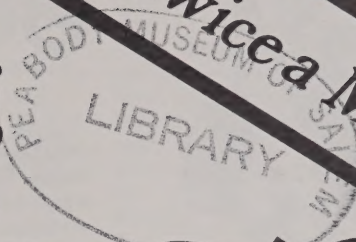




messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!



Volume 5 - Number 16

January 1, 1988





messing about in BOATS

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PUBLISHER & EDITOR: BOB HICKS

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TIME YOU DO NOT FEEL YOU ARE
GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH,
JUST LET US KNOW, WE'LL RE-
FUND YOU THE UNFULFILLED POR-
TION OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
PAYMENT.



Our Next Issue...

Will continue with a longish
list of newsworthy articles, includ-
ing some now promised for several
issues, others just received. Quite
a few "cruises" on hand. On Euro-
pean canals, on the Essex River,
sailing from Juneau to Seattle,
heading south for winter, paddling
a far north wilderness river, row-
ing to Alaska, island camping in a
dory, river cruising to allay fantas-
ies, etc. Some stuff on designs
and building. Two sloops designed
over cocktails, a budget 10' kayak,
keeping water out of wood, etc.
More Townie adventures by Tom,
"In Favor of Single-Handed Rac-
ing". More nostalgia from the '30's.
More than'll ever fit, but there's
another issue coming right along.

On the Cover...

Michael Pedneau's GYPSY at
rest on a North Carolina lake in
January a year ago suggests that
winter isn't icebound for everyone.

Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**

A new year awaits, and oppor-
tunities abound. Contemplating
these thoughts can bring on instant
weariness for those of us well into
middle age, but I fend off such
negative reactions and once again
rev up new hopes for the new year.

My major hope for 1988 is for
a substantial increase in the num-
ber of subscribers to this little
magazine. Yes, same old business
drone, more readers, more income,
etc. It's not a greed trip, but more
of an "it would be so nice to have
more subscribers" sort of notion.
We now have right around 2,000, a
tidy number for which I am most
appreciative. But the number that
makes this little periodical more
realistic from the "paying the way"
point of view is more like 3,000.
Quite a jump. Yes, and a long time
coming, too.

I had been involved too many
years in small publications to have
held the overly optimistic hopes
many who start small magazines
have for a rush of like-minded
folks signing on as subscribers. I
was aware of the entrenched skepti-
cism out there in readerland to-
wards any new publication and its
chances for survival. Most don't
survive, but fail all too soon as
the skepticism itself creates the
failure, "I'll not subscribe right
away as maybe it'll fail," and so it
fails.

Well, knowing all this from
experience, I waited out that fail-
ure period and here we are 112 is-
sues later still at it. What has
been the one major conundrum is
the question of how to get the ma-
gazine into the hands of those most
likely to enjoy it enough to want
to risk 15 big dollars on a sub-
scription. The normal way, renting
mailing lists and sending out
thousands and thousands (even tens
of thousands) of promotional pack-
ets was beyond my resources,
there's no million dollar promo
budget behind this effort.

I did rent lists from people
like WOODEN BOAT and SMALL
BOAT JOURNAL, and built up lists
of people who belonged to small

boat groups and attended meets. I
handed out thousands of copies at
boat shows. I sent sample copies to
any and all requesting them. Out
of all this was built the present
2,000 readership level, and you all
deserve a thank you for believing.
Yet, that represents maybe 10% of
the people who have seen a copy in
four and a half years. Obviously
no big rush to sign up.

So, what do I do now in 1988
to add another 1,000? I'm somewhat
out of new approaches, I do keep
on plugging away at those men-
tioned with a continuing trickle of
new readers resulting. And, in-
creasingly, I get subscriptions
from people who saw your copy or
heeded your urgings. Many of you
have obviously become salesmen for
us, and this I particularly appreci-
ate. Some of you sign on new read-
ers with gift subscriptions. You
must realize how important that is
to me, not just the added \$15 or-
ders but the thought behind your
action.

So, while we're in the early
year, mid-winter doldrums for mes-
sing about in boats, I'm going to
make a pitch right now to all of
you to consider for a moment if you
know somebody you think would en-
joy MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS. If
you do, send me names and addres-
ses, I'll send them sample copies
and ask for subscriptions. Loan or
give them one of your copies. Per-
suade them, even, to subscribe if
you are that fervent in your be-
lief. Ask me for extra free copies
to hand around. I can use your
help. Even 10% of you being able to
get us another subscriber would
add 200, a nice start on that 1,000.

I'll not be just sitting back,
having asked for your help, but
will be carrying on pursuing all
possible prospects. I know they're
out there because the letters I get
out of the blue often say, "I had
no idea that your little magazine
was around, please sign me up."
They were ready but hadn't yet met
us. So, your introductions on our
behalf will certainly help.

SOME INFORMATION ABOUT MAIL DELIVERY OF "BOATS"

Just about every issue we mail out suffers from scattered non-delivery, and sub-
scribers call or write to us about the issue they haven't received yet. I thought it was
time to discuss the subject.

Amongst the reasons you may not get a copy at all are routine loss in the mailing
system, misfiled mailing stencil here, or your moving without letting us know. Bulk mail
does not get forwarded. Until I know where you've gone, I mail to your former address.
The P.O. then sends me an address change BUT it might be a couple of months before
they do. They don't hurry.

We'd like to suggest the following procedure for anyone looking for a missing issue.
Since we come out twice a month, wait until an issue following the one not yet received
arrives. Then we know its missing and not just late. Drop us a card, we'll send you re-
placements for any issues missing. If a month goes by with no copy arriving, let us
know. Even if the fault is not ours, we'll replace missing copies. So, not to worry!

MAINE MARITIME WINTER COURSES

Maine Maritime Museum has scheduled a winter of indoor courses related to boatbuilding.

MARINE CARVING with Greg Fisher, January 6th and 7th, evenings, 7 to 10 p.m.

RE-CANVASSING WOODEN CANOES with Rollin Thurlow, Saturday, February 6th, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Registration fee is \$35, class limit is 10. Further information at (207) 442-7401.

BOATBUILDING THEORY & PRACTICE course with Arno Day is of a different scale of opportunity, this long run will start Saturday, January 9th and run fifteen consecutive Saturdays through April 16th, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. with a one hour lunch break. In this way a three week course can be offered to those unable to take three consecutive weeks away from the real world. Tuition is \$600, including all necessary materials. A semi-dory skiff will be built to provide hands-on experience in all aspects of traditional building. For registration and information, (207) 442-7401, or write Maine Maritime Museum, Shipyard Office, Washington St., Bath, ME 04530.

SEA PEARL NATIONALS

The Sea Pearl is a 21 foot beach cruiser designed and built by Ron Johnson's Marine Concepts of Tarpon Springs, Florida. Yet even such an unprepossessing craft as this now has its own "nationals". Fortunately, the organizers retained their perspective on it all, and the 24 Sea Pearls that turned out in early November for the big event at Panama City, Florida, indulged in competition appropriate to the nature of the boat.

Like the "Pearl Stuffing" contest. A fellow named Kern Thomas from Louisiana sailed his Sea Pearl out and around the mark with 21 people and a dog aboard, 3,310 pounds in all, all above deck!

The "Treasure Hunt" required much flashing of oars on St. Andrews Bay as the wind died and motors were prohibited to contestants searching the Bay for treasures. It ended as a foot race up the beach with George and Pat Jefferies of Tarpon Springs having the longest legs.

After some conventional racing around the buoys won also by the Jefferies, the combo race requiring a sailing leg, a rowing leg and an "anything goes" leg, went off with Kent and Mary Tomaselli of Atlanta, Georgia, winning for the second year.

Sounds like Sea Pearl folks know how to have good times. Marine Concepts is located at 159 Oakwood St. East, Tarpon Springs, FL 34689, if you'd like to know more about their boats.

HAPPENINGS

ULTIMATE YACHT RACE

In the wake of the media blitz of the America's Cup last year, based mostly on the "getting our cup back" quasi-patriotic fervor Dennis Connor's campaign generated, an organization entitled The Classic Cup Foundation has sprung up in Mystic, Connecticut, in order to sponsor next October the third, and final, regatta in the 1988 Ultimate Yacht Race Series. This is also a follow-up development from America's Cup fever and is a three race professional yacht racing series that will be offering \$1 million to the winners of each event.

Two boat types will compete: The Ultimate 30 is a new design just for the series, and the supporting class will be the established J-24. Organizers hope to attract the world's top yacht racing talent with the big dollars and prestige they are planning to offer. The news release wrapup quote sums up the dream:

"The combination of world class racing, huge crowds, millions of dollars in prize money, TV coverage and numerous shoreside activities promises to generate America's Cup type atmosphere at each of the three regatta sites."

1988 CANOE SYMPOSIUM

Nothing like getting the word out early. L.L. Bean has announced that its 3rd Annual Canoe Symposium will take place on June 10-12, again at Camp Winona on Moose Pond in Bridgeton, ME. If you want real early info, request it from Maine Canoe Symposium, L.L. Bean, Inc., Freeport, ME 04033, (800) 341-4341, ext. 7800.

TIME PASSAGE RITES

Michael Blunt of Richmond, Virginia, owns a Lightning sloop on which he built a small cabin last summer (see August 15th issue), and despite an itinerant career as a travelling musician, did manage to get in some fall sailing; wrapping it up as follows:

"Just dragged the Lightning out for the winter, fluky weather with below freezing temperatures one week and the 60's the next made me too nervous to keep after it much longer.

I did have a marvelous birth-day celebration in early November when I hit the "Big 40 Milestone" and was joined by my best friend Eileen, down from Annapolis, on the classic night sail on the bay with an almost full moon, bottle of wine, perfect southeast breeze at 15 knots, easy swells..."

SOME NICE TRIPS

Reader Bob Beckwith of Ipswich, Massachusetts, found some inspiration for outings on these pages:

"Your article on Dick Mitchell's steamboat meet in Hinsdale, New Hampshire, in the November 1, 1986, issue intrigued me, so this past summer, my wife and I followed the directions in that article and visited his dock in our Folbot. Nobody was home and we didn't have time to explore, but it was a nice trip (on the Connecticut River just above the Vernon, VT, dam). The map confused me and I started upriver on one dead end and paddled back out and around the big island, quite a chore in the wind that was blowing. Coming back I portaged the twenty feet over the neck of the island and was back in no time.

During the same vacation, we camped at Bantam Lake, Connecticut, and paddled up the Bantam River until stopped by a beaver dam under construction. I went back at daybreak and sat still at a bend in the river while three beavers played around me and one cut a sapling and swam across right in front of me. He saw me and dived just as I snapped his picture. This is a perfect area for nature paddlers.

Back in June while in Nova Scotia, we took a ferry to Tanook Island, where I talked with a man who claimed kinship to the Langille who built the first Tanook Whaler. Interesting.

I appreciated your October 15th issue on two counts. I have spent much time on Hood's Pond mentioned in your "Return of a Herreshoff" article, over the years, Folbotting, fishing, swimming, ice skating and running RC model boats. And the Poke Bote article prompted my wife and I to hike in to Crooked Pond. It's a nice hiking area but I'd not want to carry my Folbot in that far.

Sometime some articles on old time sailing in square riggers would be welcome."

GREAT LAKES WOODEN BOAT SCHOOL

For those readers within reach of South Haven, Michigan, boat-builder Michael Kiefer is scheduling a winter-long series of boat-building classes, week-long courses, one-day workshops, and a custom one-week class at any interested school location. There's no affiliation with WOODEN BOAT magazine's Wooden Boat School, despite the name. For a listing of courses and details on scheduling, costs, etc. contact Michael Kiefer at Great Lakes Boat Building Co., 227 Prospect, S. Haven, MI 49090, (616) 637-6805.

A CHESAPEAKE FLEET

New subscriber Dusty Rhoades of Virginia Beach, Virginia, writes about his fleet and boatbuilding projects:

"I've procrastinated long enough, but it took seeing myself in that centerspread photo of the small craft race at St. Michaels (Nov. 1, 1987) to make me act on subscribing. Somehow that picture doesn't capture the true character of that race (it was a telephoto shot from a lighthouse tower, ED.). It was blowing half-a-gale and we were all looking mainly to finish! Our motto, which you missed in your report, became, 'I survived MASC-V'.

Besides the Li'l Pickle I raced at St. Michaels, I also own a Thayer Livery, EL TORO (in wood), a Rhodes 19 ('63), a self-designed and built 17.5' sliding seat scull and my 1984-85 winter project, hull #2 off Doug Martin's MOCKINGGULL, appropriately named LAUGHINGGULL. I hope to get the entire fleet back to Portsmouth, New Hampshire next summer when I retire from the Navy, and take in some small boat meets up New England way.

I strongly urge you to come on down to Urbanna, Virginia next May for the annual boat meet sponsored by the Urbanna Creek Rum & Rowing Appreciation Society. Take in the race for the coveted Cuban Bandera and the Pickle Nationals, for which a water buffalo trophy is awarded, giving the winner dispensation for all the 'bull' thrown for one year!. It's a Thayer original.

Dusty Rhoades, 905 Gen. Hill Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23454.

