



messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

Volume 4 ~ Number 15

December 15, 1986



Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**



messing about in BOATS

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

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

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Our Next Issue...

Will include articles on Dave Dupee, who's built 23 Swampscott dories in the past several years (there's a "catch"); the Landing Boatshop Boatbuilding School (ALERION did NOT get launched yet); a winter paddling adventure on Casco Bay; advice on sailing small day-sailers in strong breezes; nostalgia with Weston Farmer's ROB ROY; how a rowing club struggles into existence; details on building a "canoe-cat"; a look at our new "press boat"; and continuation of ongoing series on building SKIP, "Adventuring Down the Bay", access reports, etc. Enough?

On the Cover...

Know anyone who launches new boats in December? We met some who do, the students at the Landing Boatshop School in Kennebunkport, ME. They launch their Swampscott dories mid-December at end of school's fall term. Full story in NEXT issue (too late for this one, but nice winter cover picture).

It was a full year...

This issue wraps up 1986, 24 more issues put together and mailed out, a lot of interesting experiences behind them all. The upcoming year-end holiday period sort of puts the finis on the season, after the New Year, the new season beckons with its promises. We've got some ambitious plans for next year and will talk about them befittingly enough in the January 1st issue.

Despite the press of demands on our time arising from family needs during 1986, I did get in a rather substantial amount of adventuring out there messing about in boats. Just about all of it in somebody else's boats. I used my own only a few times. Sometimes I wonder if I should bother to have a boat, but then the enjoyment of other's boats tends to re-inspire the desire for possession of my own (so now there are 10 around here, most in need of work).

During 1986 I rowed in the French Gig LIBERTE' (and sailed too); paddled several canoes at the L.L. Bean Canoe Symposium; paddled my own sea kayak and baptized our Folbot double with my wife; rowed several traditional boats at Mystic's Small Craft Meet; sailed on Walter Sargent's home built dutch scow sloop, Townie Horner's Crosby catboat, Peter Erickson's Kingston Lobster Boat, Nick Nichols novel scow sloop; even motored along in a 28' Cape Dory trawler yacht.

A lot of this happened at events I attended to cover for this magazine. In winter there was the launching of LIBERTE' in Rockport, ME; sea kayaking had its turn at the early spring symposium in New York, a late May adventure on Buzzards Bay with Chuck Wright and a fall outing in Maine on the Damarscott River; canoes came along in June at Bean's canoe symposium in Maine; traditional boats also in June at Mystic Seaport's Small Craft Weekend; LIBERTE' was revisited in June in Boston for a row and a sail.

Sometimes I did no boating, just watching and photographing. I was at rowing races at Misery Island off Beverly, MA; at the Small Boat Show in Newport, RI; on Lake Champlain at Burlington, VT; at Gerrish Island at Kittery Point, ME; and on the Merrimack River at Newburyport, MA. Sailing races I was at included the Bilgewater Regatta and Town Class 50th Anniversary Regatta, both at Marblehead, MA. The Catboat Association Rendezvous at Osterville, MA, was not a race, but a local cruise, I got to

sail at that one.

Then there were the boat shows: The Small Boat Show in May at Newport, RI; the Used Boat Show in June, same place; the wooden boat show at Burlington, VT, in late June; and the Wooden Boat Show (capital letters) at Newport, RI, in August. These were the places where I met and talked with dozens of small boat builders from all over the northeast. And met many readers also who stopped by our booth to say hello.

Some builders I visited at their shops during the year. John Little at his Mile Creek Boatshop in Washington, ME; Dick Ryder in Norank, CT; Kevin Martin in Epping, NH; George Kelley at Hyannis, MA; Howie Mittleman and Frank Houde at North River Boatworks in Albany, NY; Dexter Avery of Union, CT; Bill Clements in N. Billerica, MA; Dave Dupee at Bow Lake, NH; the Landing Boatshop in Kennebunkport, ME. There are many more I want to visit, but there's just so much time. That's for next year.

During the year I had the chance to be with people who belong to and are active in groups like the Traditional Small Craft Association, the Association of North Atlantic Sea Kayakers, the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, the Antique and Classic Boat Society. Lots of input from all of these, not to mention seeing more boats, boats, boats and what is being done with them.

I even got to go to a few "meetings". I used to do a lot of these in days gone by, unrelated to boats. Endless meetings, dozens a year, all over New England. Sort of got away from that when I became involved with boats. Now they're creeping in again. Got to watch that. One was particularly edifying though, the National Maritime Historic Trust's annual affair. How to raise money was the unspoken theme. Interesting.

Dropped in on a steamboat meet, try to do one a year, fascinating subculture in messing about in boats. Visited a launching of an exotic "no compromise" sailboat too.

Busy season. Which is why I might not have gotten around to what you may have told me about. I do appreciate the reader input and suggestions and I don't ignore them. Sometimes it just takes a while to get around to them. Some people in the past expressed some doubts as to my being able to find enough news for this twice a month periodical. That's not the problem!



"Give us a break!" ~Part 4

HUDSON RIVER

The recent pieces about access to the water touch on a concern that we of the Beacon (NY) Sloop Club have been pursuing. The eastern shore of the Hudson River estuary from Spuytin Dyvil to the city of Hudson is virtually inaccessible because of the railroad right-of-way along the shore. Re-developing access for the general public has been one of our endeavors. This has encompassed all sorts of activities from square dancing in February to weed walking in July, attending conferences, pouring a concrete ramp, constructing floating docks. Even messing about in boats sometimes!

We wish it were simple. But, it seems to mean getting people to think of non-exclusionary use of a "resource", to use the planners' word. Non-exclusionary is not a usual mode of thinking for most of us. We've sent copies of Chuck Sutherland's remarks and your commentary on access to some Coastal Zone Management people in Albany and will let you know what their response is.

Colin King, Beacon, NY

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

The NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC magazine did a market research survey this year for the President's Commission on America's Outdoors, looking into just what the public wants in the way of outdoor opportunities. A copy of the results were given to us by our friends at the National Park Service regional office in Boston. We were particularly interested in the #3 priority item.

#1 was preservation of natural areas for the enjoyment of future generations. #2 was preservation of natural environments for recreation. #3 was, to quote, "Local, state or national government should

provide access to beach and waterfront property on oceans, lakes and rivers. In the statistical charting of emphasis on this, ranging from "Strongly Agree" to "Strongly Disagree", the weight was 53% "Strongly Agree", 33% "Somewhat Agree". Only 3% held the "Strongly Disagree" viewpoint. So, maybe Chuck's call for, "Give Us a Break" is not a lone voice crying out in the wilderness. That vast anonymous mass known as the "general public" strongly supports access to the water.

In a breakdown of the preferred forms of public recreation that accompanied this survey, water related activities were not so highly ranked, reflecting the lack of access to water for geographical reasons of much of the population. Top water related activity was swimming (pools will do nicely, thank you) enjoyed by 76% of the respondents. Fishing came in at 51%, motorboating/water skiing at 27%, canoeing/kayaking/rafting at 22%, and sailing/windsurfing at 15%. More than one might have thought.

All this just tends to support our small voice of concern about opportunities for getting our small boats into the water, wherever that may be.

WHAT'S HAPPENING AT GATEWAY

The process for establishing several access points for launching car top boats at Gateway National Park in New York is moving ahead. We have drafted a proposed "Boating Safety" set of recommendations to be printed on the map of the designated sites and submitted it to the Park Superintendent. Since these access points will be for car top boats powered by human effort or wind (not just sea kayaks) it was necessary to develop a broad set of applicable safety recommendations. More on this as progress occurs.

CAPE ANN ACCESS

The Cape Ann Rowing Club of Rockport, MA, is scheduling its January meeting to focus on public access to the water on this peninsula north and east of Boston. Members are planning to bring information on all known access points for boats on the Cape, essentially in the communities of Rockport, Gloucester and Manchester. Compiling this information into an organized format will be done at the meeting and then individual members will take chosen sites to be personally visited and analyzed for usefulness for the launching of small boats. While the Club is a rowing club, it includes an interest in paddling and sailing of small boats also. Interested readers in the area are invited to participate. For further information, call John Spencer at (617) 546-9022 or Pat De La Chapelle at (617) 546-9607.

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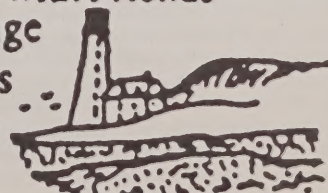
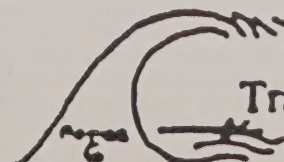
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For participants, constant boat talk is the rule. Two boatowners engage in a dockside gam.

WOODEN BOAT FESTIVAL REPRISE

The America's Cup-style 12-meter radio controlled sailing races wound up with an American-style legend finish: the shy local kid (Mike Wagner), with a borrowed boat and a come-from-behind finish, beat the big name stars, got a trophy, a trip to the international finals in San Diego, and a toss in the lake.

What else happened at our Tenth Annual Wooden Boat Festival? Besides thrills, surprises, fun, and talk, not much. Everyone I heard from said they had a great time, except for one race competitor, who lost. However, his race partner said it was the most fun *she* ever had.

The 150, more or less, boats on display offered enough scope of sail, row, and power types, that anyone could find at least three worth lusting for. My special fantasy boats were the 60', 1890 tug *Challenge*, restored by Ken de Nike, the 30' cruiser, *Fathom*, a Bristol bay gillnetter conversion done by Lewis Nasmythe, and the 22' Liberty Bay launch, built by Wally Harrison.

The small boats that received long looks were the 14' Whitehall built by Towner McLane, Dan Phelan's 13½' Wood's Hole spritsail *Plover*, and Fred Stark's 12' lapstrake pram *L'Ete*. The salmon wherry built by George Calkins, *Filsader*, the lapstrake Concordia of Ahoi Mench, the Washington County peapod built by Ken Hartz, and Marty Loken's Poulsbo boat, *Shine*, with a *tres chic* new color scheme.

Schooner Row was impressive with the *Adventuress*, brigantine *Spirit of Chemanius* and practically matching sets of Baltimore clippers, *Lizard King* and *Ruben de Cloux*. The sight was enough to trigger a run-away-to-sea urge in a wheat farmer.

We gained some special knowledge through the talks and demonstrations—Steve Phillip gave inside knowledge on the maritime craft of the Northwest Indians, Carol Hasse talked about cruising sails, Tim Regan did caulking demonstrations. Jerry Culberson wrought attention in his blacksmith demonstrations, there was a sawmill to watch, and radio controlled sail boats to try out. Bill Modrell was an encyclopedia of boat-building information. We hung a sign next to Bill and his cruising sloop-in-frame model. It read, "Ask the Expert." We meant it.

Wildest design? The racheting porch-glider-powered sternwheeler with squaresail auxillary, designed by Stan James for the Quick and Daring boatbuilding contest. The Quick and Daring rules

abundantly encourage originality. Quick and Daring winner took top honors in aesthetics, showmanship, and speed under sail. It was a narrow, v-bottom, rowing and sailing boat built with great craftsmanship by Bob Fisher and Trish Bashaw. Their 15'6" *Great Gatsby* theme was orchestrated to the nth degree, from their monogramed T-shirts for the construction, to the pennants, flowers, picnic basket, and boat cushions, and their *Great Gatsby* costumes. The boat was so good, they not only won the first place trophy and cash prize, but sold the boat at the conclusion of the race! Second and third place was a tight battle between *Salmon Bay Slipper*, built by Wind Whitehill and Tom Fenley, and *Q-Dee Clam* of Del Saul and Tom Bartlett. *Slipper* edged out *Clam*.

The great bouillabaisse of boats, music, demonstrations, races, talks, and films was tied together by the quips, commentary and timely reminders of the indefatigable Voice of the Festival, Alex Hamilton.

The most popular part of the show, after the obscenely delicious Boehm's ice cream bars, was the toy boatbuilding workshop. As at each festival, we saw children fashioning the most delightfully-designed boats this side of Oz. Our heartfelt thanks to John Gruenwald for coordinating the Toy Boat Workshop. Other volunteers took equally demanding tasks:

The Dockmaster job combines the patience of Job and the leadership of Patton. At the Festival, Kelly Mulford did an excellent imitation of Job/Patton.

Pat Herron had had quite another tough job. He kept the races in order. The winners:

Fast Row - Dave Lefebvre

Half Fast - Paul Devlin

Fast Sail - Celebrity sloop, *Traum* and Jack Clayton

Half Fast - Wood's Hole Spritsail *Plover* and Dan Phelan.

The auction coordinator, Dennis Broderson, ran around like a rabbit in a dog track finding auction items, and David Dunning successfully charmed and cajoled bids at the auction.

The food booths added a cosmopolitan air to the affair and for setting up and running this campus of taste delight, we thank Neil and Darlene Allen.

The pregame warmup was the Eastlake Avenue Casa Lupita fundraising dinner. The restaurant was as packed as salt cod in the *Wawona*. All had a wonderful time, and the Center received a generous check from Casa Lupita management

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

Recent issues have discussed the direction that Newport's Wooden Boat Show seems to be taking, and an alternative that has been mentioned is the Wooden Boat Festival held each July in Seattle, WA. So, here's a report on the 1986 event from the Center For Wooden Boats' publication, SHAVINGS, as a means of presenting more detail on an alternative approach to celebrating wooden boats.

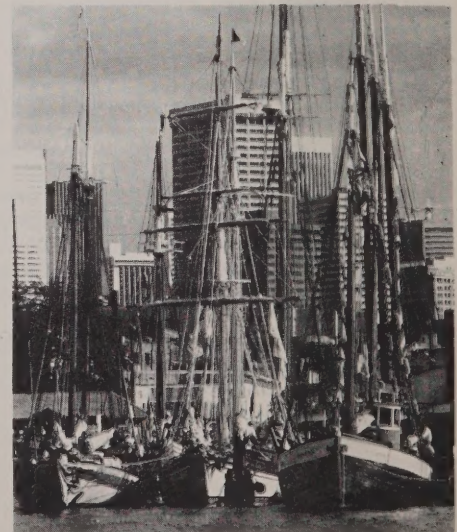
and staff.

