

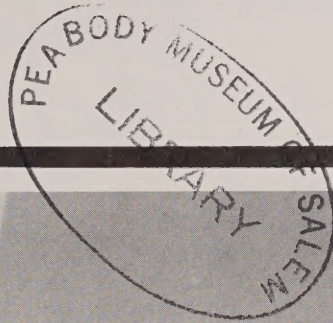
Twice a Month!



messing about in BOATS

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messing about in BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

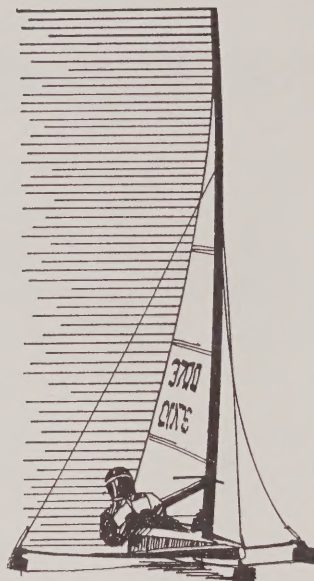
Will have some ACTION, a
launching in ten degree tempera-
tures into an ice choked harbor of
a historic replica rowing gig. And
from last summer, Tom McGrath's
"Sailing as Far as I Could" tale
concludes way out there as far as
he could. There'll be a visit or two
with area builders, John Little of
Mile Creek Boats in Washington, ME
and Rollin Thurlow of Dover-Fox-
croft, both solo builders doing tra-
ditional boats, John in sail and
oar, Rollin in canoes. For nostal-
gia trippers, the ongoing "Down
the Bay" serial will be joined for a
few issues by "Halcyon Days", Wes-
ton Farmer's reminiscing on the
early days of powerboating.

On the Cover...

The Lockley Skimmer is per-
haps the littlest iceboat and there
were a bunch of them out in my lo-
cale in early January enjoying
snow-free ice. Calling this sort of
craft a "boat" is an entrenched
custom (or "yacht") even if it
doesn't float and rests on sharpened
steel blades. It is water under-
neath, so why fight it? Enjoying
"hard" water is pretty affordable
with this little craft, there's more
on them elsewhere in this issue.

Commentary

BOB HICKS



My comments in recent issues
about the winter indoor boating ac-
tivity I tend towards, building and
restoring in the shop, raised some
response from the more hale and
outdoorsy readers who still go on
the water during the depths of
winter. There are the frostbiters
bashing through the icy chops of
windswept bays in their sailing
dinghys and there are some lone
oarsmen out there pulling away in
the more traditional sort of boat
with substantial freeboard. And
there are the iceboaters.

Iceboating is totally different
from any other form of boating, be-
cause it isn't really boating at all.
The water is frozen into ice, now a
solid with entirely different prop-
erties from its liquid form. And the
craft that sail o'er this ice are
only vaguely similar to boats,
mainly in the means of propulsion
(a sail) and control (tiller and
mainsheet). Some of those I have
come to know who iceboat are not
boat people in their "off-season".
Some who are both hard and soft
water sailors are into racing in
summer, still chasing that elusive
experience of speed.

Speed there is on ice. If you
ever felt things sometimes happened
awfully fast on your sailboat at 8
knots, "wildly surfing along", then
consider the 25 mph modest breeze
will drive a modest scale iceboat
at. Speeds up around 100 mph are
possible with the right wind and
ice and scale of iceboat. The 35 to
50 mph zone is a commonplace.
Things really do happen fast! Un-
like travel at such speeds on a de-
fined highway in a car, these
speeds occur on open expanses rel-
atively featureless and devoid of
guideposts of any sort. Yes, in
racing, there are the "marks" just
as on the water in summer, but the

wildly divergent choices of tacks
taken to round these marks by a
dozen different iceboats all travel-
ing at high speeds requires really
fast thinking, judgement and ac-
tion.

For my purposes here, I like
to include the occasional iceboating
article, it is action in winter, it
has familiar (to sailors) character-
istics and jargon. While I am by
choice an indoor sort in winter,
iceboating does offer an outdoor
experience enjoyable on a wide o-
pen, blue sky sunny Sunday with a
brisk fair weather breeze, the glit-
ter of the ice, the rush of the
wind (if you're sailing and not
watching).

Well, frostbiting is "real"
boating, and is another winter out-
door option. Here the main concern
is avoiding a dunking into frigid
water. The life threatening nature
of winter seas is dealt with by
frostbiters with the services of mo-
torized support craft that swoop in
on any capsize and haul the crew
out of the drink within seconds. So
it's damn cold but noit really dan-
gerous. Anyone who'd go frostbit-
ing alone in a tippy dinghy on a
blustery winter day is asking for
trouble. I'm planning on observing
a frostbiting regatta late in Febru-
ary to find out more about how this
particularly zesty approach to sail-
ing is enjoyed.

Rowing in winter? I have done
that, once. We rowed to Misery Is-
land in Salem Sound one fine 40
degree January 1st, about 6 boats,
and had a fine time. The rowing
keeps you warm, a proper boat
keeps you dry, lack of a sail keeps
you upright. It's not a thrill a
minute like the other winter ways,
but rather more relaxing of a plea-
sure.

I guess I might give iceboat-
ing a try, next year. Too much
else to do in what's left of this
winter. I can sail summers without
serious concern for water tempera-
ture, as well as row and paddle.
But I can't go 50mph under sail.
That is an experience I still think
I'd like to work up to. My first ex-
perience at maybe 20 mph on a lit-
tle Skimmer was just an inkling of
what it might be like. Can't turn
away from it now. Winter can still
have certain charms for messing a-
bout in boats, even outdoors.

It was too warm for iceboating, I thought, temperatures in the mid-fifties, but since Chebacco Lake is only 5 miles from home and we'd heard the Skimmers would be out, off we went. Well, it was wet and windy, but the ice was solid from all the cold weather and there has been no snow along the north shore here since mid-December. And so the Skimmers were there, nine in all, all brand new almost, that is, all purchased this winter. Local small boat shop proprietor, Joel Thomas, ordered up ten of the tiny iceboats from the manufacturer and sold them all with the cold and good ice conditions certainly making effective salesmen. Joel is hanging onto the last one for his own fun. He can't get anymore, the entire production run is gone. Not 'til next year.

The main appeal of this little iceboat is it's cost, Joel was selling them for about \$425 ready to go. Fred Sullivan, a long-time acquaintance of ours, said, "At this price, you can afford to be able to use it only a few times a year." That seemed to be the attitude. The next appeal is the apparently manageable size, it's a 45 sq. ft. sail on a lightweight tubular frame with a sort of "hammock" slung into it for the sailor, much like a small catamaran deck. The boat is not intimidating.

I even took one out for a try-out. The southwest winds that brought the warm weather were blowing all day gusting to 25 or so, but with big holes in them. And the lake had holes too, not big, but those cut by the ice fishermen. I had, therefore, some reservations about a first tryout but it wasn't intimidating, as I said, so off I went. After a push. An iceboat gets away across the wind but needs a push to gain enough speed to get the sail working. In the cove near the ramp where everyone had gathered, the wind was often cutoff by an intervening wooded hillside.

The little craft accelerated rapidly and I was off on a reach rattling along, the runners rattle over the cracks and bumps on the ice. Traffic ahead so I swerved to windward a bit, too much, the front runner is steered by footrests and the action is very quick indeed. The sail luffed up. Sit up straighter (you recline underway) push with feet astride the craft, turn the front runner to get across the wind again, and after several thrusts of the boots, going again. The far shore arrives (it's only a half-mile) so it's come about time, no trouble tacking with so much speed, and then back towards the start.

Lot's of traffic there, and now from the port side come two snowmobiles in a drag race. Judge the closing angle FAST for these are speeds well above the normal sail-

Come on out, the ice is nice!

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks



LENGTH (when assembled).....106"
WIDTH 72"
HEIGHT (Body) 20"
WEIGHT 55 pounds, less sail
SEAT Nylon-Vinyl
MAINSAIL 45 square feet, 3.8 oz. Dacron
LINE 3/8" Diamond braid running rigging

RUNNERS
Length 18 1/2"
Thickness.....1/4"
BOOM 7'
MAST 14'10"

ing speed, decide they'll pass ahead, then onward. As I closed in on the ramp area I really didn't want to hurtle in amongst the skaters, other Skimmers moving about, and so I bore off more downwind, which is the slowest direction on ice, then rounded up and luffed a good bit to keep my speed down. As a result I stopped a hundred feet from where I wanted to, but anyway I didn't crash into anyone. This needs more practice and with less traffic around to threaten.

