

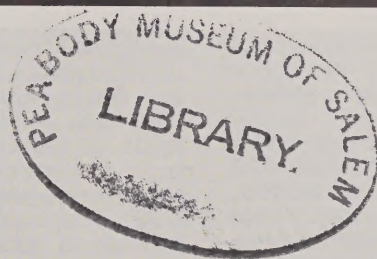
Twice a Month!



messing about in BOATS

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Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**



messing about in BOATS

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What about this racing?

Messing about in boats inevit-
ably includes some form of racing
or other. The urge to compete
grips most active participants in a-
ny sport, and boating is a sport,
even if enjoyed non-competitively.
So I often carry articles on some
sort of racing. At the same time
I've remarked on being glad that
racing didn't enter into some activ-
ity I covered. The contradiction is
not really there when my view is
amplified. What I am NOT enthused
about is racing carried to the ex-
tremes it always is, given enough
time and money. The innocent
pick-up race of a summer afternoon
between a couple of sailboats on
the same tack, or the low key
gathering of oarsmen for a three
mile allcomers' rowing race are the
sort of fun I can appreciate.

In this issue is a report on
the Town Class 50th Anniversary
Regatta. It was a race, and some of
the participants were undoubtedly
rather serious about it, given their
long obsolete but loveable boats. I
liked it because of the enduring
quality of a boat that can still be
loved and raced despite being a 50
year old design. And it is inexpen-
sive too, the "hot setups" just do
not exist. So this old time Townie
fleet of 19 was one of the biggest
one-design events of Marblehead's
Race Week this year. Affordable.

Also in this issue is a report
on a catboat rendezvous on the
Cape which did NOT include rac-
ing. Too much hassle trying to
handicap two dozen catboats rang-
ing from 16' to 28', wooden and fi-
berglass. For what? Amongst the
fleet that gathered, though, were
nine Marshall 18's that do race
each other at Chatham all summer,
one design racing, but in boats
mainly intended to be pleasure
cruisers. Other catboat rendezvous
do include racing.

I've reported on farcical rac-
ing amongst "basic homebuilt"
boats, the recent Mad Mattapoissett
River Race, the Marblehead "Bilge-
water Regatta". In these, the ridi-
culousness of the big bucks, hi-
tech racers' intensity is deliber-
ately caricatured by the partici-

pants.

Some of the rowing/paddling
races are a pleasure to participate
in, for they cater to a variety of
craft, most of which are used main-
ly for recreation, with an occasion-
al race tossed in. Even a big event
like the Run of The Charles, with
over 1000 canoes and kayaks en-
tered, is a fun sort of thing. Ex-
cept for a few people. It was in
this event a year ago that the un-
attractive glittery eyed "serious"
racers made the bad scenes. Here
they were playing Olympic hero a-
mongst a huge flotilla of bumbling
(by their standards) paddlers. With
no grace whatever, they barged
through, berating those in their
way with loud obscenities, and ac-
tually bumping and shoving out of
their way those too slow to give
way to the verbal abuse. THESE
are the racers I'm not interested
in.

As I read the nautical publi-
cations and scan race reports,
what's newsworthy? Protests. Talk
of latest hi-tech gimmicks giving
someone an edge. Frequent mention
of the budgets, the costs of the
boats and gear. It's like what's
happened to pro sports, the press
goes on and on about the fantastic
salaries the heroes demand, the
meaning of the game gets embroid-
ered with all the money it costs
(and makes).

I'm not a lifelong boater, only
since 1976 have I been really in-
terested. So I come into the game
in middle age with open eyes and
no preconceptions based on growing
up in it. What I found I liked a-
bout messing about in boats is
what gets into this magazine. The
people, the boats, the interesting
things done with them. When the
racing of them gets beyond the "for
fun" level and the hard nose, seri-
ous, big spending efforts to get an
edge on everyone else take over, I
turn elsewhere. The people who
pursue that way of messing about
in boats are welcome to it and I
hope they find it rewarding. But
I'm just not interested enough in
that to pay much attention. There
are other publications that are and
do the job.

Our Next Issue...

Will be all about what we find
of interest at the Wooden Boat
Show. It'll be a few days late as
I'm holding up going to press so I
can do this as soon as possible af-
ter the Show.

On the Cover...

Happiness in a small daysailer
is a nice sailing breeze. Of
course, being in the lead in a race
doesn't sadden one either. Bill and
Rene Heffernan were enjoying all
this at the Town Class 50th Anni-
versary Regatta in Marblehead in
July. Story elsewhere in this is-
sue.

I face a nasty situation. I have two children ages 4 and 2 and a wife quite nervous about tippy little boats. That encompasses anything under 30 feet with a keel. Where I live the waterfront is a horrendous mess of industrial plants, bulkheads and eroded cliffs with virtually no large rivers, estuaries, bays, etc. which make small boating lots of fun. Lake Erie's straight shoreline offers no protection and even a modest breeze from anywhere offshore produces a steep, unpleasant chop due to the extreme shallowness of the lake.

The only place near Cleveland with protection (a breakwater), a sand beach, playgrounds and a family atmosphere has just passed legislation restricting the launching of small boats off their beach, ostensibly for insurance purposes. Boats may gain access to the water now only by waiting at the end of an hour to two hour line up of cars, for the privilege of using the few launch ramps. That kind of wait is ridiculous and I can't mobilize the family for a beach day and get them out the door early enough to beat the rush.

I used to beach launch my 10 O'Day Sprite sailboat. It weighs 150# but I could get the trailer up to the edge of the beach and wrestle it down a small sandbank single-handed. Since my wife didn't really want to sail but needed some peace and quiet away from the kids, I would take them out myself. They seemed afraid of a lot of heeling so mostly I'd row the boat and put the jib up for downwind runs and they were a lot more comfortable with this. I'm not the kind of person to force my kids to go out with me and sit still in mortal fear of being yelled at should they bother my sailing style. We throw balls overboard and retrieve them, pick up dead fish for inspection, chase ducks and seagulls and generally have a nice time for an hour or so before heading back to the beach to play in the sand. The Sprite has sufficient beam (4'-9") and ballast (me at 160#) to allow the kids to lean over the side or fool around anyway they like without upsetting the boat. I've got harnesses to keep them from going overboard and given that we don't go out in rough conditions, there is no way they can capsize the boat. It's easily stable enough to withstand even the worst powerboat wake from a nearby waterskier. It's also got a terrible rowing position one third of the way from the bow and will not fit much better than 6' oars without entangling the sidestays, so it rows pretty poorly.

Now that I can no longer launch this boat from the beach, I'm looking for alternatives. The wind surfers won a concession from the beach authorities, being allowed to carry and launch from an area near the launch ramps. They

Can Anyone Help

????

have to carry the boards about 100 yards from the nearest parking and then negotiate the last few feet to the water's edge which is cluttered with debris, logs, broken up concrete, etc. At 150# my Sprite's much too heavy to carry. I've thought of making up a hand-pulled launching trolley but even then, I'm not sure I could get it to roll over the rough debris very easily and get the boat in the water, and there's no way I could lift it over the debris for the last few feet.

Recently sea kayaking has become rather popular and I had some thought of taking my kids out in one. They are very light (50#) and easily carried. They are also billed as being seaworthy and stable. At a recent symposium I was quickly disabused of that notion. I tried the most stable of the boats including the Easy Rider models. I capsized 3 times in small waves when my attention was not focused on the boat. Your recent article on that topic was much appreciated. I'm sure things would get better as I gained experience with them, but given that the kids will not be sitting totally still, and the size of the cockpits and hatches where I was hoping to place the kids are quite small, it's clear that a single-rowed sea kayak is not going to work. My wife is unwilling to paddle a double and I'm not sure if I'd be able to make a double go very well by myself. The doubles are also quite expensive (nearly \$2000) and getting up in weight to around 70#.

That leads me to rowing boats. I've never been in a thin racing shell so perhaps I can't appreciate the increased stability that Martin Marine claims for their ocean shell. I've also never used a sliding seat rig or anything like that. My experience in rowing has been with awful, heavy or badly set up craft, yet I still thought it was lots of fun. I certainly felt that I could drive a boat at least as fast via oars as I could by double bladed paddle.

I'm not sure I believe that 'ocean' part of the ocean shell much more than I believe the 'sea' part of sea kayak. At 2' wide the Alden single appears to be no wider than the single sea kayaks which were pretty tippy in my inexperienced hands. Granted the oars should work to steady the boat in a way that a double bladed paddle will not (or at least not as easily) but I still wonder about the effect of a 35# four year old leaning over the gunwale to pick up a ball or a 28# two year old standing up and walk-

ing over to me to get a hug. Are these shells really any more stable than the equivalent sea kayaks?

My last alternative is a more traditional rowing boat. Although I know enough to distinguish a peapod from a wherry, I'm not at all certain as to the actual functional differences between them. Perhaps you can help me here, before I send off a flurry of misguided letters to the people who advertise in the back of your magazine. So far I've distinguished 6 types of boats: peapods, wherrys, dories, rangeleys, whitehalls and skiffs, although these may be subsets of one another. What's the difference between them in how they can be used? Which ones are suitable for only flat water and which will take a steep chop and high winds (such as Lake Erie can produce if we get caught out in a sudden summer squall)? Which ones will tend not to broach if caught in those seas? Which ones can be built cheaply? Which ones can be built light enough to be car-topped and hand-carried and still be sturdy enough to survive repeated beach landings on rough sand or light gravel. How big does the boat have to be to handle up to a family of four weighing between 350 and 400 lbs. total and still be effectively rowed by one person? Which can survive the antics of little kids who like to move about and lean over the side? I've also seen pictures in your magazine about people rowing canoes. Is this a sensible way to move such a boat? Are canoes any more or less stable than the rowing craft I've mentioned? How about compared with a double sea kayak?

I'm not a well-heeled boat lover looking to hang a shiny replica of a traditional boat on my living room wall so everyone can admire it and run their hands over the gunwales. The hands likely to be run over the gunwales of this boat are probably going to be sticky with peanut butter and jelly. I need a serviceable craft that one person can row easily that will handle some rough conditions and boisterous kids and especially that is light enough to be lifted by one person of very modest strength. Also I don't want to spend a huge sum of money on a boat.

Thank you for reading all this. I'm a bit out of my league in evaluating my choices and there are not many (any?) people around Cleveland that I know who can give me much in the way of advice. If you have personal knowledge and can find the time to respond, please do. If not, or if you know people who are truly knowledgeable in rowing craft could you pass their names on to me?

MARTIN COOPERMAN, 2613 Princeton Rd., Cleveland Hts., OH 44118.

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14585

The "lawn party" was in full swing as evening came on, with 100 or so guests enjoying their tall cool ones and their accompanying condiments, when one man stepped out onto an open area and called for their attention.

"I want to welcome you all to our 10th anniversary catboat rendezvous," announced the host, Townie Hornor. "Next year we'll have some sort of special memento," he continued, "since I forgot all about it this year." Chuckles. Nobody seemed too disturbed about the oversight. After all, this was Townie Hornor's catboat rendezvous and it had always been this way, no formalities, no awards, no racing, no arguments. A gathering of the clan.

There are a half-dozen or so catboat rendezvous each season around New England, most of them including some sort of racing, regattas if you will. "I really never much liked the hassles of handicapping and all," Townie explained, in justification for his low key approach. "I guess there were others who agreed," he went on, "for we've had as many as 50 or 60 boats over the years." This year the number was 27. And there they were anchored out off Townie's waterfront on Osterville's West Bay. They had been arriving all during Friday and Saturday too, coming from all around the Cape and as far up the coast as Scituate.

Late Saturday morning, a dozen of us piled onto Townie's little Japanese pickup and rode to the nearby Osterville Town Museum where a boatshop has been set up in cooperation with the Crosby family to illustrate something of the history of boatbuilding in the town. (see accompanying article). Naturally, the two boats on display were catboats, one in fine shape donated to the Historical Society about 50 years ago, the other a resurrected derelict partly dismantled to show the construction details. Then early afternoon, about 20 of the boats (the Chatham squadron had not yet arrived) indulged in a circumnavigation of Osterville Grand and Little Islands, motoring through the busy drawbridge into North Bay, setting sail and sailing on into Cotuit Bay and then along the narrow Seapuit River behind the outer barrier beach of Dead Neck. The sea breeze made that latter part of the cruise a reach, fortunately, because the narrow tidal stream was in heavy use by other boats and the inner beach on Dead Neck, protected from the strong sea breeze at water level, was crowded with beach people, their boats pulled up on the sand or anchored close in. The parade of cats down this crowded stretch was impressive with those big sails swung out, away from the beach people.



