

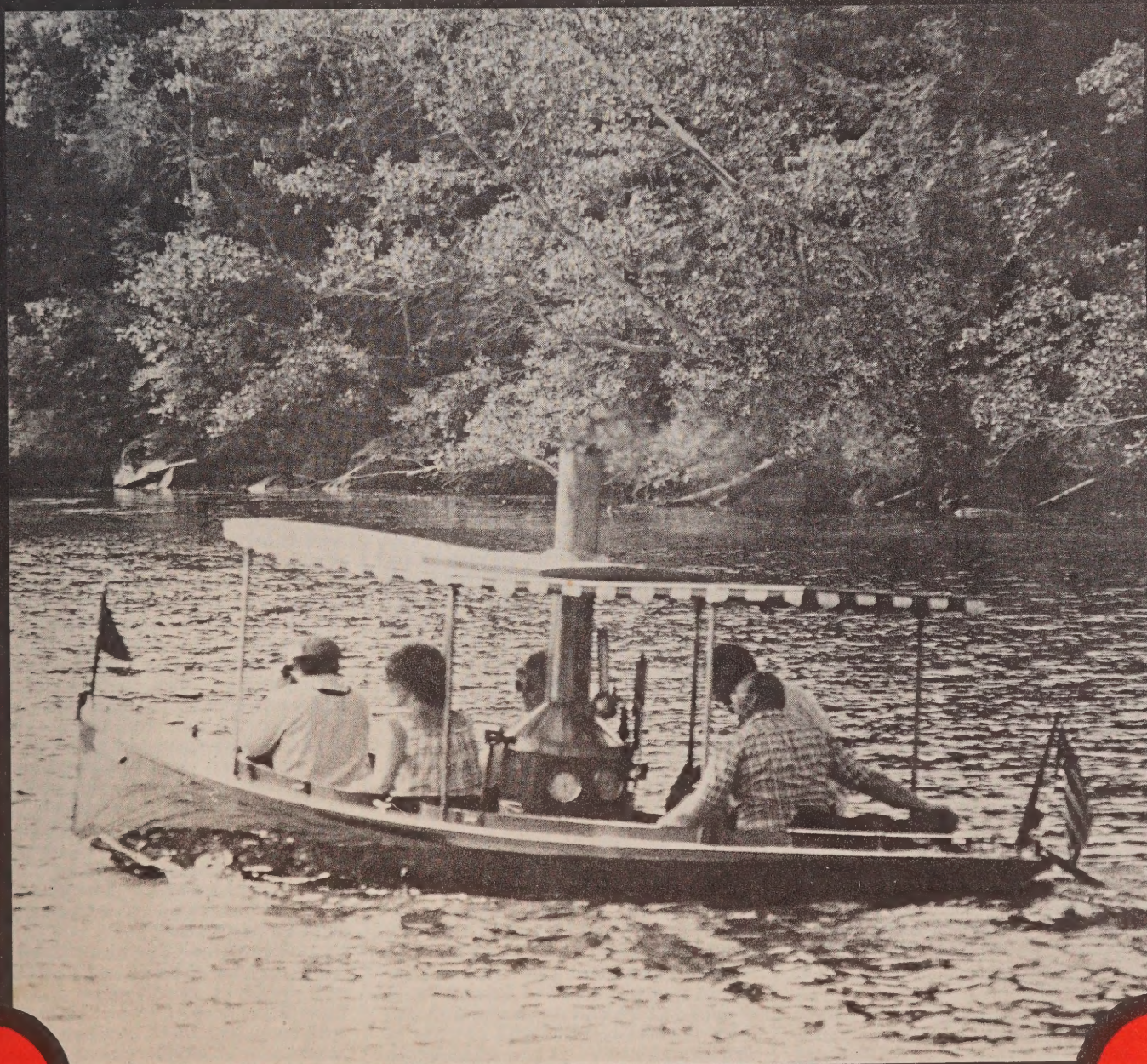


messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month

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Commentary



BOB HICKS

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Our Next Issue

... will go into the mail around October 15th. Subscriptions received before that date will begin with Issue #12 unless otherwise requested. Subscriptions can be ordered beginning with ISSUE #4 if desired. Issues #1, #2 and #3 are out of stock.

In the Next Issue

... we will feature the Christmas Cove traditional small craft meet, down near South Bristol, Maine. This is one of the finest of these gatherings held in a lovely location at summer's end. We also expect to be having a look at a very unique plywood boat designed by an industrial designer for use in treasure hunting in the Mediterranean Sea. If all goes as planned we'll also have a report on sailing a very big 16' Bolger designed catboat. As they say on the TV, "All this and more."

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On the Cover

... a steamboat heads out on a short cruise at the September 10-11 gathering of steamboat enthusiasts at Moultonboro, NH on Lake Winnepesaukee.

Since we began publication last May we've spent a summer attending all sorts of boat gatherings, getting to know the people doing things with boats that we had earlier not been involved in ourselves. The variety of ways in which the different interest groups conduct their events has had one common aspect, the easy "amateurism" of organization and the open, friendly way in which strangers are welcomed. I was a stranger to many of these events, my main prior boating involvement having been with the traditional small craft meets.

A salient feature of those events is the opportunity to try out different boats. Most of the people who bring their small rowing, paddling or sailing craft to traditional small craft meets are prepared to permit strangers to take their boats out on the water for tryouts. The more complex boats, or those unusually delicate or exotic are generally not readily offered, maybe acquaintances get to try them, but the owners usually plan on taking out interested persons. All this by people with no axes to grind, very few are professional or semi-professional builders trying to find buyers.

At the Sea Kayak Symposium we recently reported on, many kayaks were readily available. Here, though, it was mostly trade boats, with the view of attracting buyers. Still, it takes some grit to watch a total stranger jump into a boat you own (even if it's for sale) and watch him head out onto the water with it. Will he damage it? Will he disappear?

At the steamboat meet covered in this issue we found the taking aboard of passengers was a key aspect of the meet. The fun of chuffing off over the lake was greatly enhanced if one had along enchanted guests. They might be other knowledgeable steamboaters just appreciating the more insider aspects of the boat, or they might be innocent passers-by who find steam fascinating. The invitations were extended by any owner who found someone at dockside bemusedly viewing his boat.

Most of the "race" meets we have attended have had easy camaraderie, the race itself was the focal point of the day, but the social aspects were also very important, with little or none of that grimness that gathers when people get serious about competition. At some

of these meets, like the Gerrish Island event covered in this issue, many of the boats were available after the race for tryouts.

The events which differed from all the others in this business of having strangers either trying out your boat or going out for a ride with you were the antique and classic boat meets. These were more a form of "show" wherein owners were vying for prizes in a contest of appearances. The boats were thus immaculately prepared, and also were simply parked for the day to be judged. Very few boats were coming and going from the docks. At Mystic they did have a parade downriver, and that made it a lot more interesting, but even then the "outsider" interested had no opportunity to go for a boat ride.

Well, I'm not finding fault, but just commenting on the atmosphere at the different sorts of events. I like the easy mixing of owners and onlookers, the opportunities to experience the boats in use rather than as objects to be viewed and admired. I realize it simply isn't attractive to owners of really elegant craft to invite total strangers aboard.

While for the reason that most of us can only afford one (or maybe two) particular sort of boat, most events tend to cater to certain narrow interests, I think it a very broadening experience to at least get around to the "other" sorts of boat gatherings and see what it is those people are doing, even experience a taste of it. Jane likes to row best, sail next best. After riding in an antique motor launch she felt, well, that wasn't all so great, the noise and vibration. But the steamboat ride. Well, here was a charm she immediately was attracted to. Maybe when we get our Chris Craft completed, use it a bit, then maybe sell it and get a steamboat? Had our effort with this publication not brought us to these other gatherings how would she have become aware of how much she liked the steamboats?

Get out and see what others are doing messing about in boats next season. Don't be bashful about getting to know these people. They'll be happy to take you into their enthusiasm, and maybe you'll discover another irresistible way to enjoy messing about in boats.