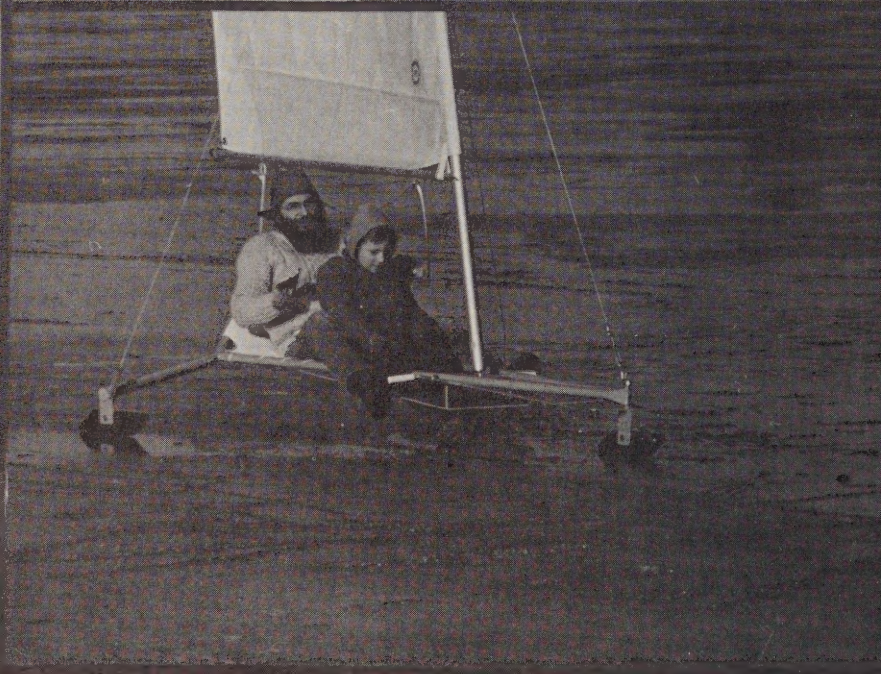
Compared to real iceboats, even the popular low budget DN's, the Skimmer is hardly fast. Still, 20mph over the ice seems quite brisk sailing first time out, and that very fast acting steering combined with the gusty winds kept it busy. This is the challenge, then, of this budget iceboat. A great starter, easy to carry on the car-top, easy on the pocketbook, easy to learn to use without getting in over one's head. And on a small lake such as Chebacco, it is plenty big enough.

Jim Sutherland was there with his monster ROSIE, a home-built rig 28' long with a J-24 spar and a huge cutdown genoa jib for a sail. Jim had just sold the boat and was enjoying his last outing. The tubular steel frame much like an aircraft fuselage is covered with tough plastic film. Three cockpits provide cruising accommodations.

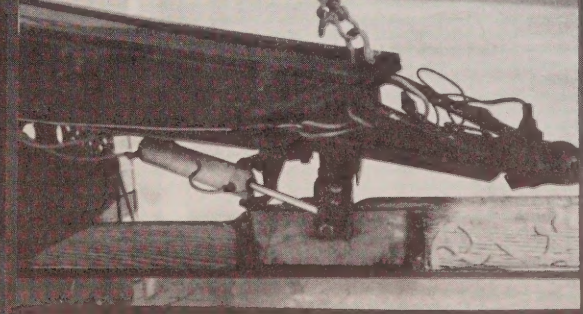
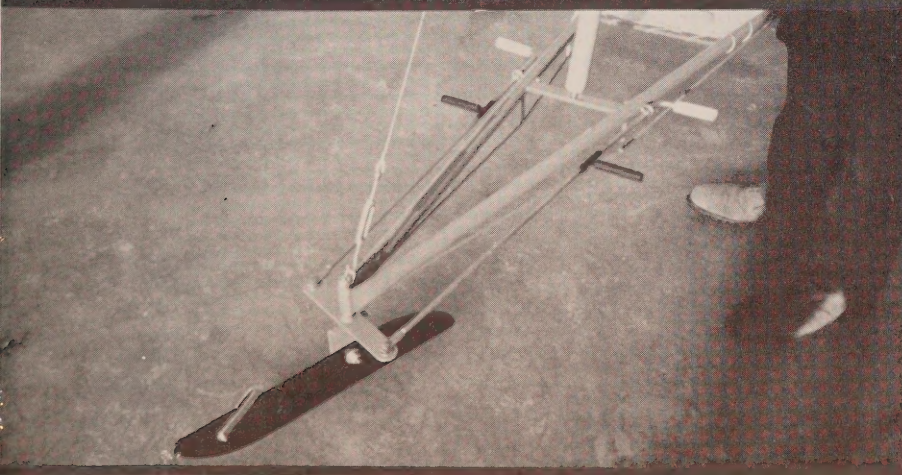
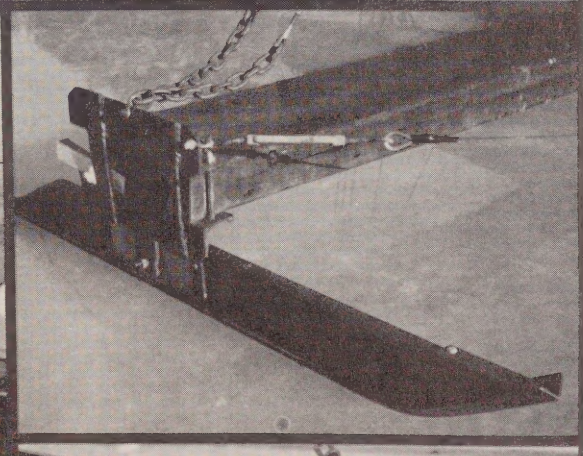
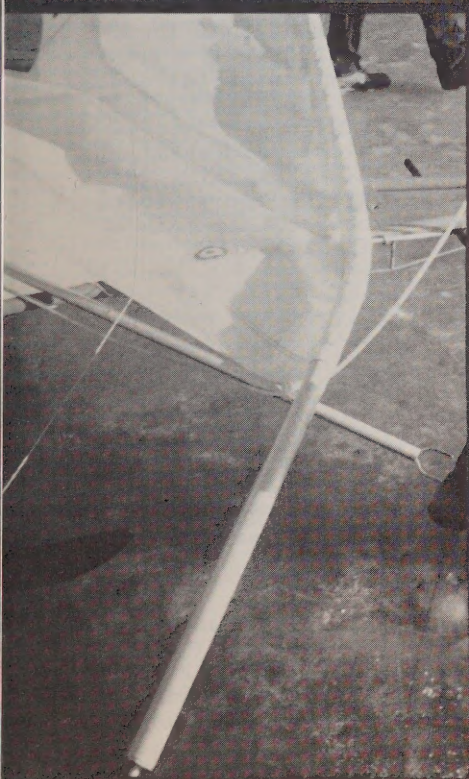
The steering is accomplished by an electrically operated hydraulic cylinder controlled by a footrest bar in the forward cockpit. Jim was deep reefed today, and yet ROSIE cruised off amongst the Skimmers like a dragonfly amongst gnats, sedately and yet with far greater speed once underway. Jim built ROSIE in the cellar and it is made up of handyman materials, the brackets holding the wood together all heavy angle iron, the runners lightweight angle iron fitted over wood, the runner plank just a long 2x8 spruce. The front end has a trailer hitch on it, for Jim towed the boat over the road like a trailer, a small bolt-on set of wheels beneath the runner plank, the spar dropped over the cockpits.

A couple or three DN's were on hand, they certainly have the speed and the gracefulness that iceboating implies. Local boats, as most of the fleet was elsewhere racing. And then there was one fellow sailing downwind behind a rectangular plastic sheet, a poncho actually. Making fairly good time at that.

Well, this game has its charms and I guess I'd like to try it some more and begin to learn how to sail an iceboat. Another small boat around the place. More time in order to learn to use it. Can it happen? Maybe next year.



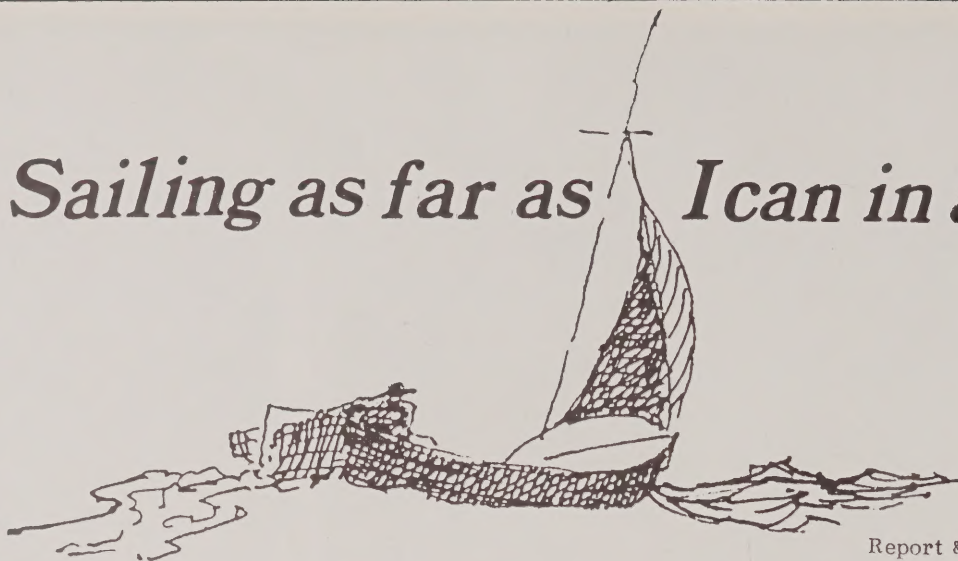
Solo or double, the Skimmer seems to be a fun way to go. It's a bit like riding a toboggan when doubled up, without the downhill.