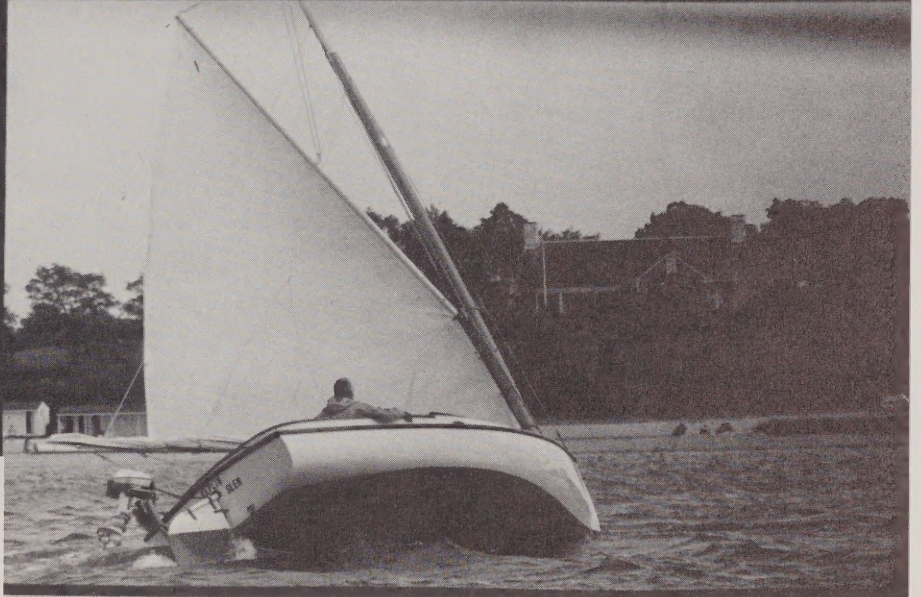
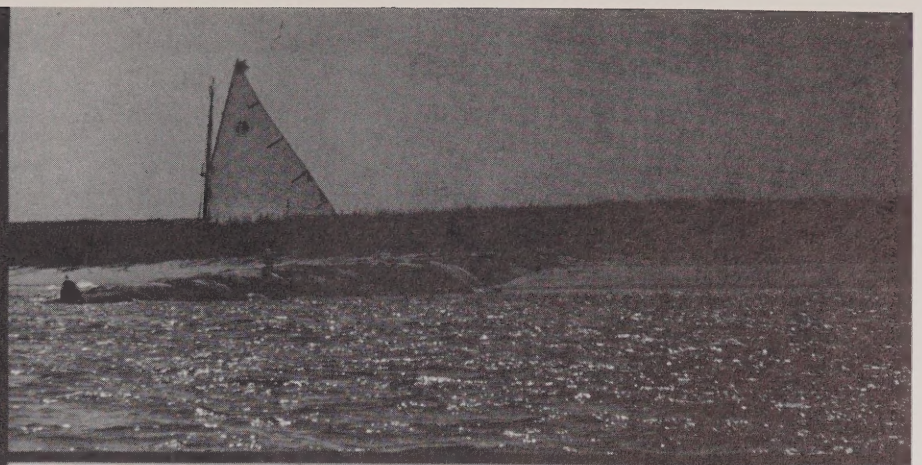
Cape Cod Catboat Rendezvous

Coming up Cotuit Bay it had been a beat and while the water surface there seems expansive enough, the channel is rather narrow. The short tacking into the teeth of a 20 knot breeze was more than some of the bigger boats cared to try, so they motorsailed through, sails luffing, while those of us in small boats did it the hard way. Townie's Crosby cat, FRANCES, is one of the smaller ones, and we had some exciting moments in the puffs, even with four of us aboard. Beamy a catboat may be, but it still can get the rail down. That tall coaming makes it less intimidating though. Nearby Dr. Dickson was sailing his KEPLIN alone, but he did have a reef tucked in.

Townie opted to stay inside Dead Neck's barrier beach, so as not to make anyone uneasy in the growing wind feel they had to go "outside". Out there the wind was kicking up quite a chop. Frank Cassidy took his CIMBA out anyway to get a little sea room for the big Fenwick Williams cat, later telling me it was pretty nice out there.

That was it. The sailing was mostly in the getting there. The cruise was a nice afternoon jaunt. Then it was raft-up time for many, sitting and enjoying the spaciousness of the roomy cats under a sunny summer sky in a lovely sandy bottomed anchorage fronted with elegant shore homes. The Chatham squadron, nine Marshall 18's who race together in Pleasant Bay, arrived from their trip along the Cape's south coast. About 6 o'clock, Townie began running his "launch service", picking up crews and ferrying them to his dock in his restored boatyard launch, VAGRANT. Time for food and festivities.

The Hornors provide the place, the charcoal fires, the ice. Everyone brings their own condiments and libations (nice words, huh?). Socializing ashore gets underway. Max Fife, skipper of SHOVELOR, the biggest of the cats, explained to me about the life of the catboat enthusiast. "We just like the going places and seeing things in comfort," was how he sort of summarized it. Max used to



Above: Dr. Dickson's KEPLIN sedately cruising along, note reef tucked in though. At right, he gets the rail well down, reef and all. Top right: Catboat and Cape Cod, they go together. Bottom right: Lots of room for R&R when catboats raft up.

have a Marshall 18, a boat which seemed to enjoy great favor in this group. Why did he move on? "More room," was the answer. An 18' Marshall has a lot of room in it for an 18 footer. But the 26' SHOVELOR, a classic big wooden cat, has much, much more. That seems to be the appeal. Roominess for comfortable cruising, proven seaworthiness in the skinny waters of the Cape. And the congenial company of the like minded skippers of other cats.

The Catboat Association has a membership of nearly 1500. Think about that. Not one brand people, but one design "type" people. And that design in all sizes from 13' Beetles to those 26' and 28' Fenwick Williams types. Wood and fiberglass. It doesn't matter. They're all catboats, that's enough.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

HOW ABOUT THOSE NAMES

I really enjoyed looking over the names of the boats that took part. Maybe you will too:

ABISHAG, ALOHA, BREEZING UP, CATFISH, CIMBA, ESMERELDA, FELICITY, FELIX, FRANCES, GRID-DLEBONE, HOPI BON, KEPLIN, ME-ANDER, MINOU, PIPER, PUDDLE-DUCK, SAND DAB, SAND SCRATCH-

ER, SHOVELOR, SKIMMER, JOSHUA SLOCUM, SUBLIME, TABITHA II, TEMPTRESS, THE TOM, VELVET PAWS, WHITE SWAN.

Comfortable names, none of that intimidating braggadocio seen on the racer/cruiser fleets these days. Comfortable names on comfortable boats owned by people you can feel comfortable with.

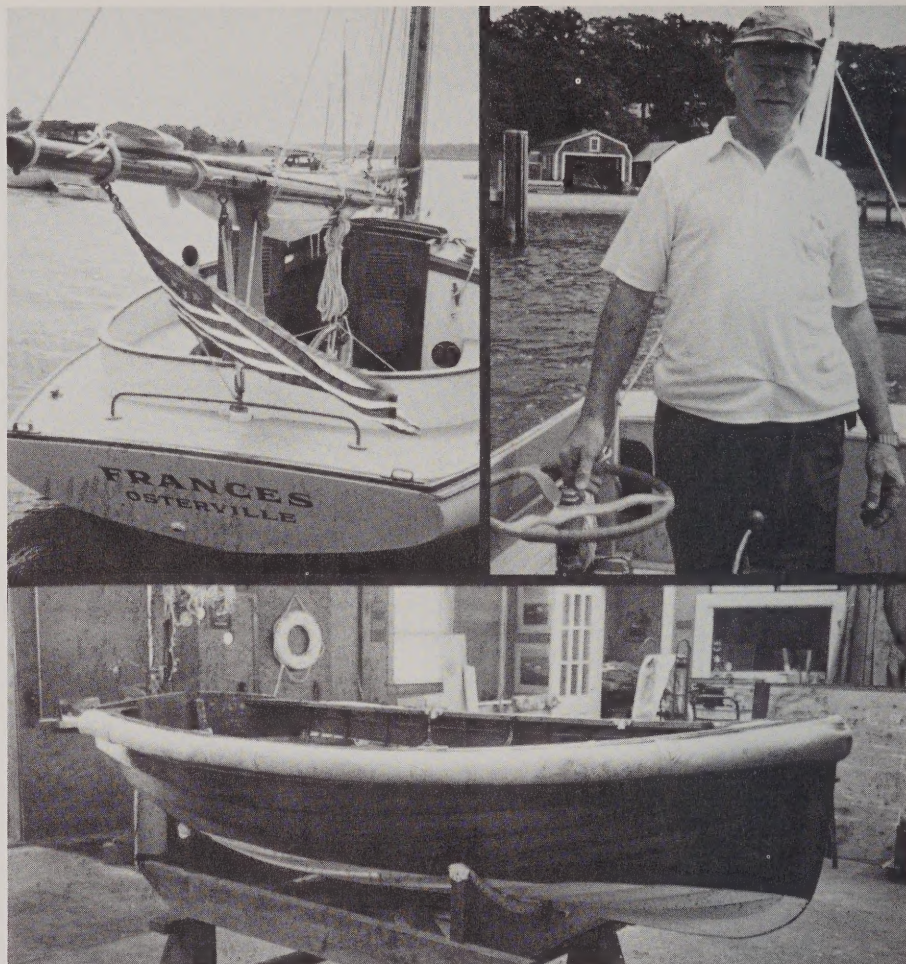
Townie Hornor offered an interesting comment on why traditional small craft are not enjoying the resurrection their devotees feel they should when we were discussing his life in boats in Osterville, MA. "I used to go to the TSCA meet over at Crosby's (just beyond the bridge) each May, but I finally quit going when I realized why those boats aren't popular anymore." Why not? "They're so damned uncomfortable and hard to use," he responded. A catboat man speaking here..

Yet, Townie isn't a modern hi-tech megayacht sort. He has a nice collection of traditional sorts of boats at his dock on Osterville's West Bay. FRANCES is a Crosby catboat, ten years old now, but looking brand new. ANNIE'S CAT is a fiberglass 14' Arey's Pond cat he daysails. VAGRANT is a restored old boatyard launch, a "pickup truck" sort of boat. And then there's the 45 foot motor cruiser, VIRTUE, undergoing some long term interior renovations when I visited. Townie could probably afford a more conspicuous form of watercraft should he so desire, but he seems to like his little fleet.

He likes his waterfront home too, even though he comments, as we hustle along on another errand related to the catboat rendezvous he was hosting this weekend, "I'm 60 now, and why do I need all this waterfront property?" It was a rhetorical question, of course. Townie needs it because he's lived there for 59 years. It's a pretty fancy spread in a nice subdued Cape Cod way, lots of waterfront frontage, mostly undeveloped, sloping lawns leading up from the dock to the rambling Cape style cottage that belies its size with its way of fitting into the land. Over by the raked stone driveway turnaround is a two car garage, and the back of it opens into a BOATSHOP. A shop much bigger than it seems from outside, just like the house.

"I worked for years on my boats in the basement," Townie said. He's always worked on his boats. "I decided it was time to have a real shop so I built this one. And the basement under it was almost an afterthought," he went on. Today the big shop held only a small old lapstrake, round bottomed yacht tender. Townie was fixing it up for a local hospital auction. "Someone called me about would I know what to do with this little old boat they had," he explained, "so I picked it up and it's being donated to the auction." Townie is revarnishing and cleaning it first.

He's a very busy guy. All of this property and his fleet owe their continued existence to his earning powers. Townie is a consultant and a director on several business corporation boards. That's the earning-a-living part. He's al-



The Only One in Osterville

so a director and/or trustee on many non-profit boards, like the nearby Sea Education Association in Woods Hole, Mystic Seaport or the National Maritime Historical Society, not to mention local efforts like the Osterville Historical Society. I didn't try to make a list, it'd be too long. So Townie goes to lots of meetings.

I found him in that boatshop when I arrived at his place, organizing more ice for the day's needs, showing the floorboards of the old tender, freshly varnished, to some of the visiting catboaters. Always moving. If you want to visit with Townie Hornor, you have to keep moving. That shop is obviously a main love of his life. "I get as much out of messing about with boats in here as I do out on the water," Townie admits. He does a lot of his own work on his boats. He worked on FRANCES when she was being built at Crosby's. And his heart's delight, VAGRANT, was a major hands-on bit of messing about.

"I saw that boat on a mooring over in North Bay and thought how much I'd like to have it," Townie explained. "Turned out to be one of just three built by Crosby years ago, and it was in tough shape." It was for sale, he learned, so he ar-

ranged to buy it through an intermediary. Townie had a professional builder come to work for him on that project. "Hell, I can't do a lot of the tricky stuff," he admits, "but I can work with a guy who knows how." So that's what he did. The launch was rebuilt starting with a new keel. Everything was redone and upgraded to like-new condition. A small "derrick" was installed on the rear deck for chores like hauling moorings. A couple of modern gimmicks like a digital depthsounder were installed. Painted gray, without brightwork, it is truly a "pickup truck" of the bay.

Townie's father bought the shorefront property in Osterville the year he retired, 59 years ago. Townie was 1 year old. His dad was commodore at the nearby yacht club, but by the time Townie was old enough to learn to sail, his dad wasn't sailing much anymore. So he learned from his big brothers. Right here where he still lives. He has this marvelous big photograph of his parents at ease on the veranda of the yacht club back in those days, in full yachtsman costume of the times. Townie doesn't do it that way. He's in the yacht club, but on the evening of this catboat rendezvous, he was

passing up a major social function there to tend the charcoal fires for the catboat folks instead.

Late on this Saturday morning, while many of the catboats were still enroute, Townie decided to go "outside" and have a look up and down the south coast of the Cape, see if any catboat sails were in sight. He fired up VAGRANT and off we went across West Bay and out towards the cut through the barrier beach leading onto Vineyard Sound. We passed a Wian-no Senior short tacking out the channel into the wind. "Pretty boat," Townie offered, "but a damned wet one." Out past the breakwater and a look around. Out here the sea was lumpier from that growing sea breeze. Far to the east some gaff rigs could be seen. "Must be the Chatham crowd," he opined. Then it was back on in, and a short tour of the mooring area, shouted greetings to friends, traded wisecracks with dock occupants. Then back to the Hornor dock. A tour of the "neighborhood", that's what it was. And Townie was really at his ease, you could see that on this boat, this unpretentious workboat, was his favorite place to be.

