

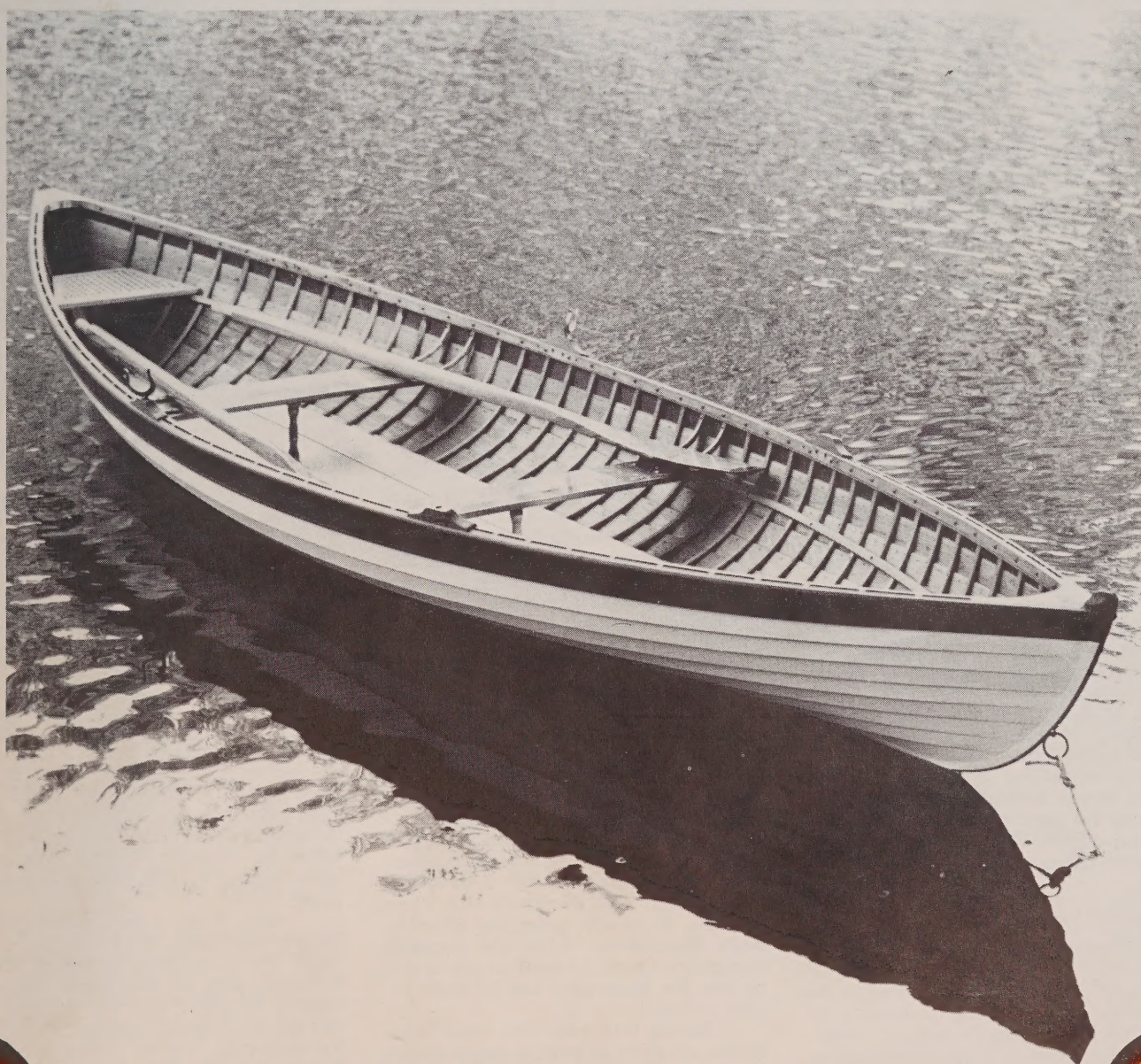


**messing
about in
BOATS**

Twice a Month

Volume 1 ~ Number 24

May 1, 1984





messing about in BOATS

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PUBLISHER & EDITOR: BOB HICKS

OUR GUARANTEE: IF AT ANY TIME YOU DO NOT FEEL YOU ARE GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH, JUST LET US KNOW, WE'LL REFUND YOU THE UNFULFILLED PORTION OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION PAYMENT.



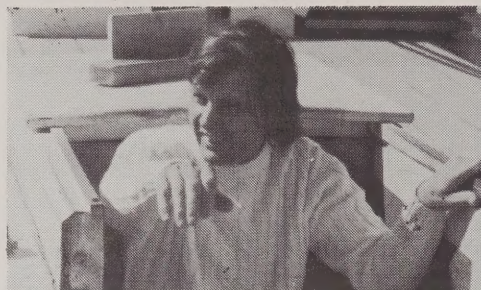
Our Next Issue

... is dated May 15th and goes into the mail about May 4th. It is the last issue out before the North American Small Boat Show and will include last minute information on what you can expect to see at this first boat show aimed at small boat interests. It is also the first issue of our second year of publication. Features should include our report on Ben Fuller's annual April Fool's Day cruise, a look at Peter Gale's ideas on affordable rowing shells for recreation, coverage of Lance Lee's seminar for small wooden boat builders on how to market the boats they build, a look at radio controlled model yacht racing, maybe even a feature on the advantages of using the junk rig on your sailboat. If it all doesn't fit, it'll carry over to the following issue.

On the Cover

... Howard Mittleman's lovely North River Skiff is a harbinger of spring, it seems to await one's first outing on the water for a new year. Whatever your personal preference in type of watercraft, you cannot help but enjoy contemplating the promise of a lovely small boat which awaits your pleasure.

Commentary



BOB HICKS



This issue completes our first full year of publishing, 24 issues out, twice a month, just like we said in the beginning. Those of you who have come on as subscribers can take some satisfaction, I hope, in having your faith in us vindicated. Those who are seeing this issue as a free sample (we send these around to prospective subscribers) can perhaps take reassurance from this that your \$15 invested now in a subscription won't just disappear as we silently slip beneath the surface of insolvency. We are here to stay, really.

The bane of those wishing to establish small special interest periodicals is potential subscriber suspicion that this funky little publication just doesn't look as if it will go the distance. Thus, the reluctance to invest the money in a subscription. It becomes a self fulfilling prophecy for far too many small periodicals. People decide the little magazine won't make it so they don't risk a subscription so it doesn't make it. I'm delighted that we have been able to attract enough subscribers in our first year to surmount that hurdle. We sure do want more, need them, if we're going to create any meaningful sort of livelihood for ourselves from publishing this little magazine. Right now we still have to treat it as a sort of hobby, one which has now gotten itself to a point where it meets its costs, exclusive of our labor. Sort of like fixing up an old boat, or building a new one, and selling it for enough to cover all the expenses except your own labor.

After a year and 24 issues we have a longer list of future feature articles than we did when we began. So we're not going to run out of subject material. This still baffles people who do various club newsletters, they have a common complaint about how difficult it is to get "anyone" to send in news items. Their problem is in not going out after the news themselves. After you generate enough good stuff yourself people decide to join the bandwagon and the news begins to flow.

During this year I've tried to interest all sorts of boating people in this magazine. I've chosen a sort of general editorial overview of a variety of dif-

ferent ways in which people mess about in boats, and this has not been found appealing by those who have a quite highly focussed interest in boats. "You don't have enough about racing 10 meter sailing canoes," is a typical explanation for a non-subscriber to offer. I like the ones that do subscribe and say, "My interest is in sea kayaking, I enjoy your articles on them, but also enjoy reading about what others are doing." Here we have a broader perspective on the pleasures of messing about in boats.

I'll try most any sort of interesting boating even though I too have my own more focussed areas of interest. I like small sailing wooden boats and maybe rowing also in traditional sorts of boats. I'm not likely to get into recreational shells or canoeing or antique boating in a serious committed way, but I've tried them and have some secondary interest in pursuing them as time and money permit. So the magazine reflects this more generalist interest of mine.

I guess people out there are reading us. And, I don't mean just our subscribers. Our March 15th issue had a story on Frank Saccente's restoration of a mystery boat along with his inquiry as to what she might be. By April 1st Frank had heard from Crocker's Boatyard in Manchester, MA. The present Crocker identified the boat as a Compass Class designed by his father in 1935 and built by Chaisson. Well, that's really nice to find out. What I don't know is how Crocker got to see that issue, he isn't a subscriber, didn't get a sample of that one, must be he has a friend who passed on his copy. This, I find, is what does happen. MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS gets passed around, it's not a big, costly looking slick magazine one seems to feel must be "saved". It gets read in one easy sitting, then handed on to someone else.

Now, if only I can get that someone else to also subscribe to receive his own copy. I'll be working on that as Volume 2 begins with our next issue. Again, my thanks to all of you who enjoyed what we are doing enough, and had faith enough, to subscribe. You're making it possible to keep on turning up every couple of weeks in your mailbox.



From the Boatshop

DAN MARCUS

One of the things that I do a lot of in the shop is daydream. Long slow jobs like planing chines and finish sanding lend themselves to reverie. A favorite subject is trips in boats; both past and future. Some past trips stand out more than others. . .

The log entry for November 13 reads, "Cold, 36 degrees and windy. Big seas in Winyer Bay. Anchored off Town Creek in the Cape Romain Wildlife Refuge. Very beautiful, many oysters." Terse and to the point like all log entries, but it doesn't tell the whole story.

We had been racing winter southwards on the 45 foot gaff tops'l ketch *FOURTH OF JULY* and didn't seem able to quite reach summer. Day after day was damp, rainy and windy or clear, freezing and windy. Those on watch would stand bundled up in sweaters and down jackets blessing the canvas pilot house and cursing the sullen sky and gusting wind. It was always a treat to drop the hook at day's end and start up a fire in the wood stove and have some hot soup or something.

That day in McClellanville we left the I.C.W. and anchored in a side creek at about 1500. Switching off the motor is always such a relief; the only sounds are the wavelets against the hull and the wind through the rigging; an occasional bird cry and the creak of the anchor line in the current. It was a beautiful spot. As far as the eye could see was salt marsh, dotted here and there with hillocks dressed with a few trees and some low bushes. Climbing the ratlines to the crosstrees brought an ever-widening view of the same thing; mile after mile of marsh crossed with winding creeks and, in the distance, the gleam of ocean. After a day spent squinting at markers and back ranges, the quiet and the beauty were overwhelming.

We arrived on a falling tide and as more and more of the mudbanks on either side became exposed we began to notice that the banks were covered with oysters. Great clumpy masses of them; thousands, millions all around us. It seemed that a voyage of forage and exploration was called for. We pulled up the *Whitehall* and dropped aboard.

For most of the 1500 or so miles from Newport our 12 foot *Whitehall* *MOONSTONE* had followed along behind us. A good little boat that we had owned for many years, she had gradually acquired an efficient and useful amount of gear; anchor and rode, two pairs of good oars, a wooden bailer, a box of odds and sods, chocks and cleats here and there and a sprit rig with daggerboard and rudder which allowed her to sail as well as any *Whitehall* ever sails. She pulled well with either two or four oars and could carry quite a load. All in all, she was an ideal tender for a real cruising boat.