What's happening...

OCTOBER 6: PEABODY MUSEUM TSCA MONTHLY MEETING, SALEM, MA.

The Traditional Small Craft Association of the Peabody Museum in Salem, MA, will meet monthly throughout the winter at the Museum at East India Square in Salem, MA at 7:30. Guests are invited. Programs of speakers and films on subjects of interest to small craft owners are scheduled, along with member presentations. For further information call Bob Hicks at (617) 774-0906. Membership, should you decide to join, is \$10 for a year (12 months).

The first fall meeting of the Traditional Small Craft Association of the Peabody Museum in Salem, MA was held on September 15th, and featured a talk by industrial designer/amateur archeologist Dennis Matt on his planned sea search in the Mediterranean for lost treasures from World War II. Dennis included discussion of the design of his unique 30 foot plywood craft, designed from an industrial designer viewpoint (MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS will have a feature on this boat in an upcoming issue). While Dennis' background is certainly not in boat design and building, he has nevertheless pursued his dream with dedication and the boat is expected to be undergoing sea trials by early October.

Planning for upcoming meetings was undertaken, with proposed programs to include diverse topics from yacht design through boat maintenance, in particular painting this year, adventure in sea kayaking, boatbuilding apprentice program information and our members' "show and tell" programs.

MISERY ISLAND PADDLING, ROWING & PICNIC SOCIETY

Just organized around Salem Sound on the Massachusetts north shore, this small group has decided to organize only just enough. Just enough to be able to contact one another by phone on any given weekend or holiday for spur of the moment outings in nearby waters. The charter membership signed up on September 15th totalled ten, mostly owners of canoes, kayaks and small rowing craft.

The name was coined on January 6, 1983 when a dozen local boat nuts in 8 boats took advantage of a fine, 40 degree sunny day with little wind to paddle and row out to Misery Island in Salem Sound for a picnic lunch. It was such a good time those who took part have decided to formalize the notion for the coming "off-season".

If you would like to be included on the phone network, just send your name and telephone number to Misery Island Paddling, Rowing & Picnic Society, c/o Bob Hicks, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984. No dues, no meetings, no officers, no rules, nothing but on-the-water outings when the spirit urges.

OCTOBER 18 & 20: PILOTING & COASTWISE NAVIGATION WORKSHOP, MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM, BATH, ME

This is the first in a winter long series of workshops sponsored by the Maine Maritime Museum in Bath. It will be concerned with calculating set and drift, tide tables, positions from bearings. The instructor is Bill Bentley, a former U.S. Merchant Marine deck officer and licensed instructor through the Southern Maine Technical & Vocational Institute.

All the winter courses consist of six hours, three hours each on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Each workshop is \$35 for non-members of the Museum, \$25 for members. The entire course of six workshops can be signed up for at \$175 for non-members, \$125 for members.

Upcoming courses are: Small spar and oar making on November 15th and 17th; Sail repairs on December 13th and 15th; Steam bending on January 17th and 19th; Surveying on February 14th and 16th; Planking repairs on March 20th and 22nd.

Each workshop is limited to eight participants so early registration is advised. To register, or for further information, call Denis Thoet at the Maine Maritime Museum, (207) 443-6311.

OCTOBER 23: HEAD OF THE CHARLES REGATTA, CAMBRIDGE, MA.

This is a major rowing race over a three mile course on the Charles River, with Alden shells going off at 8:30 am, other types to follow starting at 9:30 am. The start is at the Boston University boathouse on Memorial Drive in Cambridge.

OCTOBER 26: DORY RAFFLE, PEABODY MUSEUM, SALEM, MA

Tickets are currently available for the raffle of an 11' 6" Chaisson dory tender by the Peabody Museum of Salem, MA. This boat was built by apprentices from the Maine Maritime Museum of Bath in the lobby of the Peabody Museum as part of a summer program. It is complete with sail and oars.

Tickets are \$1 each or 6 for \$5. Drawing will be at the opening of the steamship exhibit at the Museum at 8 p.m. on October 26th.

You may arrange for your purchase of tickets by calling the Peabody Museum at (617) 745-1876, or visit the Museum at East India Square, Salem, MA 01970 weekdays from 10 to 5.

CORRECTION-CORRECTION

In our last issue (#10) we reported on the antique and classic boat show at Lake George, NY and in that report referred to one of the Gold Cup racers as BABY RUMRUNNER. Wrong. The correct name is BABY BOOTLEGGER. Now, how'd we get that mixed up?

MAY 25-27 1984: NORTH AMERICAN SMALL BOAT SHOW, NEWPORT, RI.

Yes it's sort of early, but the preliminary announcement of this planned show for next spring is of some interest. The show will be designed exclusively for builders of smaller boats, in any material, and allied equipment, and is sponsored by the Newport Yachting Center and SMALL BOAT JOURNAL.

In addition to displays for builders of any sort of small boat, the show will also include opportunity for dealers to clear out leftover inventory of small boats, and for private individuals to display their own boats for sale.

SMALL BOAT JOURNAL will be running comparative trials of various small craft throughout the show. Three groups of small boats will be so tested: Pocket cruising sailboats up to 1800 pounds; utility powerboats of 15-17 feet; recreational rowing shells. The judging team headed by SBJ's contributing editor Dan Segal, will rate the boats on overall performance, comfort, trailerability, functional design, speed, ease of handling and suitability in realistic use conditions.

For further information contact Rob Dwelley at (401) 846-1600.

KENNEBEC RIVER WATER RECHRISTENING

On Tuesday, August 3rd, Maine Maritime Museum Director John Carter received a phone call from Lemwerder, Germany requesting a bottle of Kennebec River water be air expressed for the September 3rd launching of the rebuilt 150 foot steel sailing yacht, TEQUEST. Originally named BLACK DOUGLAS, the ship had been built at the Bath Ironworks in 1930 in the heyday of large private yachts. Owner (then) Robert Roebeling (grandson of the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge) intended to use the three master for world cruising. Two special tenders she carried were fitted out for swordfishing.

After use in World War II as a patrol boat, BLACK DOUGLAS, renamed TEQUEST, fell into disrepair. Her present owners have had her extensively rebuilt at the Abeking Rasmussen Shipyard in Lemwerder, she'll be based in Ft. Lauderdale, FL.

Carter dispatched secretary Anne Marsh to Drake's Landing with an unbreakable bottle, and the sealed bottle of Kennebec River water was then sent off via Flying Tigers air cargo to be at Lemwerder for the rechristening.

DOING SOMETHING INTERESTING IN BOATS? KNOW SOMEONE WHO IS? TO CATCH THE ATTENTION OF 1000 OR MORE PEOPLE WHO ENJOY MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS, JUST SEND US THE DETAILS ON YOUR ACTIVITY AND WE'LL PUBLISH THEM

The view from the surface of the sea



Well, this must be what it's like to be a gull floating on the water I thought as I sat in the kayak off Cape Hedge Beach in Gloucester, Mass. My hands trailed in the water, the double paddle rested across the front edge of the cockpit, the sea was calm, maybe no more than one foot swells, little wind. About a half mile away the crowd on the beach was easily heard over the roar of the surf. Somewhere nearby to me were four other kayakers, at this point I had gotten a bit ahead in my effort to do this right, and I dared not turn around to check on the others. That can tip the little craft, and I wasn't ready yet for that. It was enough just to sit so intimately in the water and observe the shore scene and the low, rocky whitewashed island just ahead, our next objective.

Earlier in the summer, Chuck Sutherland had invited me to join him and his friends for a day's kayak outing on Cape Ann, and now it had happened on this Labor Day Sunday. It was hot and humid, and so the crowded beaches. But it was comfortable out on the water, and the mild sea conditions were just right for a first outing for me. Not glassy flat, but an easy swell. No wind to contend with. I could just paddle and paddle, and paddle. . .