After the catboat cruise we were down on the lawns as he finished setting up the charcoal pits for the evening eats. I noted over towards the Bay on a rising embankment that shut off the view of the Bay from here, a squat gray cylindrical structure, much like a truncated municipal water tank. I wandered up the banking towards it, noting its very military looking appearance, and as I rounded the Bay side, there it was, a 3" cannon protruding from what was a World War II destroyer gun turret. Amazing. The gun pointed out over West Bay through a screen of underbrush that had been allowed to grow up in front of it. "Townie," I said as I returned to where he was busily at work, "that's really bizarre!"

He flashed a big grin. "Yes, isn't it. I got that through some friends, war souvenir. It's the only one in Osterville!"

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks



The Boat Part

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

Like most history conscious New England towns, Osterville, a village in the Cape Cod town of Barnstable, has its historical society. They have their historical house set up as a museum. It is full of artifacts related to the past of the town, now, that is. Since taking on a full-time professional curator, the museum's collection has been refined to focus on Osterville related items. What's of interest to you, perhaps, is the boat part.

With the cooperation of the Crosby family, builders of traditional boats in Osterville for several generations, a couple of boatsheds have been set up behind the museum. They are buildings originally off Crosby property, moved to this site and fixed up to illustrate something of the boatbuilding history of the town. Two boats are on display, one a donation made some 50 years ago to the historical soci-

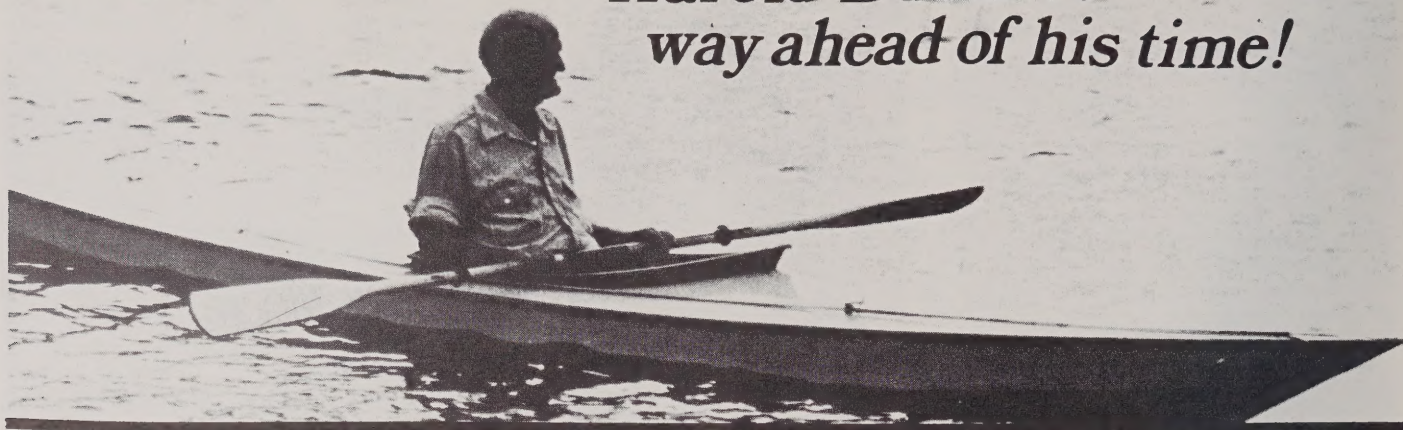
ety and in very nice shape cosmetically; the other a derelict retrieved from the back lot, stripped of its paint and decking to reveal the construction details.

Many fine old photos of by-gone days hang on the walls, and a number of original Crosby half-models are also displayed. Tools appropriate to early boatbuilding days are laid out in the Herbert F. Crosby shop where the "construction" boat is displayed. This is an effort to recreate the boatbuilding ways of early days and is still in the process of being put together. But it is open to the public during the season.

The season runs from the third week of June through the third week of September, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays, 3 to 5 p.m. Catch it if you're in the vicinity, you'll like what they're doing if you like traditional wooden boats.



Harold Dunn... way ahead of his time!



Sixty-five years ago, in 1922, a guy named Harold Dunn began to build sea kayaks at his home in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Dunn? Right, a name known to today's sea kayakers for nicely made fiberglass Greenland type boats built near Buffalo, NY. No, Harold's not still building them, today's Dunn is his son, Bob, and Bob has filled us in on his father's early pioneering of a way of boating that many today think of as a "new" sport.

"My father started building kayaks in Gloucester in the fall of 1922. They were of wood beam and stringer construction covered with stretched canvas, painted battleship gray and varnished. The wood was usually cedar and he also used pine and spuce. Most of the oamings were nicely finished mahogany with brass fittings. Ash, oak and elm also were employed with pine outwales.

The first boats were built in an old fish shack at Lane' Cove. The shack still stands. Later on, he made them in our basement on Langsford St.

His kayaks evolved slowly, small changes were made with each craft and custom fitted to the individual buyer. Hull and deck designs were modified through the years. Somewhere along the line, he discovered unbleached cotton and airplane dope made a light, tight skin material and he switched over to that. Later came dacron and

Bob Dunn in his father's 1927 kayak.

then dacron with a light fiberglass cloth laminated to it.

I have his original (1922) molds set up in my basement and have made wood frames from them. I use a skin covering of dacron laminated to kevlar. I also have his other set of molds that incorporated his design changes. This later set of molds was made sometime between 1942 and 1945 while I was overseas. His boats were fast and seaworthy.

We used to go out after northeast storms and ride the swells off Halibut Point. When you were down in the trough all you could see was water. Up on the crest you saw the whole world! Great fun! We'd go camping on Hog Island in the Essex River, Plum Island and at Wingaersheek Beach. We each carried an army shelter half, blanket, cooking gear made from tin cans and we foraged much of our food.

One of his kayaks was exhibited at the Chicago Worlds Fair, I think it was in 1934. It was taken to the Fair on board the schooner GERTRUDE L. THEBAUD, Captain Ben Pine, skipper. The THEBAUD and Captain Pine did battle with the Nova Scotia schooner, BLUE-NOSE, in those famous and controversial races.

One year when Franklin D. Roosevelt sailed from Washington to Maine, my father and I paddled out to see him as his yacht came out of the Annisquam into Ipswich Bay. There was a stiff northwest breeze

and it was quite choppy. The escorting destroyers and ships were awesome from our perspective. When we returned, the breakers were pounding pretty heavily around the Plum Cove ledges.

We used to swim at Plum Cove. We'd stand up in the kayaks, dive out, then crawl back up on the stern and WALK back to the cockpit. After that, my father strengthened the deck beams.

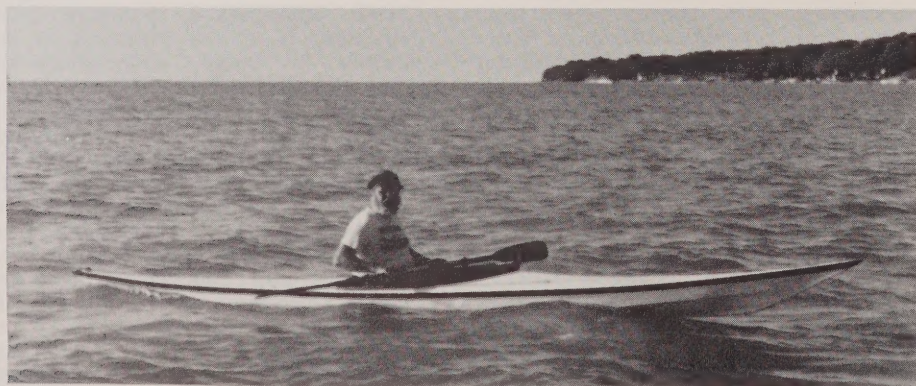
I still paddle one of his kayaks built in 1927. It's a little tipper than the boats I build today, due, I think, to 3/4" narrower beam and the higher position of the seat, which raises the center of gravity. It is fast. I've done sprints with downriver racing kayaks and held my own or even a little better.

We did most of our paddling in Ipswich Bay between Annisquam and Rockport. We hardly ever had a compass. When it was foggy, we could usually guess our position by the sound of the foghorn off Rockport and the siren located at the Annisquam light.

When it came to paddles, he made his own out of the lightest oars he could find. He shaved the shafts and scarfed them together using pegs, glue and a beautiful whipping to cover the joint. He also believed in a narrow blade such as I see some present day makers offering for coastal use. The lengths varied from 8' to 9'. He also paddled with the blade closer to the water so the wind wouldn't catch under it. The double paddles were feathered at 90 degrees but I have one feathered at 85 degrees also.

I still have full size lofting patterns for his boats, for deck and floor beams, coamings, stem and stern pieces. The patterns were cut from galvanized steel and also aluminum.

My father paddled up until the day he died, despite an agonizing hip injury. He felt good when he put his stern into the cockpit and paddled off from Lane's Cove to Folly Point to go for a swim."





Harold "Cappy" Dunn in the original kayak shed.



The 1927 Dunn kayak today, 50 years later.

GREENLAND KAYAK

Length-17 ft.
Beam-23 in.
Depth at sheer-7½ in.,
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Cockpit opening-37 in. x 17 in.
Weight about 40 lbs.
Deck, 3-ply layup of 10 oz. fiberglass cloth
Bottom, 4-ply layup of 10 oz. fiberglass cloth
Gleaming Gel Coat finish
Fiberglass Seal

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Granta SEA KAYAKS

Folks around these shores are bigger than in Olde England. As a consequence, the SEA ROVER 17 is now in stock with a longer cockpit. It is 33 inches long and allows even a 6'6" fellow to pull up his knees.

With the same shipment we got some SCANDIA DOUBLE kits. Really nice and with a newly designed, much stronger, cockpit (actually the same as the SEA ROVER). Both models were produced at the request of Hudson Canoe because we are on the biggish side too.

A new, larger, eskimo type is also in the works. All of this will considerably "broaden" our selection.

Glass boats come complete with seats, spray-covers and backrests. Foot operated, flip-up rudders are also included.

Kit boats include two quarts of Chem Tech 26 sheathing epoxy.

KITS:		
ANGMAGSSALIK (standard, 190 lbs. max.)	18'8"	\$320
SEA ROVER 17 (Standard, 27" cockpit)	17'2"	\$320
SEA ROVER 17 (long cockpit, 33")	17'2"	\$360
SCANDIA DOUBLE (dual 33" cockpits)	17'6"	\$415

COMPLETE BOATS (FIBERGLASS):		
TOURING SINGLE	14'6"	\$720
SEA KAYAK	16'5"	\$790
DUAL COCKPIT DOUBLE	17'1"	\$890
LONG COCKPIT DOUBLE	17'1"	\$990

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Joan Cook and Barbara
Hallowell winning
race 3.

50 Years of Townie Racing

Bill and Rene
Heffernan won
races 1 and 2.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

In the summer of 1936 the brand new Marblehead Town Class fleet debuted at Race Week in that venerable yachting center on the Massachusetts north shore. A 16' lapstrake sloop conceived of by the yachting establishment of the time as a fitting boat for the "townspeople" (as differentiated from the "yachtsmen") of Marblehead, the budget racer went on from there to a heyday in the '50's and '60's with 50 to 75 boats turning out and races being run off in heats. Then it appeared to die off. Only a few diehards hung on.

The hardest dying Townie aficionado was Jane Cook, she began racing Townies in the late 50's at the height of the class. She hasn't stopped since. And on July 19th she and Barbara Hallowell sailed Jane's Townie DUF BLITZEN to a clear cut victory in the third and final race of the 50th Anniversary Regatta over a field of 18 other Townies. It was a record turnout for modern times and had to be a major emotional triumph for Jane. Even though the overall win went to more consistent John and Judy Russell, Jane's runaway win of the finale was some sort of poetic justice in recognition of her refusal to let the class die off, her unremitting efforts at promoting and encouraging and breathing life continually into what should have been a long since gone obscure group of small racing sailboats.