The exposed mudbanks were like dark and fragrant puddings; rich with the smell of low tide and thickly studded with oysters instead of raisins. As the tide fell the banks attracted many shore birds; oystercatchers, sandpipers, peeps of all kinds rushing about and thrusting their long bills into the mud. We ran *MOONSTONE* up onto an exposed island in the middle of a small side creek and

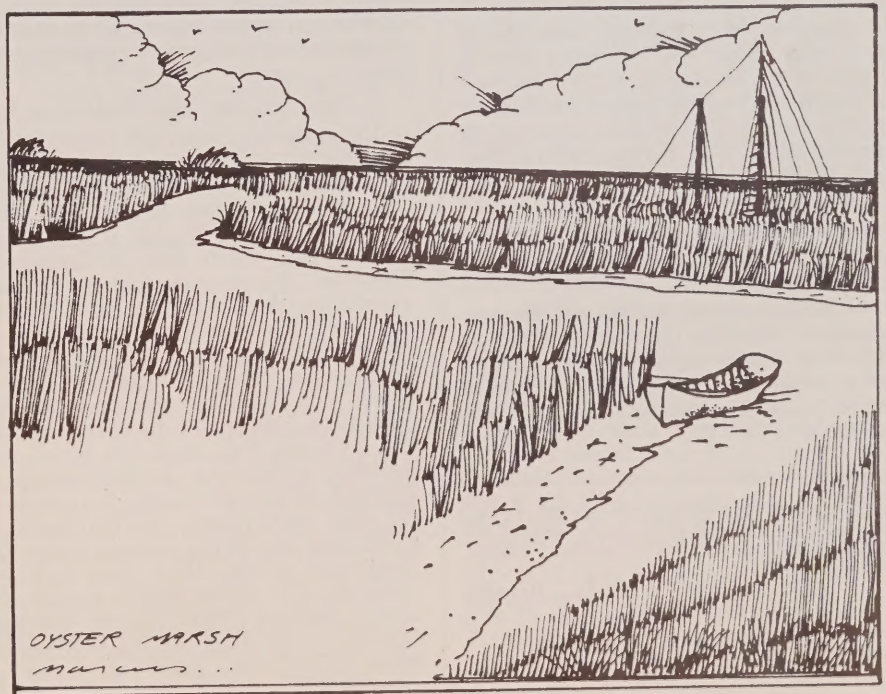


stepped ashore, sinking several inches into the soft ooze. We took the white bait bucket out of the boat and began to fill it with clumps of oysters. Some were stuck together in such great bunches that we had to break them apart with an oar (not good for an oar blade). In a short time we and the boat were covered with mud and the bucket was full of oysters. Our hands were red and frozen and covered with tiny cuts from the sharp shellfish. We got aboard and Joan began to separate and clean them.

Oysters. Coming from Cape Cod, where, if you went oystering someone would break your legs, and living in New York, where if you go oystering you will probably die of some horrid disease, this seemed wealth beyond measure.

They were served that evening on a large tray covered with ice chipped from the block in the icebox. I've never tasted better oysters. Sitting around the table in the aft cabin, a fire crackling in the wood stove and the stars appearing above the marshgrass through the sterncastle ports, we feasted on the bounty of the marsh.

That evening, as I hoisted the kerosene riding light up into the rigging, I looked around at the dark marsh sleeping beneath the canopy of stars and knew that this was what made it all worthwhile.



What's happening...

MAY 4: TSCA OF PEABODY MUSEUM MONTHLY MEETING, SALEM, MA:

Chuck Sutherland will show his seakayaking slides and talk about this aspect of small boat adventuring. For more information call Bob Hicks at (617) 774-0906.

MAY 4, 5, 6: 12TH MARITIME SYMPOSIUM, MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM, BATH, ME.

See full details on this affair elsewhere on these pages.

MAY 5: TIDEWATER CANOE TRIP, SANDWICH, MA:

Scorton Creek is a small, winding river through marshland adjoining a conservation area. The trip leader is an informed naturalist, and this should be an easy two or three hour paddle. Contact Carolyn Crowell at (617) 888-4923 for further details.

MAY 5 & 6: WHITEWATER CANOE TRIP ON VERMONT'S WEST RIVER, JAMAICA, VT:

Contact Bob Nixon at (617) 822-5768 for further details and to confirm your qualifications.

MAY 5, MAY 19, JUNE 2: IPSWICH RIVER FLOAT TRIPS, IPSWICH RIVER AUDUBON SANCTUARY, TOPSFIELD, MA.

These three events are guided canoe float trips over the entire five miles of the Ipswich River which flows through this large Audubon sanctuary on the Massachusetts north shore. There is a \$45 per person fee for non-members of Audubon, this includes everything, food, gear, boat, etc. The trips start at 7 a.m. at the Sanctuary off Perkins Row in Topsfield. They last about 5 hours and include nature and wildlife observation opportunities. For further information call (617) 887-9264, Tuesday through Friday between 9 a.m. and noon.

MAY 6: PARKER RIVER CANOE TRIP, NEWBURY, MA.

Mass Audubon Society and the Appalachian Mountain Club are co-sponsoring this canoe trip on the Massachusetts north shore. For details contact Mass. Audubon's Endicott Regional Center at (617) 927-1122.

MAY 6: SPRING TUNE-UP RADIO CONTROLLED YACHT REGATTA, SPRINGFIELD, MA:

Contact Bob Francis, Regatta Co-ordinator for further details on this radio controlled yacht race event, (617) 899-3662.

MAY 11: MYSTIC SEAPORT SCHOONER BRILLIANT CRUISES BEGIN:

These are multi-day cruises on board the schooner BRILLIANT for interested groups of ten youth or adults. In May and September they are scheduled Friday through Monday. In June, July and August they are scheduled Sunday through Friday. For further information call the Education Dept. at Mystic Seaport Museum, (203) 572-0711.

MAY 12: TIDAL CANOE TRIP, BARNSTABLE, MA:

This can be a fun day exploring the labyrinth of channels in the extensive marshes of this harbor, and if it is not too windy, cross the harbor to the end of Sandy Neck to explore an area that is otherwise a 12 mile walk from the parking area. For more details call Ann White at (617) 888-4669.

MAY 12 & 13: SEA KAYAKING SEMINAR, SUNY COLLEGE AT PURCHASE, NY.

Chuck Sutherland of ANorAK and Ernie Palmieri of SUNY (State University of New York) will conduct this two day seminar for interested sea kayakers. The Saturday program will be indoors in the SUNY pool and lecture halls with a variety of topics covered, emphasis on safety on the water. On Sunday Chuck will take intermediate and advanced kayakers on a 12 mile paddle around the Norwalk (CT) islands, and Ernie will take beginners on a 5 mile trip around Mamaroneck Harbor near Rye. There will also be gear and boats on display at the Saturday gathering. The fee is \$10. For further details call (914) 253-5026.

MAY 12-20: STERLING COLLEGE CANOE BUILDING COURSE, CRAFTSBURY COMMON, VT:

This nine day total immersion (not on the canoe trip!) course is organized to instruct a maximum of eight persons in building and using traditional canoes. The building portion is under the direction of Horace Strong at his canoe building and repair shop in Craftsbury Common. The canoeing training and the expedition are directed by David Brown. The first five days include morning and evening building of a traditional wood and canvas canoe at Strong's. Afternoons will include preparation for the expedition, practicing necessary skills, etc. The last four days will be an expedition somewhere in northern New England. At the conclusion, the names of all eight participants will be placed in a hat and one drawn to take home the completed canoe. All-in cost is \$750, complete. For further details contact the Canoe Building Short Course, Sterling College, Craftsbury Ctr. VT 05827. The phone is (802) 586-2561.

MAY 13: TIDAL CANOE TRIP, WEST BAY, OSTERVILLE, MA:

Explore the large protected body of water in this very attractive part of the Cape around Oyster Harbors and the historic Crosby Boatyard. Contact Mary Schmonsees for further details at (617) 428-9511.

MAY 13: HOUSATONIC OPEN RADIO CONTROLLED YACHT REGATTA, IN STRATFORD, CT:

Contact Bob Francis, Regatta Co-ordinator for further details on this radio controlled yacht race event at (617) 899-3662.

MAY 19: FLATWATER CANOE INSTRUCTION, NO. FALMOUTH, MA:

This is an informal session of canoeing instruction aimed at beginners. Anyone with a canoe planning to come should bring their canoe, there may be two or three extra canoes available in all. For further details call Chuck Wright at (617) 564-4250.

MAY 19 & 20: CAPE & ISLANDS TSCA TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT MEET, OSTERVILLE, MA:

The annual spring opener two day get-together of owners and lovers of traditional small rowing and sailing craft at the Crosby Boatyard in Osterville on Cape Cod. An evening program Saturday night is usually provided and a potluck supper is scheduled. For further details contact Dr. John Roche, 36 Friendly Rd. E. Harwich, MA 02645.

MAY 19 & 20: DIVISIONAL RADIO CONTROLLED YACHT REGATTA, MARBLEHEAD, MA:

Contact Bob Francis, Regatta Co-ordinator, for further details at (617) 899-3662.

MAY 20: MYSTIC SEAPORT SCHOONER RACHEL B. JACKSON SAIL TRAINING BEGINS.

Weekend and week-long sail training cruises for adults are conducted on the RACHEL B. JACKSON. Contact the Education Dept. at Mystic Seaport Museum for further information, (203) 572-0711.

MAY 20: IPSWICH RIVER CANOE TRIP, MIDDLETON, MA.

This trip will be sponsored by the Ipswich River Watershed Association. It starts at the Rt. 62 bridge, Maple St. Middletown, MA and ends at the Rt. 97 bridge in Topsfield, MA. For reservations call Ray at (617) 774-4493 or Jackie at (617) 887-9685.

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

The first annual boat show just for small craft of any sort of design or material or construction should be an interesting kickoff to the upcoming summer of boating. See elsewhere in this issue for more details on exhibiting or attending.

MAY 25-28: MYSTIC SEAPORT MUSEUM SCHOONER BRILLIANT SAIL TRAINING WEEKEND:

This will be a celestial navigation course for adults on board the schooner *BRILLIANT*. Limit is 8. Contact the Education Department at Mystic Seaport Museum for further details, (203) 572-0711.

MAY 26: TIDAL CANOE TRIP, HADLEY HARBOR, WOODS HOLE, MA:

If it is not too windy this trip will go from Woods Hole to fascinating Hadley Harbor and maybe on to the Weepeeket Islands off Naushon Island. Only strong and confident canoeists please as this notorious passage can be treacherous at times. Does that whet your appetite? If too windy the trip will explore more sheltered harbor and pond. For more details, call Chuck Wright at (617) 564-4250.

MAY 26: THE GREAT NORTH RIVER CANOE RACE, PEMBROKE, MA.

This is the first in what is hoped will be an annual canoe race on the historic North River in Pembroke, to bring local awareness of the river and its history to the fore. All comers are welcome, various classes for singles and doubles, adults and youths are set. Registration is \$10 per boat which includes raffle chances on a \$700 canoe. The start is at Adams Sporting Goods ramp off Rt. 139 in Pembroke, MA, at 11 a.m. The tickets are available from Adam's and a maximum of 400 applicants will be accepted. The course will be two way, out and back with start and finish at the same location. For more information call (617) 826-8341.

