

Twice a Month!



messing about in **BOATS**

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Commentary

BOB HICKS



messing about in BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

Will continue several ongoing serials we seem to have started on their way, "Adventures Down the Bay #12", "Halcyon Days #3", "The Building of ANDRO ZEE #2". And Tom McGrath is back, "Going Whaling in a Townie". There'll also be reports on serious ship modelling by the U.S.S. Constitution Ship Modellers Guild; a detailed discussion on building Bolger's GYPSY by a Florida reader; a look at the "Flying Cat Fleet" of home builder catamarans; more details on the famed Wayfarer dinghy; a 1913 article on building a proper paper boat; a youth's experience with the sinking of the BISMARCK, his model of that WWII German battlecruiser, that is; and probably more. With 32 pages now, even with more ads, there's more room available for more news of interest.

On the Cover...

The annual Snow Row took place mid-February at Hull, MA on a fair but cold day, maybe 20 boats took part in the 4.5 mile race in Hingham Bay, most of them traditional type boats. It was the first race for the Hull Lifesaving Museum's 38' French Gig and this occasioned quite a dramatic finish, full report in this issue.



In the January 15th issue was a short item reprinted from a 1913 issue of a periodical entitled, BOY MECHANIC, about building a paddle boat. The rationale offered by the writer 73 years ago was as follows:

"A rowboat has several disadvantages. The operation of the oars is both tiresome and uninteresting and the oarsman is obliged to travel backwards." All true. Yet today, what was regarded then as a chore (and was practiced a lot as a chore by working men in fishing dories of the era) is now sport. Even in 1913, rowing was also a sport, in collegiate crew, which had survived an earlier scandal ridden "professional" era of rowing competition to become THE amateur (and only) branch of the sport of rowing. As a sport, rowing developed technology, rapidly removing itself from the reality of traditional rowing. Ultra light, narrow shells propelled by long sweeps on outriggers by muscular youths on sliding seats were even then pretty well as they are today.

Yet, on February 15th I had a first hand chance to observe rowing sport done the old, tiresome way, in a big, heavy boat with long sweeps pivoting in leathered slots in the gunwales, pulled by a crew of young men seated on fixed thwarts. The French Gig, LIBERTE', which got feature treatment in the March 1st issue, was raced in the Snow Row at Hull, MA by the "masters" crew and I went along as supercargo.

The report on the experience is in this issue. Here I wanted to comment on what seems to be happening. Rowing old fashioned boats the old fashioned way is about to get a big publicity boost this summer at the Statue of Liberty Centennial celebration when a pair of these 38' gigs are raced by various crews, French and American, as part of the Operation Sail visit in New York harbor. Just as the "tall ships" are bringing the "hard way" of sailing the seas back into public view, here we have the manual labor of rowing the "hard way" about to have its turn on stage. The boosters hope it will spark an en-

Going for it... the hard way!

thusiasm for old fashioned rowing around the country.

Will it happen? I dare not guess. Last spring I viewed an interscholastic regatta near Worcester, MA amongst various private prep schools and a few public high schools. They rowed the typical highly refined racing shells, singles to eights. Here at what is grass roots level for the sport of "crew" was a big day indeed. The performances were impressive, the crews obviously well trained and practiced, the boats very powerful and fast. It was really exciting to follow an eight at nearly 15mph down that mile or so course. It was MOVING! Just a delicately balanced platform from which 1500 pounds of muscle could be applied to ultra light carbon fiber sweeps to move it all along swiftly and gracefully.

At Hull, I watched ten young men (all over 19, but most of them not by much, and thus no longer "youth" but "masters") work like the devil to move a 1200 pound traditional boat, 38 feet long, 7 foot beam, around a 4.5 mile course on Hingham Bay. These young men do not go to school together (they did at Hull High School until they graduated) and rowing this new boat cannot be a systematic part of their daily lives like college or prep school crew can.

I also watched just ahead of our craft for most of the race, eight high school boys and girls putting that same effort out in a far lighter "bateau" of old and beat-up nature. They stayed ahead all the way. Again, they really worked at it.

So I dare not predict the success this summer's events in New York will have in inspiring a public enthusiasm for traditional rowing. I'd like to see it happen, for just as people today enjoy using antique cars or aircraft in competition (vintage racing it is usually called) rowing the old way can have its rewards. What? Moving a boat that has utility (it can carry stuff) as fast through the water as its hull design will permit with basic oars, a total absence of the intrusion of technology into a sport based on a chore.

Sailing to World's End in a Townie



WORLD'S END

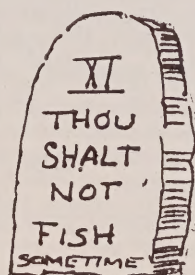
Story & Illustrations by Tom McGrath

The day before I sailed, my supervisor came on the job and asked me how long it would take to finish the job. I was on a ladder climbing the eighty foot sign I was working on. "I don't know." I shouted down. "Give me a general idea," he shouted up. "About two weeks," I yelled down in jest. "What!" he exclaimed exasperatedly. Back at the shop at the end of the day, he said, "I'll give you two more men to get the job done." "There should have been four men on the job in the beginning," I said. "I'm taking tomorrow off." "What! Again!"

The next day the wind is from the northwest. Predicted to be 15 to 20 knots. Early this morning there is only an indication of a breeze. Ideal for preparing the boat.

At the Dory Club I happen to meet the sailing instructor. He is furious over losing his three lobster keepers. "Sixteen lobsters were in them," he kept repeating. "They could have broken loose or been cut by a boat prop," I suggested. "No," he insisted, "they were stolen." Then he tells me that when he reported it to the Harbor-master, the Harbor-master told him that he himself had three keepers stolen with a hundred lobsters in each. The sailing instructor became irate at that reply and said that he was not interested in the Harbor-master's problem, only in his own and wanted to know what was going to be done about it. The Harbor-master looked at him calmly and said, "Nothing."

There was 11,000 pounds of lobster in the local buyers' store. There were over a hundred keepers floating at the dock with a hundred lobsters in each. Every moored lobster boat had full keepers hanging from their transoms. Last year there were practically no lobsters to be found. Cyclically, this year there is a superabundance. Where were they to be sold? Nobody knew. Everyone had more than enough already. The price was down from \$5.00 to \$2.00 a pound, and dropping; and still there was vandalism, carelessness, theft and the hauling of traps continued furiously. I wondered if the eleventh commandment shouldn't be, "Thou Shalt Not Fish." At least, thou shalt not fish a few days each season, because, frankly, some of these bastards, if they could, would kill everything in the ocean for a day's pay. As my thoughts got blacker, another Dory Club member arrived.



He had taken the day off as well. "Nice day for a sail," he greeted me. So I courteously asked him if he wanted to sail with me. "No" he replied, "I've been sick all night."



"I'VE BEEN SICK"

"Good," I thought to myself. "Not about you being sick, but I really want to sail alone."

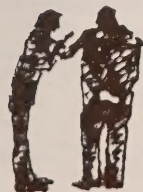
I put the supplies in the pram and rowed out to the sailboat which was enthusiastically tugging at its mooring. "Where we going?" it asked. "Don't know." I mumbled. "Best way to go sailing." I raised the old sail that had the reef points in it, Number 88. "Expecting heavy winds?" the boat asked. "Never know." "You're starting to talk like a sailor. I'll make a bonafide one of you yet." I ignore the boat's boasting and cast off. The boat goes into irons with boats close on each side of us. I bellow a nautical expletive. The boat backs down about four boat lengths and falls off for the perfect maneuver.



BACKING DOWN

I didn't do a thing, as usual, realizing that if I don't interfere we'll get into less trouble. "It was the proper expletive that gave me the solution," the boat snickered. "Well done," I say.

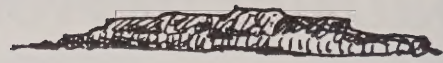
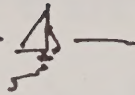
We head for Graves Light with a perfect wind. A northwesterly is unusual for the month of July. The tide was in flood when we sailed through the islands. Greater Brewster to port and George's Islands to starboard. "Take advantage of this great wind and tide," the boat sug-



STOLEN KEEPERS



BREWSTERS



GEORGE'S

gested. So we decided not to stop at any of the islands and sailed on to Hull Gut. The channel run in the Gut had a good tilt to it and a long rippling wake as we shot by it with a favoring tide and a following wind. "Good planning," the boat derided me.



TOO GOOD TO STOP

Inside Hingham Bay the tide and wind eased off. I took down the mainsail and rigged two jibs with two whisker poles to see if I could run before the wind without steering. "What's that for?" the boat asks. "For the next cruise. Sailing continuously night and day. That should be fun." "It works well enough, but the bottom is coming up fast." I managed to get one jib down and the main up before we struck and then headed between the mainland and Bumpkin Island.



TWIN JIBS

A ----- sea gull was in the water off the bow. He stood up commandingly and picked one leg out of the water to show me he was standing on a rock. I eased the sheet and made to sail between him and the mainland, but he jumped up and down erratically toward the shore. I got the idea that the island was connected to the shore by

a line of rocks. We turned to sail around the island and the excitable bird calmed down.



Bumpkin Island has a wharf on its southern side on which there is a large sign that says, "No Docking." We came into the wind and tied up to the sign. There appeared to be too many people on the island, so I didn't bother to go ashore. As I sat bailing, a boy came down on the float, said hello, and hoisted a trap out of the water containing unfortunate sea creatures that would be kept for examination to increase his intelligence. "Can you sail between this island and the mainland?" I asked the boy. "No. Did you try?" "Yep." "And a sea gull warned you off?" "Yep." "He's the local phenomenon. Thinks he's a navigational aide. But if it weren't for him, we could walk ashore on all the wrecks he's turned away." "Is there any place around here we could sail to?" "World's End." "Where would that be?"



RIGHT BEHIND YOU

"Right behind you. Follow that river. It'll take you right by it." "Is there a dock there?" "Not at World's End. Sail up beyond it to the amusement center. There may be a public dock there." I cast off and let the tide take us to the inlet. "We had no place to sail, and now we're at World's End," the boat declares. "Can't go ashore," I say. "Shouldn't want to."

The shore was sculptured with steep rocks rising from the water. Beyond the shore was a rolling landscape, with thick stands of pine separating open fields. We glided lazily by this pristine promontory. "Seeing it from the water makes the difference," the boat said, sensing my mood. The river soon carried us away. Houses began appearing. Moored boats. And a dock at the very end of the river crowned by the rollercoaster of the amusement center. The dock was privately owned, so we tied up to a raft in the river.

I ate a sandwich and repaired a few things on the boat waiting for the tide to turn. The time passed slowly and I fell into the phase of feeling like a seabird casually watching the goings on about me. Nothing noteworthy. Just pleasantly curious observations. I sensed that the tide had changed, although I could not see it. The wind remained the same. We cast off and headed back out, passing World's End again. "Nice place," I admitted, "but I'd rather be in this boat sailing by." World's End passed out of sight as we sailed close-hauled around Bumpkin Island. The spaciousness of Hingham Bay opens up before us on a bright sunlit afternoon. I can feel the delight of the boat sliding through the water with comfortable heel. A rusty sided tanker, escorted by three tugboats, pass close by. They came from the shipyard and I couldn't believe they were heading for Hull Gut. They passed through easily, making very little wake.

