

Twice a Month!



messing about in BOATS

Volume 3 ~ Number 16

January 1, 1986





messing about in BOATS

PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH, 24
ISSUES A YEAR. SUBSCRIPTION
PRICE IS \$15 FOR 24 ISSUES.

ADDRESS: 29 BURLEY ST.
WENHAM, MA 01984
TEL. (617) 774-0906
PUBLISHER & EDITOR: BOB HICKS

OUR GUARANTEE: IF AT ANY
TIME YOU DO NOT FEEL YOU ARE
GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH,
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FUND YOU THE UNFULFILLED POR-
TION OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
PAYMENT.



Our Next Issue...

Will pick up from the ongoing
"Adventures Down the Bay" series
with a feature on dinghy cruising
in a 12' sailing dinghy; will look
at a really low budget catboat
building project; will also look at
a much more costly, but very at-
tractive small cruising double end-
er; will then look at a modern day
replica of a St. Lawrence Skiff;
and then at a modern day replica of
an Adirondack Guideboat; and we'll
take in the Landing Boatshop's
mid-December "Launching Day" par-
ty when school built boats hit the
icy waters. There are many good
books and periodicals piled up here
we hope to tell you about also.

On the Cover...

John Stratton and Jack Sauer
look over the map prior to depart-
ing downriver on their one day row
from Hartford to Essex on the lower
Connecticut River. Full report on
this trip starts on opposite page.

Commentary

BOB HICKS

If Winter Comes...

Can Spring be far behind?
That's from some poetic effort or
other which I don't recall. Well,
here it is early January and so it's
fitting to think of spring. One
friend who owns a boatyard nearby
held a "spring" party on December
21st to celebrate the fact that the
sun is now on its way back to us.
That is positive thinking indeed.

Well, while many yearn for
the coming of spring as winter
drags on into the next several
months, I do not. I have too many
things that need to be done here
before spring if I am to be ready.
Ready? Who's ever ready when
spring comes? My projects stretch
out into the distant future and every
day as I walk across the yard
from house to office I pass the
boats that sit waiting for attention.

I recall once seeing a Charles
Addams cartoon of a bunch of old
kids' toys scattered about in a dark
attic. One of them, the teddy bear,
is telling the others, "one day
he'll be back on a nostalgia visit,
and then we'll get him!" I some-
times feel as if my boats in their
various sheds are thinking such
thoughts.

I seriously intend each winter
to get at it and do the things the
sort of boats I can afford require.
To that end I added on a big boat-
shed to my barn in 1977 for restor-
ing a 24' sailboat in. Subsequently
I added a "temporary" addition to
that to winter store the same boat
in while another boat, my '41 Chris
Craft project, occupied the main
shed. Then I added what I like to
call the "carriage shed" between
house and barn, originally in
which to park family cars, but soon
taken over in part by additional
boats. Now this winter I just had
to put up another "temporary"
structure, a 10' x 20' "modular"
plastic covered shed in which to
store my recently acquired 18' day-
sailer which needs a fair amount of
winter work.

Maybe I just spend too much
time building buildings and not en-
ough on the boats. But I'm a great
believer in having a decent place
in which to work on my boats. So,
with the Chris still in the main
boatshed and the other "temporary"
shed (now on its 4th winter) stor-
ing several boats for friends, I
needed yet more! Next issue I'm
doing a story on this "modular"
shed because I've read the articles
about low cost boat sheds at \$4 a

square foot and I built this one for
\$.75 a square foot over four after-
noons.

So much for that, I digress.
The reason I am not anxious for
spring to rush in on me is I do en-
joy my winter tinkering and work-
ing in the shop when I do get to
it. There's a nice feeling for sev-
eral months of not having an immi-
nent deadline approaching for any
project to be completed, so the
pleasure of doing the work can be
enjoyed. It's when spring is at
hand and the project is still not
ready that the deadline phobia can
strike.

I live with deadlines, every
two weeks another issue of BOATS
has to go to the printer while the
preceding one gets mailed. So I
don't much care for them intruding
on my winter pleasures of working
on my boats. A particular attrac-
tion of messing about in boats is
this alternative season aspect, the
boats get used in summer, and
worked on in winter, with some ov-
erlapping in spring and fall. I'm
not a winter sports fan, I like it
indoors in winter in a boatshed
with the wood stove puttering along
and the temperature up to maybe 40
degrees, comfortable enough to
work in without my hands freezing.

As I read letters readers write
I realize many do not have the fa-
cility for winter working on their
boats, the boats are at some boat-
yard outdoors, or out back leaned
against the garage, or hung up ov-
erhead in the garage, or on a
trailer under a winter cover. And
there are those who are selling a
boat because they "lost storage
space". Except in a totally urban
environment I find it hard to be-
lieve there isn't room somewhere on
the lot for a smallish temporary
building to cover the boat and pro-
vide comfortable workspace on a
sunny day when the greenhouse ef-
fect is at work. Winter covers over
boats parked on trailers in the
yard can cost \$35 to \$50 easily. I
put up a 10' x 20' x 6' minimum
headroom modular (it comes apart
into 6' x 10' standard sections)
shed for less than \$150. And being
only a temporary "winter cover" for
a boat it isn't anything requiring a
building permit and all the local
hassles that can sometimes create.

Yes, winter's here, and I do
enjoy the thoughts of working on
my boats. Now, with all in place,
I've just got to get at them.



Appearances of the River... a day on the Connecticut

In the early morning, the river is calm, mirroring the towers of downtown Hartford. The city rises out of the trees and the water, and looks the way cities ought to look: majestic, hospitable, exciting, even clean. We have fifty miles to go.

Jack and I put our Appledore, a sixteen-foot recreational rowing boat rigged as a double, into the Connecticut River on the East Hartford side. There's a well-kept launch area and small park just south of the Founder's Bridge. A little before eight there aren't many people there, though. Two fellows who are there, just barely, don't seem impressed when we tell them that we're rowing down to Essex to get to know the river better.

We knew what to expect of the great waterway from Middletown down, having rowed that individually last year, but hadn't explored the Hartford-Middletown stretch. From the charts, we'd reason to believe that above Middletown it is a different sort of river, with broad meanders surrounded by floodplain. So why not see it?

Recreational rowing--opposed to competitive crew--is a sport and it is "exercise", but it is also an efficient, quiet, and reasonably fast mode of transportation. If you don't mind facing backwards, it's a great way to sightsee, and you don't have to be Superman to make a long trip in one day.

Within a dozen strokes--about a hundred yards--we have our rowing styles synchronized. All we have to do is maintain the same, steady cadence for the next nine hours or so and we'd be home free, we joke. But our purpose, we remind ourselves, is not a test of fitness. Throughout the trip, when we find ourselves edging up to hull speed, we consciously ease off.

The apparition of downtown Hartford disappears around the first bend and the Charter Oak Bridge emerges ahead of us from the thick woods and brush on the banks. In spite of the dull traffic noise the sensation is that we are alone. Only traces of the industrial past of the capital area poke through the woods, vines covering

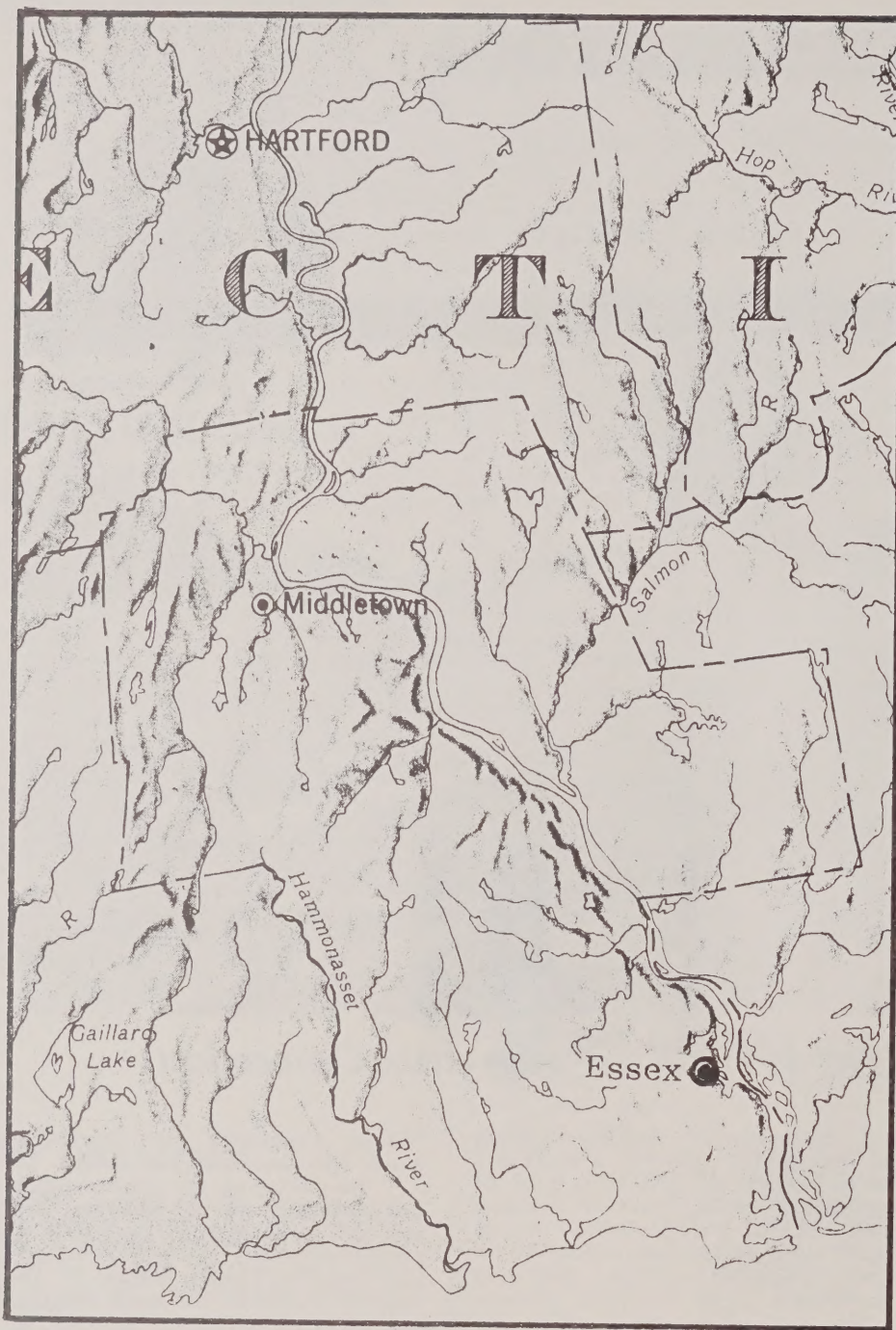
rusted machinery or anonymous sheds like techno-Mayan ruins.