We had stopped for our lunch on a small but tall granite island, Salt Island, just off Good Harbor Beach. It had been 2-1/2 hours since we put in by the fisherman statue on the waterfront in downtown Gloucester. We had paddled out across Gloucester Harbor, rounded the Eastern Point breakwater and then paddled alongshore until we were off Good Harbor Beach. "Usually boats aren't welcomed on a beach when it's crowded," Chuck commented, so we then headed across the cove of the beach to the island. It was still an island when we got there, and we climbed ashore, hiked to the top and enjoyed lunch while watching the seabirds. It felt GOOD to get

out and walk. That kayak offers NO way to shift one's position, none.

My kayak was a Greenland type built by Dunn of Buffalo, NY. It was Chuck's "spare" and was right for a novice. It had a shallow vee bottom and hard chines. This made it pretty stable as long as I didn't do anything like try to turn around by leaning on one hand on one side of the cockpit as I twisted. No. Chuck had set my double paddle up at somewhat less than a 90 degree angle so I didn't have to do a whole lot of wrist twisting as I paddled. The motion required had become rather routine for me by lunch stop, sloppy technique, certainly, but good enough to keep me going without my getting particularly weary. The water ran down my arms, of course, I kept hitting the kayak's gunwales with the shaft of the paddle, and occasionally missed the water altogether as I sort of tilted a bit over a swell, but in all I was a kayaker.

Coming back down to the rocky shore where we'd carried out the five kayaks, we found the beach crowd was now marching out to us, a shallow sandbar connects Salt Island to the end of the beach, and now it had but a foot of water on it, little breakers cresting, first from the north side of the island, then from the south, depending on which reflected wave got there first. Soon our group was surrounded by the usual mixed beach types, all ages, all shapes, dogs too. It was time to go.

Next stop was to be Thacher Island but before that we had to take a look at Milk Island just south of Thacher. It was a low rock ledge, quite large, covered with seabirds, mostly gulls and cormorants, and whitewashed thoroughly with guano. Chuck is a birdwatcher, he uses his kayak to sneak up on the feathered sorts and get photos of them with his long lens. That, incidentally, is a tricky thing in a slippery sort of kayak. While looking through the tele-

photo lens, one cannot also watch the nearby wave action and make the necessary compensations to stay upright. But Chuck has been at this a while and he had no problems. I stuck to my little pocket Olympus which I carried in a sandwich bag. It was wet in my kayak, not flooded, but wet.

So my reverie as I sat like a gull was ended when Chuck and Todd and Dave and Gail came up, they had been sidetracked trying to ease in on some sort of duck (I forget the name) for a photo. We headed on to Milk Island, paddled around its seaward end where a couple of the guys shot a bit of surf, and then crossed to Thacher, coming ashore on the boatramp, a slanted plank ramp which was covered below the high tide level with slippery sea growth. Ideal for shooting up onto in the kayaks.

Thacher was an extended shore leave, we wandered over the trails around its cliffs, some climbed the abandoned north lighthouse for the view, others visited with the present keeper and had a peek at the automated foghorn, which was under service. That's an interesting gadget.

The south light is now automated and run by radio signals from Boston. But how to know when to turn on the foghorn? It's done by a strobe light, it flashes out on the nearby ocean and if it views a certain level of reflected light, on goes the horn.

Thacher Island today belongs to the town of Rockport and is being preserved as a sort of park. Check the sidebar article for more details. It's a nice stopover for a coastal small craft cruise. Not overnight though, not yet.

Back into the kayaks, and a swift launch down the slippery ramp, and it was off to the northwest now towards Straitsmouth Island. A few more boats now, more wakes mixing it with the swells and requiring me to pay a bit more attention to my tiny craft's orientation with

regard to an oncoming peaky little wave. Nothing remotely threatening, but for the new guy, well, something to watch out for. Rounding Straitsmouth, the others again went in close to toy with the moderate surf, I kept plenty of searoom myself, still it was interesting to watch my companions disappear behind a low mound of water and then pop up over it.

It was a straight run from here across inner Sandy Bay, past Rockport's inner harbor, and on to the granite pier where our shuttle vehicles were parked. Much more boat traffic now, and the sea was a confused mish-mash of hundreds of little waves from passage of many powerboats. Again, quite manageable for even a novice, but again I was on the lookout for any surprises. It was 6 pm by the time we touched the float inside the granite pier, and I felt happy to have done the day, but happy also that it was done.

The kayak certainly made me feel very much a part of the sea, and brought me close in alongshore for views I'd not see otherwise. At no time in the 10 mile trip had I felt uneasy. Of course I had on my PFD, and the kayak had flotation bags in both ends. I also had four experienced companions and the water was warm at 68 degrees. It was a perfect introduction to sea kayaking for me, and I had not seriously held back my companions.

Disadvantages? Not much room for gear, but room enough for cold drink thermos and lunch and camera. No way to shift position, back against low back rest, kness jammed under side decks, feet braced on footbraces. My lower back felt it at times. Next day, sore forearms, not bad though. Wet. Yes I got wet, I had no spray skirt as Chuck felt it might be a problem were I to accidentally flip over and want to get out in a hurry. The wet was okay, it was a hot day, but the dribble down the paddle (no collars on it) was a nuisance. I guess it's a bit like hiking, you have to endure some marginal discomforts in order to enjoy the advantages.

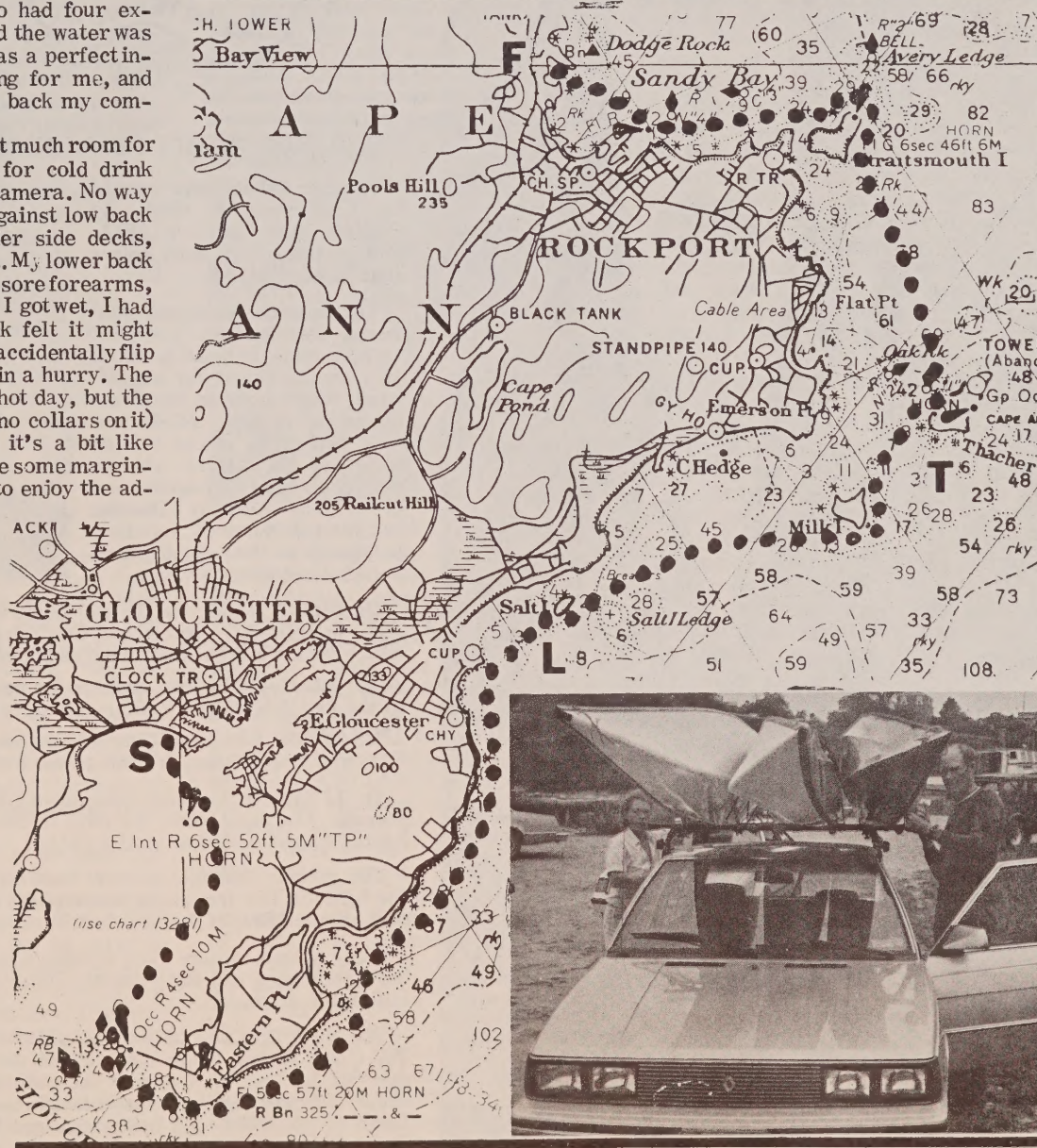
- S - Start in Gloucester harbor.
- L - Lunch stop on Salt Island.
- T - Shore leave on Thatcher Island.
- F - Finish at the Granite Pier in Rockport

