts in the Gulf Stream as it “flows across the Blake Plateau, an ancient coral reef off Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas. At Hatteras, the Gulf Stream literally falls into the North Atlantic. ...the current broadens and begins to corkscrew into meanders [to] form rings and eddies inshore and seaward of the main flow.” (pp. 24-25)



(NOAA image)

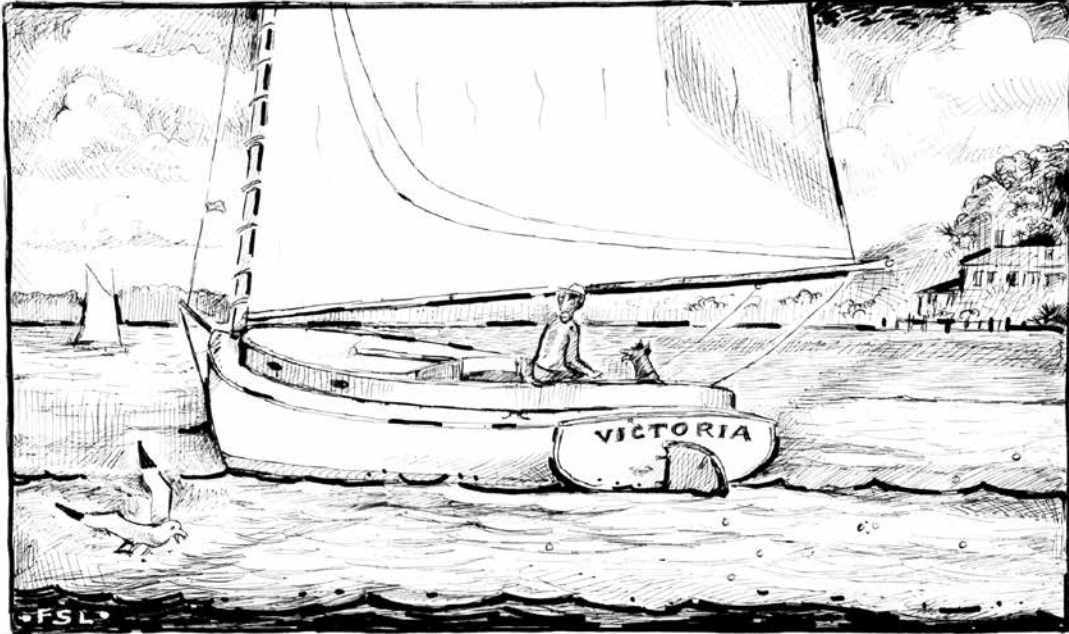
The chapter, “Reading the Sea,” is a short but highly informative summary of the techniques for measuring depths, temperatures, and movements in ocean waters from the 15th to the 21st century. One story he tells is of a WHOI volunteer during WW II, Frederick Fuglister, a musician and muralist before being bitten by life at sea. Aboard WHOI’s *Atlantis*, he was put in charge of the bathythermograph or BT and translated the device’s readings of water temperature at various depths into charts for the U.S. Navy, crucial information for submarine warfare since temperature affects the transmission of sound. After the war, Fuglister (AKA Fritz) became fixated

on using the BT to follow the Gulf Stream. For years he tracked its flow in various locations, but overall it outsmarted him; Fritz grew to acknowledge that this “blue god” is “so strong that it can make its own rules.” (p. 102)

This book is a good read whether you are planning to sail beyond your comfort zone, trying to figure out why Vineyard Sound is warmer than Buzzards Bay, or rescuing cold-stunned turtles that have abandoned their ride on the Gulf Stream to detour into Cod Bay where water temperatures can suddenly plummet as winter approaches.