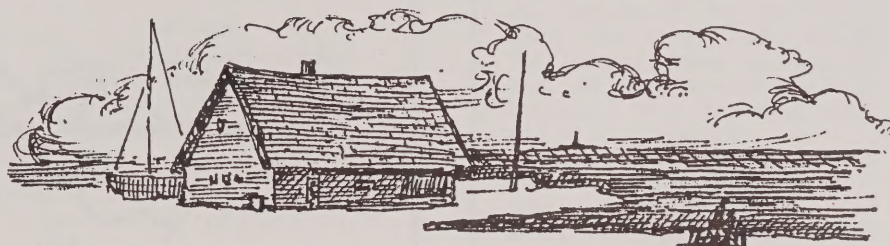


TEA TIME

We pulled into the old Coast Guard Museum, tying up to a dilapidated pier. A man was sitting in the shade of the boathouse. "Is it alright if I tie up here for a short time?" I asked. "You can tie up a tartan Townie here anytime," he chuckled. "Sit in the shade and have a cup of tea." So we drank tea and talked about boats. Most of the boats inside were restored. The ones outside were being repaired or built. Simple boats. He seemed a contented fellow and the conversation went from boats to books describing boats. MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS was mentioned. He looked curiously at the Townie and then me. "I'll bet you're the guy who writes the stories about the Townie." "Yep." "Damn good stories. Write anymore?" "I'll write this one." "Mention me and the Museum?" "I'll have to. Otherwise, I won't be able to account for this time. Well, there's good tea and good company here, but I'd rather be on the boat." "I know what you mean," he laughed. Dave cast off the bow line, waved and said, "Look forward to reading that story."



NOT A SINGLE PIRATE



DORY CLUB

The next day at work I was told that four of my fellow workers, under the constant watch of the supervisor, and with overtime, had finished the job I had been working on in a single day. The one I had said it would take two weeks to finish. He was proud as a peacock as he handed me a reprimand. From now on I would be at the bottom of the job list. The hell with the job, and my co-workers, and the industry. We sailed to World's End alone.....

I thought about the boat, "How can I develop a sense of humor? I'll just have to take more days off and sail longer trips."



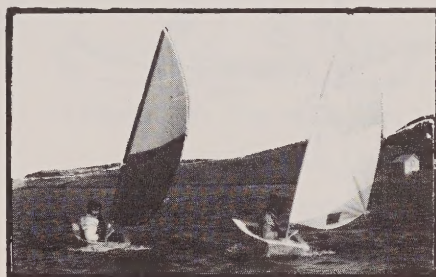
LOOK FORWARD TO
THAT STORY



HULL GUT NUN!

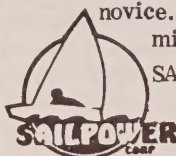
The nun was leaning out as we sailed through the Gut and the wind freshened. We headed for Gallops Island to dock and reef the main. "Just so we don't break anything," I explained to the boat. The boat acknowledged with a grunt. I cast off and we had a very pleasant sail back to Nahant with waves colliding and cresting. We took a few dollops aboard as the sun descended and a chill weariness set in.

We moored at sunset. The motion of the boat stopped completely. I could be mad as a hatter, but I think this boat's asleep. "Well," I said, "good night," and rowed away.



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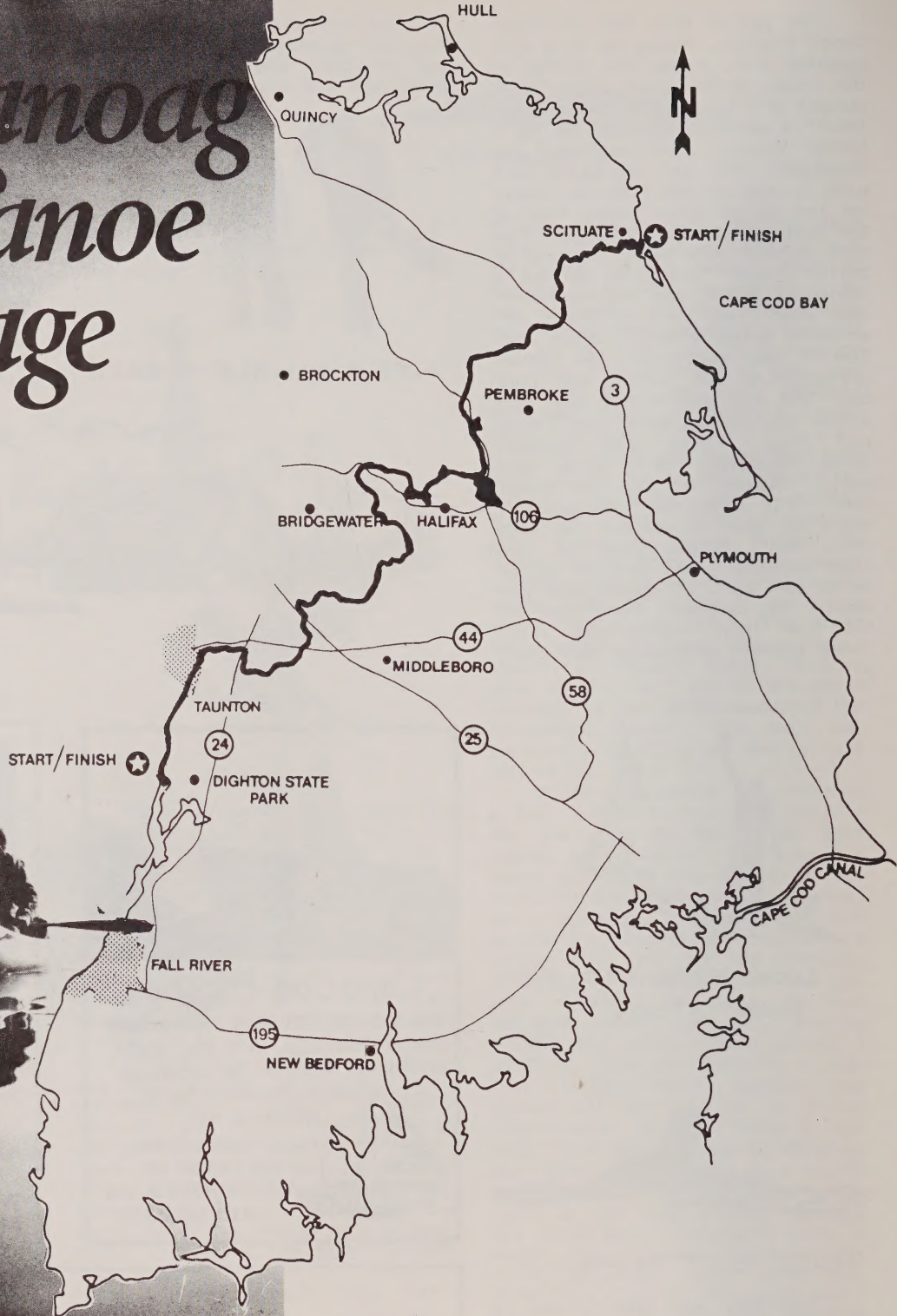
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Wampanoag COMMEMORATIVE Canoe Passage



When the Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth Rock, they were greeted by local Indians called Wampanoags, who had lived in what is now southeastern Massachusetts for some 10,000 years prior to the intrusion of the Europeans. One of the skills the Indians had developed was the utilization of watercourses for travel in their canoes. In southeastern Massachusetts one water route which existed when the first Europeans arrived connected what is now Scituate with Fall River. This route utilized several streams and ponds and portages, but was

certainly far faster to travel than any overland route might have been in those times.

Today if the spirit moves you, you can retrace this trip in your own canoe, the Plymouth County Development Council has a very complete little guide folder available free. To obtain a copy, request the Wampanoag Commemorative Canoe Passage folder from the Plymouth County Development Council, P.O. Box 1620, Pembroke, MA 02359.

A brief historical background discussion introduces the detailed instructions which include an over-

all route map and three more detailed section maps with accompanying descriptions of each section. The overall scope is best described in the folder as follows:

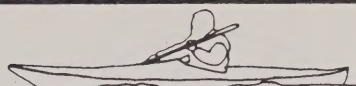
"Southeastern Massachusetts today provides the canoeist with an outstanding challenge: The Wampanoag Commemorative Canoe Passage. It is a water trail that twists and turns for more than 70 miles along river, marsh, brook and pond from Scituate on Massachusetts Bay to Dighton Rock State Park on the Taunton River as it flows into Narragansett Bay.

The water course is one formerly used by the Wampanoag Indians long before the Pilgrims came. And it has been established anew by the Plymouth County Development Council and local officials as an educational and recreational opportunity for all ages. The route includes some 20 portages (where the canoe must be carried across land). But most of these are simple, only across a highway or around a dam. There are two long portages; nine-tenths and four-tenths of a mile. There is easy access to the course at many points so it can be explored a section at a time in day or half-day trips, or even for just an hour or two. To cover the entire route from bay to bay would take three to five days depending on tidal and water level conditions.

Explorations by scouting groups and conservation leaders have led to the charting and re-opening of this historic inland passageway. The passage is a varied one: From the beautiful and unpolluted North River which snakes its way through a broad valley of rushes and reeds to narrow brooks where the paddler must watch out for both overhanging branches and underwater beaver dams. Adventurers have returned with reports of having sighted fox, deer, herons, partridge, foot-and-a-half long frogs, turtles with heads as large as a man's (go see for yourself say the Boy Scouts), beavers, muskrat and lots of ducks. It is a natural science open classroom.

Paddling conditions vary enormously. At times there is white water along the Taunton as it starts its run to the sea. In drier seasons, the water levels in some of the streams are so low the canoe will just glide along inches over a gravelly bottom. There is a tidal river at either end of the passage and tide charts must be consulted before attempting journeys there. Sixty-five feet is the vertical lift over the route. The height of land and watershed is at Little Sandy Pond in Pembroke. North of here the drainage and current flow is to the North River and out to Massachusetts Bay. South of this point the flow is to the Taunton River and Narragansett Bay.

History abounds along the banks of the passage: The sites of 17th, 18th and 19th century shipyards; Indian trails; Colonial cemeteries. But the passage is spanned by superhighways. So the canoeist can feel quite superior to the motorist headed for Cape Cod or Fall River or New Bedford. The Wampanoag Commemorative Canoe Passage, whether explored for a few hours or a few days, offers at minimal cost, fun, good exercise, natural science and history lessons to anyone wishing to paddle his or her own canoe.



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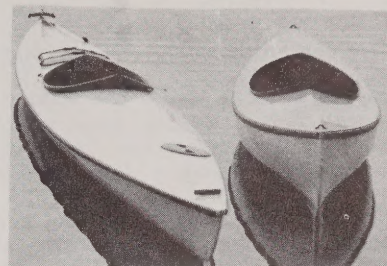
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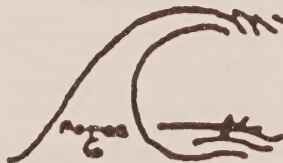
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A number of years ago when I was doing free lance articles for the original SMALL BOAT JOURNAL, I travelled to Wellfleet on outer Cape Cod to visit the Old Wharf Dory Company. It sounded just right for my "traditional" convictions of that time. The romanticism that colored my view of old timey boats then was dispelled quite rudely when I found Walter Baron's shop in the village. It wasn't on an old wharf, or even close to the water. Walter had set up shop in an empty cement block auto repair garage! So, maybe the mystique of being on an old wharf was missing, but Walter was doing his best to get into building wooden boats for a living then and low overhead was a key to making it happen.

Now, eight years later, Old Wharf Dory is in a new spacious boatshop a mile or so out of the village on a plot where Walter also built himself a home. He was a carpenter until he got into building boats, so it was all just another day in the life of a carpenter building his home and shop. Walter is building wooden boats as he had dreamed, and the majority of his work has turned out to be shallow draft craft, many of them of Phil Bolger design.

"I wanted to build Swampscott dories when I started," Walter says. He obtained the plans from Mystic Seaport and went into production. Three boats later he reached the end of production. "There just wasn't any demand," he explains, even at his rather low prices. Like most beginners in small business, Walter had priced his products very low in order to attract orders. With the failure of the Swampscott to take off, he had



Walter Baron's Old Wharf Dory Co.

to shelve his romanticism and do what would sell. He did repairs for local people, and put together an inexpensive plywood pram that sold in fair numbers. But at about \$150 a pram (at that time), there was very little margin in these for supporting himself.

