

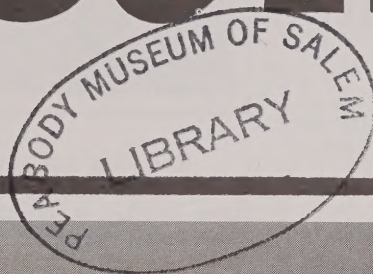
Twice a Month!



messing about in BOATS

Volume 2 ~ Number 20

March 1, 1985





messing about in BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

Lessee, now, where was I? We've got a story on the pleasures of a sailing surf dory, a look at the latest "Geodesic" creation from Platt Monfort, a visit with the Baker Boatworks folks, some fun with the frostbite fleet, the return of Tom McGrath from the Isles in his Townie, maybe a ride in a two place iceboat. And a safety at sea article for sea kayakers that has a lot in it for any small boater who heads out. I've not forgotten earlier promised articles on a steamboat enthusiast, a liveaboard couple, and one of canoeing's long term boosters. They're coming...

On the Cover...

A DN iceboat "heels" during the New England championship races on Cape Cod the end of January. Actually iceboaters call this maneuver a "hike" not a "heel", but the reason for it is the same, hard on the wind with the sail sheeted well in. More on iceboating ways in this issue.

Commentary

BOB HICKS



...but is it
a BOAT?

The thing that grabs you right away about an iceboat underway is the speed. After hearing soft water sailors talking about the speed of their boats through the water, velocities running around 6 to 15 mph, to see an iceboat travelling at 50 mph with a wind blowing maybe 15 mph is truly impressive. You keep waiting to hear the motor as the iceboat rapidly swoops towards you over the ice, but all you hear is the rattle of the runners on the ice, and then the great rasping as the craft rounds the mark in a great broadside across the ice.

They are called ice boats, or ice yachts, the latter term an anachronism carried over from 100 years ago when large elegant ice craft appeared on the Hudson River, really big, costly toys for that era's winter-bound yachtsmen. But the prevalent ice craft today is the DN, a one design boat that is raced wherever ice can be found. It is an "everyman's" sort of craft, capable of being built at home. Even one built professionally can be purchased for around \$3,000 ready to race. Like racing in any water borne boat, those raced are geared to the max for that winner's edge.

The edge. Indeed. An iceboat is a craft that is particularly susceptible to fine tuning. Once the sail rig has been tuned in to the skipper's satisfaction, it is then those three knife edge runners that determine the ultimate speed possible. Their drag, even in dull condition, is trifling in comparison to water's, hence the incredible speeds possible. Yet, hundreds of dollars are spent on exotic runners. That's racing.

Well, they call them boats but they don't float. They really are more accurately viewed as sailing sleds, but many are skippered by those who sail water come summer, and apparently it all began with sailors (yachtsmen) so the name stuck. I'm comfortable with the idea of including iceboating within the purview of this publication, for the sport has pretty much all the aspects of messing about with boats intended to float on water. So you'll see articles from time to time on these pages in season about

iceboating.

Yes, I'd love to try it. But where to draw the line? I mean how many boats can one own? I've discoursed on the view that having several varied craft for different ways to mess about in boats is an attractive option to pouring all the money and effort into a single purpose boat, but now an iceboat? For about \$750 a decent used DN can be found, not up to hardnose racing perhaps, but adequate to find out if this high speed winter action is a turn-on. So, maybe for next winter.

Iceboating is far more susceptible to weather conditions than soft water sailing. The iceboaters have to be ready to hit the road any given weekend to wherever the ice is adequate. It has to be fairly smooth, free of major cracks, chunking or snow cover. Not a mirror, but close. And there has to be some wind. Not as much as you'd think, given the speeds possible. The rule of thumb I was told is that a decently setup DN cango about three times the speed of the wind on a close reach. It's that thing known as "apparent wind" that moves the boat. The faster you go, the faster you go. The sail is a fully battened airfoil and as your speed builds, the apparent wind builds and adds more pressure which builds more speed, until at some point the miniscule drag of the runners finally uses up that "perpetual motion" energy edge and the speed tops out.

The DN is a cartopper, and it is also a rigging nut's delight. The sail trim is affected by mast rake, the mainsheet functions as a downhaul, the last of the turning blocks (five or six) is at the base of the mast.

This is a solo craft. But, some have wished for a more social two person "cruiser". Lloyd Roberts of Camden, ME has a design for a two passenger (side by side) DN for homebuilding, his plans are \$7 I believe, and if that thought is of interest, contact Lloyd at 2 Central St. Camden, ME 04843.

Bernie Kimball of Gorham, ME has built one of these, and I hope to go for a cruise with Bernie before winter is over. So you'll maybe hear more about this.

Last winter, after visiting PEKING at South Street Seaport, I came across a copy of "The Peking Battles Cape Horn", a modern reprint of the original with an afterword by the author, Irving Johnson. First published in 1933 and Irving Johnson's first book, it is an exuberant description of his Cape Horn voyage of 1929 aboard the PEKING. Although it is more the writer's equivalent of a series of related snapshots than a well honed tale of any one aspect of the journey, it is a revelation of the many sides of such a journey in such a ship -- a mix of simple things and beauty of people and adversity, of the way things once were, of how such did mold those in its grasp.

First, the ship. Three hundred and forty feet overall with a beam of forty feet, drawing twenty-four feet fully laden, she rode five feet beyond the water at the low point of her sheer.

And her power. Three skyscrapers -- the fore, main and mizzen rose one hundred and seventy-five feet -- and the jigger mast, near one hundred and forty feet. As for sails, thirty two. And eighteen yards, at least three great chained ones of a hundred feet (and those could thrash about). And rigging, a web of stays and shrouds, of chain and wire, of cross-trees, spreaders, downhauls, clewlines, buntlines, sheets and braces. Of such, three hundred lines, the running rigging, had to be known by name and feel as, writes Mr. Johnson, "in a squall during a pitch black night we wouldn't let the wrong one go."

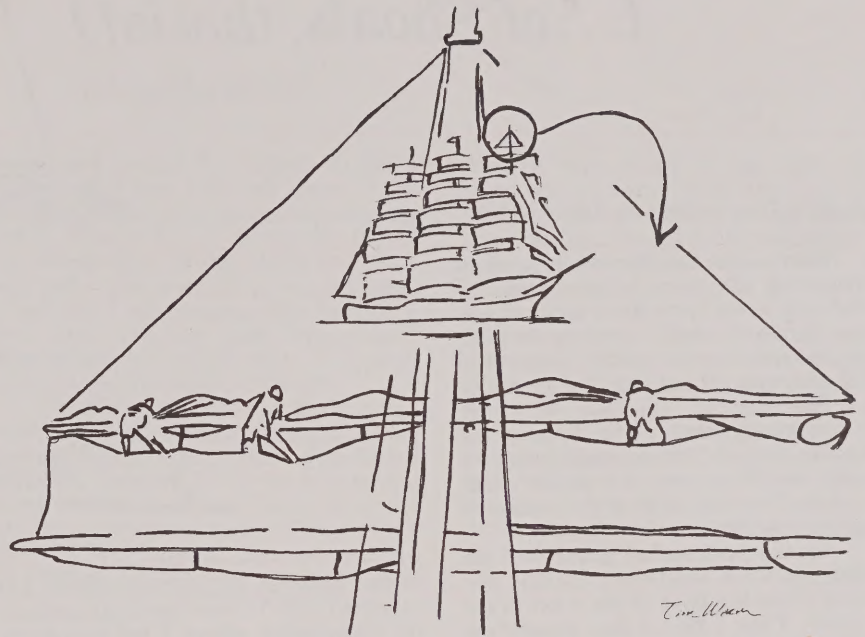
And the captain. Fifty-one times around the Horn, once first mate on the full rigged, five-masted PREUSSEN, a company man of the "Flying P" Line. The sort of man who, if he didn't like the way a task was done aloft, did it himself. And one, according to a story told the author, upon seeing a man washed overboard forward during a storm, ran aft and "grabbed the spanker sheet with one hand jumped over the stern into the boiling maelstrom, seized the sailor's hair with the other and was pulled back aboard with one tremendous grip sufficing for two."

And fifty-four cadets from fifteen through twenty-four, five regular seamen, four mates, a steward, carpenter, blacksmith, bo'son, radio operator, and Irving Johnson and his friend Charlie.

Then, once the ship had tossed the tug's hawser free, was on her journey from North Star to Southern Cross, the snapshots tumble -- seventeen days of storms in the North Sea, a clear description of the way a heaving log is used, the quiet that comes when all is done and nothing but fortuitous circumstances can avert disaster, the lashing down of a three ton anchor that had broken loose, the captain's dog, the cadets at sea, Christmas, a headstay parting in a gale, setting and furling sail, fine days in the South Atlantic, Cape Horn.