TRANS-MASSACHUSETTS PADDLE

Here's a novel adventure, a paddling trip across Massachusetts in a canoe. Not an easy thing to put together, as many of the rivers, particularly in the western part of the state, run north to south. But, Denny Alsup lives in Stockbridge in the far southwestern corner of the state, and he's decided to paddle to Boston to call attention to water quality in Massachusetts rivers.

Denny builds his own design stripper wooden canoes when the spirit moves him, one he built for his friend Robert Perkins, who used it this past summer on a solo paddle down Canada's remote northwest Back River.

He plans to start in late February as soon as rivers open up from winter ice and take six weeks, with lots of portages and enroute stopovers for media coverage of his findings. The windup will be on the Charles River in Boston where he'll be joined by area canoeists in a final "portage" from the River up to the State House on Beacon Hill for a final TV press conference. Interesting concept, and we'll be keeping close to it later in the winter.

LET'S GET SOME INTEREST IN ROWING GOING AROUND HERE!

Reader Bob Spatola of Philadelphia is so interested in developing some interest in rowing in his favorite area around Ocean City, NJ, that he's posted a \$100 prize

for anyone who'll go out and row around an nearby island in a faster time than he has established. The local newspaper picked up on it and here's what they had to say:

Rows around island, challenges others

A 57-year-old Philadelphia businessman has thrown down the gauntlet, exposing rather blistered palms, after rowing 22 miles around Peck's Beach Island last weekend.

Robert A. Spatola is challenging anyone to better his time of 5 hours 24 minutes 42 seconds and says he will pay \$100 to anyone who can.

A sporting goods representative, Spatola rowed around Ocean City, once beyond the inlet breakers never more than 300-400 yards off shore, in a 12-foot wooden lapstrake made by Shew & Burnham of South Bristol, Maine. Described as a classic Whitehall, Spatola's craft is similar to the boats used by lifeguards here.

Spatola, who has a home here on Pleasure Avenue, began his trip from the beach off Bay Road on the inside of the Great Egg toll bridge. He

rowed along the beachfront to Corson's Inlet, where he again encountered turbulence due to shoaling and had to come in on the Strathmere side of the inlet, catching and successfully riding in a wave.

That leg of his journey took 2½ hours while the trip through the back bay channels consumed 2 hours 50 minutes before he arrived back at his starting point. Total timespan: 10:28 a.m. to 3:52 p.m.

Spatola used 7-foot spoon oars and the rowing caused blisters on his hands; perhaps elsewhere too since the boat seats are stationary, not the sliding devices used in racing shells.

Spatola, who began rowing about in the bay last year, has been trying to interest others in friendly, competitive rowing; "little 5-miles jobs in the bay," he says.

Now he's on the record. Any takers?

AND NOW, MORE COPS

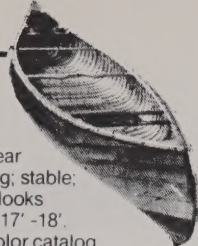
Seen at the Mighty Merrimack Rowing Race in September was this interesting "enforcement" craft. It appears to be a local Newburyport

Police boat, just what the guys aboard it do remains a mystery to me. Checking out holding tank use around the harbor, perhaps?



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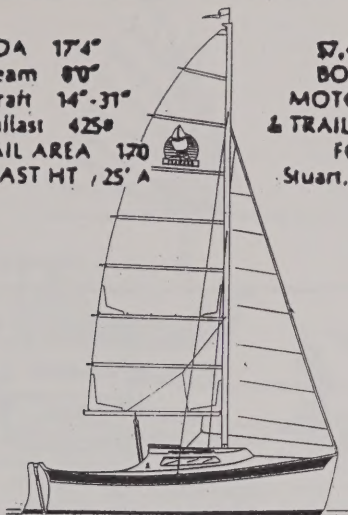
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Starboard Yacht also makes sister ships SEAWARD 22 and SEAWARD 24. See at your local dealer or send \$2 for illustrated brochure to: STARBOARD YACHT CO, 4550 SE Hampton Ct, Stuart, FL 34997.

ADVENTURES IN A TOWNIE



The long running series we've all enjoyed by Tom McGrath about his adventures in a recalcitrant Townie sloop has now been put together in book form for ease of enjoyment anywhere. The softcover book of 220 pages is profusely illustrated with Tom's sketches and maps and includes thirteen stories originally published in MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS over the past two years. At 5.5"x8.5" it fits easily anywhere. Tom had the book printed himself and it is available for \$6 postpaid from Tom McGrath, 11 Severance St., Lynn, MA 01904.



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ADVENTURES IN A TOWNIE

By Tom



Across the Bay



6 TRASH BAGS

I rowed the Townie to the dock, loaded six trashbags of supplies, raised the sail, and cast off at 9:00 a.m. I set the whisker pole. The jib to port and the main to starboard, sailing wing-and-wing out of the harbor before a gentle northwesterly wind. It was a fine sunny summer day and churchbells rang a farewell.



WING ON WING

Three miles offshore the wind stopped. The weather changes quickly in New England, I've been told. So, to occupy the time, I ran out the oars and rowed with a steady, determined stroke. Two



ROWING

hours later, Graves Light was still ahead. What was the tide doing? I should know, but I never do. I looked for the charts to see how far Graves Light was from shore. I couldn't find them. I took everything else and forgot the charts!



GRAVES

"The hell with them," I shouted, "primitives don't need charts."



ABORIGINE

The boat added, "That's right, we'll find out where we are when we get there."

You're becoming more like me," I tell the boat, "and I'm becoming a wooden sailor."

Taking a rest from the oars, I opened a jar of applesauce and looked for a spoon. I didn't have a spoon. Six bags of supplies and I



NO SPOON

didn't have a spoon. I began to wonder what else primitives could do without. The lobster boat DEBRA LEE came alongside as I was trying to suck applesauce out of the jar.

"Where are you bound?"

"Melbourne."

"How long will it take you?"

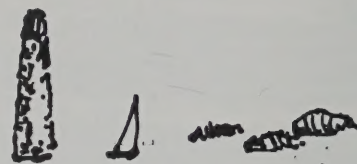
"Don't know."

He laughed. "Have a good trip."



SPEAKIN THE DEBRA LEE

The boat pulled away. We reached Graves at noon. A light easterly wind came up. Minots Light was ahead. A single monolith standing on the horizon. I've sailed by it at night and never failed to be startled by that luminous eye rearing out of the water. All the buoys, bells, horns, aids and markers seem to be creatures of the sea at night. They moan and honk and groan. Rolling like they're walking toward you. Or rocking in a chair, waiting patiently. We sailed between Minots and the shore.



DAMN FOOL

"Damn fool," the boat reminds me, "the light is there to tell you to keep outside of it. There's rocks in here."

"I don't see any," I tried to re-assure the boat.

"They're here and if my bottom hits one you'll be as aboriginal as you'll ever get."

"If I remember rightly, there's three rocks in a row somewhere near here."

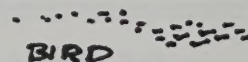
"Where?" the boat asks.

"I don't know where."

"Three rocks, that's useful information."

"Stop worrying. A little bit of nerve and a lot of luck will carry us through anything."

A small yellow bird lands on the jib sheet, then hops on the foredeck.



BIRD



"Stay aboard this lucky ship awhile and rest up."

"Can't, Got to stay up with the flock."

"They migrating?"

"More like commuting, rush, rush, rush."

"Stay aboard, we'll be in port soon, then you can hop ashore."

"Sounds fine, but..." the bird panted, dejectedly. Then it flew straight up, became a dot, and disappeared.

Soon a strong flood tide carried us by the entrance buoy and into the channel of Scituate Harbor.

"How far should we go in?" I asked the boat.

"Until we see something," the boat said.

People in the nearby boats stopped staring. Seclusion at last.



CHANNEL

"I hate entering strange ports. I never know where to go," I admitted. When we couldn't go any further, we turned and headed back out.

"Grab anything," the boat commanded.

I did, and just as I'm taking the sail down, a giant sportfisherman hovers over me with a smiling helmsman. "This yours?" I ask.

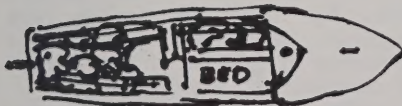


YOURS?

He shakes his head, telling me it is, and adds, "Take your time, I'll radio the harbor master."

I cast off quickly, thinking to myself, I'm in trouble, this must be a private club. Before I can escape, the Harbor master whizzes by telling me to take a mooring he points out. "Be back later," he says.

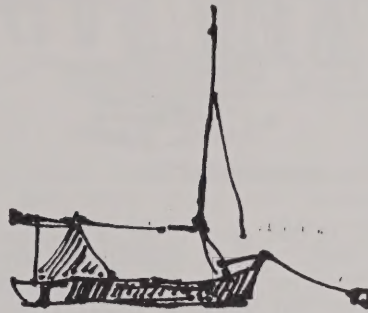
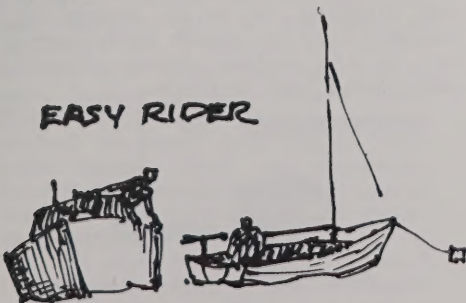
He returns after I've laid out all my comforts. Floorboards and oars laid across the seats, then lifejackets and sails on top, crowned with a sleeping bag, a lantern and a can of cold beans.



COMFORTS

He gives my creature comforts a casual glance and exclaims, "I can't charge you for a mooring, anyone who would go camping out with that outfit deserves a free mooring. Just mention my name sometime, 'Easy Rider'." He roared off.

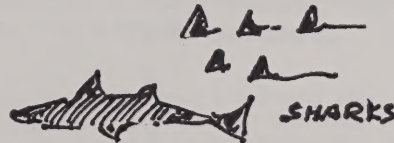
EASY RIDER



SACKED OUT

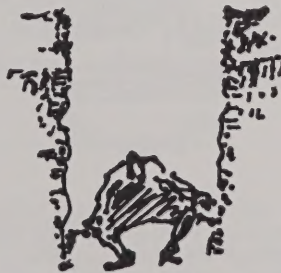
I sacked out and awoke at 6:30, stowed everything, and cast off on an ebbing tide. I never know when the tide is high or low, but it always seems right for us. There are only a few boats active this early. People nod to one another rather than talk and break the silence. Soft choral music from the radio makes me feel good at the beginning of a great day.

Outside the harbor, we start down the coast for Plymouth. Small fins surround the boat. Sand sharks. Miniaturized sharks.



SHARKS

They're beautifully designed fish. Not much thought of by fishermen, though. There is no wind now and a black and white buoy sits beside the boat. It's noon. I become depressed suddenly, like falling down a deep hole and slowly trying to crawl out. Green Harbor is to starboard.



BOTTOM OF THE HOLE

"Shall we spend the night there?" I ask the boat.

"I don't want to go through the embarrassment," the boat says.

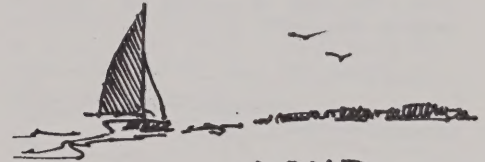
"And I don't want to go through the confusion," I say.

We wait until the wind appears. Seven hours of daylight ahead with roughly 23 miles of open water. East-southeast course. We start across the bay for Provincetown.



STARTING ACROSS

After a long pleasant sail, land appears off the bow. The wind picks up, whipping the sea into a chop.



LAND

I try to put a reef in the sail and it turns into a mess. I put a double reef in and it becomes a worse mess. I take the sail down and bend on the chicken sail, a half-sized main. The boat turns and runs before the wind, away from the Cape. I work frantically.



CHICKEN SAIL

"Throw out a drogue," the boat says.

"What the hell is a drogue?" I ask.

"Never mind, do what you're doing, you'll make it work. Nobody else could, but you will, eventually," the boat answers.

I pull the sail half up. The boom swings out. I lash the hal-yard and run back to the tiller. Sheet in and turn the boat into the wind, then run forward and haul the sail up taut. Now the boat seems to take the wind and chop better.

We sail full and by toward other boats making for Provincetown. They seem to be staying off the land quite a bit. We bear up into the wind as much as we can, driving into the chop, hoping to clear the land on this tack. I am tired, wet and cold, and beginning



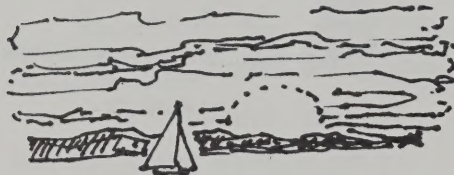
COLD, TIRED, GETTING SICK

to get the headache that precedes seasickness. My hands are shaking on the tiller and I begin to wonder



ARM OF THE CAPE

if I'm going to make it without heaving. The arm of the Cape stretches away to port. We clear the first bend on the same tack gratefully. The wind abates and the water calms in the lee of the land. The sun is setting in a spectacular sunset



ARM AT SUNSET

"Should I change the sail?" I ask the boat.

"Why."

"For appearance,"

"Be honest, sail in with the chicken sail."

We head for the breakwater in front of the town.

"Which way should I go around it?"