His move into plywood and epoxy construction and flat bottom "beach boats" proved to be the right one. Walter began getting orders for this sort of boat, and before he finally moved into his new building, he was up to a 28' sharpie type sailing craft in the tight confines of that old auto repair shop. As he built more and more custom boats, the repair side of the business was eased out. Now Walter, who works alone most of the time, has a full schedule moving along one boat at a time.

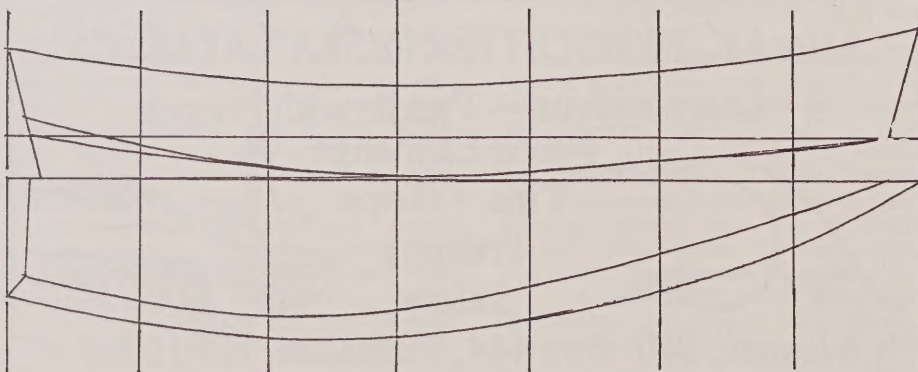
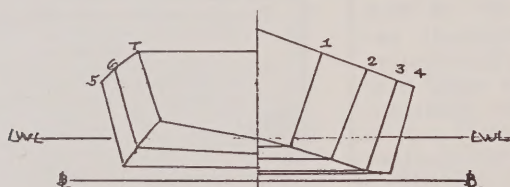
1985 was an all new construction year. In January he lofted a shallow draft cruising boat for Mait Edey of Vinyard Haven. This craft was 34'6" LOA by 7'11" beam and 1'2" draft. A combined design effort of Edey's and Phil Bolger's, this cruiser carries 385 sq. ft. of sail

with a gaff headed main and displaces about 6,000 pounds. The boat is rather unusual, typical of Bolger's thinking. The hull shape is a combination of dory and sharpie, Mait sometimes calls it a "shorie". Walter thinks the lines resemble the double ended sharpie EGRET. The boat also has twin centerboards, which provide a very nice belowdecks space and many options for trimming the boat's handling. The very large cockpit is self-bailing into the aft centerboard trunk. There is a twin transom arrangement to accomodate an outboard. Construction is 1/2" fir marine plywood over Honduras mahogany framing, glued with System 3 epoxy, and bronze fastened. The exterior of the hull is sheathed with 6 oz. fiberglass cloth in System 3 epoxy, two layers on the bottom, one on the topsides. The spars are Sitka spruce, sails are Duradon fabric. Launching took place in September, subsequently Mait sailed the boat home to the Vinyard and enjoyed fall sailing thereafter.

Scaling right down next, Walter built a 15' lapstrake canoe for a local artist, from plans by Walt Simmons of Duck Trap Woodworking. This was traditional construction, northern white cedar planking on ash keel, stem and frames, copper riveted and clenched nailed. Exterior finish was varnish, interior oiled. All up weight came out at 58 lbs. Launched on a local pond in late November, she moved like a dream according to Walter.

Currently Walter is building a power catamaran for two local shellfishermen. This boat is 24' LOA, 12/5' beam, draws 6" light. Walter commissioned Phil Bolger to design the boat to fill the customer needs. Construction is plywood over ply and oak bulkheads. The twin hulls will be fiberglass covered before Walter builds the connecting deck. While the power will be two 50hp outboards, the owners also plan to try sailing downwind back to their pier from their shellfish grants in South Wellfleet. The boat is designed to carry about 5,000 pounds of cargo.

The lines for Walter's proposed 21' beach cruiser.



Walter has a couple of his own designs coming along. First will be a 15' rowing dory based on a 12' (bottom) Banks dory type, but built of African mahogany marine plywood, varnished and oiled. And he has his own 21' beach cruiser at the designing stage, hull lines completed. In 1984 Walter built a San Francisco Bay Pelican, the transom bowed daysailer popular in that California sailing area, but he was unsuccessful in introducing the Pelican to our Cape Cod waters, even though it has attributes very appropriate to this area. Now his own approach follows similar lines, a transom bowed craft much bigger than the Pelican, to serve as a cruiser. He has based his concept loosely on Chappelle's flattie, but smaller in scale. Walter invites preliminary inquiries, for a \$5 bill he'll send you a copy of the current stage of design, the hull lines.

Walter has assembled a list of plans of boats he is prepared to build as sort of "stock" designs, and offers study plans for a dozen such craft at prices ranging from free to \$10. The range of designs runs from the 15' Gloucester Gull dory to a 36' sharpie. If you'd like to see the list, or discuss any boat you might have in mind to have built, contact Walter Baron at Old Wharf Dory Co., Box W, Wellfleet, MA 02667, (617) 349-2383.

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The Centre is a non-profit educational foundation with member discounts. Write today for 1986 brochure.

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The Building of the ANDRO~ZEE

PART 1:

September 29, 1984, fair and warm. At last, after thirteen months, the ANDRO ZEE is ready for launching. Neighbors Benjamin Blackmore and Bentley Rathbun came at 8:30 a.m. with tractor and trailer. The vessel, on planks and rollers, was easily pushed out of the shop and onto the trailer. It was carefully drawn about a mile to a private beach on Gulf Island Pond.

At about 11 a.m. it was christened by my sister, Edith Dolan, with a bucket of river water, water because that was to be her environment, and I prohibit the use of alcohol aboard my craft. Her name, ANDRO ZEE, gives tribute to the river (Androscoggin) and to the "Dutch Type" mentioned on the plan drawn by Chapelle.

After the rudder was pinned into place, it was no chore for the 4x4 tractor to back the rig into the water. All lines were released and ANDRO ZEE floated free in about 14" of water. What a thrill to feel her rock and swing on her mooring line as friends and neighbors cheered. "Walt," someone shouted, "she sets right on her waterline!" One good neighbor, Evangeline O-leis, threw a handful of bright flower petals into the water for good luck. I waved and bowed in appreciation from on board.

ANDRO ZEE was then drawn to shore where my sons, Dave and Jim, helped step the temporary mast. Then all gathered nearby for refreshments and neighborly talk. This was all taking place bordering

a pasture where curious cows and sheep looked on, so it was not surprising that some wag made remarks about "Walter's Ark".

In the afternoon a shakedown cruise was in order. A light so'westerly moved her easily even with the undersized sail borrowed from my 16' skiff. Ben, an experienced sailor, enthused over her response when the leeboards were set and pronounced her "ideal" for shore areas and the river sailing I planned. When the breeze died, I fired up my old Ted Williams (Sears 19??) 4 hp mounted on the massive rudder. It proved quite adequate to navigate back to the mooring at a good clip.

Of course, a few bugs remained to be ironed out. The leeboards, unweighted as yet, floated up and had to be held down with oars (none of us had ever seen leeboards used before). The motor mount was too large and created a lot of drag. Leakage was surprisingly light. One little "fountain" proved to be an overlooked nail hole. A match took care of that. We agreed swelling should take care of the rest. A big reason for this late fall trial of the unfinished boat was to determine whether or not I should fiberglass the bottom. But then, there would be the unbearable wait until spring for the next opportunity to sail her.

Next morning I arose with some trepidation. Would she be on the bottom? Glory! There she floated like a lady. I took a picture to prove it!

"What a thrill to know she floats!"



PART 2:

"If" is a loaded word. Having once written about the model of a Chapelle designed scow sloop, "at my age, whether I build her life size is rather iffy." I now know that had I said, "out of the question", I might still be coddling arthritic joints on a chaise lounge. But that "if" kept gnawing at me like weevil in a bean and would not be denied. So that irresistible challenge ultimately resulted in many lively days a-sailing that "Utility Scow Sloop of Dutch Type" in the summer of '85.

I had entered my retirement years with a new hobby, sailing. Two home-built Culler skiffs had given my wife, Lona, and I, ten years of pleasure. We cruised lakes, rivers and often trailered 30 miles to explore islands and coves of Casco Bay on the Gulf of Maine. Such gypsying about is fine for young and supple bodies, but at 70 plus, no longer so. A new approach was called for, we still felt capable of many more nautical miles. "But, why waste energy?" I asked. An unexplored mini-sea beckoned only a mile from our home, the 12 mile long Gulf Island Pond on the Androscoggin River.

This artificial lake called for a craft of shallow draft for exploring lagoons and backwater streams. "Enough of crouching on bone-scrubbing thwarts," I declared. "Give me a vessel safe to stand on or recline in as moods (or cramps) dictate with room to take along senior friends as well."

A houseboat? Too mundane for sailors keen for Masfield's "...wheel's kick and wind's song and the white sail's shaking." So a scale model brought focus to a dream, instincts and subconscious desires demanded realization, and ANDRO ZEE, combining our river's name and that storied Dutch Zieder Zee, was conceived.

I must point out, however, that no happy launching would have occurred but for a lucky confluence of time, place, material and patience. Time provided by my retirement; place being my spacious barn; material a wealth of assorted lumber, some from my own woodlot, some from friends, some salvaged, a gift from our nearby river; and patience from an understanding wife.

Pressure mounted, I could brook no further delay, so in November, 1983, I tentatively band-sawed plywood templates for the ends of the keel. I used the barn wall as a baseline and lofted the keel onto the rough floor, then

tacked the templates down on either end. Then I breathlessly scrambled up into the hayloft to view the chalked outline of the sloop's bottom profile. That was it, my true love! Lines of the QUEEN ELIZABETH would not have thrilled me more.

I hastened to transfer those lines to planks which I roughed out with the tip of an electric chainsaw. Her keel, I determined, would be three planks on edge, hard pine

sandwiched between two white pine, pinned together with oak trunnels hewn from fuel wood blocks. I nearly wore out my plan sheet I had obtained from the Smithsonian, as I checked and re-checked while I faired out with my electric hand plane, a great tool to correct the mistakes of this novice shipwright.

But, too soon, the winter set in and the Androscoggin "shipyard" shut down until warmer weather.

PART 3:

When building one's first yacht at 74, one tends to feel there's no time to be lost. Although ANDRO ZEE's unfinished keel had to be stowed through mid-winter, I planned and studied continually. A two foot shelf of builders' books was my consolation and inspiration. There are no boat shops or experienced men in my town. Chapelle, Culler, Verney, Bowker and Budd, Leather and others, were my mentors. Their generous writings and illustrations were an indispensable source of knowhow.. Pete Culler's low budget practicality was really my cup of tea.. "Use available materials, experience starts when you pick up a hammer," he wrote. Only at one point did he pique with a remark like, "Don't let the job turn out looking FARMERISH!" After all, Pete, I've built cow stalls and whittled axe handles all my life!

Some rules are to be broken, I say. So, contrary to Pete's admonition not to use paper for templates, I spent many January evenings lofting and clipping frame templates from heavy paper. These saved me much time in the spring when I traced them and sawed out actual frames. Only 4 of the 22 had to be recalculated.