No one is on the shore; nature has reclaimed the old wharves, now reduced to collapsing abutments of sandstone blocks and stumps of pilings trailing small wakes in the languid current. No more freighters carrying Colts or tobacco, or Victorian-Gothic steamers transporting the well-heeled to New York in plush luxury.

The day brightens into perfect clarity. Hardly noticing it, we slip by the entrance to Wethersfield Cove, which is packed with boats at this time of year. We see a channel barely wide enough for our oars flanked by small beaches, an inviting place to stop, but we're still fresh.

At Glastonbury, we see the first signs of farming, a scene out of Currier and Ives. Broad fields spread out from the bank, horses graze, a decrepit farm wagon lists on its broken-spoked wheels, a dirt road winds through a riverside grove. We elect to beach a ways downstream from Gildersleeve Island--one of the river's larger is-

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lands--on a white sandbar. We stretch our legs in sight of the ferry at Rocky Hill. It's ten o'clock, and we've had the river to ourselves.

While we're stretching, a tug churns upriver pushing its barge-load of oil. It sucks water away from the bar, and then threatens to cover it with its wake, floating the boat off and away. These are the first real waves we've seen up here. We shove off, drift down to the ferry slip, and chat with a man from Groton, Conn., who's trailered a boat up for a customer.

Soon we're off again cruising toward Middletown, slowing to look at great blue herons, speculating on the down-home coziness of a riverside cafe, its back to the water. At Cromwell, a summer colony

of cottage camps appears along the bank. A few people are up and about, idling on the shore. We wave. They don't seem to notice. Two more islands come up, temptations to stay and play Tom Sawyer for a few weeks. (We're glad it isn't spring, when they're swept with waist-deep runoff from the melting ice a hundred miles upstream.)

The glimpse ahead of the graceful arches of the Arrigoni Bridge at Middletown makes us move on, and check down our boat by the first riverbank dweller who appears to be truly savoring the river's resource of peace. His rubber raft is tied to a buoy, his shirt's off, and he's reading his lunch hour away a quarter-mile or so from his office in downtown Mid-

dletown.

We take a break too, pulling our faithful boat up on the floating docks used by Wesleyan and Middletown High School crews, and take a stroll along the walk at the city's pleasant Harborfront Park. It's a hint at what New London could do, we speculate.

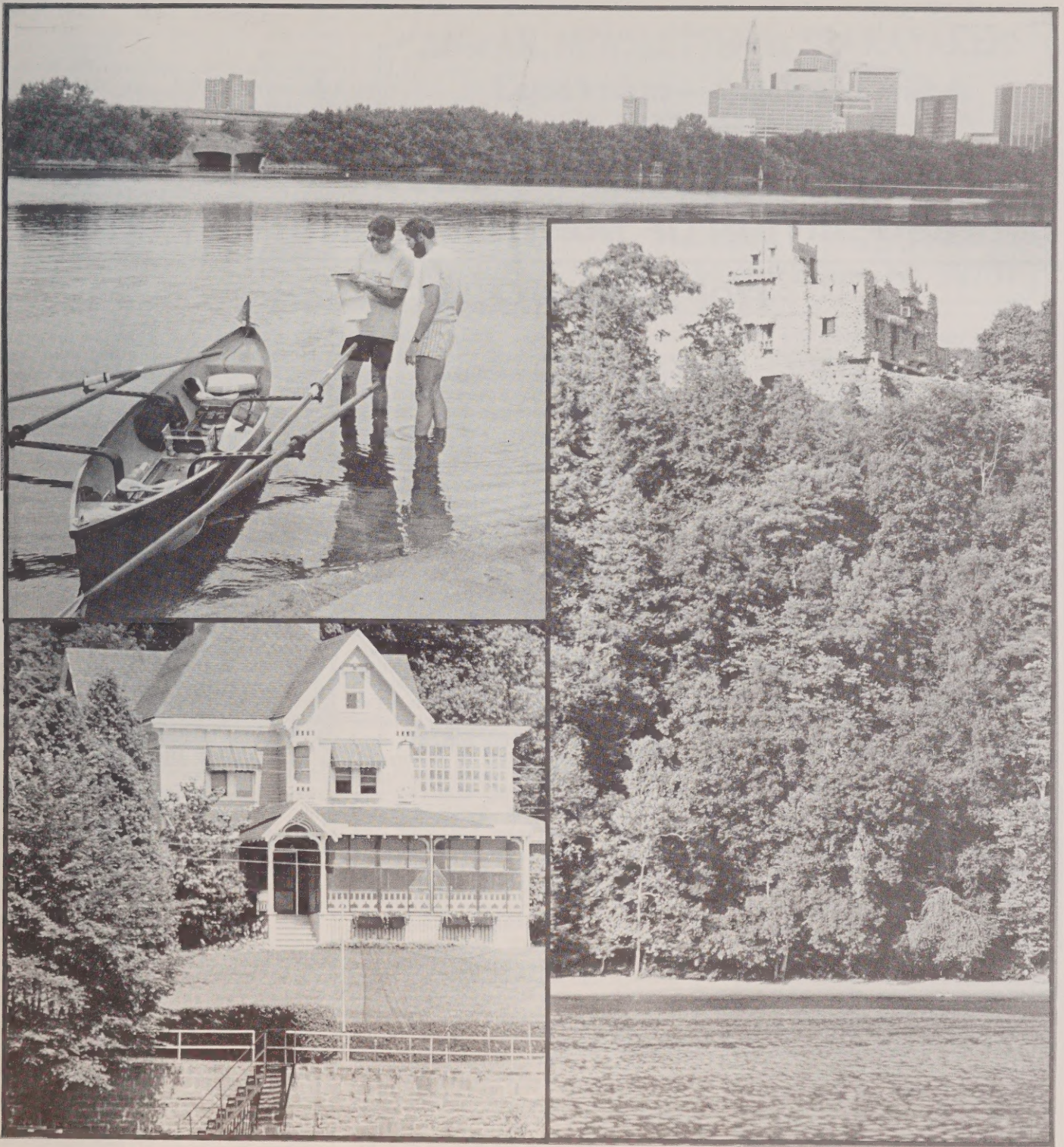
Refreshed and on the river again we note that the current's coming in against us, the motion of the sea thirty miles distant. The terrain changes too, a reminder that the river's course to Saybrook is a geological latecomer--otherwise, we'd be rowing down to New Haven. We row through the Straits south of the city and look up at the rock cliffs east and west. It's deep here, we see, as we watch a fisherman pull up a long anchor line.

Yes, we are getting a little tired. It's hot at midday and we take breaks more often. The sandy banks are cool under the trees, and we edge up opposite Cobalt for a good stroll on shore and then head out again, drifting down in front of beautiful Middle Haddam, another Currier and Ives print. We talk about the river's fine state parks. Others could do what we're doing, if people want to use the parks' access. We stop at the next one, Haddam Meadows, to finish off our lunch. On the other side of the river the Connecticut Yankee power station is a quiet, well-landscaped neighbor.

We wish we had the time--it's mid-afternoon now--to detour up the Salmon River with its Americana-the-Beautiful forest vistas, but we do stop a while at the Goodspeed Opera House to watch small planes shoot landings at the airfield, and excursion boats dock across the channel. Underway again, two more islands pass as we head toward the Hadlyme Ferry and Gilette's Castle. We're now part of river traffic, mostly power boats down here, and we mind their wakes and surf down a few of them.

Selden Island--another state park, accessible only by boat--beckons to our nearly empty water bottles. We pull in by the beaches and a few campers wave. We walk up through the pine woods to a cold spring, almost too cold to splash over yourself without wishing you hadn't. After this hot day, another gallon-and-a-half of drinking water in the boat is like money in the bank.

We pull out into the current again--now it's with us--and think that the river has become an estuary. The marshes have begun, the old houses on the banks seem coastal, looking out at the view. More and more pleasure boats pass us as we stroke the final miles to Essex. One outboard lacks a captain; he'd bounced from his seat on the transom where he'd been when



With the Hartford skyline in the background, John and Jack check out the map before getting underway. A riverfront home not far from Essex. The Gillette Castle sits on its crag overlooking the river.

we'd seen him earlier, upriver. He's pulled from the drink while his skiff drones in circles and he and others contemplate its capture. A while later he buzzes by us again, sitting on the transom, looking away.

The river is not the sea, but one should not be lulled. As we round the bend by Hamburg Cove and Brockway's Island, a fresh southeasterly pushes up a nasty

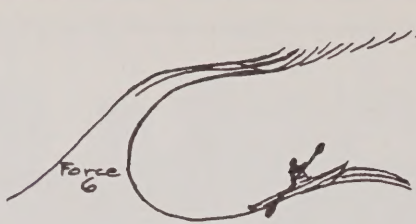
chop. Built for open water, the Appledore still takes liberal dousings of spray for two miles of hard rowing...just the way to end the day, we quip to nervous yachtsmen who flop to shore in overloaded dinghies.

A couple of pulls on the port oars turn us broadside to the breeze and into the shelter of the Essex town landing, where we entertain the pink-and-green tourists

on their after-Griswold Inn-dinner strolls by wringing out our shirts and unloading the day's sodden gear.

We'd done it. And we'd been rewarded. Much of the great river in Connecticut is ours now. As it can be anyone's who has a silent moving vantage point from which to contemplate its banks and shoals in the summertime.

Story by John Stratton
Photos by Jack Sauer



ANORAK



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Hot Ride on the Outside

The weather report for Sunday, September 8th, called for morning fog, then hazy, hot and humid, with temperatures in the 90's and a chance of afternoon thunderstorms. It was already hot and BUGGY by the time we pushed off into Little Sheepshead Creek from Great Bay Boulevard. Our objective was Newman's Thorofare, then seaward via Little Egg Inlet for a planned circumnavigation of Little Beach (Pullen) Island. This area is a favorite kayaking site on the Jersey shore, giving easy access to marshes, tidal channels, bays, inlets, islands and the open sea.

We were five: Allan Blair, Joe Kellett, Dick Slusher, Carl White and Geoff Withington. Kellett and White were in brand new boats (Chinook and Dirigo 17), Slusher and Withington (Granta Scanadian, Chinook) had been out about a half-dozen times in their boats; only Blair (skeg-equipped whitewater boat) was thoroughly familiar with his kayak, though White's boat handled much like his previous craft.