We are grateful to the Lake Union Naval Reserve Center for allowing us to turn their base into something resembling a set for "The Marx Brothers Build a Boat." We also thank our new restaurant neighbors, Burger King and Benjamin's, for being cool about the parking mess. Benjamin's also provided their guest docks for a dazzling fleet of 25 runabouts from the Antique and Classic Boat Society.

Thanks also to the sponsors of the America's Cup-style races: AG Industries and BN Genius. The Lake Union Challenge Cup Quick and Daring Contest sponsors were A Small Cafe, Ivar's, Burger King, "Waterlines," and Balabusta Catering.

The upbeat, energetic folk music was special icing on the cake. Mike Phimister arranged it all. The classic 50' fantail-stern cruiser *Arro* provided the stage, except for the Dixieland Jazz band performance in our pavilion.

Possibly the best part of the show is the opportunity to talk with almost everyone who bought, built restored, raced, cruised, and got a divorce through almost every type of wooden boat. Information exchanged in the Library of Congress of boat lore and lies. For three days, we indulge in wooden boat group therapy. It's so much fun, it's probably illegal. — Dick Wagner □



Masts along Schooner Row vie with Seattle's skyscrapers.



Things that go bump in the night!

NADIA, the ideal boat for our purposes. With the model of a Kingston Lobster Boat, gaff-rigged main and generous jib, she's seaworthy and forgiving. Shoal draft and a large cockpit make her just great for overnight gunkholing. Candace and I like to run her up on a sand bar, set two anchors and sleep on the seats.

Our most memorable overnight excursion occurred just after we had installed a new steel centerboard. Crisp late summer nights were keeping the Essex Bay marshes bug-free so it was with nary a no-see-um that we set the hooks, one forward, one aft, both through the bowsprit chocks "Bahama-style" to fix her position on a falling tide.

As usual, we cooked our supper and enjoyed the sunset. While we slept, NADIA would ground out and lay over. By dawn, the incoming tide would raise her again and we would be on our way.

The perfect setting. A hot meal, a net bag of cold beer over the side and a wilderness setting from which all clambers and cruisers had departed. My version of paradise, at least for a while.

I attributed my uneasiness later that night to the outboard motorboats. It's not that they didn't belong there. These sons and grandsons of rum-runners and shipwrights, clam diggers by day, are closely tied to these marshes. They have been here for generations. These fellows know the tidal creeks better than I know the knotwork on my tiller, and can navigate at night the way city kids might stroll to the soda shop. Barrelling along at full bore is no problem as long as there are a couple of inches of water under their props.

But would they know we were there where we weren't expected to be? This was one reason for my unease that night, chance collision.

The other reason was the centerboard trunk, newly installed and untested. I had yet to determine how the centerboard would sit within its trunk when NADIA was completely grounded out during low tide. All this led to fitful sleep and dreams of shipwrecks, until I eventually awoke myself by rolling off my berth onto the floorboards. The tide was nearly out and as NA-

DIA lay over on her side, my posture attained a port list culminating in that hard descent onto the floorboards.

Making the best of this situation, and re-assuring myself that the centerboard trunk was still intact, I wedged myself between the floor mounted compass box slides and the low-side seats, and drifted off again.

Next thing I knew, I was sitting bolt upright. "What was THAT?", I heard Candace ask, confirming that this was not just a bad dream. A loud BAM, accompanied by a sudden jolt had been for real. My first thought was my new centerboard installation. Was it possible, as I feared, that this new steel centerboard would not sit well in its trunk? And that when forced fully within, as when grounded out at low tide, would it transfer the boat's dead weight to the trunk and cause that to fail below the waterline? What would happen when the tide returned? We would be swamped and stranded on a moonless night. My nightmares would come true!

Grabbing a flashlight, I surveyed the damage.

"What do you see?"

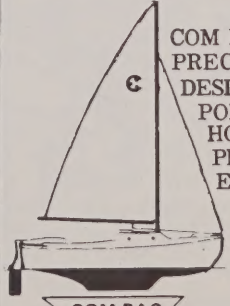
"Looks okay below the deck. Looks okay at the turn of the bilge."

I jumped out onto the hard sand, tidal puddles reflecting starlight around me. The outboards had long since gone home. A tidal marsh at midnight harks back into primordial darkness. You can hear the engines of the universe slowly churning. On with the flashlight again.

It came as a shock, my second, as I discovered what had happened. As NADIA lay over she had settled on the net bag containing our last two bottles of beer and with irresistible force had crushed them, BAM! The centerboard trunk was just fine. And so, with nothing left now to worry about, we could finally snooze until dawn when daylight and a flooding tide would find NADIA sitting as pretty as a blue-winked teal

Report by Peter Erickson

Illustration by Carl Erickson



ON DISPLAY

COM PAC 16', 19', 23'
PRECISION 14', 16', 18'
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Dick Wheeler paddles by Boston Light on his successful marathon.

Maybe next Weekend...

In the December 1st issue, we featured the story of Dick Wheeler's ill-fated attempt to paddle his kayak from Boston to Plymouth and back, and entitled it, "Maybe Next Spring". Having no further word from Dick subsequent to the attempt covered, we assumed he had been unable to make another attempt this late fall. Not so, it seems, for on October 24th and 25th, Dick Wheeler successfully completed his round-trip marathon paddle and raised not only the \$40,000 needed for the painting for the Constitution Museum, but more to boot! Here's his report:

"I decided to give my marathon paddle another shot on Friday, October 24th, but the chase boat problem cropped up, as John (owner of the boat I had been on) had his boat scheduled for weeks for haul-out for winter right after the weekend of the 17th, and was no longer available. No lobsterboats were available either (Dick's brother is a lobsterman), none could afford two days off from hauling.

So I decided to go it alone and hug the shore all the way. It would lengthen the trip but I had a good VHF radio and acquired a brand new back-up radio. The Boston Coast Guard agreed to have me radio check with them hourly, passing me on to Pt. Allerton and Scituate as I progressed.

That was my plan, but unbeknownst to me, others interceded and the result was the Coast Guard decided to provide my chase boat. I was most heartened, instead of radio contact, I would have eye contact with a Coast Guard launch the

entire distance! Boston passed me on to a Pt. Allerton boat and at Minot's Ledge, Scituate picked me up and accompanied me on to the MAYFLOWER II in Plymouth.

On the return trip I radioed Scituate as I was leaving Plymouth for a rendezvous off Green Harbor, but an emergency call kept them from making it. However, the Green Harbor harbormaster heard our conversation and, on his own initiative, joined me and accompanied me to Scituate where I met the first of three Coast Guard escorts taking me right back to OLD IRONSIDES!

The weather was much better than on the 17th. The wind was still northeasterly, but about 15 knots. The swells were large from an offshore storm but they only added interest, they were not a deterrent. Paddling through the rocks inside of Minot's kept me awake. The whole passage was much more like Pacific paddling for me than normally flat Cape Cod Bay.

I left the U.S.S. CONSTITUTION at the 8 a.m. gun with no fanfare or onlookers and arrived at the dock in Plymouth at 6 p.m. Excepting one minute stops to gulp 8 to 10 ounces of my E.R.G. liquid and to consume, in the course of the day, two bananas, two hard boiled eggs and two candy bars, I paddled steadily. I had to keep moving to cover the distance in daylight, and anyway, when I stop for longer than a minute, I lose my rhythm and also fear that my "engines" will shut down. So I just keep on cranking at my one speed, which seems to be about 5 knots in

good conditions.

One hitch did develop on that Boston to Plymouth leg. A leak developed in the rear compartment, about four or five pailfuls of water accumulated by the trip's end, a lot of unnecessary weight to carry. I tried to find the tiny leak and thought I'd done so, but on the return trip the following day, it was worse. Off Pt. Allerton, with ten miles to go, the rear deck was awash and it was very difficult to paddle. So I asked for assistance from my Coast Guard friends and their very competent crew got me bailed out and going again. It did add an hour to the return trip.

It was a good feeling to paddle up Boston's inner harbor at the end of two very full days. A Boston fireboat joined me at Anthony's Pier IV restaurant and gave me the traditional "returning home" salute. There was a pretty good crowd at the dock, our strong core of museum faithfuls who would turn up to greet me even if the Red Sox were playing in the world series.

We had our unveiling party right in the very commandant's house in which Commodore Bainbridge (whose portrait all this kayak madness was about) lived in after his triumphal return to Boston as the skipper of the U.S.S. CONSTITUTION in 1813.

The postponement worked in my favor with regard to the fund raising. When I headed out on October 14th I had reached just the half-way point in my \$40k quest. Things began falling into place in the following week. Raytheon came through with a matching grant and

My kayak performed well. I had selected and purchased an Eddyline Wind Dancer especially for this trip. I have been using Tom Derrer designed boats for over ten years now, and I swear by Tom as a designer and builder of the very best of sea kayaks. The leak that troubled me was not a fault of the builder but the result of some rough treatment in shipment that resulted in some pesky pinhole leaks that I've got to track down and repair before I tackle another all-day paddle.

A New York foundation that likes to keep a low profile made up the rest, PLUS the expenses for printing and mailing and bringing the portrait to Boston (from Virginia), and the unveiling party. Then came the bonus: The foundation liked the paddlethon notion so much they've given us an additional grant to get our whole museum operation computerized!

Since all of this money was in hand BEFORE I left on that second attempt, I'm sure it eased the pain, especially the pain of that first hour on the second day. There was a strong cold wind from the north, a contrary tide and no sun. I ached all over, but by the time I rounded Gurnet Light, the sun was out, and I felt loose and rested for the rest of the day.

What would I have done if I'd had no escort boat and that rear compartment had filled up? I'd have gone ashore at the first suitable spot, or failing that, I'd have punctured the bulkhead and let the water into the cockpit where I could bail it out.

My recommendations for anyone tackling a trip of this length:

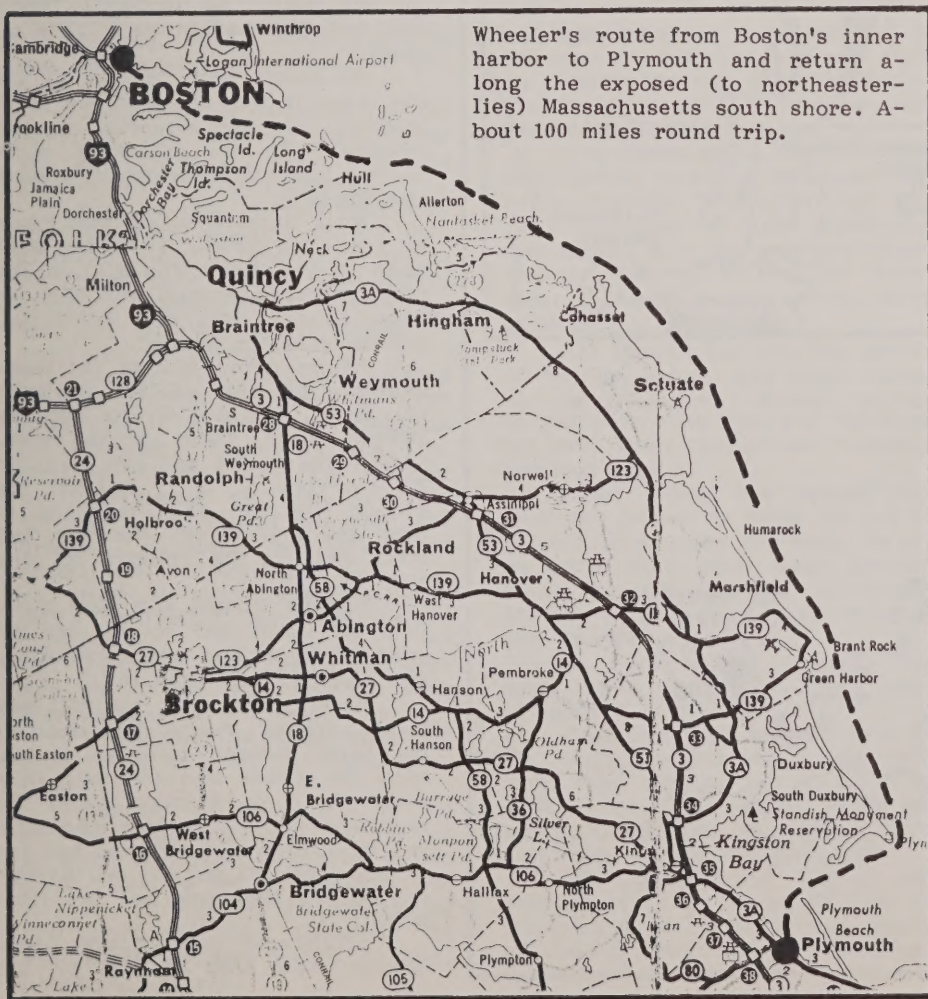
1. Train for it. I have paddled hundreds and hundreds of ocean miles and done numerous pre-dawn to post-dusk paddles, but never a back-to-back dawn to dusk trek. I missed barely a day of training from August on, and I'd done plenty of spring and summer paddling before I decided to go for the Bainbridge portrait. With no time for long distance training trips, I instead would paddle as hard as I could go for forty minutes every day. Paddling as if I were being pursued by hungry Fijians makes a good workout. My conditioning served me well, no blisters and no serious aches. (ED. NOTE: Dick is 56 years old).

2. Know your body demands. Cramps are my big worry but I've had none since I started using "E.R.G.". At my 8 to 10 ounce an hour intake, I don't seem to need kidney relief stops. Perspiration seems to eliminate what could otherwise be a nuisance. I go easy on

solids but do eat something. The combination of bananas, eggs and chocolate works for me.

3. Think through all of the worst possible scenarios and have back ups for your back ups. "You don't have to get out of the trouble you don't get into in the first place!" Sounds dumb until you think about it. You need to be able to do an eskimo roll as well as re-enter your boat should you fall out of it. You should never get into a situation where if both failed you, you'd be "up the creek". Be very conscious of water temperatures. If you can't swim to shore from where you are, you really shouldn't be there. Just because you once swam two miles in a heated pool does not mean you can do the distance in the open sea, even with a life jacket on, when the water goes below even 50 degrees. Kayaking in October, or even to mid-November, is apt to be safer than in the spring when the weather is better, but the water is still icy cold. Finally, I believe in fastening a strobe light to the back of my PFD (on major outings anyway) and also tying a lanyard from my cockpit cowling to the center of my paddle. Having a spare paddle is a good idea, but try to make certain that you never lose your first one."