MAY 26-27: 3RD ANNUAL SCALE SHIP & BOAT MODEL COMPETITION & EXHIBITION, THOUSAND ISLANDS SHIPYARD MUSEUM, CLAYTON, NY:

Open to amateur and professional modelers, and to displays from corporate sources, this is a combined show and contest, with static display models as well as radio controlled models on the water.

For details on entry or on attending to observe, contact Frederick P. Schmitt at Thousand Islands Shipyard Museum, (315) 686-4104.

MAY 26 - 28: WHITEWATER CANOE TRIP, ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER, NH:

Contact Russ Ottey at (617) 563-6637 for further details and to discuss your qualifications.

MAY 26 - 28: WHITEWATER CANOE TRIP, BATTENKILL RIVER, VT.

Contact Bob Milburn at (617) 878-1605 for further details and to discuss your qualifications.



MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM

12th Maritime Symposium

May 4, 5, & 6, 1984

A fine diversity of subjects and speakers awaits those who join us for this year's American Maritime History Symposium at the Maine Maritime Museum. It is the twelfth such gathering, held in Bath by the banks of the historic Kennebec River, and promises a full weekend of congeniality and scholarly discussion.

The international flavor will be provided this year by two representatives from England and one from Canada. Dr. Neil Cossons, director of the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, England, will share the British perspective on maritime preservation projects, and Dr. Alan P. McGowan, his colleague, will explain the development of steering gear in early vessels. Nova Scotian marine architect David Walker will share his thoughts on the evolution of the St. Pierre dory, a traditional Canadian workboat.

Closer to home, Charles S. Morgan, chairman of the Maine Maritime Museum, will reminisce about bluewater sailing masters of the 1930s. The subject of northeast sailing traditions will continue with Dr. Ken Martin's discussion of whalers — those who hunted the leviathans and those who now seek to preserve them. For Paul Johnston, of the Peabody Museum, the subject will be marine art as found in ancient sculpture, coins and other objects, and author Virginia Wood will discuss the important live oaking trade in the South that had such an impact on Northern shipbuilding.

Saturday evening's entertainment is provided by Thomas Farnquist, of the Great Lakes Shipwreck Historical Society, who will take us underwater by film to view the doomed vessels of the Great Lakes.

CANOEING MAPS OF THE IPSWICH RIVER:

With a rash of canoeing trips now on our calendar for this popular north shore of Massachusetts river (in spring anyway) it seems appropriate to note that the Ipswich River Watershed Association has available a canoeing map of the river which shows all public access and rest stops with distances between to aid the canoeist in determining trip distance and time. Supplementary information on features along the river and on stone arch bridges is included. For \$2.50 (on white) or \$3.50 (on more water resistant tan paper) you can order your map from the IRWA, 562 Maple St. Hathorne, MA 01937.

Through the years, the symposium has earned a reputation of high quality presentations and affability among participants. We invite you to take part in this year's gathering, to share our Fish House Punch, savor Maine's brief but bonny springtime, and trade saltwater lore and history.

Symposium Speakers

Dr. Neil Cossons

Director of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, England, Dr. Cossons will be joining us for the first time. His talk will center on maritime preservation projects currently underway in England.

Mr. Thomas L. Farnquist

President of the Great Lakes Shipwreck Historical Society, Thomas Farnquist is also an active underwater diving enthusiast. The GLSHS is currently establishing a museum at Whitefish Point on Lake Superior.

Dr. Paul F. Johnston

Curator of Maritime History at the Peabody Museum of Salem, Dr. Johnston has trained as a nautical archaeologist. His discussion will look at the early derivations of marine art found in ancient sculpture and numismatics.

Dr. Kenneth R. Martin

Maritime historian, researcher, and author, Dr. Martin has written numerous books and articles on whaling. His talk will focus on "whalemen" or those involved with whales in one capacity or another.

Dr. Alan P. McGowan

Head of the Department of Ships, National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, England, Dr. McGowan is a recognized authority on the development of vessels. He will speak on the development of steering gear from the 16th to the 18th centuries.

Mr. Charles S. Morgan

Chairman of Maine Maritime Museum and a maritime historian, Mr. Morgan has been a popular speaker at previous symposia. This paper is based on his conversations with a number of shipmasters in the 1930s.

Mr. David Walker

Marine architect and consultant to the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Mr. Walker will examine the popular St. Pierre dory.

Mrs. Virginia S. Wood

Historian and author, Mrs. Wood wrote *THE* book on southern live oak as an important shipbuilding material and the trade that grew up around it. Her talk will illuminate the wood's use and reasons for its popularity, as well as examine the methods employed in live oaking.

**963 Washington Street,
Bath, Maine 04530
Tel: 207-443-6311**

SACO BOUND RIVER TRIPS

We're getting on the mailing lists of expedition firms it seems. Just received is the newspaper format catalogue from Saco Bound/Northern Waters, located in Center Conway, NH. They offer a variety of white and flat water canoe and raft expeditions in northern New Hampshire and Maine. Rather than try to list it all here we suggest you contact them at: Saco Bound, P.O. Box 113, Center Conway, NH 03813, phone (603) 447-2177. Ask for their brochure, it's quite good reading.

As of April 1st, about two months prior to show time, the following firms and products have contracted to display at the show:

MINI 12's: Five different versions of the mini 12 keel sloops will be on display and raced during the show. These are from Davis & Oberg, EHCO, Enterprise Yacht, L & L Yacht and Millimeter Marine.

ROWING SHELLS: Also scheduled for exhibition racing, five firms will have rowing shells on hand. They are: Laser International, Little River Marine, Lowell's Boat Shop (sliding riggers), Martin Marine and Peinert Boatworks. Peinert is organizing the racing program for the Show.

AND SOMETHING UNIQUE: The Saber pedal boat will be on hand from California, a fast proa designed to move a man through the water faster under his own power than any other sort of water craft. A sort of exhibition contest between the pedal powered proa and the faster oar powered craft is in the works.

SMALL BOATS: Lots of them, as this is what the show is all about. Mostly sail and oar, few powerboats at this stage anyway. Here in alphabetical order are what you'll be able to look over:

Albin Marine 27' diesel cruiser.
Arey's Pond Boatyard O'Day's.
Back 'n Forth prams/tenders.
Banno USA Old World 18.
Colvin Yacht 17' cruising sloop.
David Morell sailing dory.
Edey & Duff Dovekie.
Fales Yachts Freedom 21.
Florida Bay Boats Bay Hen & Mud Hen.
Freedom Yachts Freedoms.
General Boats Rhodes 22.
Hi Liner Marine 13' peapod.
Island Windsurfing windsurfers.
J Boats J22.
Jarvis Newman 12' rowing/sailing tender.
John Hackland Design 20' cruising sailboat.
Laser International dinghy.
Lowell's Boat Shop dory.
Marine Concepts Sea Pearl 21 and Rob Roy 23.
Marzin Doub catamaran.
Montgomery Boats Montgomery 15.
Nordic Viking powerboats.
Perkins Boat X21.
Quarter Moon Int. 10 sq. meter racing canoe, Int. 14.
Salk Dept. Stores Achilles inflatables.
Small Craft Inc. Essex dinghy.
Thayer & Co. Nina beach cruiser, sailing & pulling boats.
Twin City Marine Hobie 16 & 18.
Wise Boatbuilding 18' Sandbagger.

SUPPLIES & GEAR: The following firms are to be on hand offering mixed items of interest:

Berg Enterprises boatbuilding supplies.
Brittania Boats sweaters.
East Bay Custom Woodworking, teak products.
Marine Technology polecaps.
Seamaid House clothing & gear.

North American SMALL BOAT SHOW



May 25, 26, 27, 1984

The Newport Yachting Center

P.O. Box 549, Newport, RI 02840-0005 401-846-1600

Adult \$4.00 Child (under 16) \$2.00

The SMALL BOAT SHOW is not going to be just a trade show full of displays. There's going to be ACTION! SMALL BOAT JOURNAL has organized a pretty ambitious schedule of sea trials of a variety of boats, all of which will subsequently appear in that magazine. Additionally some racing is to be incorporated into the program, mini 12 sailboats and rowing shells in separate contests (of course!).

As of April 1st eleven rowing craft have been selected for sea trial tests, including five sliding seat types, and one dinghy (for contrast). Also expected to be sea trialed is the Onboard sliding rigger setup.

The sailing category includes ten craft in three subdivisions; open boats, pocket cruisers and racer cruisers.

Powerboats are in short supply, but

several have been arranged for sea trials to date.

The racing: The mini 12s will race off the gas dock in the harbor, easy to watch, skippered by well known yacht designers. The rowing shells will also go at it out in the channel off the gas dock. And, it is expected that some sort of face off between the high performance Saber pedalboat and the top rowing craft will be scheduled.

For traditionalists, the Traditional Small Craft Association will be on hand with boats and display emphasizing the pleasures of owning and using traditionally built wooden small boats.

Our May 15th issue will carry the last minute final details on this innovative boat show, and we think it is one that deserves a day trip to look over and enjoy.

PUBLICATIONS: Two biggies and one small timer will be on hand to say hello: SMALL BOAT JOURNAL is co-sponsoring the Show, WOODEN BOAT is supporting it, and MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS also.

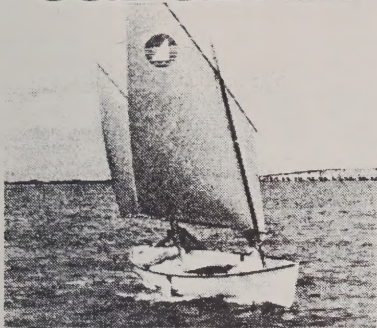
UNSPECIFIED PRODUCTS. Several firms listed did not include any details on what they will be exhibiting. They are, anyway: Cambridge Concepts, Grace Marine, R.H. Baker Boatworks, Sciuto Yacht Sales, Toni Marine, Trading Co. and Wilderness Outfitters. Perhaps our next issue we will have more information on them.

THE SMALL BOAT RACE

AN OPEN REGATTA TO BE RACED IN SHELLS & ROWBOATS, SINGLES & DOUBLES, FOR MEN & WOMEN. SUNDAY AT 1:00 P.M.

For details write:
John Peinert, 52 Coffin Avenue,
New Bedford, MA 02746

SeaPearl 21



See this truly beachable, trailerable day-sailer that puts the fun back into sailing. Unstayed mast, roller reefing, wishbone booms and lightweight hull take the hassle out of setting up, launching and sailing. A convertible top will keep you out of the weather or stow below to allow day-sailing room for up to six adults to sit in upright comfort while the helmsman has the 6½ ft. cockpit all to himself.