"To windward, then you can run down the channel inside it," the boat advises.

"Sensible."



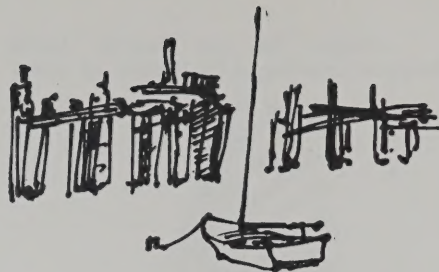
LOOK OUT!

As we round the breakwater the boat screams, "Watch out!" A large passenger boat is coming out, straight for us. We turn, staying close to the rocks. The other boat never changes course, strengthening my resolve to always make the evasive move because in most cases the other bastard won't.



AROUND THE WRECK

We sail by McMillian's Wharf and around a wreck, making for a broken down pier off the beach. I had anchored there on a previous trip. I was towed in then. We went in behind the pier, to hide the boat. Anchored and dropped the



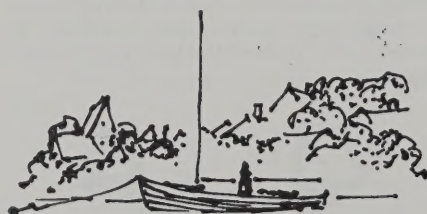
ANCHORED

sails. It felt good to be in port before dark. I had flashlights with no batteries and a lantern with matches that wouldn't light. I pulled up the centerboard and took off the rudder in case we grounded out on the ebbing tide. I laid out my bunk, threw the tent over the boom and heard the boat snoring before I sacked out.



SNORING BOAT

At sunrise I peeked out of the tent and saw that the boat was high and dry on the mud. I dozed off for a luxurious short nap, then got up and walked ashore for breakfast. I was sick of peanuts, water and beans. "I've got to get that boat to self-steer so I can eat."



DRY

I only ate half the breakfast, then rented a bicycle and pedalled to Wellfleet to see that town. When



TO WELFLEET

I returned, I ate another meal I couldn't finish. I returned to the boat where I found a note tacked to the trunk. "Come aboard HOME FREE, moored in the channel."



NOTE

I walked ashore again and caught a launch at the dock. We approached a 43 foot Caribbean cruiser. Ron was cooking shishebab on the afterdeck. Pam was tossing a salad. The other people in the launch looked at me and commented, "You came at the right time."



HOME FREE

"Yep," I murmured, regretting that I had eaten. I was cordially welcomed aboard, seated and handed a drink. "I just ate and can't eat a thing," I had to explain, "but it smells wonderful." The aroma was as good as eating it. "I found your note in the boat."

"We spotted your boat on the mud flats from the wharf. The plaid was glowing in the sun. I knew there was only one plaid boat in the world," Ted said.

"I tried to hide it behind the pier."

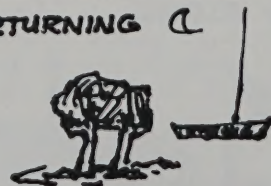
"Can't hide a plaid boat."

They ate, and I had another drink. By then the launch was alongside. "We'll tow you out of the harbor at sunrise if you want," Ron offered.

"With coffee and Danish," Pam added.

"That sounds good, but don't wait for me," I foolishly suggested. I was taxied ashore around 10 p.m., returned to the beach to find the boat afloat and quite a distance from the shore. I took off my clothes, held them above my head, and started walking out. Half way there the water was over my head and climbing up to my elbows. I couldn't hold my breath much longer, so the clothes turned around and headed back to shore.

RETURNING



I dressed and waited for the tide to drop. Midnight. I tried again and failed to reach the boat. 2:00 a.m. I tried again. With a longer breath and water to the wrists I reached the boat, dropped the clothes in, and pulled myself aboard. "There's got to be an easier way to get aboard."



REANCHORING

After drying off, I rowed out to deeper water to re-anchor. I didn't want to be on the mudflats at sunrise. The Town Hall chimed 3:00 a.m. "I'll never wake up at sunrise," I said to myself as I passed out.

"Get up," the boat commanded. Almost immediately I heard rain on the tarp. The sky was growing light. Perhaps I should go back to sleep.

"Get up."

I got up, stowed the tent and bedding, shipped the rudder, saw that I only had a foot of water beneath us, bent on the sails without raising them in light air, cast off and started rowing between the wharf and the wreck, where orange floats were strung across.

"That could be a chain," the boat warned.

"Taking another chance? So, when should that faze a fearless Townie?" I asked.

TAKING A CHANCE



We passed over them without mishap, to gain the channel. From there I can see HOME FREE to windward with her sails raised and someone forward near the anchor. I'm late. I raise the chicken sail, but couldn't sail to windward in the light air. I lowered the chicken sail and raised the full Townie sail, hoping someone aboard HOME FREE would spot it and wait. I wished we were gaff rigged with mast hoops. Give us character. Sailing in amongst the other moored boats, I lost sight of HOME FREE. Many sailboats were leaving.

"It must be on its way, too," I concluded. Then I saw it nearby weighing anchor. We sailed to its



PORT SIDE

port side. Ted lowered fenders. Bow and stern lines are secured and the tow begins. A short way out of the harbor, a few dolphins jump out of the water off the stern. Soon the waters around the boat are full of frolicking bottle-nose dolphins. Ted ran around topside with a camera.



DOLPHINS

"Never believe this even with pictures," he's screaming.

Pam grabbed the Townie shroud and it broke. "My God," she says, "I'm sorry."



BROKEN SHROUD

I try to console her. "The boat's always falling apart."

"My God," she says again. Then adds, "You're going to write a story about this trip and you'll say that I broke your shroud."

"That's right," I bantered, "I just write the facts. You broke my shroud."

Ron gave me a compass course of 325 degrees magnetic. Northwest, since I can't read the degrees on my compass. Pam hands me a spoon, matches, a thermos of chicken soup and all the leftovers from last night's meal. The engine is put in neutral while I climb aboard the Townie and repair the shroud with four shackles.

"There's water in your boat," Penny declares, horrified.

"There's always water in the boat, a leaking boat is more adventurous," I responded with bravado. We cast off lines at the outer buoy and separate. The sky is overcast with fog predicted. A beautiful sailing day. The sea is calm off Race Point in the early morning. The wind is on the port quarter. The whisker pole holds the jib out opposite the main, the boat tries to suref the following seas. We keep up with HOME FREE. I will have to steer attentively for ten hours to keep up.



KEEPING UP

"The hell with racing, I want to enjoy this sailing." So I take the pole down and ease the sails. "Relax," I tell the boat. HOME FREE sails away. The sky and sea are silver grey. We flush a flock of black-headed terns off the water. The radio falls into the bailing bucket and drowns. "Don't need it now, silence is the voice of the great spirit."

Minots Light is in the distance. The beckoning finger. The wind lightens, then disappears. I run out the oars and row, wondering if the tide is against us. Rain clouds are in the north. The sky keeps changing but the weather stays the same. The wind appears again at sunset. Graves Light is ahead now. I light the lantern and hang it from the boom. With no moon in the thick overcast sky, the night becomes pitch black. I stay on course heading for a red beacon at Shags Rocks off the coast of Nahant.

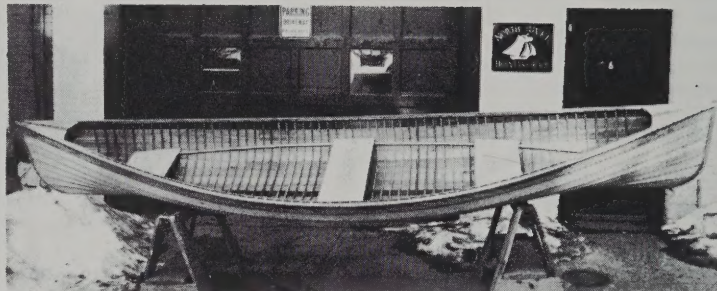
The wind disappears again. I row into the harbor and up to the dock of the Nahant Dory Club, 10:00 p.m., 14 hours for the crossing. I'm cold, tired and satisfied. Bill and Dave help me unload the boat. The cruise is fondly stored away in my memory. Dave offers to drive me home. "But you have to hurry, I've got to pick up my wife at beano in five minutes," he added.

The boat laughed. "Hurry back to your hurried life!"

DESIGNS

NORTH RIVER BOATWORKS

Rushton's Beautiful 14', 65-lb Pulling Boat
A Classic Reproduction



Back in the summer of '86 we did a story on the "inner city boatshop" operated in Albany, NY, by three boatbuilding partners, Howard Mittleman, Frank Houde and Daniel Sutherland. North River Boatworks is in a former garage on a residential side street right in downtown Albany, certainly a unique location for wooden boat building.

The story we did involved the custom building North River did of Dave Gerr's no compromise sloop, MADRIGAL. While North River welcomes custom building, they have evolved a modest line of stock boats of their own, three in all.

The North River Skiff was the first, a traditionally built rowing or sailing skiff intended to fit in between the delicate Adirondack Guideboat and the heavier St. Lawrence Skiff and Rangeley Lake Boat. It is 15'x3'9" and weighs just

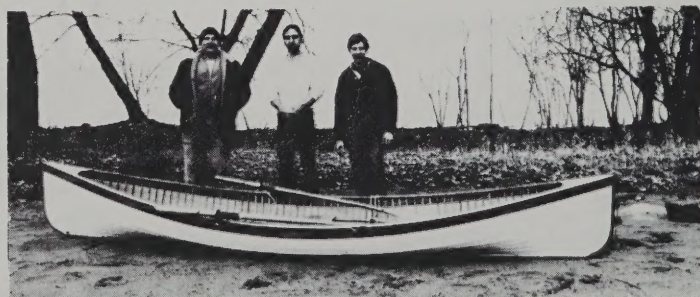
over 100 pounds in the rowing version. A decked sprit rigged sailing version completely rigged comes in at about 200 pounds. The hull is available as a double ender or wineglass transom type, and is built of lapstrake cedar planking over steam bent white oak frames.

Responding to the interest in sliding seat rowing, North River developed their Half Moon sliding seat boat, a modified dory hull that is shorter and wider and more stable than the typical recreational rowing shell, with room enough for carrying a passenger or extra gear if desired. Built of glued lapstrake plywood, epoxy coated inside and out, the Half Moon weighs about 65 pounds (hull weight), measures 18'2" LOA, 16'9" LWL, and 2'3" beam, drawing 4" with one person aboard. It is fitted with the Pian-tedosi Row Wing drop-in sliding seat rig. Watertight hatches are

fitted for dry gear stowage beneath the decks in the Fast Traveller version.

The most recent addition to the North River line is the Rushton Model 109 replica. Traditionally built of cedar planking on oak or ash framing, the Rushton is 14'2"x3'4", weighs about 70 pounds and is built in the same manner as Rushton built them 100 years ago. A set of handcrafted oars is included with an optional rudder and yoke assembly, just as offered by Rushton.

North River has a nice little catalog that details these boats, and their custom building and restoration services too, for \$2 to cover handling and postage. Request it from North River Boatworks, 6 Elm St., Albany, NY 12202, (518) 434-4414.



continuing the evolution of

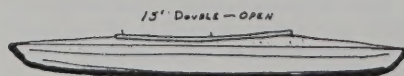
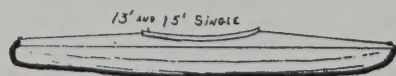
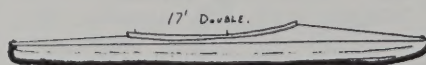
**the ADIRONDACK
GUIDE BOAT**

* TRADITIONAL FORM *
* HAND LAID FIBERGLASS *
* BARE HULLS * COMPLETE BOATS *
* OARS * STRIP-BUILT PLANS *

STEVE KAULBACK,

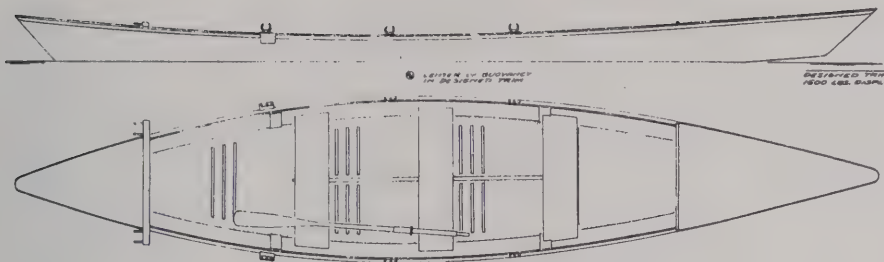
BOX #144, CHARLOTTE, VT 05445
(802) 425-3926

Wood/Fabric Kayaks



E.G. Ragsdale of Florence, OR, offers plans for several designs of home-built wood frame, fabric covered kayaks of roomy, cruising style. They require only ordinary locally available fir and plywood, some canvas, dope and paint, and simple hand tools. Four types are offered, a 17' double, a 15' open double and 13' and 15' singles. Full size patterns for frames and stems are included. Price per plan is \$23.50, for \$1 he'll send you a simple descriptive info sheet and sketches of the three basic designs. A.C.E., 5600 Alder Ct., Florence, OR 97439.