Dick Wheeler



Wheeler's route from Boston's inner harbor to Plymouth and return along the exposed (to northeasterlies) Massachusetts south shore. About 100 miles round trip.



Could we have a show of hands, please?

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

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

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

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Timmy sat up. His nausea disappeared. As he pulled on his slicker and lifejacket, he thought to himself, "This is it."

The wind, snow and sea were beating the Aquarius in unison as Don Gorman gave his crew the order to begin bailing and throwing everything expendable overboard.

Timmy Casey and Carol Gately went into the galley and began throwing anything not secured overboard. Timmy shouted at Carol to get out of his way and pulled and dragged the stove onto the deck and shoved it into the sea.

In the cabin, Gary Robinson and Jerry D'Amico bailed. All four of them were weak from lack of sleep and their all-night bouts with sea-sickness but they continued working together. On the bridge, Gorman, with Paula Paquette alongside him, headed the Aquarius toward the mouth of the Annisquam River and safety.

A half-mile away Wingaersheek Beach was in sight. Suddenly, the steady throb of the Aquarius' engine stopped. The engine had died.

Last Voyage of the AQUARIUS

"Damn it," Gorman exclaimed. Gary and Jerry paused for an instant in their bailing and stared at each other. Carol and Timmy, who had been yelling at each other to keep working in an effort to remain calm, were silent. Paula asked Gorman what was wrong.

He was already scrambling down the ladder to the cabin calling for Timmy and Jerry. Once there, he grabbed jumper cables. Gorman knew their only chance was to restart the engine with the vessel's supplemental batteries.

Timmy and Jerry were beside Gorman. He handed the cables to them saying: "Do it quick and do it the first time. We can't afford a battery explosion now."

Gary and Carol lifted the hatch covers away from the engine. It was submerged in water. Timmy and Jerry, despite receiving shocks, attached the cables between the engine and auxiliary battery.

The Aquarius, helpless now, was drifting back into the heavy breakers taking more water. The remaining cabin windows were being knocked out by the sea.

Gorman, back on the bridge now, heard Timmy yell, "Hit it." He started the engine. It thumped back to life. "Damn," Gorman yelled to Paula, "Those kids are all right."

Excited now, Gorman thought, "We're going to come out of it. We've beaten the sea, the fire and the storm. I have a good crew and we did it."

Then Gorman felt the Aquarius shudder slightly. The engine died again. Something told him the Aquarius was finished. "She's given up her soul," he thought. "She's quit and died and given in. It's all over."

He didn't have to look at the sea now. It was all over the boat, pouring into the Aquarius as she foundered in the breaking surf. Gorman and his crew would have to abandon ship.

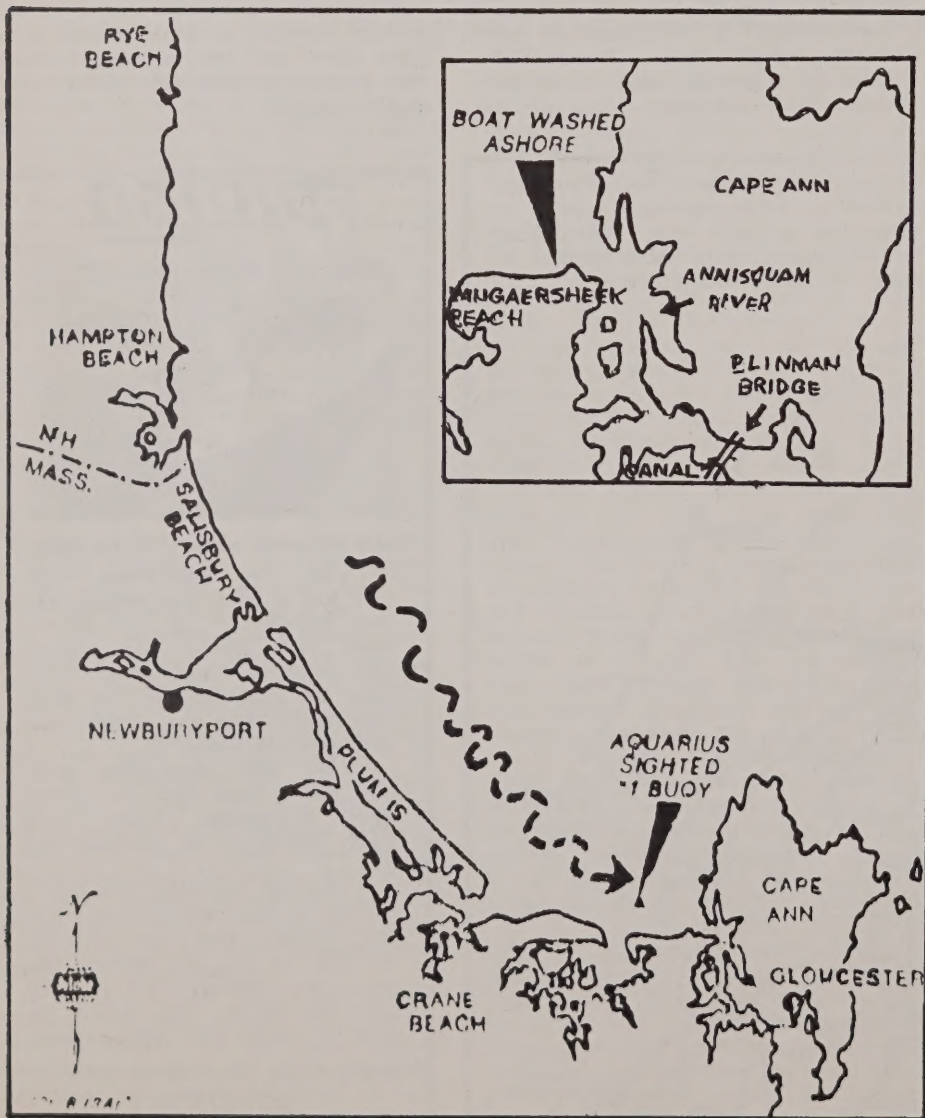
Still in control, he told Paula to hold the helm. Then he went down to the deck. The rest of the crew gathered around him once again. Calmly, but with authority, Gorman gave the orders:

"We're going to lose the boat. Everyone get into another lifejacket. Gary, you and Jerry get the liferaft ready. Carol get the oars. Timmy get a line and get ready to tie everyone on to it and get the anchor line for me. I'm going to drop the anchor off the bow and we'll get in the liferaft off the stern."

Gorman turned and went down into the cabin and got all the Aquarius' flares and smoke grenades, and a pan to hold them in.

Back on the deck the raft was being inflated. Paula still stood at the helm. Gorman returned to her with the flares and told her they were going to abandon ship. He reached under the bridge and took two lifejackets out and tied her into one. Then he put his on. Everyone on the boat now had two lifejackets on.

Frightened now, Paula wept. Gorman took hold of her by the



shoulders. "Just stay on top of that fear," he said. "Everyone's scared. I'm scared. Just think what will happen if you break down. We'll make it and you'll be telling your grandchildren about the great adventure you had on the ocean."

Then Gorman showed her how to set off the flares and smoke grenades and told her to go down to the raft after she had set them all off.

Timmy had wrapped his arms and legs through the ladder leading to the bridge. He handed the anchor line up to Gorman. Gorman crawled to the bow with the rope and tried to tie it to the bow cleat.

The life line dangled down from Timmy's waist. He yelled to Jerry to tie it on, and then tie the others on. Jerry started to tie the rope around his waist. Then he stopped. "If we sink," he thought, "and this rope snags on the bottom we'll all go down together." He tossed the rope away and continued to inflate the liferaft.

On the ladder, Timmy didn't know he was not tied to anyone else. Gorman, his freezing hands and the sea hindering him, was on the bow struggling to tie the anchor line to the bow cleat.

The smoke grenades and flares surrounding Paula washed her and the Aquarius in a blazing red. Gary clung to the mast, trying to help Jerry with the liferaft. Carol, frightened, was in the cabin clutching a bunk. Jerry, bailing the raft, saw his watch. It was 9:45 a.m.

The elements battered the Aquarius. The storming cold winter sea had begun its assault on the 38-foot boat 16 hours before.

On the bow of the Aquarius, Gorman heard a sound louder than anything he had heard all night. He looked up. A dark wave curled high above his boat. It blocked out the dim morning light. Higher it rose, roaring fiercely.

Instinctively, Gorman pressed his body to the deck thinking that, "That thing is going to sweep me off the boat." As he finished the thought, Gorman saw the horizon shift skyward as the Aquarius lurched. He saw Paula on the bridge, a flare billowing red smoke, still in her hand.

With an angry snap the wave broke downward, capsizing the Aquarius.

Tumbling over and over Gorman was thrust deep into the near freezing waters of Ipswich Bay.

"I'm going the wrong way," he thought. "I'm going to drown down here."

Gorman realized he had no control over his life. He became enraged. A scream welled up in his chest. But he did not scream. Before he let any of the air out of his lungs his rage vanished. He was sure he was going to die, beaten by the sea.

Then he thought, "I can hold my breath until I pass out. How much time do I have?"

Jerry D'Amico felt the Aquarius lift under him and then he was surrounded by bubbling foam and darkness. He knew he was in the ocean. He wondered, "Is this what it's like to die?"

Under the capsized boat Timmy Casey was surprised. Moments before, he had felt the boat tip. As the boat lifted he kept his arms and legs wrapped through the ladder leading to the bridge. Now he was upside down, under the Aquarius, still wrapped in the ladder, wondering why he felt so warm. He was becoming numb.

"I must be dying. I don't mind dying, but I don't want to drown," Timmy thought. "I'm afraid of drowning."©

He untangled himself from the ladder, struggling under the boat for air.

Off the bow of the Aquarius, under the breakers, Don Gorman was sure he was dying. The Aquarius had landed on top of him, pushing him deeper into the ocean than the others. As he wondered how much time he had to live, he remembered a diving technique used when divers do not know which way the surface is.

"Bubbles always go to the surface," Gorman thought.

The water around him was nearly black. He could barely see but he blew some bubbles. Out of the corner of his eye he saw them go directly to his left. He turned his head in that direction and reached the surface. Alive.

The last thing Gorman had seen before entering the ocean was Paula Paquette flying through the air, clutching a flare streaming red smoke. Now he wondered where she and the rest of the crew were. Carol Gately had been in the cabin when he last saw her.

All around him was the debris of the Aquarius. His arms raised by two lifejackets, Gorman bobbed in the water. He rose and fell with the sea. Then Gorman saw Timmy a few feet away.

After Timmy had kicked free from the ladder he knew he had to get out from under the boat. He also knew that when boats capsize there are air pockets. He sought one as he bounced against the upside down deck.

He kept telling himself: "Be cool, don't panic. You don't want to drown."

Then his head popped into an air pocket in the stern. He took three deep breaths and pulled himself under. He pulled with his hands, caught the edge of the stern and broke free to the ocean.

The first thing Timmy saw was the stern of the boat. Then he remembered the lifeline tied to his waist. He thought Jerry, Carol and Gary Robinson were tied to him and

still under the boat. He pulled on the line. Fifty feet of it came up around him before he reached the empty end.

The breakers were washing over Timmy. To his left he saw Paula. Then a wave picked him bodily out of the water and threw him against the stern of the Aquarius. Stunned, he slumped back into the sea.

Nearby, Jerry, whose lifejackets had brought him to the surface, treaded water thinking about what a friend of Gorman's had told him 36 hours before in a Portsmouth bar. The friend had been talking about survival in the 40-degree winter ocean.

"Anybody who goes overboard into this ocean won't survive more than four minutes," the man had said.

Aware of the danger of heat loss, Jerry pulled his wool beanie down tight on his head and looked to see that his mittens were still on. Barely able to swim because of the bulk of his layers of clothing, boots and life jackets, Jerry made for the upturned belly of the Aquarius. Then he heard Gorman shouting off the stern.

Turning slowly and laboriously, Jerry was able to catch a glimpse of Gorman and Timmy. Gorman made his way to Timmy, grabbing the ladder on the way. He held the ladder while Gorman tied himself to Timmy with the lifeline. The two men looked to where Paula had been and saw no sign of her.

Jerry continued to struggle for the Aquarius. Gorman watched Jerry, then he and Timmy were submerged by a wave. When they came up the Aquarius had righted. Gorman stared in amazement. The entire super-structure of the boat was gone.

He saw the raft floating near Jerry.

"The raft, get the liferaft," he screamed.

Jerry heard him above the roaring wind and sea. He fought his way to it and slung his sodden arm over its sloping sides.

Another wave washed over Gorman and Timmy. They surfaced with no sign of the Aquarius or its debris around them. On the other side of the swells Jerry was struggling to hang onto the raft. Separated by 20 feet of water the three men might as well have been in different oceans.

Before they had lost sight of each other Gorman had seen Jerry grab the raft.

"He'll be safe; at least one of us will make it," he thought.

But on the other side of the waves, Jerry was in trouble. The ocean was pounding at him. Finally he was knocked from the raft.

When he came to the surface, the raft was gone, but the Aquarius was near. He got to it and locked his arms in a portal. Then

he noticed his left hand was curling up, numb. He had lost a mitten.

As he hung to the Aquarius, it was being pushed toward the shore by the wind and current. Jerry looked into the innards of the boat. Awash in the frame of the Aquarius, two bodies floated.

"That's Gary; that's his paraka," Jerry thought, "and that's one of the girls. Should I shake them? They must be dead." He stared at their outstretched arms.

Then Jerry was struck by a fist of water. He clung to the portal with his numb arms. Again and again the sea washed over him. Finally he lost his grip. Fighting for his life, he saw the Aquarius rise and fall with the waves and then disappear.

The breakers were picking up around Jerry. He realized he was near shore. Then he felt his feet touch bottom. The next thing Jerry knew, he was waking up in a hospital under a pile of thermal blankets.

While Jerry clung to the Aquarius and rode in toward shore, Timmy and Gorman were trying to get to the beach on their own. After he tied on with Timmy, Gorman looked at his watch. It was 9:50 a.m.