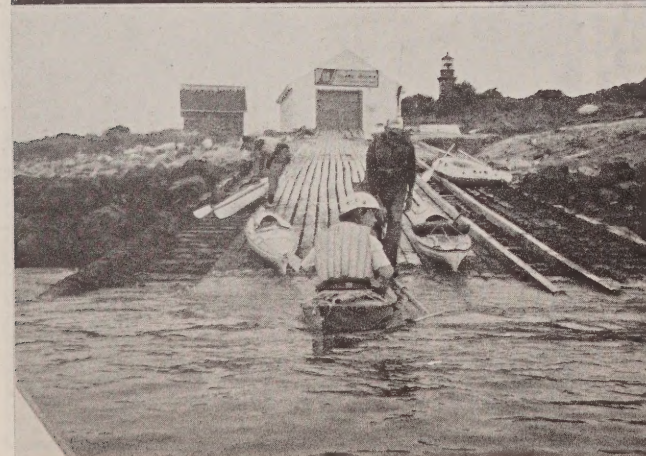
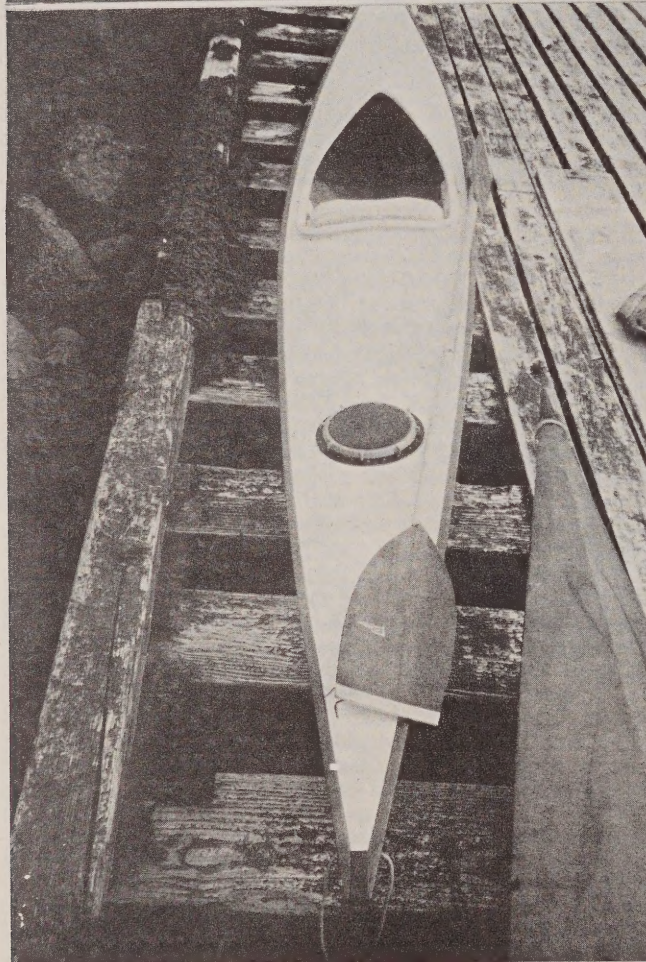
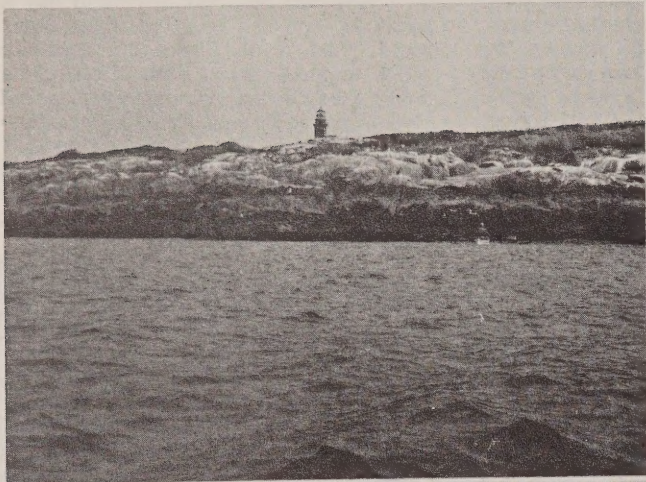
Report & Photos
by Bob Hicks

Top photo: Coming ashore on Salt Island.
Bottom photo: Chuck and Gail load THREE kayaks on roof of Chuck's compact sedan.

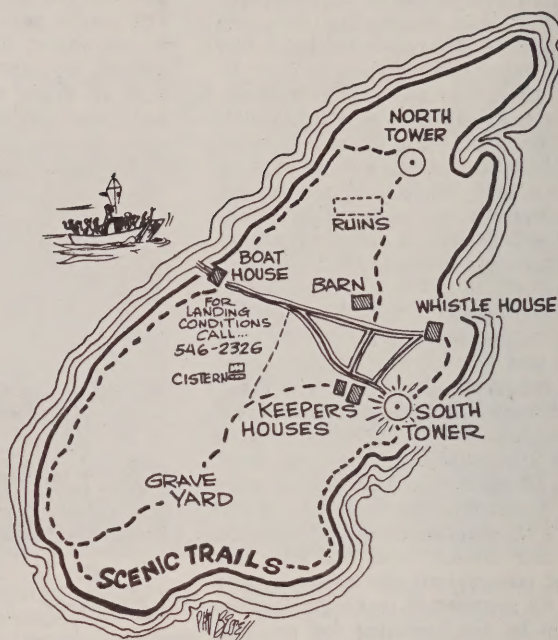
Advantages? I liked paddling faced forward (usually I row facing backward). The boat moved so easily through the water, the 10 mile trip broken up into three sections over an 8 hour period was a pleasure and not at all tiring. The unique perspective, right down there in the water, sitting in the water for all intents, not above it. What the sea surface is doing becomes very important and intimately involves you.

No, I'm not rushing out to buy a kayak of my own yet. Too many other boats. And, I do like some room in which to move about. But, if one came along cheap enough (a couple of hundred bucks) maybe I'd grab it for the occasional outing with like minded friends. I appreciate the opportunity that Chuck Sutherland provided to me to sample yet another way of messing about in boats.





Thacher Island



A BIT OF HISTORY ...

Tucker

Thacher Island was sighted by Champlain in 1605, by Captain John Smith in 1614, and by how many more before that, nobody knows.

The name comes from a shipwreck described as "pathetic" by historians. A small boat out of Ipswich, bound for Marblehead, was caught in the Great Storm of August, 1635, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks of the Island. Of the twenty-three passengers and crew, only Anthony Thacher and his wife survived, watching helplessly as their children and friends were swept away.



On Sept. 3, 1635, the General Court voted Thacher 40 Marks. Also, in 1636-37, the General Court voted to grant Thacher the island "at the head of Cape Ann, as his inheritance."