And what a fleet. Some wooden, some fiberglass, Townies were built both ways. And some wooden covered over with fiberglass in last ditch efforts to keep alive decaying old pine planking and rusting out galvy fasteners in 20 year old (or older) boats. Tom McGrath was

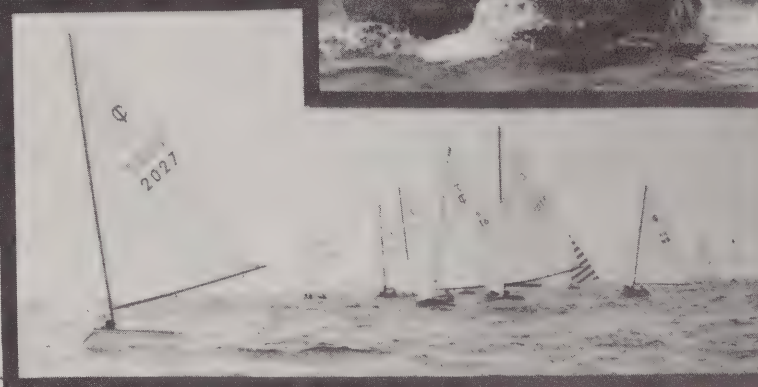
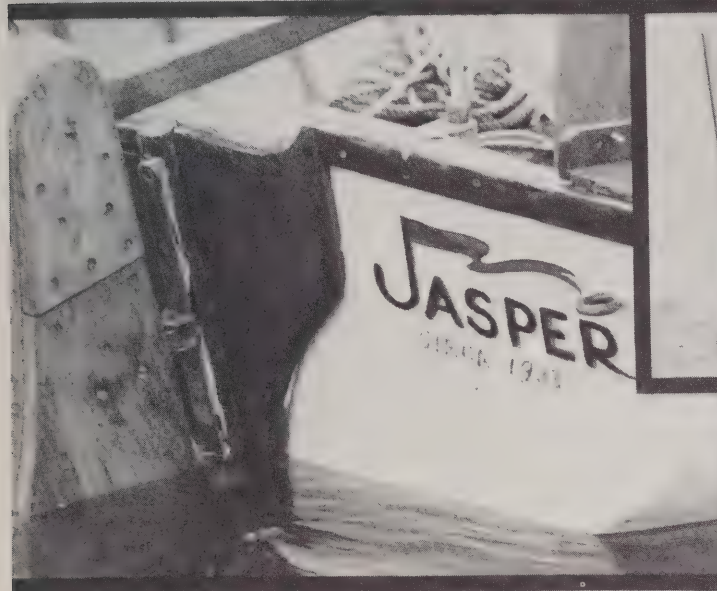
there, our chronicler of adventures afloat in his ancient wooden Townie. Tom says his boat now has an outside layer of fiberglass and an inside layer of fiberglass, with mostly water in between. Several new Townies are now racing, and Ralph Johnson of Pert Lowell, Inc., the Townie builder in Newbury, MA, told us he had a record amount of spring "repair" orders for bits and pieces of the Marblehead and Nahant fleets, as enthusiasm ran high for the golden anniversary.

Bill and Rene Heffernan of Nahant won the Saturday race and Sunday's first race, but had to depart before the final race on Sunday, thus giving up on a possible clean sweep. The "Olympic" course used was outside the islands of Salem Sound with a 12 knot breeze and a very lumpy sea of maybe two-foot swells going all ways. On Saturday, the race had been a two hour "hang on" session in a blustery 15-20 knot wind and that same lumpy sea. Everyone came in soaked to a tranquil Marblehead harbor where scarcely a zephyr stirred. On Sunday, the fleet headed out toward Halfway Rock offshore following the big Corinthian YC committee boat. Wrong boat. The smaller Eastern Yacht Club committee boat over near Satan Rock was the right boat. But that was all right, the big boats doing the Corinthian race all went somewhere else too, they had to change course also just to get to the start.

Sailboat races are something of a yawn to watch except at the marks, here it can get interesting. For those unfamiliar with one peculiarity of sailboat racing, the upwind leg of the course has to be

run zig-zag, tacking back and forth about 40-45 degrees off the wind. So the boats take their choices of when and where and how often to tack. They get spread out all over in what appears to be a random pattern. Sitting at the mark, you suddenly notice them converging on you from these several directions, and those arriving at the same moment from different directions can create some tight scenes. Like one Nahant boat hitting the mark no less than three times trying to round it, each time making the required re-rounding only to come up against yet another boat making the turn. Downwind they all just sort of parade along. Sailing races do not have the logical systematic progress along the course found in rowing or paddling events.

Well, Pert Lowell wasn't there to watch the boats he built, but he was back home in Newbury on his day off from working in the shop. His daughter Joanne was racing her fiberglass Townie though, skippered by friend Dick Butterworth. Earlier this spring, Pert celebrated his 80th birthday, but he still puts in his 8 hours a day every day in the shop, mainly doing mast hoops now, leaving Townie building to son-in-law Ralph Johnson and Ed Hammer. Pert built the first of the Townies back in the '30's working with his father, Marcus, and over 2,000 since. He still keeps an eye on the building of the new Townies today. Fifty years of racing Townies in Marblehead, fifty years of building Townies in Newbury, and still at it. People like Jane Cook and Pert Lowell should be proud of maintaining this enduring legend.



Top left: John and Judy Russell in #1015 were overall regatta winners. Top right: Joanne Johnson, daughter of builder Pert Lowell, crewed her fiberglass Townie with Dick Butterworth at the helm. Middle left: Oldest boat was this Winabout, the predecessor of the Townie and acceptable in Townie races (it's much slower). Middle right: The fleet heads downwind, and it was a fleet too, 19 boats turned out. Bottom left: Jammin' for the mark. Bottom right: Elusive writer/illustrator, Tom McGrath, (left) was racing his "recalcitrant" old boat. The tartan plaid topside paint job is gone this year, too much trouble to repaint it.

Antique & Classic Yachts at Mystic

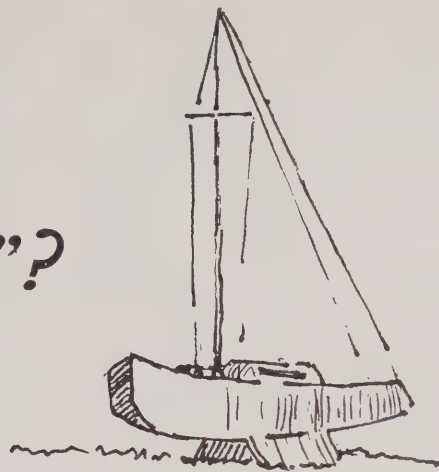
The 11th Annual Antique & Classic Boat Rendezvous at Mystic Seaport on July 26th attracted a record 50 motor and sailing yachts of yesteryear. The outstanding visitor this year was the former presidential yacht, SEQUOIA, a 104 foot motor yacht used by eight presidents from Herbert Hoover through Gerald Ford. The famous yacht was sold to private owners in 1977, later acquired by the nonprofit Presidential Yacht Trust and will be returned to the U.S. Navy in November, 1988, fully endowed and restored.

The parade down the Mystic River was enjoyed by crowds along the shores, with the steamship SABINO again leading the way with the Second Line Dixieland Jazz Band in full swing on the upper deck.

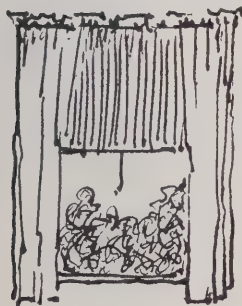
The yachts were judged in a number of classifications, with several special citations also awarded. Emphasis in the awards was to encourage authentic restoration efforts and period crew costumes and regalia. The craft taking part are limited to pre-1941 vintage and to those with full live-aboard accommodations, either sail or motor or combination thereof.



Another boat... is it "bye, bye, Townie"?



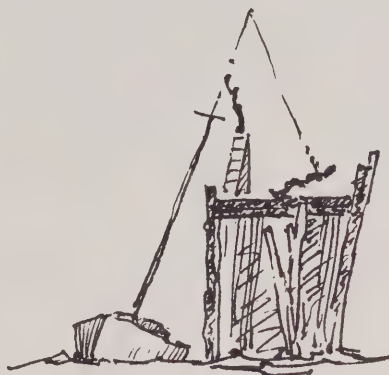
When I awoke in the morning only one eye opens and looks out the window. There's no motion in the foliage.



NO MOTION

It takes a gale to sail that boat, I remind myself. Should I go, or should I just go back to sleep? If I get up, I have to face the problems. Collect all the paraphernalia. Do too much thinking. Spend a long day on the water. Hell, you like that. I was told I could take the boat. I should try it. Perhaps it will be the only time. It's Fathers Day. Get up. Escape.

Dr. Keller offered the use of his English built double-keel, 20-foot sailboat. It had a cabin, stove and four bunks. Roller-reef main. Known to be a safe boat. Short mast and small sail. No motor, so I made a long oar for rowing. I met the mate at the dock. We rowed the boat in with the oar I had made and put everything aboard; tried to raise the sails and discovered we had no jib halyard. I rushed up on the wharf and stood on a piling and couldn't reach the pulley by 2 inches. The tide was on the flood and the boat was rising. I ran to the Clubhouse and got a rickety old stepladder and stood on the top rung while the mate pulled the main halyard in toward the dock. I could just reeve the line through the pulley with the tips of three fingers.



REEVING THE JIB
HALYARD

We rowed out of the harbor till the wind "appeared". We set sail and discovered that the oar was missing. We jibed and ran it down in the prescribed "oar overboard drill".



OR OAR OVERBOARD

Now there was nowhere to put it. It was too big for the boat, so I found a small saw (a sailor should never be without a saw) and cut off about three feet of it.

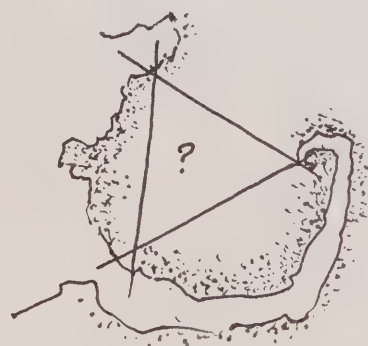


SHORTENING THE OAR

Now it would fit in the cabin so we could stumble over it during the rest of the voyage. We sailed past by my sinking, forsaken Townie.

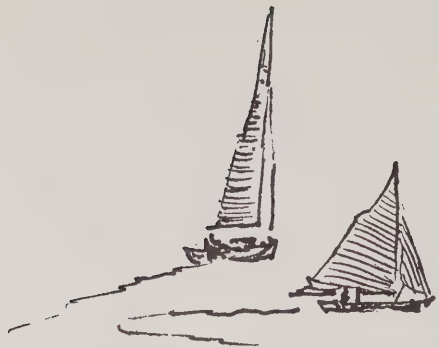
Suddenly there was a horrible screaming sound from the boat we were on. We were both wide-eyed in terror. How could a boat make such a sound? What are you doing to this boat I hollered at the Townie? The sound was loudest below in among the supplies. Searching with clenched teeth, I discovered that a foghorn had been activated.

Our nerves settled as we passed Flip Gong at 1:53. (2:37 Red Buoy Number Two is abeam. Course 90). A tug towing an oil barge is to starboard. We tack 3:25 to a course of 190. (The mate makes me write these times and courses down.) We take bearings on Egg Rock. 300 degrees. Marblehead Light 015 degrees; Graves Light-house, 225 degrees; which gives a gigantic triangle that lets us know we are somewhere in Cape Cod Bay.



TRIANGULAR FIX

I refuse to write down anymore times and courses. A large sailboat, under power, approached us on a collision course. I altered course to avoid it. A woman at the helm kept repeating, "Sorry. I'm sorry. Oh, I'm terribly sorry." like the tolling of a bell fading in the distance, leaving us wondering how many other times she had, and would, repeat that prelude to disaster.



TERRIBLY SORRY

I left the mate and went below. Four bunks. Accomodations for four people. Supplies were piled on them. There was no storage space. No lockers or shelves. Just four bunks for four people, buried under boxes, bags, clothing, charts, tools, food, sails and the anchor.



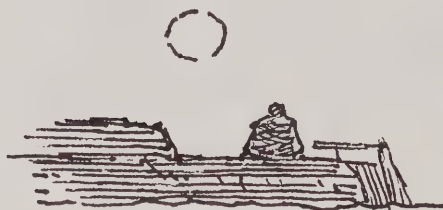
BELOW

Where do you put the anchor but on a bunk! I rearrange everything as best I could and still there wasn't any space to move about or lie down. I thought about it for awhile and decided to leave the problem for the mate. Topside we pass Buoy B to Starboard doing three knots and headed for Buoy A. Beyond that we had no destination. The mate tells me to sack out. He'll take the watch till 04:00, giving me back my problem. I descend glumly, kick, shove and squeeze everything off one bunk. Lying there restlessly with the boat moving erratically, I finally doze off to be awakened shortly by the mate. "I can't stay awake, Tom. You'll have to take the watch." "What time is it?" "1:30. We missed Buoy A, so we're headed nowhere." "I didn't sleep that well. Perhaps we should hove-to," I suggest, "so you can get some sleep." We back wind the jib. "You could sleep, too," the mate concludes. I think of the disaster below and decline heroically. "I'd better stay on watch. What is that thing lit up in the distance?" I query. "That's a passenger ship. It's completely circled us, so it's going nowhere like us."

CIRCLING SHIP



The mate disappears and the boat settles to a better motion. I watch the Full Moon rise. Nothing to do but wait for the Sun. This is why I came out here, I remind myself. To feel the solitude of the night and the length of time till sunrise.



SOLITUDE

There is a bright star above the mast. A faint light flashes to starboard. Must be Race Point on the tip of Cape Cod. The boat responds to the ocean's swells. We are outside the Cape and in the Atlantic. I lash the tiller. My feet get cold. I drag a sleeping bag out from below and wrap up in it like a cocoon. The passenger ship turns and starts circling the other way. I watch the Moon set and the top cusp of the Sun appears.

The mate wakes at 06:00 and begins coming to full consciousness at 06:30. He staggers topside and groans. "Where the (nautical term) are we?"



WHERE THE ARE WE?

"In the Atlantic, off Cape Cod." With nothing in sight, we alter course to make for the Cape. It's a beat and the boat's motion is uncomfortable. A Wilson Petrel flies across our bow. "Be-beep," he says, seeming to be in a great hurry.