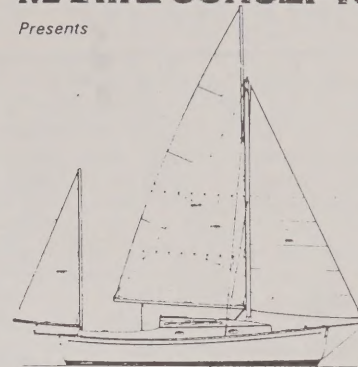
MARINE CONCEPTS

159 Oakwood St. E.
Tarpon Springs, FL 33589
(813) 937-0166

COME SEE US at the North American SMALL BOAT SHOW

MARINE CONCEPTS

Presents



ROB ROY 23

A Classic Canoe Yawl
Designed by Ted Brewer

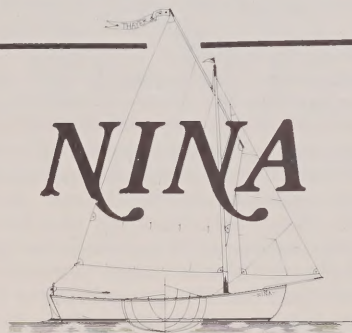
23' LOD, 6'10" Beam, 2,200 lb. Displacement, 1'6"/4'3" Draft. Trailer-able. Unquestionable quality at an affordable price. Surprising performance with traditional simplicity. Built by Marine Concepts, 159 Oakwood Street East, Tarpon Springs, FL 33589, PH: 813-937-0166.



messing about in BOATS

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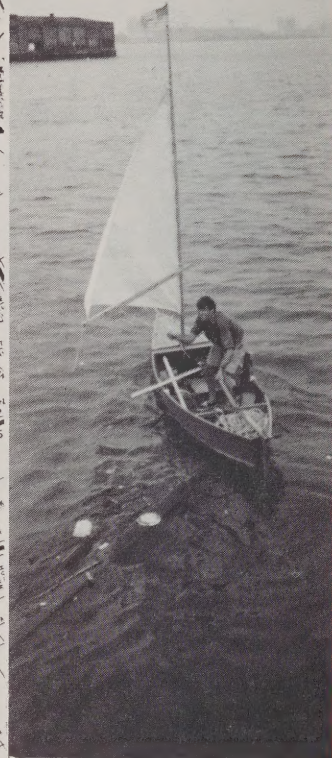
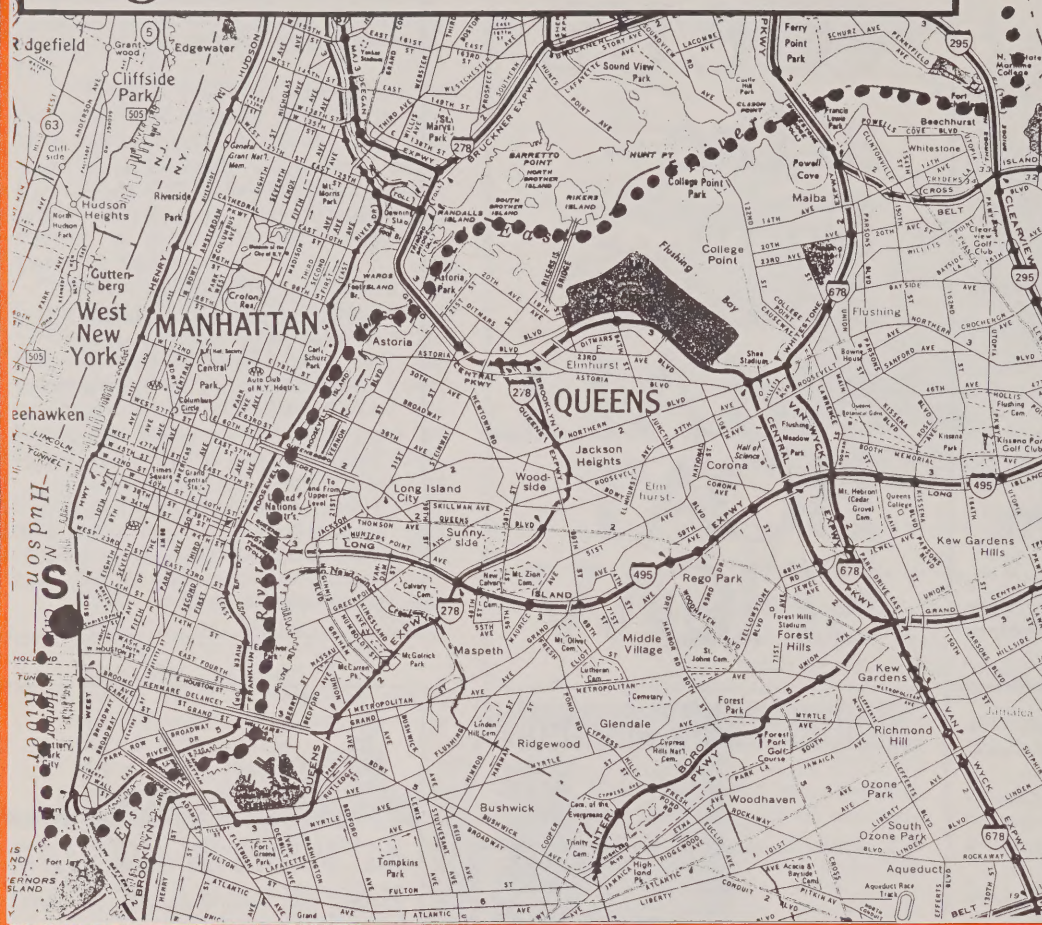
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The Creation & Maiden Voyage of the GREAT EASTERN



Report & Photos from
Nicholas Peck

The heat is off in this 100 year old tenement building which is a block from the Hudson River. I'm warming the room which is formerly an old longshoreman's suite with scrap lumber left over from the GREAT EASTERN. A piece of red oak from a pallet from which I made my mast step is burning now next to a scrap of two inch thick Douglas fir that for years was the bathroom shelf before it became the transom.

As I look back on my one and only boat building project (except for that 12" LST in the 6th grade) the only thing I did wrong was to do it all without a vacuum cleaner. That would have defeated the sawdust so easily.

The voyage itself, a completely maiden one in that there had not been even a shakedown cruise, took place after a phone call to the Coast Guard, which, in effect, gave its blessing when the guy said I was too small a vessel for the rules to apply, except for the life jackets. That call, a copy of Eldridge, an incomplete set of New York Harbor charts and a \$1.89 liquid filled pocket compass in case of fog, became the foundations for what turned out to be a 25 mile voyage.

The reach and the beating about three miles across Eastchester Bay proved a fierce test. The wind was so

strong and had puffs even stronger that it took two of us to hold the mainsheet. I had neglected to install any pulley blocks. To avoid capsizing, which was a threat in the puffs and when we rose suddenly up from a trough to the top of a crest and into the direct brunt of that northwest wind, we had to be able to spill the wind instantly. That's why we both had to hold the sheet, we couldn't in any way wrap it or cleat it. Luckily the sail was small so it was sort of reefed. It was a cream colored, all cotton sail made originally for a canoe and had belonged to my great-grandfather who was born in NYC in 1850. That sail was at least 80 years old and never complained.

The decision to revive, in my own small way, the practice of shipbuilding in Manhattan turned out to be a good one.

The first benefit of my project to build a 16 foot sailboat in my Greenwich Village apartment became apparent at cocktail parties. It had cache. Meanwhile, as I progressed along on the little vessel, I experienced the satisfaction that comes from finally carrying out an old dream. I'd always revered Joshua Slocum, sailor and writer, who at the turn of the century was the first solo circumnavigator. He had the right stuff.

Did I?

What also kept me at it, thereby condemning the front half of my partitionless railroad flat into the sawdust zone for the two and one-half months that construction lasted, was my longing for an R/V for the sea, a sailing plywood Winnebago. The question of how to modify the plans, which were drawn by one Phil Bolger of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and sold to me by Harold "Dynamite" Payson of So. Thomaston, Maine, to provide a bone dry compartment for a two foot ghetto blaster and my entire collection of Little Richard, Elvis Costello, Chuck Berry, Bobby Bland, Bruce Springsteen and Richie Valens, converted to cassettes, was a daily concern and fantasy.

I mean, there, right across from me at my neighborhood Bank St. pier on the Hudson was Springsteen's New Jersey Industrial Skyline, and to get HIM aboard singing about IT, while sailing past IT was indeed a worthy goal. What better way for a guy who'd just moved to New York to pay his respects to the area?

At first, the idea of building a sailboat in my apartment seemed, well, wrong. Later on, after research proved that it was the inexpensive location, that

it was terribly convenient (even ten minutes was free time enough to measure another piece or somehow make progress) and that it would be possible to get the damn thing out. I realized that building at home would be just right.

I'd bought a copy of WOODEN BOAT magazine on Hudson St. and read about \$15 plans for an easy-to-build boat. First I ascertained from the designer by mail the minimal opening through which such a boat would go, finding that my front window, with the two sashes removed, would be plenty big enough. By God, it was a go! I sent for the plans. My friend Sam taught me to use his architect's scale rule with which you can read the life-size dimensions off the plans. I moved my 1952 Philco table model combination radio and record player (both broken), serving now as a kind of Bohemian dinette set, and generally geared up.

"Measure twice, cut once," the words of Mr. Martin, my grammar school shop teacher, began to echo in my head as I prepared to indulge in my first carpentry since replacing a rotten porch board through which I had fallen ten years back during the Tobacco Road chapter of my life.

Job number one was to build a workbench out of an old door. Then began what turned out to be as challenging, amusing and time consuming a job as the carpentry itself. I commenced pilgrimages to Canal St. to acquire tools and materials. A funny thing happened on the way to Canal St. in that I discovered as much useful stuff on the streets as I found in the stores. I began to think of myself as Crusoe. He plundered his wrecked ship; I plundered wreckage in dumpsters. It was magic to find, say, an eight foot stud that had obviously been hidden in some wall since the 1890's (dated by the nails and the full dimensions of those days) and decree for it a whole new life at sea.

One day on Greenwich St. a tremendous crowd gathered in front of a house that had been sold furnished, but whose new owner wanted empty. Workers were simply passing things out to the crowd. Only the least desirable stuff reached the dumpster. But that's where I found my handsaw.

By far the most historically significant item that reached my budding workshop was given to me by a friend. It was a piece of white oak, a wood that weighs 57 pounds per cubic foot, making it one of the densest that grows on the east coast. It was, and is, the wood of choice among ship builders because it's very strong. Back in 1812 the British went to war with us and partially sacked Washington, DC. We fought back at sea, famously, with the U.S. CONSTITUTION, whose hull was so thickly sheathed with oak that British cannon balls bounced off of it. The ship came to be nicknamed, OLD IRONSIDES, and it was from this ship that my piece of oak came. I used a few splinters of it to chink joints where pieces of plywood met. It would be like writing the Maltese Falcon were I to try to explain how my friend came to own

several pieces of that fabled ship. Let me just say this, it's all true.

When the plans arrived I thumbtacked them (two sheets, each about 24 x 18 inches) to the wall and began measuring and cutting.