The heat was oppressive as we paddled past the long-abandoned fish processing plant on Seven Islands on our way toward Little Egg Inlet. A plume of smoke arose from the debris around the plant's decaying waterfront bulkhead. Vandalism? A previous day's lightning stroke? The plant itself has been repeatedly burned, only masonry walls and steel skeleton remain standing. We passed out through the inlet at slack low water. The ocean had 2-3 foot unbroken swells as we headed southwest along Little Beach. After a two mile paddle we threaded our way through the low breakers guarding the entrance to Brigantine Inlet and pulled out for lunch and a swim just at the inlet's mouth.

Given the hot and windless weather and a requirement that we be back to our cars by 3:30 p.m., we agreed to abort the circumnavigation and to instead directly retrace our route back to the launch site. But first, we would spend an hour or so playing and practicing in the low surf with our kayaks. White managed to turn his over in

waist-deep water. Then, after a period of this surf paddling and without any further discussion, we headed out directly away from the mouth of Brigantine Inlet toward the larger swells and occasional breakers that lie about a half-mile off shore at a submerged bar. Blair led the way with White bringing up the rear of the now widely separated group. It was pleasant on the ocean, a gentle sea breeze and the swells rolling by, some now 4 to 6 feet high and cresting. No problem directly bow-on. Then things began to happen.

Suddenly Kellett was in the water next to his overturned boat. Blair was first on the scene, White arrived next and the now famous three-point rescue (previously agreed upon as our rescue of choice in such a situation) was put into practice. With Kellett in the water, White pumped out his kayak, then with Blair stabilizing Kellett's boat on the other side, Kellett hoisted himself up between his boat and White's and was soon back into his cockpit. However, while pumping out Kellett's boat, White happened to glance over to see Slusher in the water some distance from his boat and about 200 feet away. Noting that Withington was heading toward Slusher, White and Blair kept busy with Kellett, figuring to deal with one problem at a time.

With Kellett now secure, White joined Withington and Slusher, the two having already effected Slusher's re-entry via the three-point rescue. Slusher's boat was very unsteady due to much water within, so the next priority was to get him pumped out and stabilized as rapidly as possible. While White pumped out Slusher's kayak, Withington paddled northeast up the coast a little way to join Blair and Kellett in calmer water. But, Withington soon found himself in the water while enroute. Now Blair and Kellett bracketed Withington's boat, pumped and got him in, then White and Kellett supported Withington's boat between them while all took turns at manning the pumps. Everyone shaky but finally secure, we headed back northeast along Little Beach in the sultry, windless heat.

Blair now pointed out a menac-

ing dark band of cloud to the west. All hoped in their spent state that the storm would pass off the port beam well inland. No such luck. At the point where Little Beach turns northwest to form the southern shore of Little Egg Inlet, the line squall struck. We were about 500 feet offshore. The dark, torn, swirling clouds raced low overhead and out to sea while the wind rose from nothing to 35 knots in about a minute. White shouted for everyone to hit the beach and all boats fought their ways quickly to shore.

Blasted by blowing sand, we dragged our kayaks almost to the edge of the dunes, tied them all together and then headed into the dunes where we lay down to await passage of the squall and its attendant lightning. We racked our brains for recollections from kayaking/boating literature on how to deal with exposure to lightning and came up with nothing. Lying down in low spots amongst the dunes seemed the best choice, given our few alternatives.

After about an hour, the squall abated, leaving only a pleasant cooling rain as we paddled back towards the fish processing plant. Excited by the rain, fish were leaping clear of the water around us. But our attention was riveted upon the fish processing plant, now billowing enormous masses of black smoke, far more than the single spindly plume of the morning. Drawing closer, we saw that the squall's winds, and maybe another lightning strike, had fanned into flame almost the entire length of the waterfront bulkhead, a continuous ribbon of fire several hundred feet in length. A Coast Guard Zodiac type boat darted nervously about in Newman's Thorofare, dashing toward and then away from the line of flames.

We finally turned into Little Sheepshead Creek. The water was like glass, a cool and pleasant breeze fanned our faces and the sky showed patches of blue and some white cloud. We came ashore at the launch site at about 3:45, not bad considering what had transpired during our outing, a most stimulating day indeed.

Some technical background to

our spills: Water temperature was bathtub warm, near 87 degrees. Only Blair, of the five paddlers, could roll his boat or brace reflexively. All wore PFD's, there were three pumps among five boats. All boats had bow and stern flotation. A full range of signalling devices was readily at hand. A few other boats were in the area. All paddlers were ANorAK people.

Kellett and Slusher said their spills came when paddling obliquely into the steep, cresting, breaking swells, the highest that were feeling bottom on the submerged bar. Withington said he took his wave bow-on, but then the bow went high in the air, fell sharply down and plunged deeply into the steep front slope of the oncoming wave, which then engulfed him. It would be helpful to have some informed information on how to face a lightning hazard, all agreed.

Report by Carl White from ANorAK.

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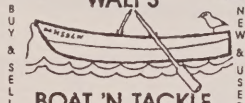
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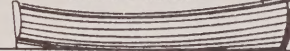


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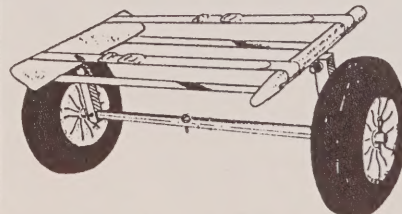
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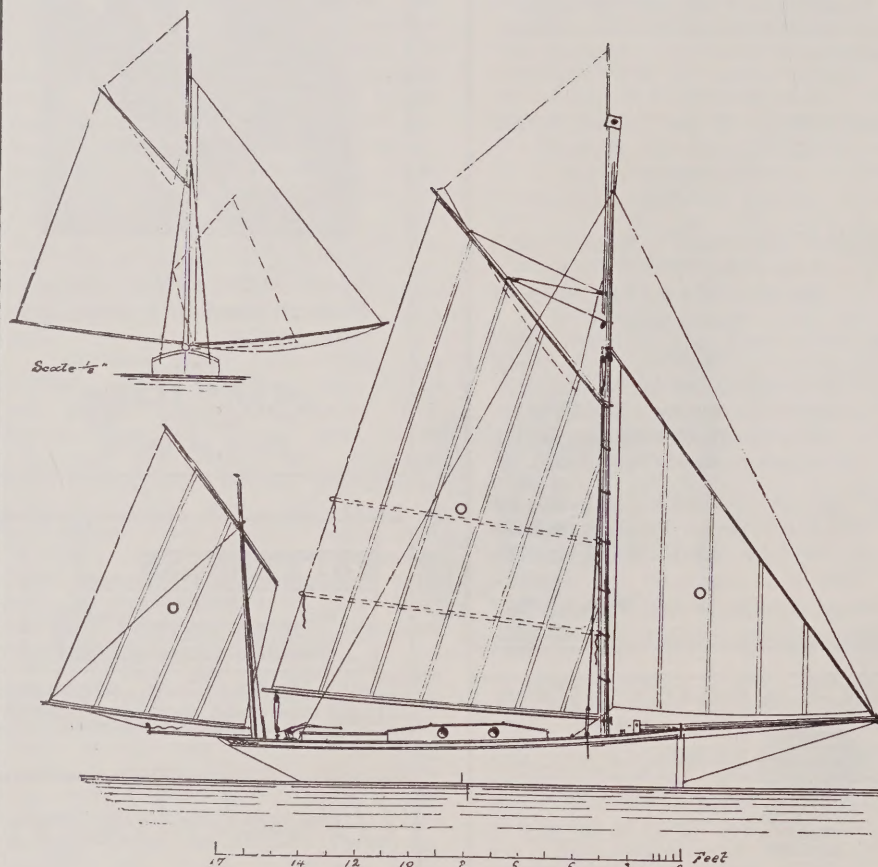


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Length on water-line.....	14 "	Boom over all.....	12 " 4 "
Beam on water-line.....	4 " 10 in.	Diameter in slings.....	2 1/2 "
Breadth across counter.....	2 " 6 "	Gaff, over all.....	10 "
Greatest draft.....	3 " 3 "	Diameter of gaff.....	2 "
Least freeboard.....	1 " 6 "	Mizzen mast, deck to head...	9 " 6 "
Depth of hold.....	4 "	Mizzen boom.....	7 " 6 "
Headroom in cabin.....	3 " 10 "	Mizzen yard.....	7 "
Width between berths.....	1 "	Topsail yard.....	10 "
Width of berths.....	1 " 4 "	Spinnaker boom.....	15 "
Width of gangway on deck.....	1 " 4 "	Hoist of mainsail.....	11 " 3 "
Length of cockpit.....	3 "	Jib on foot.....	9 " 6 "
Depth of cockpit.....	2 "	Hoist of mizzen.....	7 ft.
Displacement.....	1.6 tons	Area mainsail.....	150 sq. ft.
Ballast on keel.....	750 lbs.	Area jib.....	58 " "
Ballast inside.....	1,000 "	Area mizzen.....	48 " "
Mast from stem.....	3 ft.	Area topsail.....	40 " "
Mast, deck to hounds.....	14 " 3 in.	Area spinnaker.....	130 " "
Mast over all.....	24 " 6 "	Centre of Effort abaft C L R,	3 in.
Diameter at deck.....	3 3/4 "		

Maybe Jay Oker has found his dreamboat at last. Right now THE DEUCE is in frame at David Montgomery's shop in Gloucester, MA and Jay is all smiles. It's not Jay's first shot at his ultimate boat, like most of us, he's had several and each has, in turn, given way to a new concept due to some unforeseen dissatisfaction that developed.

For instance, earlier Jay had a nice Whitehall with a sailing rig that David built for him a half dozen years ago. It was a lovely boat, but Jay had lots of trouble tacking when sailing it alone. And he does his boating alone, by choice. He complained back then of what a chore it was in a strong breeze to get the long, straight keeled pulling boat through the wind, and more often than not, he'd just jibe around instead. Eventually the Whitehall was sold. While he looked at other prospects, boats like a Rozinante, something big enough to overnight aboard and do modest coastal cruising in, Jay took up sea kayaking, with one of Bob Dunn's nice Greenland type boats.

Well, Jay and I went to the Sea Kayak Symposium a couple of years ago together and stood and watched the thrill show of fourteen different ways to save oneself when the kayak goes over. Jay didn't know any of them, yet paddled alone. Soon he sold the kayak and got one of Bart Hawthaway's Rob Roy open canoes, he could backpack it into secluded places, the kind of places he liked to go.