Budget Bateau



Elrow LaRowe's collection of Bolger-designed boat plans now includes a 25' BATEAU that can be built rather simply from ordinary plywood and lumber for any group of rowing enthusiasts who want to join in the multi-oared rowing racing in 1988. It looks something

like a downsized version of Bolger's NAVAL JELLY 30 footer (one of which I happen to have available) and is set up for three oarspersons to row, with a coxswain at a tiller to steer, either with single 9.5' sweeps or pairs of 7'7.5" oars. The BATEAU measures 25'6"x4'10"

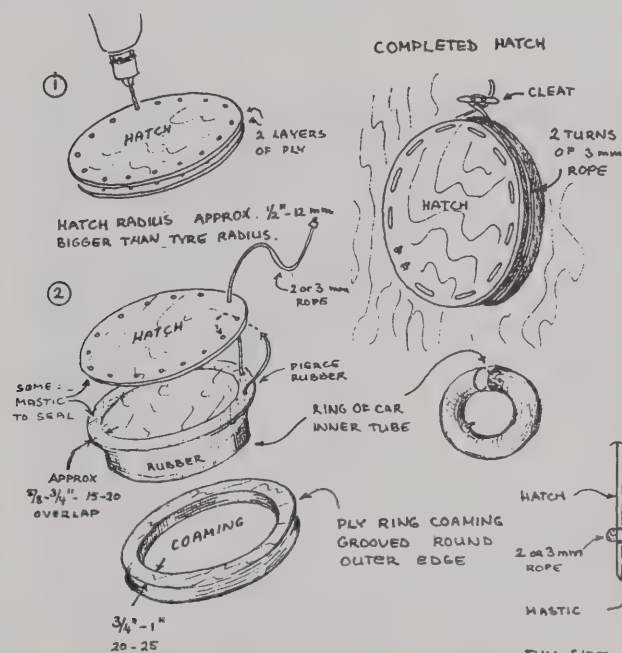
and is built of plywood, 1/4", 3/8" or 1/2", depending on your priorities vis-a-vis lightness versus ruggedness. My NAVAL JELLY is of 1/4" ply and weighs just over 200 pounds, not much for a 30', six-person pulling boat. So the 25 footer for three should be adequate in 1/4" ply if lightness is the objective.

The prototype was built in Philadelphia for a group of Special Olympic youths and a second one is under construction on the auditorium stage at a Stoddard Junior High School (location of Stoddard was not revealed in LaRowe's news item) by students at the school.

The plans are \$30 and include all necessary instructions, from Elrow LaRowe, 6911 Amarillo St., Port Richey, FL 34668.

Waterproof Hatch

Dave Stewart of Summit, NJ, sent on this detailed item on building an inexpensive waterproof inspection hatch for a sea kayak. It's from a British publication, THE SEA PEOPLE/SAILORMAN put out by James Wharram of seagoing catamaran fame.



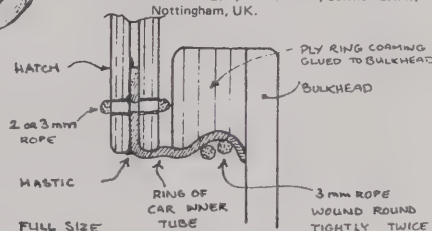
INSPECTION HATCHES by Hanneke Boon

I have often thought that the waterproof qualities of 'cheap' inspection hatches are not good enough. Even the ones with rubber O-rings are not always satisfactory and are often difficult to open. Inspired by seeing a new, specialist designed canoe hatch, I thought our builders could actually make their own, with the added advantage of being able to make them different sizes.

The size of the hatch is determined by the size of rubber ring. By using different size car or lorry inner tubes the size can be varied. I can even see them being made using a small bicycle inner tube in its entirety to make a bigger hatch.

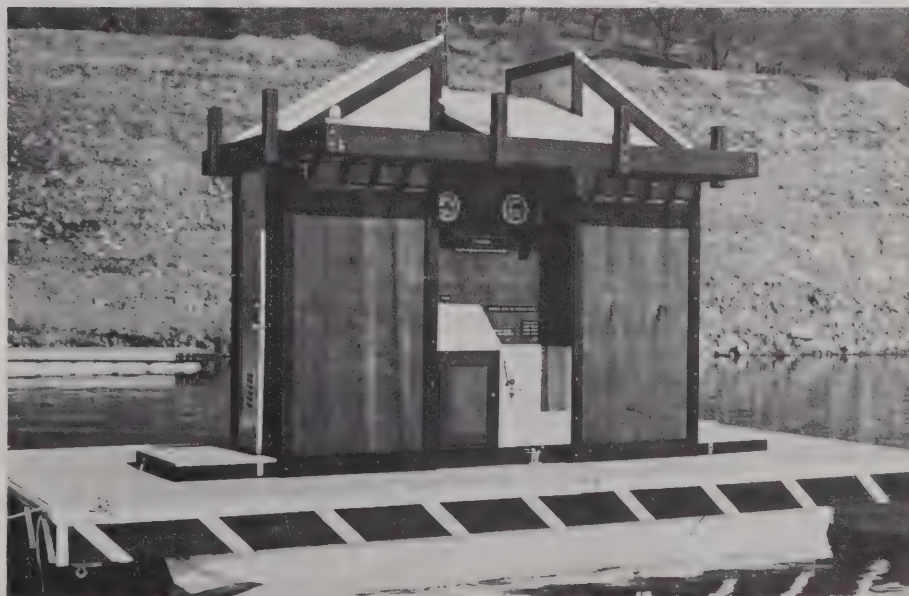
If anybody would like to suggest modifications or further ideas on this theme please let us know.

* V.C.P. watertight hatches by Valley Canoe Products Ltd., Private Rd 4, Colwich Estate, Nottingham, UK.



And now. . .

From California, where all new innovations arise, comes news of this latest convenience for small boat folks. Reader Charles Audet reports that the state of California's Department of Navigation and Ocean Development has launched the first of its floating restrooms. This vessel is 24' LOA, with a beam of 11' and a displacement of 500 gallons. It is fitted with deck cleats, an all-around fender, and an anchor light. The initial fleet of four will be located in various inland lakes and reservoirs used by small boats.



LOA 17'4"
 BEAM 8'0"
 DRAFT 19"
 BALLAST 425#
 SAIL AREA 170
 MAST HT 25' AWL

SEAWARD "FOX"

"A family daysailer with conveniences like a head - a cabin to duck into if there is a change in the weather - or turn into if an overnight adventure is desired".

Ron Leuvelink isn't your everyday fiberglass sailboat salesman, despite his efforts at promoting interest in the products of the Starboard Yacht Company of Stuart, Florida. Ron's the man who sent us the original copy of ADVENTURES DOWN THE BAY for our serialization (and now reprinting). He's got a big collection of old boating books and a long entrenched love of messing about in boats. When he got us aboard the 17' Starboard SLIPPER at the Small Boat Show a couple of years ago to show me the details of the incredibly spacious little cruiser, I had to admit that here was a small fiberglass sailboat that indeed had some personality.

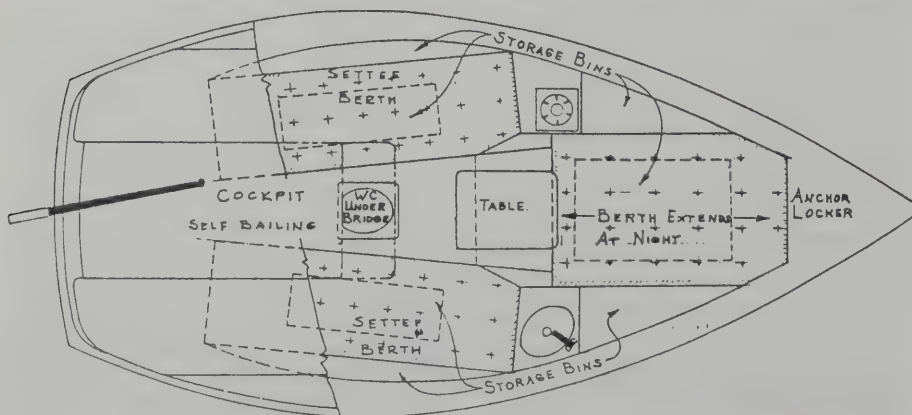
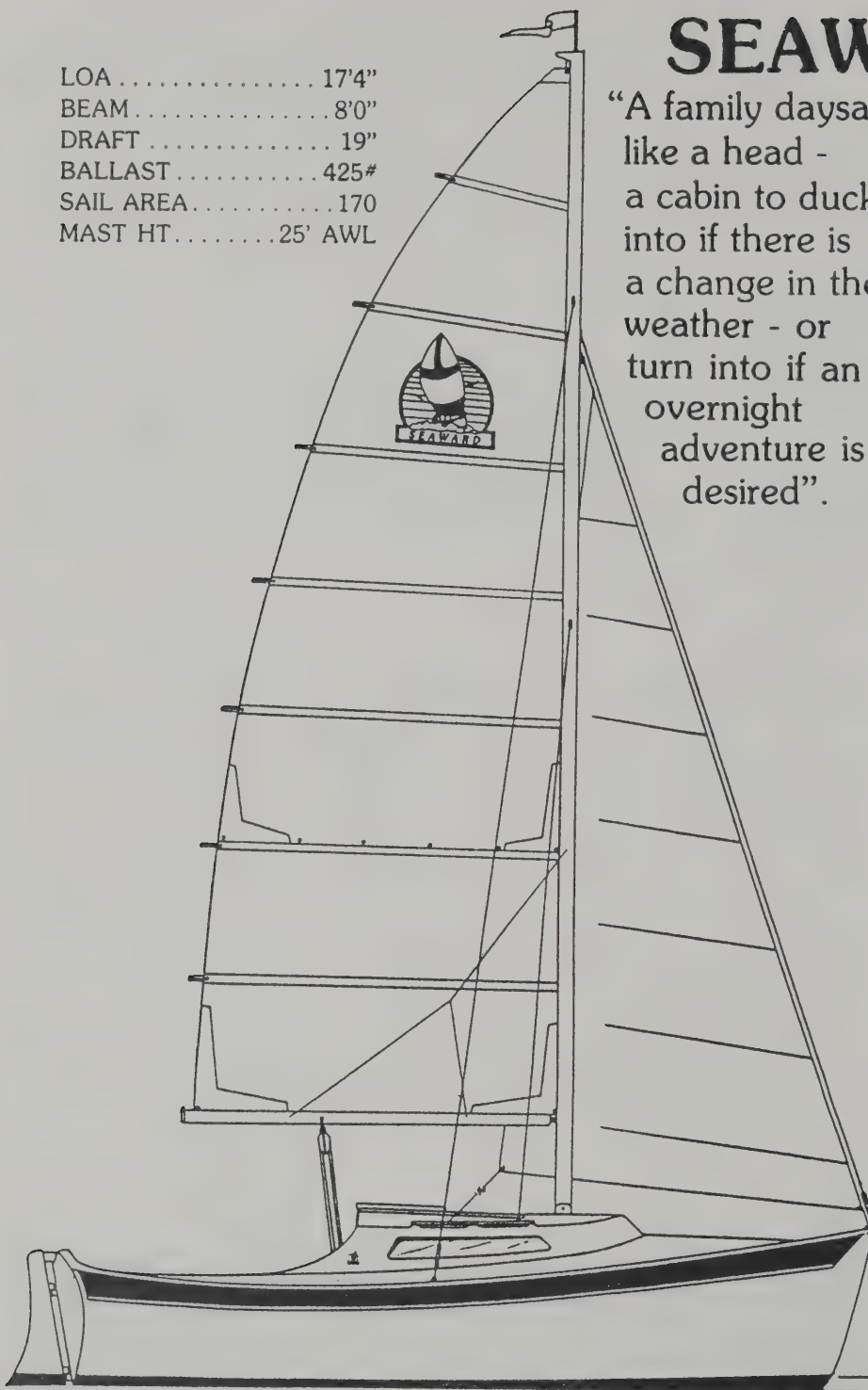
Starboard has now further refined the SLIPPER and renamed it the SEAFOX. A major change is the re-rigging of it with a fully battened mainsail, and self-tending jib, to further enhance the maneuverability for gunkholing in tight quarters. A winged shallow draft keel provides a 19" draft and the boat can be safely beached on the keel in that depth of water. The 17'4" LOA and 8' beam give it catboat proportions despite its sloop rig.

The enormous beam on so short a boat provides all the room for a cabin with three bunks, private head arrangement, dining table setup, and lots of storage nooks to minimize clutter. Even with the cabin house, the SEAFOX can accommodate six for daysailing. Overnighting is possible for a family of four in comfort.

It's a fat little boat, yet Ron claims it sails rather well. The entry is fine forward despite the plump hull lines, the winged keel improves upwind ability, the beam plus 425# of fixed lead ballast makes a very stiff boat that stands up to strong winds safely. It's unsinkable due to its closed cell foam flotation.