And it comes to life. It is tied together with the feel of Irving Johnson for, as he so nicely says it, "the ship, the sea, the sky." His excitement in what is afoot, his time on the royal yard where, high within this epic craft, he

PATINA'S LOG



Good Winter Reading

"The Peking Battles CAPE Horn" by Captain Irving Johnson. Sea History Press. Available from the National Maritime Historical Society, 132 Maple St., Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10520. Hardcover, \$11.95. Paper cover, \$5.95.

watches. His wanderings aloft, his description of the main yard's flex and whip in a great storm, and of climbing to his royal perch with the mast inscribing three hundred foot arcs just to see if such could be done, and, then, once assured, going aloft again to make moving pictures of the sight below.

So the book goes, an insight into the Cape Horner it is. And as with many a decent book, a part of the best comes last. Writing forty-eight years later and for the afterword of this National Maritime Historical Society edition, Mr. Johnson looks back, and back at more than PEKING, back at what went with her when her time was gone, back to the ever-present universals that have also faded, that seem to me to mark the real change from that time to this.

Irving Johnson writes, "From my first boarding of the PEKING to the end of the voyage I found an incredible use of hands taken for granted. All the power to move anything and cause anything to happen to force that eight thousand tons of ship and cargo to make this voyage came through human hands. There were no motors, no valves, no switches, no lights for working about the deck or aloft, only human hands, hands and more hands, gripping, working, struggling to prolong

your life and force that mammoth ship against her will to carry that cargo to Chile. In the tropics or in reasonable weather this was all very well, but in the vicinity of Cape Horn, where it snows every month of the year, our hands took on the appearance of rough claws with cracks through heavy skin parallel with our fingers and deep enough to allow a bit of blood to ooze through on every gripping of the shrouds or sails."

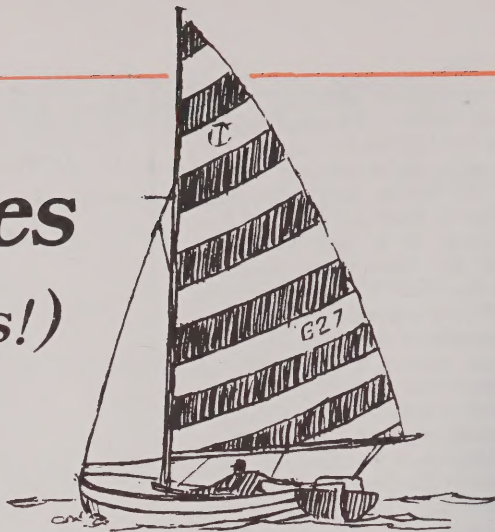
And later in the afterword, "The loveliest part of the voyage and satisfying to me in every way was everything to do with sails. Under the direction of the sailmaker I not only repaired sails, but made brand new one..... All this work was done with no sewing machine. The canvas was extremely heavy double ought hemp requiring strong fingers to sew a good seam.

"Now and again when hands had made the sails, bent them on the yards aloft, set and furled them when wind dictated and the captain ordered, hands hauled on the sheets adjusting the angle of the sails innumerable times with changing winds and courses. Then through our hands sails made contact with the unseen wind that moves this great ship. Here I was close to the secret of why we go to sea..."

Townie to the Isles

(...of Shoals, that is!)

Story & Illustrations by Tom McGrath

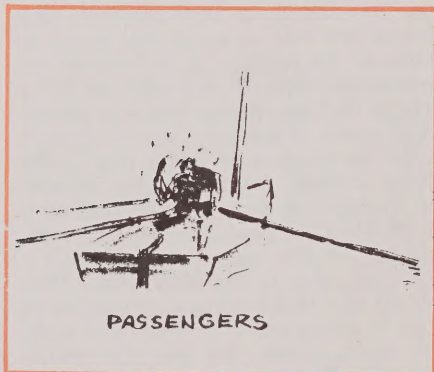


I arrived at the Dory Club early in the morning with my supplies and charts, rowed out to my Town class sailboat and towed it into the dock. I packed the gear away, kissed the wife goodbye, raised the sails and was off adventuring by 0900.

The weather forecast was for south-westerly winds 10 to 15, haze and possible fog. A strong high-pressure system would be over the entire area. So much for the imperfect science of weather prediction.

As the boat sailed gracefully out of the harbor I attached a strong line loosely from the base of the mast to the traveler. Then I tied a line around my waist with a short loop and a snap hook on the end. I clipped the snap hook onto the safety line so if I fell overboard I would be attached to the boat and could be identified by the name on the transom.

I sailed between Pea Island and Shag Rocks, rounding Eastern Point. Becalmed off Egg Rock, I ran out the oars and began rowing. I discovered I had passengers. A small swarm of flies



to that send me sailing along again. This repeats itself 'til the wind shifts southerly off Manchester where I fall into an escort of two larger sailboats. One of them is 216 Merry-go-around. Twelve 210s race out of Gloucester making for the whistle.

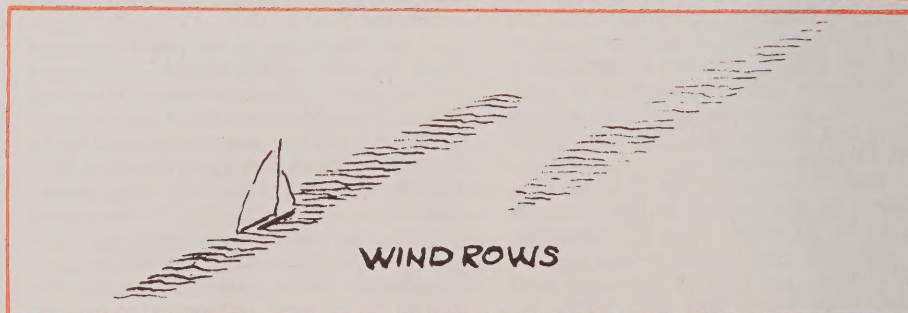
The wind shifts to the east and we beat between Milk Island and Thacher Island. With a good wind we pass Rockport and round Halibut Point to the northern coast of Cape Ann. It is a rocky coast with no place to beach the boat: I have no watch but it is getting late. Sailing toward the entrance of the Annisquam River I meet with a small sailboat and ask if there is a good harbor nearby. I am told to follow him. We sail through a small opening in a high breakwall and into a quiet harbor used mostly by local fishermen. I tied up along side the wharf and make preparation for the night. Meanwhile people start arriving at a lobsterboat nearby and start having a party. No radio playing because a policecar cruises by periodically, thank heaven. They don't stay too late because they are making plans for a bigger party the next day. I finally get to sleep.

I awake early and walk up to a local restaurant. Told it doesn't open till 7:30. I walk around awhile and dis-

cover the town to be Lanesville. When I return to the place it is crowded. I have breakfast and walk back to the boat. There is no wind so I don't bother setting the sails, cast off and row out of the harbor to the ringing of church bells. About a mile out I raise the sails to a light easterly breeze and set a course of 25 degrees. The land astern slowly fades into the haze that sits on the horizon. There is absolute silence for hours except for the bow wave. I sit in the stern of the boat with my head against a life jacket on the transom. Then suddenly there is a large expulsion of air behind me. I turn in time to see the back of a whale rolling out of the water 20 feet astern. It rolls and rolls but the tail never comes out. He scared the hell out



must have nested in the styrofoam I had stuffed up into the bow, nothing can be done for them now, they'll have to tolerate me 'til they can jump ship. The wind appears again from the south only to disappear off Marblehead. Rowing again. The tide seems to be going with me. The lobster buoys are leaving a long wake. I'm going nowhere on the surface but I must be going like hell over the ground. The sea is smooth with only wind ripples from a light westerly wind. I sail down rows of wind with dead calm on both sides. At the end of the row another one appears off to one side. A short row



of me. He appears once more further away. I stand up to look but he never appears again. With all that space in the ocean why should he breach near a sailboat I begin to wonder?