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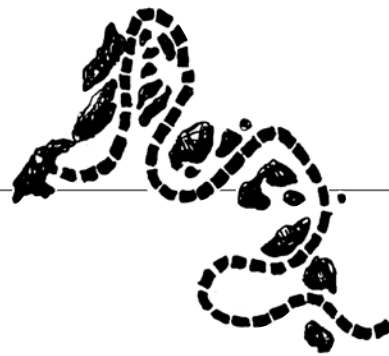
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# Short Tacks



C. Henry Depew

*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 think it might be useful.*

I subscribe to a number of boating-related magazines (twenty-some at the moment). While most of the publications are for the general boating public, all have items of interest for owners of catboats. Articles on trailering, launching, anchoring, and docking that can be generalized to other small boats. Granted, the catboat has some specialized characteristics not found with other sailing craft, but what I learned while learning to sail an Optimist pram held true for all the other sailboats I have owned and/or sailed on.

## Launching

The old joke about spending an interesting (enjoyable?) day watching people launch/recover their boats is still true. I have seen people almost launch their vehicle/trailer along with the boat. And, boat recovery on a wet ramp can be very informative on what not to do.

At one point, we had a Sisu-22 (inboard diesel) that we would launch and recover on weekends. When the tide was out, I would back the boat trailer until the tires reached the water. Stop and put chocks behind the wheels to hold the trailer. Then, I would disconnect the trailer from the tow vehicle, attach a chain from the trailer to the tow vehicle and drive the tow vehicle back up the ramp to string out the chain. Using a heavy-duty dolly-wheel assembly to hold the tongue of the trailer off the ramp, I would have an extra fifteen feet before the back wheels of the tow vehicle reached the wet area of the ramp. The extra distance made launching and recovering the boat much easier, as the boat floated on and off the trailer with no hassles, and the tow vehicle had good traction to bring the rig up to dry ground where the trailer was re-attached. The process was a bit more complicated than described above, but my wife and I made it look easy.

My favorite launching endeavor was at a small lake boat ramp. An elderly gentleman drove up in his pickup truck with a skiff on the trailer. He set things up and then backed carefully down the ramp. When the boat floated off the trailer, he drove back up the ramp. A line attached to the rear of the trailer from the boat strung out and then pulled the boat back toward the trailer. He stopped, got out and went back to take the line from the trailer over to a tie point. He then parked his rig, got in the boat, and went fishing. It was a joy to watch.

When we were launching the Sisu-22, I used the same trick to get the boat off the trailer. When the boat was mostly afloat, I put on the brakes and the inertia slid the boat off the trailer. What helped was the number of self-adjusting rollers on the trailer. My wife held the line to the boat rather than attaching a line to the rear of the trailer. The trick with this endeavor is not to stop too soon and launch the boat onto the ramp. I saw this happen one time when the owner got everything loose at the top of the ramp. The boat came off the trailer too soon, bending his outboard's lower drive unit. If he had released the ties with the boat/trailer at the water's edge, the lower drive unit might not have been ruined. This maneuver (using inertia to slide the boat off the trailer) can be hard on the large rudder on a catboat if it is not secured to stay in line with the keel. The force involved can damage the rudder assembly.

## Wheels and Hubs

Have you loosened the lug bolts on your trailer's tires and seen if the wheel will come loose from the hub? I had this happen one time when trying to change a flat. The bolts came out but the wheel stayed put. I called AAA for help. The tow truck operator looked at the problem and put the bolts back on, but not tight. He then had me move the trailer forward and then backward. The torque on the wheel from the rough ground "broke" the wheel loose and the tire was changed.

**A couple corrections to Short Tacks in Bulletin 186:**

When discussing sail pressure or load on a sail, Martin Gardner pointed out that I neglected to *square* the wind speed. The correct formula is:

$$\text{Load} = \text{Sail Area (sq. ft.)} \times \text{Wind Speed (knots)}^2 \times 0.000431$$