Howard Chapelle would probably cry in his beard if he saw my brash alteration of his plans. The neat cabin he plotted was an "on your hands and knees affair", no

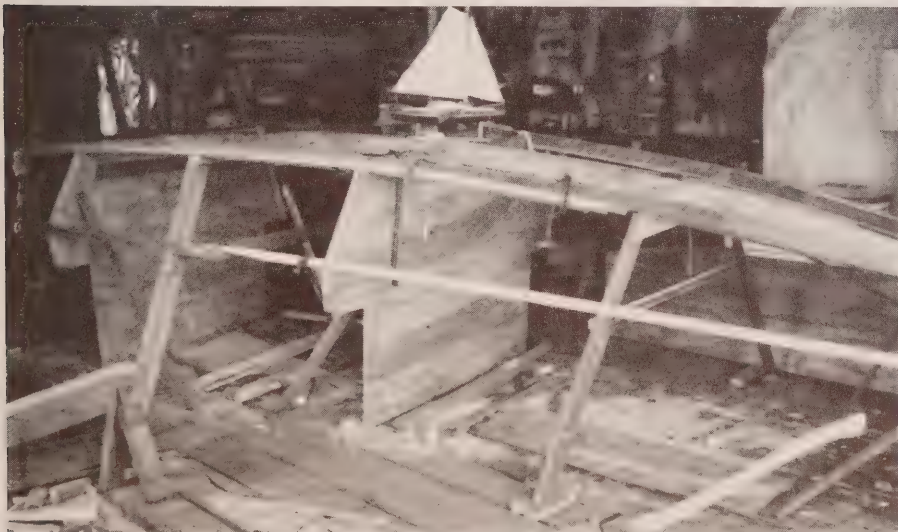
joy to seniors with creaky joints. I elected to extend the cabin to six feet in length and four and a half feet in height, probable detracting from sailing performance notwithstanding. I landed the cabin ends on frames with 1/2" plywood sheets as combination bulkheads/molds. Also, these pieces, re-inforced, became pivots when rolling the hull over after completing the bottom. A hatch would be saber sawn out in the stern bulkhead later.

The stem needed added strength, I suspected, to withstand fall haulouts. From my farm junkpile I made up strap-iron braces, 1/2"x2"x4', bolted to stem and keel. These later proved beneficial as they placed the haulout strain onto the strongest part of the boat, the keel. A similar treatment for the sternpost helps support that barndoor rudder with motors mounted on either side. Wooden knees would have been difficult and time-consuming for my limited capabilities. A salvaged loop of steel cable looped around the stem makes a fine haulout hitch.

By April 1st the keel was upside down on bulkheads and molds beneath a levelled string baseline. Framing began, only to be interrupted by that dratted gardening, a period when I could only cast loving glances upon my boat as I dashed in and out of the barn with shovel and hoe.

To be continued.

"By April, the keel was upside down on bulkheads and molds."



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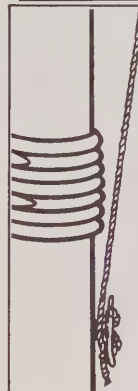
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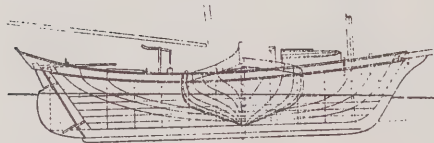
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What's happening...

IPSWICH RIVER WATERSHED ASSOCIATION, INC.

IPSWICH RIVER CANOEING TRIPS

The Ipswich River Watershed Association will conduct a series of canoeing trips on that river in Essex County in northeastern Massachusetts starting April 20th. The first trip puts in at Wilmington and goes to North Reading. On May 4th the trip continues downriver to Middleton; on May 18th to Topsfield; on June 1st to Hamilton; and on June 15th to tidewater at Ipswich. Each trip starts at 10 a.m. and lunch should be brought along. For reservations to join any of the trips or for further details call (617) 887-9685.



THE ROCKPORT APPRENTICESHIP

WINTER LECTURE SERIES

They're almost over, but the couple that are still left are as follows:

MARCH 19: "Design, Construction and Racing of Ocean Multihulls", 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.



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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.

MARCH 16: Midget Where Are We, Dockside Restaurant, Hyannis, MA.

MARCH 23: Mid-Winter Championship, Meeting House Pond, East Orleans, MA.

APRIL 6: Hesperus Cup, Round Cove, East Harwich, MA.

APRIL 13: Birthday Regatta, Wychmere Harbor, Harwichport, MA.

MAY 3&4: 2nd Annual National Championship, Hyannis Yacht Club, Hyannis, MA.



RC MODEL YACHT

RACING CALENDAR

The radio controlled model yacht sailors head outdoors in April for another busy season. The schedule for April follows:

APRIL 5: Islin Memorial, M Class, Port Washington, NY, Ed Helme, Jr., (516) 883-8453.

APRIL 6: Icebreaker, any boat, Needham, MA, Jack Sullivan, (617) 668-7163.

APRIL 12: Wagner/Kingston Long Distance Race, Class M, Port Washington, NY, Ed Helme, Jr., (516) 883-8453.

APRIL 20: Star Warmup, Star 45 Class, Springfield, MA, Ed Childs, (413) 576-3560.

APRIL 21: Patriots Day, Any Class, Star Incentive, Needham, MA, Jack Sullivan, (617) 668-7163.

APRIL 26: Kerbs Challenge, 10R Class, Central Park, NY, Madeline Tucker, (212) 874-0656.

APRIL 27: Spring High Ball, EC-12 Class, Providence, RI, George Greenhalgh, (401) 245-7493



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 wooden 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, 10 a.m. to 5 p.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.

EASTHAMPTON APPRENTICE PROGRAM

The Boat Shop at Three Mile Harbor in East Hampton, Long Island, NY is accepting applications for its 1986-87 apprenticeship program in wooden boat building. The nine month program covers seven stages of wooden boat building from reading plans to rigging out. It is open to four apprentices at a fee of \$4,500 each for the full nine months. Shorter programs can be arranged in some cases. Some scholarships are available and also living stipends, depending on outside funding. For further details, contact Redjeb Jordania, Director, The Boat Shop, 42 Gann Rd., Easthampton, NY 11937, (516) 324-6393 or (516) 324-6850. The Boat Shop is part of the Easthampton Town Maritime Museum.

MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM



WINTER LECTURES & WORKSHOPS

The winter series of workshops and lectures at the Main Maritime Museum in Bath is winding down as spring approaches, but there are a couple left of interest, as follows:

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.

APRIL 3: Lecture, "An Evening with Yacht WINCHESTER Chief Steward Charles Googin" by Col. Roger Willcock. Sewall House, 7:30-9 p.m. \$2 to the public.

MMM ANNUAL MARITIME HISTORY SYMPOSIUM

Professional historians and amateur history buffs will find this 14th annual gathering at Bath of interest with subjects as diverse as shipyard strikes and the lobstering industry scheduled. The three-day Symposium will include six lectures and slide presentations by historians from the U.S.A., Canada and Great Britain. The topics are: "Defining Maine's Lobster Industry"; "Building of the Schooner Heritage"; "A British View of Mr. Madison's War"; "Sailing Around the World in the 4-Masted Bark PAS-SAT"; "Shipyard Strike 1866"; and The RAYO Deckhouse, Coastal Trade". On Saturday evening a rare film recently discovered entitled, "From Stump to Ship", by a Machias lumberman from the days of sail will be shown. Prior registration for the entire weekend must be made by April 25th, individual presentations may be attended by admission payment at the door. Request registration or further information from Helen Barnes, Maine Maritime Museum, 963 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530., (207) 443-6311.

MONFORT ON VIDEO

Platt Monfort, innovative creator of the Geodesic canoes and kayaks we've reported on before, now has a 90 minute videotape on building his Geodesic Aerolite boats. Platt offers it for \$19.95 to interested readers. The taping is the result of Platt's workshop last fall at the Brookfield Craft Center in Connecticut. Platt is at RFD 2, Box 1490, Wiscasset, ME 04578, (207) 882-5504.



If you think you'd like to try some small boat adventuring, or obtain instruction for such, look into Tom Foster's Outdoor Center of New England in Miller's Falls, MA. Tom has another full season scheduled in canoes and kayaks, flatwater whitewater and ocean. Tom provides lessons also in one to five day workshops. For all the details, request his brochure from Outdoor Center of New England, 8 Pleasant St., Millers Falls, MA 01349, (413) 659-3926.

ECOSUMMER

CANADA EXPEDITIONS

Here's an attractive, alluring come-on brochure for great adventures in Canada this summer, including trips for sea kayakers, sailors and canoeists. The high arctic is even one of the scheduled kayak outings, Ellesmere Island and Greenland. Trips to exotic places outside Canada such as Baja California or Belize for tropical experiences are also included. These are not cheap trips but certainly have scope. The brochure is all in color and you can get your copy for all the details from Ecosummer Canada Expeditions, P.O. Box 5664, Bellingham, WA 98227, (604) 669-7741. Boy, if I had the time/money, that Ellesmere Island trip sure sounds like real adventure for the 8 who get to go.



SEA KAYAKING THE SAN JUANS

Well, this is in the Pacific northwest, but maybe someone here might want to make this a summer holiday. Northwest Sea Ventures of Anacortes, WA, organizes three-day and six-day tours of the San Juan Islands and seven-day tours along the Olympic Peninsula, beginning in May and running through October. Rates run from \$165 to \$455. Beginners travel in stable doubles, experienced participants get to use singles. No experience is required if that's your status. For more information, contact Evelyn or Steve Olsen at Northwest Sea Ventures, P.O. Box 522, Anacortes, WA 98221, (206) 293-3692.

SECOND ANNUAL SEA KAYAK GET-TOGETHER

Chuck Wright is holding his season opener gathering for sea kayakers and those who might be thinking about becoming one, on May 11th from 9 to 3 at Megansett Harbor in North Falmouth, MA. The morning is intended as an opportunity for boat tryouts and inspections at and near the beach. Then in the afternoon, those interested enjoy a paddle along the shore of Buzzards Bay. Bring your own food and drink. Location can be reached by following Rt. 28 south from the Bourne Bridge 7.5 miles, then west on Rt. 151 1.5 miles through North Falmouth village straight to the harbor. For further information call Chuck at (617) 564-4250.

THIRD ANNUAL SEA KAYAKING SYMPOSIUM

ANorAK and the State University of New York (SUNY) will host a weekend sea kayaking symposium on May 3rd and 4th, 9 to 6 each day, at the Physical Education Bldg., SUNY Purchase, Anderson Hill Rd., Purchase, NY. Ernie Palmieri and Chuck Sutherland are arranging the program, and the featured speaker will be John Ramwell, British author of SEA TOURING (by kayak). The fee is \$20 per person per day or \$30 per person for both days, children under 16 are at \$15 each. A number of seminars on sea kayaking will be scheduled with pool sessions and guided trips on nearby Long Island Sound. The latter will include practical navigation, night paddling and navigation, intermediate and advanced trips to the Norwalk Islands, novice trips in Mamaroneck Harbor. For more details and registration information, call Ernie Palmieri at (914) 253-5026.



**eastern
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RIVER & SEA ADVENTURES

Eastern River Expeditions & Eastern at Sea sent us their 1986 newspaper listing the outings they offer in white water rafting and kayaking and sea kayaking. Lots of hairy photos of big rafts going through heavy duty rapids on famous rivers, another of one of their staff people going down a waterfall (not rapids, a waterfall!) in a whitewater kayak, and more placid shots of sea kayak touring along the coast. If joining a group on a prepaid all arrangement adventure afloat of this type attracts you, send to these people for the brochure, Eastern River Expeditions, Box 1173, Greenville, ME 04441 or call them at (207) 695-2411 and (207) 695-2248. Someday I gotta try one of those wild river raft trips.