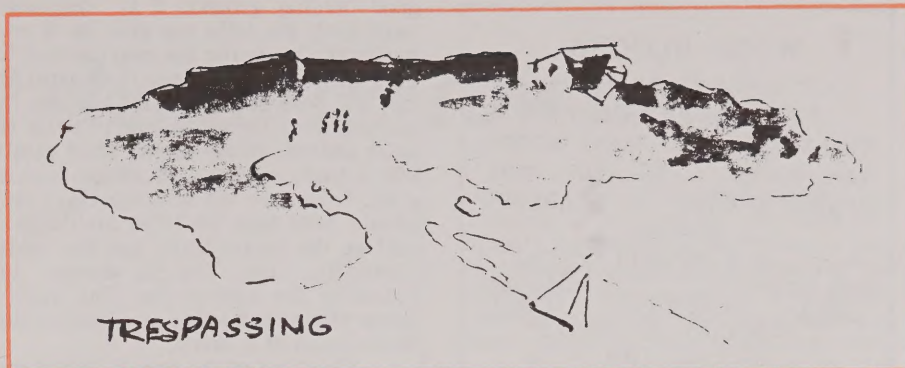
There must be little to attract his attention in the vastness of the sea and when something does come along, like the squeaking and creaking of a 30 year old Townie, it must be quite eloquent to a whale. There have been no boats or land in sight for hours and I begin to wonder if I have missed the islands. My speed has been too inconsistent to determine the distance I've gone. Now, if I passed the Isle of Shoals, did I pass to the right or left of them? Should I turn back? I wish I could see a little distance. The sky blends into the sea leaving no horizon. The sun begins to descend,



nours pass and there is still nothing in sight. The wind holds and I sail on. I hear a motor. It approaches and becomes louder. It is so loud now it sounds like it is right on top of me. I look up and that's just what it is, a low flying airplane. I forgot there are other things besides boats. Eventually an object appears off the port bow. I can't make it out with the binoculars. It could be a sail so I don't change course. It becomes clearer and I see that it is a lighthouse. I'm no longer lost. It's almost worth it to get lost to experience the rapture of becoming unlost.



I would have passed to the east of the Isle of Shoals and sailed on up the coast. I didn't allow for leeway. I should have had a compass course that put me between the islands and the mainland. So much for error. The boat is drifting before the wind as I pass White Ledge Light. A lot of people are fishing from powerboats nearby. Sailing through the en-

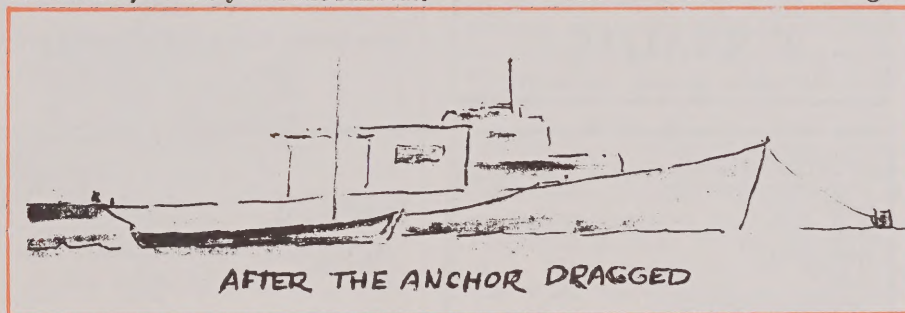


trance and around the islands to find a beach that I was told was there. I did find what appeared to be one on Lounging Island. When I began sailing for it five men came down to the shore as I drew near and I got the feeling they intended to tell me I was trespassing; so before they could declare their ownership I came about and sailed away. Too many people there, I thought to myself.

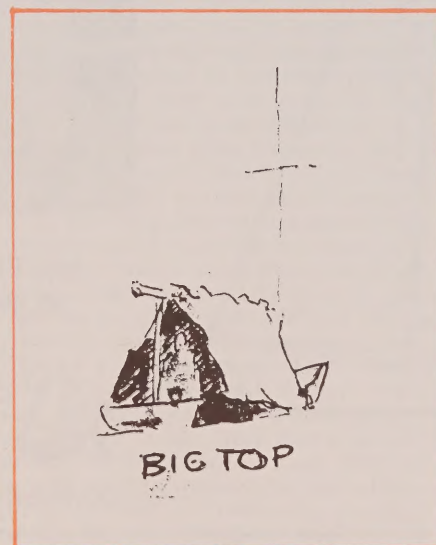
Next I sailed into the harbor between Star and Appledore Islands. It was crowded like the restaurant with large sailboats. I sailed in as far as I could, trying to find a place. There were no moorings. Everyone was anchored. As I made my way through the boats, someone shouted, "I like your little sailboat."

Slightly over-sized. As the light faded there was a 15 knot wind rising from the southwest that wasn't checked by the huge hotel on Star Island or by the island itself. The tent didn't help matters. The islands seemed a pretty inhospitable place. Just a pile of rocks with a few houses on them. (There was no tender service. I didn't bother to try to go ashore.) Most of the people stayed on their own boats, too. Kites were flown from some of the boats. Looking like ancient Chinese kite flying where knives were attached to them and you tried to cut the other's kite string. The sun set with a bright red sky, fortelling a good day to follow.

Before I retired for the night I



"Thanks," I muttered back, trying like hell not to bang into anybody. There was an opening near the breakwater so I dropped the anchor, dropped the sails and erected my tent over the boom. When I got it up it looked like a circus big top.



decided to check the anchor. When I went forward and tugged on the line, the anchor came right up. Great. I began to drift back toward the breakwater wall. I pulled the tent loose around the oarlocks, put the oars in and began rowing toward a lobster boat that was between me and the rocks. When I passed near it I passed a line over a cleat on his bow and tied up bow to bow with a springerline and a life jacket as a fender.

It took me a while to calm down. My stomach was jumping; I should have packed some Maylox. I took the tent down and hoped it didn't rain. I woke up frequently checking things. The wind blew steady all night. After a day of light winds I began to wish I had started to sail back during the night. But that's for another trip. To see how far I can sail in 24 hours.

I wake up to the crying of gulls as the sky lightens. I get ready to sail before sunrise. I'm still hanking on the jib when a lobster boat comes alongside. I tell him I had trouble with my anchor during the night and had to tie up alongside the boat. He asks if I put a fender out. Yes, wondering if the life jacket did the job. He tells me that the bottom is not

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good holding ground. It is extremely hard mud. He tells me also he is preparing the boats for the men and that the owner will be by in about 15 minutes and that I'd best get off soon. I tell him I'm leaving now. He motors off, I raise the sails and pull in the anchor after casting off. I back wind the jib which does no good. I run over my host mooring line. I should have tied the tiller amidships. I pull up the centerboard and the rudder clears the line. The jib sheets are fouled by the anchor line. The main is slack with no outhaul or downhaul tension. In too much of a hurry.

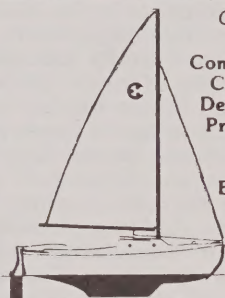
I beat out of the harbor in that con-

dition. The hell with the Isle of Shoals. I never want to see it again. I square the boat away outside as the sun rises and sail a close reach into a westerly; 190 degrees magnetic is the course. The horizon is quickly cleared again and I feel better. A beer bottle floats by. The wind fails and I begin rowing into the haze. There are sounds of motors after a while but nothing ever comes in sight. In this weather sounds must travel great distances. I have to confess right here that I forgot my eyeglasses and I can't read the charts that well. I think I'm trying to handicap myself to make it more adventurous.

(To be continued)

ON DISPLAY

Com Pac 16', 19', 23'
Commodore 26'
Designer's Choice
Precision 14', 16'
Howmar 12
Phantom
Ensign Sailing
Dinghy