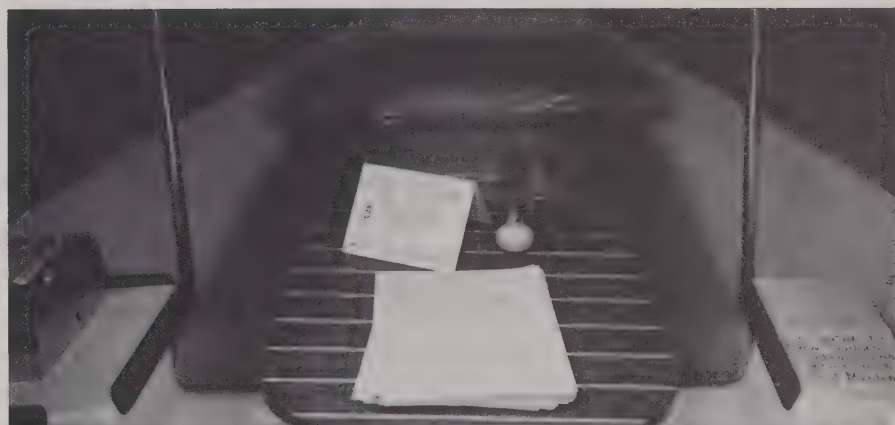
The overall best part in our view is the "package" deal. The SEAFOX comes to you for \$7,495 (FOB Stuart, FL) on its own galvanized custom trailer with waterproof lights and wheel bearings, has its auxiliary outboard with controls and fuel tank all in place, is fitted with required navigation lights, and has the standard sail complement of fully battened main and jib (130% genoa). At 1250# the boat can be trailered by smaller 4 cylinder cars.

If you'd like a brochure, request the Seaward SEAFOX brochure from Starboard Yacht Company, 4550 S.E. Hampton Ct., Stuart, FL 34997.





verbal "walk" through the cabin



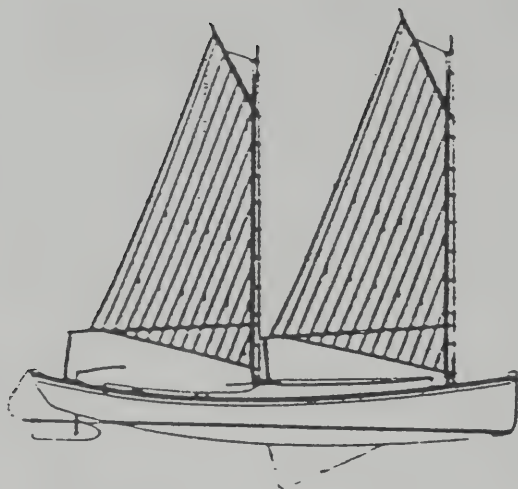
Above: A trim little cruiser underway. Despite cabin space, cockpit is roomy and deep. Bow pulpit and bowsprit is an optional accessory package.

Right: The interior set up for dining and for sleeping.

The brochure describes the accommodations thusly:

"When looking below from the cockpit, there is a visual sense of space made possible by the 8' beam and high freeboard. There is a designed-in lack of clutter. The cabin sole and bunk platforms are in one molded piece. This imparts additional strength to the hull and eliminates dirt accumulating crevices. Cabin cushions are waterproof nautical material that's washable. The overall color scheme is blue and white with teak trim.

During the day the two aft quarter berths and the vee berth forward serve as settees around a cabin table. A stove is located to port and a built-in sink to starboard. The toilet is under the bridge step. The cabin is loaded with nooks and compartments molded in for protection alongside and under each bunk, and there's an anchor locker in the forepeak; a total of nine separate compartments. The ice chest is under the tiller and doubles as a cockpit serving table.



Vincent Gilpin's book, *THE GOOD LITTLE SHIP*, is all about the Presto type sharpie of Commodore Munroe, developed for use in shallow Florida waters when the mail still got delivered around Miami by boat. A chapter in which shoal draft seaworthiness is discussed was sent to us by reader Ed Rogers of Norwalk, Connecticut, and we thought it well worth some space in this issue.

Shoal Draft Seaworthiness

COMMODORE MUNROE'S paper (page 19) expresses well what experience has confirmed for many of us: that the PRESTO-boats have material *advantages* over the heavy keel boat in rough water. With less weight they lift over the waves instead of driving through them; when hit by a breaking crest they dodge away from the blow (like a boxer who "rolls with the punches") instead of standing to be hammered, locked by a deep keel in relatively still water and the inertia of great weight. This materially relieves strain and makes for survival; also it keeps a lot of green water off the deck, while both heel and roll are moderate and comfortable.

In the minds of many sailors, even those of some experience, there is one point which governs their thinking about stability. This is that low ballast and lots of it is the certain way to get stability. This is quite true, yet very misleading if thoughtlessly accepted. While extremely low ballast is the *obvious* way to get stability, it is not at all the *only* way. We need to learn the characteristic action of both outside and inside ballast.

The keel racer relies not on hull form but on deep lead to counteract heel due to wind pressure. Its value at small angles of heel is slight, making the boat tender in light winds, but it increases with the heel and reaches its maximum when mast is horizontal. Thus she will "sail on her ear," heeling perhaps 20° in normal breezes or double that in squalls—which means that she is easily forced beyond her sailing lines and that comfort on board is "gone with the wind." However, the skipper consoles himself with reliable stability and makes the best of it.

If you then suggest shoal draft, he will shudder and cry "safety first!" with thought of sand-bagger or sharpie in mind, which depends on quite a different feature for primary stability—namely, the *shift of her center of buoyancy* to leeward as she heels. This, with her flat floor and hard bilges, develops quickly, and she sails at a moderate angle of heel. However, if she gets a bad knock-down, there is no reserve of righting moment and she stays down.

THE PRESTO-boats, as Commodore Munroe emphatically states, are not skimming dishes. They combine the good points of deep and shoal, getting their initial stability from hull form, like the sharpies, and their ultimate stability from ballast—inside, but low enough and heavy enough to give a substantial righting moment when knocked down on beam ends. To get this they have double or more the sharpie draft, and PRESTO on 35' w.l. carried 4½ tons inside. Proportionately, the Good Little Ship should have 2½ tons under her floors to bring her back from the horizontal—if you ever succeed in putting her there. And a great factor in stiffness when heeled is flare above waterline. PRESTO's beam was 10'6" on deck, and 9'1" at w.l.

Let me say, however, that discussion of such a knockdown is 99% academic for the vacation cruiser. None of the PRESTO-boats in fifty years ever got such a knockdown, and the chances of getting one with even moderately good judgment and handling are so remote that there are dozens of far more probable ways to lose your boat which should occupy your attention. Even for globe-girdling I would ask

only a slightly deeper hull, still with inside ballast.

The necessity of great lateral plane (keel or centerboard) for windward work largely blinds most of us to the disadvantages and dangers of it when not needed—that is, in running free or hove to in severe conditions. In running it is obviously a drag, reducing speed somewhat, but far more important is its immersion in deep, relatively still water, while the hull is buffeted by much faster-moving crests as they overtake her. When thus pivoted on a keel amidships, a breaker on the quarter swings the stern violently off-wind and calls for quick counter-action by the rudder to prevent broaching-to. A light-draft hull, free to move sidewise, is not so pivoted, and the tendency to a quick swing is much reduced. Mr. Henry Howard said that this difference is so marked that when his ketch ALICE was running free with board up (while he was in his bunk below) he immediately knew when the board was dropped by the labored action of the boat.

Similarly, when hove to, leeward drift is the greatest contribution to comfort and safety, for two reasons. First, the drift reduces the impact of a breaking sea and, second, the disturbance or "roiling" of the surface caused by the drifting hull, extending to windward of the boat, makes a "slick" which goes far to check the tendency of the seas to crest and break. Obviously, the faster the drift, in reason, the safer the boat on both counts; shoal boats customarily heave to with board largely housed, and their lighter weight lets them immediately "travel with the wave" when it does break.

It is undoubtedly true that many severe knock-downs are due to too much keel or exposed board, constituting a pivot, or fulcrum, against which the leverage of the wind and waves can do its worst, and without which results will be far less severe.

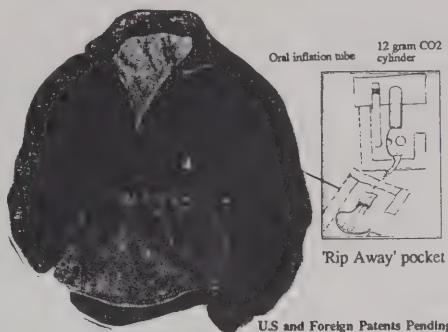
All of this confirms my belief that inside ballast makes for both comfort and safety. I was interested to see John Alden's comment on his design for "A Centerboard Yawl for Ocean Racing," in *Yachting*, that "the possibilities of the shoal-draft yawl, fast, seaworthy, and sailing on her bottom rather than on her side, have been too much overlooked in recent years." Again, Mr. Francis Herreshoff wrote to me: "I agree with you that the shallow-draft boat should be encouraged for cruising . . . My father was a great friend of Commodore Munroe . . . and spoke to me several times about the fine boats he had developed."

If you want to race, keel craft can be built that will outsail centerboards (a little) to windward—not reaching, and certainly not running. But if you want to *cruise* in comfort and safety, you must learn the privileges of shoal draft, or lose half your fun. Nor will you have a dead, lazy boat—the PRESTO-boats were noted for speed. The Commodore's MELODY (Page 34) for instance, was a roomy, raised-deck boat for family cruises, which he sometimes called a sailing houseboat; yet his son Wirth twice won the Lipton Cup in her, in the 30-mile ocean classic off Miami. Again, MICCO, (Page 23) in one of the Bermuda races, carried away a doted masthead, reregged, and took second in her class.

Here's an interesting piece of survival gear disguised as a warm fleece pullover jacket, something that came out of experience in the Alaskan fishing industry. Michael Jackson, a crewman on a crabber working out of Kodiak, Alaska, came up with the original concept, which he called "Inflate-A-Coat" after a couple of overboard experiences in which inflatable suspenders he was wearing helped his being rescued. Jackson's subsequent design was an inflatable vest fastened into a standard Helly Hansen rainjacket worn routinely by crews on the fishing vessels. Since working on the decks precludes wearing bulky PFD flotation, crewmen just go without. But they always wear the rain gear to keep dry, and the uninflated vest inside was not noticeable.

After it was proven out in commercial use, Jackson decided to expand his market to recreational boat folks, so he designed the flotation vest into a polyester/acrylic fleece pullover, with or without a hood. The flotation vest is not apparent in the pullover in normal wear. To activate it when over-

Stormy Seas[®] Inflatable Pullover



board, the breast pocket is pulled away (it's held on by velcro) and a CO2 cartridge automatically inflates the vest. If the CO2 fails for any reason, an oral inflation tube can be used. The polyester/acrylic

pullover material has less than 1% water absorption, so it does not soak up weight in the water.

The pullover is not offered as a substitute for a Coast Guard approved PFD, because inflatable type flotation hasn't gained Coast Guard acceptance yet. But, it works and is more wearable routinely onboard any boat where one might encounter circumstances that cause going overboard to be a possibility.

The several styles offered, hooded pullover, full zippered jacket, windbreaker and vest, range in price (suggested retail) from \$145 to \$113. Several stocking dealers in our New England area are Sun Dog in Edgartown, MA; Sea Coast Footwear in Magnolia, MA; Marine Exchange in Marblehead, MA; The Gear Loft in Portland, ME; and Allstate Marine in Island Park and Babylon, NY. For a brochure if you aren't handy to these dealers, or for names of other dealers perhaps nearer to you, call Stormy Seas, Inc. toll free at (800) 323-7327. And for another tale of the sea that sets the stage for Jackson's product, read the following:

Inflatable coat credited with saving life

As the wave carried Doug Theis over the rail of the 44-foot *Venture*, he fumbled with his gloved hand to pull the tear-away pocket which would inflate his Inflate-A-Coat, a Christmas present from *Venture* skipper Jim Horn.

"That coat saved my life — that and my skipper's seamanship," said Theis.

It was 4 p.m. the first day of the Tanner crab season. The *Venture* was in Ugak Bay and the crew was throwing pots over the side in 45-knot winds, gusts to 60.

"Roland Ruoss and I were getting ready to launch a pot over the starboard side when a wave broke over us from the port side. It took both of us, the pot and another pot from the port side right over," said Theis.

"Going into the water seems like being in slow motion. You can see yourself, can think it out. I thought to myself, I'm going over. The boat's leaving me.

"As I went over I was pulling at that tear-away pocket. I couldn't feel it. I couldn't hear it inflate — the bubbles were making so much noise going past me. I didn't know it had inflated until after I took it off.

"When I came up the boat was about 60 to 70 yards in front of me. We'd been traveling full speed . . .

"The coat's air bladder held me up. I started swimming toward the boat . . . then I saw a buoy in front of me and started swimming for it . . . but the buoy disappeared, pulled right down with the crab pot.

"Then I saw the stern of the boat coming at me as Jim backed the boat up. It was weird. I could see the prop, the rudder, every time the boat rolled.

"Jim (skipper of the *Venture*) has to be credited with saving my life. If he had had to turn

around, I'd have been in that water another five or 10 minutes . . . It was the first time I ever thought about dying."

Theis estimated he'd been in the water about five minutes when the *Venture* pulled up alongside him. Ruoss was clinging to the side, his hands in the hawsehole, his feet against the rolling chocks.

Exhausted by the cold, Theis was unable to pull himself back onboard the *Venture*.

"Jim let go of Roland and pulled me up, then I helped him pull Roland onboard. I got such a shot of adrenalin I felt I could pull Roland up by myself. Then I had to lay down, I was so exhausted," Theis said.