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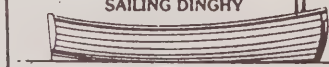
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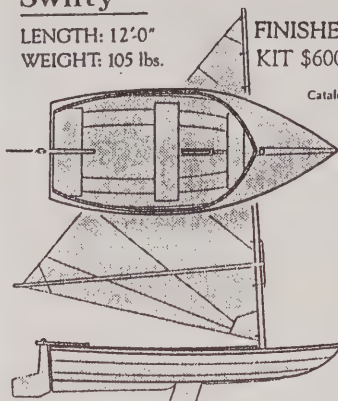
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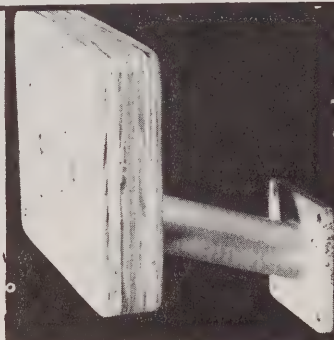
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American Canoe Association



ACA SAILING CANOE COURSE

The sailing committee of the ACA's Atlantic Division has a canoe sailing course scheduled for Memorial Day Weekend, May 24-26 at Lake Sebago in Sloatsburg, NY. Courses for those wishing to learn to sail a canoe and for those wishing to teach such a course are planned. The fee is \$30 for those without a sailing outfitted canoe, \$20 for those with such a craft. Small boat sailing experience is a prerequisite for the canoe sailing course, they are not teaching basic sailing, but canoe sailing. Further information is available from Bob Martin, 27 Morris Ave. W., Malverne, NY 11565, (516) 887-9240 (home) or (212) 425-5027 (business except on Tuesdays).

COLD CURE AVAILABILITY

In our January 15th issue, a brief article concerning Cold Cure epoxy being imported into the U.S. from Canada, where it is made by International Formulators of Canada, by a west coast firm, Headland International, stated that now the low temperature curing epoxy would be available directly within the U.S. Several readers wrote to inform me that prior to this new U.S. distribution arrangement, some stocking dealers already existed in the U.S. Here in New England are two, The Boathouse in Northeast Harbor, ME and Hamilton Marine in Searsport, ME. The manufacturer suggests contacting the nearest dealer for your needs first and if you are unable to obtain what you wish, then contact the new U.S. agent, Headland International, as noted in the January 15th issue.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN RACE & SHOW

John Freeman of Small Boat Exchange in Burlington, VT, has plans for a June 28th small boat weekend including a rowing/paddling race over 5.5 miles of open water around Juniper Island. This event will have classes for fixed and sliding seat rowing craft, recreational and racing canoes and kayaks. John will also hold a small boat show in conjunction with this event, and invites any interested builders to take part, row/paddle/sail/power. Contact John at Small Boat Exchange, 31 Main St., Burlington, VT 05401, (802) 864-5437.



Several of the apprentices from Rockport who built *LIBERTE'* were in the race, and had a good look at their handiwork in action as we moved on past.

Drama at the Snow Row

Frank Mainville and Andy Parks, two UMass crew oarsmen, rowed away with the overall win at the February 15th Snow Row at Hull, MA. They were in Chuck Mainville's Pilot 21 gig fitted with a pair of Piantadosi Row Wing sliding seat rigs. Despite the time delay start the sliding seat boats had after the traditional boats were off, Frank and Andy overhauled the two leading traditional craft by the first mark at Sheep Island. After that it was just bye, bye, they finished about 8 minutes ahead of the next fastest boats.

My view of this year's race was from the stern sheets of *LIBERTE'*, the 38' French Gig that the Hull Lifesaving Museum has just received from the Rockport Apprenticeship (see the March 1st issue feature). The crew was made up of Ed McCabe's "masters" group, all young men older than the 19 years cutoff for the "youth" crew. They had barely had the boat long enough to get to know it a bit and this was their first outing under pressure. The pressure came from the "youth" crew, the high school youths, boys and girls, rowing one of the 8 oared bateaus normally raced by the Hull crews. The smaller, lighter boat with 8 oars, despite its battered appearance, fended off the much larger and heavier, and more elegant, *LIBERTE'* all the way over the 4.5 mile course to win in a stem-to-stern battle for position over the last 100 yards to the finish.

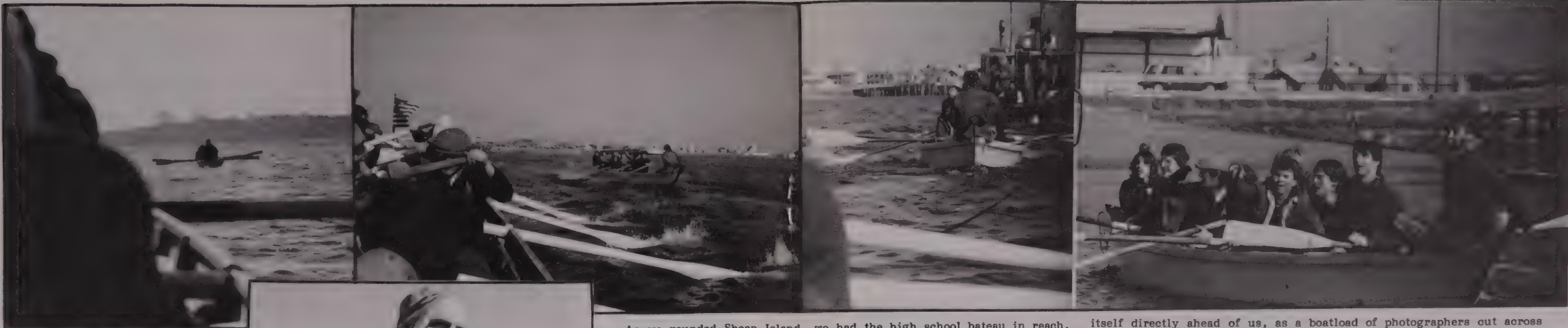
I went along for the ride to see what it is like to be in such a boat in a race. The *LIBERTE'* can carry four persons in the stern in addition to the 10 oarsmen and the helmsman/coxswain. In a 1200 pound boat with maybe 1500 pounds of oarsmen, what's another 600 or so pounds? (There were three others along for the ride like me). Maybe I was the reason they lost? No, for we gained ever so slowly all the way despite certain odds, and it was the sharp tiller work of Tina in the high school boat that fended off our last charge to the finish.

Those odds? Well, *LIBERTE'* had to start bow on the beach while all the rest of the traditional boats were stern-to. The crews had to run down the beach, jump into the boats, push off and go. *LIBERTE'* required 11 people to run down, get aboard in correct order over the high forward gunwales, push off, and wear about 180 degrees before the power could be applied in the direction the rest of the fleet had taken. By the time this had been accomplished, the high school bateau was well out in front of the rest of the boats, a couple of hundred yards off and pulling away. Other odds? Unfamiliarity with this quantum jump in boat scale, *LIBERTE'* had been brought to Hull February 1st, rowed down from Boston Harbor. Short sweeps, *LIBERTE'* requires 18 footers and was fitted out temporarily with the only available ones, 14 footers.

So what, go for it. And the guys did. With frequent, "give me 20" exhortations, helmsman McCabe encouraged his straining crew into soon moving right through the traditional boat fleet, to slowly close the gap with the high school bateau. As we rounded the eastern tip of Sheep Island, the Pilot 21 gig moved by from their delayed start with the rest of the sliding seat boats. Once the crew got over that, it was eyes and attention back on catching the bateau. By the second mark at the beacon off a ledge on Peddocks Island, the gap was down to about 75 feet and closing, ever so slowly. The exertion was taking its toll on the synchronization of those long sweeps and the "give me 20 more" pleas, while still being met, were not achieving earlier gains. The high school kids were obviously tiring too, but they were leading and they had inspiration, beat the older guys in their fancier boat!

Meanwhile back on the course, the sliding seat boats and kayaks had overtaken many of the traditional craft, but if they were gaining on us, it wasn't showing. While our crew was intent on only those high school kids, I did keep an eye out for other developments. But the Pilot 21 was the only boat to overtake us over the whole 4.5 miles.

As we entered Hull Gut with its intruding tidal bore heading us over the port bow, about 200 yards to go, *LIBERTE'* was right up to



Ed McCabe was helmsman on the gig, coach for both the Hull boats, and cheerleader urging them all on.

the bateau, our stemhead looming up over the low flatbottomed craft, Tina at its helm watching us now constantly over her shoulder, and heading us off whichever way Ed tried to swing the much slower responding LIBERTE'. There were no "lanes" in this race and no rules about this sort of tactic, so the rush to the finish by both boats was now at a speeded up stroke, getting raggedy, with McCabe unable to find a way alongside the bateau to get a shot at overtaking. And so it finished, stem to stern, the high school kids elated, our crew naturally disappointed. But it had been a race. Never mind the disparity in the boats and their gear and their crews, it had been some contest.

It was a nice day for February, clear, light north wind, about 35 degrees, not as balmy as the two previous years. Yet the turnout was small, maybe 20 boats in all, mostly traditional craft, a scattering of sliding seat boats, a couple of sea kayaks. February is still just too wintry to contemplate a rowing race for most oarsmen, I'd guess. And after it's over, the boat gets put away again until April? Not at Hull. LIBERTE' will be on the water every available day when a crew can be gathered as preparations go on for July 4th in New York. They've a long way to go to get the performance from the boat that it can deliver, and not much time.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks



Two-man traditional boats are popular types for the wintry Hull race.

As we rounded Sheep Island, we had the high school bateau in reach, heading for Peddocks Island, with the Boston skyline looming up behind it. On the third leg, heading for the finish, we had closed up and the action picked up with the stroke rate. Closing in on the finish by the old pier at the old Coast Guard boathouse, the bateau positioned

itself directly ahead of us, as a boatload of photographers cut across our course. "We won", the high school crew turns towards the beach after the dramatic finish, elation and weariness fighting for space on their faces.

"Unprepossessing" is an appropriate word for the battered Hull bateau, yet it was able to maintain a pace sufficient to fend off the elegant French Gig.



Frank Mainville and Andy Parks rowed away with the overall win by a huge margin in the Pilot 21 gig fitted with sliding seats.

After the race was over, interested onlookers were invited to try rowing LIBERTE' and several boatloads took advantage of the opportunity.

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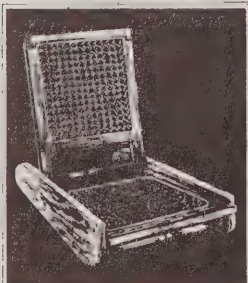
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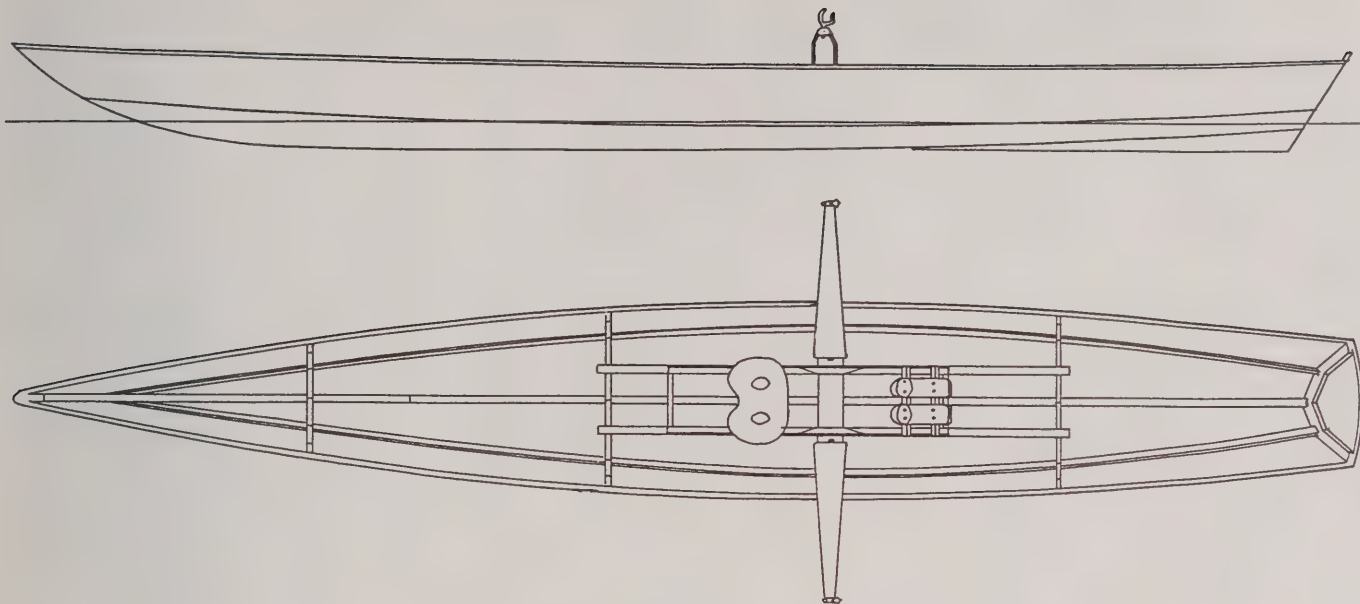
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Top to bottom: TORPEDO ready to row, basic sliding seat boat you can build yourself. Bob's version of Sam Rabi's PIPPIN outboard runabout. The Walt Simmons design 10.5' yacht tender is available for \$1500 complete.