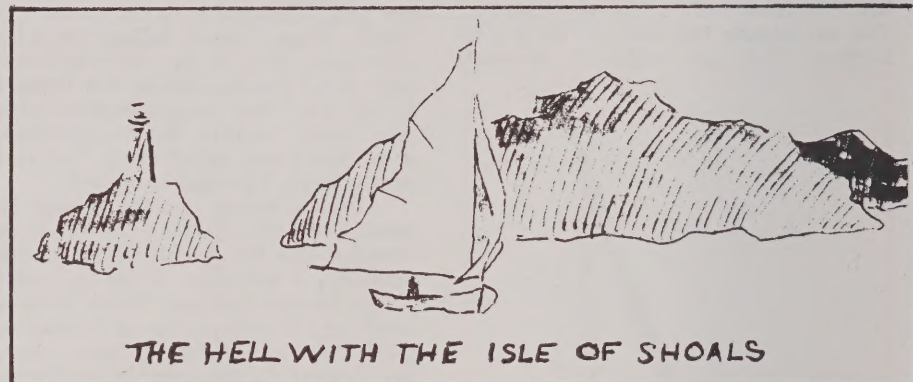


COM-PAC

lots of used day sailers

FERNALD'S

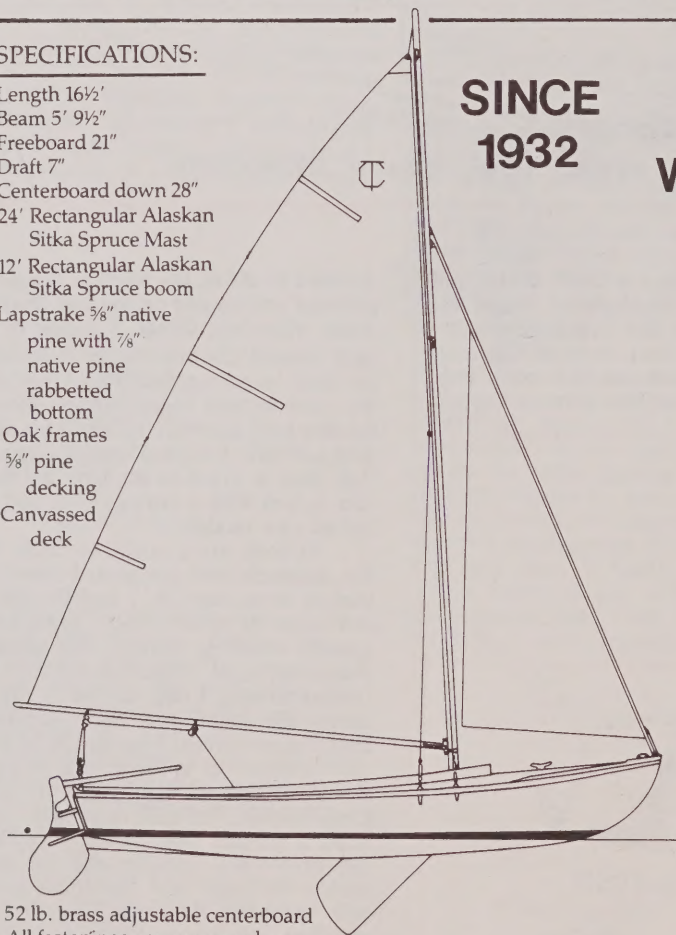
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(Next issue, Tom and his Townie are thought to be "lost at sea.")

SPECIFICATIONS:

Length 16½'
Beam 5' 9½"
Freeboard 21"
Draft 7"
Centerboard down 28"
24' Rectangular Alaskan
Sitka Spruce Mast
12' Rectangular Alaskan
Sitka Spruce boom
Lapstrake ¾" native
pine with ⅞"
native pine
rabbetted
bottom
Oak frames
⅝" pine
decking
Canvassed
deck



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What is it about the Townie?



Bill Lane has one of the new ones. "I just had to go back when I saw the Townie being built again at Pert's," Bill explains. He owned and raced a Townie in the heyday of Townie racing in the '60's, later switched to a Lightning when the local scene did. Now Bill keeps his Townie on a mooring in the river out front of his home. "It's a great little boat to just come home to and cruise around in for an hour or two of a summer evening."

Bill Smith owns a brand new 1964 Townie. Well, it looks brand new. Bill has the last of the 2,000 or so wooden Townies built by Pert Lowell, the one that was used as a plug 20 years ago for the fiberglass version. He's kept it perfect and races it summers in the local fleet. It's his second Townie, at that, the first was lost in a '50's hurricane.

"It's a safe boat," Pert Lowell will tell you. At 78 he's still going to work everyday in the shop out back of his home on the Parker River in Newbury, MA where he makes mast hoops and supervises the building of the new generation of wooden Townies, building being done by son-in-law Ralph Johnson and Ed Hammer, a local amateur builder and

restorer who is now living his dream, earning a living building wooden boats. Pert ought to know. His father Marcus and Pert designed the Townie in 1932 in response to an inquiry into a safe but spirited daysailer for summer camp sailing programs. Marcus was the 5th generation of Lowell's in the boatbuilding trade (very distantly related to the widely publicized Lowells of Amesbury, which 200 year old shop is no longer in the Lowell family) and most of the boats they had been building since the early 1800's were working craft. So Marcus and Pert, who had lost his machine shop foreman's job in the Great Depression adapted the lapstrake round sided flat bottomed dory hull into a roomy, stable daysailer. They chose a pretty modern rig, marconi with a tall main, which gave the boat really fast performance (for a craft not designed as a serious racer at the time).

"It's a pretty boat," Arthur O'Neil says. He went from sailing a catamaran to a Townie in his local racing season because he was ready to back off from the high energy gymnastics the cat required, and saw a Townie at a mooring nearby. He has a fiberglass model. They were built from 1964 to 1972, about 200

of them. "And the people I met who race Townies in Marblehead are such nice folks," Arthur goes on. It seems they race hard enough, but without all the really hardnose aggression of the bigger bucks racing, and afterwards it's social time, maybe a cruise around the sound.

The Townie seems to have that indefinable enduring charm of a boat that is, "just right" for its purposes. After it was adopted by summer camps for sailing programs, Pert and his father were approached by Marblehead yachtsmen who wanted a low budget, simpler boat to attract the "townspeople" of the town into yacht racing, at that time a very much socialite gentlemen's game. Hence the name. Subsequent to this adoption as a one design class, the Townie became widely popular, with fleets all the way to Florida and out to the Great Lakes. At its peak in the '50's and '60's there'd be 80 boats on the line in Marblehead.

That's all gone now. In Marblehead a diehard group of a dozen boats hangs on, in nearby Nahant the fleet is again growing, numbering about 20 now. Most are fiberglass craft, the surviving wooden ones have, for the most part, been fiberglassed to keep them afloat.

But racing isn't the Townie's only function. Tom McGrath's ongoing chronicles of his adventures in his 30 year old Townie illustrate the cruising and daysailing pleasures to be had. It also illustrates another Townie characteristic. It's a rugged boat, and while it is viewed by almost anyone who sees it as "pretty", it doesn't have all that fussy fancywork to be kept up.

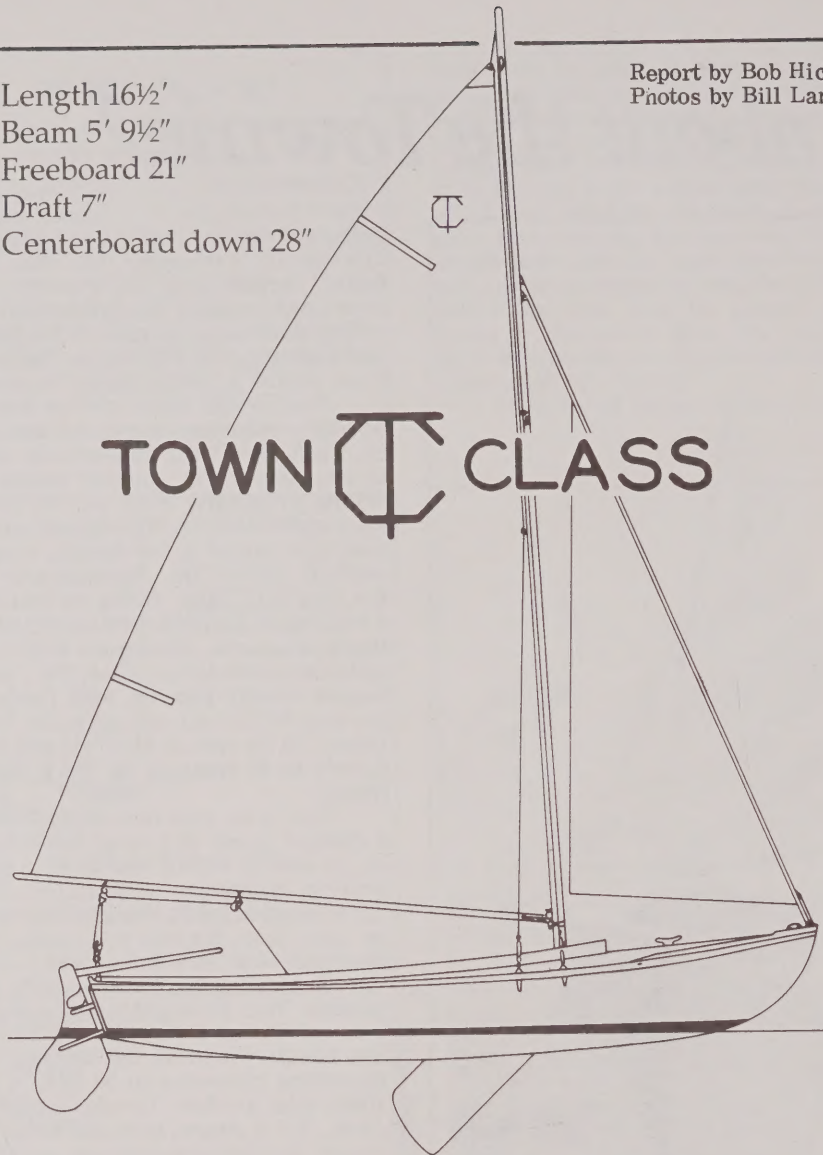
The Townie is built of pine and oak, with copper and brass fastenings, canvassed decks. It's painted inside and out with brightwork on the trim, the cockpit coamings, toe rails, rubrails, spars, rudder, tiller. The new wooden ones are easy to maintain as a result. The old ones still around (Pert estimates there must be several hundred, including many of the wooden ones) keep on turning out summer after summer all over the east as daysailers.