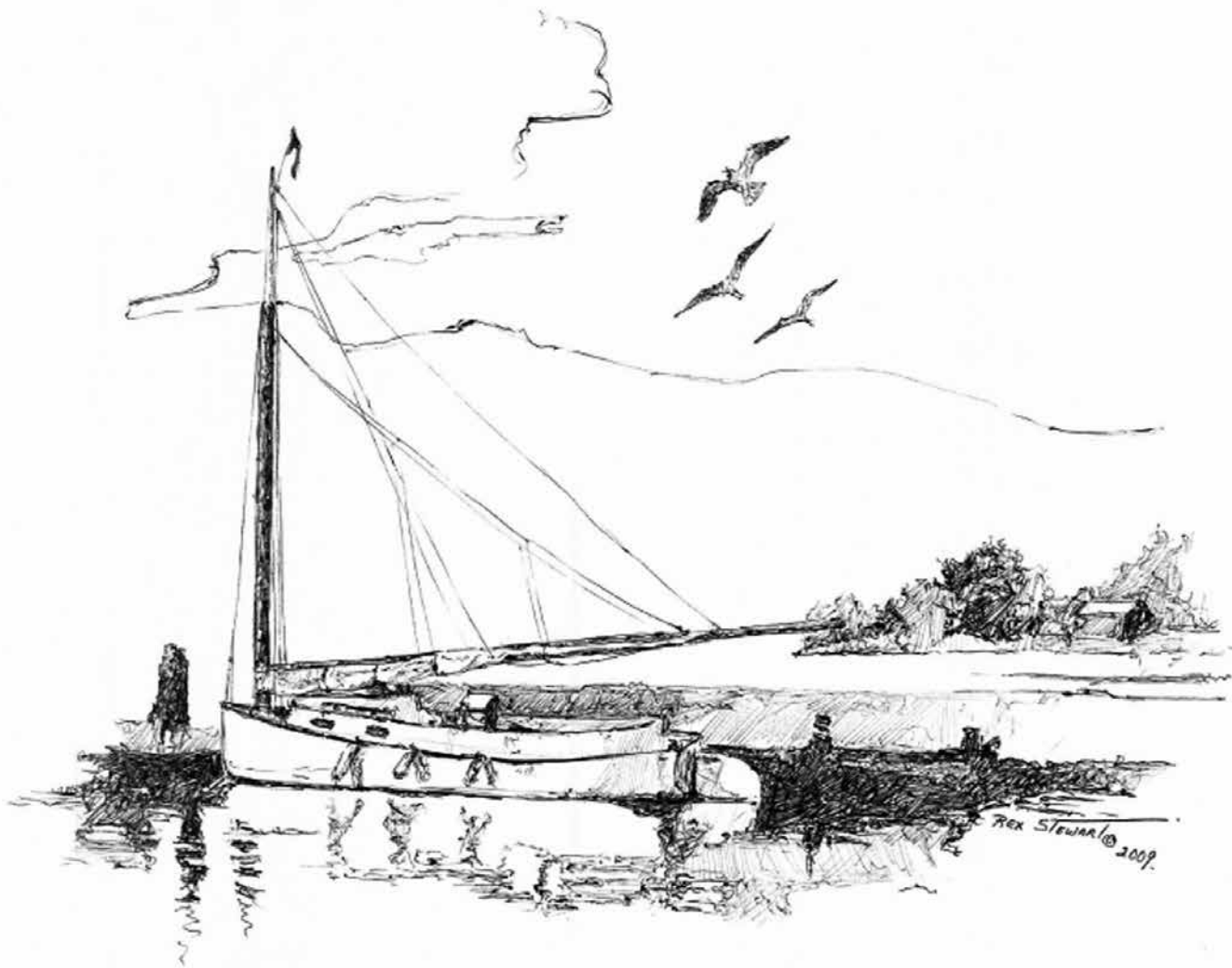
What's interesting, for example, about the formula is that as the wind goes from 5 knots to 10, the force doesn't just double, but increases 4-fold; as you

go from 10 knots to 12 the force increases by nearly 50%, and so on.

**The last sentence should have read:**

"Assorted hose clamps and the like are also included. Of course, the engines (and allied devices) in a 1970 Caddy and 1973 Ford *are* much easier to work on than today's electronic marvels."

We still own (and operate) the Caddy and the Ford...