TORPEDO, Bob Barker's 18' sliding seat pulling boat is not named for that particular piece of naval ordnance, but rather for Mother Nature's own Torpedo, from the genus of electric skates, the fish kind. Bob designed this craft originally to meet his own desire for a sliding seat boat that could be built economically and quickly and yet would provide a nice rowing experience, particularly for the beginner in sliding seat rowing. The plywood on frame construction meets the construction requirements he set, and the performance has met all his hopes. While not a racing shell, the hard chine hull has a nice turn of speed yet provides very good stability for beginner use. Bob has had several oarsmen inexperienced with sliding seat craft try out TORPEDO with encouraging results.

Bob began building boats for himself a number of years ago and eventually decided to make it an occupation. He proceeded to take the boatbuilding courses offered at Mystic Seaport by John Gardner as well as subsequent courses taught by Bud McIntosh and Arno Day at the Wooden Boat Schools. Bob says he sorely missed being able to apprentice to such men, but modern day economics and his own personal circumstances precluded this. So, he says, he learned what he has had to from books and experience, building on those original courses.

Bob says if he sat around waiting for commissions to come his way, he'd do a lot of sitting. So he builds what suits his fancy, on speculation as it were. As a result he has a few boats around his shop and yard in Montague, MA, on the Connecticut River. He prefers traditional boats adapted for modern useage. "I don't build museum pieces," Bob says. While he prefers

TORPEDO and the



lapstrake and carvel construction, he has done plywood and strip planked craft, but is not a fan of cold molding.

Bob is a fan of Sam Rabl's work, and right now he has a bright finished Rabl runabout for sale. He is embarked on a long-term Rabl project, building KITTIWAKE, a 24' power cruiser. This one will go together outside the shop, so he's awaiting spring to set up the already made up frames on the backbone. Bob likes the way Rabl's simple and unpretentious designs do what they are supposed to. He feels the boats he builds should be beautiful, not just for their looks, but for what they can do.

Also in the works are a 15' Wittholz catboat, a 16' Swampscott dory and a 24' lapstrake Hampton, schooner rigged. Bob has had several commissions and when such do come his way, the personal "spec" boats are set aside while the customer's project moves ahead.

But what about TORPEDO? Bob designed this one and sells the plans (4 pages) and instructions for building (9 pages) for \$25. He

also offers the hull for about \$500, depending on materials choice. He feels a bit odd about this when compared to the cost of a drop-in sliding seat rig, such as the Oar-master and a pair of oars. The boat ends up cheaper than the propulsion gear! He suggests that the budget builder who builds his own hull also consider building his own sliding seat unit from plans, such as those offered by Owen Cecil for only \$22.

TORPEDO is built of 1/4" marine ply over fir frame with glass tape epoxied over the external seams. The planking can be gotten out of three sheets of 4x8 plywood, a simple scarfing method for the 18' length is described in the instructions. The frame is a laminated stem scarfed to a keel with four plain lap jointed frames, a transom fastening frame, chine stringers and a thin outer gunwale. The bev-els, frame patterns and all necessary measurements are included so the home builder need not do any lofting himself. The boat is built on a ladder type strongback, all framing assembled and then planked. While Bob cannot accurately predict total cost (it depends on your choice of materials) or time needed, he feels it would be hard to beat the overall commitment of time and money for such a nicely performing 18' pulling boat. His pitch is, "If you want to try sliding seat rowing but can't afford a fiberglass shell or are wary of an all-out racing shell, or if you want a fast day cruising pulling boat, and want to try a small construction project, you can't go too far wrong with TORPEDO."

If you want to know more about Bob Barker and his work, contact him at South Cove Boat Shop, P.O. Box 10, Montague, MA 01351, (413) 367-2424.

Halcyon Days

Part 2

by Weston Farmer

I got into the boating game ornithologically. This was because at an early age I was wise enough to select the stork which brought me to the home of Mrs. Matt Farmer. She was the daughter of Kneut Neutson who, in 1902, as the General Agent of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, and suffering from hay fever greatly, had established a "hay fever camp" on Rock Harbor, Isle Royale, out in the upper middle of Lake Superior. Here he found complete relief.

This family holding for a few chosen senator and doctor friends of my grandfather soon evolved into Rock Harbor Lodge, eventually put on the map as the famed Lake Superior spa by my mother, a woman of uncommon vitality and beauty. I grew up there, in an idyllic boyhood on the big water of Gitchee Gumee and my earliest recollection of a boat was the family steam launch "Atalanta", built in 1902 by the Moline Boiler Works to classic steam launch specs.

I remember the delicious smell near the hotel dock when "Atalanta" was being fired up for a picnic down Rock Harbor to Mott Island or to old Rock Harbor lighthouse - the aroma of foam and wet driftwood on the shore, the odor of hot 600-W oil as wisps of steam escaped from the boiler try-cocks. It was better than the smell of breakfast.

Gamps Neutson was one hell of a man; big, hearty, a good money maker. I was his inseparable companion. At age 11 he gave me a 16'

clinker-built launch powered with a 2-hp Caille Perfection engine. Everybody called this outfit the "Haywire".

"Haywire" and I became inseparable, a matched team. Our only chore was to catch the morning trout to feed my pet eagle, Pete, a fractious bald eagle chick I had bought from a fisherman for a dollar when I spied him tethered to a rock in a bush by a piece of mader line that had stunted his left leg. Having fed Pete his daily fish, which chore never took over a ten-minute run with a trolling spoon, there remained only a single inflexible responsibility: Just be home by supper!

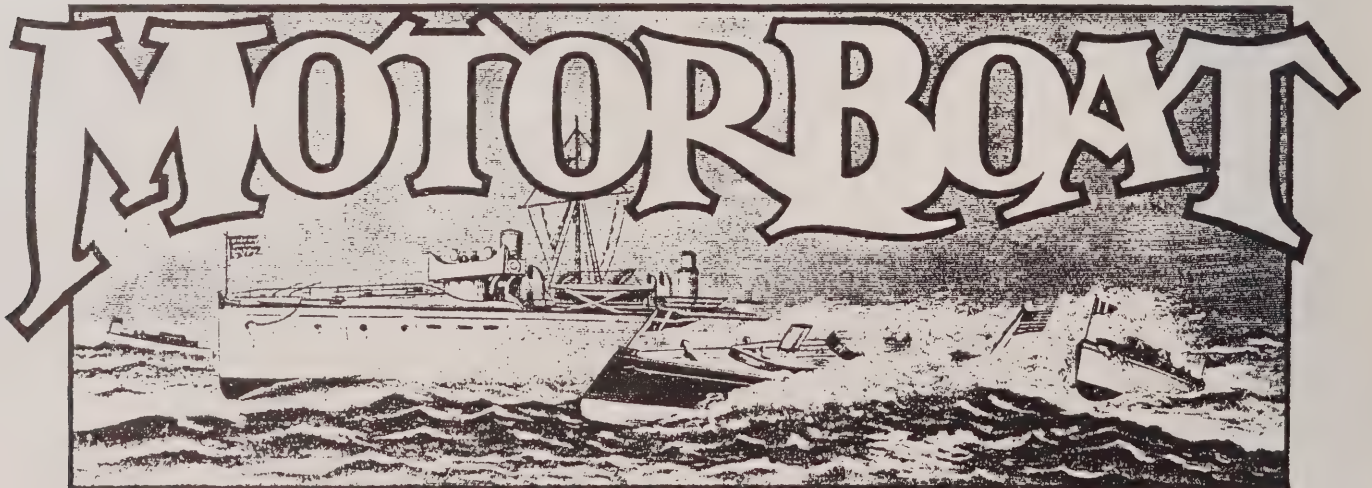
"Haywire" and I would then proceed upon the day's sailing orders: Let's see how close we can run to the dock without hitting it. Or there would be an aimless half hour in Snug Harbor reversing on the spark. The Caille would slow down to a speed when the holes in the flywheel were visible, then - quickly now! - press the timer button, then flip her the other way and release the spark button. The thunder under "Haywire's" stern was gratifying as the mighty twelve-inch propellor protested at all this reverse "steamboating." Logging for pulp sticks off the beaches might be next, or seining a tadpole pool in the rocks for brook trout bait might be interesting. Or picking out a small island I liked and chiseling my name and date into a prominent rock, to later

claim the whole island when I had money. I was early learning all the things men learn they must not do when they grow up.

Somewhere along in here the wheel of memory comes up with the probable turning point in life. I was a committed sailor and motorboat man. One day, rounding Blake's Point at the northeast end of Isle Royale, I perceived the dim, thin blue outline of a foreign shore. Canada!

Supper or no supper, I measured the gas in the tank, then resolved to run foreign until the halfway mark and then come back again. A ten-gallon tank in a small launch will run a 2-hp Caille Perfection engine forever and one month more. I tasted the poles of each of the Red Seal dry cells with my tongue. They tasted vinegary and full of snap on the infallible ammeter. I remembered the old dockside gas-engine formula: "If she's got the gas and got the spark, she's gotta go." So "Haywire" and I took off. It was about nine in the morning. The weather held all day.

After exploring Point Porphyry off Thunder Cape, we returned past Trowbridge Island in the afternoon - huh! A lighthouse here, eh? - and pap-pap-papped back to Blake's Point and into Rock Harbor only to have the delicious accomplishment wet down by an irate mother, family, guests, and bureaucracy in general. I had missed supper; the alarm was out!

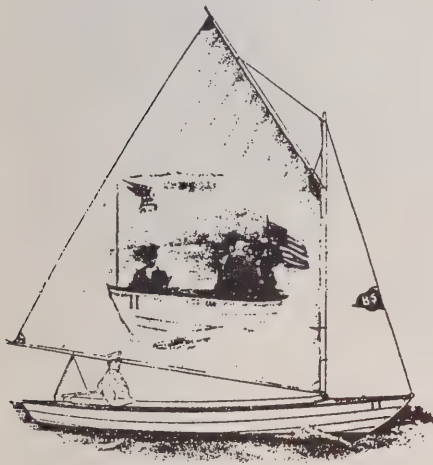


The 1909 Motor Boat logotype with its fleet of Edwardian powerboats and "uncommon dramatic flair."