My biggest single expense, four sheets of quarter inch exterior grade plywood, at \$12 a sheet, was delivered by Chinatown Lumber. I'd begged Albert, the salesman there, to send me four nice sheets, but he said I'd get whatever was on top of the pile. Here I was not only ignoring the iron-clad rule of most boat builders to use marine plywood (it is solid inside with no air pockets, what I used had a few such air pockets), but I was also buying the entire skin of my hull sight unseen. Sometimes you take chances. The skin (which is just what it seemed like to me because of its thinness) worked fine, the bare, unpainted hull weighed only about 100 pounds. My guitarist friend, John Lehman-Haupt, came over when I displayed the finished hull as the sole object of art at my one man, "Marine Realism" show, and he pointed out that it was like a scaled up guitar and constructed just like one.

To accommodate my vision of a day's cruise with at least a case of Schaeffer beer, a true drug if ever there was one, safely aboard and tucked out of the way, I had to make definite improvements in the plans. Although the Coast Guard undoubtedly will not agree with this. Instead of filling the forward and aft compartments with styrofoam for flotation, and then nailing the decks down permanently as the plans called for, I left these compartments empty and made the decks into removable hatches.

I repeatedly mentioned to disbelievers that the boat under construction in my apartment would, "sleep two," adding, "if they're sleepy." Its unusual feature is that it utilizes a leeboard, which is simply a board mounted on one side of the hull that sticks down into the water to prevent sideslipping. The vikings used such boards on their ships and it's known even today in Europe, but hasn't been seen much here since Eric the Red days. Most sailboats use a centerboard which requires the difficult construction of a centerboard trunk in the middle of the cockpit. This would, of course, separate a sleeping couple, serving as that once familiar sex-stopping device of the 18th century rural America, the oh-so-frustrating bundling board.

During the 75 day period of construction I spent about \$175 for all the materials, about \$2 a day, chump change in other words. Some of the stuff was resorcinol glue at about \$35, brass and bronze screws at \$25 and a few 2 x 4's, battleship gray paint, varnish, gudgeons and pintles for the rudder, oarlocks, etc. The sail was free and had belonged to my great-grandfather.

I never got used to the strangeness of coming home and finding the thing. Here was this former idea now a full blown wind-powered transportation machine with a clipper bow, lurking on the dining room floor. The bowsprit loomed up at my bureau. I never built the below

deck tape deck compartment.

The Hudson River at Greenwich Village is really part of the ocean. The time for the launching was dictated by the tide. It was at 7 a.m. on a Saturday in June that my friends Peter Canby and Bill Rauch, expert riggers for Project Egress, arrived for the event. For the next five hours the tide would be favorable. I removed the sashes. Out it went. I called it the GREAT EASTERN, after what was at its time of launching in London in 1851, the largest ship ever built. True to the New Yorker's noble habit of not reacting to any excess or eccentricity, live and let live, there was barely a turned head as we carried the now fitted out, 150 pound craft, a block to the Hudson. My neighbors, Celsa, Tony and Esther, helped us. It was difficult, due to missing timbers and protruding spikes on the pier, to lower the GREAT EASTERN the ten feet down to water. The pier is not in red hot condition.

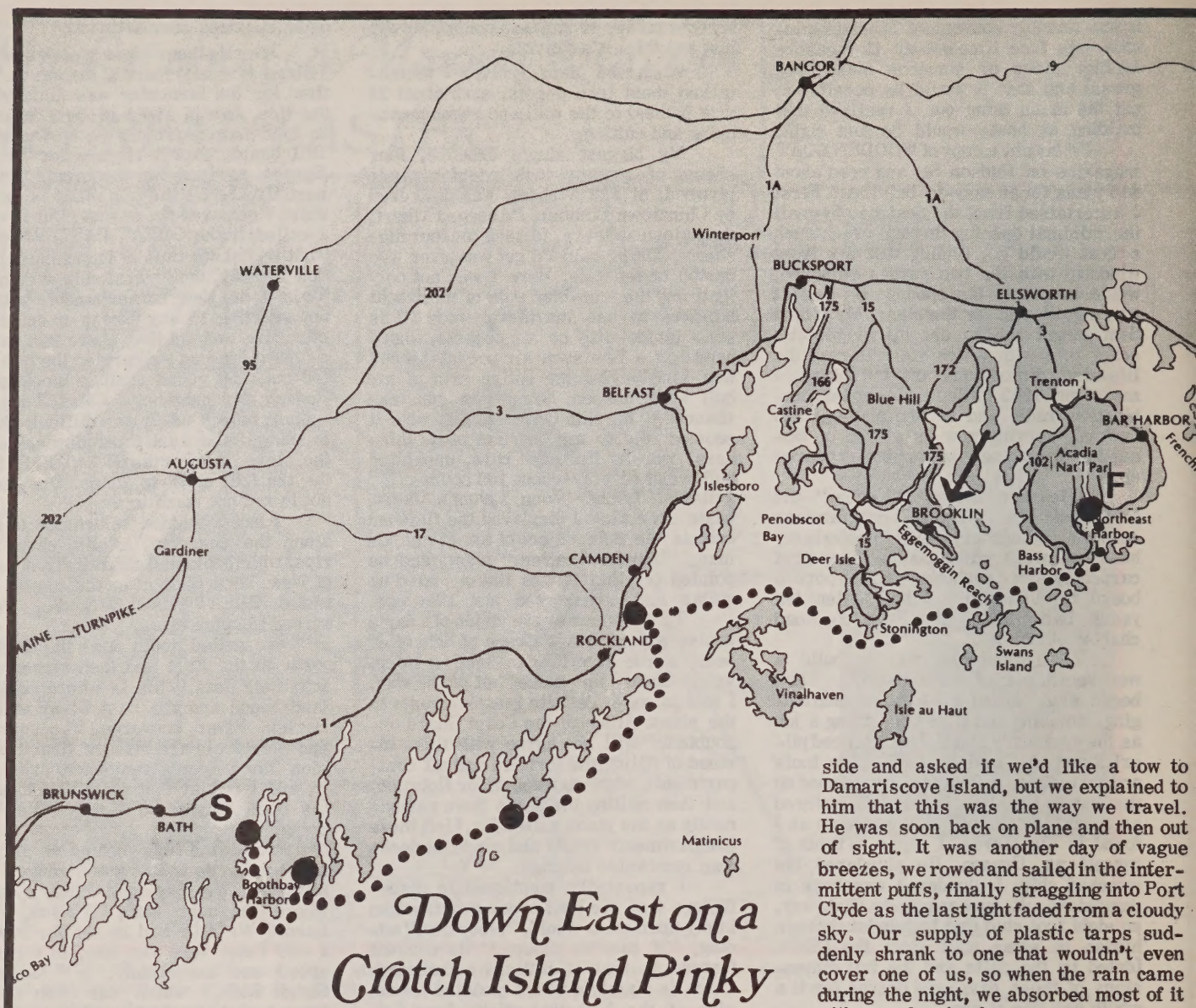
I had a sudden reluctance to face alone the currents, swells, chop, tide rips, whirlpools and cigarette boat wakes of New York Harbor in the totally untested GREAT EASTERN. So, Peter agreed to come along.

We sailed south down the Hudson, north up the East and then turned east into Hell Gate. This is where Long Island Sound and the East River and the Harlem River converge. The currents and whirlpools are bizarre. Gracie Mansion (the mayor's residence) overlooks it, and I felt at that point like shouting (as does Mayor Ed Koch), "How'm I doing?"

The wind was behind us and the tide, with us still, got stronger and stronger. We flew past Riker's Island where the sign said, "Prison, Don't Land." We still had no set destination. I told Peter this was like, in terms of speed and uncertainty, a "Nantucket Sleigh Ride," which was when a harpooned whale would take in tow the whaleboat.

It was beyond Throggs Neck in the open sea conditions of Eastchester Bay that the 20 knot wind made waves, a few of which we took onboard. From trough to crest they approached three feet. Peter bailed with a #10 tomato sauce can I had picked up outside of a restaurant in Little Italy. We worked our way against the wind toward the beach of kind strangers. And there on Belden Point, City Island, The Bronx, they took us in, two guys in a giant guitar from Greenwich Village.





Down East on a Crotch Island Pinky

On the first day of September, Steve Watson, Dan Scofield and I loaded the Crotch Island Pinky at the Chewonki waterfront and caught the morning tide down Montsweag Creek. We were headed for Southwest Harbor where the Chewonki Foundation would be offering a sailing workshop at the Environmental Educators' Conference. There the Pinky would be joined by an Albemarle Sound Seine Boat. Both of these boats are reproductions of traditional boats which evolved in the nineteenth century. They were built at the Chewonki Foundation with apprentice labor, for use in the Foundation's wilderness programs along the coast of Maine, with teenage and family groups.

Report by Lee Huston.

ED. NOTE: Lee is presently running the traditional boatbuilding shop at the Easthampton Maritime Museum in Amagansett, Long Island. He earlier was at the Apprenticeship and was an instructor at the Chewonki Foundation in Wiscasset, ME.

10

The Crotch Island Pinky is a shallow draft double ender of the group known as shallops. It has a centerboard and a spritsail ketch rig. The easily driven hull moves well with this modest rig, and proves itself very seaworthy in a blow. The firm bilges allow the boat to carry sail longer than one might expect, and the fine bow entry slices the waves and rises gently, throwing little spray. The boat is constructed of native oak and cedar, lapstrake planked on bent frames. The total cost of building materials, less sails and rigging came to about \$3500 in 1980, not bad for a 25 foot boat.

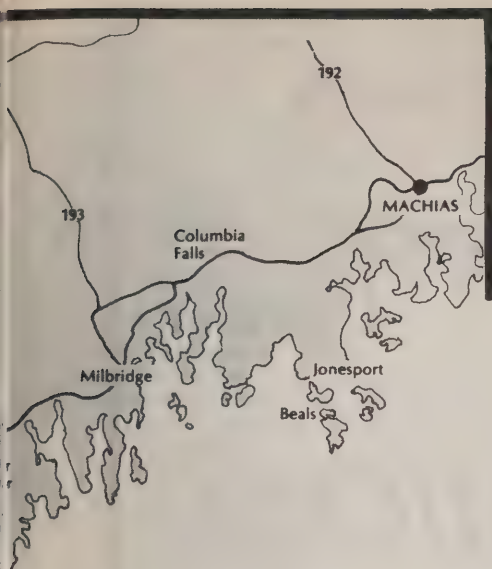
We rowed and rode the tide that first day with hardly a breath of wind until we reached the Sheepscot River where a vague southeast wind arose that did us little good until we passed Townsend Gut and turned into Boothbay Harbor in early afternoon. There we were lucky to run into a diver who relieved us of much of a summer's growth of weeds and mussels.

Early the next morning we slowly rowed out of Boothbay and turned east. At one point a motorboat stopped along-

side and asked if we'd like a tow to Damariscove Island, but we explained to him that this was the way we travel. He was soon back on plane and then out of sight. It was another day of vague breezes, we rowed and sailed in the intermittent puffs, finally straggling into Port Clyde as the last light faded from a cloudy sky. Our supply of plastic tarps suddenly shrank to one that wouldn't even cover one of us, so when the rain came during the night, we absorbed most of it with our sleeping bags.