IN A GREAT HURRY

At 08:30 we come upon a yellow buoy and can't find it on the chart. What the hell is a yellow bouy? No information in the books or on the chart. It began to rain. That settled it.



YELLOW BUOY

At 09:30 we decided to abandon the cruise-----tired, lost and miserable. We change course to a broad reach, which makes the boat corkscrew through the water. "There ain't no position you can get into on this boat that's comfortable!" the mate complains.



NO COMFORTABLE POSITION,

Up to this point, we've eaten very little. The supplies are loaded with all the delicacies, including a case of beer, that could be enjoyed on an immovable rock, if we could find one, but not on this rocking, rolling, pitching plastic receptacle.

And receptical it soon became. I was seasick at 13:05 and took up a permanent position at the stern like a gargoyle.



THE GARGOYLE

The mate refused to look at me. "Don't let me see you or I'll get sick, too," the mate said fearfully, and stared straight ahead. I repeatedly heaved over the transom, obliterating the boat's name 'Euphoria'.



Eventually we sailed among the islands of Boston Harbor and got trapped in an outgoing tide, turned, rounded Boston Light and cut through the Pigs between Brewster and Graves Light.



THROUGH THE PIGS

The mate consulted the chart and navigated us through. I didn't care. I was hoping we'd hit something stationary. The damn boat was twisting and yawing insanely. My head was throbbing with the worst headache I've ever experienced and my stomach was empty, but refused to admit it. The wind strengthened, as it always does when entering a harbor with tightly moored boats. We passed the dock on a fast run and yelled for someone to row a pram out to us. The mate is nervous, but makes a good approach to the mooring. I grab the line and secure it to the cleat and heave over the bow. I can hear the Townie nearby chuckling somewhat sympathetically. A pram is rowed out to us. Before we can get aboard, it unties its knot and escapes, prolonging our dancing world. Soon retrieved, we abandon everything aboard and make for shore just to get off that God-awful boat (only to find the land with the same crazy motion)!

I look out appreciatively at the Townie rolling rhythmically and think, "You had a hand in this". Regardless, I'm cured of big boats with all their amenities. I'm a small boat sailor from now on.

The mate is still desperately trying to hold down his food. I give in to the condition for a final heave.



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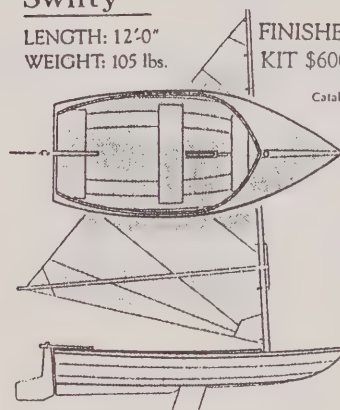
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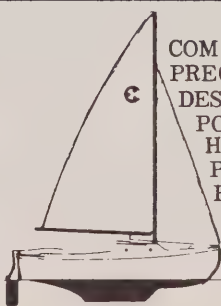
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Waiting for the tide to go out.

...and how about the time?

The guy who writes these little vignettes of messing about in boats for us, Carl Erickson, called me on his vacation in nearby Gloucester to invite me to a careening. You know, tipping a boat over on its side in the mud when the tide goes out to fix something below the waterline. Carl's son Pete lives in Gloucester and had a problem. He couldn't steer his Kingston Lobster boat, the rudder was jammed.

Pete realized this when he launched the boat a week or so earlier, but there he was on the ramp with rented trailer (at \$40 per day). No time to fix the problem, which was that the bottom gudgeon at the back end of the skeg was rusted solid to the rudder post. I mean SOLID. The boat had been out of the water two years and rainwater had collected in the "cup" shape of that gudgeon.

After the launching and the subsequent wait for the boat to tighten up enough to stop the leaking, Pete's brother dove in to measure the gudgeon for fabricating a replacement. A part was made and Pete took a day off in mid-July to do the careening. He towed the boat to the shallows in Annisquam near his mooring and he, Carl and I then pulled and hauled her as high as we could to await final departure of the tide. By hauling her over on her side with the shrouds, and pushing and shoving her ashore on a floorboard skid, we got her into about 10" of water. Why not just wait for the tide to go? Well, it was too close to low tide

by this time and we'd not have much time to work.

Awaiting the arrival of dead low, Pete and Carl rigged the boat, we'd dropped the mast into her off the edge of the granite wall at the Annisquam Yacht Club. Finally it was dry enough to go to work under the turn of the bilges. Pete's brother had removed the lag screws holding the gudgeon to the skeg on one of his dives and the straps were pried back. But pounding away on these with a 2 pound sledge resulted in no action. It wouldn't budge and the whole shaft was taking a beating on its bearings in the hull and top deck.

Out came the big chisel, nice tool. This worked. Steady pounding on this slowly cut down through one side of the "cup", nearly an inch had to be cut until it was opened to the bottom of the rudder post. Then some lateral blows popped it loose, and "Voila!", the villain was removed. Now it was fit the new piece time, and a problem arose. This new gudgeon was too narrow in the "V" the straps formed to straddle the rear edge of the skeg. Very heavy stuff, no way to widen the "V" out on the beach. Oh, well, another careening later would finish the job, after reshaping the new gudgeon to fit the skeg. Measurements for this were noted as the now incoming tide submerged the work area.

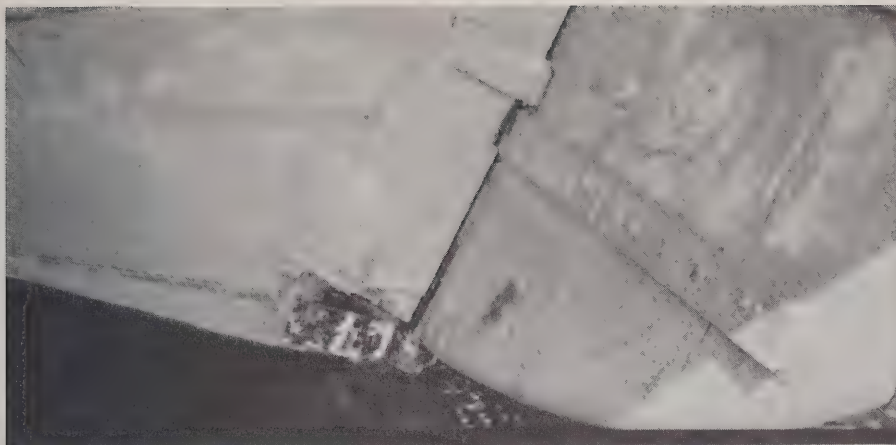
Some time was left in the afternoon and a nice breeze was blowing across the Annisquam. So, how about a short sail? The rudder

was adequately supported with deck, hull and skeg bearings for such an outing. Soon we were afloat, and the sails went up, Pete cut through the assembled multitude of moored boats and we were out on the river, tacking back and forth upwind.

What a nice responsive boat this Kingston Lobster boat is. She spun around on each tack effortlessly, and we soon headed up into a shallow marsh estuary off the river. The bottom was RIGHT THERE, and the board had to be raised. Still we made progress to windward on skeg alone, tacking from bank to shallow, Pete out on the foredeck watching the bottom, Carl handling the helm. Last tack, right up almost to the overhanging marsh banking on the outside of the channel turn, then a quick coming about and running off downwind back to the river. This biggish, heavily built boat was just a marvel at responsiveness in these confined conditions. Pete grinned. Well, a working lobster boat under sail had to be maneuverable didn't it?

Pete's had his boat ten years, he helped a professional build it back then, and has handled his own maintenance since. Like today's careening. Got any idea of what a boatyard would charge for that job? Or when they'd ever get around to it in midsummer? Right. And that's why these, "and how about the time" stories come to pass.

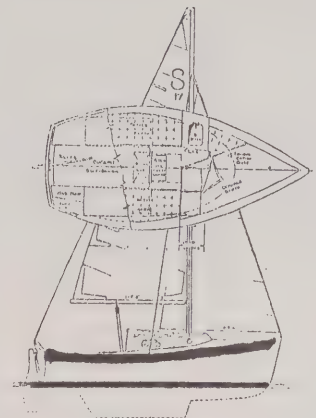
Report & Photos by Bob Hicks



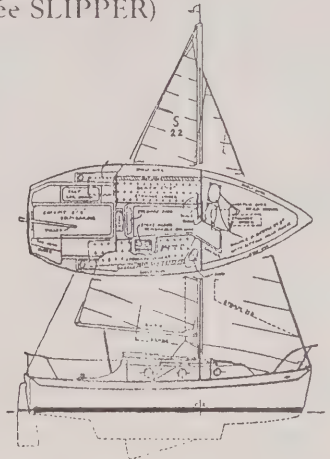
From the top: The botom gudgeon still stuck; being "persuaded" off; freed at last. Afloat again after a short sail, the Kingston Lobsterboat is a beauty.

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17' - 22' - 24'



SEAWARD 17 (Née SLIPPER)

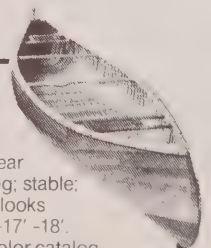


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From THE BOY SCIENTIST, 1877

EVERY ONE of our readers has probably heard of the feat of Captain Crapo and his wife, who recently crossed the Atlantic in a boat whose tonnage is a little over a ton and a half. The enterprise was a bold one, especially for a woman, and as no well-illustrated account has yet been published of the boat and her voyage, we feel sure that a large number of our subscribers, especially those interested in boat-building, yachting, canoeing, etc., will be interested in the following description.

No great problems have been solved, and perhaps nothing has been done, the possibility of accomplishing which with certainty could not have been predicted beforehand. Captain Crapo and his wife have, however, the merit of proving, by actual experience, that long voyages can be made, in very rough weather, in comparatively small boats; and to the captain is due the credit of showing just the means required for this end. Moreover, the fact that such a small craft could live in the roughest sea, throws a good deal of light upon the possible migrations of prehistoric peoples, whose vessels were undoubtedly small and imperfect, but whose skill in managing them was unquestionably very great.

The voyage was undertaken by Captain Crapo, more in a spirit of daring adventure than of scientific research, but the same may be said of all the balloon voyages which are made, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions. The project occupied his attention for some time before he put it into actual practice, and having been on many whaling voyages, he was able to obtain clear ideas of the conditions required, and to work out the plans necessary for complying with them.

The "New Bedford," which is named after the city from which she sailed, resembles in model an ordinary whale-boat, but has rather more dead rise. She was built by Mitchel, of New Bedford, and is constructed of cedar on an oak frame, planked both inside and outside, so as to ensure great strength.

The following are the principal dimensions: Length of keel, 13 feet; length over all, 19 feet 7 inches; beam, 6 feet; depth of hold, 2 feet 10 inches; draft (mean), 1 foot 1 inch; shear, 1 foot 4 inches; rise of deck beams, 4 inches; tonnage, C. M., 1.62.

The boat is schooner rigged; length of main-mast, 20 feet, 4 inches; length of fore-mast, 21 feet; length of boom, 10 feet; area of sails (fore and main), 25 square yards. She carried the American ensign and her own burgee.

The deck extends the whole length, with only two openings, each 24 by 18 inches, one forward (kept closed during the entire voyage), and the other aft, the latter being provided with a sliding cover. The centre-board was about 4 feet long.

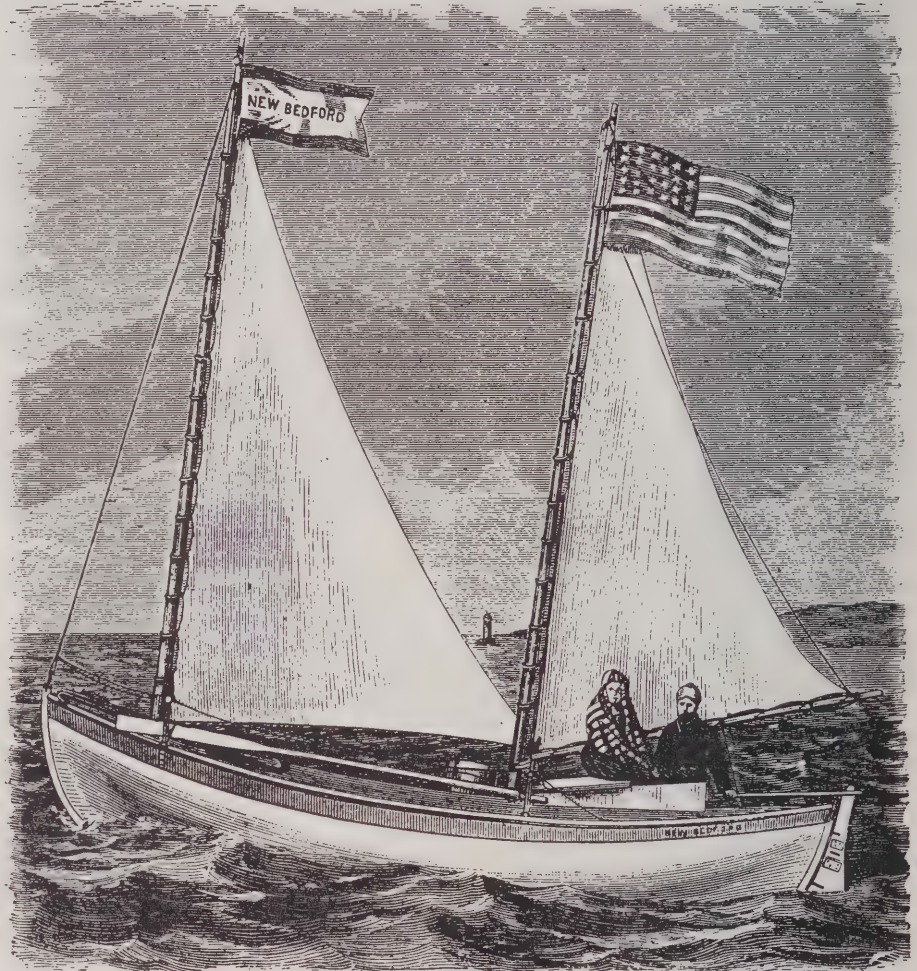


Fig. 1.—THE LITTLE BOAT THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.