The woes of Sisyphus are joys compared to the travails of a boy beached without his boat. For the rest of the summer I ROWED to catch that danged eagle his trout. And here, Fate intervened. A northeaster blew up - one of those three-day soggy blows that wets down the woods and sends gray horses of seas coursing up the harbor. I fell to reading.

In my hands were two fateful pieces of literature. One was a 1909 copy of the magazine MOTOR BOAT, several years old, on the cover of which was a steel engraved logotype which showed an unlikely fleet of large powerboats doing 40 knots through a raging sea. These were seen just as they were banking in flank turn around a mark placed a thousand miles offshore by a thoughtful publisher. The second piece was a catalog I had received from the Brooks Boat Company of Saginaw, Michigan, the original knock-down boat suppliers.

No. 11. A Power or Sailing Dory.



In the Brooks catalog there was a 20' power dory that took my eyes. I yearned for that 2hp dory so hungrily I can still taste the desire. The whole boat, with engine, cost \$200, which to an 11 year old, part-time resort bellhop, was \$199.50 more than all the money in the entire world. To the Brooks catalog and to that MOTOR BOAT logo I owe my first mighty vow of boyhood: I must become a millionaire; not immediately, but preferably after the storm was over and, at any rate, by the time I was eighteen. Then came a corollary proposition: To spend this money wisely I must become a naval architect. By this clever stratagem I could avoid paying naval architect's fees for designing all the motorboats I was going to need.

Although the million got derailed, the star of naval architecture always shone high along the track of life. It led me to an apprenticeship, at first behind a broom and later behind a drawing board, in a typical oldtime boatshop and to a career as a naval architect that continues under full steam.

And today (1975) I realize that, between boyhood boating in Gamps Neutson's steam launch and the work on my drawing board at the moment, I've lived with almost the entire development of motor boating. You never know what influence a picture may have. That logotype had uncommon dramatic flair and immense reader hook. As I view it today, in my snappy seventies, it still has.

The first man to take me seriously when I applied for an apprenticeship in a boat shop was old Jean Ramaley of the Ramaley Boat Works. He had electric blue eyes that would rate a man to a quarter of a cent faster than Dun & Bradstreet could judge Morgan to the nearest million. You had better have clean underwear talking to Ol'

Jean, Buddy. You just better had! He'd see right through you with an X-ray glance.

I'll tell you how they built boats in those days next issue, what wages were and some of the hoopla and pain of being a pretty young male nasturtium gaining ascendancy among a bunch of competent old-time builders in the days when horses and steamers waited at the station for the evening train to come in, and when rich kids lolled aboard Dad's posh launch, waiting to throw in the clutch and swoosh off madly in all directions.

Those early days of romance were as honest as moonlight and song. All you needed was a striped blazer, a motorboat and a mandolin for the girl to be yours. I can hardly wait to tell you!

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But inch by inch we gained, and in two or three minutes we were clear of the bridge, and pulling to one side to get out of the current and take a rest.

Then the sail was rigged again, and Joe took the helm and pointed for the entrance of the Cove. The wind was as strong as ever, and carried us along at a great rate; but here the water was smooth, except for the streaks and sweeps of ripple which scooted wildly over the surface as the breeze caught hold of it here and there; the waves were cut off by the causeway, against the other side of which we could hear them chopping.

In a little while the sail was swinging uncertainly this way and that, becalmed by the bluffs at the entrance; then it filled again with a jerk, and we scudded away across the broad land-locked sheet. We cruised to the other side, and about among the islands, on one of which was a little cabin peeping out from among the trees, which dappled it with shadow. We landed on all of them, according to our now established custom; it was "chock-low" tide and sudden jets of water, spurting from the moist strand a foot or so into the air and ceasing as suddenly, attended our foot-steps.

"Seems as though it might be good clamming," observed Joe, noting further out certain shallow basins scooped in the black, gravelly mud. "I'm going to see how they pan out."

We had a clam-digger on board, like a rake, with broad, thin teeth; and he armed himself with this, while I took one of the pointed tent-stakes. The clams lie embedded in the ground, with the smaller end up, from which they thrust out the "head," or tube with the mouth at the end, till it reaches the surface. Sometimes a big clam will lie a foot deep, or thereabouts; and the head has to stretch up a corresponding length. When they feel the earth shake, they suddenly draw their heads in, like a turtle; and the water with which they are filled has, of course to be squeezed out, and makes the jets just spoken of. We stamped around to locate the spurts, and then followed them up.

These clams are the kind known as "soft clams" by outside heathen, who apply the name of clams or "hard clams," by special grace - to what are really "quahaugs." Their shells are comparatively thin, and, in hunting them, you have to look out when the trail is getting "hot," as they say in the Wild West, that you don't smash them by a careless stroke.

In a short space of time, taking turns in wielding the clam-digger, we had harvested four or five

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



ONE OF THE ISLANDS.

dozen of the bivalves, and had scooped three or four basins of our own, with corresponding earthworks at the side, like miniature rifle-pits. The tide had begun to rise, and, following the practice familiar to clammers, we arranged these embankments so as to withstand the encroaching flood, which tended more and more to fill our excavations. Soon it took as much time to maintain the dykes as to search for the game, and, also realizing acutely that our backs were not made of cast-iron, we withdrew from the field with our spoils, from which we now washed the mud, thus reducing their weight, and much enhancing their appearance. Joe also collected a number of inch-long specimens which we had thrown aside as too small, announcing that he intended to try for fish, and they would be good bait. In my digging I had come across a live razor-clam, which was a rarity, though it's common enough to see their empty shells strewn along the shore. It's very much the shape of a razor-blade - thin, long, curved, and square at the ends - very different from the

usual forms of shell-fish. It was a wonder I didn't break it, for they're as fragile as eggs.

We judged the Cove wasn't deep enough to be much of a fishing ground; so we up sail and started for the space between the bridges, where we cast anchor about in the middle. Then ensued the usual solemn pause after baiting and flinging over, while we expectantly fingered our lines, waiting to feel a nibble.

I got the first bite, and jerked up in response; the continued wiggling transmitted along the line told that the catch was hooked, and he felt like a big one. I pulled up hand over hand, and the fish came floundering over the gunwale.

"A toad-grunter!" laughed Joe. "You keep up the record; good for you!"

The fish was about eight inches long, and about as broad as high; the head took up nearly half the body, which tapered rapidly to the tail; seen from above, the creature resembled in outline an ordinary kite. It was dark brown, mottled with dirty black. The

mouth, as some one felicitously said, opened like a grip-sack; the whole aspect of the beast was much like that of the lophius, or "fish-ing-frog," which, however, is much larger.

This one had a peculiarly vicious and sullen look, like all others of his kind; though, to be sure, it's hard to say why he should look otherwise, under the circumstances. He took after his kindred, also, in having swallowed the hook nearly to his tail, so that I had the disagreeable job of dissecting him in order to recover it. I suppose it may have been disagreeable to him, too; but I did not think of it then, because I was put out; the fact was, it had become notorious that when I went fishing I caught the toad-grunters for the whole party. From the point of view of the human race, they were valueless, their anatomy seeming to consist chiefly of the framework for the jaws; so I tossed him overboard and waited for the next one.

This was much more acceptable, being a "scup" - a silvery fish with light pinkish hues, broad and flat like the fresh water "bream," and known as "porgy" on some parts of the coast. It was a rather small one, however. Joe hadn't caught any yet; and when he pulled up, a few minutes later, it was nothing but a "chogsett," or "cunner."

As time went on, though, he outdid me; he had half a dozen scup, four chogsetts of good size, besides some half-grown ones which he threw back again, and a flounder, or flat-fish. This kind, like the ray, is white on the under side, and on the upper it takes the color of the muddy bottom, along which it swims, well-nigh invisible. The queer thing is, that their upper surface is not the back, but one of the sides; as though a scup should swim sideways, instead of vertically; and there seems to be an effort to make it the back in reality, for the eye that belonged to the white under side has come through to the upper. But the mouth hasn't followed suit; so, as the fish lies on the bottom, the mouth has the effect of being cut up and down, instead of crosswise, as it should be. Here's where it isn't like the ray, whose real back is uppermost, with the mouth underneath across the white side, and the eyes on top.

I had added three scup to my first, and then the chogsetts all seemed to have come to me; I'd taken in three, but they had the greatest way of nibbling the bait from the hook by degrees, instead of committing themselves by a whole-souled grab; and again and again I pulled up bare hooks, or "blind eels," as the long, slimy strips of eel-grass are called, when they become entangled in a fisherman's tackle.

At last I hauled up a contorted mass of large "serpulae," the largest I had ever seen. These are small winding tubes of a limy substance, similar to that of sea-shells; and they ARE shells - those of marine worms, which add to their coverings as they grow. They are most commonly seen closely attached to old oyster-shells, also to stones; but these had no such foundation for their intertwined fabric. I pulled the eel-grass and mosses from the white, hard tubes, as large as pipe-stems, and put them into the bailing-pan, which I had filled with salt water. After being left quiet for a minute or so, the little round covers which closed the ends were cautiously raised, one by one, and feathery filaments were thrust forth, gradually expanding till each tube bore a living plume of rich red and brown, much like a feather duster, but scarcely an inch in length.

I lifted the pan to get a closer view, but at the touch they shot back into their cells like lightning. After setting them down again they pushed out once more, by degrees, as though looking to see what the matter was. By Joe's permission, I unscrewed the eye-piece of his spy-glass, and used it for a magnifier. They were lovely, as he said, too, on looking; but how seldom they were seen, except by the fishes, who probably didn't admire them at all, more especially as their cases defended them from having their flavor sampled..

When I had examined them as long as I cared, I put them over the side and let them sink to their regular dwelling-place, and announced that I was tired of fishing. "Besides, if we don't set off pretty soon, we won't be able to get out of here."

Shortly after, noticing that the fishes seemed to have lost interest in his bait, he hauled it up and found bare hooks, except for a particularly tough bit of clam head; the chogsetts having wheedled away all that was to their taste.

"They're cute rascals, they are," he said, and proceeded to wind up his line.

I pulled up the "keleg," and spread the sail; and in less than two minutes the TRITON was going full tilt for the railway bridge. We found the tide coming toward us at full tilt, too; what a contrary business it was that the current should still be against us, just as at the other bridge, although the tide had turned meanwhile.

As before, we went slower and slower; but the draw-tender was at his place, and we hailed him, thinking maybe the sail, with one of us at the oars, might pull stronger than if each of us took an oar and the sail was lowered. But he yelled back that a train was due

in two or three minutes, and that even if there wasn't, the current was too strong for us.

"I don't know but he's right," said Joe. "It's a deal stronger than it was at the other."

When the whistle of the train was heard, our northward progress had about ceased, and the passengers had the spectacle of a craft whose sail was distended by a strong wind, resting immovable upon the hurrying waters. The opposing forces had reached an equilibrium, and we were still fifteen or twenty feet from the bridge.

"Nip 'n' tuck, ain't it?" said the man, grinning.

"How long will it be like this?" I inquired.

"Couple of hours, maybe."

"If the sail won't carry us any farther than this, with the wind there is, there's no use in staying here any longer, just now," Joe asserted. "Let's go back and cook our fish; we'll be wanting dinner before long."

"Right you are!" said I.

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This is the introductory paragraph in a new brochure put out by Lance Lee's Rockport Apprenticeshop. The title refers to how long it has been since Lance started over again after parting company with the Maine Maritime Museum. In that time, a complete new facility has been established and set into motion. The brochure details what the Rockport Apprenticeshop is doing today and what it has to offer interested persons. It is also a fund raising device for the 'Shop is much like other educational institutions, always in need of funds.

If you think you'd like to help this unique effort, or learn more about what it does first, send for the brochure, "In a Thousand Days", from the Rockport Apprenticeshop, Sea St., Rockport, ME 04656, (207) 236-6071.