Then he saw THE DEUCE in one of Roger Taylor's GOOD BOATS series, and it was instant infatuation. Here was the 100 year old classic British style keelboat, deep, narrow and with a BIG rig, all inside a 17' overall length, yet with a yawl rig, small cabin, all that. A big yacht shrunk to one man's size. Not just to single hand in terms of handling demands, but in terms of there's no room for anyone else to bum a ride.

Now, Jay is no curmudgeon, he just likes to be alone. His business requires constant meeting with lots of people and acceding to customer needs and demands. So when Jay goes off boating he just doesn't want any more of that interrelationship with others, others' demands upon him. Alone he can go and do as he damn well pleases.

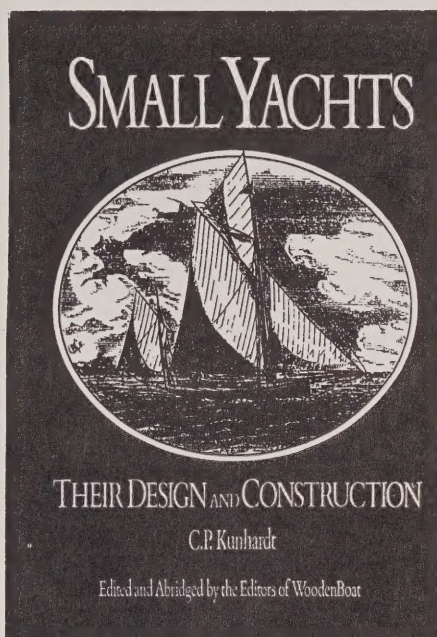
Jay has always enjoyed hanging out at Montgomery's in Gloucester. The yard is right out of 1950, that's when the present building was put up and it hasn't changed since. David works alone building wooden boats to order (his father handles the boatyard storage and Ernie Tarr does some part-time restoration work there) and he and Jay hit it off pretty good when Jay had the Whitehall built. Now, Montgomery's is also Phil Bolger's hangout, if it can be said that Phil hangs out anywhere. He lives just

around the corner and as a youth used to be at the yard all the time testing out his ideas on David's grandfather, Nicholas. Phil still drops by often and David does building on some of his ideas. So, Jay approached Phil about drawing up building plans from the old plates and dimensions of THE DEUCE and Phil obliged. As soon as David's prior commitment, a little Herreshoff yawl for a local doctor, was out of the shed and launched, THE DEUCE was commenced.

THE DEUCE is not particularly handsome in yachty terms, it has that old time British stubby look with LOTS of sail up there. If you are susceptible to the allure of the styling of 100 years ago, THE DEUCE will grab you. It will certainly be a unique craft in Jay's home cruising grounds on the Massachusetts north shore. With 300 square feet up there in 4 sails on two spars on a 17' LOD craft, with LONG bowsprit and LONG boomed mizzen, Jay's dream will surely turn heads in the summer of '86. It may even make it onto the pages of that glossy periodical, THE YACHT, as Dan Segal, an editor with that publication and a friend of Bolger's, has dreamed up an on-the-water sequence of action photos with crew and passenger (maybe one) all gussied up in 1890's yachting attire. What fun that could be. Hope it happens. Jay's will be ready.

The best description of THE DEUCE is the reproduced drawings of the boat from the pages of SMALL YACHTS, one of WOODEN BOAT magazine's latest offerings. This book is an abridged republication of the book of that name published in 1885 by one C.P. Kunhardt. These drawings and the spec-

list give you the picture better than my words can, and with only a backbone and some molds in place to date on Jay's boat, no contemporary photo opportunities exist to picture this craft.



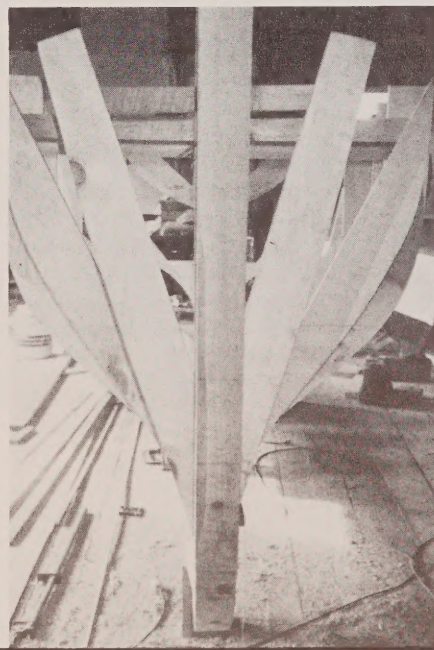
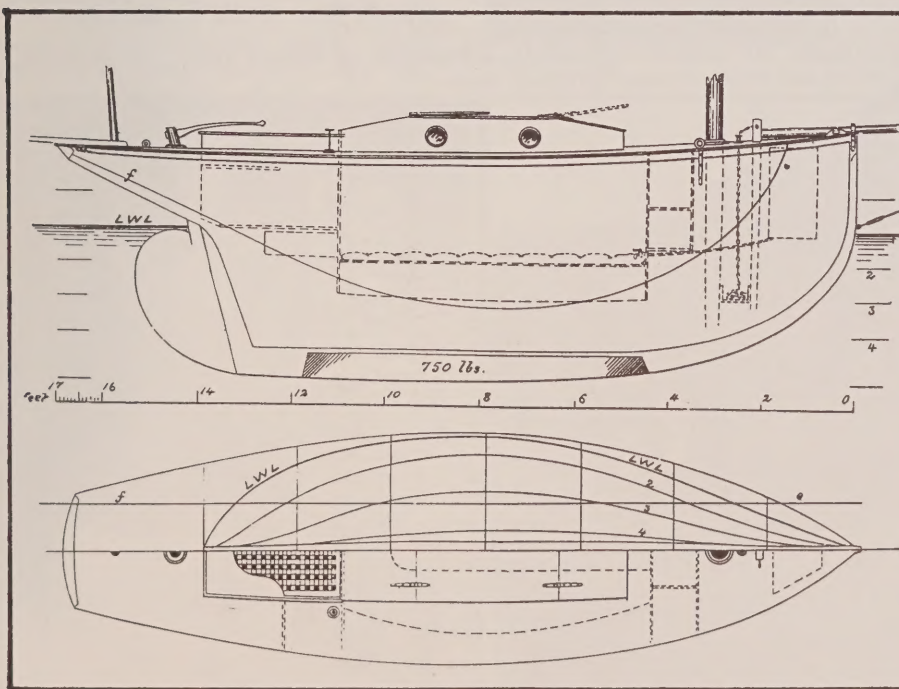
If this is your cup of tea, you'll want the whole book from WOODEN BOAT. It's \$20 and is a big 9" x 12" soft cover effort of 271 pages, hundreds of drawings of over 60 boats of 100 years ago, with original commentary on them by Kunhardt. Various categories are treated, by rig types and keel types and beam types, ie. "Cutters of (large)(moderate)(small) beam for example. THE DEUCE is a cutter of large beam, like 4', 10" wat-

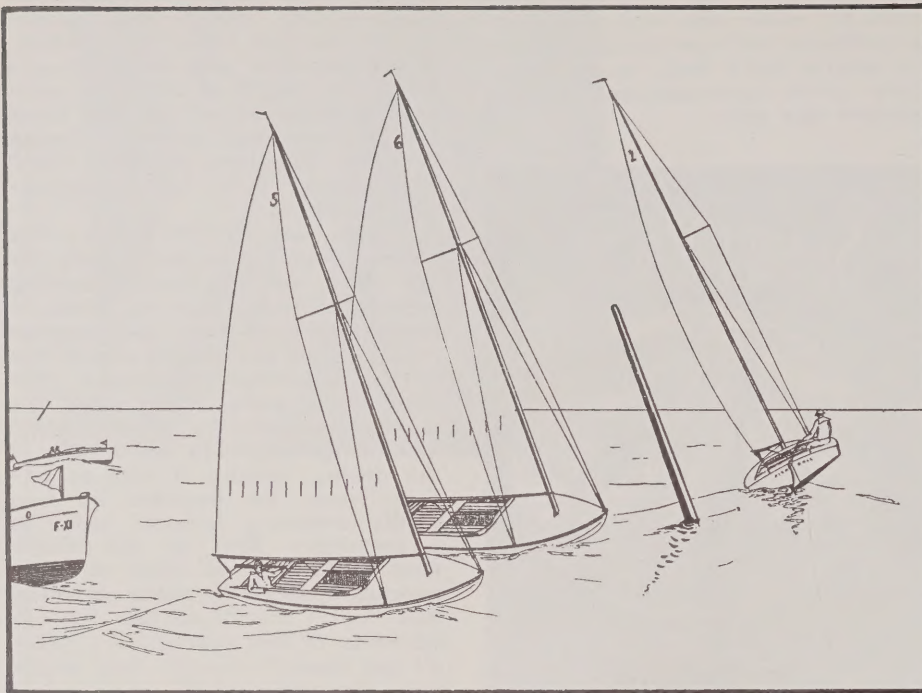
erline beam on a 14" waterline length. The "small" beam cutters are far out (or in?), like MADGE, with a maximum beam of 7', 9" on a waterline length of 39', 9". Anyway, a whole lot of the real thing of 100 years ago in yacht design for only \$20 from WOODEN BOAT Publications, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616.

But, back to THE DEUCE. It'll be next May before she's ready for the water, and Jay Oker is looking forward to those Saturday visits to Montgomery's to view the progress on his dream boat and deal with the little customizing decisions that need to be made. Right now, it's auxiliary power. An inboard would have to go right in the middle of the cabin, turning it into an engine room. An outboard on that wildly overhung transom would be a sacrilege. What to do? That's what winter'll be all about as David marches ahead. "I'm really enjoying this boat," David admits, "it has all sorts of new challenges I haven't yet faced." Coming from building that Herreshoff and before that, a classic "I BOAT", each unique in its way, David's admission of involvement in this project as more than the business aspect, illustrates the quirky charm this old British style mini-yacht exerts on one.

While Jay won't be planning on a summer of taking everyone he knows out sailing in his one-man yacht, he has invited me to join him at some appropriate time and then I'll bring you the sailing impressions that THE DEUCE generates. I can't imagine them as being boring.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks
Illustrations from SMALL YACHTS,
Wooden Boat Publications.





The Sign of the Cat

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks
Other Photos & Illustrations from
Montgomery's "Time Capsule"...