He estimated they were a half-mile from shore and told Timmy if they were not ashore and being warmed up in an hour they would be corpses when they finally did get to the beach.

Both Timmy and Gorman knew the amount of clothing they had on, wool hats, thermal underwear, wool pants, several sweaters, coats, slickers, wool socks and insulated boots, would help them retain body heat.

As they began to slowly kick in, supported by the ladder, Gorman turned to Casey and said: "I think we've lost at least two crew members. If we're going to die, we'll have to be killed. We're not gonna give in."

Timmy glanced at Gorman thinking: "We shouldn't even be alive now."

Their legs nearly numb the men kicked in toward Wingaersheek Beach.

When they crested on swells they could see homes on the beach. Gorman told Timmy that one of them had to get to a home, breaking in if necessary and telephone for help or start a fire.

The surf and wind pushed them toward the beach. Then Timmy, five inches taller than Gorman felt the bottom under his feet. Timmy shouted that he had hit bottom and surged forward, pulling Gorman with him.

The surf was washing over them, knocking them towards the beach like flotsam. They let go of the ladder. Timmy thought: "That would be a hell of a souvenir if we

live. Maybe I should keep it."

Then a wave knocked him down.

They made the foam and then solid beach. Gorman walked a few feet and collapsed. He tried to get up. He couldn't.

"Christ, my legs won't work," he thought.

Timmy ahead of him, still attached by the rope, walked as if each leg weighed a thousand pounds. Gorman crawled. Ahead they could see smoke coming out of a chimney. The men were determined to make it.

They had landed on a mile-long beach dotted by scores of empty summer homes. The sea, which was now smashing up the Aquarius behind them, had washed them up in front of one of the only occupied homes on Wingaersheek Beach.

Inside, a group of young people, snowed in by the storm, sat around a fire. Someone saw the two men stumbling and crawling up the beach. Within minutes Timmy and Gorman were in the home being stripped and warmed. The people in the house called the police, fire department and hospital.

The men had been saved.

As Timmy and Gorman were half-carried, half-dragged into the home, Jerry was also on the beach a few houses away. He struggled 50 yards and collapsed on his knees in a driveway, grabbing a chain blocking it.

The police and firemen who found him minutes after being called at 10:37, looked at him and thought: "He had the look of death in his eyes."

Jerry kept repeating, as his hands were pried, finger by finger from the chain, "Am I dead? Am I alive?"

Two hours after the 10:37 call to the police, the three men were in Gloucester's Addison Hospital. On stormy Wingaersheek Beach, Carol's body had been found and removed. The Coast Guard, fire department, police and scores of volunteers searched for Gary and Paula. Only Paula has been found since, her body recovered by a fishing boat.

Near where Carol had washed ashore the hull of the Aquarius rested. As word of the accident spread in Gloucester people came to the beach and stripped the Aquarius clean of anything salvageable.

None of the survivors needed overnight hospitalization. They were bruised and cold. Their strength, knowledge, instincts and luck had combined to save them.

Before leaving the hospital, Gorman went by the recovery room where Jerry lay under thermal blankets, being questioned by the police.

"How you doing, Sport?" Gorman said as he looked into the room.

"I'm fine, Captain," he answered. It was the first time Jerry had ever called Gorman "Captain".

On the afternoon of December 21, hundreds of civilians, firefighters, policemen and members of rescue squads searched Gloucester's Wingaersheek Beach for the bodies of Gary Robinson, 20, and Paula Paquette, 19. Neither was found. Heavy seas, poor visibility and a blasting snow storm kept the Coast Guard from searching Ipswich Bay.

The storm that capsized the Aquarius, killing three of her six crew members, continued for another 36 hours, pounding Wingaersheek Beach in a steady tireless roar.

Two weeks later, a diving party organized by the Aquarius' survivors - Don Gorman, Timmy Casey and Jerry D'Amico - went to the beach to search for the missing bodies. They found nothing.

By this time, Carol Gately, 19, had been buried and memorial services held for Paula and Gary.

A week ago Wednesday, exactly a month after the accident, the Maria G.S., a 45-foot fishing boat, left Gloucester Harbor at 2 a.m. to drag for bottom fish off Ipswich Bay. On the boat were Guiseppe Sanfillipo, 50, and his two sons, Anthony, 22, and Salvatore, 19.

At 9:30 a.m. after nearly three hours of dragging, they began pulling in their nets. In one net was the body of Paula. Anthony notified the Coast Guard and the Maria G.S. headed back to Gloucester.

The three men were badly shaken. The elder Sanfillipo, a fisherman his whole life, is a superstitious man. He did not allow his sons to go fishing for a week after the body was found. The net used to pull in the body was thrown away.

Last Saturday Paula was buried in her hometown of Manchester, N.H. The body of Gary has still not been found.

The story of the Aquarius did not end when she was destroyed and plundered on Wingaersheek Beach. Nor did it end with the deaths of three crew members.

Larger questions of responsibility at sea remain unanswered. There are those who think Gorman was foolish to put his boat and his unprofessional crew against a storm-wrought winter ocean.

Many of these people, including experienced mariners, say the crew was not proficient - that other than Gorman, none of the crew members were competent navigators or helmsmen.

There are also those who question Gorman's judgement in leaving the safety of a harbor when his boat had no radio and a storm was approaching.

These questions will be answered by the Coast Guard and the courts.



Wendy Chandler painting a mast.



Matt Newton bolting together a frame.

Alternative Education... Working on Boats

Middlebury Union High School's Alternative Education Program was started in 1979. The program was initiated by principal Frank Kelly, school psychologist Dorothy Neuberger, and outdoor education specialist David Hopkinson to meet the needs of students who were not learning as well as they could be in the regular high school setting. Rather than sit in classrooms listening to lectures, the Alt. Ed. students spend some of their time learning by working on boats.

The program has built several boats, including a strip canoe, two Gloucester dories, one Teal, an Elegant Punt, a Roger Long Dulcimer Canoe, and a 32 foot Rowing Hull. This year the program is working on its first large scale project, a 26 foot Sailing Dory. It will follow the lines described in the Chapelle American Small Sailing Craft.

"The sailing dory was popular with the Italian fishermen in Boston in the 1890's." They were also used back in the early 1900's for rum running. They were suited to smuggle alcohol into the country because they were stable when weighted down. The Dories could be built cheaply using lower skilled craftsmen than many other types of boats. This is one of the reasons that Dave Hopkinson chose this design for Alt. Ed.'s first large boat project.

The smaller boats built by the Alt. Ed. students were constructed in the program's academic study space. More space was needed if the program was to build larger boats. Two years ago the students built their own workshop making larger boat projects, such as this sailing dory, possible. The students are building the dory from scratch under the direction of Dave Hopkinson, Rodney Morris, and Jamie Preston. Last year Robert Bougor plotted the lines of the frames. This year, working from Rob's calculations, senior Matt Newton has completed the white oak frames, Shana Crone, Wendy Chandler, Bill O'Connell, Bernie Shackett, and Roxanne Williams have finished rounding and painting the booms.

The group is presently working on rounding and finishing the masts and planing down the floorboards. Dave hopes to have the boat finished by the end of the school year.

Matt Newton is a senior in the M.U.H.S. Alternative Education Program. Writing this article was part of his academic assignments.

John Newton (Matt's brother) is a junior in the program. Learning the photography necessary to produce the photos for this article was part of his Alt. Ed. hands-on assignments.



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Story & Illustrations by Tom



It was a relief to take the boat out of the water in October. The boat and I were exhausted from rushing about all summer, trying to get in as much sailing as we could, in the short season we had.



SAILING FRANTICALLY

We raced every weekend, Saturday and Sunday. Then sailed two, and sometimes three nights during the week. The closer it came to pullout time, the more frantic we became to get more sailing in, besides worrying about late season storms. The boat had stopped complaining. We had had enough.

The day arrived and the boat was pulled out. It sat on the trailer and drained itself through the same mysteriously efficient process it let water in. The mast was low-



SELF-DRAINING

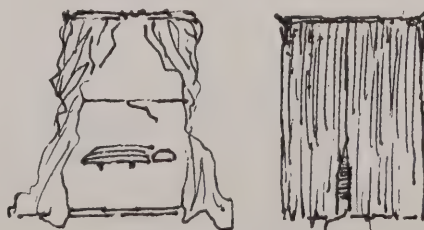
ered and secured. The boat was trailered home, emptied, then turned over with a sigh and covered in the back yard. When the garden around the boat stopped growing all the creeping, crawling creatures who inhabited it would take up residence in the

up-side-down boat. Soon the birds would leave and the days shorten. The snow came and the wind would howl through the bare trees. I could see the boat from my bedroom window, buried in snow. I pulled the shade and left it down. Time lengthened wearily. It was a dismal time of year. But I sailed through books and over charts, rereading all the old nautical classics, adventures, cruises... escapades... and rescues, 'til I stared at the pages and saw nothing.



WINTER SAILING

By now I was tired of the hibernation. My spirit was restless. Before it became intolerable the snow melted and the winter ended. A few flowers pushed up through the earth and the birds returned. Then one day my neighbor asked me. "When are you putting your boat in the water?" "Soon," I answered, suddenly reminded of all the work that had to be done. From then on I purposely avoided the boat, never venturing into the back yard, sneaking out the front door. The bedroom shade remained down.



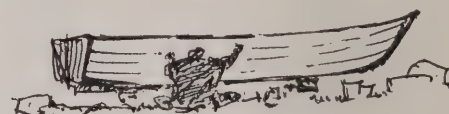
SHADE DOWN

Inevitably the day arrived, as though prearranged by design. The cover blew off the boat and all the creatures therein forsook the ark for the garden once again. The



UNCOVERED

boat had awakened from its dormancy to reduce me to hopeless subservience. From then on I would fetch and carry tools and paint for cleaning and repairing, daily sinking further and further into obsequiousness to this wooden idol,



WOODEN IDOL

checking lines, fittings, turnbuckles, lifejackets, rudder and tiller. I had used all the shades of green paint last year when I painted the plaid. All I had left was Chinese green. "Oh no," the boat said, "not that horrible color. You're not going to paint me Chinese green."



CHINESE GREEN

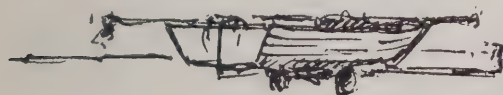
"It's the only color I have. You'll have to be Chinese green..." "Damn." "And I'm going to change your name as well." "What?" Below WEE HOPE which was carved on the transom, I painted the word RE-CALCITRANT. "Which of us does that apply to?" the boat asked. "We'll see."

I borrowed a trailer. "When are you putting the boat in the water?" my nagging neighbor asked again. "Today." I said with finality.



NEIGHBOR

Now have you ever tried to put an 800lb. boat, that was on the ground, on a trailer? You find out that it's not heavy enough to use equipment but just heavy enough to tax both your brain and your muscles. I've never developed a system, so each year it goes on a different way. It requires two strong donkeys on the stern and one strong donkey forward on the crank. But this time when the boat was halfway on, the crank line broke and the boat slid off sideways through my curious neighbor's fence, to sit complacently in his garden awhile.



BY THE WATER



THROUGH THE FENCE

We dragged the trailer into his yard as he came out from his house. "I thought you said it was going in the water," he grumbled. "It was, but I don't think it wants to go." "Well, it's not staying



DON'T WANT TO GO

here," the neighbor declared, instantaneously becoming the fourth donkey. With the extra help and the proper cursing we got the boat back on the trailer and brought the reluctant vessel to the ocean.

Now I'm repeatedly asked "What does 'recalcitrant' mean?" After stumbling for a definition I answer exasperatedly, "It means it's a pain in the ass." "But why do you keep something that causes you so much trouble?" I honestly don't know. If I did perhaps I could do something about it.



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So Joe steered back through the narrow entrance, and past the point toward the little island previously mentioned. On the way, we passed close to the "Clump Rocks," and as the tide was low the clusters of large mussels which were thickly set in every cleft and cavity below high-water mark caught Joe's eye.

"What lots of them! Big ones, too. Let's stop and get some; they'll be first rate, boiled."

He turned the TRITON's head into the wind, and I lowered sail; we landed on one of the larger rocks, I carrying the grapnel, which I hooked in a crevice, and Joe swinging our small iron kettle. The creatures were growing in masses, closely huddled together; large and small, as their way is, but mostly large; and were so firmly attached to the rough surface of the rock by their "byssus", or outgrowth of thread-like fibres, that it was quite difficult to pull them off.

In one salt-water-filled hollow, about two feet square, I found something which interested me much more than the mussels.

"Oh! Look here, Joe! Sea-anemones!"



"What!" he said, coming over where I was.

I pointed to the strange, beautiful creatures, of which there were at least a dozen in sight, attached to the rock, or to the shells of the mussels; they range in size from three inches to a quarter of an inch across their expanded disks, composed of short, thickly-set feelers or tentacles, growing around a little opening in the middle - the mouth of the animal. They were very flower-like in appearance, though mounted on short, thick stalks, with nothing corresponding to leaves; they looked somewhat like chrysanthemums, or small dahlias, in general shape and size.