Jim Sutherland's big ROSIE homebuilt was made from everyday handyman materials. Note angle iron runners and brackets, hydraulic cylinder steering, trailer hitch built in for towing.

Henry Szostek had a question about the warranty after his mast folded up on him. Joel said, no, those custom runners make it a modified iceboat. Henry fitted longer runners and had obviously greater speed. But, too much weight on too much bite on the ice and the thin aluminum tubing gave up.

Sailing as far as I can in a Townie



Report & Illustrations by Tom McGrath

8:30 in the morning of September 2, 1985. I was down at the Dory Club with a small mountain of supplies stuffed in trashbags. Most of the stuff I would never use, and some of the stuff I would never find, but it's comforting to think that everything I might need was there. With that delusion, I rowed



TARTAN TOWNIE

Let me explain. Before the sailing season started, there was nothing more to do on the boat and a great deal of time left. I found a variety of shades of green paint, half-used and going bad, so I painted the hull with squares and stripes of a green tartan and changed the name of the boat to "Wee Hope." I thought no more about it until suddenly the boat developed a pugnacious disposition.

ing maniac. I wasn't given the ability you have, but merely a brain to confuse myself with. At that point I was cut short by the boat replying sarcastically, "Ya, ya, ya. Let's get goin'." So I shrugged in futility, raised the sails, cast off the mooring line and sailed to the dock to move the mountain of supplies into the boat.



TRASH BAGS

the pram out to the sailboat and found it sparring with another Townie. Ocean swells alternately raised and dropped the boats against one another. The bow of my boat had been chafed and scarred. The stern rubrail of the other boat had been torn off as well as the name. "Impell" had been changed to "Imp". The argument probably started over the plaid hull of my boat.



SO I EXPLAINED

I tried to explain to it that it was too late to change the color or the name. That did little to curb its volatile aggressiveness; so rather than waste time with apologies, guilt and excuses, I grandly took command and declared, "We are going on another adventure. To sail as far as we can. This will probably be the longest trip we will ever take and if everything in this boat will behave properly and do what it's supposed to do, we can have a great time. Forget the tricks. No hiding, tripping me or jumping overboard. Let's get together and not turn me into a rav-



SPECTRE

An old gentleman with a gray beard looms above me on the dock like a spectre. I never see him any other time, only when I start on a long trip. He stares at me for a while, then softly asks, "Where are you going?" I tell him, "As far as I can." "When will you be back?" he asks. "I don't know." I reply. Then I asked him if he would cast off the bowline. He did, saying softly, "Good luck", smiling sympathetically as if at the village idiot.

The wind has increased leaving the weather questionable. I'm impatient to be off, scared, a nervous wreck and no village could have a finer example of babbling idiocy. The boat raced out of the harbor and precariously through Shag Rocks.

Everything on the boat seemed to be straining and groaning under the following wind and the boat was yawing on the ocean swells. I thought about going back as fear overwhelmed my enthusiasm. I tried to turn the boat. It wouldn't go back. The best I could do was to



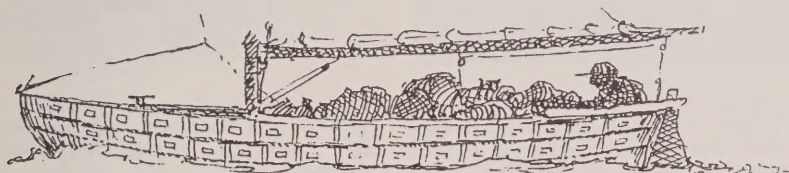
THE ARGUMENT

make for a protective cove on Eastern Point. There I grabbed a lobster marker and secured the bow line to it. A lobsterman stopped hauling nearby and watched me curiously. I noticed a man high up on the cliff watching me, also. I wondered if it was gray beard. Everything was making me more nervous. I managed to put a double reef in the mainsail and hauled it up. It wasn't right. I had a single reef in the luff and a double on the leech. "Calm down. Take a lit-



tle more time and get it right." the boat said. I lowered it, corrected it and hauled it up again. The boat was bouncing around. The sails were chattering and the centerboard was banging. Everything was acting insanely independent. I reluctantly cast off under the eyes of my two spectators and the boat pulled itself together---put its bow in the air and romped off toward Gloucester. I realized then that I could never have turned the boat back. It was too determined to be on its way and it just regarded me as another trashbag. I had lost

Cove on the northern coast of Cape Ann. It was a small sheltered harbor with a narrow entrance. When we entered, we discovered all the boats moored by the bow and the stern so that they could be pulled in and hauled out. I couldn't figure out how it was done. "What do I do now?" I asked. "Do anything. We can't get in much trouble here" the boat answered. So I dropped the anchor in the middle of the harbor, rowed into the stone jetty, tied a line to the bow cleat, climbed the stone wall and secured the line to a block of granite. "I'll be al-



ANOTHER TRASHBAG

command. The understanding now was that if I remained a trashbag and didn't interfere with the operations of the boat, I could pretend to be in charge. I acquiesced. We passed the Great Pig Rocks off Swampscott with the wind increasing. I lowered the mainsail and we ran before the wind with the jib alone. "Great Sailing!" the boat screamed as we sped by Half-Way Rock. Gloucester was abeam by 13:00. Now we had to decide whether to go outside the navigational markers or take a shortcut. The boat kept falling off, pointing to the shortcut between Milk Island and Thacher Island. I obeyed, grumbling a cautious protest. We reached through the strait with lobster buoys all about reassuring me that there was enough water beneath us. Then it was between Straitsmouth Island and Avery Ledge across Sandy Bay and rounding Halibut Point. Suddenly there was no wind. Like it was turned off by a switch. I ran out the oars and rowed by Folly Cove to Lanes

right," the boat assured me as I walked away..

On the main street I found a telephone and called home. "Hello. I'm in Lanesville." "Is the boat behaving itself?" the phone asked. "No. It's taken over again." I replied. "Then just do what it tells you and you'll be alright." the phone reassured me.

Returning to the boat, I found the jetty crowded with the locals watching the sunset. After the sun magnificently disappeared, they turned and watched me turn my tartan boat into a canopied bed. I cowered in embarrassment when



SUNSET

some humorists derisively applauded. "It's times like this that I'm glad to be an inconspicuously plaid boat," the boat whispered.

At 06:45, I awoke and walked to a nearby eating house, ordered bacon and eggs over easy and was served scrambled eggs and ham, and told not to give the cook a hard time. "Just eat what's in front of you," another customer explained, "nobody gets what they order here. They want to make you



JUST EAT WHAT YOU GET

feel at home." So I ate the ham and eggs while a small disgruntled boy washed dishes in front of me, occasionally giving me a murderous stare for dirtying more dishes. Before I finished, the radio predicted eight mile-per-hour winds from the northeast. When I returned to the boat, there was no wind.



I rowed out of the cove and across a perfectly flat motionless ocean. Cape Ann never disappears when you're rowing. By 11:15 there were dead flies on the surface of the water. "Did they wait for the wind, too? Is it an omen? If someone is trying to tell me something, I wish they would speak up." The boat made no reply. Soon the wind began and we sailed out of the sea of dead flies. By 16:00 nothing was in sight. "Looks like we'll be caught out here in the dark." I said. "It makes no difference. We're here and that's where we want to be." the boat said.



ISLE OF SHOALS

Something appears off to starboard. Looks like a ship. I wish I had binoculars. I forgot them. Everything there is to see is at a distance. Nothing close. There are high thin clouds in the sky and the sea is flat and wind rippled. By 17:00 the wind is in the southeast and the ship in the distance looks more like the Isle of Shoals. I was headed for Portsmouth, but the boat pointed towards the Shoals. The last time I was there, I dragged anchor. The bottom is like cement. Perhaps I can tie up to another boat. On the chart there is a shortcut before the lighthouse. I won't have light much longer and there are rocks about. The boat says, "No shortcut!" so we pass the lighthouse to port with a strong wind and a favoring tide. Sailing between the bouy and the bell, we enter the harbor. There are only three boats at moorings in a harbor that is usually crowded. A man is lounging in the cockpit of one. I ask, "Which mooring is available?" "Take any one you want. Nobody will come in after you. That's the beauty of sailing in September." We looked them over and the boat decided on the huge orange float in front of the hotel.

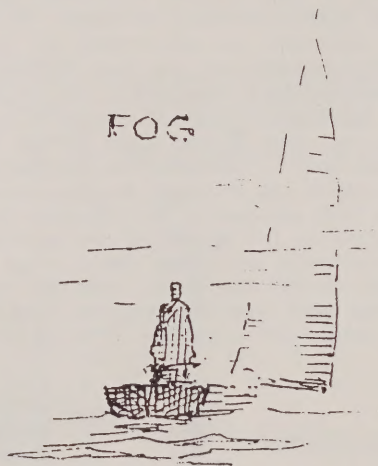


It had "Private" painted conspicuously on it. It was twilight and getting dark fast. I quickly turned the boat into an Arabian tent and crawled into the sleeping bag. The



ARABIAN TENT

boat was pitching and rolling badly. I fell asleep wondering why I wasn't seasick. I awoke at sunrise to a thick fog and a good breeze. I plotted a course of 35 degrees to a red whistle, 24 Y L, five miles away. I didn't bother to check the course because I knew I'd only find an error. "It's in the right general direction," the boat assured me.