At 6 a.m. the next day Theis and Ruoss were back on deck.

"We were a little jittery, but it was like a pilot after a crash, you've got to go back up. A guy's got to do it. You can't have the jitters everytime you go on the back deck," Theis said.

"Roland hadn't had his Inflate-A-coat on. He'd planned to wear out his old raingear before he started using the new one. But the next day he put his Inflate-A-Coat on," Theis said.

The Inflate-A-Coat is a normal Helly-Hansen rain coat with an inflatable life vest type air bladder fastened inside the coat. Uninflated, the air bladder weighs little and doesn't get in the way of working on deck.

"I treated my coat just like I would any other Helly-Hansen coat. You don't worry about banging up against something. After a couple of days you don't even realize the air bladder's there — until you have to use it," Theis said.

The Inflate-A-Coat, marketed by Stormy Seas, was invented by Bering Sea crab crewman Michael A. Jackson and went on the market in 1984.

Jackson himself went overboard when a bight of line accidentally caught a control valve and reversed the crab block. A swell carried him to the stern of his vessel where the skipper threw him a line.

Jackson also lost two friends who went overboard from other vessels and weren't recovered.

In pondering what could be done to help a man overboard survive, Jackson realized that what was needed was some device that a fisherman would automatically put on, like his rain gear, and something that wouldn't add additional bulk, heat retention or movement restriction.

"To give up any freedom of movement would increase the chances of going overboard and to reduce efficiency on the job for protection we will probably never need just doesn't make sense," Jackson wrote.

As Bering Sea water swirled around his knees one day as he worked on deck, the solution came to Jackson — an inflatable Mae West-type device fastened inside a raincoat.

The Inflate-A-Coat CO-2 cartridge is activated when the front pocket, fastened with Velcro™, is ripped away from the coat — something that can be done, as Theis proved, by a man wearing work gloves.

"With gloves on you can't feel what you're after. I pulled that thing five or six times to make sure I pulled it. I didn't know if I was pulling it or not," Theis said.

"In a situation where seconds count, buoyancy can spell the difference between tragedy and rescue," Jackson wrote.

"I think Jackson had a good idea," Theis said.

As far as Jackson knows, Theis is the first person to go overboard wearing an Inflate-A-Coat. (Reprinted from the Kodiak Daily Mirror)



With all the interest today in recreational rowing, this old time engraving seemed appropriate.

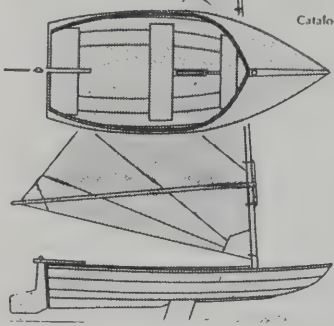




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For Boat Owner, An Ill Wind On the Hudson

Want to hear a sad, sad story? Well, maybe not, but still this news item from the NEW YORK TIMES, sent to us by reader Stuart Cattell, carries sobering information about the problems that can attend one's desire to mess about in boats. People problems, like "officials" who happen to notice your boat due to unfortuitous circumstances. So, read on anyway:

By GREGORY JAYNES

There is a theory that the two happiest days in a man's life are the day he buys a boat and the day he sells it. Doug Ashley got only the first satisfaction. His vessel sank. Then, as he tried to raise it, the Government towed it off to be burned.

Mr. Ashley, a 32-year-old social studies teacher at Martin Luther King Jr. High School in Manhattan, bought a 40-foot, 48-year-old Chris-Craft two years ago for \$850. The word around the marina in Freeport, L.I., where the deal was struck, was that the shabby thing once belonged to Guy Lombardo, but this was never proved. For Mr. Ashley, there was romance enough in her mahogany, her bright-work, her leaded glass.

Her name was Sirocco and, fittingly, she went down in a windstorm. When the boat smacked into some pilings at Pier 25 in the Hudson River, just off the Battery landfill, a seam popped and a slow leak commenced. Next day, Nov. 7, Mr. Ashley walked over from his TriBeCa apartment and "as I got closer and closer I said, 'Oh my God, where is it?'" "When I saw it — the flybridge was still out of the water — I just thought about all those thousands of hours I had spent working on it," he said.

It had taken 20 months of labor just to get the boat shipshape enough for the crossing from Long Island to Manhattan. Mr. Ashley was going to lose his apartment at year-end but, providentially, had secured guest privileges at the 79th Street Marina.

'I just thought about all those thousands of hours I had spent.'

Mr. Ashley had the notion that a boatman might be able to live on a schoolteacher's pay. Then the wind picked up.

Mr. Ashley called the police and the Coast Guard. He was given the name of a diver, Seth Tane, who helped him get the boat to shore, parallel to a sea wall, tied with two lines. About

three tons of water were in it, but Mr. Ashley reckoned that he could get it pumped out. The diver had told him the hull was intact. "It was right there," Mr. Ashley said the other day, pointing at the dull gray river between a sunken barge and a sunken tug. "Right there."

The police came along and gave him a ticket for "berthing and moving of vessel," a sort of illegal parking violation that he is to answer in Criminal Court on Dec. 7. He says the police passed his boat for four months and never gave him a summons until it sank.

Then the Army Corps of Engineers, responding to a call from the Coast Guard reporting "a hazard to navigation, a sunken vessel in navigable waters," came with a crane boat and pulled it out of the water Nov. 12. "How could I be a threat to navigation, sitting here between an 80-foot barge and a 90-foot tug sunk there for over a year?" he said.

Mark Kindschi, a carpenter who lives on a tugboat nearby, was watching when they raised the Sirocco. He said that he could make out the registration numbers, and that all the hardware was intact. To save an old boat full of water, delicacy and a great deal of pumping must be applied, to avoid stress. Apparently the raising of this one blew out the transom.

"They set it down hard," Mr. Kindschi said. "It was garbage to them. Nobody was trying to save anything. They used chains. No padding. They moved it a little to the port side and the keel snapped."

"Essentially our regulations provide that when we have a derelict vessel in navigable waters of the United States, we place it on a burn barge and take it out to sea and burn it," said Art LaPerriere, a Corps official.

Mr. Ashley called Mr. LaPerriere when he found out what had happened, and Mr. LaPerriere said he would take a look at the boat, which was on a barge near Jersey City. Mr. LaPerriere, who had been told there were no numbers on the boat, found a faint impression and says he ran a check to verify Mr. Ashley's ownership, to no avail, inexplicably. Mr. Ashley says his registration papers are quite in order, enough to satisfy the police officers who ticketed him.

Somewhere along the line the whole boat was stripped, anchors, propellers, portholes, the works. Mr. LaPerriere and Tom Creamer, chief of operations in the New York district, say there is no question the boat's topsides had been stripped before it came out of the water; they have photographic evidence. Mr. Ashley and Mr. Kindschi insist it was not stripped. Mr. LaPerriere said the rest of the cannibalizing could have occurred after the boat came into custody. "God knows," he said, "anybody with a rowboat can go out there, any fisherman."

Mr. Ashley feels the boat is beyond salvage. He figures he is out \$25,000 to \$30,000 in restoration costs, two years' labor and, in a few weeks, shelter.

Mr. LaPerriere says that as soon as Mr. Ashley demonstrates valid proof of ownership, he can claim the boat and the corps will bill him the "substantial costs" of removing it from the Hudson River.

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Rodd Kreitner Killed in Boating Accident on Jamaica Bay

While we're on this "sobering" subject, here's a news item from the Sebago Canoe Club newsletter, THE BLADE, about the death of a member afloat when he was run down in his rowing shell by a powerboat-er who didn't even realize what he'd done and kept on powerboating.

The following report about the tragic boating accident in which one of the club's rowers was killed was submitted to The Blade by Dick Springer, chairman of the Sebago C.C. Rowing Committee.

Our friend and fellow oarsman, Rodd Kreitner was run down in his shell by a twenty-nine foot power boat and killed Sunday afternoon, August 23, just outside of the Paedergaat Basin bridge on Jamaica Bay. Rodd was a recreational oarsman who never raced. He chose to row an Alden Double, because he liked to take one or more of his small children with him, either as passengers, or rowing with him.

He was 35 years old and father of six. Only the week before, he was out rowing with his eldest daughter, Rebecca, twelve, but, fortunately, he was alone at the time of the accident. According to one report, he had stopped and was resting near the green can number 15, the buoy at the entrance to the basin. There were several boats nearby, one of which has also stopped and was drifting.

The reports went on to say that the motor boat which hit Rodd was headed straight towards the bridge, and went over him without stopping. Apparently the operator failed to either see him or those nearby who saw what was about to happen and tried to warn him.

The Coast Guard was on the scene in a very short time, called by one of the witness boats. According to press reports, the motor boat operator said he had noticed nothing and only heard a sound that he thought was drift wood. Someone on a neighboring boat dove in immediately at the spot where the shell had been, but only retrieved bits and pieces of the boat. The Coast Guard brought a section of the hull to the Sebago Canoe Club float, where it was iden-

tified by club members who had helped Rodd carry his shell to the water only a short while before.

New York City Police Department divers from the Harbor Patrol Unit began to search for the body immediately, but they did not recover it until Wednesday evening. By that time, many others had joined in the search--Rodd's friends from his business, from the Sebago and from his religious community. They tried to sweep the shallows by wading and searching the shoals around the nearby island in sea kayaks. Finally the Harbor Patrol found the body together with oars and the rowing rig by dragging with grapnels.

The police have questioned many witnesses and will submit their report to the U.S. Attorney and the Kings County District Attorney for a decision on possible prosecution. (See note at the end of the Commodore's Report.)

The police staged a reconstruction early in September, trying to reproduce the circumstances of the accident. But, regardless of the final conclusions and whatever the factors involved, whether it was glare, operator inattention, poor visual acuity, or a high bow that blocked the operator's view, some things seem evident:

Visibility that day was very good. It was clear with a light breeze from the north.

The accident was readily seen by neighboring boats and even by someone in a distant apartment building.

Rodd had every right to be where he was. The spot where he was hit is one where paddlers often pass in sea kayaks, canoes and rowing shells, many of which are smaller than Rodd's 18-foot long Alden Double.

Fisherman often wade near this area, and swimmers and children on inflatables sometimes float nearby.

Nevertheless, this accident points out the need for steps to make our boats more conspicuous. Flags and loud air horns might help. Beyond that, we should all work to support legislation to increase the Coast Guard's authority to regulate power boats.

The Sebago Canoe Club has established a Rodd Kreitner Memorial Fund which will be used as his widow has suggested. Contributions should be sent to the Club at Paedergatt Basin, Foot of Avenue N, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236, care of Dick Springer.

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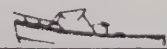
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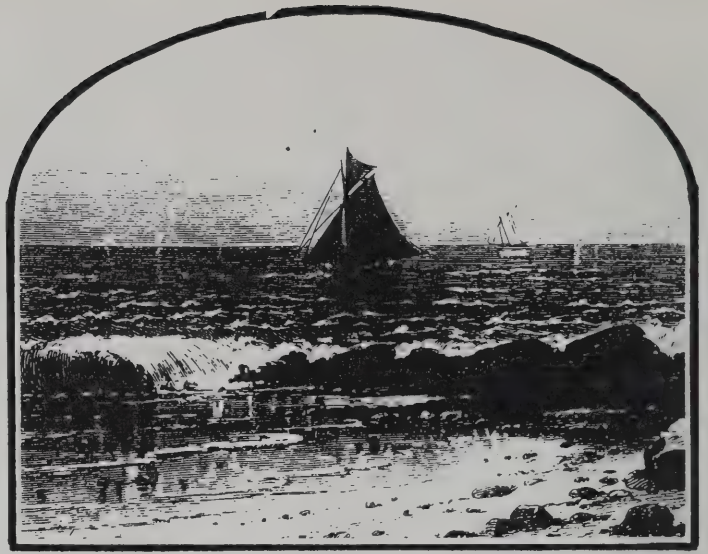
PIGEON COVE
FLAMMABLE COCKTAILS
MUSICAL FISHERMEN

The little harbor of Pigeon Cove, where we anchored about dark on Thursday, July 15, is like the neighboring harbor of Rockport, partly artificial, being protected from the ocean by a high granite wall. It was filled with vessels, mostly fishing schooners, of from fifty to a hundred tons, manned each by ten or twelve men. They had taken refuge here from the fog, and were waiting impatiently for a breath of wind to enable them to get away. Most of them were from Gloucester and Swampscott, though there were a few from the South Shore and one or two from Provincetown.

While we were rowing the vessel into port, the Pilot had boiled the big lobster and made tea. So we had supper immediately on coming to anchor. After supper the Assyrian, protesting that in consideration of the fog, the lobster, and hard work at the oar, our "stom-jacks" deserved a little something to strengthen them, volunteered to concoct a general cocktail. He produced his bottle of strong bitters, which he kept carefully tucked away in a corner of his berth. It was nearly empty. Still there was enough to lay the foundation of a cocktail in each



PIGEON COVE



CARTER'S COAST OF NEW ENGLAND

Being an account of a cruise from Provincetown to Bar Harbor in the summer of 1858,

Permission to bring you this interesting serial has been given by the publisher, New Hampshire Publishing Company, Somersworth, NH.

of the six tumblers, which stood in a row before him on the cabin table. The dark-red fluid was drained to the last drop. Recorking the empty bottle, the Assyrian, forgetting that we were not out at sea, flung it through the cabin door with such force that it fell smash on the deck of a vessel astern of us, causing a gruff shout of, "Halloa! what are you at there?"