1717: Island sold by John Appleton (an heir of Thacher), of Ipswich, to the Rev. John White — 30 acres, more or less, for 100 pounds.

1726-27: The Rev. John White sold to Joseph Allen for 175 pounds. This was Joseph Allen, Jr. who owned it at his death in 1750.

In 1771, the Colonial Government bought it back for 500 pounds. The same year, the twin lighthouses were erected and lighted for the first time on Dec. 21st.

The present 123-foot towers were completed in 1861 raising the lights to 166 feet above sea level. In 1888 the Town of Rockport adopted Seal of the Island as its official seal.

Early in this century, four families lived on the Island, to run the lighthouses and fog whistles. Descendants of these families still live in Rockport.

The north light was shut off in 1932, as an economy measure. The Coast Guard, which had manned the Island for many years, removed its last crew of four men in 1980. At that time, the south light and the fog whistle had become automated, and the Town of Rockport took over the Island by lease from the U.S. Coast Guard.

We could tell that this wasn't your everyday boat gathering as we rounded the last turn on the gravel road leading to Lee's Mills in Moultonboro, NH on the northeasternmost tip of Lake Winnepesaukee. There was a lot of smoke rising over the grove of trees next to the shore. And this was September 11th, a 90 plus degree day. The smoke? Well this was a steamboat meet. We finally caught up with the elusive steamboaters.

The setting was ideal, a small flat peninsula with a number of small docks, sort of a rustic marina. Plenty of parking and room for overnight camping. The docks were pretty well taken up when we arrived about mid-morning, some 15 steamboats, most of them fired up, occupied the slips, and already were beginning their day's cruising out the narrow bay towards the main lake.

We'd no more than walked the row of docks nearest us to get a preliminary look at all these launches when we arrived at ROBERT IV, an 18 footer. The owner had steam up and was about to depart the dock. He looked up and invited, "Care to come along, I'm heading out." We accepted with alacrity and in a moment were out on the water chuffing along at about 5 knots, sitting on a forward seat ahead of the boiler, while Bill Downey sat comfortably in one corner of the stern seat from where he could look around the boiler and see where he was going.

Well, steam power is certainly different. Beneath Bill's stern seat a small flywheel peeked out, behind it various moving rods and cranks. "How much horsepower does that engine develop?" was our trite inquiry. "Five-eighths of one," Bill replied. Really! Less than one horsepower and this boat was moving right along, faster than one could row, or sail so small a boat. And quiet. The engine sounds like a rather large sewing machine clicking away, and the boiler just sits there making no noise at all. To make noise, Bill pulls a lanyard and the rooftop whistle sounds out, sort of a soprano locomotive hoot.

"I don't know her exact age," Bill volunteered as we continued our very novice inquiries, "but it must be back around the turn of the century." The hull was a dark blue, the deck too, and not particularly well restored. "No, I've not restored her much, she needs a new deck, the screws holding up the canopy poles keep pulling out. I keep meaning to get to her but I'm too busy using her." Too busy using her? Where? "Most every weekend there's something going on to go to," Bill responds.

Well, how do you find out about all this steamboat action? You have to be in the know, there's no real organized group effort with a calendar. While LIVE STEAM Magazine does try to carry a sort of calendar, it's devoted to ALL sorts of steam power, and the boats are not predominant. The steamboat fraternity (and its very much that, all male and mostly "older" guys) has its own word of mouth network for getting the word around about where to go steaming any weekend. Anyway, there's enough so that Bill Downey hasn't been able to get around

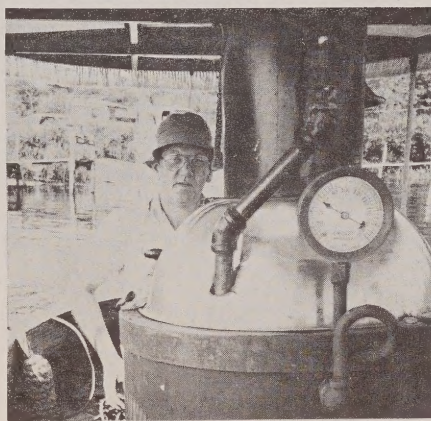
Report by Bob Hicks
Photos by Jane & Bob Hicks

STEAM

to the restoration work he figures he has to do sometime.

Later on we rode in Chris Greaves' CALLIOPE, a Palmer steam launch remarkably like Downey's. "Yes, well this one is restored," Greaves will tell you when mention is made of Downey's boat being similar. "It's an 1892 Palmer and certainly bears a close resemblance otherwise." Chris goes on. He found his boat in a shed in Connecticut and went through a long restoration project that began by stripping off a 20 year old fiberglass job. This was the first meet for CALLIOPE away from her home at the Mystic Seaport Museum.

"No, she's mine, the Museum allows me to keep her there since she's so appropriate and I'm nearby," Chris explains. We saw her last July at the Antique & Classic meet at the Seaport, it seems. Chris and his wife and another



Well, CALLIOPE was burning coal out of a canvas coal sack, the sort the coalman used to use to backpack coal into one's home long ago when a convenient cellar window or door did not lead to the bin. Greaves' friend took us for the ride. "Yes, I have a boat of my own, but it's a kit, and unfinished back home in the garage," he volunteered. "Chris and I figured we'd be better off to get one boat running and useable, so we both worked on CALLIOPE so we could enjoy her." He shoveled on a bit of coal, adjusted a valve or two, checked the water level in the boiler, all the busy things steam engines require.

"I used to shoot skeet until I discovered steam," he continued. "It kind of grabs you, and having another steam nut with whom to work on the boats and run them makes it all happen. I can hardly wait to get home from work many times to get at the boat." It does indeed have a strong pull. The honest open way the power is developed and applied, the need for ongoing watchfulness, the feeding of fire and water, and, of course, the whistle.

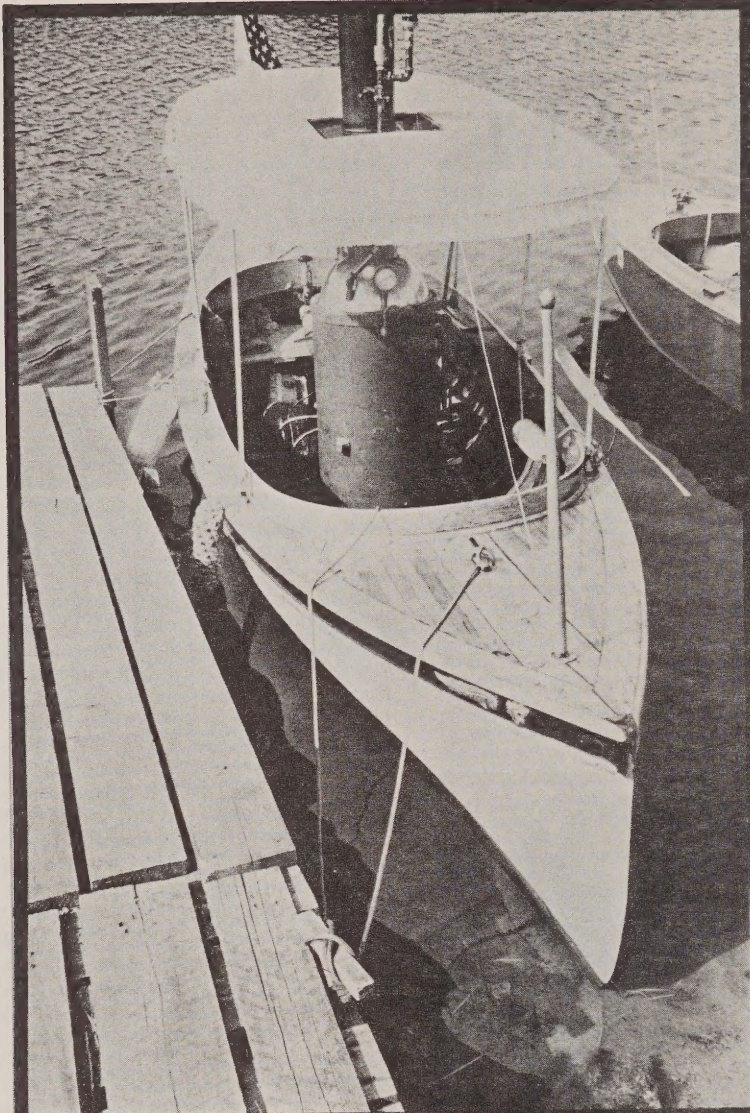
couple were all gussied up in period costume for that one. "Too hot today, we did bring along the outfits, though."