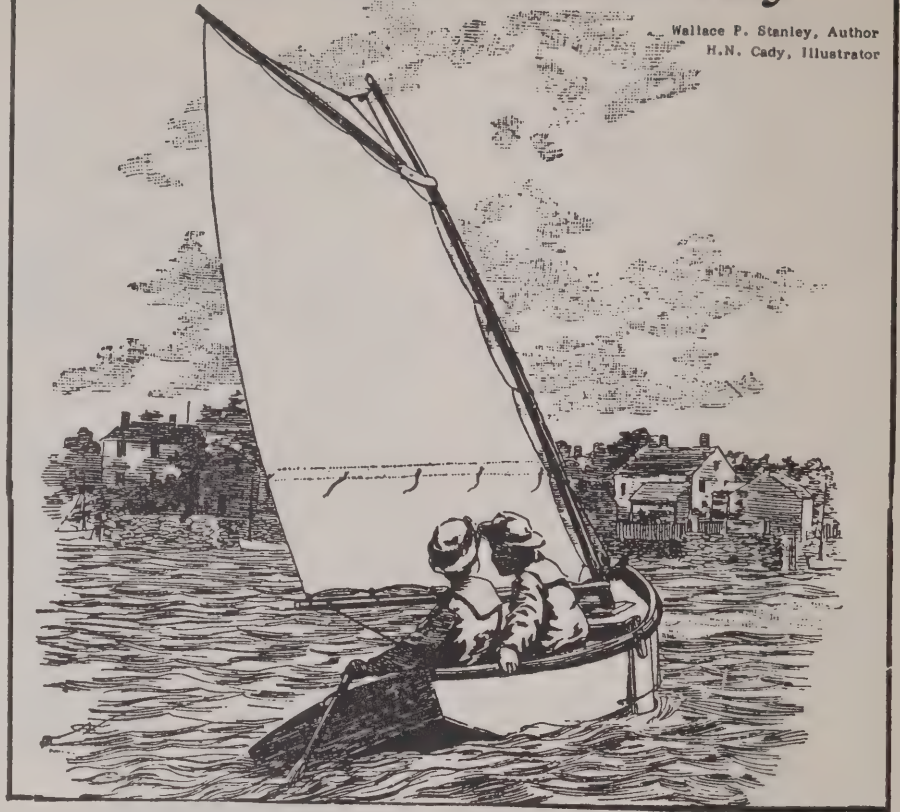
"My! I didn't know there were any such things here - I never saw any before!" said Joe. "How much they look like plants!"

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

Published in 1901

Adventures Down the Bay

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



He cautiously touched his finger to one, which quickly shrank back into half its former size; another touch made it contract into a mere bud, with the delicate, semi-transparent feelers withdrawn from sight. The largest ones could not shrink as rapidly, and as I brushed my fingers against them they felt soft as plush. But they also contracted gradually, till the jelly-like mounds were hardly a quarter as large as the expanded animals.

"See how thick they are on this mussle!" said Joe. "Here's a big brown one on top, a middling-sized, flesh-colored one on the side, and two little ones partly underneath."

The majority of the anemones were brown, some with a reddish and some with a greenish tone; these generally had white tips to their tentacles. Two or three were "flesh-colored," as Joe had said; and the feelers of these were nearly transparent, with a whitish ring about the middle of each one. One of the largest was white, or rather about the color of a tumbler of water with a teaspoonful of milk in it. I had seen a few in an aquarium, some years before; but they were smaller than most of these.

"I wonder what they live on," said Joe, after watching them awhile.

I broke open a mussel, and dropped a bit of it so as to fall in the centre of one of the expanded disks. The aperture drew together

upon the morsel, and sucked it inward by slow degrees; and Joe and I amused ourselves by feeding some of the others in like manner. But they must live chiefly on much smaller particles, such as happen to drift against them.

I got our bailing-pan from the boat, and put into it the mussel with anemones attached, which Joe had noticed; and by some careful and patient work we succeeded in loosening the large white one, and added that to the others. Though the pan was filled with salt water, they kept shut up their closest.

"You'd never look twice at such things as they are now," remarked Joe.

Then we heaped the kettle with the biggest mussels we could find, and started away for Fox Island, near by.

"That looks rather airy," said I, referring to the open door and smashed windows of the lone habitation.

"Yes; another deserted shanty, I reckon."

We sailed around, and landed on the lee, or north side, and made our way through the weeds and scraggly underbrush which lay beyond the beach, to the house. It was by no means as ancient an affair as the place where we had been weather-bound, up the river; nor was it quite as dilapidated; but it seemed quite as forsaken of human beings and their belongings.

"What a little six-by-eight sort of concern it is; I wonder if

anybody ever lived here the year round!. If it only had a decent fire-place, like that other, we might put on our mussels to boil; but here's nothing but a stove-pipe hole."

There were no stairs, and no cellar; and our expedition found nothing here to linger over.

"Well, shall we go down to Dutch Island?" I inquired.

"How far it it?"

"Bout three miles."

"Well, considering that we'll have to tack against the wind to fetch it, I think it's rather far, for this time of day." (The sun was now casting pretty long shadows.) "We've got all these mussels, and I want some for supper," he continued; "and I'm for going in shore hereabouts and getting them ready. Then we can start down for Dutch Island in the morning, with the chance of a favorable wind."

"All right, let's go back into the cove, then; that's a good quiet harbor, and you won't need to haul the boat up ashore."

This was a point worth considering, as the tide had but just begun to rise, and there would be a long slant of beach to haul the boat up, in case we wanted to bring her to high-water mark. So back we went, with a succession of short tacks to windward; and in a few minutes the TRITON's bows were resting on the inner strand of the long, gravelly tongue which separated the cove from the waters of the bay.

But it was on the bay side that we found our driftwood, which was soon crackling merrily between the stones which Joe had put together in a rude fire-place to support the kettle. He poured in barely two cupfuls of water; for in boiling shell-fish, the water they contain counts for considerable.

In sorting the mussels over, I found a little star-fish, not more than an inch across. I had seen a few others at the rocks, but they were five or six inches across - the usual size. This one found his way in the pan with the anemones, which were opened again - the smaller ones, that is; the big ones weren't so ready, but they were partly out, and thinking about going further.

Several of the mussels we had gathered turned out to have small anemones on them; to be sure, they were now all drawn in, and not very sightly, but it seemed too bad to destroy such delicate creatures. I put three more in the pan, which was getting to be quite an aquarium.

When the water boiled, Joe put in the mussels, which stopped the boiling, of course, for a few moments. I watched the tenants of the pan; the little star-fish, or "five-finger," as they are sometimes called, was gliding along the side of the dish with an almost im-

perceptible but steady motion; he was stalking with his dozens of little stumps of legs, each with a concave sucking-pad at the end, and of a light yellowish-brown color. In the full-sized ones, these limbs are about as thick as a knitting needle, and may be a quarter of an inch long; but in this little chap they were no thicker than coarse thread.

I turned him on his back; in a moment the rows of legs were folded away, snug and quiet. In a minute they began to stretch out again, and wave inquiringly about. I dropped a particle of sand near his middle; after a moment's pause it was passed from one to another of the little feet, or feeders, till it reached one stationed at the edge, which waved slowly sideways, and held the little grain of sand away from the body. Another instant, and the minute sucker released its hold, and the offending particle sank to the bottom of the pan. It was surprising to see - the action of the little worm-like limbs seemed so intelligent.

These creatures will part with their rays or limbs almost as readily as a fiddler will drop off his big claw. Once I found one in a rock-pool, left by the tide, and picked him up by one of his arms; presently it became detached, and the star-fish dropped back, leaving his limb in my fingers, and began sliding along the rock as though four arms were all that anybody need wish for. I put the separated arm in the water, and it began life by itself, setting out on a slow, gliding walk, with its dozens of feeler-feet like some new kind of marine caterpillar. But on coming that way a couple of hours later, before the tide had quite reached the place, I found that the single limb was seemingly lifeless, while its former owner continued to prosper as a four-rayed star.

"It's foamed up three times," hailed Joe, from the kettle. "They're done, now."

He poured off the water, and there were the mussels all gaping apart, with the rich orange-hued morsels within showing appetizingly. I don't think I'm quite as fond of mussels as Joe is, but, between us, we managed to finish them; and they're rather rich and "filling," too.

"I wish our kettle was bigger!" declared Joe. "They're first-rate. I believe I could eat half as many again."

"Yes; they rather go ahead of those fresh-water mussels we found up the river."

Now we arranged our camp; Joe had the boat, and was delighted to find how quickly it could be put in shape for the night, by using the tent I had made. He fastened the grapnel-rope, or "keleg," astern, and threw the anchor off into the water, having made the

painter fast to a stake near high-water mark; thus the boat was moored so that the bow would be kept landward.

"No Camp Topsy-turvy for me," he said.

When all was ready, we strolled along the ridge of the long, gravelly tongue, from which we could look down on the bay to the right, and the cove at the left, and watched the sunset clouds change from golden to orange, and from orange to red.

"There's the beacon!" exclaimed Joe.

There it was, surely; a faint but steady beam, to the right of the more powerful star of the lighthouse, and lower down. Beyond twinkled the home-lights of the little haven, showing more plainly as the clouds lost their tinge of red and became somber and slaty in hue, and the pale glow along the horizon shifted slowly to the northwest.

Then we turned and walked slowly back, now looking abroad over the wide, dark bay, whose waves whispered softly from the outer shore beyond Rome Point. Far up northward could be distinguished a gleam which we thought came from Warwick light; and to the east a green sparkle moved by almost imperceptibly - the star-board lantern of some distant schooner.

Here at last were faint, ghostly-white patches at the left, just ahead; we had reached our tents again. The tide had risen along the beach several feet since we left them, so that the boat, moored securely at stem and stern, lay out in the water; and Joe had to take off his shoes and wade out to her.

We both exclaimed at once, to see the myriad swirling sparkles and gleams that streamed around his legs and attended his progress. This phosphorescence was familiar to us; but we were not used to seeing it displayed anything like as brilliantly. When he reached the boat, he took one of the oars, and made a variety of sweeps and splashes, which were marked by bursts of greenish-white radiance, as though he was churning up fragments of moonlight from the dark waters.

"There, I guess I won't torment the animalculae any more," he said at last. "My arm begins to ache, too. There must be hundreds of them in every pailful."

"Yes; I wish all the light there is lying unseen out there in the bay could be packed into a space no bigger than one's head, just to see what it would amount to."

"Whoever could do that, and get a patent on it, would have a good thing. But I don't expect to see it - not right away."

And he bestowed himself in his cot, while I walked up the beach to the "land tent."

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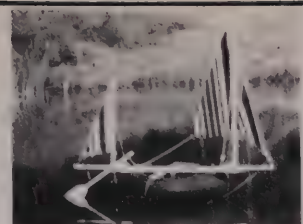
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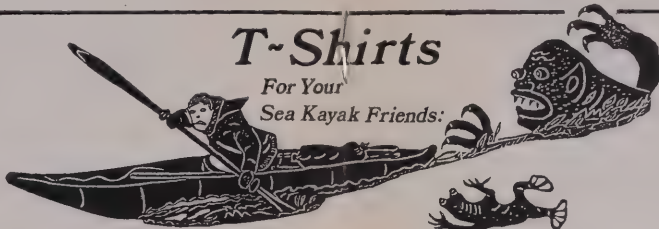
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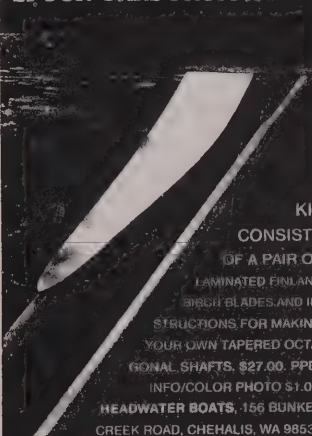
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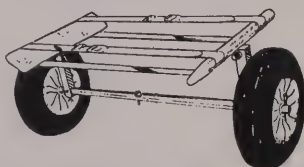
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messing about in BOATS

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I give a few sketches of Skip, one showing her complete under sail, the others in various stages of construction, that may be of some aid to those who contemplate building, or have already started to build, this boat. No matter how much I may write, or how many sketches I should draw, there are points bound to come up that will perplex the amateur. But these little sketches go a long way in showing how the work is done.

One, entitled the "Moulds in Place," shows the appearance of Skip when the keel, stern and transom are in place, with the four moulds set up and shored. The narrow board that I have shown fastened at the stern and transom will be found a valuable helper keeping the moulds in line. You can nail shores from the moulds up to this, and by dropping a plumb line to the keel keep her in line. The one in the lower left-hand corner shows her in frame after the moulds have been taken out, and the frames and floors all riveted. The man at the bow is supposed to be sighting along the middle line of the boat, keeping the plumb-bob hanging aft of the centerboard post in line with the center marks at the keel and transom—for sometimes in setting up a boat like this the top may get canted to one side, and so make a lopsided boat.

The third sketch shows the boat turned bottom up, and two men putting on the garboard or bottom board that adjoins the keel. The fitting up of the inside, such as seats and flooring, I have not gone into at all, as that is a thing a man will usually arrange to suit himself. But I would suggest, that instead of the ordinary tight floor a number of strips be nailed down running parallel fore-and-aft about three inches wide, with a space of an inch or so left between each strip. As to seats, lockers, etc., I have nothing to say. Finish off by putting all the nail heads with beeswax, or white lead and putty mixed together. Then after sandpapering give the outside a coat of white with copper paint below the water line, and don't forget to paint the centerboard and rudder. Varnish the deck coamings and seats, but paint the flooring.

In finishing the bottom, do not put on any other paint except the copper paint. The idea is to allow the ingredients of the copper enter the wood, and so poison it for any vegetable growth. If you put on a coat of paint first the copper will not soak in as it should.