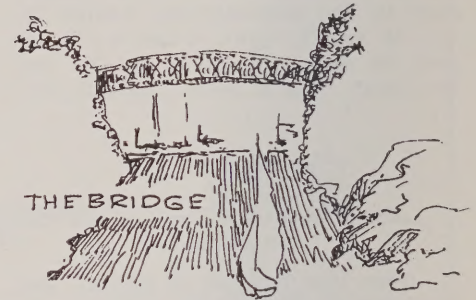


I cast off, sail out of the harbor and the Shoals quickly disappear. We're alone in the fog. "It's great to be here," the boat says. After what seems a long time, I imagine we've sailed too far and start looking for anything to take a bearing from. I hear a bell off to starboard. When I see it, the boat says, "Check the number and consider us lost until you do. If you guess the number, and it's another bouy, and you take a compass course from it, we'd really be lost." Red 24 Y L. That's it! "I can't believe it. It worked!" "Sure it worked. Now try again."



A 20 degree bearing should bring us parallel with the coast. By 11:00 I'm rowing again. York Harbor is close by. It's too early

to put into port. "Investigate it," the boat says. "Something there may decide for us." We row in and find nothing we can use and row out again. The wind returns and we sail to Perkins Cove. We sail through the entrance and make the sharp tight turn, then stare at a bridge ahead of us that only has a 16 foot vertical clearance. The



hills and houses off to port blanket the wind. The boat sits dead in the water. The tide takes us toward the rocks to starboard. We're in trouble again. "Get the oars!" the boat commands. I find them easily, both together for a change. We escape the bridge and the rocks and sail along the beach after Ogunquit. We hear the surf. I thought I could



drive the boat up on the beach if the weather threatened, but not through that surf. Another theory shot to hell. The rest of the coast is like a fortress with swells breaking at the base of the walls. There's no place to go but forward.



THE COAST

Simplifies decision making. The next harbor is Wells. The chart gives a small detailed picture of the harbor. It has a long narrow entrance between two jetties that extend out beyond the beach. Approaching it from the side as we do, there seems to be no entrance at all. The wind is against us as the entrance opens up, but luckily the tide is with us. Swells are breaking across the entrance. We favor one side and wait for the smaller waves right after the biggest one, then tack nine times from one jetty to the other. Our progress is due mainly to the tide. Fishermen on the walls of the jetty watch for the impending disaster that doesn't happen. Left around

the green buoy and the harbor opens up to the Webhannet River with a town wharf to the right. We sail up to the dock, drop the sail and ask a man in slickers where we can get a mooring for the night.



TOWN-WHARF

"You'll have to ask the harbormaster. He's up in that shack taking a nap." He continues staring at me like he's trying to identify a strange fish. I find the harbormaster stretched out on a bunk in his shack. "How big is your boat?" he asks, never moving or opening an eye. "Sixteen and a half feet," I



NEVER OPENED AN EYE

answer. "Take the bright red mooring across the river." "Can I use your phone to make a collect call?" I ask. "Sure." I call home and tell them where we've been and where we are. The Harbormaster gets up and follows me back to the boat, commenting, "That's quite a trip in a small open boat. Where are you headed?" "Casco Bay." The boat is a mess. I wish I had tidied it up. Can't be helped now. Next time I'll make proper preparations for entering port. I hoist the main and sail slowly across the river against the ebbing tide. The Harbormaster looks puzzled, scratching his head. I tie up and lay out the sleeping bag, pitch the tent and happen to look back across the river. A mud bank has emerged from the middle of the river right where we had sailed across. Now I understand why the Harbormaster was puzzled. I looked at the chart. Dry land. "Luck?" I crawl into the sleeping bag, light a candle inside a jar, turn on the radio to a symphony by Haydn and stare up at the stars. A gentle breeze keeps the bugs away. "It's not luck. This boat knows what it's doing."

(To be continued)



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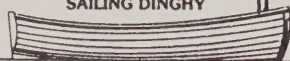
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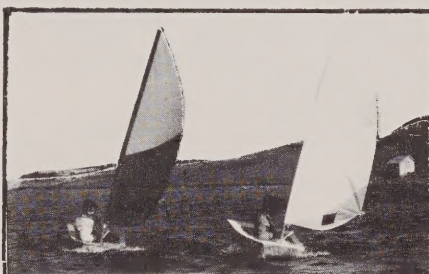
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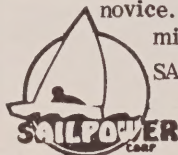


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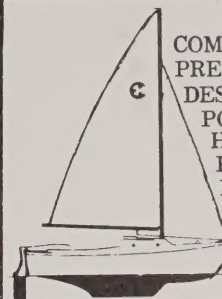


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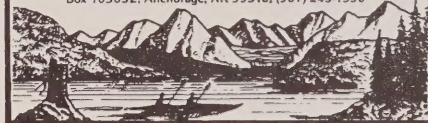
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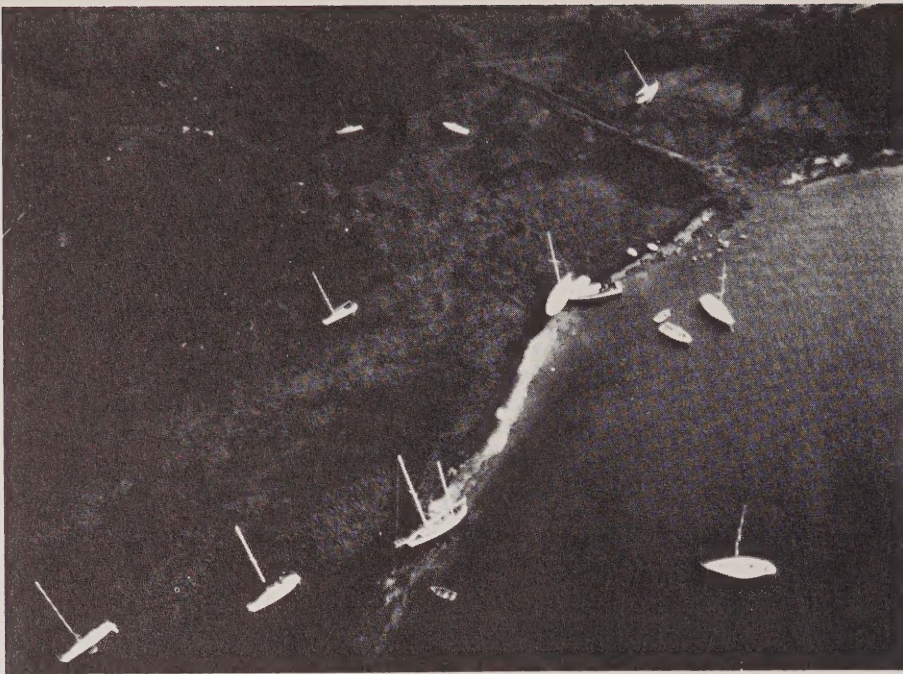
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John and Alison Geddes were surprised to see their sailboat, MALARKEY, pictured in the December 15th issue in Dick Talbot's aerial photo of the boats washed ashore in Marion, MA, by Hurricane Gloria. Yes, there was MALARKEY, furthest ashore. What subsequently transpired is related in Alison's report herewith:

With quite a lot of help from their friends

Report & Photos from Alison Geddes

Yes, MALARKEY was washed ashore, about 300 yards, by Hurricane Gloria. There she sat on her side in the saltmarsh. We found her the day after Gloria after searching the harbor. There was amazingly little damage, even the mantle on the gas lamp inside was still intact. Good enough, but still, we wanted to go sailing on Sunday and that marshland wasn't the place.

A visit with friend Peter en-route home to talk over our problem resulted in his suggesting that we could get the boat afloat with the aid of block and tackle and about 20 friends. MALARKEY weighs 2,000 pounds and is 22 feet long. So that evening I phoned around and found 18 friends willing to

lend a hand on Saturday.

We gathered that morning at the Marion dock and then headed across the marsh to the boat. The gentleman who owns the property had been very good about people traipsing all over his place, but even he must have wondered at this sudden influx en masse. He was amazed to learn what we planned to do but gave us his okay.

With Peter doing the organizing, we set a line around the shallow keel of the O'Day and connected it up to a block and tackle which was in turn hooked up to stakes driven into the ground. Then we began, and it took 2-1/2 hours, but the boat slid along steadily over the marshgrass. It

was not too exhausting as we had plenty of people. We had to watch for stones, not many, and spend quite a bit of time resetting the stakes for each new pull.

At the water's edge we piled seaweed over the sand and shells to ease the hull across to the water. When it came time for us to actually go into the water to haul on the line, folks were a little hesitant, but soon we all gave up any efforts at trying to keep dry. Finally MALARKEY floated free to a great cheer from us all.

Mission accomplished, we all sat down for a picnic celebration and that afternoon we went sailing. It was a great day! Amazing how much friend power can achieve!





As Alison Geddes reports, "it's amazing what friendpower can achieve!"