# New Members

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Carolyn Pratt, Membership Secretary

*WELCOME ABOARD to our new members since Fall 2021*

Doug & Irene Amsbary, Sugar Hill, NH

Simon Bancroft, Vancouver, Canada

Bob Betts & Ellen Brady, Mashpee, MA

Dan Boyd & Fiona Russell, St. John, Virgin Islands

Wes Brown, Jacksonville, FL

Susan & Stephen Burg, New Bern, NC

S. Michael & Kendra Cadieux, Fairhaven, MA

Bill & Denise Carton, New Monmouth, NJ

Brian Dickson, Wicomico Church, VA

John & Lynne Donovan, Middleburg, VA

Christopher & Debbie Fox, Miller Place, NY

Patrick Garvey, Kingston, MA

Daniel Germain, Haverhill, MA

Matthew Grinsell, Midlothian, VA

Ben & Sandy Guenther, Oneota, NY

Ray & Barbara Hayes, Deep River, CT

Dave & Elizabeth Hitchcock, Nantucket, MA

John & Emma Holland, Largo, FL

Peggy Huckel, Gansevoort, NY

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Kate Kennedy, Sayville, NY

Ryan Koller, Bedford, MA

Jonas Kumpitch, New York, NY

Joe Manning, Bel Air, MD

Bill Nalls, Arlington, VA

Robert & Gail Newton, Beaufort, SC

Andrew & Caroline Oliver, Cos Cob, CT

Michael Reedy, Middletown, RI

Ryan & Rachel Rooks, Grand Rapids, MI

Jeff & Kate Sayle, Nantucket, MA

John Schroeder, Medway, MA

Richard & Liz Seabrook, Annapolis, MD

Jim & Liz Tapper, Rochester, MA

Kathryn Tapper & Forrest Neal, Mattapoisett, MA

Neil Tomkinson & Priscilla Eastman,  
Harwich Port, MA

John & Maria Torelli, Bonsall, CA

Tom Tracy, Cranston, RI

Michael Vorwerk, Huntington, MA

Ed & Cathy White, Wakefield, RI

Janet Young, Provincetown, MA





# Cats for Sale

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

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

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

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

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

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



187-1. 21' Fenwick Williams design "Lottie Cates" launched 2004, for sale by builder, Bruce Gratz. Winner, Catboat Association Broad Axe Award. White oak and cypress hull • All bronze fasteners • Marine plywood deck covered with Dynel and Epoxy • Custom cypress, mahogany and white cedar interior • Cockpit seats 4 adults, 2 kids, cushions included • 2 berths with cushions and drawer storage • Over-berth shelves • Chart table with hanging locker • Galley with portable stove, sink with bronze pump • Folding dining table • Enclosed porta potty space • Hollow spruce mast • Spruce boom and gaff • 430 sf sail made by Michele Stevens of Nova Scotia • Bronze blocks • Halyard cam cleats • 16 HP Vetus diesel • 9 gallon fuel tank • 9 gallon water tank • Kingston plow anchor • Spare Danforth anchor \$45,000. phone 802-793-2310 or [gratz.bruce@gmail.com](mailto:gratz.bruce@gmail.com) Photo courtesy of John K. Robson



187-2. 1999 Menger 23' Catboat "Quest!". Fast boat, ideal for day sailing and cruising with steady 6,500-pound displacement. Draws as little as 2.5 feet, allowing for exploration of coves and shallow bays or extended cruises. Sleeps 4. Cabin has 6'2" headroom and includes a galley and enclosed head with shower. New 435 sq ft sail and sail cover purchased within the past year. Powered by a 2 GM Yanmar diesel with regular maintenance performed. Equipped with Ritchie compass; Horizon cluster meters including knot meter, depth finder, and horizon/wind meter; Garmin GPS; VHF radio; and onboard stereo system. Features a large cockpit with bimini and 2 fitted closed cell cushions. Includes custom-made, teak louvered companion way doors with screens, a flip-down teak boom crutch, and a teak and stainless-steel wheel with decorative rope work. All bright work recently stripped and re-finished. Well-equipped and ready to sail. Additional information and pictures available upon request. Asking \$28,500 OBO. Boat docked in White Stone, VA. Contact: Gail Tiesenga at [gtiesenga@msn.com](mailto:gtiesenga@msn.com)