The third morning was calm and damp. "Hey," I thought, "the wind is supposed to BLOW in the fall!" But we caught the beginning of the tide out of Port Clyde and then turned into it and a faint southeast wind. Hours later we finally passed Mosquito Island, only three miles from our starting point. Dan then succumbed to the damp and cold so we put him ashore to hitchhike home. Our progress was slowing by leaps and bounds. Steve and I rowed three miles to Tenant's Harbor and called it a day, short on miles and long on frustration. We reached town just as Dan did and went to his house to dry out.

The next morning the weather took a change with a southwest wind that slowly increased throughout the day. With it came thick fog so we hovered over the chart much of the time. The Pinky made good progress in the freshening wind, easily bucking the stiff current running against us down the Mussel Ridge Channel. Past Owls Head, we set a course up into Penobscot Bay for Rockport Harbor. The fog closed in on us and we saw nothing for several miles, but then we broke out into sunshine and found Rockport dead



ahead of us. With strong current now with us, the Pinky pushed ahead at 5 to 6 knots and soon we rounded up to a mooring offered by the Apprenticeship. Here we made things shipshape and headed home overland for a few days.

On the following Saturday we returned and were joined by Tim Ellis of Chewonki and Jim Withers of the Apprenticeship. Plenty of wind was predicted and it sprang up as soon as we cleared the harbor. We headed north of North Haven and were soon pushing along at hull speed in a rising southwest wind. Before leaving the shelter of North Haven we took in a reef in both sails and then nosed out into Penobscot Bay where the seas were growing quick and choppy. The Pinky worked to weather along the side of North Haven until we were far enough up to head off for Stonington across the Bay. The Pinky made good time despite the lumpy seas and we were soon across and into the comparatively smooth water of Deer Island Thorofare. The wind was holding steady at about 20 knots as we headed out into lower Blue Hill Bay. Here a strong outgoing tide was flowing against the wind and the chop stood up steeply, as much as five or six feet tall, hanging over us at times. Now and then a steep breaker would catch our stern and try to spin us into the wind, and nervous hands would reach out to help with the tiller. Yet, hardly a drop of spray came aboard. As we headed into Casco Passage, the horse could smell the barn, and as the seas dropped down we shook out the reef in the main. North of Swan's Island we skirted the ferry and headed for Bass Harbor Bar, which was surprisingly tranquil. The sun was low in the west and the wind was dying out as we turned north into Western Bay. As the sun set we rounded up to a mooring near the entrance to Somes Sound. Here at this beautiful fiord of Maine, a favorite stopover for cruising sailors, we brought our journey to an end. We found our confidence in this traditional design Pinky re-inforced, safe, dry and able to put a fair distance under her keel on a breezy day.



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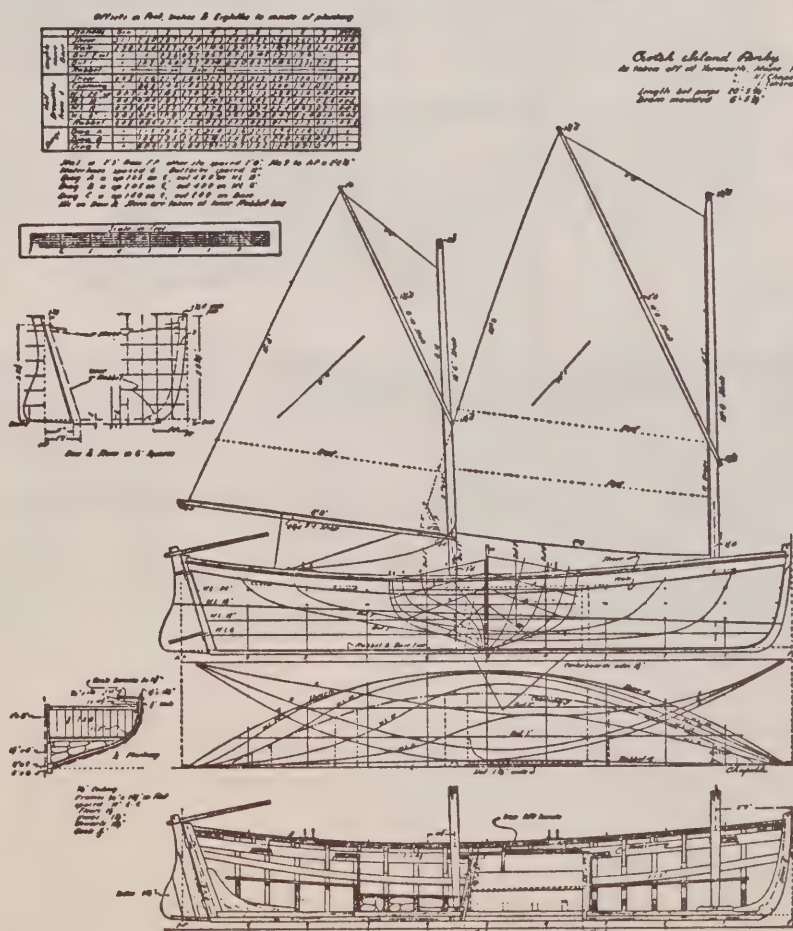


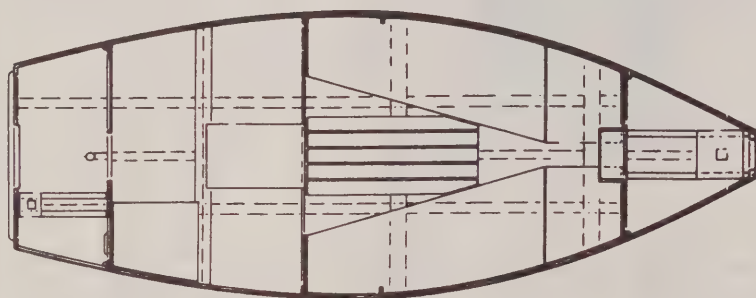
Fig. 53. Casco Bay double-ender or Crotch Island pinky.

In Search of a Camper/ Cruiser

MICRO...

Small in Size

Big in Comfort



If one has been sailing since 12 years of age and experienced ever increasing enchantment with it, and pursued it in all types of small sailboats, including some rare, little known ones (like Bill Crosby's incredibly good National One Design which was a lot more than just a big sister to his internationally known Snipe, but probably lost out due to some incompatibility between trailering and its inboard rudder), and lives to be a senior citizen, and then looks back and thinks about boats, it can shake one up a bit!

For the past 13 years I have had a 32 foot sharpie ketch in the water off our back yard with four extremely comfortable berths, like an older man should have, as evidence of his affluence at this stage in life (it cost all of \$3000, but I

keep that a secret, why have my image destroyed by something as simple as the truth?). The fact that its Chinese lug rig made it easier to get underway, sail and put to bed than any small daysailer I had known, registered as a point of uniqueness only. But, sometime during my 50's it suddenly dawned on me that the boats of my younger years just were not fun for me anymore simply because they were not comfortable, not for a senior citizen of 6' 1" and 220 lbs who still gets about without a cane. Of course, my Lightning was an exception of sorts. There were minicruisers I couldn't even get into except maybe in the hatchway, I would have to go to 17' and \$6-\$8000 to be comfortable and those had room only for two berths, not four that would spoil their interiors.

About two years ago I obtained Bolger's book, SMALL BOATS, and subsequently ordered Harold Payson's brochure on his Bolger designed small boats. This caused me to think that it might be fun in retirement to have a boat or two designed and sell the plans across my real estate desk. So I wrote to Mr. Bolger stating the problem: If small boats could be COMFORTABLE for we larger, heavier, older folk, wouldn't they be sheer luxury for anyone smaller or younger?

My requirements also included self bailing for our Florida 2" per hour downpours. And, I wanted it to handle like my sharpie, sail itself when I wanted to do something else while singlehanded, like take a nap or play with the dogs. And, further, it would have to be of the

"instant" type of construction which I judged I could handle. All my life I have avoided trying to build a boat, being a very non-handy man and knowing that I would spoil my investment in materials. I really did have in mind an updated elaboration of Bolger's CYNTHIA J. A shallow draft was specified to enable its use over thousands of square miles of thin water on Florida's west coast. Getting this in a long ballast keel, making the boat self-righting as well, was Bolger's idea. I just wasn't that clever.

So, MICRO was conceived and is well nigh perfect. Fortunately for persons like me, Mr. Bolger's favorite recreations are rowing and paddling so he doodles small boats that we ordinary people can afford in between larger commissions. Professor Adler, builder of the second MICRO says, "He's a national treasure!"

Bolger himself says it best: "I think this is one of the best proposals I ever came up with."

MICRO was designed out of turn because Bolger took it a good deal further (to study plan instead of just a "cartoon") because it jelled so well he just got hooked on it. She can sail in less than two feet of water, can suddenly draw several inches less by being tipped down at the bow or by being heeled and can ground out on rough bottom without doing any great harm. The keel forms a massive girder that allows the hull bottom to be of much lighter construction (cheaper and easier to build). It's far easier to build than either leeboards or a centerboard. The ballast is a flat slab only 1-1/2" thick sandwiched in plywood for attachment. She is fully self-righting, which is surely a plus. Between this keel profile and the cat-yawl rig she should not only have the nice points of handling (sharpie style) but it should be easy to get her to sail herself indefinitely with the wind anywhere forward of the beam.

The bow transom was a definite functional plus (with built in boarding ladder). Dan Segal of SMALL BOAT JOURNAL agreed and thought the design was enchanting as a whole. The cabin seems a fine place to hide. Anybody who sails her will be impressed as they will not initially expect a boat like this to be spirited as she is.

Martti Fredrikson of Finland put his prototype MICRO in the water in July of 1983. "Ease and pleasure of all handling describes this boat best. She fulfills as promised and the boat really is enchanting. To me the most exciting part has been her rig. The sprit-boom concept is fascinating, simple and effective. It is a pleasure to pull the main snotter line and see how the mainsail takes shape. To trim the boat to track herself isn't any trick and to steer her with the mainsheet only is easy and a pleasure. Her behaviour on the water is dominated by great buoyancy and enormous stability. The practical deck plan and overall arrangements add to her user's delight."

Martti's boat is a "gold plater," mahogany marine plywood with the WEST system epoxy, spruce framing for a two-tone effect under varnish (6 coats!), and

five coats of two-part poly base paint, plus some exotic glues from the factory in which he is employed

Carl Adler of Greenville, NC will launch in the spring of '84 as will I. Prof. Adler's boat is fir marine plywood, fir framing. My goal was a good boat with maximum economy of construction: AC exterior plywood, fir framing, Weldwood plastic resin glue, construction grade spruce spars, plywood sealer and porch and deck paint. Mine will cost under \$900 including sails. An 8' production pram usually costs that much.

My philosophy as expressed to the designer was, "Why can't small boats be comfortable for the tall, heavy older folk?" While the MICRO plan makes fine reading, like a good book, and is a great gift to encourage a wonderful project for a retiree, it is a plan from which more than the usual number of boats will actually be built due to the "instant" type of construction. An absolute beginner such as I can build it. And those who do not have the time to do their own construction can have it built professionally in an economically few man-hours, resulting in a fine little yacht at a bargain price.