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Even though I couldn't be much further from your local New England area (in Coupeville, WA), I still enjoy the "down home" real people nature of MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS.

My primary interest now is sea kayaking and rowing. In the past I owned various sailboats from 15' to 24', did some racing, but finally burned out and took up kayaking several years ago. I have a Nordkapp, my wife a locally built Enetai, and we have a leftover British design that didn't quite get sold before the Nordkapp arrived, and a white water boat.

For rowing, last fall we bought a Piscataqua River Wherry from a woman who moved here from New Hampshire. It was built by a Michael Poulliot. This renewed my

interest in wooden boats and now, after taking a workshop at the Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle taught by Simon Watts, I'm looking for a nice little sailing skiff to build. I've almost come full circle, but I don't see myself again aboard a "plastic fantastic" racer soon.

Most of my sailing was done in Florida, I sold the last one while in San Diego and took up kayaking there. I took vacations paddling around Vancouver Island while still living in California, then moved to Hawaii and did more paddling there. Now in the Pacific northwest, we have made several return trips to nearby Vancouver and the San Juan Islands.

No I don't stay too long in one place as a U.S. Navy pilot. Michael Huffman, Coupeville, WA



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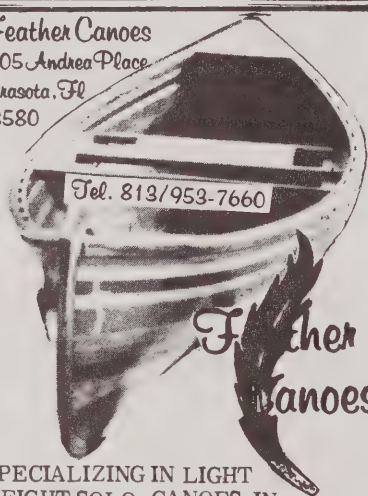
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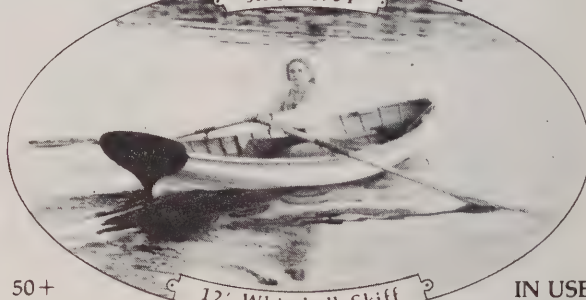
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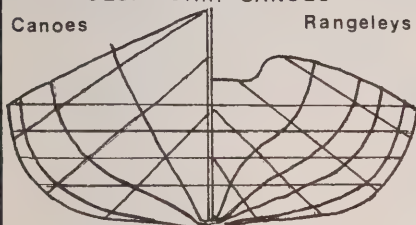
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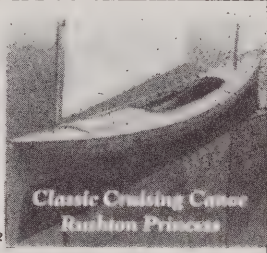
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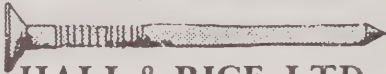
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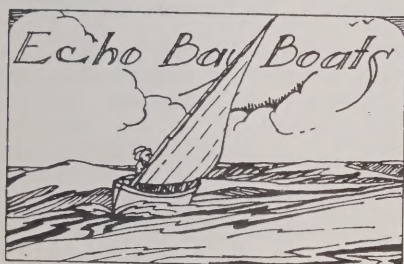
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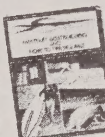
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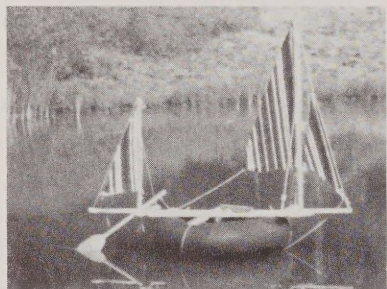
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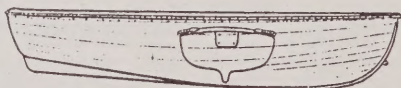
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USED DAY SAILERS, 12' to 18'. Write for our list of these fine trade-ins.

FERNALDS, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01950. (22)

APPLEDORE POD, rowing, sailing craft, WEST (tm) system construction, completely equipped, F. collar oars. Priced to sell at \$1800. J. FINK, Walpole, ME, (207) 644-8329. (22)

12' HOLDER cat rigged day sailer, 1984. Easily cartopped. Yellow hull, white deck, yellow sail. Boat and equipment in like-new condition, used only a few times. Complete with paddle, sail bag, aqua-meter track and tack, equipment storage bag for use on boat. Ready to go. \$1,150.

JOHN MURACH, Dracut, MA. (617) 454-5927 (21)

KLEPPER AERIUS I folding kayak complete with paddles, rudder assembly, spray cover and sail equipment. \$1,200.

BRADFORD JONES, Attleboro Falls, MA. (617) 699-4451 days. (21)

WANTED: Old boating magazines, literature, pictures and news items for research library.

ANN MATHESON, Bear Paw, Rt. 4, Box 51, Murphy, NC 28906. (704) 644-5714 or (704) 644-5325. (21)

Looking for a Boat or Gear?



19' SWAMPSCOTT DORY designed and built by R.D. Culler in 1977. As seen in "Boats Oars and Rowing" but with a larger rig. The last boat Pete built and unchanged from his conception, she is wonderful in every way. Fast in any breeze, she sails like a witch. This is a boat with a soul and we're looking for an appreciative new owner for her. Complete with 9' Culler oars, 2 suits of sails, all misc. gear and trailer. \$5,000. CHRIS WENTZ, Port Chester, NY days (914) 937-0106, evenings (914) 834-9236. (21)

16' CHAISSON double-ended surf dory, circa 1950. Complete and original condition including oars and builder's plate. Used two years when new, then in storage for 35 years. Copper fastened. \$995. DAVE PEACH, Marblehead, MA, (617) 631-5571. (22)

WANTED: Classic rowing and sailing rough water beach or surf boat such as surf dory, Maine made salmon wherry, peapod, Swampscott dory, Chamberlain gunning dory. Small lifeboat or similar considered. Must be structurally sound and reasonably priced. Call collect or leave your number. LAUREN KATZ, E. Orange, NJ (201) 678-2851. (22)

12' WHITEHALL, classic sailing/rowing boat built by Golden Era Boats in 1979 of hand laid white F/G, bright work teak, oak, spruce. Sprit rigged white dacron sail, S&T oars, boat cover, galvanized trailer. Excellent condition! Drive/sail away at \$2100. DAVE KIMPTON, Dunstable, MA (617) 649-3632. (21)



15' SLOOP, 6'8" beam, 12" draft (33" board down), 9' cockpit, 120 sq. ft. sail. Asking \$2200. JAMES EASTON, Newport, RI (401) 847-1557. (22)

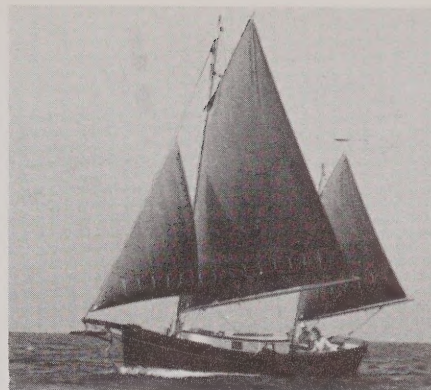
24' CHAPELLE SCOW now building for spring delivery. 6'4" beam, 14" draft, leeboard or keel. A damn comfortable boat. CHET FARRELL, W. Dennis, MA (617) 398-2649. (21)

CATBOATS: 16' wooden classic gaff rigged flat bottom catboat, \$1200. 16' wooden hard chine, cuddy catboat, \$1500. Also new 6' lightweight plywood pram, \$275. HOLT VIBBER, 5 Soljer Dr., Waterford, CT 06385. (21)

WANTED: Used Zodiac or Avon dinghy. GLEN SCHROEDER, Ship Bottom, NJ, (609) 494-5814 eves. (21)

16' PEINERT 16 sliding rigger, very stable fiberglass, slightly used demo. \$1200. LYDIA GREW, W. Newbury, MA, (617) 363-2906. (21)

LIGHTNING SAILS, sell or swap. Hild main and jib, Hard spinnaker (red). Several Lasers from \$750 to \$1400. Kids looking for Sunfish in Long Island area. WARD BELL, Seacliff, NY. (516) 671-2634. (22)



29' GAFF RIGGED vee bottomed sharpie built by George Kelley in 1970. New deck last year. New cotton sails two years ago. Smart, handsome, able vessel. Three berths. Auxiliary outboard in well. \$10,000-\$12,000 negotiable. GEORGE KELLEY, Hyannis, MA, (617) 775-2679 (23)

GREAT PELICAN, 95% completed. Bottom has three layers of chopped strand matt, topsides has two layers, per Vaitses system. O/B well, spars complete, new Norseman sails. Must sell due to illness. \$3900 or best offer. STAN DZIEMA, 209 Summer St., S. Walpole, MA 02171, (617) 668-3879. (21)

WANTED: \$500 sea kayak, Seda Viking or Aquaterra Chinook or equivalent. KEVIN HARDING, Chelmsford, MA. (617) 256-8681 eves. (21)

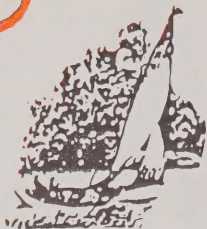
CIRCA 1890 18' launch, cedar on oak, needs restoration. Will include Vire one lunger. Sell or swap for small rowing, sailing tender or what have you. Also, Bolger kayak for \$150. ANDY ANDERSON, Mattapoisett, MA, (617) 758-9240. (21)

11' DORY SKIFF, similar to an A.R. True dory skiff. Brand new, fiberglass with mahogany gunwales and solid flotation. Rows well. \$650. Boat is near Boston.

16' ADIRONDACK GUIDEBOAT. Almost new fiberglass, ash gunwales, cane seats. I inherited a St. Lawrence Skiff and so have no use for this one. \$450. Boat is near Burlington, VT. but can be transported to Boston area.

14' A.R. TRUE DORY SKIFF, three planks. Needs work but can be fixed without replacing planking. FREE. Boat is near Boston.

26' DYER DHOW Senior Class, 1 of 4. Sloop, full keel double ender. Plywood sides, planked bottom. Sound but needs work. Already stripped. New mast, good sails, many supplies already bought. FREE if you take it away. Boat near Albany. BRAD COOK, Newtown, PA (215) 968-3811 (22)



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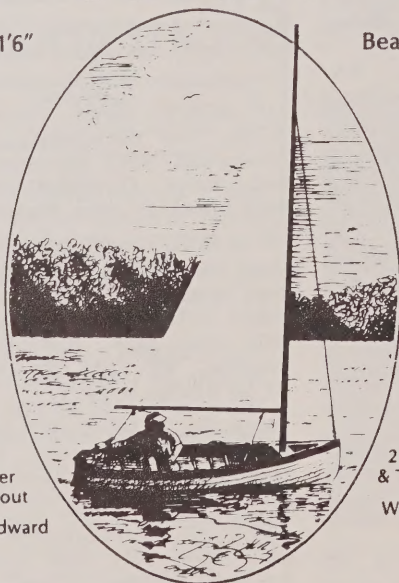
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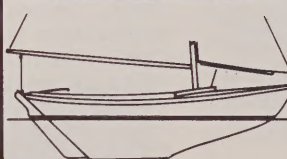
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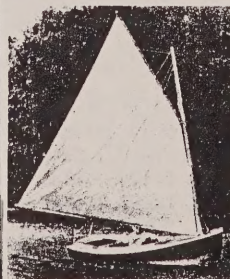


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