There's a time capsule in a back corner of the boatbuilding portion of the big wooden shed in the Montgomery Boatyard on the Annisquam River in Gloucester, MA. Several years ago when I happened by, Herb Montgomery, then about 75, offered me the opportunity to see some of the old photos and half models that over 75 years of boatbuilding had accumulated. He unlocked a nearly hidden old interior door and switched on a bare overhead bulb, and here was the boatyard office of 1950 or so, the year the present building was built. The walls held faded old photos and lines drawings, shelves held half models, stacks of envelopes held more plans, and several filing cabinets were chock-a-block full of all the piled up paperwork

that Herb's father and he had collected while building wooden boats.

Out in the building shed, Herb's son, David, was at work on a long, fast looking wooden hull, it was to be an "I" boat, being built to fulfill one man's dream. None of the stuff in the time capsule was David's, he's still too young and too busy to have collected much. It's all from Herb and his father, Nicholas, and it goes back to World War I days.

The building doesn't go back that far, it was put up in 1950 and hasn't been touched since on the outside. Inside, one end has been closed off and lined with insulation, which doesn't cover up the huge beams, old spars from Gloucestermen of bygone times. A big wood stove keeps it warm enough in

winter for David to build. Out in the cold part are the nicer boats that Herb still stores for boatyard customers, while out in the yard is a mostly forlorn collection of tired old boats, mostly old powerboats of the lobsterboat type. Many are derelict, some have hopeful "For Sale" signs fading away on the bows, a few are obviously still in use in a very non-yachty condition.

The new building went up after World War II when the several times extended old shed ended its days. In that shed, everything from dories to 60' draggers had been built. Today, David builds both workaday lobsterboats for commercial lobstermen and fancy wooden classics for those few who have discovered this refugee yard from yesteryear. David's now 35, and

The Montgomery crew circa 1920 with Montycats all around, grandfather Nicholas is second from left wearing open vest. The Montgomery crew today, David and Herb in the building shed.

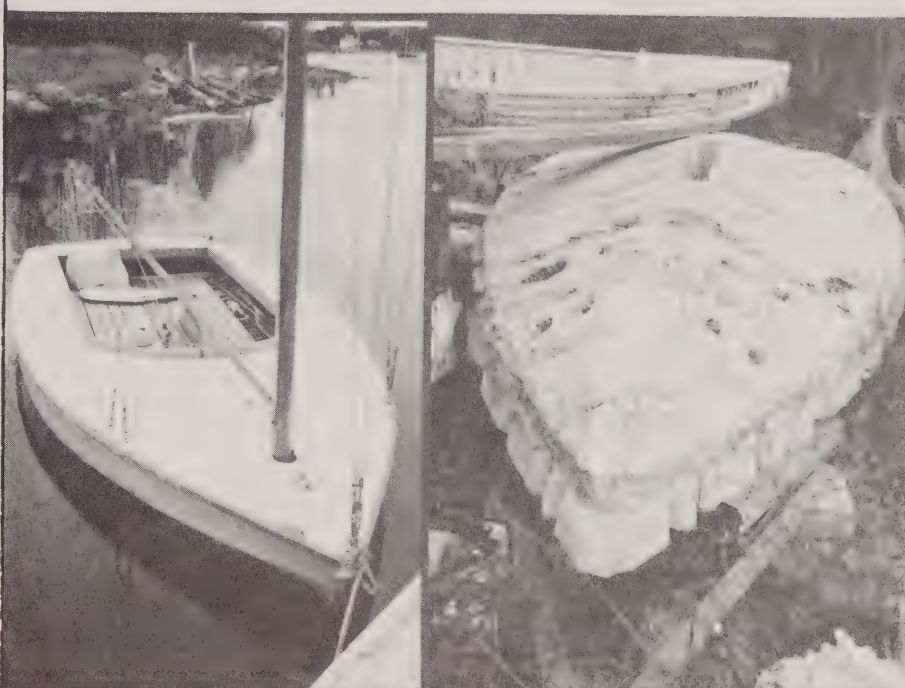


like his father, Herb, boatbuilding has been his only trade. He sort of drifted into it after a shot at art school didn't work out and now he not only works here, but also has his bachelor apartment in another one of those hidden backrooms.

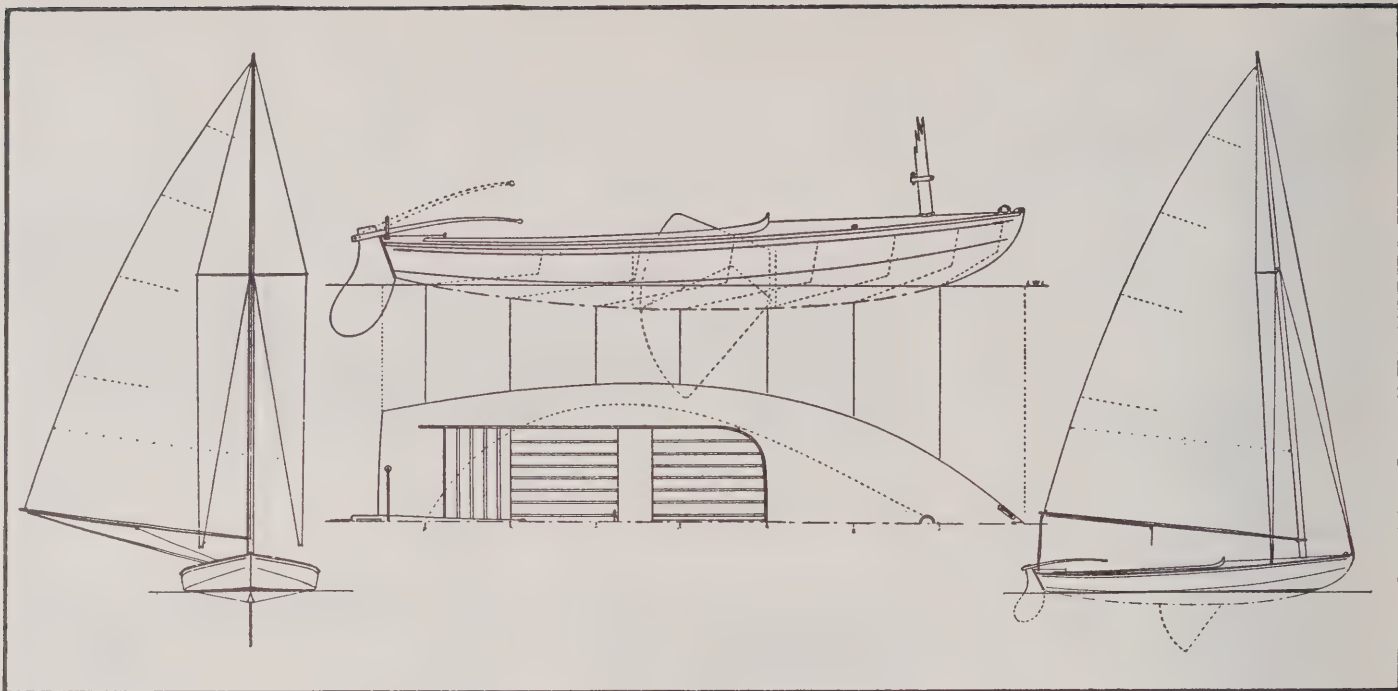
This past year David completed a small 25 foot (or so) Herreshoff yawl for a client, and now he's at work on a 100 year old design for another client, Jay Oker (see accompanying article). David works alone mostly, Herb runs the outdoor boatyard in summer and winters in Hawaii with a married daughter. Herb is, after all, now about 80, so a half a year in retirement doesn't seem too much to back off. The yard's the way it's always been because that's the way Herb wants it. Sometimes Ernie Tarr comes in to work with David on restoration projects, right now an old double ender said to have once been raced by the Eastern Yacht Club is undergoing Ernie's ministrations. Ernie once apprenticed to Herb a goodly while ago, so it's a familiar scene for him.

Nicholas Montgomery started it all back before World War I, he had trained as a carpenter, but his father had been a coastal schooner skipper so the carpentry led to boats. An early and enduring Montgomery design was the 15' Annisquam Catboat, called a Montycat by the designer and builder. Nicholas designed all the boats he built, sailing or fishing, large and small. And the Montycat design, a hard chine, shallow V-bottom marconi rigged centerboard cat became very popular with both the Annisquam and Eastern Yacht Clubs of Gloucester. Nicholas built a concrete building mold and soon had a crew of more than a dozen men at work taking a Montycat off the mold one every six hours at peak production.

After World War II the Montycats were no longer raced, supplanted by newer designs. But that concrete building mold is still there and David still builds a couple of the little cats each year to order. One he built for himself and on good days he'll ease out the shed door for an hour or two of sailing around on the Annisquam when the tide's right. Unlike the "traditional" New England cat rig, the Montycat has a tall marconi rig with a stayed mast, a very whippy hexagonal section pole 25' tall. And the beam of 5', 6" is a good deal less than half the 15' LOA, so the 2:1 ratio of the typical catboat is hardly met. Then there's that hard chine shallow V hull. It makes a flat, shallow boat, half decked, with floorboards to sit on when you're not out on the side deck holding her down. Still a lively performer for a design over 70 years old.



From the top: Selling the Montycat on the road, early trailerboating. Left, David's recently built personal boat. Right, the old concrete building mold still useable after 70 years. The Montgomery facilities today, untouched outside since 1950, still functional inside.



"I still build them just like my grandfather and father did," David has explained. He uses patterns from way back and some of his grandfather's original tools too. The boat is mostly made up of simple flat, straight planks with not too much twist up front, and all straight frames, a wide keel plank, and easy to fit trim and coamings. A "production" concept if ever there was one, a boat a crew could plank up in 6 hours as was claimed. Simple, quick to build, with spirited performance. "I have strong feelings about the continuity of all this when I build a Montycat on my grandfather's mold with his tools," David explains.

But, he survives in the boat-building business by building custom one-off boats to order, and after his first effort at round bottom construction, Jay Oker's Whitehall, turned out so nicely, he was on

his way. The 31' "I" boat he built in 1983 for Sam Sayce was a gem of fancy yacht work. It all started around the abandoned keel of an old "I" and an article about the boat in an old copy of RUDDER magazine. Sam has been delighted with his 1920 vintage racer and the gleaming bright finished yacht winters over amongst the tired old craft in the Montgomery yard.

David enjoys a close relationship with Phil Bolger, who lives just around the corner and who stores his personal boat at Montgomery's. It's an interesting relationship, for the young Phil Bolger used to come to the Montgomery yard and try out his design ideas on David's grandfather, Nicholas. Now David does some building of Bolger designs to test out their merits. Bolger drew up the construction plans for the boat David is building now for Jay Oker,

working from the 100 year old plates and specs from an old book of designs.