From 1972 until 1982 no Townies were built. Pert had tried to retire in the late '60's by arranging his business affairs appropriately, but it didn't work out and after 1972, production of the fiberglass models, then in other hands, ceased. For ten years no new Townies were made. In 1982, Pert's daughter Joanne, who had grown up in the boats, and her husband Ralph, who wanted to build wooden boats, got together with Pert, now supporting himself long after retirement age with his mast hoop business, to start building the Townie again the traditional way. The building mold and all the piece part patterns were still in hand, and Pert still had the exclusive rights to the wooden version. In fact, ALL the 2,000 plus wooden Townies built

Length 16½'
Beam 5' 9½"
Freeboard 21"
Draft 7"
Centerboard down 28"

Report by Bob Hicks
Photos by Bill Lane

TOWN CLASS



24' Rectangular Alaskan Sitka Spruce Mast
12' Rectangular Alaskan Sitka Spruce boom



were built by Pert and his father. NO other builder was ever approved for the boat by its racing association.

Since 1982 Ralph has built 8 new Townies, Pert, while not actively doing any of the heavy work, on hand to direct and assist. Unlike many of the wooden boats being built today, the Townie is not an expensive, "fine furniture" approach. It's the boat Pert always built, albeit upgraded with copper fastenings in place of no longer obtainable decent gvanized iron. At 16-1/2 feet it's a lot of boat for the money, about \$6,000 gets you a new one ready to go WITHOUT sails. "Most people seem to want to get their sails made by their own choice of sailmaker," Ralph says. But for another \$500 it can be delivered with sails.

So what is it, again, that has kept this 50 year old design afloat despite changing times and a ten year hiatus?

It's safe, as Pert says, great for family groups, it'll carry six in comfort daysailing, three for a racing crew. It can be easily sailed single handed, of course. The rig is simplicity itself, a main and jib, two halyards, a main-sheet and jibsheet. The racers don't care for the heavy weather helm which develops at extreme angles of heel, so they rake the mast forward, but it's that tendency to round up under heavy press that provides that safety edge. Yes you can capsize it, if you strap down the main sheet in gusty weather and try to just sit back and relax. It sails very nicely on all points, certainly not a modern hi-performance craft, but not just a pretty but pokey traditional sort of boat. The big cockpit is deep, with high coamings, and you sit with comfortable back support.

The lapstrake wooden hull is not a good trailer boat. It's easy to trailer with that flat dory type bottom, but unless it's kept in the water, the alternating swelling and shrinking if the boat is kept on a trailer, makes for a leaky experience. So those who do trailer a Townie, glass the bottom. Pert frowns on that, of course, but it keeps the leaks away.

Recently Pert Lowell spoke to the small craft club in Salem, MA about the Townie and his life in building them. He stood there, 78 years old, hale and hearty and spoke with obvious pride about how pleased and proud he was to have been able to build this enduring timeless craft for virtually all of his adult life. It must be a bit of deja vu for him today to have new Townies going together again in the shop as the next generation of his family undertakes to carry on the building. He was a young man a half century ago when it began, and while the boating recreation has radically changed over those 50 years, the Townie is still here, still the same, still loved by those who have come to know it.

At left a new wooden Townie is being finished off, at right the building mold, simplicity for a boat planked up over four sawn frames, dory style.

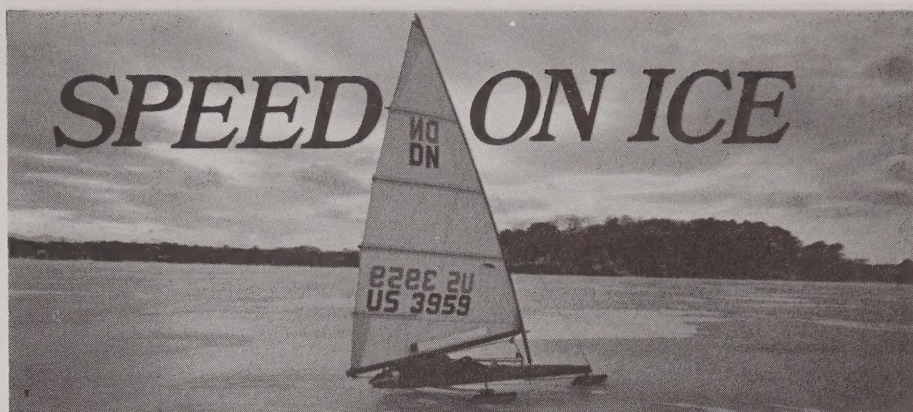
The ice on Long Pond in Brewster, MA January 27th was pretty much free of snow, and moderately smooth, nubbly here and there with the odd crack meandering across. But it was race ready for the New England DN Ice Yacht Championships, and as we stood on a patch of snow near the officials (not likely to get run down there) we watched the first race heading for us and the nearby mark. Like any sailing race, the boats appeared to be travelling willy-nilly in all directions, each on a tack in a place of its own choosing. Then it all began to come into shape as the leading boats now bore down on us. And I mean bore down. They were on their downwind run between the windward-leeward marks, but tacking to maintain speed, and were they moving! The wind from the west was maybe 12 to 15 knots, but these boats rushed down on us, flew past and into sweeping broadslides around the nearby mark, travelling 35 or 40 mph at least.

The leaders were. Eventually tail-enders were often poking by, occasionally a guy would jump out of his boat on a patch of snow and run it up to speed again, he'd lost the "lift" that comes from the apparent wind. Going straight downwind from the windward mark would be far and away the shortest route, but it also would be slow city, no better than that 12 to 15 mph. The tacking got the airfoil sails working and speed, once built up, provided apparent winds even off the real wind, of that 35 to 40 mph I estimated.

Complicated huh? Well, sailors know about apparent wind, but just to get it straight for those who don't know the term. This is the velocity the wind seems to have past the sail, and also direction. When a sailboat heads upwind and picks up speed, the wind direction as it strikes the sail seems to move around the sail, the faster the boat gets going the higher up into the wind it can point. But the water calls it all to a halt at some modest speed, well under the real wind speed.

Not on ice. The sail on an iceboat is a wing, held in an airfoil shape by the full width battens. As soon as air starts moving across it, the "lift" like an aircraft wing creates a pressure differential on the two faces of the sail, and this moves the boat. With so little drag on the ice, as the speed starts to pick up, the "apparent" wind across the sail increases, increasing the pressure differential, increasing the speed, which increases the pressure which increases the speed, which . . . where does it all end? Perpetual motion? No, the ice does have some drag, as does the boat hull and the skipper's body, and the mast and the rigging. Eventually the balance point is attained, and if all is tuned in right, the iceboat can be going three, or even four times the speed of the wind. And this is the DN, which is the everyman's ice "yacht."

Well, so much for the technology of it all, I think this is close enough to an accurate description of what happens for our purposes. What happens is these iceboats MOVE OUT! The skipper lies semi-reclined in the hull, which is known



as the "fuselage", the two rear runners are out at ends of a laminated springy runner plank which absorbs impacts from rough ice or when coming down from a "hike". Up front the steering runner is on a small coil spring for racing. Some boats use a long extension springboard up front for a better ride and change in handling geometry, but not on the racing DN's.

Each of the five races started off clearly defined, half the 24 boats to the right, half to the left, facing into the wind. At the flag, the skippers run alongside until they get up speed and then jump in. The two halves are off on opposite tacks, but soon each individual boat makes its next tack and from then on it's all confusion to view until they return in that sudden rush down upon us. Rounding the mark is an exciting spot to view, the jockeying for position and the sometimes sudden hiking of the windward runner, and even a collision make this the action spot.