At 15' 4" x 6' x 1' 9", MICRO is a very BIG little boat, with 412 pounds of lead ballast plus some water ballast that automatically fills and drains when the boat is trailered (dry weight is under 1000 pounds). Sail area is 119 plus 34 square feet, a total of 153. The fore and aft wells are free-flooding, so spilled gas from a 2 to 4 horsepower outboard on the transom, or anchor wash water, will

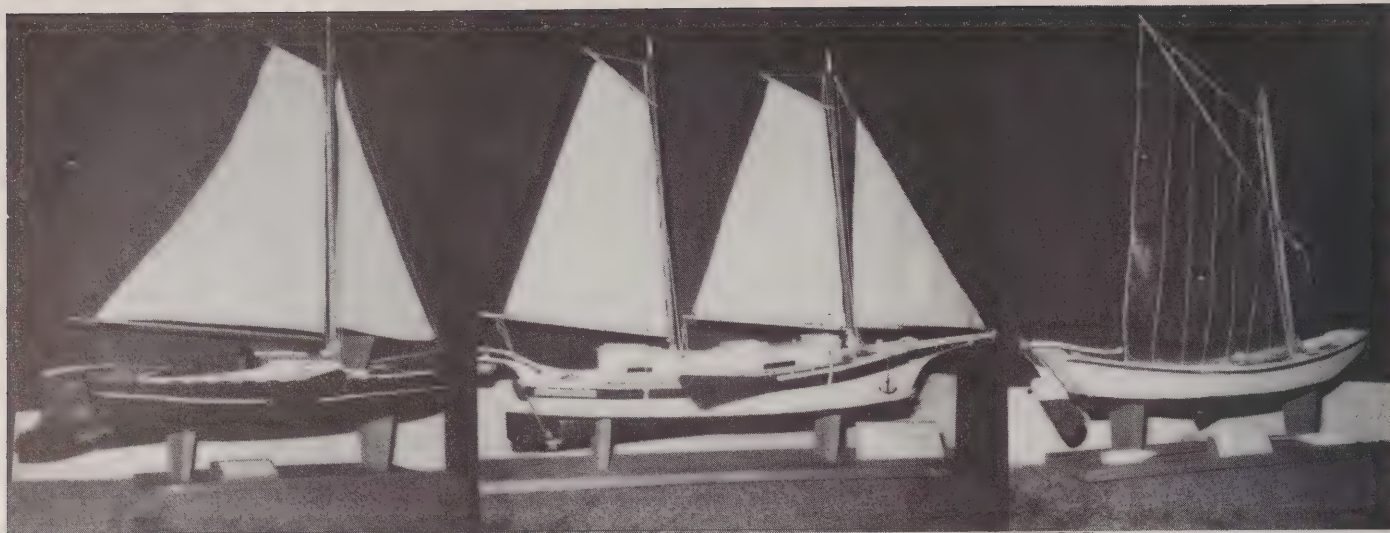
drain overboard. The berths are 6' 6" with room under the bridge deck area for a chemical pottie. My galley will probably be the portable one from our van. The spacious "hold" under the cockpit deck could sleep a third person transversely. Martti uses his as a cabin for his two toddlers, complete with peephole windows, which may serve them right into their early teens. The cockpit hatchway is the footwell, with a flat storage box beneath for the feet to rest upon. With this hatch, and the companionway hatch, closed, the boat is self bailing. Swamped, the boat will float its ballast, but awash; with the prescribed flotation, it will float high enough to be habitable and self rescuing, but I don't know what would ever swamp it, apart from being rammed by another boat.

Bolger's plan is certainly easy and helpful to follow. Six large pages include one on utilizing the 10 standard sheets of plywood to best avoid waste, especially important to builders using expensive types. The construction plan is keyed to a list of comments on how to do it for beginners. Also included is information on tools, lumber, plywood, glues, nails, sources, books, durability, fiberglassing, finishes, sailing hints, etc. All this usually is offered only in a book!

If you have gathered from our comments that we are enthusiastic about MICRO, we argue that this is the only reasonable attitude, incapable of being exaggerated. To repeat Mr. Bolger's comment: "I think this is one of the best proposals I ever came up with."

Capt. LaRowe offers descriptive information on MICRO for just \$1 plus an SASE. The plans sell for \$45. You can order either from him at LaRowe Boat Plans, 302 Crosswinds Dr. Palm Harbor, FL 33563.





The Chapelle scow sloop model. Culler's OLD GLORY sharpie. Culler's sampan.

Report & Photos
from Walter Sargent

Scale Models Have Their Rewards

There are models and there are models. Those built with meticulous care approaching artistry are an inspiration to the beholder and are rightly preserved in museums for posterity.

Practical models, on the other hand, have a lot going for them too. They can save time, money and frustration for the backyard boatbuilder. After all, commercial builders test design and performance with models. I find that a scale model is a tangible hands-on basis for estimating for materials and fastenings, to get a handle on probable costs and perhaps most important, an eyeball perspective that just might prevent one from choosing the wrong design. Further, modeling can help reconcile one to the awful blocks that sometimes stand between the novice and his dreamboat, problems like a place to build, money, time. For example, I have space enough for six boatyards and lumber growing, but the other factors are in short supply.

Having begun sailing at retirement, I have to content myself with very basic sailing and boatbuilding. That is, an R.D. Culler designed 16' sailing skiff, self built of lumber home grown and sawn out with a chainsaw. "Contented", that is, in summer, but downright restless during winter layup when the only recourse is to read and re-read Capt. Pete Culler's SKIFFS & SCHOONERS.

Thus I became intrigued with his pretty little 11' sampan with its rocking horse chine logs, double transoms and fancy rudder, challenging problems. So, long winter evenings flew by as I lofted to scale, set up miniature molds, scarfed and glued the chine logs, battened off, solved the problems of pitch for transoms and mast, shaped the rudder, leaded her centerboard and finally brought into being a classy little craft that I fancied might help sell a life size replica (if I ever got time to try).

Fun-filled as day cruises in our skiff have been, in time old bones tend to stiffen on the thwarts of a rocking, open

boat. One begins to yearn for more yachty shelter and stand up space. More idle winter evenings resulted in another love affair, this time with Culler's 36' file bottom sharpie, OLD GLORY, as shown in SKIFFS & SCHOONERS. Ample cockpit, deck, two cabins! Shallow draft (for my sheltered waters). What more could one ask? I couldn't wait to begin.

So I said, "I'll build a model while timber is being cut and seasoned." Could I fit keel and deadwood? Would the file bottom be a problem? Which cabin layout would I want? Scaled down molds on a demountable jig were a challenge to begin with. Oak keel and chine logs finally went into place. Then side planking and file bottom, piece by piece she took shape. With magnifying glass, calipers, a mite of glue and common sense, I fabricated a recognizable replica of OLD GLORY.

But! I slowly developed a gut feeling that such a vessel takes much time abuilding. By the time it was finished, Mr. Culler's wisdom was apparent: "You hear occasionally of a very large craft built by one man. Many more are started but not finished. You must consider that most of your time can be spent rigging mechanical aids and shifting staging rather than on actual construction. If this goes on too long, your spirit can weaken."

Beautiful and desirable as she appeared, the logistics looked insurmountable. The time, cost (hardware alone would sink me), transporting her 30 miles to the coast, anchorage, hauling, single handing her? No way! I was forced to rename her, IMPOSSIBLE DREAM and commission her to the top of the piano, a subject for conversation. Besides, I never did get the timber cut.

But a distant sea need not stand between a dreamer and adventure. Nearby lays a 15 mile lake formed by Gulf Island Dam on the Androscoggin River, and a few miles south the river broadens into famous Merry Meeting Bay, a kind of Zuider Zee in Maine. Safe and ample

sailing for any senior sailor.

Reluctantly I forsook my mentor of Hyannis and found my heart's desire in Howard I. Chapelle's BOATBUILDING. The extra shallow draft and trailerable size for my inland "sea" was the 22' scow sloop, utility boat of Dutch type. Then, back to the modelling bench, only, like an experienced lover, I knew what I wanted. I would alter details to meet my own needs. Here was a hull of easy curves. Could I substitute plywood for conventional planking? Impatient with waiting for an oak keel to season, could I laminate one? Craft shop veneer developed into scale sized sheets of plywood. Thin stock laid up in a carefully shaped jig proved keel lamination possible though probably expensive in terms of glue and spikes. Once again a promising craft took shape. No apparent problem with plywood.

The finished model reveals much waste space yacht-wise in this utility model as Chapelle laid it out, but altering a model experimentally will be no sweat, whereas second thoughts on a real boat could cost time and money. The plan calls for an outboard motor bracketed on the rudder. For easier servicing, I might try a well instead. The "A-frame and gun tackle purchase," appeals to me to raise and lower the mast, but I would rig the A-frame poles to store on the rails to leave a clear forward deck. True, the four foot headroom is cramped, but why not a tilt-up cabin roof clipped to a framed tent for comfortable headroom while at anchor? And, by the way, to combine its Dutch origin and the river's name, I dubbed this model the ANDY-ZEE.

So, dreamboats come and go. Scale models can serve a serious builder or remain conversation pieces, there are rewards either way. Whether or not I have the fortitude and fortune to build one of these sweet craft is a little "iffy", but I felt the simple lessons I learned were worth sharing.

Now YOU can build your own Hackercraft!

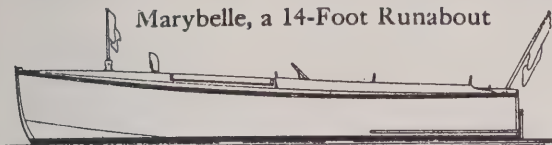
Capt. Jim Orell of Texas Dory Boat Plans fame has a new set of plans out now for any Hacker runabout enthusiast. Orell has plans for building 15 of Hacker's designs for runabouts and cruisers ranging from 14 ft. to 36 ft. in length available at prices in the \$15 to \$25 range. All the boats can be trailered (that 36 footer should be a bit much) and all are designed by Hacker back in

1920's for home building.

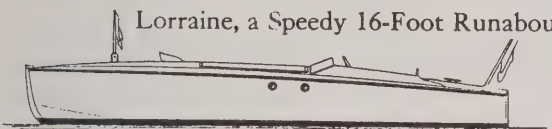
You can order up a portfolio of study plans of these classic motorboats along with a bunch of other designs he can supply from Orell for \$3 (\$5 by air). We mentioned this cornucopia of study plans back in our Issue # 5, but with a lot of newer readers, we thought we'd go round again, particularly since Capt. Jim sent us the latest batch of all these

Hacker models. Good winter entertainment for the antique and classic boat buff, and maybe even someone out there would like to build a replica from these copies of the original Hacker plans, now, according to Orell, beyond copyright and in the public domain. Capt. Jim's address is P.O. Box 720, Galveston, TX 77553.

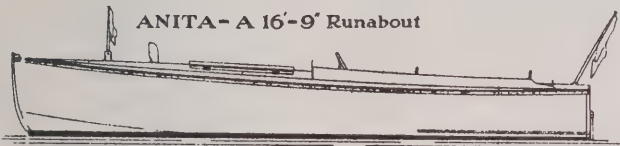
Marybelle, a 14-Foot Runabout



Lorraine, a Speedy 16-Foot Runabout



ANITA - A 16'-9" Runabout



Miss A. P. B. A. a Speedy 26-Foot Runabout



Flapper, a Sporty 18-Foot Runabout



Miss Mississippi, a Fast Little Hydroplane.