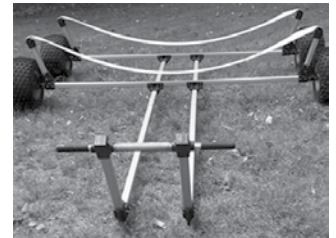
187-5. 1985 Marshall 15' Sandpiper (cuddy). Boat has the following: Hinged Mast for trailering, Completely Remanufactured Trailer, 2 sails, 2.5 HP Outboard (nearly new), Gusher Pump, Anchor, chain and line; Special Trailering Boom-Crutch, Sail and Cockpit Covers, 2



coats of bottom paint (professionally applied), Four new Life Jackets. The sailboat is easily trailered behind a Buick Envision. It is solid and looks like new throughout, deck and hull. Located Weatherford, Oklahoma. \$9,500. OBO. I can deliver for a nominal charge. John Kokalis 940-367-3620 [jlkski@suddenlink.net](mailto:jlkski@suddenlink.net)

187-7. Marshall 18 Trailer Wanted. Prefer galvanized single axle trailer. Please email [LarryW2GL@gmail.com](mailto:LarryW2GL@gmail.com), message or call 631-241-4516

187-8. For Sale: Seitech Launching Dolly. Very Good condition. Never used in saltwater. Will accommodate boats such as Beetle Cat, larger inflatable, boats over 350 lbs, according to the manufacturer. Dolly has 2 axles, 4 wheels. Aluminum construction, sturdy. Easily assembled. Asking \$800. Call Tom at 603-487-3883



187-9. 1985 Marshall 22 "Artemis". 18hp Yanmar diesel inboard, double battery system with control panel, fiberglass hull, teak and brass rub rails and coaming cap, varnished mahogany interior trim, drop-leaf table on centerboard trunk, teak hand rails on cabin top, brightwork weathered to reduce maintenance but otherwise tight and clean, rugged bronze deck hardware, custom carved name plate, spring cleat lines, 3-blade and 2 blade props; sail cover; Cockpit easily seats six adults. Built-in ice chest, bimini, full boat cover, CNG compressed stove, enclosed cockpit lockers, 2 drawers in port step, chart drawer under double main bunk, dodger (not installed), manual water pump/sink (with brand new pump), 22 gallon fiberglass water tank, jiffy reefing, electric cabin lights, berth cushions, custom closed cell cockpit cushions, new lazy jacks, brand new centerboard and pin, original bronze wheel, bronze boarding steps on transom and rudder, VHF Radio, 2 anchors, swim ladder, mounted bulkhead compass, solar vent on forward hatch, opening port, Garmin GPS/depth sounder/fish finder, AM/FM radio/CD player with speakers, marine head with holding tank and Y-valve, running lights, displayed in years past at Madisonville Louisiana Classic and Wooden Boat Festival, good condition, ready to sail, located in Mandeville, LA. \$22,000. Contact [rickmiller1812@gmail.com](mailto:rickmiller1812@gmail.com)



187-10. 1975 Nowak and Williams Herreshoff Eagle 22, catboat / sloop. 3 new sails, main, jib, topsail. New color coded sheets and halyards. 9 hp Elco electric outboard in aft cockpit motor well, and much more. If interested, please call for a price. Located Deep River, CT. 860-227-4154



187-11. 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 from \$14k to BO see Facebook Marketplace. Bob Fontaine 401-996-8173 bpfon919@verizon.net



187-14. Cimba is for sale. Fenwick Williams 25, built 1965, professionally maintained by the same yard and person for the last 26 years. Excellent condition. If interested call or email Steve at 978-290-3957, catboat-steve@aol.com for details