The Skipper, who was always careful of the proprieties of sea-life, stepped on deck for a moment to explain to our neighbors that the missile was unintentionally sent in their direction.

The Assyrian, intent only on his cocktails, grasped a large stone jug which stood conveniently at hand, in a recess near the head of his berth. He elevated it in a peculiar way that he had prided himself on, which brought the body of the jug to rest in the hollow of his extended arm. At this moment the Professor, who was seated at the opposite end of the table, drew our solitary lamp toward him to light his cigar. The Assyrian, not seeing very well what he was about, decanted a pretty large allowance into each glass, and putting in a little water, handed the tumblers around and requested

us to drink.

"Confusion to the fog and success to the last of the cocktails."

We drank; and then followed a general spluttering and spitting forth, accompanied by energetic requests to the Assyrian to know what on earth he had made the cocktails of?

That gentleman himself had swallowed a healthy amount, and was exhibiting alarming symptoms of strangulation. As soon as he could speak, he produced the jug and held it up for inspection. The Skipper burst into a roar of laughter.

"Why, that is the burning-fluid jug; I filled the lamp from it just before supper, and put the jug there so as to have it handy."

"Handy it was," said the Assyrian with a groan; "it has spoiled our cocktails, and for all I know, poisoned us. But what have you done with the whiskey?"

"The whiskey is all gone," replied the Skipper, "and I put the empty jug in the forepeak, where I used to keep the burning-fluid."

"Well, well," said the Assyrian, "what is swallowed, is swallowed. There is an end to cocktails. But I must have something to dilute this confounded fluid in my stomach, or I shall die of spontaneous combustion. There is a box of claret in the forepeak, Skipper; get out a couple of bottles, and let us wash down the abomination. Keep your mouth away from that lamp," he warned the Professor, who was relighting his cigar; "if your breath comes in contact with the flame, you will certainly explode, and we shall have another dreadful accident."

The Skipper produced the claret, and as the night was warm and still, we adjourned from the cabin to the deck.

It was very dark. The soft white fog enveloped us like a veil, through which we could dimly discern the sea-wall of the harbor, looking, as it loomed in the haze, like some huge castle. We could see vaguely the outlines of the thronged vessels around us, and that was all. Everything was weird and mystic and ghostly in aspect. All around us were voices, but not a man was visible. We felt like those in the Arabian story who, in the enchanted forest, heard many but saw no one. Talking and laughter on every side showed that the hundreds of fishermen in the harbor were, like ourselves, on deck, enjoying the mildness of the night.

As the evening wore away we sipped our claret, smoked our cigars, and chatted over the events of the past and the projects for the future, or listened dreamily to the laughter and the talk that came so

gayly out of the darkness. At length there was a momentary silence. It was broken by a song.

A rich, deep, manly voice from the Venus, a schooner that lay some distance astern of us, sang a song, full of simple, tender feeling. I cannot recall the lines, but it expressed the longing of a sailor for his home, for the scenes of his childhood, for the peace and innocence of rural life, for his mother and sisters, for the waving woods, and grassy, flowery fields. It was long, and was sung slowly and distinctly, with perfect taste and pronunciation. The most entire silence prevailed. Not a sound broke the universal hush of attention, save the low ripple of the tide pouring through the narrow entrance of the port. As the song closed there was an instant's pause, and then there resounded at once over the harbor the vehement clapping of hundreds of hard hands. It was very striking, this simultaneous and hearty applause from an invisible audience, shrouded in darkness and mist.

Presently some one on the other side of the harbor began a song which our Pilot said was called "Cape Ann." It seemed to have no meaning, or a mystical one. It began:

"We hunted and we halloed, and the first thing we did find
Was a barn in the meadow, and that we left behind.

Look ye there!"

The only allusion to Cape Ann that caught my ear was:

"We hunted and we halloed, and the next thing we did find
Was the lighthouse on Cape Ann, and that we left behind.

Look ye there!"

A good many voices joined in singing this, as if it were familiarly known, but it was not applauded. The same voice began "Annie Laurie," in which also a number joined.

The voice from the Venus took up the strain of love in a song which none of us remembered to have heard or read. It was well sung, and warmly applauded. The singer continued with another song, beginning:

"When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea."

"Bulwer, by Jove!" exclaimed the Assyrian. "Where did the fellow pick that up, I wonder?"

"In some sailor's song-book," said the Professor. "The most popular song-books among our New England sailors abound in pieces of that sort, sentimental and poetical. You will find the best songs in the language in them. But, come, son of Semiramis, let them hear your voice. Give them some-

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thing stirring, something bacchanal. With a bottle of claret down your throat, you ought to do justice to the theme."

The Assyrian, who sang finely and liked to hear his own voice, readily complied. "I'll try them with Wendell Holmes 'Song of Other Days,' though I fear it's touch above their comprehension."

"Not a bit," said the Professor, "they'll understand it as well as you do — go ahead."

And so the Assyrian lifted up his voice and sang that song which is in part so beautiful that it cannot be too often copied:

"They say we were not born to eat;
But gray-haired sages think
It means — Be moderate in your meat,
And partly live to drink;
For baser tribes the rivers flow,
That know not wine or song;
Man wants but little drink below.
But wants that little strong.

• • • • •
"Then once again, before we part,
My empty glass shall ring;
And he that has the warmest heart
Shall loudest laugh and sing."

The applause was immense. Round upon round of clapping rolled over the harbor, shaking the fog and reverberating among the piles of granite.

"Do you remember, Carter," said the Assyrian, "where we heard that song before?"

"Ay, well do I remember." The question carried me back from the fogs and fishermen of Cape Ann to a far different scene in Boston, where, amid a gay circle that included some of the foremost wits and poets of New England, the brilliant Autocrat of the Breakfast Table had sung the song himself.*

"Skipper," continued the Assyrian, turning to that personage, who was sitting on the taffrail with his pipe, "take the dory and carry a bottle of claret over to the Venus, with the compliments of the Helen to the man who has been singing."

"Nonsense," said the Professor. "Don't send them claret — they will take it for bad vingar. A couple of bottles of ale will be much more acceptable."

The amendment was accepted, and in a moment or two the Skipper sculled away in the dory, his pipe gleaming through the fog like a will-o'-the-wisp. He presently returned with the thanks of the Venus for the present. The vessel, he said, was a mackerel-fisher, with eight or ten men on board, and was waiting for the fog to lift before she started for the fishing-grounds. The singer was a good-looking young man who seemed to be the mate.

The Professor, whose summer cruises in past years had brought him much in contact with fishermen, said they were a remarkably intelligent and efficient body of men. A slow, stupid, lazy fellow could not succeed in their vocation, which, as pursued on our shores, was well calculated to call out each man's individual smartness and gumption. Of the hundreds of fishermen then in the harbor where we lay, probably every one had received a good common-school education, and nine-tenths of them were qualified, by character and intelligence, to take command of vessels.

It was now midnight, and the air had become chilly. So we went below and turned in to sleep.

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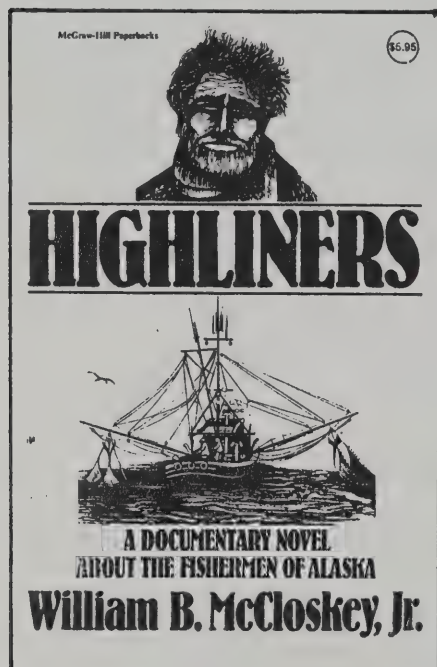
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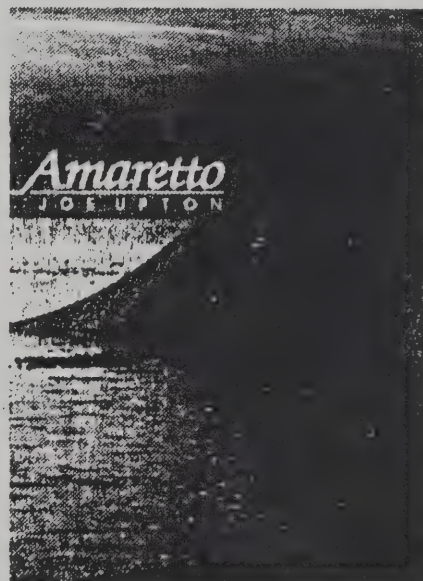
I'd read reviews of Joe Upton's book, *AMARETTO*, his story of resurrecting and putting to work an old Maine fishing boat, and a couple of excerpts, and they piqued my interest so I borrowed the book from my local library. International Marine published it but I hadn't yet seen a review copy. About the same time I happened to be going through a carton of boating books in the storeroom here looking for something else (Sam Rabl's *BOAT-BUILDING IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD* I recall) when I came across a forgotten loaner from a friend, *HIGHLINERS* by William McCloskey, Jr. This one was described on its cover as "a documentary novel about the fishermen of Alaska." So I decided to read them both.



I liked *HIGHLINERS* much the best, for in a novel form, McCloskey describes, in very evocative language, what it's like to be involved in the Alaskan fisheries. He experiences all aspects from cannery worker through inshore fishing and on to extended offshore fishing as crew, and eventually as boat owner. Upton's book was more limited in scope, confined to Maine coastal fishing for baitfish for lobstermen. Baitfishing hadn't been Upton's intent in the beginning, but it's what he ended up doing out of necessity to put his resurrected boat to work to pay itself off and also support him.

What happens in a book like *AMARETTO* is after you're about halfway through you begin to feel like you're reading reruns. Another trip out into a stormy winter night. Another false alarm that the fish are there. Another struggle to sell off the fish brought in against a particularly hard-nosed competitor. Upton's emotional involvement in his hard scrabble and dangerous

WINTER READING



work is very strong and well expressed and it carries the book through those soon to become familiar episodes.

He does have a couple of interesting characters I'd have liked to have come to know better. One of them is a guy who flies a light plane out of a pasture to spot schools of fish, descriptions of him getting in and out of this field after dark with no lights were shades of the Great Waldo Pepper days of aviation barnstorming. Only he does it with stereotypical Maine reserve, no flash at all, just a trip to the store sort of thing. The other interesting guy was David, an enigmatic fisherman who had the Midas touch, he knew where the fish were without the help of technology. David didn't have much to say about it, he just went out and caught fish when nobody else could. Sometimes he shared with Upton. I felt disappointed not to learn more about the man and what drove him. He never stopped.

McCloskey starts out as a college vacation worker in a cannery near Kodiak and goes back the next summer for more, lucking onto a smallish inshore fishing boat as crew. Then, after a six year hiatus

during which he was apparently in the Navy after college (nothing is said about this other than mention of himself as a "former lieutenant"), he returns to pick up his life with the Alaskan fisheries, a commitment that totally eclipses any interest in making a living in the everyday world. The people are fictitious in name, but certainly patterned after the real folks, and we get to know a lot of them very, very well, and really get caught up in their incredibly demanding and precarious lives.

While the hardships and dangers at sea fishing along the Alaskan coast in all seasons are described vividly without melodramatic cliches, the overall life of the fisherman, his struggles to have a home and family without hardly ever being home, is also brought clearly into focus. The rewards can be big, the catastrophes total. It's living on the edge of the abyss. Yet these men are hopelessly addicted to the life and risk not only their lives and heavily mortgaged boats, but also the chances of making family life work. All for this love of fishing.

Experiences with Russian and Japanese fishing fleets around the Aleutian area reveal the huge gulf between their highly mechanized "total" fishing policies and the laughable (economically) American individualistic approach to this trade. Big companies (and the governments) own these foreign fleets, one man proprietorships and fragile partnerships and tiny little corporations send the American boats out. It's no contest at all in who gets the pick of the catch.

Back in Maine, this conflict interestingly enough, arises between the local Maine fishermen, smaller yet versions of the Alaskan individual entrepreneurs and "foreigners" up from Gloucester looking for fish when their own grounds are unproductive. The Gloucestermen are the baddies in *AMARETTO*.

They're both enjoyable and very informative books, with much detail on how fishing boats work and how fishermen catch fish in them. If you love workboats, you'll find plenty to enjoy in either book. *AMARETTO* has the advantage of being set on our familiar New England coast, but it is more limited in scope and runs out of momentum before you reach the end of the book. *HIGHLINERS* is the sort of book that you reach the end of wishing for more, even with 380 pages of small print.

HIGHLINERS by William B. McCloskey, Jr., McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York., NY, 1979.

AMARETTO by Joe Upton, International Marine Publishing, Camden, ME, 1986.