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A few rods further on the road curved sharply to the south, then swept around to the northward again in a wide circuit, following the windings of the stream; and in the middle of the S thus formed was a long, low, weather-stained structure, upheld by a rough stone basement. At the end next the brook, the upper part of a water-wheel was visible.

"A mill!" said Joe. "They don't seem to be rushed with business to-day," he added.

The wheel was still, and no one was in sight. The shadows of the boughs shifted over the dark, mossy shingles, which covered the sides as well as the roof; no hum of machinery mingled with the low murmur of the stream and the rustle of the leaves; this old, silent deserted mill made the whole place seem more quiet and remote than ever.

It was on the opposite side of the brook; but a bridge, massively built with rough stones, and having two small irregularly square passages for the water at the bottom, led across from the road; and even if it hadn't been there, we could have danced over on the stones almost anywhere. But we started for the bridge; before we had made half a dozen steps, we came in sight of a man on the edge of the road, opposite the mill.

He was seated on a camp-stool, and an easel stood in front of him; he was working busily away, with palette and brushes in hand, and a big white umbrella was rigged so as to shade him.

On seeing him, we paused for an instant, more taken by surprise than he seemed to be, for he merely threw us a glance; but no doubt a pair of young tramps like ourselves didn't seem as rare a sight to him as an artist, actually painting, out of doors, did to us.

"Would you sneak up and take a peep?" whispered Joe.

I rather shrank from the idea of possibly intruding, but Joe advanced to within three or four yards; after a prolonged stare he returned and reported: "It doesn't amount to much, after all; not yet, anyway; of course I don't know what he may make of it. But now it's a pretty dauby-looking affair, and some parts of it haven't been painted at all."

We crossed the rude bridge, and entered a doorless doorway in the basement. This was a dark damp region, with shafting and gearing at the end, near the wheel. After poking about a little, we made our way to the upper part.

"Ho! did you see the big rat?" cried Joe. "He was right over there by those barrels; he went like a shot."

Here were two sets of stones, all boxed in, of course, with the

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



Wallace P. Stanley, Author

Published in 1901

H.N. Cady, Illustrator

hoppers, spouts, troughs, and all the fixings seemingly in good repair. Bags and barrels lay about, the floor was sprinkled with meal, and all the beams were draped and the small windows curtained with the cobwebs that look so much more solid in a mill than anywhere else - they're so full of white dust.

"They could start this concern to-day, if they wanted to," Joe observed. "I thought from the looks outside that 't was going to ruin; but they're only laying off, likely, because corn isn't ripe till fall."

We sauntered about a few minutes, pulling at the wooden levers, and pushing things around in a vain effort to start up the rat or some of his kindred, but he had made good his retreat. Then we went out and followed the stream a little further, on the opposite side from the road. The mill-pond was tolerably deep, but rather small other ways; we concluded that the brook would have to be a good deal higher than it was then, to give power enough to run both sets of stones; and no doubt it was, for the road was banked up next the water by a solid wall, for a good part of the way, and on the other side, against the slope, we could see where it had washed in times of flood.

The tramp of an approaching team came to our ears, and presently it turned into full sight around a curve ahead. It wasn't an old farmer's wagon, with a sleepy, jog-trot sort of a nag in front, such as we would naturally have looked for, but a double team of the swellest kind, groom, coachman, and all, with passengers to match. As we came within the sweep of their vision, we felt all of a sudden that we had on old clothes, which wasn't in our minds as a general thing, but no doubt they took us in as part of the landscape, and I don't know but what we harmonized with it better

than they did, after all, as Joe's remark implied.

"Those folks have got lost - we want to tell that driver the way to Fifth Avenue."

"Bellevue Avenue, you mean; don't you know, Oldport's mostly New York, especially in summer, and of course the people drive all over the island. The New York boundary reaches clear up to Bristol Ferry, this time of year."

The ravine now trended toward the north, and before long we found it spreading out flatter and getting more commonplace; so we crossed to the road at a favorable spot, and moved back again. We met the artist trudging along with his umbrella folded, and the rest of his kit, with his camp-stool, tucked under his arm. When we came to his point of view of the old mill, we concluded it would make a pretty good picture, if he got it in all right; but both of us thought it looked better from the place where we first saw it, with the path coming down the hill to the road over the old bridge.

Our things were all right where we left them. We carried them to the TRITON, which was left nearly aground, the tide having begun to fall. The wind was still strong from the south; we both were beginning to feel terribly fagged and lazy with our tramping and scant rest the night before, so we agreed not to embark just yet, but to go up and lie around in the shade for an hour or so. We found a soft, grassy place in sight of the boat, where we sprawled out comfortably, with the crickets hurrying around and the grasshoppers climbing the stems to get a good look with their long antennae waving about. How could a man ever manage with such things? - no house would be big enough to maneuver them in. But anybody who could jump like a grasshopper would be out of place in a house,

anyway; he's an open-air chap, if anybody is. I like the looks of a grasshopper, he's so trim and neat and has such a satisfied, knowing expression. A fish, now, looks scared or savage, or maybe both, and stupid besides, and I guess their faces don't belie them; and so I went on drowsily meditating, while Joe had pulled his hat over his eyes, and dropped into a nap. The swell equipage which had driven down along the beach now came rolling back, but they didn't see us, we were so far behind the trees.

I am not sure whether I got to sleep or not, but at last I was aware that a boat had landed on the beach not far from ours, and a man was getting out. After securing his craft to a stake near high-water mark, he went and took a long look at the TRITON, which was now again left aground by the tide, though we had shoved her off before. Then he looked inshore, and saw me sitting up. He came forward and asked, "That your boat?"

"Yes," I answered. "Is that the Glen in there?"

"That's what they call it. When I saw those bags, I thought 't was queer anybody'd go off and leave 'em like that; but I see you've kept an eye on 'em."

"Well, if I hadn't, I don't know as 't would have made any difference, for you're the only one that's been along here for an hour, and you haven't touched them."

By this time Joe had roused up, and remarked: "Well, I believe I've been asleep. Getting about time to start, I guess," consulting his timekeeper. "Eleven minutes past four."

"Going to Stone Bridge?" inquired the man.

"No; we came from there this morning. We're from Pierhaven, and expect to go back there after we've had a little fun sailing around and camping out."

"Camping out, eh? That's very nice, if the weather's good."

"Does it look as though it was going to be good?"

"Well, I guess you're all right for to-night, anyway." And we started down to our boat, while he moved off up the Glen.

Soon we were again tacking across for the Tiverton shore; the tide now helped us, but, as the wind was against it, we found some rather sloppy seas where the current ran. On the next tack we didn't go quite half way across, for we were tired of getting spattered, but came around again to keep somewhat within the lee of Seapowet Point, which ran out some distance to the south. I was steering this time, and Joe shifted the leeboard, but a sharp wave gave the boat such a sudden lurch that somehow he dropped the board, and it fell cornerwise on one of the bottom boards close to the side. The blow,

concentrated at that point where the fastening must have been rather loose, forced the end of the bottom board down nearly a quarter of an inch, and the water began to flow in, in quite a lively way.

"Man the pumps! She's sprung a leak! Run her ashore!" he sung out, in burlesque alarm.

"It's you that's sprung it on her!" I retorted; "now see if you can fix it again."

I let out the sheet and checked the boat's headway, while he took an oar, and reaching down over the side, as far as his length of arm would allow, tried to thump the board up into place; but he only succeeded in giving his shirt sleeve a good wetting.

"No go!" he announced; "we'll have to run her ashore; then we can fix it easy enough."

So I filled away again. If the leak had been on the windward side, the careening of the boat would have lifted it above water a large share of the time; but it wasn't, and our liquid cargo increased so fast that I was afraid it would get into the locker.

"We must be sure and have dry blankets to-night, Joe, for we may not be where we can borrow again!"

So he got the little tin pan from the "forepeak," or away up at the forward end, and bailed away with great vigor, soon gaining on the leak. In due time we reached shore; our first move was to take out all our articles of freight, with the oars and sail, and deposit them well up above high-water mark. Having thus lightened the TRITON, we hauled her out of the water and turned her bottom up.

Joe picked some cotton string to pieces, and thus made a sort of oakum, which we laid into the crack. We had no hammer along, but that didn't trouble us. "Here's the primitive hammer of the Stone Age," I said, picking up a heavy, round stone, and with it I pounded the board into place, while Joe held two thicknesses of blanket between to prevent marring. Then I put in another galvanized nail, for we happened to have a few in the locker, but this time the primitive hammer was rather unruly, and it was as much as I could do to make a decent job.

When the TRITON, repaired, was right side up in the water again, and the things aboard, Joe remarked: "Don't let's go much further; it's pretty near sunset, and I'm all tuckered out. Let's coast down alongshore and be looking out for a place to camp."

I fully agreed to this, for I didn't feel like sitting up late any more than he; and only a little further down we found a place where the water made in and formed a little nook, which would be a safe harbor for the expedition over night, "blow high or blow low."

We first debated whether we should haul the TRITON up to high-water mark, for the tide was now well down, and if left at what was now the water's edge, she would be afloat during a large part of the night, after the tide turned. Of course that didn't matter for the boat, but one of us was going to sleep in her, and it might be disturbing to be "lolloped" about, or have the bottom crunching along the shore.