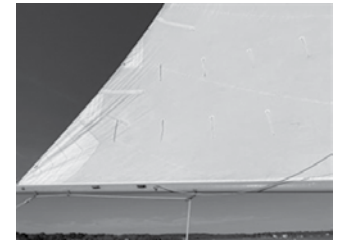
187-16. PBCB desperately seeks 2 Sandpipers to complement our growing fleet. Pleasant Bay Community Boating is a nonprofit 501(c)(3) community boating program located on Pleasant Bay, Cape Cod. PBCB has a fleet of four Sandpipers and three 14 footers. The larger cats are great teaching boats and now our rental folks are asking for them. PBCB supports and promotes adaptive sailing; one of the Sandpipers will be converted for that program. We are appealing to all Sandpiper owners who may be thinking of retiring, or moving on to a bigger boat and would consider either donating or selling their boat to a worthwhile community boating center whose goal is to make boating affordable and accessible to all. Contact Suzanne Leahy, Catboat Program Director, Pleasant Bay Community Boating leahys@pbcb.cc or sleahy1951@gmail.com 508-245-4688. Visit our website to find out more about our mission and programs: www.pbcb.cc



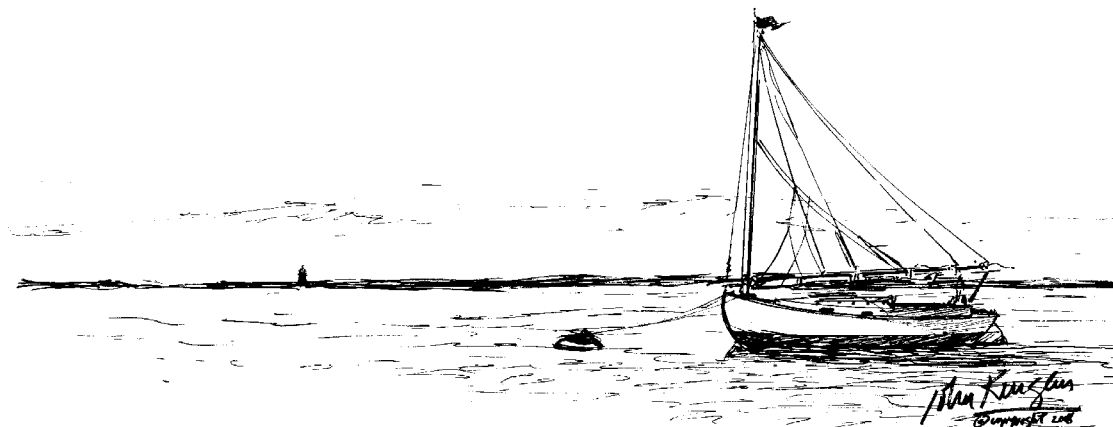
187-18. 1974 Classic Herreshoff America 18' Catboat. Fiberglass; built by Nowak and Williams in 1974 to honor the American Bicentennial. Featured in Sail Magazine - August 2, 2017. Two sails included— the original sail embossed with the American Flag and a newer sail by Thurston/Quantum also with the flag emblem. Jiffy reefing. Relatively new (2016) Yamaha 6 hp 4-stroke in perfect condition with very low hours, in well. Upgrades include: Aluminum mast replaced. Centerboard replaced as well as centerboard pivot pin. Centerboard trunk reinforced. New interior bunk cushions. New Porta-Potti (never used). Whale Gusher built-in bilge pump in cockpit. Additional bilge pump. Two Danforth anchors with rode. New lazy jacks. Sail Cover. Richie Compass. Gimballed Drink holders. Classic brass Herreshoff side lights port and starboard. One owner for 30 years, professionally maintained. Available for viewing and sea trial mid May 2022 on Martha's Vineyard. \$6500. Contact: pufftoad@aol.com 310.428.3801 (call or text)