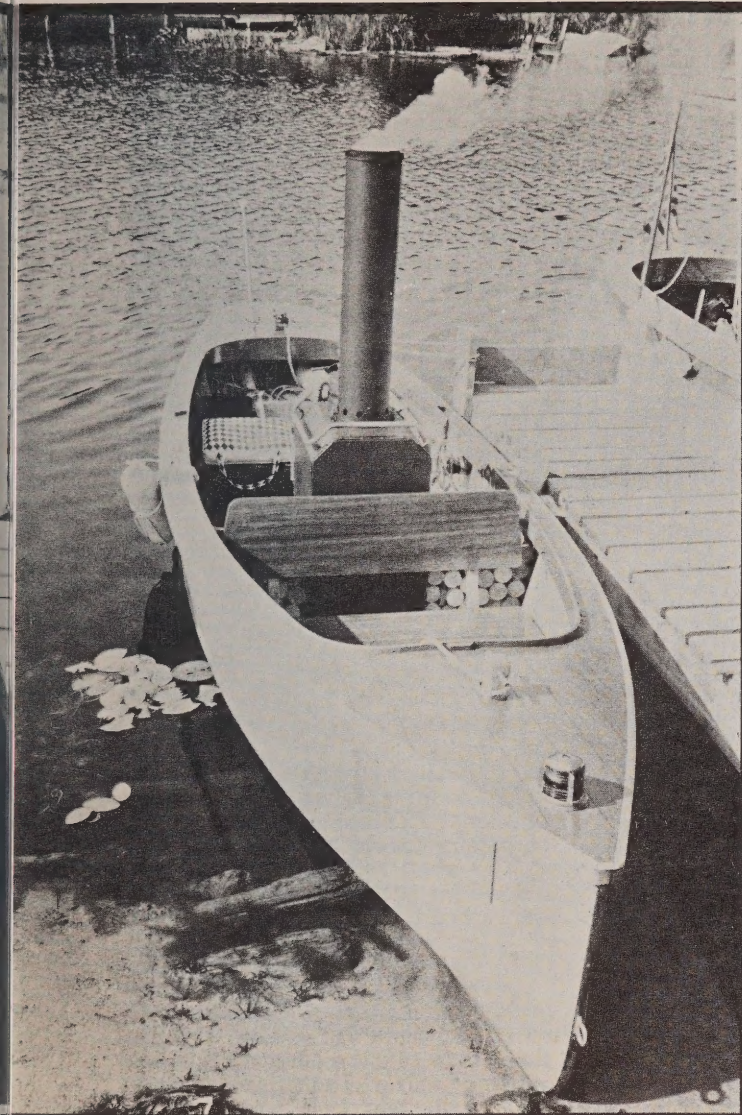
The range in size at the Moultonboro gathering was from a ten foot "Captain's Gig" up through about a 24 foot launch. Most were of the long narrow "launch" type hull, seating four to 10 people on a bench seat running around the lengthy cockpit, the steam boiler amidships. Much like sitting about the stove in a small room. The gig was a small plastic outfit that could have been a rowboat, but had a tiny steam outfit installed. At the other extreme was one lapstrake Lyman inboard powerboat hull fitted out with a boxy big boiler amidships, looking much as if the household heating furnace had been placed into the boat. "That one's for speed," someone remarked. "It'll get up and plane, even. He's a speed nut."

The predominant launch type of steamboat is what was popular around the turn of the century before gasoline engines (like Chapin Condit's Fay & Bowen reported on in issue #10) became popular. At this meet, many were old time wooden boats, restored, or older replicas. A few were new plastic "kit" outfits, faithfully replicating the older details. The new stuff looked it, copper stacks gleamed, copper bands on mahogany staves covered the boilers. Older outfits were grimmer, there's no escaping the grime if you're burning coal or wood. Some now burn propane, one had the propane tanks right out on the rear deck, a bit of a clanger we thought. Downey's old Palmer runs on propane, but you'd never know it from looking. "Propane is bulky for longer trips," Downey explains. Like the annual get-together up on the St. Lawrence River. The steamboaters spend a week on a long tour along the river or through the canal systems. Lots of propane cylinders, if not wood or coal. Wood's bulkiest to carry, one launch at Moultonboro had its supply of neatly squared off 3" round stock almost as well finished off as the boat (I don't think it was finish sanded though). Coal is dirty unless you stock it in paper bags. Then you just chuck the whole bag into the firebox.

The steam whistle is unique and it gets used at these gatherings. Every boat passing during the day saluted one another, the variety of hoots was quite amazing. Even the odd rubbernecker in the plastic outboard got saluted if he so much as smiled or waved.

Which brings me to a moment at the docks. In came a glittery gold metalflake outboard with a summer people family on board, tying up at an open dock. It seemed they wanted to buy some of the homemade popcorn available at the meet. Time to leave, no start. Electric starter whining away. Blue (ugh) smoke wafting up from the stern. From the nearby group came a voice, an older, deep hearty voice. "You oughta get a steamboat," said the voice. The summer man, looking sheepish, nodded. Finally the modern two-stroke consented to start. It had just been overawed by the company in which it found itself.





Great Round Gerrish Island RACE



The Mainville family (right) battles it out with the Gribbell/Fasold team. The Mainvilles went on to set the new record for traditional rowing craft.

Report by Bob Hicks
Photos by Jane Hicks

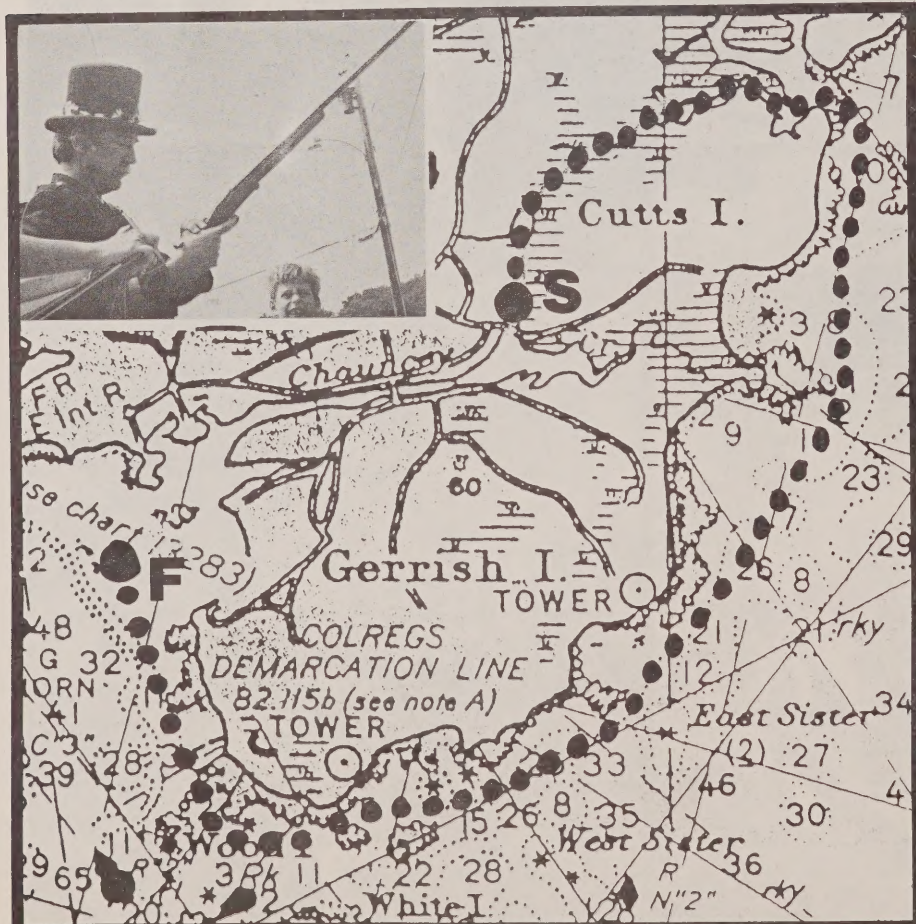
Richard was absolutely right when he told me that DORIS wasn't much to row. For just about 2-1/2 hours I rowed that 12 foot Swampscott dory skiff to complete the seven mile long Gerrish Island Race on September 10th. And I rowed alone as the little boat, despite having two rowing stations, simply does

not trim well at all with both stations occupied. So my wife Jane sat in the stern with her telephoto camera and recorded the passing racers as they all overtook us. We weren't 'racing', but the best way to see what such an event is all about and record it for publication is to get out there. So we left early, with the sail class. We did get to the end before them!