Now you are ready for the spars. For a mast you want a clear-grain piece of dry spruce, 23 feet long and 6½ inches square. If you can get a natural growth of stick so much the better. Taper it down as shown in



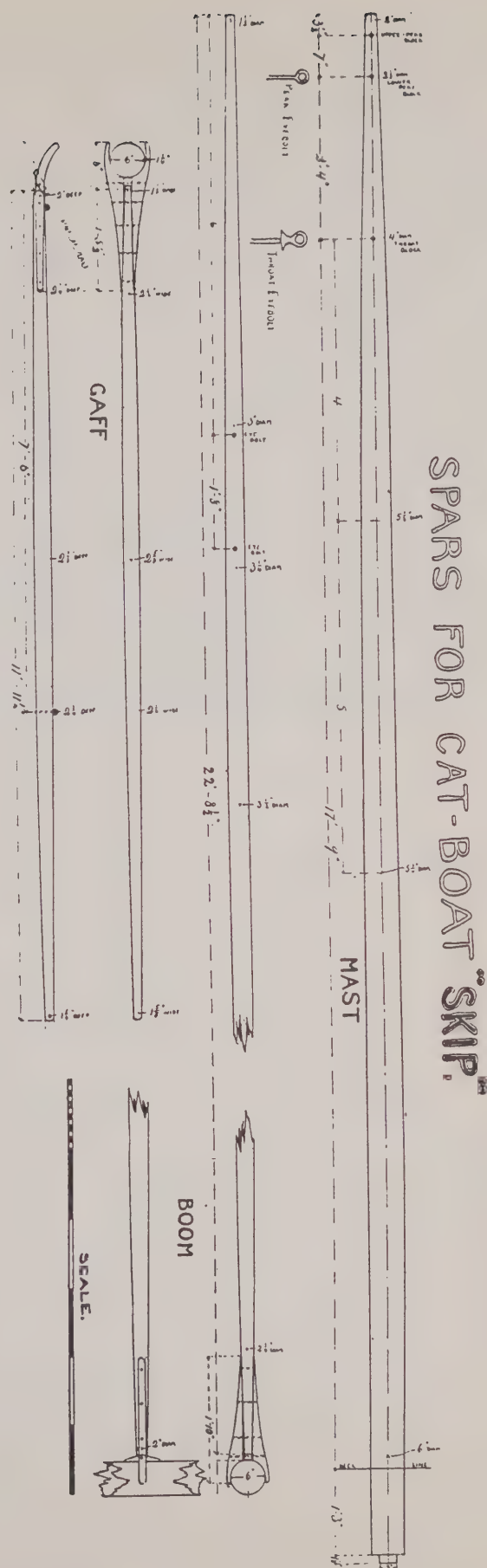
plan and rivet in three eye-bolts on the after side. The two upper ones are the peak halyard blocks and the lower one is for the throat halyard, and should be a little heavier than the upper two, and have a lug or shoulder on the underside to lay against the mast and keep it from cutting down, as shown in sketch with spar plans.

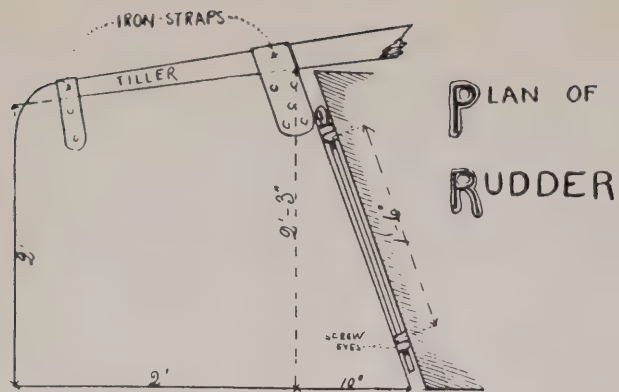
To make the boom, take a clear, dry piece of spruce, 23 feet long and 4 inches in diameter. Cut it down to 3½ inches in diameter at the middle, and taper it as shown in the plan to 1½ inches at the outer end and 2 inches inboard. Cut and fit a pair of oak jaws as shown to go around the mast. If a man wishes a neater but more expensive way of hanging his boom he can lay out four or five dollars and get a nice brass spring goose-neck, such as have been used on the ball raters the past year. But the gaff will have to be fitted with jaws, unless you want to put on a patent mast slide, in which case the gaff will have to be fitted to the slide that comes for it. With this rig the boom is held close to the mast. The necessity of hoops and a slushy mast is done away with; but like everything else that is good it costs money. The diameter of the gaff is given in the plan. It is 12 feet long and shaped, a little deeper than it is wide. Rivet eye bolts

through gaff and boom to hook the blocks, and put a good stout eye-bolt in each quarter for the sheet blocks to hook into. By reeving the mainsheet from the boom through one-quarter block up through a block on the boom back to a quarter block on the opposite side of the stern, then through another block on the boom and down to the cleat in the cockpit, you do away with a traveler—which in my mind is a nuisance—the best of them; they are always working loose.

All the blocks are single ones. There are nine in all, and all but one are plain blocks. But the one exception is to be the upper throat halyard block, which is to have a becket, so the halyard can be spliced into it, and so rove through the lower block at the throat of the gaff; then up through the block the rope is spliced to and down to the deck. Here on each side of the mast you want to fasten two fair leaders with one sheave in each. The starboard one for the peak halyard, the port one for the throat. Put a couple of cleats on the inside of the coaming, or on deck just forward of the cockpit, if you prefer it. For a headstay get 22 feet of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch wire rope, and turn a splice in each end so it measures from eye to eye 19 feet. The upper splice must be large enough to go over the mast-head and set down on the upper peak halyard eye. The lower one should be turned into a thimble, and both to be parceled and served for about a foot along from the splice. If you can get a good, strong turn-buckle, I would advise using it—especially a pipe turn-buckle, as they look so neat. If you can't get a good one, get some seizing stuff, and set the headstay up with that to the stem head. For a stem band you either can buy one already galvanized at some ship chandlers or get some half-round iron about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter, and have some holes bored into it at intervals of about five inches. The top is to be turned around into an eye, and either welded or else bored so the screws will go through the two bands. In regard to a sail, I would advise getting it made by some sailmakers who understand the art, but would suggest that it be made of 6-ounce duck, treble bighted.

And now we have gone over everything essential except the rudder and tiller. The latter it is hardly worth while telling how to make, only be sure and use oak or some strong wood. A drawing of the rudder is given with dimension and the arrangement of screw-eyes by which it is hung to the stern of the boat. In case some of our readers would prefer a jib and mainsail rig, I have made a plan of Skip with such a rig. The building of the boat for this rig will be





practically the same, with the exception of a mast step 2 feet 9 inches aft of the present one and a mast hole in the deck over it. The spars are all shorter with this rig, the mast being 18 feet above the deck and 4½-inches diameter at same, tapered to 4 inches at jaws of gaff and then to two inches at the top. The boom is 18 feet 6 inches in length, 3 inches diameter in the middle, tapered to 1¼ inches at the outer end and 1¾ inches at the mast. The gaff is 11 feet 3 inches long, 2½ inches diameter in the middle, 2 inches at the mast, and 1½ inches at end.

The bowsprit is 6 feet in length, 2 by 3 inches at bow, tapered to 1½ inches by 1¾ inches. The foot of the jib I have shown laced to a light 1½-inch spar, 8 feet 6 inches long. Some may not like this rig, but I have found it to work very well on small boats. An

eye is lashed on the boom through which the sheet leads. The sheet is made fast to an eye in one side of the deck, and leads aft to trim by through another eye on the opposite side. The headstay will be a little longer than with the catboat rig, and it will also require a wire stay on each side. The halyards are rigged nearly the same, with the exception that a double block is used on the mast for the peak halyard instead of two single ones, and the mainsheet I have shown rigged with a traveler. Either way may be used on the boat.

The sloop rig has 275 square feet of sail, while as a catboat she carries 307 square feet, which is a pretty good size sail, but she will carry it in summer weather all right. If you want to get an idea of what there are in the market for small boats, such as mainsheet travelers, boom travelers, eye-bolt, and the various kinds of nails and bolts that are used in building, write to any of the advertisers whose cards you will find on the back pages for their catalogues, and you will get an idea of what you can buy ready made, such as turnbuckles, chain plates, stem bands, or rudder gudgeons and pintals. There you will also find men who will give you an estimate on your sails.

Now I will leave you to do the best you can, but wish to ask those who do succeed in turning out a Skip to send us in a photograph of the production, so others may see what has been done.

SAIL-PLAN
OF CAT BOAT
SKIP.



SAIL PLAN
OF
SKIP.
WITH JIB & MAINSAIL RIG





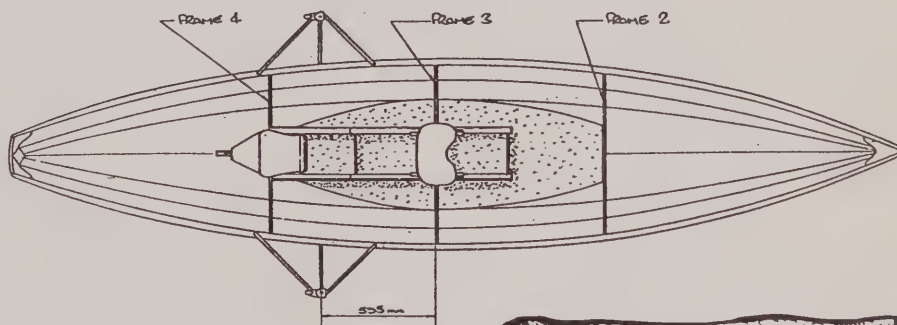
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The design, by Briton Andrew Wolstenholme, is aimed at the novice who wants to enjoy sliding seat rowing without the insecurities presented by the more tender recreational shells. And the design is aimed at the amateur builder, the kit developed by Briton Jack Chippendale, can be built within a month using the stitch and tape method. The crate is used as a platform jig during the building and then afterwards it is cut up into a precision fit cradle for the completed hull. The finished weight of about 55 pounds makes the SPRITE a car topper easily managed.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING?



KAYAK ROLLING IN RI

The Rhode Island Canoe Association has scheduled winter kayak rolling sessions in the pool at the J.C.C. of RI, 401 Elmgrove Ave., Providence, RI. Session 1 is in January, Session 2 in February, every Tuesday evening from 7 to 9 p.m. The fee for non-members is \$40 and you must bring your own equipment (kayak, etc). If a rental is needed, one might be arranged. For more information call Doug Pineo at (401) 353-6547.

AND CANOEING TOO

Follow up on the kayak sessions is a canoeing course running from basics to Class II whitewater. This course runs in March, on the 3rd, 10th, 17th and 24th in the pool; on the 21st, 22nd and 28th outdoors. Call Barbara August at (401) 725-3344 for details on this.

OCEAN CITY ROWING REGATTA

Robert Spotola of Philadelphia, PA, writes to announce plans for a rowing event next summer in Ocean City, NJ, as follows:

"The community of Ocean City, NJ, is looking into the possibility of staging a rowing event in the summer of 1987.

We are concerned with: Types of boats; length of course; number of crew; entrant qualifications.

Could anyone provide us with information in these regards, or suggest someone to whom we may turn for same? (ED. NOTE: I referred him to the USRA). We anticipate holding the first year's event in Great Egg Harbor with the following year possibly moving to an ocean course."

Any reader interested in helping out on this can contact Robert Spotola at 5047 Copley Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19144.



PADDLE BELIZE THIS WINTER

Bob Walker and Dave Anderson of Aqua*Ventures have scheduled three 9-day paddling adventures to Belize on the Caribbean coast of Central America. During each trip, participants will camp along a jungle stream for several days of paddling, then paddle and sail seven miles offshore to islands just inside a great barrier reef for more paddling and attendant water activities. The boats used are Klepper doubles, fitted with auxiliary sail rigs to take advantage of steady breezes.

Belize was formerly British Honduras and is free of the Central American political instability in the news these days. It's an English speaking nation also. Water temperatures are in the 80's, air temperatures in the 70's-80's daytimes, 40's-60's nights. Boats and camping gear and all meals are provided.

The fee is \$950 per person, plus round trip air fare to Belize City from wherever you depart. The scheduled trips are on February 7-15; February 21-March 1; February 28-March 8. For the brochure, write to Aqua*Ventures, 75 Parkton Rd., Jamaica Plain, MA 02130.

COAST GUARD BOATING SAFETY COURSES

The U.S. Coast Guard Boating Safety Office in Boston has three basic boating safety courses open to the interested public running from January through April. They are: Basic Sailing; Basic Powerboating; Advanced Coastal Piloting. Instructors will be from the Coast Guard Auxiliary. While the instruction is free, there is a small charge (about \$20) for course materials required. For further information or to register, call the Boating Safety Office at (617) 223-8311.

MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM



MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM WINTER CLASSES

The Apprenticeship at the Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, ME, has scheduled a winter series of evening workshops on various traditional boat building and maintenance skills to run during the winter through mid-April of 1987. All but one are in two three-hour sessions on weekday evenings. Seven are at the Percy & Small Shipyard in Bath, three others are at the instructors' facilities.

The tentative schedule is as follows:

JANUARY 6: Efficient Use of Hand Tools with Sam and Susan Manning.

JANUARY 27-28: Strip Planking with Dick Pulsifer (at his shop in Brunswick, ME).

FEBRUARY 4-5: Recanvassing Your Wooden Canoe with Rollin Thurlow.

FEBRUARY 18-19: Sail Repair & Maintenance with Nat Wilson (at his loft in East Boothbay, ME).

MARCH 11-12: Caulking with John Maritato.

APRIL 1-2: Painting & Finishing with Paul Bryant (at his Riverside Boatyard).

APRIL 22-23: Oarmaking with John Burke.

Sessions run 7-10 p.m. evenings. Fee per workshop is \$35 (non-members of MMM).

For more details and registration information, call Maine Maritime Museum at (207) 443-1316.

ANTARCTIC ROWING ADVENTURE

The Ned Gillette/Charlie Porter expedition that intends to row a specially built aluminum dory across the Drake Passage from Cape Horn to Antarctica will have left by the time you read this, if all goes according to plan. Scheduled departure was to be immediately following Thanksgiving on the first favorable weather conditions. After two years of "getting ready" the time has come. A toll-free number has been provided for anyone interested in learning of their progress. It is (800) 446-5522.



MCKC NEW YEAR'S OUTING

The Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club of New York city has scheduled a New Year's Day frost-bite cruise on Jamaica Bay, a joint outing with the Sebago Canoe Club. It is combined with an onshore party, held at the Paerdegat Basin in Brooklyn, NY, starting at noon. For more details call Jerry Horn evenings at (718) 482-7230. For information on joining this club, write to MCKC, Box 1868, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

U.S.S. CONSTITUTION NATIONAL PARK

New developments are taking place at the old Charlestown Navy Yard, now in part the U.S.S. CONSTITUTION National Park. Director Dick Wheeler of the privately run Constitution Museum reports that negotiations are underway with the Landing Boatshop School of Wooden Boatbuilding to establish a boat-building program at the Museum building replicas of the elegant little captain's gig that is carefully preserved on board the U.S.S. CONSTITUTION belowdecks. This is about a 16' all varnished pulling boat of truly elegant styling. The Museum envisions the ongoing building program as a living exhibit and the finished boats as objects for fund raising raffles.

It has also been reported that Ed McCabe will be moving his youth rowing program, featuring the 38' French gigs, LIBERTE' and EGALITE' from Hull to a location at the Charlestown site. This is much more accessible for the inner city youth Ed has taken aim at for his program.