Our engraving, Fig. 1, gives a very good idea of the general appearance of the vessel; Fig. 2 is a plan of the deck; Fig. 3 is a longitudinal section of the boat, and Fig. 4 is a cross section. The binnacle, with compass and lamp, are shown at *a*, Fig. 3; the water kegs, *c c c c c*, holding 20 gallons each, were disposed as shown in Figs. 2 and 4, and the sleeping berth of Mrs. Crapo at *b*, Fig. 2. This was so small that when she lay down her feet rested on the water kegs, and it was utterly impossible to turn round without first getting out. As for the captain, when he lay down, he was obliged to curl himself up, and the only times that he was enabled to fairly stretch his limbs was when he boarded passing vessels.

The equipment consisted of an anchor and cable, a drogue,* fifty fathoms of drogue line, a compass, binnacle and lamp, kerosene oil stove and utensils, five water kegs, etc. The stores consisted of 90 lbs.

of biscuit, 75 lbs. of tinned meats, 100 gallons of water, together with a proportionate quantity of tea, coffee, sugar, and light articles generally.

The voyage took a much longer time than was expected, however, and the supply of provisions was found to be short. When four or five weeks out at sea, the water became unfit to use, and a fresh supply had to be obtained from passing vessels. A supply of water, provisions, and two bottles of brandy, were also kindly given by the captain of the steamship "Denmark," on July 8th. Some provisions and two bottles of wine were also obtained from the "Gustave d'Oscar," a Bremen bark, bound for New York.

During the voyage the sea broke over the deck only once. When a wave would approach, and there seemed to be every indication of its breaking over the boat, she would ride over it without even breaking

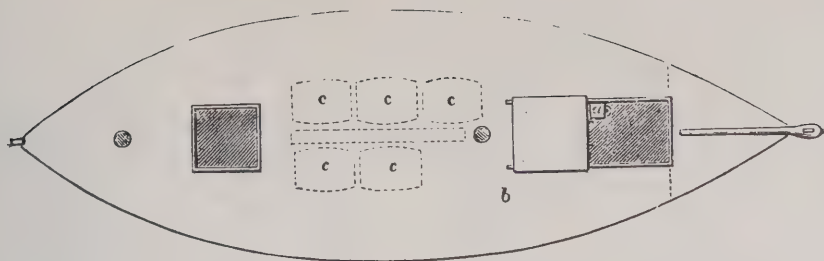


Fig. 2.—PLAN OF DECK.

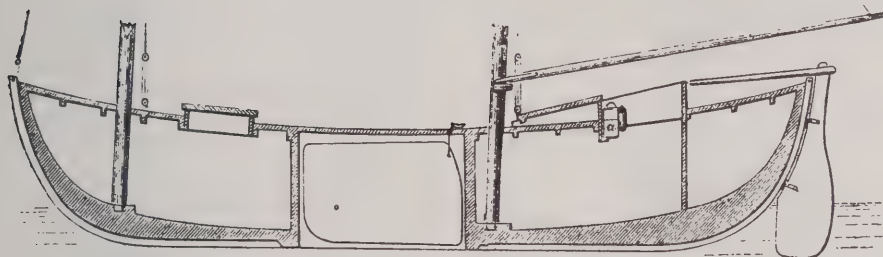


Fig. 3.—LONGITUDINAL SECTION.

the crest. An examination of the deck plan, Fig. 2, will show that the water kegs were stowed amidships, while the locker containing the stores was in the extreme stern; the living weight was also always very far aft, so that the centre of gravity of the whole was abaft the centre of length of the boat, thus presenting the long arm of the lever to advancing waves, besides bringing the centres of lateral resistance, load water line, gravity and buoyancy all at or near one plane; and this will account for the great seaworthiness of the boat.

When it was too stormy to sail, the drogue was thrown overboard, with fifty fathoms of line, and then the hatch cover was nearly closed, a small opening being left for ventilation. The vessel would ride to the drogue, while the captain and his mate would take a few hours' rest. Although the voyage was somewhat uneventful, the weather was rough and tempestuous, indeed, extraordinarily so for the time of the year. The captain thinks that if he had pursued a more northerly course, he would not have encountered such rough weather. No serious accident occurred, except the loss of the rudder, which was twisted off, but the captain was of course provided with a second one. The voyage was, however, far from pleasant; no reading or amusement of any kind. The only excitement that was experienced was when, upon two or three occasions, they found themselves surrounded by a shoal of whales, that spouted and blustered a good deal. Mrs. Crapo was specially afraid of the whales. When favorable winds prevailed, the helm could not be left for a moment.

The experience of Captain Crapo tends to show that a life-boat should be provided with a large surplus of buoyancy forward, and that all her various centres should be

massed aft of the centre of length. The well-known yacht "America," now owned by Gen. B. F. Butler, had all her centres massed at three-fifths of her total length from the bow, and her behavior at sea is very much the same as that of the "New Bedford," particularly in the feature of rising over a wave, instead of cutting through it, though not in nearly so marked a degree. But then the "America" is very sharp forward, and her greatest breadth of beam is at the same point as all her other centres, while the "New Bedford" is quite blunt forward, and her greatest beam is forward of the centre of her length, about the same distance that all her other centres are aft.

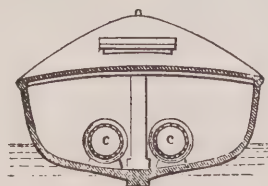


Fig. 4.—CROSS SECTION.

The "New Bedford" sailed from the town after which she was named on the 28th day of May, 1877, at half an hour after noon. The real start for the voyage across the Atlantic was, however, made from Chatham, Mass., at two o'clock on the afternoon of June 2d. She reached Penzance, Cornwall, Eng., on Sunday, July 22d, after a passage of fifty days from shore to shore.



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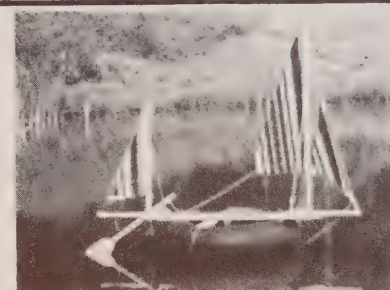
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After we got from under the lee of the rocks, there was wind enough to carry us along at a moderate rate; and we rode very easily on the long, low swells. Sometimes we felt we were higher, and sometimes lower; but the boat didn't rock and pitch at all, as on the short, abrupt waves caused by a breeze in the bay. We didn't sail south, toward Castle Hill, but took a southwest course, across the wind, so that we wouldn't have to beat, coming back.

"There's a rock," said Joe.

One minute its dark, flat top would appear, the next it would be marked by a patch of foam as the height of the swell came to it.

"It's Kettle-bottom rock - marked so on the map," said I.

We sailed cautiously nearer, noting that there were no adjoining rocks on which a retreating wave might rudely let down the TRITON, till we were within twenty feet. It was curious to watch how, when the hollow of a swell came to the rock, the water would run off its flat top in all directions, as if sucked down, or as if the rock were rising from the surface; and when the rise came, it would be covered from each direction, landward as well as seaward, the re-flowing waters meeting almost over the middle. It gave exactly the idea of a local down-sucking and then up-boiling close around the rock, instead of advancing waves.

"Where away now? asked Joe. "Shall we round Beaver Tail, and run up the west passage?"

"That would do very well, if we had a wind we could count on, but I've been expecting it to give out any time this two hours."

"So have I; but if it did, a southwest wind would come up, likely."

"I don't know about its being likely, so late in the day. If it stayed like this, we could get down to the point easy enough, but working up on the other side would be another thing. I know the TRITON works better to windward now, but she needs some wind to do it with, and we'd want to get up to Dutch Island harbor, a mile further north than the 'Dumplings' here."

"I guess we could find a camping-place short of that, if we set out to."

"Maybe, but I'm not sure, nor you either. Perhaps the northwest side of Beaver Tail might do to land on, but most of that region's sure to be surfy. I know the surf's mighty easy to-day, but neither of us ever tried to beach the TRITON in ocean surf, and I'd rather try the first time without our blankets and things inside. A pretty small fraction of one of these mild, lazy swells would do for 'em, if it caught the TRITON half-way up shore."

Adventures Down the Bay

Wallace P. Stanley, Author
H.N. Cady, Illustrator



"Well, but what more do you want to do up the middle passage?"

"We want to get some more provisions, for one thing, either at Oldport or Jamestown. Then I'd like to run along the west shore of Aquiday a little; and there's Dyer's Island, between there and Prudence. Let's go around to Jamestown, and then up as far as the wind'll allow."

"Well, let's flip up. Got a cent?"

"Nary red, but here's a nickel."

"All right, which'll you take, heads? What's heads on a nickel, anyhow? The shield side, I guess, that's got the date. Heads for me, then, snap her up!"

I snapped up, but the nickel would have come down on the wrong side of the gunwale, had not Joe deftly caught it.

"What do you want to give it to the fishes for? They haven't any pocket to put it in. Now I'll send her; heads for me, again."

It came spinning down inside the boat, this time, and rolled under the thwart where it rested with the figure five uppermost.

"You always have the luck! Well, heave ahead navigator."

So we left the Kettle-bottom to its ceaseless polishing at the hands of old Ocean, and rounded Fort Dumpling. After a short westward stretch through the archipelago of rocks, we sailed over almost to Rose Island, then headed westward for the little village of

Jamestown, on Conanicut.

Midway we met the ferry-boat, on a trip to Oldport.

"You wouldn't think there'd be traveling enough to keep such a boat going, but I suppose it's the summer people who live on Conanicut, mostly."

"Yes; and the farmers must sell most of what they raise in Oldport. Then, too, there's a road straight across the island, and a ferry on the other side to the mainland, which makes a short cut to Oldport for people living around there."

At Jamestown, we found a store close to the water-side, and got what things we needed, including a supply of water from a pump close by.

The wind had hauled more to the westward, and freshened somewhat, so that we could set a close-hauled northward course without tacking. But as far as Taylor's Point, which made to the eastward, we had the wind free, and made faster progress than we had yet that day. After leaving the point it was pleasant sailing, too, but when we were abreast of Gould Island, it began to look pretty squally, over in the west. There was one pretty good-sized black cloud, from which a dusky veil of rain was streaming down, and two smaller ones, further south; but the whole demonstration didn't amount to half of what we saw over Mount Hope Bay, the week before.

Nevertheless, I asked Joe,

who was steering, to move aside so I could get at the locker door. "As I said before, my water-proof goes on first thing, when I see rain marching along."

So I put it on, and got out Joe's, but he said he didn't want to bundle up any more till 't was time; he was warm enough.

In two or three minutes more a pretty savage gust came sweeping from over Conanicut, but Joe was on the watch for it, and luffed up in time. It kept blowing hard, so we let the sail down, and reefed. Then we started on again, heading a little more easterly. "Well, I haven't got sick of the extra tackle yet, and we've been out with it nearly two days," said I. "'T was a deal of an improvement, seems to me, to let down, take a reef, and hoist away with neatness and despatch, instead of pulling the whole thing up by the roots, mast and all, and letting it drop overboard."

"Well, a fellow can get used to 'most anything, and I find I don't mind the extra rig much, now. If you'll take this oar, I'll get inside my water-proof."

The rain was beginning to pepper us a little, but it only lasted a minute or two; most of it passed further southward. The wind blew more gently again, and we untied our reef-points and hoisted full sail. Indeed, it fell off quite light, and we made rather slow progress for the next half-hour.

By that time we were due

south of Prudence, and more than a mile from any land. Not far north-east of us a couple of boats were at anchor in the middle of the bay; at least there seemed to be two, but there were three masts rising from them.

"I guess they're fishing," said Joe; "let's see what luck they're having."

When we were a little nearer, "It's Half-way Rock!" I exclaimed. "One of those masts sticks up from it for a beacon. You can see the little black jags of rock sticking up beside the boats; that's how they come to be fishing at that place."

So it proved to be. In one of the boats were a couple of men, and in the other two men and a boy. They were catching tautog - which like rocky places where they can lurk in the hollows - and were doing fairly; we saw three which must have weighed over four pounds each.

The wind had clean given out, and the bay was calm; we could see a deal of it from this place. The squally clouds had got around southward in the Oldport region, but where we were the sun was shining in a mild, misty way, through thin films of light clouds. It was about half-past five, and if we must be becalmed, it seemed fortunate that we were here, where we could fish while waiting for the wind.

One of the men sold us some

"fiddlers" for the nickel which had so nearly gone to the fishes, but the latter seemed as indifferent to the one as they would have been to the other. Even the ever-faithful "toad-grunter" failed to attach himself to my hook. But in about a quarter of an hour Joe pulled in a good-sized tautog, a "white-noser," nearly as big as any the others had caught, and I got a fairly decent one soon after.