That's why I made no effort to sail DORIS, she sails much better than she rows. But, there was no wind. The predicted 10 to 15 knot southwesterly breeze which organizer Lance Gunderson said would make the ocean portion of the course challenging, never materialized. The sailors, seven of them, mostly had to row or paddle, sails flapping, hoping for a breeze somewhere along the way.

This is an interesting event. Gerrish Island is one because of a narrow tidal marsh channel, Chauncey Creek, which cuts off both Gerrish and Cutts Islands from the mainland in Kittery, Maine. The race actually proceeds around both Gerrish and Cutts islands, it heads north through the salt marsh from the Cutts Island bridge, opening out into Brave Boat Harbor, rounds the point at the northeast tip of Cutts Island and then proceeds south, southwest down the open coast. Along here last year with 15 to 20 knot winds, it was a rugged pull. The course swings into the mouth of the Piscataqua River behind a few low islets and then crosses Pepperell Cove to the finish on Fishing Island where a seafood and beer treat was put on for the participants.

This was the ninth year for the event and the most successful with 49 participants entered, 41 if whom finished. The event was originally set up for local traditional small boat owners and was pitched towards that idea, a rowing race in traditional boats. But by 1979 the entry had shrunk to less than a dozen, so the





organizers decided to open the event up to other forms of non-motorized craft. This year there were 22 traditional boats, 14 unlimited, which included kayaks and sliding seat rowing craft, 7 sailboats, 6 in miscellaneous boats in the non-competitive cruise class, and 6 windsurfers. Of the latter, only one even started, the lack of wind was too much of a deterrent and he struggled home in about 5 hours.

The start into the marsh makes an interesting affair, as the channel, even on the flood tide is narrow and twisting. It is something to see sails rising out of the marsh hay, sailors poking and paddling their craft through the twists and turns. It must have been equally a battle for the sliding seat people, maybe those in the know carried along paddles to negotiate this section.

Opening out at last into Brave Boat Harbor, a narrow bay, the sailors had the room, but still no wind. By now the traditional rowing craft, which started 10 minutes behind the sailboats, had overtaken the leaders and were on their way down the shore. By the time we had rowed partway down the coast, the last starting unlimited group came on by, Jay Gould in his Alden shell leading, on his way to setting a new course record of 58:54. Then more sliding seat craft with sea kayaks amongst them, Jim Chute and Ken Fink in kayaks ultimately the

second and third overall finishers in 1:01:40 and 1:02:09. During much of the rest of our long row the balance of the fleet passed by, all save the sailboats. They were slower to row than even our tiny dory.

The mellow sea conditions were right for setting new race records. In addition to Gould's overall record and Chute's kayak record, a new traditional class record was set by the three person Mainville family in their 21' Whitehall at 1:05:35. A new single oarsman traditional class record was set by Dan O'Reilly in his Piscataqua River wherry at 1:10:47. A new Bolger Dory class record of 1:18:59 was set by Chris Kinzel and Doug Martin's old Slowest Time Ever was broken by Phil Cava in a Mirror sailing dinghy at just over 6 hours.

Awards were half models, see the summation for details, all donated by various interested persons. The beer was warm, befitting British Guinness donated by an area distributor. The steamers were great donated by the Finest Kind Fishmarket and organizer Gunderson provided the corn on the cob. Some unidentified saviour rowed ashore to bring over some COLD BEER, it was a long hot row.

A fine day's outing, a lovely ocean and marsh course, quality prizes, good refreshments, pleasant companionship. All set up by Lance Gunderson with some

help from his friends, including former organizer Mike Gowell. Just for the fun of it. Don't miss it in '84. ANY kind of non-motorized watercraft is welcome, there's a class for you.

Left: Sails across the marsh. Becalmed alongshore. The sea kayaks were fast. Below: Lance Gunderson put it all together, here he awards one of the half model prizes.



GUINNESS CUP: Jay Gould, Alden Ocean Shell

G.A. PATTEN PRIZE: Chuck Mainville & Family, 21' Whitehall.

H.H. PAYSON PRIZE: Chris Kinzel, Bolger dory.

STRAWBERRY BANKE BOATSHOP PRIZE: Mr. & Mrs. George Cirocco, Strawberry Banke Dory.

JIM FOLEY PRIZE: Jim Bowman, 18' Mohawk 5 Meter Sailing Canoe.

BILL BAILEY WOMEN CREW PRIZE: Anne Monekin, 13' Skiff.

BILL BAILEY DOUBLE PADDLE PRIZE: Jim Chute, Kayak.

MARTIN MARINE SINGLE PRIZE: Jay Gould, Alden Ocean Shell.

MARTIN MARINE DOUBLES PRIZE: Jeff Marshall & Ted Knowles, Piscataqua River Wherry.

PISCATAQUA FLOUNDERMAN'S PRIZE (For best fish caught): Unclaimed.

DOUG MARTIN POINTY OARS PRIZE: Michael & Allison Cornish, Strawberry Banke Skiff.

JIM BOLEY PRIZE: Jim Boley, Strawberry Banke Skiff.

JOSEPH K. PHILLIPS SR. PRIZE: Mundy Tarbell, Steele Peapod.

CHIP PORTER PRIZE: Pat Page, Wayler Windsurfer.

Blake Merrill has a 34 foot schooner in his front yard undergoing restoration. Out on his mooring in Marblehead harbor sits a 26' Lawley daysailer built in 1905 and in good shape. But these were not the cause for his phone call to us.

"You ever see the baby 12 meter that's out?" he inquired. As it happened, we had, at Newport, where the British VICTORY '83 syndicate had a miniature blue and yellow replica of their challenger moored alongside the real thing, like a baby whale alongside mom.

"Well, I bought one, how'd you like to come over and try her out?" Blake continued. How can one refuse such an invitation.

The baby 12 was on the mooring Blake keeps his "other" boat on, a big open outboard skiff. It was tiny, as we rowed out to it in the dinghy it looked like a radio controlled model craft. As we drew alongside though it became obvious that this "model" boat was meant to be controlled by a single crewperson. The cockpit resembled the opening in a kayak, and the hull at 12 feet long and about a 30" maximum beam, had just the room needed to slide down inside and sail away.

The boat is a scale replica of a 12 meter America's Cup racer. The rig is on a slender aluminum spar, the sails fitted for our tryout were the tall narrow main and an overlapping genoa jib. All the lines lead to the front and sides of the cockpit and one sits in the boat, head and shoulders only above the deck level, and sails the baby 12 with simple wrist motions and foot motions. The rudder is operated by a footbar up under the deck by the mast, press right to go right.

Light breezes were all we had but there was enough to move the tiny craft easily. Blake set up the sails, the jib unfurls from the forestay, the main hanks on in standard yacht fashion. He took a turn around the moored skiff and then

A Baby 12

a model boat you can sail in!

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks



turned her over to us.