It was late November when I visited Montgomery's to see what this new boat of Jay's was all about. Herb was still around the yard, he hadn't left yet for his Hawaiian winter. David was working on Jay's boat. That afternoon they would be hauling out Sam Sayce's "I" boat. Down on the float David's Montycat was tied alongside a small powerboat of lobsterboat type, maybe about an 18 footer. "I just bought that one this fall for a sort of 'yard' boat," David explained, "paid \$1200 for her, nice little four cylinder inboard in her." It was a neat looking little workboat. "Interesting thing about her, my dad built her in 1950 for \$1200. Held her value pretty good over 35 years." It's part of that continuity that David mentioned.

Montcats lined up at the Annisquam Yacht Club docks circa 1920.



What's happening...

MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM



MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM WINTER PROGRAMS

A series of boatbuilding workshops and winter lectures are scheduled for the coming months at the Museum's Apprenticeshop and other locations in Bath, ME. The following is the schedule received to date (December 1st):

JANUARY 9: Lecture, "Adrift, Seventy-Six Days Lost at Sea", by Steve Callahan. An account of drifting across the Atlantic in a rubber raft. At Sewall House, 963 Washington St., Bath, 7:30-9 p.m. \$2 to public.

JANUARY 14 & 16: Workshop, "Oar & Paddle Making", by John Burke, director of the Museum Apprenticeshop. At the Apprenticeshop, 279 Washington St., Bath, 7-10 p.m. Prior registration required.

JANUARY 23: Lecture, "From Stump to Ship", a 1930 logging film recently discovered and restored.

With commentary by film restorer and maritime historian Earle Warren. At Morse High School Auditorium, Bath, 7:30-9 p.m. Free admission.

FEBRUARY 6: Lecture, Building of the Hackmatack Schooner JANET MAY" by builder and designer, Philip Shelton, senior instructor at the Museum Apprenticeshop. At Sewall House, 7:30-9 p.m. \$2 to public.

FEBRUARY 11 & 13: Workshop, "Sail Repair" by Nat Wilson, sailmaker. At Apprenticeshop, 7-10 p.m. Prior registration required.

FEBRUARY 20: Lecture, "My Memories of Hendricks Head Light" by Mary Charbonneau whose family has owned the light since 1930. At Sewall House, 7:30-9 p.m. \$2 to public.

Museum members are admitted free to lectures. The workshop registration and fees details are as follows:

Each workshop is made up of two three hour sessions running from 7 to 10 p.m. on the Tuesday & Thursday evenings noted. Class sizes will permit hands-on instruction. Fee for each is \$35 for non-members (\$25 for members). The entire series (with maybe exception now of the canoe course) is offered at \$210 for non-members. To register or to learn more, call the Museum at (207) 443-13126.



SCHOONER ART EXHIBIT AT MYSTIC

Thirty artists have contributed their works to this display of art at the Mystic Seaport Store Marine Art Gallery, running through February 16th. The diversity of craft that fit the schooner type designation makes for an interesting display, fishing, coastal freighting, naval craft, pilot boats, bulk carriers etc. The gallery is open free to the public daily from 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. except on New Years Day. It is located in the Seaport Store at the South Gate of the Museum

Cape Cod Frosty CLASS ASSOCIATION NEWS

FROSTY FROSTBITING

The diminutive Cape Cod Frosty sailing dinghies will be out on the water this winter doing what they're named for, frostbiting. The hotline to find out when and where is (617) 432-0268 or (617) 432-3704. If you want to find out more about the Cape Cod Frosty Class Association, write to them at P.O. Box 599, Harwich, MA 02645. They have a newsletter that goes to members.



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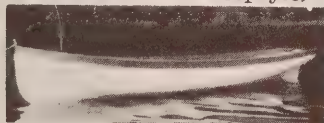
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CHAPTER VI

As we moved along, the buildings of the oilworks came, one by one, between us and the glowing western sky.

"Wheugh!" groaned Joe, with unaffected fervency.

Fish-oil factories are fragrant affairs; the scent spreads away from them o're land and sea, in the line of the wind. Every place within two or three miles is reminded of them now and then. Though we were so near, we had been to windward, and had forgotten all about the evil odor which might be looked for, till we walked into its path.

By a common impulse, we faced about and retraced our steps. One of the men we had seen before had strolled down toward the water, and we soon came up to him.

"Do people get used to that smell?" asked Joe.

"Well, those that has to live here don't mind it much, though there's no need of bein' in it unless you have to go to lee'ard. Be-long round here?"

"No; we live in Pierhaven."

"Don't expect you can git there to-night, do ye?" glancing up the beach at our skiff.

Then we told how we had started to camp out, and how our blankets got wet, and asked if we could stay over night in the barn, as had been planned.

"I guess we can find you a better place than that," he said.

We protested that we were unwilling to make any trouble; but he took no notice, and asked us to come in to supper. We said we had brought our provisions with us.

"Come in and have a hot cup of tea, then," he urged.

"Well, all right; thank you," accepted Joe.

So in we marched, and found ourselves in a large, unplastered room, which seemed to be kitchen and dining-room combined. Five or six men were seated around, while one was bustling about the cook-stove.

"These chaps come in that skiff that pulled in here just before the rain," said our companion, and with our help, the recent history and present condition of the TRITON exploring expedition was pieced out, to the apparent satisfaction of the company. Then we moved up behind the stove, which felt quite comfortable to us in our damp clothes, and one of the number went on with a narrative which our entrance had interrupted.

"Well, as I was a-sayin', Cap'n Simon, he hove out his mud-hook straight to wind'ard of us; that shows how much judgment HE had. It come on to blow harder yet, and fust I knew I see him workin' down our way. Our skipper saw him, too; 't was getting pretty dark, but we could see they were

From the book, JOE & I, or, ADVENTURES DOWN THE BAY

Adventures Down the Bay



Wallace P. Stanley, Author

Published in 1901

H.N. Cady, Illustrator

payin' out the cable, so he yelled to them to look out and not get too near us; but they didn't take no notice. In a minute they made the cable fast, but we could make out they was workin' down to us, all the same, 'n we were pretty near as scared as they were, I guess. 'Where you a-goin' ter?' yelled Cap'n Joe, 'n Cap'n Simon, he yelled back, 'Pay out, pay out!' and we did pay out, I reckon, 'n so he did ag'in, thinkin' his anchor'd ketch a better holt with a long cable, you know. 'Fore long we'd paid out all we had, 'n so'd he, but he kep' a-draggin', 'n we expected noth'n' but what the whole of us were goin' to the Old Boy."

"You might hev cut yer cable 'n clawed out, couldn't yer" suggested a listener.

"Claw out, with the p'int runnin' out to sea more'n half a mile on the starboard! An' double-reefed, too; we'd ha' been in the breakers in no time. I never want to see sech another fix. We stood 'n watched that thing fetchin' down to us, a-heavin' up 'n down. 'Bout this time of day it was, 'n as it came darker she kep' a-growin' bigger. Well, she did fetch up, at last, in the nick of time, but we didn't know how long 't would last, 'n she wasn't much more'n her own length away. Fust she'd go up 'n we'd go down, then we'd go up 'n she'd go down, kinder see-saw fashion. She was one of those old 'pinkey-stern' crafts, sharp at both ends, 'n I expected she'd knock the old Osprey's nose off before another daylight, as much as I ever expected anything. But she stuck, 'n we just lay there a-wallopin' up'n down till pretty near mornin', when the wind shifted more to the west'ard, 'n both on us swung 'round till it seemed pretty sure we were clear. Then I went 'n turned in, 'n didn't wake up till toward noon; I went on deck, 'n there wa'n't a sign of the SUZY in sight.

Cap'n Joe said she began to drag again a little while after I went below, so Cap'n Simon got his sails 'n managed to get clear, the wind bein' more favorin'. He hitched the end of his cable to the end of a spar 'n chucked it overboard, 'n later in the day, when the wind fell, we fished his anchor up for him; no wonder it didn't hold, for one fluke was broke clear off."

Seeing that the tale was ended, I dodged out and ran to the boat for my bag; for if we were to take a cup of tea, it would look queer not to eat anything, and I had rather use our own things. When I got back, they were just sitting down to the table, and we did, too; Joe drank his tea, and I made believe drink mine; and we tried a little of their beans and bacon, and some fried fish; but we got the greater part of our supper out of the bag. When it was through with, I brought out my map for them to look at, which they said was good enough as far as it went, but the soundings and buoys weren't put down, and in some other things it wasn't found to be quite like a grown-up chart; but, as Joe said, with four inches draught, we hadn't much need to care about soundings. We told them some things about our camping trip up our river, which was pretty different from any sailing they'd been used to.

We didn't sleep in the cart, as we thought of doing, for they gave us some blankets and told us 't would be more comfortable on the kitchen floor. All the room was taken up in the shed where they had their bunks; none of them offered to turn out for us, and we wouldn't have wanted them to, by any means. The floor was tolerably clean, but the softest of the boards weren't as easy as our cots, by a deal; still I got a pretty fair amount of sleep. Joe didn't, for the strong tea he had drunk, which he

wasn't used to, kept him awake, and it seemed to him he hadn't slept more than half an hour, when we roused up at dawn. Nobody else was awake but the cook, who was making a fire in the stove. We thanked him for our accommodation, and started out, feeling rather stiff and lame.

"I've hustled our dog off the lounge and the best rugs many a time, and fired him out to take his nap on the veranda," said Joe, "but I don't wonder now that he sneaks for 'em whenever he gets the chance."

It was a pleasant morning, rather cool, and the sky about half clouded over. In the east the glow of sunrise was beginning to appear. The tide was well out, and still ebbing, and the TRITON was mostly lying out of water on the moist, gravelly slope. We shoved her off, jumped aboard, and raised the damp sail to catch the light northerly breeze.

"Seems good, doesn't it, to be afloat once more?" said Joe.

We slipped gently along toward "Stone Bridge," about a mile to the south, leaving Common Fence Point and its irregular group of buildings behind us, and waving a farewell to the cook, standing in the kitchen door and watching us. There were other fish-oil works on either shore of this narrow upper part of "Seaconnet River," where Aquiday Island lay only a quarter of a mile from the mainland; but the light breeze carried their perfume straight southwards on each side of us, and we only got a slight whiff now and then, reminding us to be thankful that we were allowed to escape the rest.

The sun, still below the horizon, began to shoot beams up among the gray masses of cloud, gilding their edges and filling them with golden gleams. A little longer, and his warm rays streamed out over land and water, making everything look bright and cheerful.