187-21. Used Quantum Sail for Marshall Sanderling. Used last season on my own Sanderling. Two reef points. Battens included. One repair performed by Quantum. Maintained annually by Doyle Sailmakers of Salem, MA who rated this sail as Good. Cleaned and packed in its sail bag, waiting for its next season. Available for inspection in Charlestown, RI. Asking \$750. Barry O'Brien 617-967-1227 bobrien@northshorecommunications.com



187-22. 1975 Marshall 22' with 2 year old Quantum sail, Universal M4-30 4 cyl. diesel engine, two blade prop, Danforth anchor, transom and rudder steps, portable head, depth sounder, 2 new batteries, full cockpit and interior cushions, engine compartment winter heater, 2 bank battery charger. Located Edgewater, MD on the South River. \$18,500. Bill.wmparke3@hotmail.com 305-393-3336 (cell)





## The Catboat Association Membership Application

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

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

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

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse: \_\_\_\_\_

Street: \_\_\_\_\_ City: \_\_\_\_\_ ST \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

2nd Address Street: \_\_\_\_\_ City: \_\_\_\_\_ ST: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

(IMPORTANT: Please provide Zip + 4 Code)

Dates mail goes to 2nd address: \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

Catboat Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Year Built: \_\_\_\_\_

Date Purchased: \_\_\_\_\_

Homeport: \_\_\_\_\_

Former Name(s) \_\_\_\_\_

Former Owner(s): \_\_\_\_\_

Designer: \_\_\_\_\_

Builder: \_\_\_\_\_

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

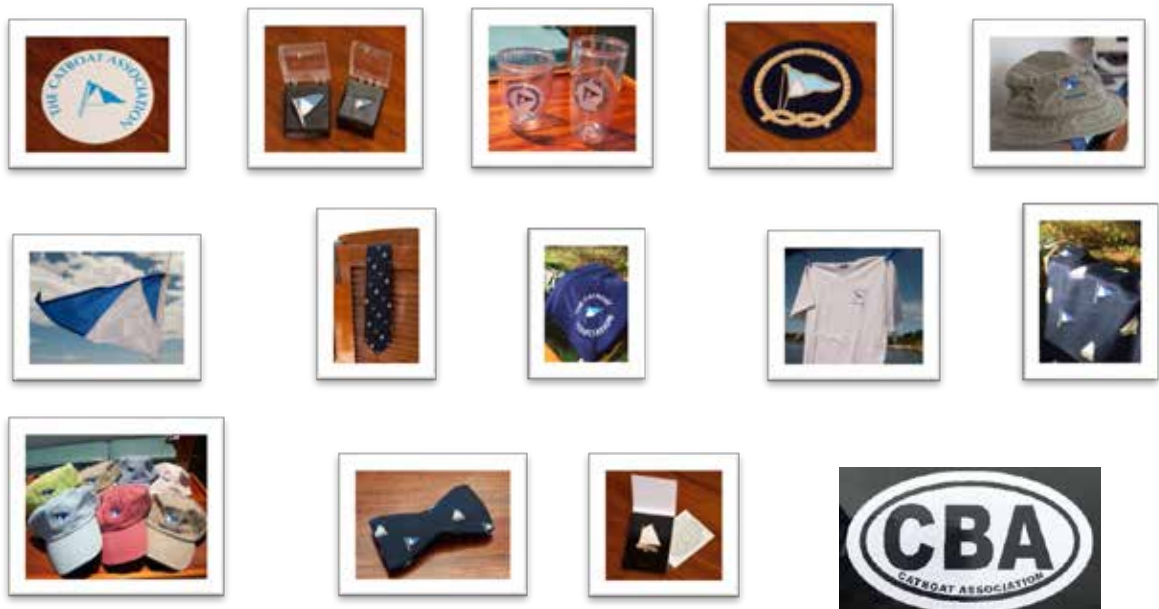
Length: \_\_\_\_\_ Beam: \_\_\_\_\_ Draft (board up): \_\_\_\_\_ Sail Area: \_\_\_\_\_