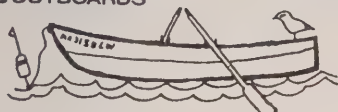
Then the wind started up light from the north, and the others hauled up kelegs and hoisted sail; but Joe had just got interested and didn't want to leave yet, especially as the man we had bought the bait of gave us all the rest he had left. So while they drifted away toward Conanicut, we stuck to the rocks, and in the course of time each of us got three more middling ones and half a dozen chogsetts, and at last Joe caught a "sculpin," which is something like a toad-grunter, only longer and not quite as ugly.

By that time it was getting toward seven o'clock, and Joe was ready to go. The zephyr now breathed from a little north of west, and concluding that we could reach the south point of Prudence sooner than any other land, with the wind as it then was, we laid our course accordingly, and were wafted along at about the rate of a mile an hour.

(To be continued).



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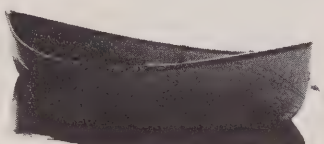
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WHAT'S HAPPENING?

12TH ANNUAL GERRISH ISLAND RACE/CRUISE

Saturday, September 6th at noon participants in this unique event open to all non-motorized forms of water craft start off on the 7 mile saltmarsh/bay/open ocean course around Gerrish Island at Kittery Point, ME. Many categories of prizes are offered, some examples are; 1st fish caught enroute, 1st dory, 1st peapod, 1st Alden, 1st woman, 1st fixed seat rowboat, 1st boat with dog aboard, 1st sailboard, 1st finisher using pointy oars, last boat. Registration is \$3 per person at the start on the causeway to Sea Point Beach in Kittery Point. Registration closes at 11:15 a.m. There'll be no parking on or near the causeway but nearby at school lot. Finish is at Fishing Island in Pepperell Cove for a clambake with Guinness Stout and Braveboat Harbor Ale. Contact Doug Martin at (207) 439-1507 or Lance Gunderson at (207) 439-9623 for more information.

HEAD OF THAMES REGATTA

Connecticut's largest regatta for recreational rowing shells will take place Sunday, September 14th, as part of the annual Harbor Day festival in Norwich, CT. The rowing regatta will be open to both racing and recreational shells on a three mile course on the Thames, sponsored by the Chelsea Rowing Club of Norwich. Starting time is 9 a.m. Emphasis is on attracting rowers who enjoy the sport as recreation rather than as a way of life. There will be several club and collegiate crews taking part, however. For further details, contact Leland Loose at (203) 441-4692, Susan Fisher at (203) 886-1867 eves, or John Stratton at (203) 441-3144.



CCRA canoe racing in Connecticut is limited to the following event this month:

SEPTEMBER 7: Mansfield Hollow Marathon, a 7 mile flatwater event with 5 mile local and novice courses, at Mansfield Hollow Dam State Park. Afternoon events also include Olympic sprints and a war canoe challenge. Contact Sue Audette at (203) 456-0558.

ADIRONDACK CANOE CLASSIC

The premier canoeing marathon in the northeast is scheduled for September 12-14 at Saranac Lake, NY. The three-day event will cover 90 miles of winding rivers and lakes with numerous portages. The route was known, in the 1880's, as the "Adirondack Highway", the main "road" for commerce into and out of the Adirondacks. The event is open to canoes, kayaks and Adirondack guideboats. Overnight camping with morning and evening meals are included. Early autumn weather and scenery is usually magnificent. While the event implies a gruelling test for serious paddlers, it has also been successfully completed by youths of 15 and grandparents. For entry forms and details, contact the Saranac Lake Area Chamber of Commerce, 30 Main St., Saranac Lake, NY 12983, (518) 891-1990.

ANTIQUE & CLASSIC MEET

Over 100 restored antique and classic boats will gather near Buffalo, NY, on September 7th for the Niagara Frontier ACBS Chapter ninth boat show. Location is at the Buffalo Launch Club, 503 East River Rd., Grand Island, NY, show times are 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. The show is open to the public admission-free. The opening ceremony will include a spectacular display from one of the world's most powerful fireboats. More details from John Dougherty at (716) 283-7738.



Sailing canoeists have the following choice of events scheduled in September:

SEPTEMBER 6: Class C National Championship, Whitney Pt., Binghamton, NY. Call Chuck Durgin at (607) 723-4122.

SEPTEMBER 7: George Service Trophy Series for Class C and ACA classes, Sebago Canoe Club, Brooklyn, NY. Call Duncan Mooney at (718) 727-2896.

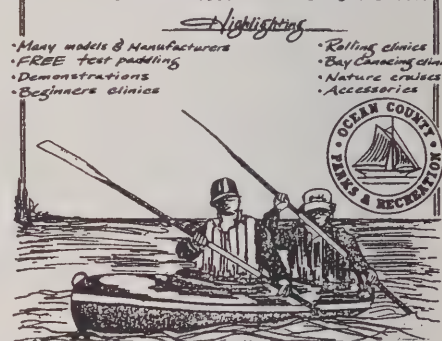
SEPTEMBER 14: Sailing cruise, Sebago Canoe Club, Brooklyn, NY. Call Duncan Mooney at (718) 727-2896.

SEPTEMBER 20 & 21: Sailing and camping cruise on Maine lakes. Call Larry Haff at (203) 762-3230.

SEPTEMBER 27: Fall rally for all classes, Lake Massabesic, Manchester, NH. Call Larry Zuk at (617) 369-6668.

1986 JERSEY SHORE SEA KAYAKING AND BAY CANOEING SHOW

DATE: Sat. SEPT. 20th 10am to 4pm
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JERSEY SHORE SEA KAYAKING & BAY CANOEING SHOW

The Ocean County Parks & Recreation people in New Jersey are hosting a gathering of sea kayakers and bay canoeists on September 20th, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. at Berkeley Island Park in Berkeley Township, NJ. Co-sponsor is The Jersey Paddler of Bricktown, NJ. There'll be boats and gear to look over and try out and clinics for rolling and bay canoeing. Nature cruises are also scheduled. Admission is free, and the event goes on rain or shine. For more information call (201) 370-7360 or (201) 458-5777.

NUMERICA CUP REGATTA

Rowing enthusiasts are invited to participate in the 3 mile Numerica Cup Regatta at Manchester, NH, on September 7th, sponsored by the Numerica Savings Bank. Contact the Amoskeag Rowing Club, 95 Market St., Manchester, NH 03101 for details.



SMALL BOAT SHOW

The Norwalk (CT) Seaport Association is including in its 1986 Oyster Festival celebration on September 5-6-7 a juried show of small handcrafted boats. For further information contact the Oyster Festival Boat Show, Norwalk Seaport Association, 81 Washington St., S. Norwalk, CT 06854, (203) 838-9444.

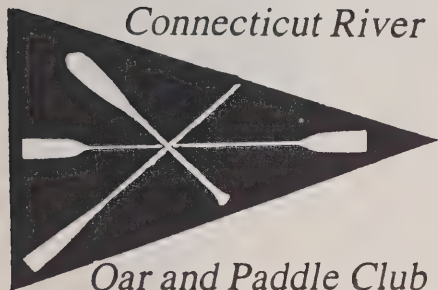


AQUA*VENTURES KAYAK TOURS

AQUA*VENTURES of Jamaica Plain, MA, offers one or two day sea kayak outings for interested persons of all skill levels, including beginner. They take participants out in amongst the Boston Harbor Islands from Hull, MA. They now have a descriptive brochure available, just write to them at 75 Parkton Rd., Jamaica Plain, MA 02130, or call them at (617) 524-6239 and ask for their Kayak Tour Folder. September dates are as follows:

SEPTEMBER 6-7: Weekend of kayak touring and instruction with overnight camping. All boating and safety gear, meals and some camping gear provided. Fee is \$125.

SEPTEMBER 13: Paddling day trip with all boating gear and picnic lunch provided. Fee is \$60.



Connecticut River

Oar and Paddle Club

The Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club has the following events scheduled into early fall:

SEPTEMBER 7: Second Middletown to Old Saybrook cruise, 23 miles. Leaves from Middletown at 11 a.m.

SEPTEMBER 12-15: Final four day overnigher of season on Selden's Island. Leaves Friday from the boatyard at 3 p.m. for 6 mile cruise; Saturday from Haddam Meadows at 10 a.m. for 7.2 mile cruise. Day trips over weekend on Saturday from Selden's to Chapmans Pond and back at 4 p.m. for 6.6 mile cruise and on Sunday from Selden's to Essex for Traditional Boat Parade at 10 a.m. for 7.4 mile cruise. Returning Sunday at 11 a.m. for 6 mile cruise and Monday at 12 n. for 6 mile cruise.

SEPTEMBER 27: Hamburg Cove sunset cruise leaving boatyard at 4 p.m. to ride the tide to Hamburg Cove and back, a 10 mile cruise.

For information on joining this club or attending its activities, contact CROPC, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06457, (203) 388-2343.



WoodenBoat

WOODEN BOAT SCHOOL

September brings to an end the 1986 school year at Wooden Boat School, with the following courses scheduled:

SEPTEMBER 7-13: Marine Surveying with Paul Coble.

SEPTEMBER 7-13: The Craft of Sail with Steve Cobb.

SEPTEMBER 14-20: Crises on the Water with Steve Cobb.

SEPTEMBER 14-20: The Craft of Sail with Candace Martin, exclusively for women.

SEPTEMBER 21-27: Marine Surveying with Giffy Full on Martha's Vineyard.

SEPTEMBER 28-OCTOBER 4: Marine Surveying with Paul Coble on Martha's Vineyard.

Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616.



RC MODEL YACHT RACING CALENDAR

Radio controlled model yacht racing has a full early fall schedule, as follows:

SEPTEMBER 1: Trigg Memorial, EC-12 Class, Needham, MA, Jack Sullivan, (617) 668-7163.

SEPTEMBER 3-5: Mini America's Cup, EC-12 class, Newport, RI, Jack Sullivan, (617) 668-7163.

SEPTEMBER 6: G. Beruch Picnic Race, M Class, Port Washington, NY, Ed Helme, Jr., (516) 883-8453.

SEPTEMBER 7: Mini America's Cup Final, Newport, RI, Jack Sullivan, (617) 668-7163.

SEPTEMBER 14: Fall Regatta, M class, Mystic, CT, Bob Weall, (203) 599-1644.

SEPTEMBER 14: Invitational Scale Steam, Electric, Sail, Medfield, MA, Jack Sullivan, (617) 668-7163.

SEPTEMBER 21: Gansett Special, EC-12 class, Providence, RI, George Greenhalgh, (401) 245-7493.

SEPTEMBER 27: A Spence Memorial, M class, Central Park, NY, (Madeline Tucker, (212) 874-0656.

SEPTEMBER 28: Randall Memorial, any class, Springfield, MA, George Brown, (413) 788-4669.



Fall canoe cruises organized by the Rhode Island Canoe Association are as follows. To take part you MUST call the designated trip leader for starting times to confirm your attendance.

SEPTEMBER 6: Pachaug River, in at Rt. 165, out at Hopeville Park, 5 miles. Call N. Dziadosz at (401) 467-4096.

SEPTEMBER 13: Pre-Race Tour of Wood River, in at Alton, out at Bradford, 7 miles. Call the Maciels at (617) 528-0951.

SEPTEMBER 27: Palmer River, in at County St., out at Rte. 6, leader open.

One race on the fall calendar:
SEPTEMBER 20: Wood River Race, in at Alton, out at Bradford. Call the Maciels at (617) 528-0951.

SOUTHEASTERN MASS CANOEING

The Southeastern Mass. Chapter of the AMC has the following canoe outings scheduled for early fall, open to any interested canoeist:

SEPTEMBER 6: Tidal flatwater on Mashpee River, Mashpee, MA., good birding, lunch on beach overlooking Vineyard Sound. Contact Barry Gallus at (617) 428-5391.

SEPTEMBER 12-14: Tidal paddling on Waquoit Bay, Falmouth, MA, primitive camping on Washburn Island. Contact Chuck Wright at (617) 564-4250 or Claire Cabral at (617) 866-2464.

SEPTEMBER 20: Tidal paddling to Monomoy Island off Chatham, MA, good birding. Limited to experienced paddlers. Contact Russ Ottey at (617) 563-6637.

SEPTEMBER 26-28: Flatwater on Saco River in Maine with primitive camping. Contact Marilyn Young at (617) 222-0472 or Steve Hayes at (617) 438-7263.

SCHOONERS RACE FROM MYSTIC

September 20th is the date for the nineteenth annual schooner race from the Mystic Seaport Museum. While the racing is out on Long Island Sound, the participating schooners may be viewed at the Seaport on Friday and Saturday evenings. For more details call the Seaport at (203) 572-0711.



ELISSA LIVES

One of the "save the ships" projects that the National Maritime Historical Society has been assisting is the 1877 iron bark, ELISSA, which made a triumphal appearance at the Statue of Liberty Tall Ships and following that, sailed to Mystic Seaport in July. Twenty-five years ago, Peter Throckmorton, then living in Piraeus (Greece) recognized this classic vessel for what she was, penetrating her heavy disguise at that time as a motorship engaged in shady traffics in corners of the Mediterranean world. Karl Kortum of San Francisco also

made the discovery almost simultaneously through his network of shipwatchers. Eighteen years ago, Throckmorton mortgaged his house and ship to buy ELISSA and Kortum worked on fund raising to hopefully bring the ship to San Francisco and, later on, Vancouver.