Gladys, a Snappy 20-Foot Hacker Runabout



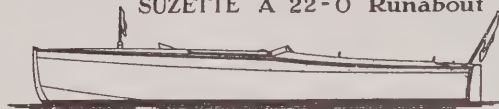
Miss Victory, a High Speed Hydroplane



RUTH - A Special Fishing Boat



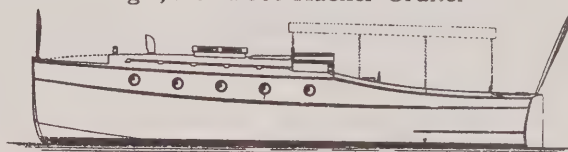
SUZETTE A 22'-0" Runabout



IRENE - A 28 Foot Speedabout



Margie, a 31-Foot Hacker Cruiser



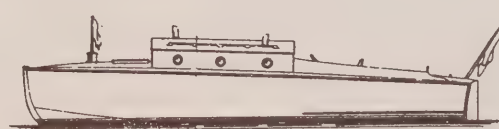
Florence, a Double Cabin Cruiser



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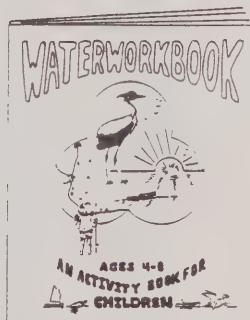
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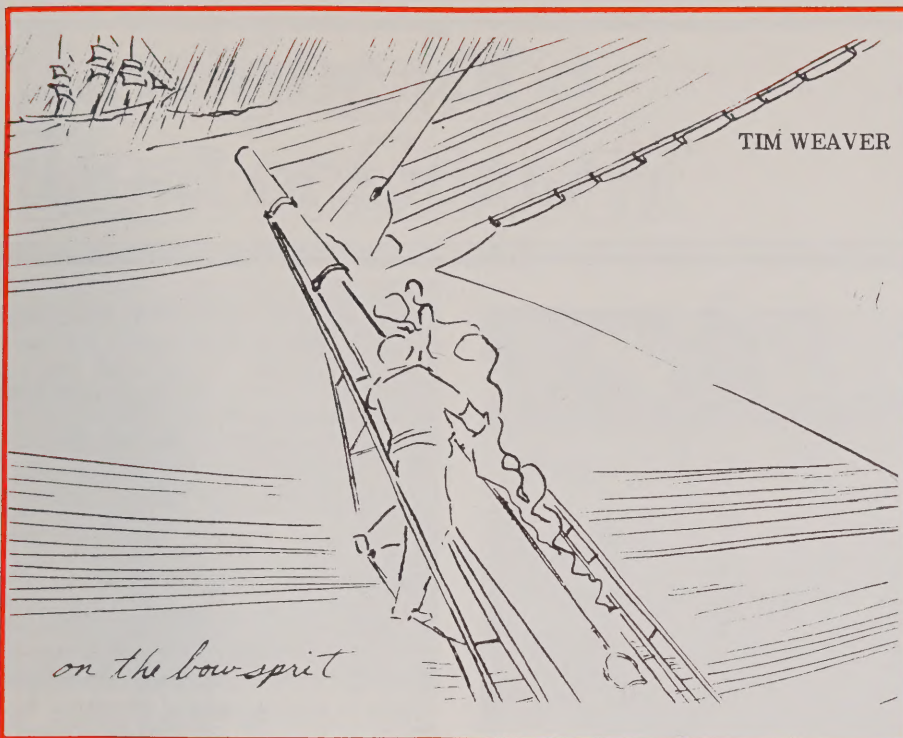
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PATINA'S LOG

By ten o'clock the day's work was done and I was, at least I decided to declare I was, free for the day. And I was in Manhattan.

What that day needed -- an almost sunlit, cold, wintry city day -- was a friend and a good long walk. And I found both. First, the meeting with an old friend and the aimless warmth of talking, then lunch, then the walk. We were in Greenwich Village and decided to head south, towards South Street Seaport. And off we were. Past great nameless blocks of buildings, past slashing, rising lines, past City Hall and, skirting the high-walled alleys of Wall Street, turning a corner and stumbling upon South Street. And beyond the street, bisected by an elevated roadway, past workmen warming themselves around a fire-filled drum and amidst the din of a pile driver, were huge spars. There alongside a fine wharf lay PEKING.

She was a stunning sight, almost too much to grasp. We walked her length, a football field's or thereabouts, and looked aloft, four spires against a silvered, windowed skyline that ran the river's edge. And we walked her length again; the towering bow, the narrow hull, the graceful stern. What seas had pushed that stern, what winds could lay her lee rail down? Of what shades of time gone did she sing?

Right there -- with the rhythm of the Brooklyn Bridge in good view, with the cluttered terminals across the way, with the wind blowing off the harbor -- was as good a place as I would ever find

to try to understand a bit of what was before my eyes.

Perhaps it was the lowermost of the mainmast spars, the main course yard, that was the key; seventy to ninety feet long and as thick as a barrel. That yard could have served as the foremast on a great Atlantic racing schooner. And that was just one of many yards. And the square sail that such a yard must have carried, at least a ton of canvas. And there would have been similar square sails on the fore and mizzen masts, not to mention the topsails, topgallants and royals of each mast, or the jibs and staysails, or the great fore and aft sail of the jigger mast. It staggered the imagination, over forty thousand square feet of sail on PEKING.

Here was a true descendant of the likes of YOUNG AMERICA, ELECTRIC, LIGHTNING, THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS, NIGHTINGALE, CUTTY SARK and THERMOPYLAE. Here was one of the last ships of a very special sort, the sort built in Scottish and German yards for the fleets of the Laeisz "Flying P" line of Hamburg and the Antonin Dominique Bordes et Fils of Bordeaux, ships built specifically for the Chilean nitrate trade. Here was one of the last remaining ships of the twilight of sail; a turn-of-the-century steel barque, four-masted, about three hundred feet long, less than fifty feet wide, a deep water voyager, a Cape Horner.

Right there, for me, PEKING began to make sense of many legendary things. She was in proportion with such things. A ship that could leave the Channel and,

bound for Australia, catch the trades and run for the Cape of Good Hope and, once there, "run the easting down," for an Australian landfall, a half globe circling stride. Or leave the Australian Bight, a stately cloud of sail, and catching the Roaring Forties, run before the wind and meet great canted walls that rise above the stern, that pick her up and run her length and let her down, that thundered on. Or leave the Channel and make the run to Rio. And then the Horn; the fight to windward of the famous 50 S. Atlantic to 50 S. Pacific passage. I tried to feel the gale force winds, imagine seas the size of tenements, seas that ran three to a mile, to see the deck awash, to know the hesitation and shudder of the hull, the rising and falling 'midst the howl of wind in rigging, and ship and sea and cold.

And we walked the length of PEKING again, my friend and I. I was beginning to grasp the scope of things, to see another world. One that, despite several attempts of mine to comprehend it, had eluded me, one that had remained a shadow despite effort. I had to walk her length again and stare; the stern, the sweep of the line, the spires above, they told a tale.

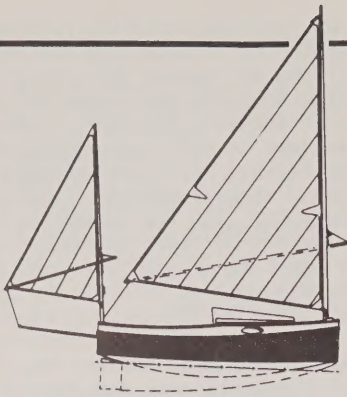
As for the Seaport, or just going aboard, PEKING laying alongside the wharf had been enough. We left, took the subway uptown and parted ways at the Fifty-Ninth Street station.

For another three weeks PEKING remained a fresh picture in my mind's eye. I did a little reading, discovered Alan Villiers' book, THE SHIP, a good account of ships such as PEKING -- their lives, their ways, their place, their beginnings, their ends. And those ships became like folk. Who amongst us hasn't had hard passage or been forced to run in ballast and wonder why? Has not had to fight off a lee shore in unexpected circumstance? And don't we all know a soul or two who, for unfathomable reasons, has gone missing? And haven't we all had a run before a great wind, had great times of good use and work and fun? Judged a difficulty well, shortened sail, and made the best of it? Or known a friend as he, or she, made the most of a most trying passage, working around a Cape Horn of sorts? And haven't we been the better for it?

In THE SHIP, Alan Villiers quotes from a long letter, one of forty thousand words, that a shipmaster prepared for those sons of his whom chose the sea, advice that rang of paternal caring forced to exist from a distance. And the first subject was contentment. The father tells of a situation of his youth on board a ship in the Far East, a ship with a very poor captain and a terrifying crew. He speaks of his sense of loss and pain there, of how one day he became aware of the song of a caged bird on board, of his decision that if that bird could sing, than so could he. And how, from that day forward, he practised happiness. And his rule: "So, make yourself happy where you are -- and not where you wish to be."

Well, that's a lesson I can work on. There is no end to this business of boats. And spring is here.

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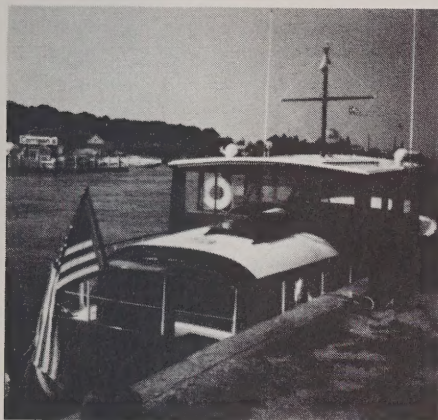
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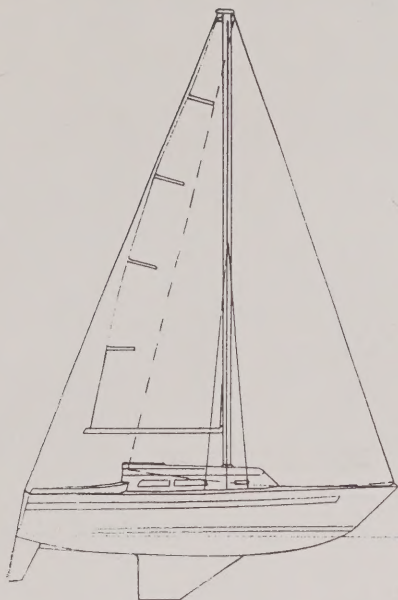
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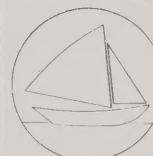
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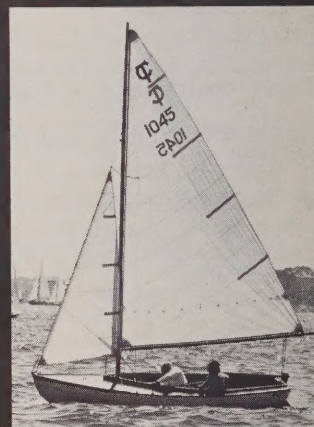
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