Try your library for either, or order *AMARETTO* for your very own from International Marine.

AQUADUCK. 8' pram from MECHANICS ILLUSTRATED 1977. Dave Richter, 115 Lincoln St., Holyoke, MA 01040, (413) 532-1380.

ARCTIC TERN. Sam Devlin designed 24' stitch & glue sloop. Shauna Scranton, 2211 Norfolk, Suite 700. Houston, TX 77098

BOBCAT CATBOAT. 12' Bolger design, Payson "Instant Boat". Harold Downing, 2993 Montavesta Rd., Lexington, KY 40502. Ralph Ellis, Rt. 87, #384, Columbia, CT 06237, (203) 228-3178.

BRICK. Bolger design, LaRowe plans cat ketch. Larry Pritchett, P.O. Box 126, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-8806.

CANOE. 15'. Bill Howard, 225 Boston Rd. Springfield, MA 01109.

CANOE. Stripper. Bob Humble, 50N Bergen Pl., 3B, Freeport, NY 11520

CANOES. 10' & 12' Nesting. Don Betts, 87 Luquer St., Brooklyn, NY 11231, (718) 643-1688 days, (718) 855-3569 eves.

CAPE COD FROSTY. 6' Sailing dinghy. John Grzywinski, 62 Missal Ave., Bristol, CT 06010, (203) 582-1759. Bill Howard, 225 Boston Rd. Springfield, MA 01109. Frank Kahr, 6 Karen Dr., Barrington, RI 02806, (401) 247-1806. Dave Richter, 115 Lincoln St., Holyoke, MA 01040, (413) 532-1380.

CHRIS CRAFT. 19' runabout. Don Farnsworth, China, ME 04926-0013, (207) 968-2932.

CLARK CRAFT PRAM. John Grzywinski, 62 Missal Ave., Bristol, CT 06010, (203) 582-1759.

DIABLO. Bolger design, Payson "Instant Boat", outboard skiff. Carl Atwood, 1032 Pleasant St., Bridgewater, MA 02324.

DODGE. 16' runabout. Don Farnsworth, China, ME 04926-0013, (207) 968-2932.

FLAT BOTTOM SKIFF. 11' plans. Robert Wadon, 83 Oak St., Randolph, MA 02368.

FROST FISH. Iceboat. John Grzywinski, 62 Missal Ave., Bristol, CT 06010, (203) 582-1759.

GLEN L 15. Sloop. David Wilde, Karme-Choling, Barnet, VT 05821.

GLOUCESTER GULL. Bolger design, Payson "Instant Boat" rowing dory. Larry Pritchett, P.O. Box 126, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-8806. Eric Schoonover, 319 Post Rd., Wakefield, RI 02879, (401) 789-6528.

GYPSY. Bolger design, Payson "Instant Boat" sailing/rowing cruiser. Bill Howard, 225 Boston Rd., Springfield, MA 01109. Gregory Pike, 110 Dudley St., Manchester, NH 03103.

KAYAK. 17'. Bill Howard, 225 Boston Rd., Springfield, MA 01109.

KAYAK. 16.5' Ultralight. Don Betts, 87 Luquer St., Brooklyn, NY 11231, (718) 643-1688 days, (718) 855-3659 eves.

KAYAK. DK-13. John Grzywinski, 62 Missal Ave., Bristol, CT 06010, (203) 582-1759.

PROJECTS

It's project season again so we'll revise and encourage new inputs to our listing of readers who are, or have been, building or restoring boats. If you are willing to share your experience in building or restoring any specific boat with readers who might have similar interest, let us know your details. If you are in need of contact with anyone about a boat you're involved with which is not listed, send us a note, we'll run it for you under "Help Wanted".

If you are on this list incorrectly in any way, please advise me. If you wish to add yourself to this list, please do so. Mail your information to BOATS PROJECT REGISTRY, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984.

MICRO. 15' Bolger design cat yawl, LaRowe plans. Eric Schoonover, 319 Post Rd., Wakefield, RI 02879. (401) 789-6528.

MOCKINGGULL. Doug Martin design, 20.5' lapstrake ply rowing/sailing skiff. Dusty Rhoades, 905 Gen. Hill Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23454, (804) 481-6875.

NEWPORT 27. F/G sloop. Gregory Pike, 110 Dudley St., Manchester, NH 03103.

NYMPH. Bolger design, Payson "Instant Boat" dinghy. Frank Kahr, 6 Karen Dr., Barrington, RI 02806, (401) 247-1806.

NUTSHELL. Wooden Boat pram. Ralph Kimball, 55 Maple St., Paxton, MA 01612. Dan Leininger, 420 Warley St., Melville, Newport, RI 02840, (401) 683-3291.

OWENS. 21' O/B cruiser. Chuck Schmitt, 41 Highfield Rd., Glen Cove, NY 11542.

SINGLE SCULL. 17.5' strip planked, Martin Oarmaster, builder designed. Dusty Rhoades, 905 Gen. Hill Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23454, (804) 481-6875.

SNOWSHOE. Monfort Geodesic canoe. Fred Moller, Old Fitzwilliam Rd., Jaffrey, NH 03452, (603) 532-7635.

TEAL. Bolger design, Payson "Instant Boat" sailing skiff. Larry Pritchett, P.O. Box 126, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-8806.

THOMPSON. 14' runabout. Robert Wadon, 83 Oak St., Randolph, MA 02368.

TRAPEZE. Dinghy. Jim's Boat Shop, 310 Oak Terr., Moberly, MO 65270, (816) 263-8344.

TORTOISE. Bolger design dinghy. Dave Richter, 115 Lincoln St., Holyoke, MA 01040, (413) 532-1380.

V-BOTTOM SKIFF. 16' ultralight. Don Betts, 87 Luquer St., Brooklyn, NY 11231. (718) 643-1688 days, (718) 855-3659 eves.

VITA. Dinghy. John Grzywinski, 62 Missal Ave., Bristol, CT 06010, (203) 582-1759.

WHITECAP. Old Town daysailer. Randy Morse, 389 Pako Ave., Keene, NH 03431.

WHITE. 15' runabout. Robert Wadon, 83 Oak St., Randolph, MA 02368.

WISCASSET DINGHY. Daysailer. Tom Doane & Mark Silverman, 9 Farley Ave., Ipswich, MA 01938.

ANOTHER ARCTIC TERN

Last winter we reported on Carroll Huntington's long term project building a big stitch & glue 24' sloop designed by Sam Devlin, ARCTIC TERN. Now reader Shauna Scranton of Houston, Texas, writes that she's about to commence on her ARCTIC TERN:

"I am just putting the finishing touches on Tracey O'Brien's NEMAN, a 14' sharpie sailing skiff as a practice boat before tackling the much, much bigger ARCTIC TERN. I've never built a boat before so decided this would be a good idea to build a small boat first to get used to the stitch and glue technique. It was a good idea, I handled the 14' boat with relative ease and am now anxious to begin my bigger project.

Even though I live in Texas and BOATS covers New England, I still learn a great deal more about this whole business of small boats in each issue. Like it's nice to read about another woman boat-builder (Annie Hundt). And it was perfect timing to read about Carroll Huntington's ARCTIC TERN project shortly after I received my plans from Devlin."

Shauna Scranton, 2211 Norfolk, Suite 700, Houston, TX 77098.

IN DEEP TROUBLE

Bob Woodruff of Martha's Vineyard has been on the lookout for a restorable cruising sailboat and writes that now he's found one:

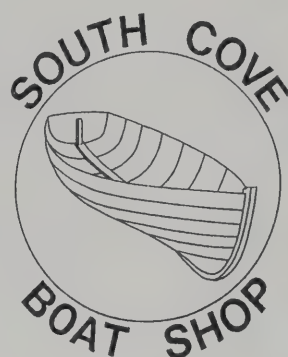
"I have bought a 'Viking 28', a Scandinavian double ended centerboard design with a homely Marconi rig and an ugly trunk cabin. It was built in Yugoslavia circa 1950. The hull, though, is magnificent with a tremendous 9' beam and a 27" draft. I'll remove the trunk cabin and possibly the deck and rebuild her from the rails up. I'll replace the rig with a traditional Danish herring seiner gaff setup with a club topsail and double headsails. So, I'm in deep trouble now, lured in by the purchase price of only \$800, including the engine."

Bob Woodruff, RFD 572, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568.



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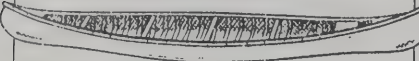
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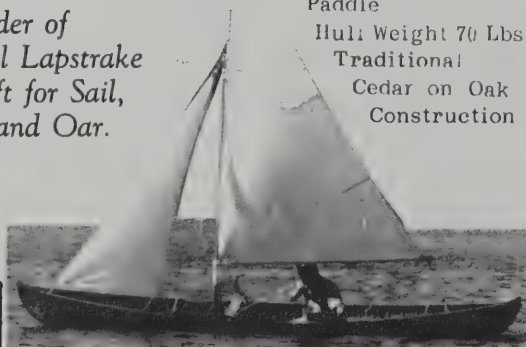


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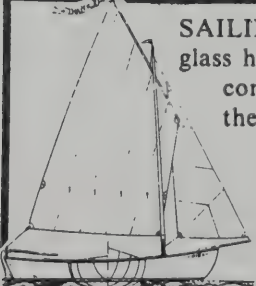
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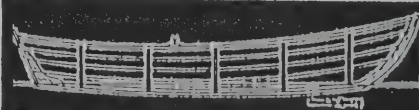
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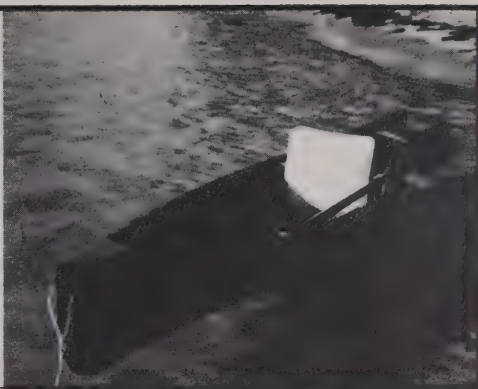
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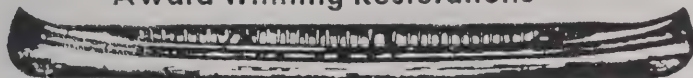
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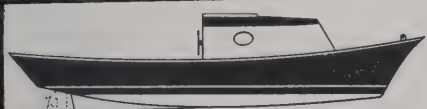


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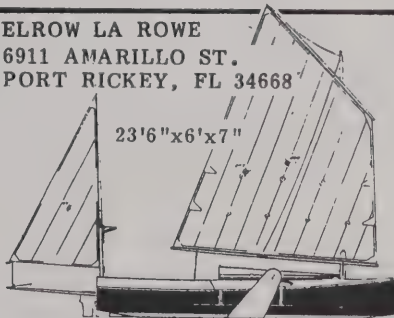
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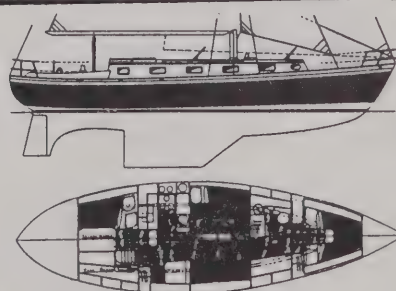
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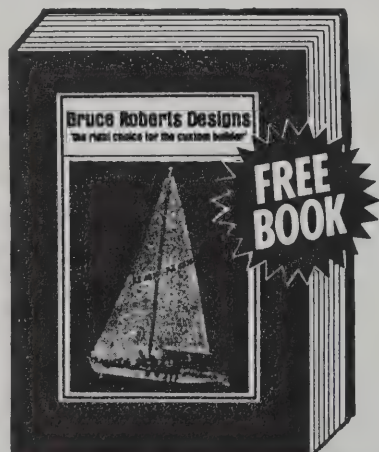
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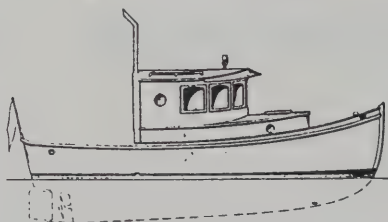
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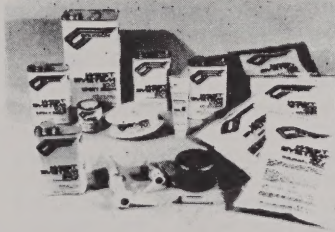
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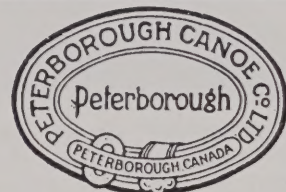
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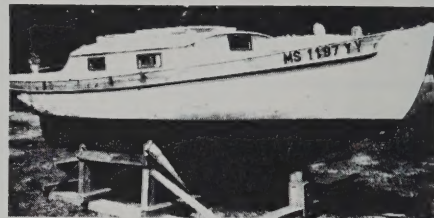
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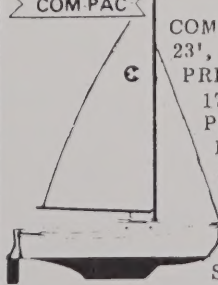
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