"To-day it seems more like exploring," said I, "starting off from away down here."

The bridge we were approaching - a long embankment stretching from each shore, divided in the middle by an opening of no great width, spanned by a drawbridge - was not THE "Stone Bridge"; that was a mile further south, and of much older date. This was the railway bridge; a whistle sounded from behind the low, rolling hills of the island, and the next minute a train came puffing into sight, rumbled across the long causeway and the draw, and then the clear strokes of the bell rang out as it slowed up and stopped at the little station just beyond, with a final squeak or two of the brakes.

A large but rather dingy looking sailboat had been slowly beating from side to side, near the

bridge; another toot came to our ears, which was certainly not a car-whistle this time.

"It's that chap in the boat - look at that fish-horn, isn't it a ripper!"



SIGNALING THE DRAW.

The man laid aside his horn, which was nearly a yard long, and took the tiller again. In answer to his signal, the bridge-tender began to move the draw aside.

"If he sees us in time, perhaps we can get through before he shuts it," said I. "But we haven't any horn; I'll trust one of your A1 double and twisted yells to carry further than a horn, though."

We were a full quarter of a mile from the bridge, and couldn't tell just how near to it the sailboat was; it seemed to take a good while to get within the draw. We knew when it was there by the shadows of the bridge timbers falling on it; and it seemed to take a remarkably long while for it to get through, but at last it emerged into full sunlight again.

"She must be a pretty slow crawler, for a boat with a sail of that size, and the tide with her, too; for it isn't likely it's changed to come in yet," Joe observed.

"Let out your yell, if you're going to," said I.

The bridge-tender was just beginning to swing the draw into place, but at Joe's heart-rending whoop he paused and waited for us, which I had hardly expected, though we had drawn much nearer while the other boat was passing.

"Takes me to fetch 'em," said Joe complacently. "Hullo!" he exclaimed, "no wonder it took that fellow such a long time to go through! the tide's begun to come in!"

Sure enough, we could see that the water was flowing toward us with quite a strong current, from the bridge opening. I changed our course a little to one side, to keep in the slack water as long as possible.

"I can't make out how that is," said Joe. "Yesterday the tide was going out long after this time, and the tides are nearly an hour later every day now, or they have

been, the past week, I know."

But there could be no disputing facts; the current was there, and coming up the bay. As we neared the embankment, I turned the TRITON's bows toward the opening again; the edge of the flow caught her forward and swung her partly around, but I "met" her with a stroke of the oar, and pointed her straight ahead.

"Better ship those oars, if you ever expect to get through!" called out the bridge tender.

So Joe began to row, we scarcely more than held our own with the sail alone, for the wind continued light; but with the oars we soon reached the further side.

"Be ye peddlin'?" asked the man, peering over at the two big black satchels.

"No; only exploring!" I rejoined. Whether he felt enlightened, I don't know; he gazed curiously after us as he swung the draw to its bearings.

(To be continued)

BOOKS about BOATS

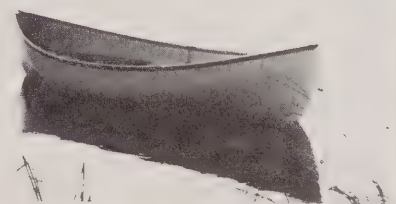
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What's been happening...

A ROUNDUP OF READER REPORTS ON HOW THEY'VE BEEN MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS

LAST OF THE DORY SCHOONERS

The Essex Shipbuilding Museum of Essex, MA hosted a big turnout of folks interested in the Gloucestermen that were built in Essex for so long (until 1937) in mid-November. They all came to hear Joe Garland, author of the book, *ADVENTURE: QUEEN OF THE WIND-JAMMERS*, talk about the last days of dory fishing done in that schooner (cut down rig and motorized) around 1950 and show some just discovered movie film taken during the last gasp of fishing from Banks dories.

It was a long evening with five unedited films, a couple in color, of the *ADVENTURE* fishing and also some of the racing in the 1920's between Gloucestermen and the *BLUENOSE*. All good stuff, maybe a bit repetitive, but one really got a good look at how the dories were dropped overboard to go fishing and then came back loaded with fish to be pitchforked aboard the schooner. Some of the scenes leaving Boston Harbor in 1950 were fascinating, no building anywhere nearly as tall as the Custom House, and rows of World War II escort aircraft carriers parked at the Navy Base in South Boston.

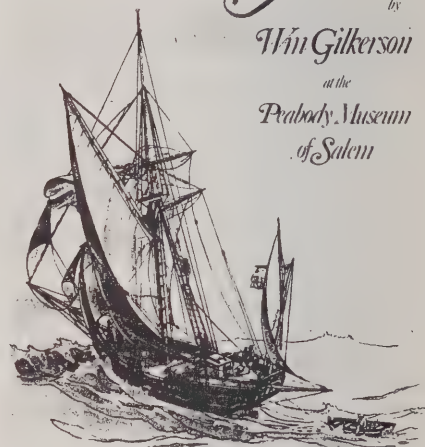
A really nice touch was the presence of the present owner of *ADVENTURE*, (GET NAME), the last skipper who fished her, (GET NAME), and the son of the man who took all the movies, (GET NAME). Quite nice to have first hand commentary on what we were seeing. If



and when the films get edited into a nice tight documentary with some sound commentary, they should provide good entertainment for the schooner lovers at club showings.

MARINE ART by GILKERSON

Maritime Arts
by
William Gilkerson
at the
Peabody Museum
of Salem



Paintings Drawings and Sketches January 15 - May 1, 1981

William Gilkerson paints old sailing ships in superb detail in watercolor and his latest catalog just arrived here illustrating much of the variety of work he offers as prints taken off his original paintings. It also includes information on several books of his work, particularly having to do with whaling vessels. The major work is the book, *AMERICAN WHALERS IN THE WESTERN ARCTIC*, a portfolio of 12 of the artist's paintings having to do with this subject, along with a number of other marginal type drawings and an accompanying text by John Bockstoce, a pre-eminent authority on Pacific Arctic whaling. This book is done up *FIRST CLASS*. The paintings are printed nearly full size on 15.25 x 19" pages. It's a limited edition and very expensive, \$1250 for one version, \$2000 for the other, which includes two original drawings.

Okay, so this is all a bit too much. Maybe so, but also available are some nice poster prints at \$30 each or a soft bound book of the artist's works at \$20. The catalog itself is pretty nice at \$5.

William Gilkerson is active on the water too, his present boat is *ELLY*, a restored 100 year old cutter he sails around Buzzards Bay area. He lives and works at an old farm in Rochester, MA, not far from New Bedford, the whaling port from which many of the ships he paints so well once sailed.

You can follow up on this if you like by ordering the catalog from The Barkentine Co., P.O. Box 27, Rochester, MA 02770.



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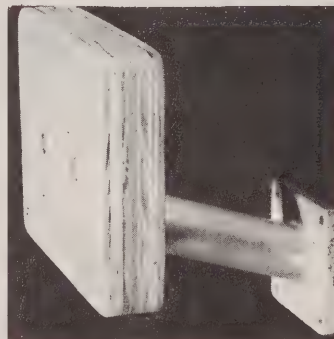
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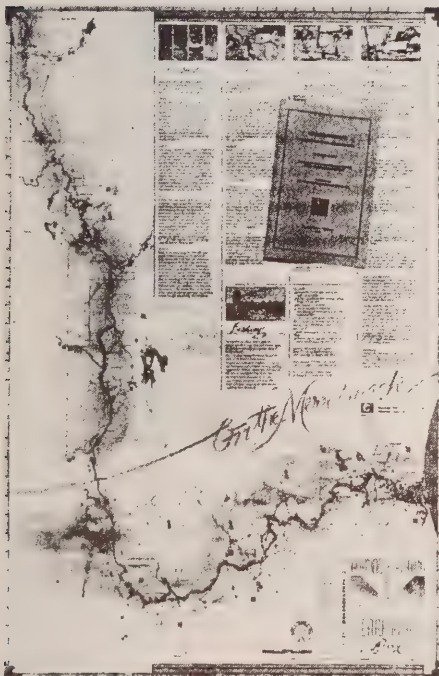
RIVER'S THE Reach

Merrimack River Watershed Council
694 Main Street West Newbury, MA 01885

MERRIMACK RIVER GUIDE MAP

Like most major New England rivers, The Merrimack, which flows from central New Hampshire south into northeastern Massachusetts and then east to the sea, has a watershed council. These groups are citizen action efforts attempting to improve, protect and preserve our rivers for the future. Amongst the facets of all of this concern is recreational use, and human powered craft find much favor amongst such environmentally oriented groups.

The Merrimack River Watershed Council offers a comprehensive map and guide with details on best enjoying the river, boat launching locations, riverbank attractions, urban circumstances, dams, canals, etc. While the news item did not note the price, you can find out and obtain a copy by contacting the Merrimack River Watershed Council, 694 Main St., West Newbury, MA 01885. They have a list of stores that stock the map, one of which might be handiest for acquiring your copy.



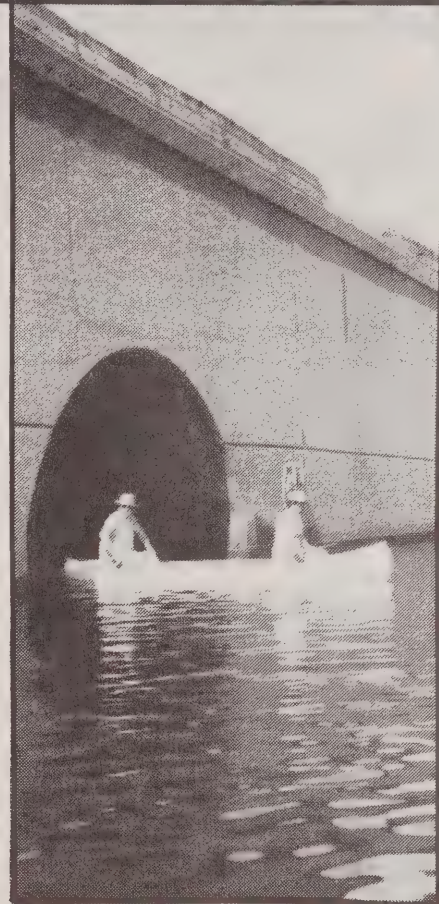
The Council sponsors events such as river cleanups and supports community riverfront public events, a couple of photos from their newsletter, THE RIVER'S REACH, illustrate some of these occasions.