A new group became involved at this time as some of the early South Street Seaport veterans who had left to go to Galveston, TX, where the Galveston Historical Foundation encouraged them in ship restorations, put together the resources and skills to have ELISSA towed from Piraeus to Galveston,

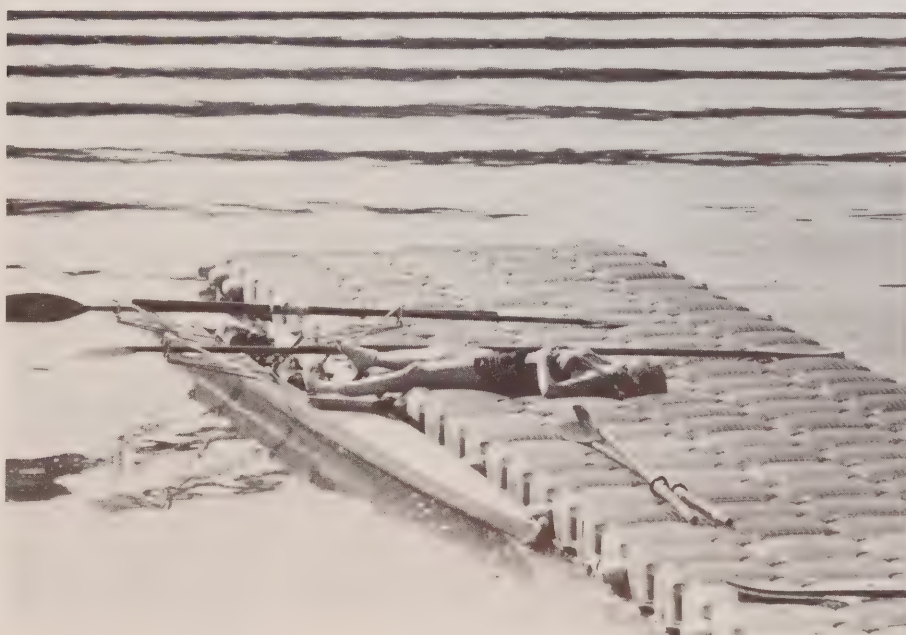
where, over the intervening years, she has been restored to her former glory.

And so ELISSA left Galveston this spring on a triumphal tour of seacoast cities on the Gulf of Mexico and Atlantic, arriving in New York for the July 4th culmination, 109 years after she was launched, and as good as new. It is this sort of thing that the National Maritime Historical Society supports and encourages. If you are interested in learning more, contact them at 132 Maple St., Croton-On-Hudson, NY 10520, (914) 271-2177.

JUST WHAT IS A CANOE?

This question was posed rhetorically in my July 15th Commentary column, and reader Dave Asquith sent on this short effort at a definition from the English book, CANOES & CANOEING by Perry Blandford (1961):

"It is generally agreed that a canoe is a double-ended craft propelled by a paddler who faces forward. Within these definitions many things are possible, but in Europe today, the word CANOE is taken to mean a decked craft in which the paddler sits in a cockpit and uses a double bladed paddle. In the American countries, the word means the open craft turned up at the ends and propelled by a single bladed paddle, as developed from the Red Indian original. What the European calls a CANOE the American calls a KAYAK, and what the American calls a CANOE the European usually qualifies as a CANADIAN CANOE, keeping the word KAYAK for the special slim craft based on the Eskimo pattern."



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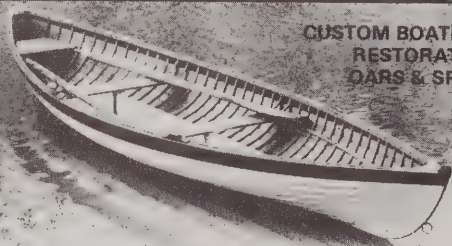
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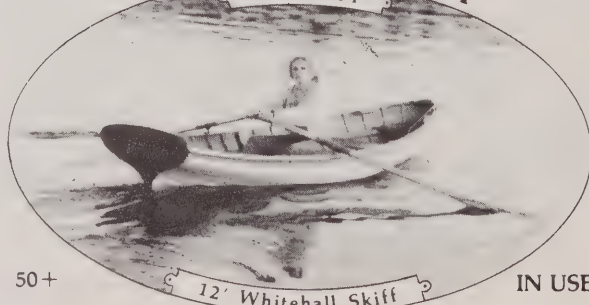
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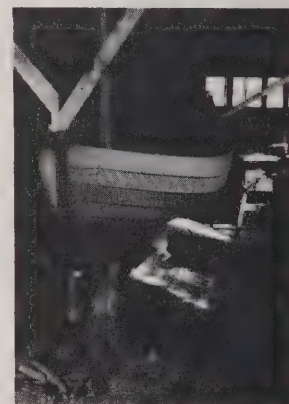
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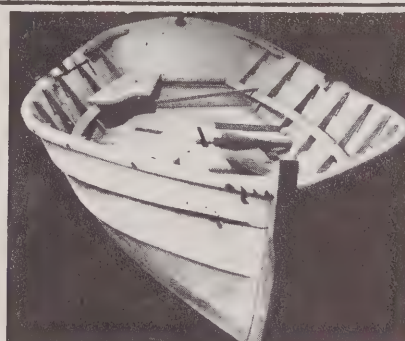


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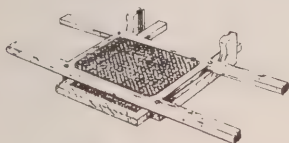
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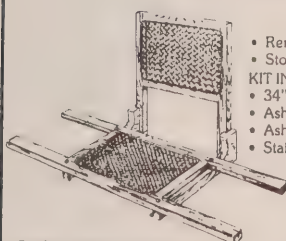
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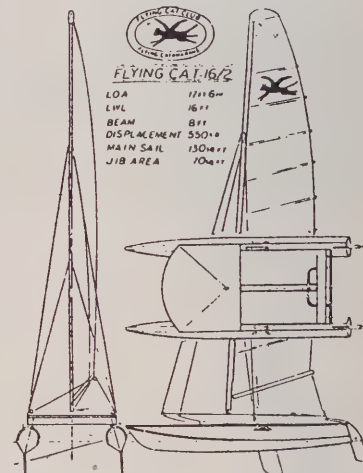


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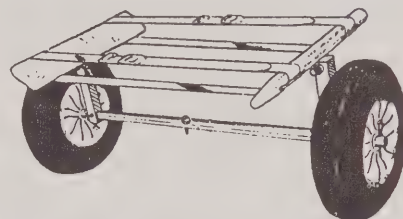
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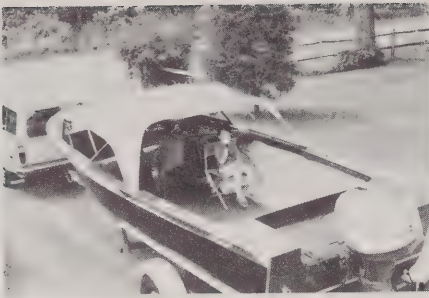
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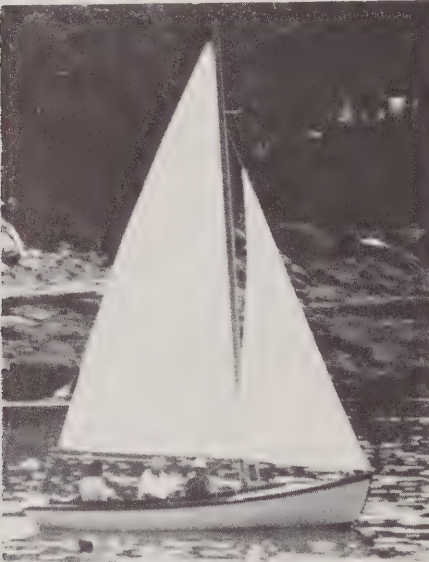
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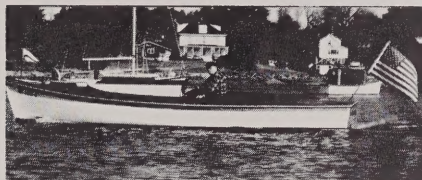
CAPE COD FROSTY. Sailing dinghy, like new, used once. Red and white hull, blue and white sail. Plus extras. List price is \$581. Make good offer and I'll deliver it to your door. MARTIN GARREN, Irvington, NY, (914) 591-5189. (9)

DRASCOMBE LUGGER, experienced classic open boat. F/G, c/b yawl with trailer and o/. DOUGLAS KNAPP, San Francisco, CA, (415) 332-9100. (8)

15' PEAPOD. Pine over oak, tan-bark sprit rig, oars, rudder, tiller and trailer. \$800. ED SPINNEY, Warwick, RI, (401) 739-4985. (13)

MARINER OUTBOARD SALE. 1986 clearance. 2 hp \$385; 5 hp \$739; 9.9 hp \$1189; 15 hp \$1295. WALT'S BOAT & TACKLE, 1275 Pawtucket Blvd. Rt. 113, Lowell, MA 01854, (617) 454-1746. (9)

16' STRAWBERRY BANKE DORY, 1978, "top" mechanical condition, sprit sail rig. \$1100. HERRESHOFF 12-1/2 (Bullseye) fiberglass, built 1962. With new 4hp outboard. \$3800. **18' HOBIE CAT CARUMBA,** 1982, two trapezes, hotstick, trailer. \$3400. BILL GRAHAM, Ipswich, MA, (617) 356-3623. (8)



24' ANTIQUE LAUNCH in perfect condition, presently in commission in Kittery, ME. Strong circumstantial evidence indicates she was built about 1912 in Eliot, ME. She was stored and forgotten in a boat shed over 50 years ago and when found in 1979 was in remarkably good condition. She has been completely restored by her owner and Dion's Boat Yard. The task included refastening and caulking the bottom, stripping paint and varnish and miscellaneous repairs and improvements. The original engine was a two-cylinder jump-spark made by the Ferro Marine Co. It had to be replaced because the water jacket was cracked beyond repair. The "new" engine is a rebuilt (1983) Atomic 4 gas inboard, water-cooled, set on a new bed. There is a 12 volt battery. Engine gauges include amps, oil, temp and battery charge. Brass floor shift, throttle quadrant and two copper fuel tanks are fitted. Equipment includes legally required items plus additional items such as Cybernet VHF with VHF antenna on a swivel so that it may be hidden. GINGER, ex FLOBOT, can be seen in Kittery, ME. \$39,500, or serious offers considered.

FREDERICK JOHNSON, Box 83, Andover, MA 01810, (617) 475-0604. (8)

18' CATBOAT. Fiberglass over plywood, marconi rig. Sleeps two. Berth and cockpit cushions. Edson steering. Built in 1978 by Cloutman of Marblehead, MA. \$5500. R.J. VILLA, Manchester, MA, (617) 526-7127 eves. (9)

WANTED: Wooden canoe needing restoration, the older, the better. Also interested in wooden sailing dinghies (12' and under) needing restoration. TOM DOANE, 9 Farley Ave., Ipswich, MA 01938, (617) 356-7689. (8)

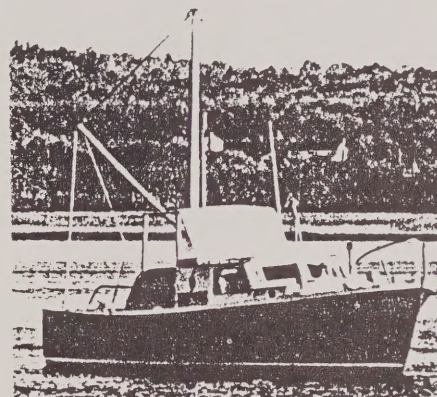
WANTED. Wooden dinghies needing restoration. Prefer 9'-12' classic round bottom. JIM BERRAY, 316 Black Rock Tpke., W. Redding, CT 06896, (203) 938-2664. (9)

OLD TOWN WHITECAP SLOOP, derelict. Good spars, sails, rudder, etc. Can be seen on Cape Cod. Best offer.

DAVE SINGER, 70 Maple St., Bel-
lingham, MA 02019, (617) 966-2569.
(8)



CLASSIC WITTHOLZ DESIGN 19' cat-boat "Tempest" completely restored 1984-1985. Dacron sail, 15 H.P. long shaft, electric start Evinrude - new 1984. Fully found, all equip. ready to go. \$6,000. W.J. SMITH, Glen Head, NY (516) 676-7800. (9)



33' CASCO BAY CRUISER. Herdel design, mahogany over oak. 6 cyl. Lister air-cooled diesel rebuilt with 150-200 hours. Bronze fastened. Never used commercially. Used each season and located at Seth Persson Boatbuilders, Old Saybrook, CT. Owner purchasing sailboat. Asking \$16,500 or B.O. MIKE SHERWOOD, Old Lyme, CT, (203) 767-1233 days, (203) 434-2276 eves. (9)

1963 THOMPSON. Chris Craft 20' lapstrake, one of very few made. Deep (39") open boat with console steering on side (ship's wheel) and V-berth under front deck. Large ventilating aluminum windshield. New top in 1985. Completely sound. 1985 Shoreline 2300 lbs. cap. galv. trailer. \$1800. New 90 hp Merc outboard available. R.E. WADON, Randolph, MA, (617) 963-2036. (9)



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