Description: \_\_\_\_\_

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

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





**CATBOAT ASSOCIATION STORE MERCHANDISE ORDER FORM**

<u>Item</u>	<u>Color</u>	<u>Size</u>	<u>Qty.</u>	<u>Price</u>	<u>Total</u>
<b>New!! Oval CBA Stickers</b>				\$4.99	
<b>Fleece Blanket - Navy</b>				\$20.00	
<b>Silk Scarf – Navy with burgee &amp; catboat pattern</b>				\$25.00	
<b>T Shirt - Grey S, M, L, XL, XXL</b>				\$20.00	
<b>Baseball Cap – Color and Logo Choices Below*</b>				\$18.00	
<b>Bucket Hat – Stone, Original Logo only</b>				\$18.00	
<b>Visor - Navy or White, Specify Original Logo or Burgee only</b>				\$15.00	
<b>Long Tie - Silk, Navy</b>				\$25.00	
<b>Bow Tie - Silk, Navy</b>				\$25.00	
<b>Burgee Pin</b>				\$10.00	
<b>Decal</b>				\$2.00	
<b>Catboat Pin</b>				\$15.00	
<b>Wool Blazer Patch</b>				\$25.00	
<b>Tie Tack</b>				\$6.00	
<b>Burgee</b>				\$30.00	
<b>Tumbler Traveler (16 oz with Lid)</b>				\$15.00	

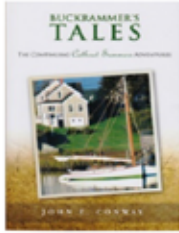
*Navy, Stone, Stone/Blue, Nautical Red, Pale Pink, Lime Green, Baby Blue (Please Specify Original Logo or Burgee only) Periwinkle (Orig. Only)* **Total \$** \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

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

# CATBOAT ASSOCIATION PUBLICATIONS ORDER FORM



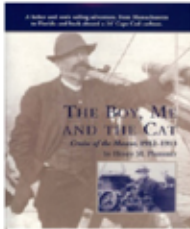
**Buckrammer's Tales**



**The Competitive Cat**



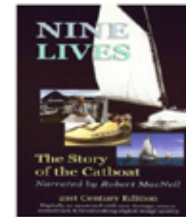
**The Catboat and How to Sail Her**



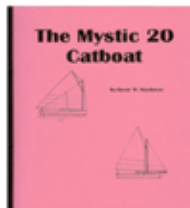
**The Boy, Me and the Cat**



**The Catboat Era in Newport**



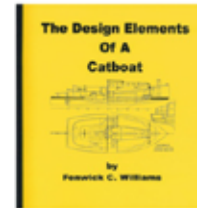
**Nine Lives DVD**



**Mystic 20 Catboat**



**Rudder Reprints**



**Design Elements of a Catboat**

Item	Quantity	Price	Total
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	
<b>Shipping and Handling: \$3 for EACH item.*</b>			
<b>ORDER TOTAL</b>			

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

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

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

# Scuttlebutt

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## Membership Renewals

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

## CBA Mailings

Throughout the course of the year, we send out five mass mailings—three bulletins and one yearbook/directory and the dues bills. Without fail, we receive multiple returns from members who are away from their main address for extended periods—and these returns cost the CBA money. You may not know but the website is able to store an alternate address for each of these mailings—you can even specify which address to use for which mailings. Please take advantage of this or email [membership@catboats.org](mailto:membership@catboats.org) with updated information.

## Your Amazon Purchases Can Benefit the CBA

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

## CBA Website

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

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

## Catboat Association on Facebook and Instagram

Check out the Catboat Association Lounge on Facebook: [Catboat Association Lounge](https://www.facebook.com/CatboatAssociationLounge) and Instagram: [thecatboatassociation](https://www.instagram.com/thecatboatassociation).

## Writing for the Bulletin

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

## That Goes for Photos Too

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

## Change of Address for Membership and Renewal Payments

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

## Feedback and Letters to the Editor

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





# ON THE BACK COVER

Photo by Craig Ligibel

Sunset over the bow of *Mystic Wind*, a 1976 Legnos Mystic 20.

Rhode River, Maryland, November, 2021.