"What if that leak isn't stopped in good shape!" suggested Joe. But I was willing to risk that, for my part; there had been no renewal of leakage since we last embarked. The little haven afforded good security against any waves of disturbing size, and the TRITON would have to be hauled three or four times her length to get her above high-water mark. So we pulled her three-fourths out of water and rigged her where she was.

Our experience while up the river enabled us to get our little camp ready in short order. As you may not know how we managed, I will describe it - in short order, too. When completed, a cot had been stretched across the forward part of the boat, from gunwale to gunwale, the forward thwart having been removed to give room for the "bagging down" when occupied; and above this the sail had been rigged as a sort of low shelter-tent, by means of the spars and one oar. This could accommodate but one of us; the other was provided with a cot stretched from four posts driven into the ground, with a little tent rigged above; each of us had a blanket, and a piece of mosquito netting hung across the front of each tent.

The next question was, which was to sleep in the boat? "Shall we go right on from the last time?" I asked. "You were the last to have it, up the river."

"O, no, let's make a new start," said Joe; and he flung up his hat. "I'll take the crown."

But it came down hollow side up; so on all grounds I was destined to sleep in the boat. This being settled, supper was now in order. By the time we were through, it was only a quarter of an hour after sunset; but we didn't wait for it to grow darker before turning in, and it was very gratifying to find ourselves comfortably settled in our cots, with all the night before us. I don't think it was five minutes before both of us were "off."

(To be continued)

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ANORAK

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The Weather Report

Thursday evening Tony Chavez called up. We talked a bit and then I asked him if he wanted to paddle on Sunday. He said OK, but did I know that the weather forecast was for rain. I said no but that a forecast like that 3 days ahead of the target date probably meant that the weather would be OK. None-the-less, I checked the reports myself on Friday and they all agreed - rain Sunday morning.

On Wednesday evening I had told the trip coordinator that we ought to meet on the dock at 9:00 a.m. instead of noon time. I thought about that each time I checked the updated weather reports. The weather guys also predicted sloppy weather for Saturday.

Saturday I arose to the crackling sound of ice pellets falling through the trees and against the window. The weather guys said it was snowing in parts of New York City. I worked on stuffing envelopes for ANorAK issue #5. I finished most of them about 9:30 a.m., got my hat and carried a couple of big boxes of stuffed envelopes through the sleet storm to the car. The weather report now said that by Sunday afternoon the weather would be clearing up. Things still sounded unpleasant for Sunday morning.

Saturday afternoon I talked with the trip leader and agreed to start the trip later in the day. Finally Steve Selwyn called at about 10:00 p.m. Saturday evening (it was raining hard at the time) to find out our final plan. OK, OK - make it 11:00 a.m. Maybe things will clear out in the afternoon. Then came Sunday morning. About 7:00 a.m. I rolled over and an eye opened. Sunshine on the trees! Blue sky and scattered clouds! No rain - no overcast! The temperature was decidedly moderate. I took the weatherman's bait again - hooked again. Beaten by a total loss of nerve.

As Carl mentioned, I don't like to change my plans based on weather forecasts. Last spring we arose to find small craft warnings

up. Surf was breaking across the road when we got to Stony Creek, Ct. Long Island Sound was an angry carpet of white. We could not cancel the trip, Carl White was already somewhere out on the highway. We decided to paddle in the salt marshes at the mouth of the Connecticut River. In the afternoon the sun came out and we returned to Stony Creek. We paddled around the Thimble Islands in moderate wind, friendly waves and the late afternoon sun. The air and the sea were fresh and beautiful.

Small craft warnings were out a year ago last October when we had a boat demo day planned. We could not cancel it - folks were on the road. Sixty people came to see and try 30 boats. As usual - we compensated! We paddled in the lee of Calf Pasture Beach, Norwalk, Ct. Those able to handle the wind paddled in it. It was a grey day. We had a great time.

Finally, a friend of ours called up July 13th at 3:00 a.m. to tell us he wasn't coming on the 6:00 a.m. trip around Manhattan because it was raining. At about 6:15 a.m. a round, red sun broke through the low clouds over the East River. We had a perfect, not-too-hot, sunny day. We were off the water by about 1:00 p.m. Our timing of the tides was perfect and water, perhaps due to the drought, seemed virtually clean.

My trips won't be cancelled due to weather reports. We just compensate when we find out what we actually have to deal with. I don't say people should go out in anything. In the winter season I'll go hiking if the conditions are not mild and friendly when I get to the launch site. I just say I'll make my plans based on the conditions I find when it is time to paddle. Once out, I keep my eye on the weather every minute we are on the water. If you have a better system - let's hear it.

Report by Chuck Sutherland
Reprinted from ANorAK

Ruffle Bar

May 15, 1985. Sebago Canoe Club Cruising Meeting. What better time to take a short cruise? I set off from the club dock at 7:00 p.m. and headed for the bay and Ruffle Bar. I had missed several previous chances to visit this island. A southwest breeze slowed my progress across the bay but generated small waves that enlivened the ride.

Canarsie Pol (island) sits out in the bay just southeast of the entrance to Paerdegat basin, beside which the canoe club is located. As I passed the island, the 27 foot club war canoe and six club members crossed my path on their way to a nearby beach.

Ruffle Bar was 1-1/2 miles ahead of me. Behind me on my right the sun sank into grey clouds along the western horizon. At the edge of the Bar a flock of brant split into two groups. One group waded ashore and the other swam off to my right. Then they all took wing and flew off around the island. It was mid-tide, just deep enough to cruise along the edge of the exposed grasses. At low tide I would be aground here. An oyster catcher, with its long orange-red bill, stood watching me for a moment then jumped up and, together with a black-bellied plover, led the way along the shore.

Dusk was deepening now. Should I turn back? No! Let the night close in. More oyster catchers appeared. Soon a dozen of them were in the air complaining loudly about my passage around their refuge.

What a beautiful island, a massive sandbar grown over with phragmites and, in its center, a few low scrubby-looking trees. Now, on another patch of exposed grass, I encounter a flock of red-backed sandpipers and a rusty-colored knot (a knot is a plump killdeer-sized shorebird).

On the south side of Ruffle Bar I landed to look at the bones of a wooden ship. Parts of its beams are buried in the beach sand and

partially overgrown by phragmites. I drank a soda and mounted my compass and night lights on my deck. It was nearly dark now. The big black and white oyster catchers continued to lead the way. Up in the grasses, a marsh wren started singing.

How long would my return trip take? In fact, where was the entrance to Paerdegat Basin? At a distance of 2 miles the lights of the bridges all looked alike. It appeared that the Belt Parkway bridge a few degrees to the left of the World Trade Center was my target. Beneath the WTC towers I noted a low structure with a very bright (stadium-like) corona of lights around it. At 8:30 p.m. I left the Bar on a compass course of 330 degrees. Out on the water, no nearby lights, no moon - dark is truly DARK!!

Running before the wind now, the ride in was a pleasure. The waves helped me along. No other boats were in sight. In the distance an endless string of car lights moved along the Beltway. My forward deck light, aimed at my compass, sent its beam of light out past the bow of my boat. Each time I surfed before a wave a small jet of silvery water spurted out through the light from each side of the bow. Dark waves, rolling past me from the stern, created constantly changing patterns of varied shades of black.

At the red channel light off the west side of Canarsie Pol, I was suddenly less certain about my course. I hadn't noticed the bridge over the entrance to Mill Basin. My own fault - I should have looked behind me on the way out. But my chart showed that 330 degrees was still the proper bearing. I surfed on toward the Paerdegat Bridge. The bright corona of lights were those of the Paerdegat Athletic Club. I arrived at the Sebago dock at 9:10 p.m. Lights in the clubhouse, people talking at each other about important things - my explore was over.

Report by Chuck Sutherland
Reprinted from ANorAK

After the Symposium was Over

After the Sea-Kayaking Symposium everyone wants to get right onto the water--to use skills learned, maybe even to go on an expedition. Some of us were lucky enough to be able to do so on the Monday after this year's Sea-Kayaking Symposium in Castine, Maine.

Brought together by the organizational skill of Bob Walker, guided by the native knowledge of Jon Cons and Lucy Woodward, with positive group dynamics insured by the humor of Harry White, our expedition enjoyed great success..

We paddled over ten miles among islands which brought to mind the poet Robert P.T. Coffin's lyric descriptions of the Maine coast: "I had always thought of the Maine coast as a coast of crystal and amber. Never till now had I been so sure of it. It was a faceted, translucent, planned, sharp thing. . . ledges of granite, splintery junipers, and evergreens built like geometry. . ."

In addition to paddling this sunlit coast, our expedition featured foraging and island exploration. Bruce Bishop and Randy White--inspired by the abundant wild raspberries at our Warren Island lunch stop--collected a large bag of sea urchins. Both rejected the "Eskimo method" of remaining seated in a kayak and prying the urchins off rocks with a paddle blade. Bruce took a technological approach, diving after them in face mask and wetsuit while Randy used a more natural method, standing on a rock and plunging his arms and face into the icy water. They offered samples of their catch to all.