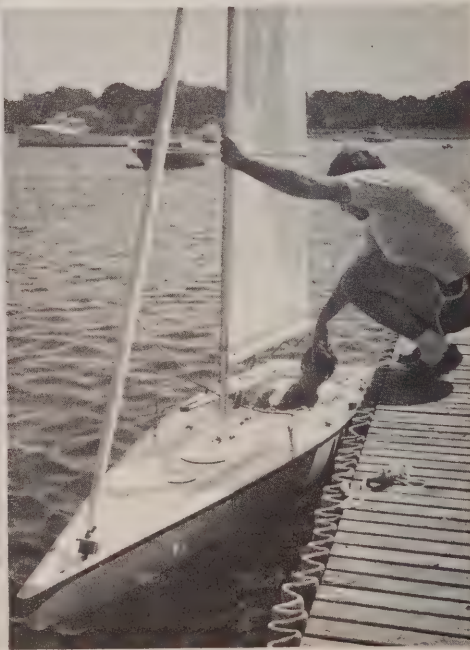
"Go ahead and get used to her," he announced, "I'll be back in about a half hour and we can go up to the end of the harbor."

Well, this tiny boat does not feel like a tiny boat. Unlike a small daysailer or dinghy racer, it is solid in the water. 350 pounds of lead are down in that full fin keel. She heels slightly to the breeze on the wind but has none of that fast motion the typical small centerboarder has. We sailed in and around the nearby moored yachts in the crowded harbor, and then rejoined Blake and his wife when they returned.

Blake sailed the tiny craft down the harbor to the far end next to the causeway, where the windsurfers practice. His wife was to get her first sailing lesson today, on her own as the baby 12 only takes one person at a time. With Blake's shouted directions from the empty float we took over as a base of operations, she was soon tacking and reaching about in the light airs. The scale of the boat is so well done that it is only when in juxtaposition to any real full size craft that the tiny size becomes obvious.

Merrill wants to interest other sailors in the Marblehead area in the baby 12, he'd like to get a local racing class started for the mini-sloops. He has arranged for a fleet discount on purchases if he can attract several buyers. The price comes in at around \$2500 at fleet discount, includes everything one needs to go sailing, even a cradle for onshore storage. Removal of the lead ballast (in small bags) then makes the boat light enough to carry ashore, but the fin keel prevents launching right on the beach, she has to be carried out a ways to get to deep enough water.

Interested? You can find out more about the Baby 12 by calling Blake Merrill at (617) 421-2249 days or (617) 631-6715 eves.





Graduation Day at the Landing

Report & Photos from Cliff Hurst

Saturday August 20th marked the 5th annual launching and graduation ceremony for the Landing Boatshop's school of yacht design and boatbuilding. Three new wooden sailboats hit the water at the Kennebunkport Marina to conclude a full year of intensive study and hard work by the 27 students and 5 faculty members of the Landing Boatshop. John Burgess, 37 year old director of the school, echoed the sentiments of everyone present: "Through a long winter and hot summer it was easy to lose sight of the goal of so much effort. But this," he added with a sweeping gesture, "makes it all worthwhile" Whether he was gesturing towards one of the newly christened boats or a nearby case of champagne, John did not clarify.

First to be launched was an 18 ft John Alden designed O-boat. John Alden designed this type in 1922 as a racing class for youngsters at the Marblehead Yacht Club. This one is the 4th in a new generation of O-boats to be built by the Landing Boatshop during the past three years. This O-boat, christened ELENA, was built by students Chris Maguire, Jon Hill and Eric Jeanneau with Peter Webb instructing..

Second into the water was a 19' Pete Culler design known as a Buzzards Bay sloop. Christened IMPULSE, her name reflects the owner's decision of a

year ago to have the vessel built. "We had been invited to attend the launching of a friend's boat at this same celebration last August," recounts Clint Strout and Dennis McKay, co-owners of IMPULSE. "One of these sloops was there. Immediately we realized that's for us." IMPULSE made a fine sight when she set sail with a cargo of six people and 16 bottles of champagne on her maiden voyage. IMPULSE was built by Bob Malbon, Harry McCaughey and Pete Dingley with Peter Webb instructing.

The third and largest vessel to be launched was christened CAT NIP by her owners, Doris and Ron Carter of Akron, Ohio. Her name reveals the type, a diminutive cruising catboat. Although only 16 feet long on deck, CAT NIP sports a 7' 6" beam and displaces 2000 lbs. The cabin contains full length berths for two while the broad cockpit comfortably seats six. It is, indeed, a very large sixteen foot vessel. CAT NIP was built over the past eleven months by students Bill Marks, Paul Hoffman and Ben Miller with Jean-Pierre Fournel instructing.

This catboat was designed in 1945 by Sam Crocker, Jr. The original, which Crocker built, still sails today. CAT NIP is the second of this design to have been built at the Landing.

Owner Ron Carter has recently retired from a 30 year career as a naval

architect and yacht designer. Several of his designs were published in RUDDER magazine's How To Build series in the 1950's. Ron is well known amongst catboaters from the years he was a partner with Charles Wittholz. Ron assessed his reasons for buying CAT NIP. "Ever since I was a youth I have admired Sam Crocker's designs. I've always been partial to catboats, having drawn up a few myself. I've owned boats of my own design before, but never owned a Crocker. Now that I've retired, I have decided to fulfill a boyhood dream."

Meanwhile, so impressed-is John Burgess with Ron's own designs, that he is making plans to construct an 18' Carter catboat when the new school term at the Landing Boatshop begins this fall.

A fourth boat was also built by students this past year, a 17' Pete Culler design known as a Concordia Sloop Boat. It was built by Doug Haver, Bill Maude and Paul Barton with Jean-Pierre Fournel instructing. They completed this boat a week before the scheduled launching so that it could appear on display at the Wooden Boat Show in Newport.

Already as these four fine vessels from last year's school term were being delivered to their owners, John Burgess and his faculty are busy preparing for the opening of the 1983-84 term, beginning September 16th.

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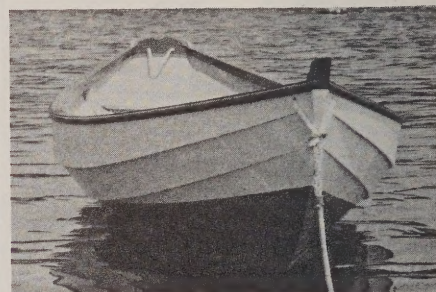
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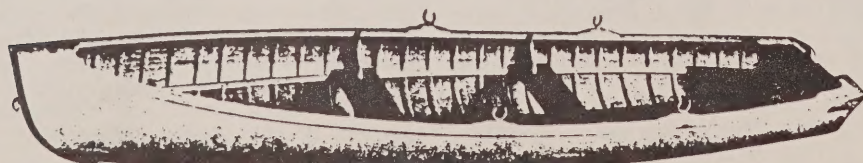
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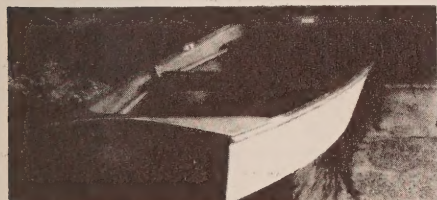


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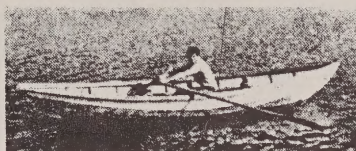
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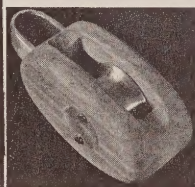
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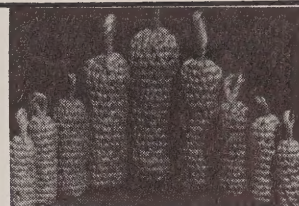


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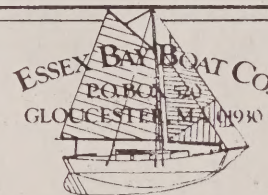
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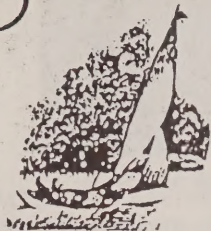
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