Between races is tuneup time. In the third race Lloyd Roberts from Camden, ME got a fabulous start, caught his wind as he liked, and after three laps hurtled across the finish line just ahead of his closest challenger. DIRIGO, his boat, is named from the State of Maine motto, and it means, "To Lead." Ah, so. Next race, nowheresville, way back in the pack. "I just couldn't get it going at all that time," Lloyd commented afterwards. "Couldn't find the wind or get up to speed." That's the game, the faster you go, the faster you go.

People who race sailboats are familiar with all this confusion, jockeying, hunting for wind, blanketing opponents' wind. But not with how fast it all happens on ice. Boats close on opposite tacks at 60, 70 mph speeds, not 6 or 8 or 12. No matter how fast it might seem in those moments on a sailboat, the old body is not dealing with really high speeds, it is really slow motion in comparison to these ice boats. And these are the little boats.

Big ice yachts with huge spreads of sail get up over 100 mph when room and conditions permit. Really moving. We saw a couple of bigger craft tucked into trailers in the parking lot today. Not racing, no room on a short pond maybe three miles long. Even the DN's were only using part of the pond due to ice conditions, about a mile separated the two marks.

Watching iceboats go at it is like watching sports car racing, but without the engine roar. It's eerily quiet, the wind leaning on you a bit as you watch the sails moving randomly about out there, until the leaders rush in, then you hear the runners rattling over the imperfections in the ice, and the scraping as they slide sideways around the mark. Then the quiet returns.

The racing was a self contained group which came from all over to play. But over here near the parking lot were two local guys, with this funky looking rig of aluminum tubing with what looked like a wheelbarrow bucket on it and a lateen sail, candy striped laboriously dragged up the mast with tatty lines through stiff, resisting blocks. "We found it in the shed," one explained. "It's not been used for years." Did they know what they were up to? "Well, no, we've never done this before, but he (pointing to soon-to-be-skipper) has a Hobie." Oh, well, then he knows about how to sail anyway. "Well, not too much, he just got it last October." Aha.

The poor old ICEFISH (for that is its name) was reluctant to get going, the runners were rusty, the sail, without battens, didn't shape up when the apparent wind from the running start built up, but once out from under the lee of the nearby woods, the breeze caught the sail and off went our adventurer on a slow reach. Later on we saw him way out there running again. So you can get into iceboating at a less spectacular speed.

But the speed's the addiction. Even those who spoke to us about simply cruising in an iceboat spoke with most enthusiasm about the attainable velocities. Even two up, in specially built double DN's. "That's a good way for a new guy to try it out, go for a ride in a double," said Bernie Kimball from Gorham, ME. Bernie built a double from plans Lloyd Roberts sells (\$7, I think, from Lloyd Roberts, 2 Central St. Camden, ME 04843). Maybe Bernie would take me for a ride some weekend soon? "Sure, give me a call, we'll get it together somehow."

If you MUST sail in winter, this is the way that grabs me. Why frostbite and maybe fall into the frigid water. Go ice yachting at speeds undreamed of by the waterborne sailor. It should sharpen up your reaction times.



Across the top: One end of the starting line ready to push off. Getting underway. Going for it, tacking, tacking, tacking. . . Breakdown. Across the middle: Setting up, Tuning up the rig. Setup to install different sail battens, why take the sail down? Crash repairs. Across the bottom: DIRIGO, Lloyd Roberts' boat, means, "To Lead", optimistic? Note pine tree, it covers seam in hull repair. The tiller in DIRIGO is different. Fancy inlay woodwork on backrest of another boat. Comfort cruising DN, "Air Conditioned". And, over in this corner, an "Ice Fish" (Sunfish rigged basic craft) gets it's first tryout by novice owner.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks.

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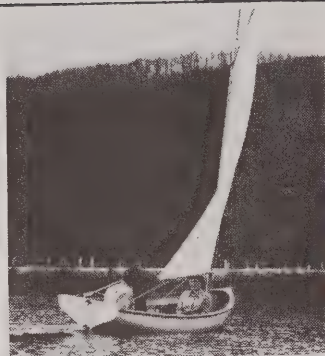
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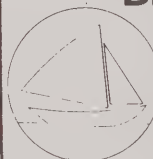
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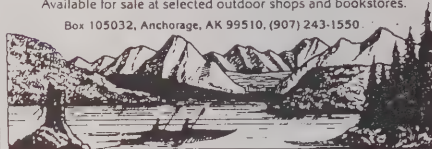
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Right Outside Greater Downtown Boston

Saturday evening, about 10:30 pm, we were standing around talking and trying to keep warm on Lovell's Island in Boston Harbor. It was Columbus Day weekend. A full moon cast shadows by our boats and tents and around the old fortifications on the south side of our camp. Looking absentmindedly toward the northern sky, I saw a small cloud appear, change form a bit, and fade away again in the moonlight. No, wait! My attention was on it now. There were other little clouds, shimmering, fading in and out in a band across the sky. We were watching the pale colors of the Northern Lights. It was a strong enough display to be seen even in full moonlight. In half an hour they were gone.

Saturday morning had been sunny, cold and breezy when a dozen of us set off from Hull to explore the outer harbor islands. The day got warmer, the breeze turned friendly and we had a first class occasion to paddle out to Little Brewster Light, Great Brewster and eventually to Lovell's Island for the night.

Sunday was another warm, sunny

autumn day and half a dozen new boats and faces joined our ranks. Out to sea stands The Graves over the bow of the kayak. We turned our boats seaward and in a short time we arrived at this dark stone outpost on the rocks. A flock of eiders swam off a hundred yards to the east as we approached. A myrtle warbler landed on the catwalk railing while we ate our lunch. From here we could see a lighthouse on Cape Ann far away on the horizon. No problem with visibility - no more summer haze.

Don Jones, John Cons and I landed on Outer Brewster and climbed the cliffs to look out over the other islands. Half a dozen other boats in our party appeared from a cove and paddled by below the cliffs on the other side of the island. Now there was a pretty sight.

On Outer Brewster we found an abandoned rubber raft overturned on the rocks - its D-rings were missing. It must have come loose from a passing power boat. We deflated the raft and Don stowed the thing on his rear deck. Now Don is quite a hefty fellow. We figure his

boat was carrying a load of around 500 lbs at this point. No problem. The waves were mostly small and Don's spray skirt was real tight. The return to Lovell's Island was easy.

This special weekend was our Second Annual ANorAK Fall Campout. In 1983 we spent the Columbus Day weekend camping on Dutch Island and paddling around Newport Harbor and Narragansett Bay. Who knows - maybe you will be out with us in the fall of 1985. The Boston Harbor Campout was hosted by Dave Anderson and Bob Walker who run AQUA-VENTURES. You may contact them at (617) 524-6239.

Be sure to check out Boston Harbor this year! It's close to downtown Boston and a fine place to paddle. I saw a harbor seal and a hundred molting (flightless) eiders there last summer among the islands. Several islands contain old fortifications, shipwrecks and other good stuff. The folks from AQUA-VENTURES often lead trips around the islands. They can give you any information you may need on this area.



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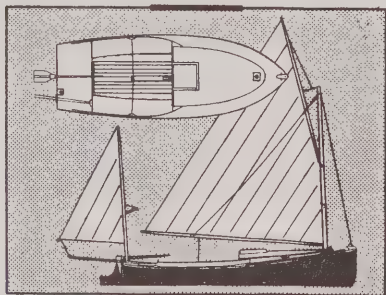
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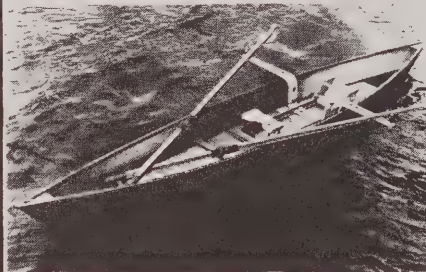
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SIREN... Speedy Sectional Shell

Our February 1st issue had a report on Bill Gribbel's new pulling boat, the SIREN. Bill sent on some better photos since then, and so here's another look at this interesting sectional craft. The 24 foot long craft has a 20" beam. It comes apart in three sections, the front is 10 feet long, the rowing pod is 6 feet long, and the rear section is 8 feet long. An extra rowing pod can be inserted to make it a double, stretching it out to 30 feet overall! Wow.

Contact Bill Gribbel at P.O. Box 45, Rockport, ME 04856 for more details, watch for him at the rowing races this coming season.



Details of the connection between the sections of SIREN. Each section is independently a complete hull, the bulkheads are butted together with the large PVC pipe fittings. The six foot center section accepts the drop in sliding seat rig. To adjust for two stations, another center section is added in.

What's happening...