Already on site is the traditional wooden boat shop run by Tony Davis. Tony does maintenance on the SPIRIT OF MASSACHUSETTS during its off-season and builds his traditional rowing tenders of Arno Day design to order on his own.

With the annual Tugboat Muster and the Antique & Classic Boat Meet that already take place here, this is becoming THE PLACE in greater Boston for those who love traditional boats.

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE GUIDE

Reader Donat Parent reports to us that the address we gave for ordering David Buckman's LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE CRUISING GUIDE in our November 1st issue was inadequate, his letter was returned. If you are interested in this publication, try David Buckman, 18 Ridgewood Ave., Laconia, NH 03246. The price is \$9.95 postpaid. Well worth it if boating on New Hampshire's largest lake interests you.

WHAT IS A BOAT?

Two more "entries" in the "define a boat" discussion: Colin King suggests: "As long as it is free-floating on an air-water interface, it is boat enough".

Steve Baker suggests: "A boat is anything inanimate that floats on, or travels over, water, be that water liquid or not."

As aside, Steve mentions that his father's (the late designer, Bob Baker of Westport, MA) definition was, "A boat is there to keep your feet dry."

All good stuff. Anyone got more?



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Huntsman

16' West Greenland Eskimo design is noticeably quick in acceleration to provide speed when you want it, and maximize paddling efficiency of each stroke.

Low profile reduces effect of wind but still offers plenty of storage capacity with fore and aft watertight bulkheads. With outstanding maneuverability, Huntsman eliminates need for a rudder, making it an excellent choice for coastal touring.

Sea Hunter

18' sea touring kayak designed for paddlers who plan extended trips and feel the need for extra carrying capacity. The Sea Hunter is both fast and seaworthy when fully laden, is noticeably stable, and tracks extremely well for long distance paddling.

STANDARD FEATURES

Decks built to withstand weight of emptying water from another boat during deep water rescues. Recessed deck fittings molded into deck eliminate boat handling injuries. Safety grab lines on deck extremely useful when performing rescues can be used as paddle park. Chart elastics, spare paddle elastics, bow/stern carry toggles, adjustable footbraces, VCP hatches. Henderson "Chimp" rear deck pump factory installed on Sea Hunter, available as option on Huntsman.

SEA KAYAKING BOOKS

Aqua*Ventures imports/distributes
Sea Touring, 4th edition, John Ramwell, \$12.
Sea Canoeing, 3rd edition, Derek Hutchinson, \$16.50 (NEW paperback edition).
Prices postpaid. Mass. residents add 5% sales tax.

McNulty brochure and price list available upon request. Dealer inquiries invited.

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OUTDOOR SPORT CENTER

Looking ahead into winter, they have several major outings planned for faraway places:

DECEMBER 27-JANUARY 3: Florida Everglades trip, three days exploring the Everglades, three more in the Florida Keys.

JANUARY 5-11: Florida Keys trip, wilderness camping on the outer keys, paddle Klepper folding kayaks.

FEBRUARY 21-MARCH 7 and MARCH 14-22: Belize trip, sailing and paddling the protected waters of the world's second longest barrier reef in Klepper folding kayaks.

For further details contact the Outdoor Sports Center at (203) 762-8324, or write to them at 80 Danbury Rd., Wilton, CT 06897.

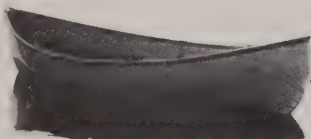
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ON DISPLAY



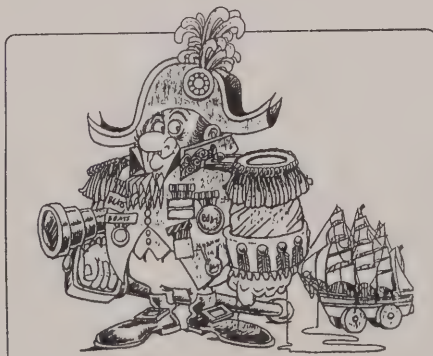
Com Pac 16', 19', 23', 27'
Nimble 20, Appledore 19

THE SMALL BOAT SHOP

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203-854-5223

COMPANY FAME

Carl Erickson, whose regular short features on our pages, entitled, "Messing About in Boats", enjoyed some publicity on these efforts in the company magazine where he works, along with Wendee Nussle, the subject of the article involved; the one about the couple setting up their new folding kayak in the living room of their 5th floor apartment and suddenly noticing the neighbors across the way looking on in bemusement. Ah, fame.



HALLOWEEN OUTFIT?

Carl Erickson (he's getting lots of press this issue, isn't he) suggests this illustration might be your editor's Halloween costume. Actually, it wasn't (I don't do costumes), it reminds me, however, of the folks at the Sea Heritage Institute in New York. They have an annual "Lord Nelson Returneth" event that must appear along these lines.

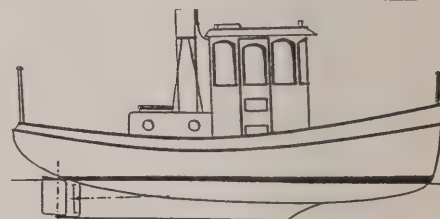
LATEST READING

Three recent arrivals here of reading material of note deserve some attention.

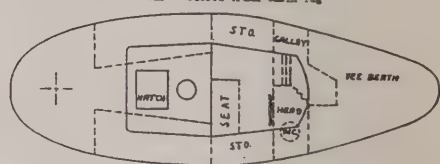
THE BOATBUILDER

Fall 1986

THE BOATBUILDER, Gougeon Brothers' periodical on using epoxy saturation techniques includes in this issue a "Project Directory" (sound familiar?) listing a number of amateur projects on file with them. The idea is to bring together persons interested in similar boat-building efforts involving WEST System (tm) products. A whole page of projects is listed. You can get this issue, and onto Gougeon's mailing list, by requesting the Fall, 1986, issue of THE BOATBUILDER from Gougeon Brothers, Inc., P.O. Box X908, Bay City, MI 48707.



011 Diesel Trunk Cabin Tug



STEAMBOATIN' is Walter Beckmann's catalog of launch hulls, boat plans and gear related to steam, electric and diesel powered watercraft in the classic tradition. The catalog is a loose leaf stack of 70 pages, printed two sides, of information, the whole gamut from hull to trailer, engines, gear, designs. Not a fancy job but lots of details and photos. I particularly was drawn in by the 22' diesel tug, KATHY. Is this the next infatuation, tugs? You can buy a copy of Walter's catalog for \$7.50, order it from Walter C. Beckmann, Ltd., P.O. Box 97, Wakefield, RI 02880.

WOODSHOP NEWS

WOODSHOP NEWS turned up at last, this is a new tabloid newspaper cranked out by the SOUNDINGS people, aimed at woodworkers. It includes woodworking on boats, and can be had for \$9.97 for a year (these odd priced subscriptions!) They'll probably send you a free sample if you call them at (800) 341-1522. It's like a downsized SOUNDINGS, including the classified ads. I noticed interesting tools for sale therein.

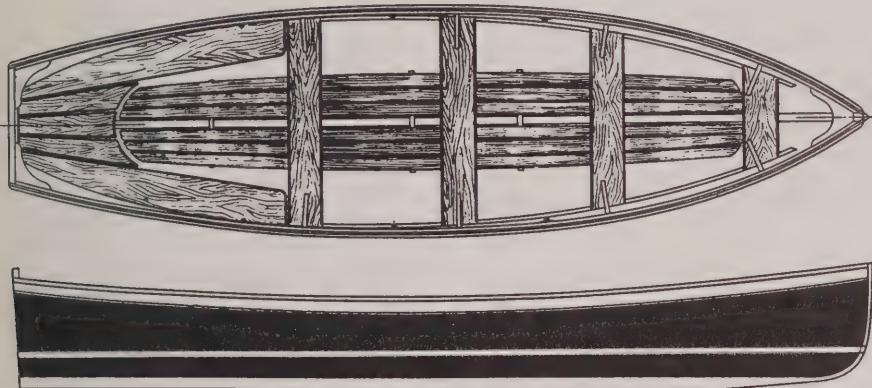


Copyright, Keystone View Co.

Serving as a side car, the canoe may be transported anywhere in quick time

A Canoe That Goes Anywhere

SOMEWHAT out of the ordinary is the canoe-carrying motorcycle shown in this photograph which comes to us from England. An ingenious young man, Mr. Armstrong, who served in the Royal Air Force as an experimental airman, designed and constructed the arrangement shown in this picture for the purpose of carrying his canoe to distant waterways. The canoe, it will be noted, also serves as a side car for carrying one or two passengers and luggage. An arrangement of helical springs makes this exceptional side car easy riding.



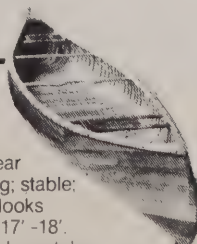
GLEN-L WHITEHALL

Glen-L Marine Designs, the California supplier of a multitude of do-it-yourself boat building plans and kits, now has come out with a Whitehall plans and patterns kit. The 17'x4'6" craft can be built of wood by strip plank/epoxy system or in fiberglass one-off using C-flex. Either way, you don't need to loft unless you enjoy that, just

build upside down over molds. So here's a leg up for anyone thinking of building a Whitehall but lacking the skill or interest in tackling it from scratch. Complete instructions are included. For more details, contact Glen-L Marine Designs, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90706, or phone them at (213) 630-6258.

Classic Cedar Wood Canoes.

Handmade by Maurice Picard, Huron Indian. Clear fiberglass covered. Strong; stable; light (49 lbs). Handles & looks beautiful. 13'8" -15' -16' -17' -18'. \$829⁰⁰ to \$1,029⁰⁰ Free color catalog. 1-800-343-3432 Great Canadian, Water Street, Worcester, MA 01604.



Trio Rows Across Block Island Sound

QUONOCONTAUG — The boats making their way to and from Block Island are many and varied, some driven by the wind, others powered by engine-driven propellers.

Seldom is a rowboat seen making the trip.

But that's just what happened Saturday when Finn Caspersen of Shelter Harbor and his two sons, Finn Jr. and Erik rowed their 21-foot, three-seated pulling boat across Block Island Sound.

The trio departed Shelter Harbor at 9 a.m. and pulled into New Harbor at approximately 11:30 a.m.

The return trip? They took a tow, thank you.

And what's next. They're already planning a 1987 pull to Montauk Point.

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 bigish 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.

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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"	\$990
LONG COCKPIT DOUBLE	17'1"	\$990

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ALDEN OCEAN SHELL ASSOCIATION

Recreational and competitive rowing in Alden Ocean Shells. Martin Marine, P.O. Box 251, Kittery Pt. ME 03905.

AMOSKEAG ROWING CLUB

Recreational and competitive rowing on the Connecticut River at Manchester, NH. 95 Market St., Manchester, NH 03101.

ANORAK

Association of North Atlantic Kayakers, for anyone interested in sea kayaking along our coasts. Bi-monthly newsletter, paddling companions, safety and paddling training, group trips. Bill Lozano, 14 Heather Dr., Suffern, NY 10901.

BRAVE BOAT HARBOR BOAT CLUB

Informal racing and camp cruising in traditional small craft in Kittery Pt., ME, area. Lance Gunderson, 226A Harbor Rd., Kittery Pt. ME 03905, (207) 439-9623.

CAPE ANN ROWING CLUB

Promoting the enjoyment of rowing on the Massachusetts north shore with periodic gatherings on the water and ashore in season. Call Pat at (617) 546-9607 or John at (617) 546-9022.

CAPE COD FROSTY CLASS ASSOCIATION

Frostbite racing of Cape Cod Frosty dinghies winters on Cape Cod. P.O. Box 599, Harwich, MA 02645.

CHELSEA ROWING CLUB

Recreational and competitive rowing on the Thames River at Norwich, CT. P.O. Box 22, Norwich, CT 06360, (203) 822-8269.

COMMUNITY ROWING

Sliding seat rowing classes on Charles River in Cambridge, MA. P.O. Box 2604, Cambridge, MA 02238.

CONNECTICUT CANOE RACING ASSOCIATION

Canoe racing and cruising on Connecticut rivers. Geoff Latsha, 5 West Granby Rd., Granby, CT 06035.

CONNECTICUT RIVER OAR & PAD- DLE CLUB

Enjoying recreational outings in canoes, kayaks, traditional and modern rowing craft on the Connecticut and its estuaries. 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-2343.

Directory of Clubs

In the interest of assisting those wishing for increased participation in messing about in boats with others, we're setting up a directory of clubs involving that sort of boating. What sort of boating? Whatever sort that has brought together people already into some sort of club organization. In this issue we'll start it off with a few we know of already as an example to others. You are invited to send us your club's details along the lines of those published herewith. No charge for this, we expect to run the list once a month, every other issue, alternating it with the Directory of Projects. Send your listing to Boats, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984.

KAYAK & CANOE CLUB OF NEW YORK

Promotes activities for those interested in decked boat whitewater paddling from the metropolitan New York city area. Pierre de Rham, Box 195, Garrison, NY 10524.

MERRIMACK RIVER WATERSHED COUNCIL

Promotes environmental awareness of river conditions on the Merrimack River in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Runs canoeing trips for interested public. 694 Main St., W. Newbury, MA 01985, (617) 363-5777.

METROPOLITAN CANOE & KAYAK CLUB

Recreational paddling and sailing of canoes and kayaks in and around the metropolitan New York City area. P.O. Box 1868, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

MINUTEMAN MODEL YACHT CLUB

Radio controlled model yacht racing. Jack Sullivan, 33 Rustic Rd., E. Walpole, MA 02032, (617) 668-7163.

NATIONAL TOWN CLASS ASSOCIATION

Racing and cruising in Town Class sailboats, mostly on Massachusetts north shore. 17A Maple St., Nahant, MA 01908.

NOANK WOODEN BOAT ASSOCIATION

Promoting activities for persons interested in wooden boats of all types. P.O. Box 506, Noank, CT 06340.

NORTH SHORE ROWING CLUB

Sliding set recreational rowing on the Massachusetts north shore. Bill Graham, 7 Ward St., Ipswich, MA 01938.