When we stopped on an island off Stonington to stretch our legs and explore the ruins of an abandoned quarry, I almost got a chance to practice island survival skills. I remembered my camera but forgot my shoes and was happily photographing a mountain cranberry bush when the cry of "Boat adrift!" sent the others scrambling to the beach leaving me alone and barefoot in a wilderness of juniper, raspberries, and giant granite blocks.

Finally relocating my path, I was painfully descending when I met the rescue party.

In three smaller groups we took slightly different courses back to the put-in, so some of us watched as a large sailing schooner paralleled then passed three of our kayaks. White sails curved and towering, graceful slivers of boat with paddle flashes, the big boat and the small ones seemed to move by some silent magic across the bright water.

At the expedition's end back in Stonington, Chris Hansen was our spokesperson in the somewhat protracted negotiation with the "Fisherman's Friend" for a table to accommodate our party. The food was most welcome when it finally came.

Thanks to having been brought together by the Symposium, eight people whose homes are in two countries and four different states shared this day on the water. We also share the hope of paddling together again--maybe next year.

Report by Cathy Lynch
Reprinted from ANorAK

DIRIGO



Could we have a show of hands, please?

Do you sometimes wish you had a boat that could take you anywhere? Up the river, down the creek, out around the islands, clear across the bay, or just beyond the next headland? When the wind blows and when it doesn't?

Do you sometimes wish you had a boat that you could take anywhere? Pack your gear, throw it on the car and go?

We are building the DIRIGO 17, a very stable sea touring kayak and the DIRIGO DIPPER, a 10', 6" decked canoe. We thought you might like to know. We would be glad to send you information.

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ANorAK, NEWSLETTER for SEA KAYAKERS

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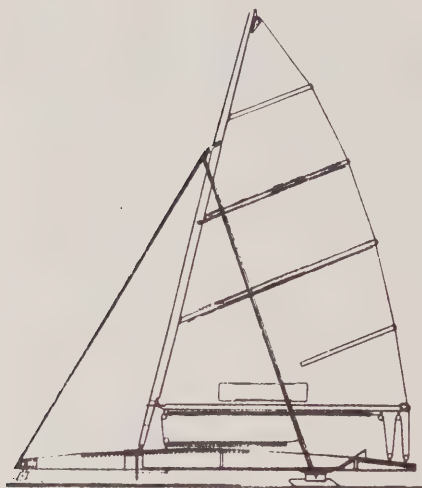
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Ice Boating

ICEBOATING HOTLINE

If you think you'd like to see some winter iceboating, you can call for week-to-week details Thursday or Friday evenings, (617) 585-8855 in Kingston, MA. Up-to-date information on where the DN action will be the upcoming weekend is on a recording.

Cape Cod Frosty CLASS ASSOCIATION NEWS

CAPE COD FROSTY CALENDAR

The diminutive 6' Cape Cod Frostys will be racing this late winter at various harbors around the Cape. All the events begin at 1 p.m. 'weather permitting. For last minute information call either of these numbers: (617) 432-0268 or (617) 432-3704, or write to the Cape Cod Frosty Class Association, P.O. Box 599, Harwich, MA 02645.

FEBRUARY 23: Allen Harbor, Harwichport, MA.

MARCH 3: Crosby Yacht Yard, Osterville, MA.

MARCH 16: Dockside Pub, Hyannis, MA.

MARCH 23: Meeting House Pond, Orleans, MA.

APRIL 3: Round Cove, Harwich, MA.

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SNOW ROW IN FEBRUARY 15

Ed McCabe sends a short note announcing the Snow Row at Hull, MA will take place at 11a.m. on Saturday, February 15th, usual location at the Hull Lifesaving Museum's boatbuilding shop out on Pt. Allerton. Ed wants to gather interested small craft folks afterwards to discuss prospects for organizing some small craft activities for traditional craft at the summer Statue of Liberty celebration in New York harbor. For more information from Ed, call him at (617) 925-4826.

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The Bookstore at Mystic Seaport Museum Stores has a ten page brochure available listing all the video cassettes they now have available on nautical subjects ranging from America's Cup racing through seafaring history to educational how-to material for novices. You can call them toll-free at 1-800-331-BOOK (Connecticut readers call 1-536-9688) for a copy. I counted about 60 cassettes available in all.



SPRING EVENTS AT EASTHAMPTON

The Boat Shop at the Easthampton Town Marine Museum in Easthampton, Long Island, NY, has scheduled a number of programs for spring. The Museum is affiliated with the Easthampton Historical Society and is dedicated to the preservation of traditional woden boats and their building techniques. For more details on any of the scheduled programs or the Museum call either Ellen Freedman at (516) 324-6850 or Redjeb Jordania at (516) 324-6393.

MARCH 22-23: Lofting, 10a.m. to 5p.m. \$65.

APRIL 19-20: Methods in Wooden Boatbuilding, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. \$65.

MAY 1-4: Build Your Own Rowing/Sailing Pram, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Build an UQBAR designed by instructor Jordania. \$125 plus materials.

MAY 12-18: Build Your Own Rowing Shell, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Build a TORPEDO designed by Robert Barker. \$195 plus materials.

MAY 24: Nautical Flea Market, 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

JUNE 14: Women at the Helm, sailing instruction for women begins, by appointment.

Fees for members are somewhat less.

BOATBUILDING & REPAIR FOR BEGINNERS

The Middlesex Community College in Bedford, MA will provide a seminar for beginners interested in building a low cost seaworthy kayak, canoe or sailboat, starting March 1st and running for eight succeeding Saturdays at the Burlington, MA campus near the Burlington Mall. The fee is \$52. For an application form, write to Middlesex Community College, Community Services, P.O. Box T, Bedford, MA 01730 and request the CS 6027SR Boatbuilding and Repairing for Beginners course application. To phone, call (617) 275-8910, Ext. 297 during business hours weekdays.

MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM



WINTER LECTURES & WORKSHOPS

A series of boatbuilding workshops and winter lectures are scheduled for the coming months at the Museum's Apprenticeship and other locations in Bath, ME. The following is the schedule:

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.

MARCH 6: Lecture, "Cover to Cover, Making of LOBSTERING AND THE MAINE COAST", by Nathan Lipfert, co-author of the book and Museum curator. Patten Free Library in Bath, 7:30-9 p.m. \$2 to the public.

MARCH 11 & 13: Workshop, "Rigging & Marlinspike Seamanship", by Brion Toss. Apprenticeship, 7-10 p.m. Prior registration required.

MARCH 20: Lecture, "Clues From the Coastline, Maine's Exotic Ballast Deposits", by Dr. Ernest W. Marshall. Sewall House, 7:30-9 p.m. \$2 to the 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). To register or to learn more, call the Museum at (207) 443-13126.

WHITEWATER CANOEING & OCEAN KAYAKING INFORMATION SESSION

On March 11th, the Southeastern Massachusetts Chapter of the AMC will host an evening information gathering at the Camp Burgess YMCA in Sandwich, MA. The purpose is to introduce these activities to interested newcomers with talks, slide shows, equipment exhibits and knowledgeable persons with whom to discuss these sports. A \$2 donation is asked to cover expenses. The times is 7 to 10 p.m. From Exit 2 off the Mid-Cape Highway go south on rt. 130 for 1.6 miles, bear left on Cotuit Rd. for 1.3 miles, then left on Farmersville Rd. for 1.2 miles, left again on Stowe Rd. for .5 mile. Camp Burgess is on the left opposite Triangle Pond. For further information call Chuck Wright at (617) 564-4250 or Bob Scolomiero at (617) 545-6015.



USRA & RECREATIONAL ROWERS

The United States Rowing Association is giving more of its attention to recreational rowing in 1986. Eric Stohl, who is in charge of the USRA Recreation & Development Division, has the following to say about this trend:

"USRowing is working harder than ever to help recreational rowers and to get new people into boats. The new Recreation and Development Division has been allocated 11% of the overall USRowing budget for 1986. Projects within this new division include 'Rowing in the Mainstream', seed money for the Hull Lifesaving Museum's high school traditional rowing program, brochures and booklets for recreational rowers and people just getting into the sport and a full-time staff member working on recreational rowing and domestic development of the sport.

'Rowing in the Mainstream' is funded through a grant by the U.S. Dept. of Education and is headed by Doug Erland. The Mainstream project is a program for establishing community-based rowing programs for everyone, young or old, able bodied or mobility-impaired. Our goal is to actively assist at



THE ROCKPORT APPRENTICESHIP

WINTER LECTURE SERIES

The Rockport Apprenticeship at Rockport, ME, has launched a winter lecture schedule

FEBRUARY 19: "Life Aboard the 300' Bark, SEA CLOUD", by Brion Toss.

FEBRUARY 26: "Small Boats, a Look at the Past", by Ed Coffin.

MARCH 5: "Building Lobster Boats on Vinalhaven", by Phil Dyer.

MARCH 12: "ANGELIQUE, Evolution of a Windjammer", by Captain Mike Anderson.

MARCH 19: "Design, Construction and Racing of Ocean Multi-hulls", by Walter Green.

MARCH 26: "Fancy Knotwork", by Susan Manning.