EASTHAMPTON (NY) TOWN MARINE MUSEUM WINTER PROGRAMS

The Easthampton, NY Town Marine Museum has scheduled several ongoing winter workshops. Those still to be held as of press time (February 5th) are as follows:

BOATBUILDING LEVEL I: A six evening workshop for the beginner would-be-boatbuilder who has no prior experience will accept 6 students who will then build an Ugbar stitch and glue pram. Dates for this program are the evenings of March 19, 21, 26, 28, April 2 and 4, 6:30 to 9:30 p.m. The tuition is \$95 (\$80 for Museum members).

BOATBUILDING LEVEL II: Prior experience is required for this course, applicants should have taken the lofting or techniques courses, or have comparable background. This course will run for ten Saturdays and is limited to a maximum of 8, a minimum of 4 students. They will build Sam Rabl's OSPREY, a 15' runabout, from lofting to completion. The dates are March 23, 30, April 13, 20, 27, May 4, 11, 18 and 25, from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. each Saturday. The tuition is \$225 (\$195 for Museum members).

Both the Ugbar and OSPREY will be offered for sale at cost to any interested participants.

For further details call Redjeb Jordania at The Boat Shop, Easthampton Town Marine Museum, (516) 324-6393.

ANTIQUÉ & CLASSIC BOAT WORKSHOP

The New England Chapter of the Antique & Classic Boat Society will host an all-day workshop for those interested in such craft on March 9th, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. at the Bishop Guertin H.S. off Exit 4 of Rt. 3 in Nashua, NH. A dinner at 6 p.m. will follow at the Green Ridge Turkey Farm on nearby Rt. 3A, the Daniel Webster Hwy. Advance registration is required for the dinner, at \$13 per person, sent to Eric Sojka, 95 Lowell Rd., Hudson, NH 03051. Eric's phone is (603) 882-1491.

Anyone interested in antique and classic motorboats is invited to attend this affair. A flea market of gear and presentations on boat restorations and such will be scheduled, with Mark Mason (of BABY BOOTLEGGER fame), Wayne Mocksfield and Bruce Barnard named as speakers.



APPRENTICESHIP SHOP TALKS

The Rockport (ME) Apprenticeship has scheduled weekly Wednesday night "Shop Talks" through the end of March, at 7:30 p.m. at the Apprenticeship on Sea St. in Rockport, ME. The schedule that remains as of press time is as follows:

MARCH 6: Walt Simmons on Wood carving.

March 13: Jay Hanna on marine model making.

MARCH 20: Ed Claxton on joinery.

MARCH 27: Bob Wallstrom and Ernest Brierly of the Yacht Design Institute on marine design and surveying.

There is no registration or fee involved, just turn up if you're interested.

MYSTIC SEAPORT MARCH PROGRAMS

Two programs of possible interest are scheduled for March:

MARCH 5: Survival at Sea, seminar by George Moffett, captain of the Seaport schooner, BRILLIANT. Held 7 to 10 p.m., reservations can be made by contacting the Education Dept.

MARCH 9: Spring sailing classes for adults and young people begin, and will meet for ten successive weeks. The classes cater to Beginner, Intermediate, Advanced and Racing levels. Registration is through the Education Dept.

For further details call the Mystic Seaport Museum at (203) 572-0711.

MYSTIC SEAPORT MUSEUM MARINER TRAINING PROGRAM

For 36 years Mystic Seaport has run sail training programs for youth. The CONRAD program is for 12 to 17 year olds, who stay aboard the CONRAD at the Seaport while learning to sail in Dyer Dhow dinghies on the Mystic River. The BRILLIANT program is for 15 to 20 year olds aboard the schooner BRILLIANT. The latter is a week aboard under sail, nine youth mariners with the BRILLIANT crew and adult leaders sail the 61 foot schooner as far as Martha's Vineyard. Four day weekend cruises are scheduled in spring and fall.

Details and application forms are available from The Mariner Program, Education Dept., Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT 06355. Phone is (203) 572-0711. Costs range from \$230 to \$360 depending on chosen program.

MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM MARCH PROGRAMS

The Maine Maritime Museum at Bath, ME has two winter lectures and one boatbuilding workshop scheduled for March, as follows:

MARCH 7: Marine Photography lecture on the coast of Maine by Chris Bauer, 7:30 - 9:00 p.m. in the Sewall House, 963 Washington St. Members free, non-members \$2.

MARCH 12 & 14: Caulking & Reefing boatbuilding workshop by John Maritato in the Apprenticeship, 279 Washington St., 7 - 10 p.m.. Pre-registration required through the Museum office at 963 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530.

MARCH 21: Did Your Grandpa Go to Sea? lecture on maritime genealogy by Harold Brown, curator emeritus, 7:30 - 9:00 p.m. in Sewall House, 963 Washing-

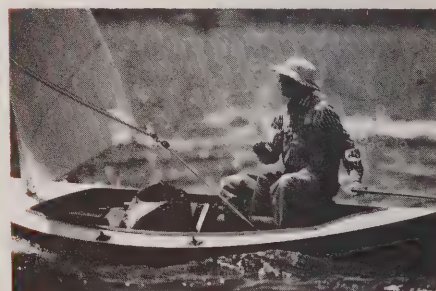


SMALL BOAT SHOW IS COMING

May 17, 18 and 19 are the dates for the 1985 Small Boat Show at Newport, RI. Again organized by the Newport Yachting Center with sponsorship by SMALL BOAT JOURNAL, the 1985 show is planned to capitalize on the most attractive features of the inaugural show last year.

Prime aspect of interest is the in-the-water feature. Many of the boats on display are in the water for serious potential buyers to try out. In 1984 this was a very popular show feature. The organized events provide a second major attraction. The small boat rowing race will again take place, organized by John Peinert. A new event will be the "Sarocathon", a four part race involving sailing, rowing, paddling and war canoeing, aiming at the Small Boat Journal Cup. Rowing clinics will be run by the U.S. Rowing Association, and there will be a "Waterbug Slalom" for pedalcraft for a \$250 cash prize.

Tradespeople interested in exhibiting should contact Susan Carroll, P.O. Box 549, Newport, RI 02840 for an exhibitors kit.





SEA KAYAK POOL SESSIONS

Dave Anderson and Bob Walker of Aqua-Ventures of Boston have arranged a late winter series of pool sessions for beginner sea kayakers to develop basic paddling skills and also for intermediate paddlers to improve upon their skills. Instruction will cover basic paddling strokes, braces, Eskimo roll, solo and group rescue techniques. Special techniques for whitewater, surfing and touring will be discussed.

All equipment is provided, but students are welcome to bring their own boats, paddles, etc. They must bring swimsuit, towel, and nose clip, earplugs or swim mask as they choose.

The classes will be on Sunday evenings from 5 to 7 p.m. at the West Roxbury YMCA, 15 Bellevue St., West Roxbury, MA 02132. Cost is \$60 for the four week session. Enrollment is limited, no reservations, first paid, first enrolled.

March dates are the 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th. Second session runs March 31st, April 7th, 14th and 21st. Third session is April 28th, May 5th, 12th and 19th. For further information call Aqua Ventures at (617) 524-6239 eves.

AMC CANOE SCHEDULE 1985

The Southeastern Massachusetts AMC Chapter has organized a busy season of paddling in canoes and kayaks, over 30 outings. Through the season these will be listed on this calendar. Most are on the Massachusetts south coast, around Cape Cod and Buzzards Bay, with a few white water trips to inland rivers.

The first outing will be on March 30th, an early spring exploration of the Mashpee River on Cape Cod. It will be a five to eight mile paddle with lunch on a beach overlooking Vinyard Sound. Call Barry Gallus at (617) 428-5391 for further details.

Five outings are scheduled for April and they will be listed in the next (March 15th) issue.

Ice Boating Facts

the WHERE

There is an active telephone network among ice-boaters which serves to locate where the best ice boating conditions exist. That information is put on tape each Thursday and Friday evenings and is available to all from 7 p.m. on by calling 585-8855. . . in Kingston, Mass.

For further information, call:

Hal Chamberlain (Milton, Mass.) 696-2582
Stew Hamel (Sharon, Mass.) 784-6896
Jeff Kent (Weymouth, Mass.) 331-5544
Lloyd Roberts (Camden, Maine) .. 207-236-8803
Lee Turner (Wolfboro, N.H.) 603-569-2971



HIGH ADVENTURE SPORTS PROGRAMS

The Outdoor Center of New England in Millers Falls, MA offers a pretty comprehensive schedule of on-the-water outings for canoeist and kayaker, ranging from instruction programs, whitewater workshops, to extended trips. These are offered for all levels of ability, levels are formalized as Beginner, Advanced Beginner, Intermediate and Advanced. The

programs run from weekends to full week long affairs.