Hundreds of tires, assorted shopping carts and other trash were removed from a downtown section of the Concord River in Lowell on September 14 and 15. Over 100 volunteers helped out and received free T-shirts at this event. Organized by the New England Rivers Center, the clean-up was co-sponsored by the Watershed Council.

Emerging from the gates of Hades? Not quite. A short side trip on the Watershed Council's August canoe trip took the adventuresome a short way into Haverhill's underground, the mouth of Little River.

G. Smith, photos





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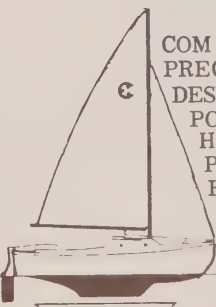
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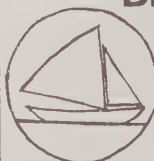
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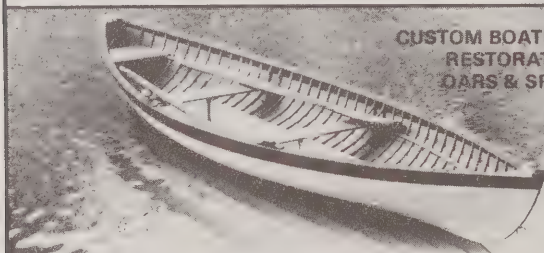
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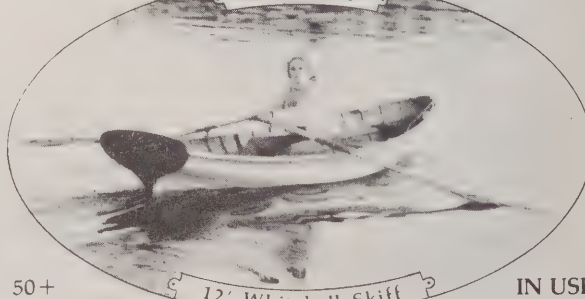
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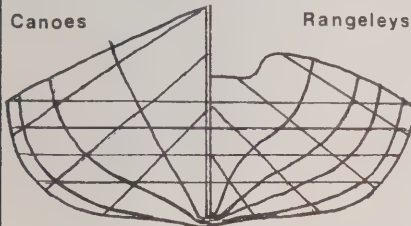
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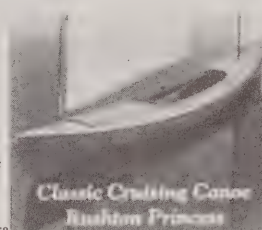
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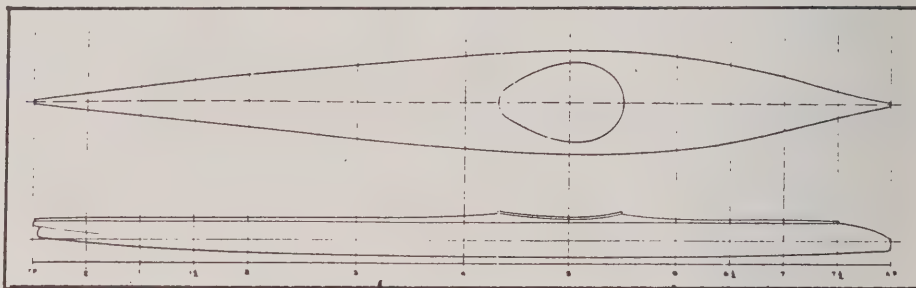
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Plane & Paddle



Skip Snaith, builder of wood/epoxy double paddle canoes and sea kayaks has a little newsletter of this name which he circulates periodically. His fall edition had some interesting commentary on his work:

"Our 1200 mile trip to the Sea Kayak Symposium at Castine, ME, and the Wooden Boat Show at Newport, RI, was both educational and fun. We met old friends and made new ones and absorbed a lot of user feedback on our boats which will help us to tailor them better to users' needs. The Wooden Boat Show had an especially festive atmosphere down on the docks where we were so the boats would get a lot of use.

A comment we heard a lot was that our boats are too pretty to use, or that it would be a shame to put them into the water. Perhaps this is a compliment if people think of ALEUTKA, ALASKIN and DRAGONFLY as furnituresque but we really have designed and built them as functional craft. Particularly at the Sea Kayak Symposium, paddlers were under the mistaken impression that our boats demanded much more care than the fleet of fiberglass craft surrounding us. Well, all boats require care, but ours stand up very well to hard use. My demonstrators are my personal boats and after two seasons they still are pretty nice despite all the folks who have taken them out for a paddle.

ALEUTKA, our longer 16' sea

kayak was hot off the building molds this past summer and turned out to be fast and stable. I will be putting more rocker in her keel to improve maneuverability and will probably move the cockpit further aft. I also plan to enlarge it as the smallish opening seemed to give paddlers pause, if not downright difficulty getting aboard.

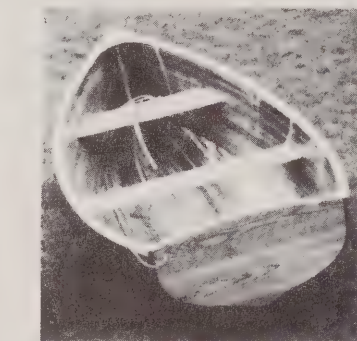
ALASKIN, our 14' sea kayak is a sweet boat to paddle and found much enthusiasm during summer tryouts. Her stern is well on its way to becoming legend.

DRAGONFLY, our 10.5' version of the Rushton WEE LASSIE is still our most popular boat. This summer we learned how to sail her without resorting to an expensive and complicated rudder setup, or any modifications at all. The technique involves hanging a leg over the windward side and supporting the forward end of the paddle between big toe and second toe (unfeathered paddle) which made wrist control at the steering end quite simple. The leg to windward also provided movable ballast.

DOUBLE TROUBLE is our winter project, a kayak design for two to do extended cruising in, with good volume and carrying capacity and a weight of around 50 lbs. We'll have more on this one this winter."

Readers interested in more details on Skip Snaith's interesting double paddle craft can contact him at P.O. Box 141, Redding, CT 06875, phone (203) 938-9158.

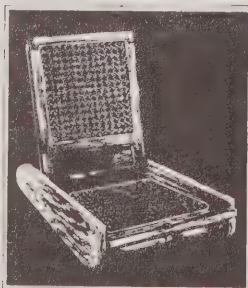
The kids loved Skip's ALASKIN at the Wooden Boat Show.



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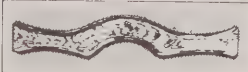
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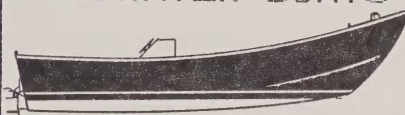


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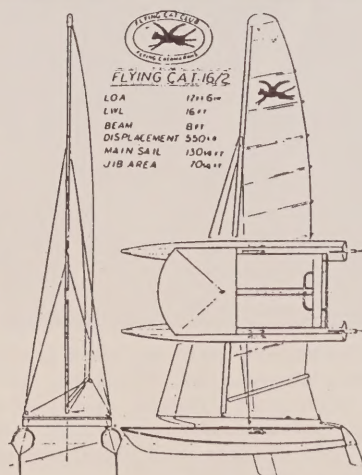
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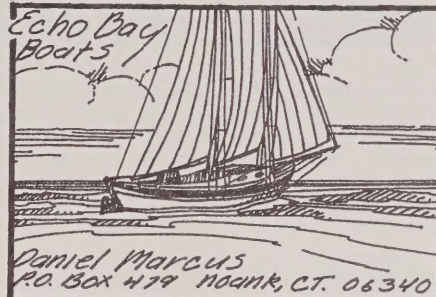


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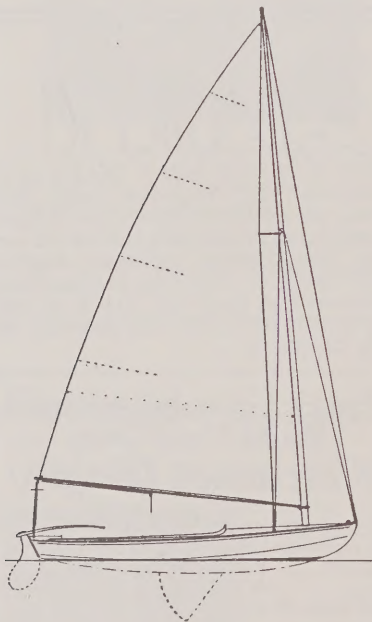
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16' TANZER daysailer, 1981, main, genoa and spinnaker. H.J. BORNHOFFT, Gloucester, MA, (617) 283-0079. (16)

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15.5' UTILITY BOAT, 56" beam, looks like john boat but quality built of fiberglassed plywood. Rows well, goes well with small outboard. Use for shellfishing, pond fishing, committee boat, etc. Like new. \$495. BOB WHITTIER, Box T, Duxbury, MA 02331, (617) 934-5136. (16)

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14' ADIRONDACK GUIDEBOAT. Fiberglass construction with ash trim and cane seats. Maple oars with bronze oarlocks. 16' SEDA VIKING sea kayak, flotation bags. 10.5' SOLO CANOE, 27 lbs. Can arrange N.E. inspection and delivery. R. WOLFERTZ, Box 75, Rosemont, NJ 08556, (609) 397-0141 (16)

WANTED: Used double folding kayak in good condition. Klepper or Nautiraid preferred. I'd like sail rig and spray skirt also but these are not mandatory. STEVE SELWYN, Brooklyn, NY, (718) 615-1580. (16)

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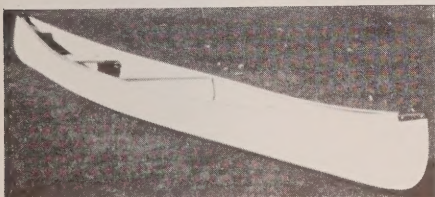
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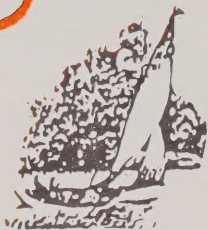
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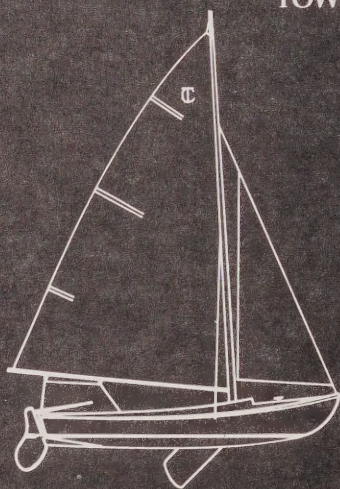
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