NORWALK ROWING CLUB

Promoting recreational rowing in the Norwalk, CT, area with regularly scheduled weekday and weekend outings. Call (203) 846-9167 or (203) 846-8251.

RHODE ISLAND CANOE ASSOCIATION

Canoe racing and cruising on Rhode Island rivers. Paul Paradis, Pole 48, Scott Rd., Cumberland, RI 02864.

RHODES 19 CLASS ASSOCIATION

Promotes racing of the classic Rhodes 19 daysailer nationwide. George Lail, 22 West Shore Dr., Marblehead, MA 01945.

SEBAGO CANOE CLUB

Canoe and kayak paddling and sailing races and cruises in the metropolitan New York City area and elsewhere on scheduled outings. Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

SOUTHEASTERN MASS. AMC

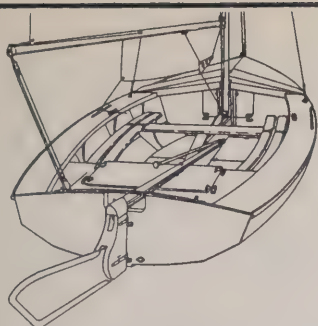
Canoe and kayak recreational paddling on southeastern Massachusetts rivers, estuaries and bays. Chuck Wright, 123 Chester St., N. Falmouth, MA 02556.

TSCA OF THE PEABODY MUSEUM

Monthly meetings of persons interested in all forms of small boating, at the Peabody Museum in Salem, MA, 1st Thursday evening of each month, September through June. Speakers, films, demonstrations, slide shows. Bob Hicks, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984, (617) 774-0906.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT ASSOCIATION

Promotes preservation, enjoyment of traditional small craft types, quarterly newsletter, organized meets. Ralph Notaristefano, 3 Jay Ct., Northport, NY 11768.



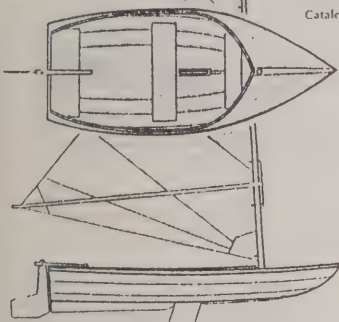
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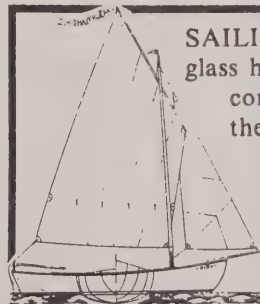
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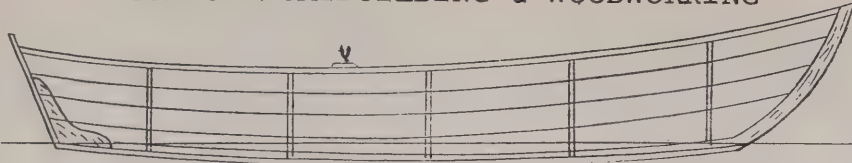
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WHITE OAK, 4/4 rough, clear stock, \$1.75 B.F. Heavy dimensions somewhat higher. Air-dried 6 years. Also, walnut, cherry. Price list: Shrewsbury Farms, Box 150, Princeton, KY 42445. 502-365-6119.

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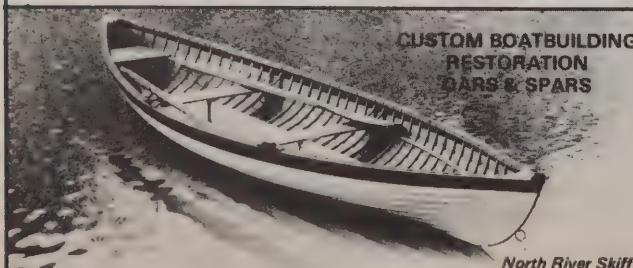
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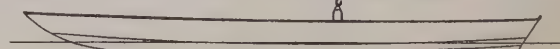


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Boatbuilding Directory

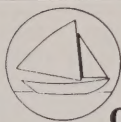
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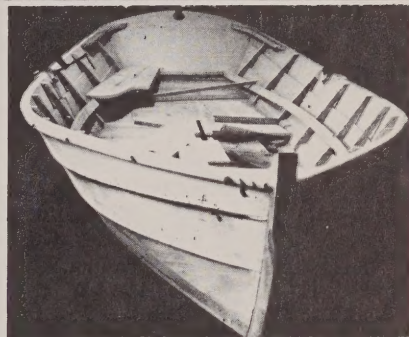
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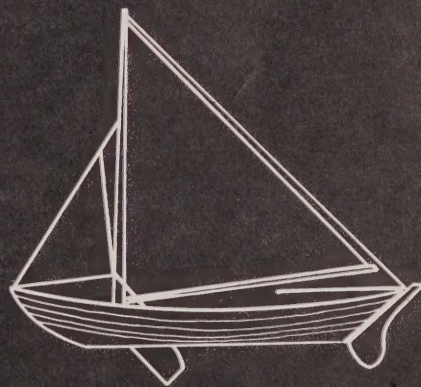


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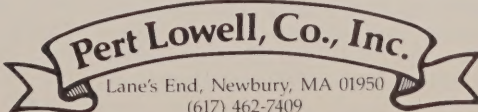
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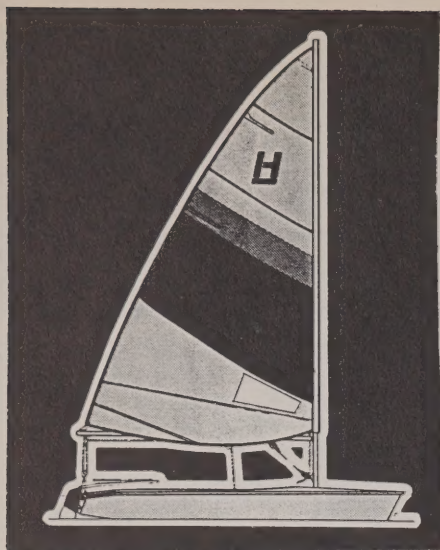
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JOHN MURACH, Dracut, MA, (617) 454-5927 eves. (16)

25' H. MANLEY CROSBY CATBOAT. Beautiful 1935 wood classic, mahogany planked on oak. Good condition with much recent upgrading. Completely equipped. \$20,000 or best offer.

DAVID B. CROSBY, Osterville, MA (617) 428-6690 after 6 PM. (16)

WANTED: Klepper Aerius II and/or sail rig.

JANICE & BILL LOZANO, Suffern, NY (914) 357-3448. (16)

WANTED: Klepper Aerius II Expedition spray cover/skirt.

WHITNEY AZOY, Lawrenceville, NJ (609) 896-0421. (16)

24' FIBERGLASS BANKS DORY. \$1,000.

STEVE WILLARD, Marblehead, MA (617) 631-7588 after 5:00 PM. (16)

WANTED: 1964-67, 19' Lyman Runabout in good condition; trailer for same.

DICK ELDRIDGE, Silver Lake, NH (603) 367-9989. (16)

17' HYDRA SEA RUNNER Sea Kayak red with black graphics. Progressed up to a "tippy" English kayak. Must sell. Includes: Aquaterra bow and stern flotation bags, CKS nylon adjustable spray skirt, vinyl cockpit travel cover, hatch kit installed. Custom extras installed: full deck and spare paddle lines, deck cleats, Ethafoam knee braces, Enso-lite padding on seat. Nice kayak for learning the basics and one of the better new plastic boats. New in April '86. First Sea Runner sold in Conn. Over \$800 invested. \$600.00 or b.o.

DON GORSKI, W. Hartford, CT (203) 521-7240. (16)

WINTER PROJECT: Summer fun 24' Bluenose Sloop. Novie built pine on oak. New coamings and rub rails. Complete sail inventory (some brand new). Fiberglass decks. Needs: New butt block and strake, some refastening, otherwise excellent. \$4,500. Custom trailer available.

F.B. CARR, Box 207, N. Berwick, ME 03906. Tel. (207) 676-9285. (16)



26' MONOMOY double ender lifeboat, converted to power, Atomic 4 cylinder inboard. New spray hood. Good condition. May be seen at 58 Pleasant Valley Rd. Amesbury, MA 01913. \$2,500.

DON LANGLEY, Amesbury, MA, (617) 388-3200. (16)

YANMAR MARINE DIESEL inboard engine Model 1GM10, one cylinder, 9 hp, with silencer, water-fuel separator, instrument panel. New. \$2,600.

DAVE JEWETT, W. Newbury, MA, (617) 356-2100 Mon-Fri days. (16)

TOWNIE GEAR: 1 set of sails, very good condition; 2 masts; 1 boom; 1 rudder; 1 tiller; 1 racing tiller; 1 set chainplates; 1 set (5) stays; 5 turnbuckles; boom blocks. One price for the lot, \$450.

DON LANGLEY, Amesbury, MA, (617) 388-3200. (16)

KLEPPER AERIUS II with spray skirts and cockpit cover. One year old with little use. \$1200.

MAYNARD BRAY, Naskeag Rd., Brooklin, ME 04616. (15)

CAPE COD FROSTY, brand new, will sell at discount or trade on a Snark, an inflatable, outboard motor, or what have you? Will deliver for the right deal..

MARTIN GARREN, JR., 34 Richmond Hill, Irvington, NY 10533. (16)



WINTER PROJECTS. Several wooden boats, all very restorable, at affordable prices as is. 18' Lightning sloop, \$750; 17' Townie sloop, \$750; 16' Matineus peapod, \$750; 18' wood/canvas canoe, \$250. Call for details.

BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (617) 774-0906. (15)

1971 CHRYSLER 55HP OUTBOARDS (2) for parts. Good starters, carbs, lower ends, etc. One lower end rebuilt. Will sell individual parts or as package cheap.

JOHN MURACH, Dracut, MA, (617) 454-5927 eves. (16)

GRAY MARINE 4 cylinder with 2:1 reduction gear, Model #22. Starter and generator bench test okay. Have carburetor, needs flame arrestor and manifold (present one repaired, but ???). 1" bronze shaft 4'6" long; propeller 13" diameter three blade (pitch not known); strut bearing; shaft log; rudder, arm, shaft and bearing all bronze. Good rebuilding project. As is, where is, on stand, \$325.

STAN DZIEMA, S. Walpole, MA, (617) 668-3879. (15)

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. (15)

Looking for a Boat or Gear?



16'4" KEEL CATBOAT, wooden. Cabin holds stove, sink, two bunks. New sail cover and boat cover. Included is '85 2hp Suzuki. She's in good condition and with good sail, nice pocket cruiser. \$4,500. GEORGE MILLIKEN, Carver, MA, (617) 866-4749. (14)

DINGHY MOLD. 7-1/2' Allied Yacht Co. Dingy Mold. Includes thwart insert, daggerboard insert, receiving mold. I don't have time to use. Excellent sailing dinghy. Good business opportunity. Professionally built. \$2000.00. STAN STOKOWSKI, 824 Broadway, West Cape May, NJ 08204. (15)

17' KEE-WAY-DEN TRIPPER ROYAL-EX CANOE with wood trim \$425.00. STANTON SIMM, Stonington, CT (203) 535-1337. (15)

BRITISH SEAGULL. 40 plus short shaft outboard \$225.00. STANTON SIMM, Stonington, CT (203) 535-1337. (15)

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1980 16' HERRESHOFF DOUBLE PADDLE CANOE/KAYAK. cedar/oak built by Walt Simmons. \$500.00 firm. GENE GIFFORDS (516) 277-1643 after 6 PM. (15)



CATBOAT GARFIELD. Marked down for quick sale! Bolger's Mouser design, 16'x6.5'x15". Wood/epoxy construction. 182 sq. ft. tanbark sail, gaff rig. 4hp Merc, all equipment needed to sail. Trailer. This is a fast and able sailer that eats many 22 footers for breakfast. Excellent for chasing whales, camping, catching bluefish and beaching on the local sand bar. Now just \$4,500!

RICHARD ZAPF, Georgetown, MA, (617) 352-6135. (15)

15' REAL KING ISLAND ESKIMO KAYAK. Circa 1880 - Sea skin cover - \$1500.00.

17'4" SEAFARER SPRINT, hatches - bulkheads - rudder. Fiberglass demo. \$900.00

UNNACK ICE FLOWS (2) - Both with hatches, bulkheads and pumps. Fiberglass. \$575.00 and \$400.00. Phone calls only.

DOUGLAS BUSHNELL (716) 434-5755 anytime. (15)

14' CHESTNUT wood/canvas canoe, very light, no canvas. Needs repair to stemheads, breasthooks and ends of gunwales, several cracked ribs, and recanvassing. A nice, light, classic. \$250.

BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (617) 774-0906. (15)

NEW 1986 MARINER OUTBOARDS, 2hp - \$359; 5hp - \$775; 8hp - \$898; 9.9hp - \$1,195; 15hp - \$1,295.

WALT GIBSON, Dracut, MA, (617) 957-1284. (15)

PEINERT FASTART 16 sliding rigger recreational rowing boat, fiberglass, very stable and sturdy. Slightly used demo. \$1,200.

LYDIA GREW, W. Newbury, MA (617) 363-2906. (16)



16' SAILING PEAPOD, fiberglass, new in 1984. Includes sprit sail rig, Shaw & Tenney oars, electric motor with battery, custom cover, head, Cox trailer. A classic. Asking \$2,800.

DON CURRY, W. Buxton, ME, (207) 727-3378, Thurs.-Sun. or evenings. (16)



17' DIRIGO sea touring fiberglass kayak, 1983. Equipped with rudder, paddle, spray skirt, custom-made backrest and canvas cockpit storage cover. In nearly new condition. Asking \$900.

BILL PAGE, 26 Sea St., Camden, ME 04843, (207) 236-2383 days, (207) 236-4656 eves. (16)

WOODWORKING TOOLS. Large, heavy wood lathe, Parker Bros., needs motor, \$200. Jointer, \$50.

KEVIN MARTIN, Epping, NH, (603) 679-5153. (16)

22' SAILBOAT. Cedar on oak, hard chine, centerboard. Roomy cabin, nice lines. Cotton sails in good condition. Needs caulking, some refastening, paint and minor repairs. The hull is sound and most of the tedious sanding and stripping is done. \$500 or best offer.

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