Rather than try to elaborate on the large array of programs offered, we suggest you request the INSTRUCTION 1985 brochure from Outdoor Center of New England, 8 Pleasant St., Millers Falls, MA 01349. Phone is (413) 659-3926.

CAPE COD SEA KAYAK ASSOCIATION

Chuck Wright of Falmouth, MA, who is very active in the AMC Southeastern Massachusetts Chapter canoe outings is planning now for a sea kayak get-together on May 12th on Cape Cod. His plan is for a late morning gathering to get acquainted with an afternoon paddle along the shore of Buzzards Bay. Chuck invites any area sea kayakers as well as anyone who is interested but does not yet have a kayak, with canoe or rowing craft. It will be a good opportunity to meet some sea kayakers and learn more about the sport, the boats and the plans for more outings during the summer. Chuck has numerous plans for trips ranging from easy harbor trips to longer outings over to Martha's Vinyard and around Naushon and Monomoy Islands.

The May 12th gathering is chiefly intended to bring together all interested persons to develop future sea kayaking activity on the Cape and Massachusetts south shore and Buzzards Bay. The location is Megansett Harbor in North Falmouth, MA, the time, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. To get to this point, follow Rt. 28 south from the Bourne Bridge about 7.5 miles to Rt. 151. Go west on Rt. 151 about 1.5 miles through North Falmouth village straight on to harbor at foot of hill. Bring lunch. Call Chuck Wright at (617) 564-4250 or write to him at Box 814, No. Falmouth, MA 02556 for further information.

METROPOLITAN CANOE & KAYAK CLUB

Brooklyn, NY is home for this paddling group, and it is a busy club indeed, with a full annual calendar of outings for canoeists, kayakers, both on inland and coastal waters. The club publishes a quarterly newsletter, RECREATIONAL CANOEIST, which circulates throughout the metropolitan New York City area and to members who have joined from further places. You can request a free sample copy of this newsletter by writing to MCKC, Box 1868, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

ANorAK, NEWSLETTER for SEA KAYAKERS

ANORAK 1984

ANorAK, the Association of North Atlantic Kayakers, attracted over 300 interested sea kayakers as member/subscribers during 1984, and the six issues of the publication attracted a good deal of input from these people. Chuck Sutherland, who is making it happen, has announced that the \$7 annual cost in 1984 just didn't make it to cover the costs of publishing the 20 page newsletter six times (he does all the work for nothing but has to pay for printing and postage). so the cost for 1985 will be \$12. The address for renewal is ANorAK, Box 444, Tuckahoe, NY 10707. If you are not familiar with ANorAK but are interested in sea kayaking, write to Chuck at that address for a sample copy of the current issue.

ANorAK also has available its 40 page NORTHEASTERN COASTAL PADDLING GUIDE for \$5 postpaid. This covers 17 paddling areas from Maine to New Jersey in some detail with photos, charts and information. Same address, \$5 for anyone interested.

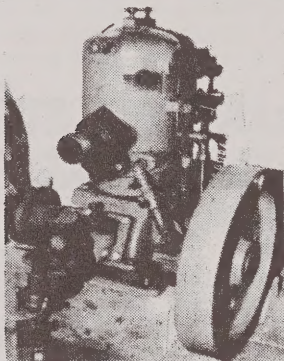
FOLLOWING BISHOP'S TRAIL

Richard Gitz of Andover, MA has plans for an autumn paddling trip from Quebec to Florida retracing the route established by Nathaniel Bishop in his paper canoe in 1874. Richard plans to leave Quebec City in late August or early September and would like to hear from paddlers interested in joining him for parts or all of the trip. He envisions his trip as a sort of ongoing floating symposium for like minded paddlers all along his route. If you are interested in joining in for the trip or just a day, contact Richard Gitz at 109 Main St., Andover, MA 01810.

FREE - Old issues National Fisherman 1967 through 1975 - much info - great to study.
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(207) 882-5504 (21)

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ARNOLD MILLS, Scituate, MA. (617) 545-3606 (21)

WANTED: Owner's manual or other information on a Tallstar 14' fiberglass sloop, a Robert Baker design built by Sailstar Boats in the 1960's. I'll buy original manual or photocopy.
SYLVESTER POLLET, RFD 2, Box 450, E. Holden, ME 04429. (207) 667-2255. (21)



ACADIA MARINE ENGINE. 6hp, 2-cycle make & break, all original running condition, with coil and 19" propeller. \$750.
JOHN HOWARD, Clinton, CT. (203) 669-7629. (21)

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ROWING SPORT, Ipswich, MA (617) 356-3623 (21)

CLASSIC CHESAPEAKE BAY SKIFF 20'4" long, leaf yellow pine on oak ribs. Spritsail rig. See: American Small Sailing Craft (Chapelles) Fig.115 pg.320. \$3,500.00
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25' MAC GREGORSLOOP. Mint condition full USCG equipment, new 7.5 HP Evinrude, trailer. \$10,500.
A. PETERSON, Weymouth, MA (617) 335-6850. (21)

16' OLD TOWN LAKE ROWBOAT, Rangle hull lines built canoe style (canvas covered cedar planking on wide ribs). Built in 1930's, restored in 1983. Two rowing stations with two pair 7' oars and bronze oarlocks; 65 sq. ft. spritsail rig (new) with rudder and leeboard. Buoyancy sponsons outboard on gunwales. Dark green exterior, light gray interior, bright (Deks Olje) thwarts, rubrails, breasthooks, spars, tiller, rudder. \$1200.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA (617) 774-0906 after 5 p.m. (20)

18

Classified Marketplace



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DON CURRY, W. Buxton, ME (207) 727-3378. (20)

A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICAN ROWING, informative compact history of the oldest outdoor sport in the U.S.A. Traces today's resurgence in rowing for sport back to its inception in the early 19th century, plus includes summary of results of the major, long running rowing regattas over the years. Hard cover \$14.95, paperback \$7.95, plus \$1.50 each postage and handling.
TOM MENDENHALL, RFD 501, Vinyard Haven, MA 02568. (617) 693-9675. (20)

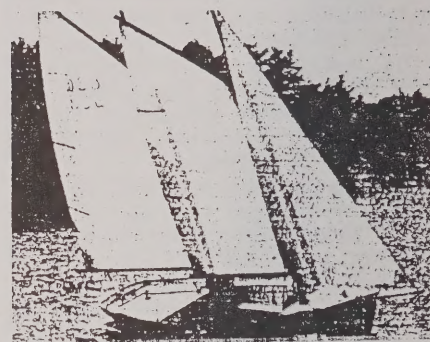
BOATPLANS - Antique Launches & St. Lawrence Skiffs. For listing send \$1.00 to cover handling.
SHIPYARD MUSEUM, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (21)

LAPSTRAKE PULLING BOAT: 16', 4", cedar on oak, cherry transom, a real beauty in excellent condition. Asking \$2500.

CLEARWATER, 112 Market St. Poughkeepsie, NY 12601. (914) 454-7673. (20)

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DAVID MAC NAIR, Camden, ME. (207) 236-9095. Call evenings. (21)



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WANTED: RUDDER magazines, 1925-1955, also catalog of the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. and Lawson HISTORY OF THE AMERICA CUP.
K. COOLIDGE, Medomak, ME (207) 529-5204. (20)

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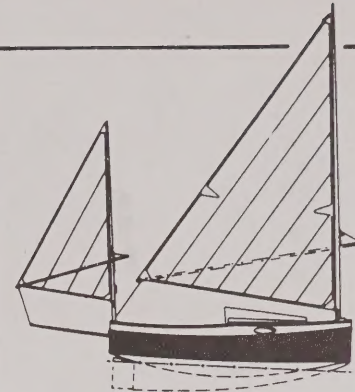
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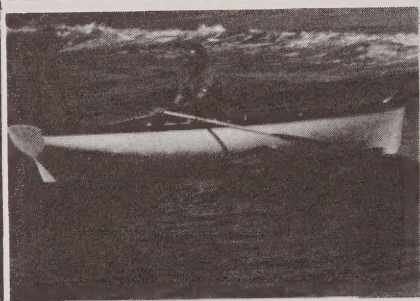
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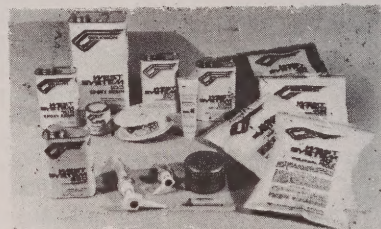


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