The lectures are all at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday evenings around the stove at the Apprenticeship on Sea St. in Rockport, ME. Call Steve McAllister at (207) 236-6071 for more details.

least six communities in establishing programs this summer and offer advice and expertise to any other interested communities.

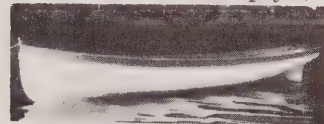
Our magazine has been renamed, **AMERICAN ROWING**, and will reflect the broad spectrum of rowing in the U.S. I will be editing the section on recreational rowing and invite articles and suggestions from any readers. I am very excited about this new emphasis on recreation and grass roots rowing development within our organization.

The former USRA Clearinghouse located in Ambler, PA, has now been renamed USRA Merchandising, P.O. Box 5447, Indianapolis, IN 46255-5447. It is our source of rowing gear and equipment.

Readers interested in learning more about USRowing can contact us at 251 N. Illinois St., Suite 980, Indianapolis, IN 46204, phone (317) 237-2769."

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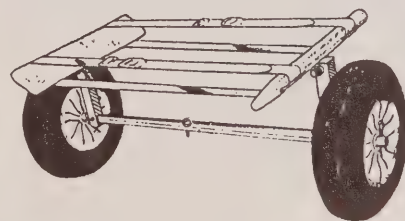


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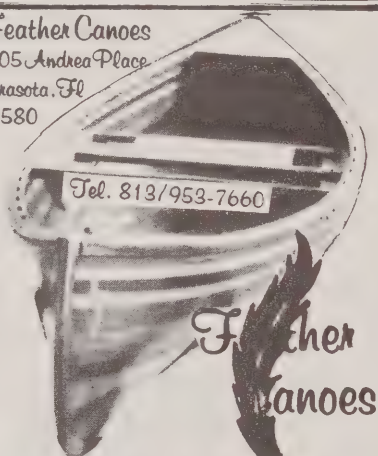
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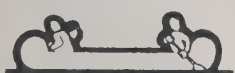
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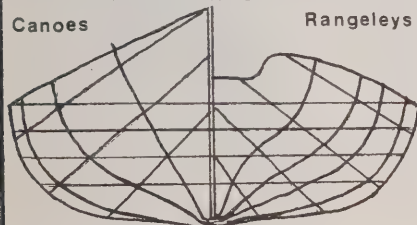
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BRICK... the Sailing's It!

Wrong! BRICK does it with functional applications that other prams wouldn't even attempt. Designer Bolger presents it as one of his quick and dirty hulls with its three sawn sticks for each outside chine and the simple outside mounted daggerboard. But, in bypassing normal boat carpenter pram construction, an amateur builder can finish this one in a day and in two get it painted besides, ending up with the largest pram that can be gotten from three standard sheets of plywood and a little clear lumberyard fir. Just maybe it is the largest 8' pram in the world! And it weighs no more than a conventional pram since it does not have the interior clutter of seats and daggerboard trunk to fall over and bark one's shins on. Weight is 70 to 90 pounds depending on the plywood used, pine is 30% heavier than fir.

It isn't likely that BRICK will sell itself on the beach or dock or in the showroom. The boating public is pre-conditioned in other directions and is unlikely to believe that in the water BRICK can take on all comers and win. But, sailing BRICK converts the doubter inside of ten minutes!

First there is that huge uncluttered cockpit, sprawl room for big adults. This is due to the mast and daggerboard both being over on the starboard side! That grabs attention and makes BRICK a conversation piece, another attribute that conventional prams do not have. When sailing, BRICK takes no notice of this asymmetry, I wonder why we do? Even Bolger's little jokes are functional, like putting the 1-2hp outboard on the bow transom out of the way of every-

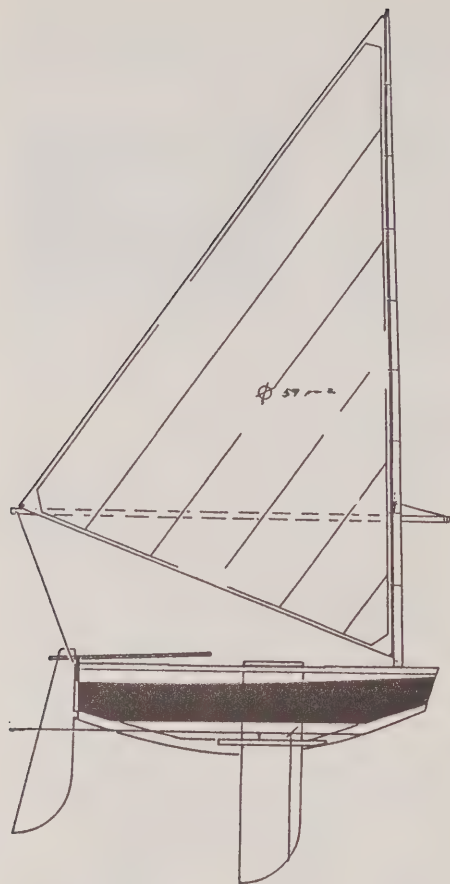
thing and motoring backwards. The rudder can be unshipped and the outboard hung on the rear transom if that feels more comfortable. Or one can row standing up with 7 foot oars facing forward or sit on a cooler amidships or move the oarlocks for whatever arrangement suits one's needs.

My first sail in the prototype, still in sealer coat, only, was in light air on Lake Tarpon and we chuckled for two hours sprawled on cushions in the 2 foot deep cockpit. Two weeks later I took this boat to Cedar Keys for a traditional small craft meet where we had a hard sailing breeze and sizeable seas, mostly breaking. Three large men and my 100 lb German Shepherd got aboard BRICK, 670 lbs! Off we went in rocking chair comfort, wet on the wind when the bow hit a breaker, but otherwise dry, nimble and fun, powered by the full 59 square feet of sail, twice that of some conventional prams. With BRICK's full 4' beam, there were no tangled legs and other cockpit inconveniences.. It was a great ride, what other 8 footer could do as well, even with a lesser load?

BRICK has two designed load waterlines, one at 475 lbs., the other at 825 lbs. Some boats are more than they may appear at first glance!

(Plans for BRICK are \$20 from LaRowe Boat Plans, 185 Amarillo St., Port Richey, FL 33568).

Editor's Note: I welcome this sort of commentary from any interested reader about boats they build or use, whether or not they are in the trade. When you read this sort of thing on these pages it is because the writer sent in material that was interesting.



Elrow LaRowe is, of course, prejudiced about the 8' sailing pram, BRICK, designed for him by Phil Bolger. LaRowe markets plans for BRICK for \$20 and touts the craft as the most 8' sailing pram you can get from three sheets of plywood. Allowing for proprietary interest, it is still pretty interesting to read what LaRowe has to say about BRICK:

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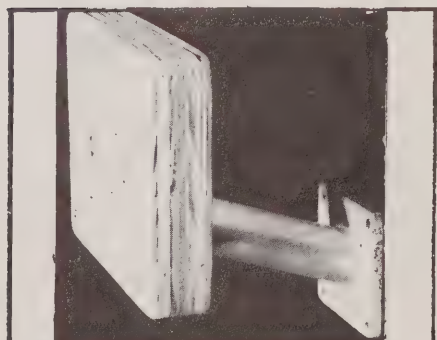
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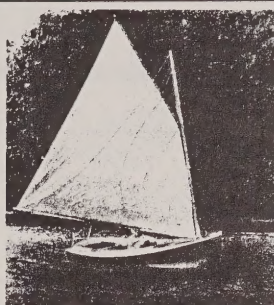


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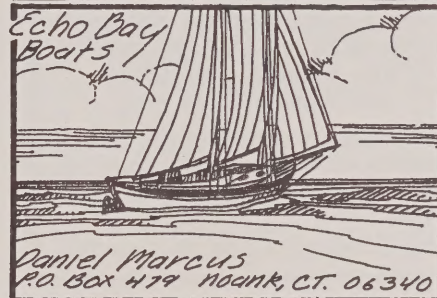
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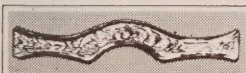
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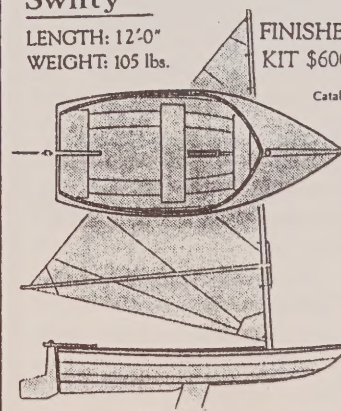
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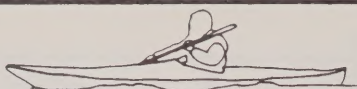
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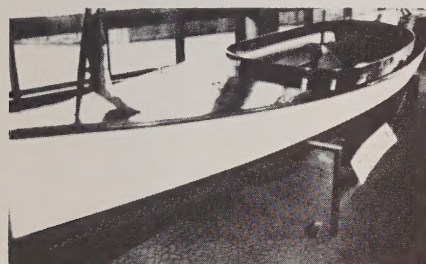
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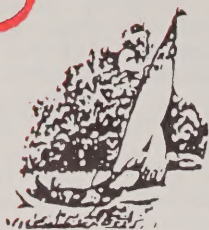
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