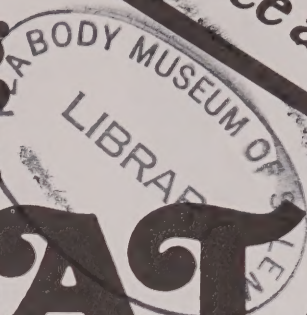




messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!



Volume 8 ~Number 6

August 1, 1990





Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**

messing about in BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

Will NOT have our coverage of the Albany Wooden Boat Festival and the Lake Champlain Small Boat-builders' Show. We're holding off on these to combine them with the Strawberry Banke Boatbuilders' Day coverage in the September 1 issue, a comprehensive look at the boats over 60 builders have to offer. Meanwhile, back to August 15, we'll select from stories on sailing in Holland by Martin Stevens; paddling the Florida mangroves with Jim Lacey; and canoeing the upper Missouri River following Lewis & Clark's route with the Matthews & Wetherell families. Ivor Lofving will discuss a succession of cruising sailboats he's enjoyed. William Shurcliff tells of kayak building by his father and himself in Massachusetts since 1888. The designs and projects choice will be from amongst Bernie Wolfard's "Superbrick" Bolger design, Larry Westlake's recycled paper canoe, David Lake's and Rob Stephens' "Kayakamaran" for paraplegics, John Wermescher's "Riverland Puntey", and Derek Van Loan's flexible daggerboard trunk concept.

On the Cover...

Herb Klinger's photo of camping on the middle Choptank River on Maryland's eastern shore catches the charms of cruising the rivers of that area. His story, "Storybook Rivers", is featured in this issue.

In this issue we present, amongst other summer cruising tales, several stories of getting into trouble in small boats when venturing out onto big waters. All involve incidents not far from shore in waters not viewed as "big" by the offshore cruising types who sail larger craft. But the scale of the small craft involved resulted in scary adventures for those who experienced them.

No matter what the game, it seems that the most oft told tales are the "war stories", the telling of the scary, danger fraught occasions that have befallen the narrators. We all seem to relish the telling of such tales, after the very real fears that the situations provoked have receded into fonder memories of "adventure". Little is usually heard of the day after day mellow sailing, just like the "news" we see on nightly TV, that's not news.

While "tales of the sea" usually include major league storm experiences, and even actual survival situations, our more modest scale of boating reduces the scale of the storms or troubled waters. Yet these still can be serious threats to our well being out there on the water. What's different is that the real seafarers plan on dealing with troubles, while all too often, small boat folks tend to assume that no serious troubles will arise, given a reasonably well prepared boat and the usual safety gear. It just doesn't seem likely that we'll run into any serious troubles.

The tales in the "Small Boats - Big Waters" articles in this issue revolve around things going wrong while out on waters not viewed as being "big". When the rudder is lost, or the wind capsizes the small sailboat, all of a sudden a mile or two of open water becomes a much vaster expanse between the sailor and the safety of the shore. Wind and waves can carry along the swamped craft the wrong way. Attempts to signal for help while immersed alongside the swamped or capsized craft fall pathetically short of any chance of getting the attention of potential assistance. What was just a pleasant, or even exciting, short half hour of sailing becomes an insurmountable barrier to rescue.

The nature of boating fatalities tends to emphasize this thing about danger existing where it is not suspected. Here in Massachusetts, the state has a regulation requiring canoeists and kayakers to wear PFD's (not just have them on board) during the months of October through May. Why just these two forms of paddling craft? Well, back in 1987, half the fatalities in

boats in the state (about a half-dozen) were people falling out of canoes and drowning. Closer investigation reveals that most of these were people who rented canoes from a livery, went out onto the pond without wearing the PFD's in the boat, didn't know zip about paddling the canoe, both leaned the same way at one time and ker-plop. Then, and only then, did the realization that being a non-swimmer out there hundreds of yards from shore meant death.

Anyway, never mind the relative stabilities of various small boats, they all are exposed to very real troubles while out on very modest sized "big" waters, in the hands of the inexperienced. Many of the "war stories" involve such inexperienced folks, and took place fairly early on their learning curves. They are later told and retold as examples of how one came to learn the realities of small boating on more open waters.

The sea kayakers are particularly vulnerable to such troubles, hence all the emphasis on practicing safety, learning to roll up or re-enter a capsized craft. The river kayaker, even in whitewater, is never far from shore, and often is in more danger of suffering head injuries from bashing on rocks if he capsizes. Even in cold weather, river waters can be quickly escaped by anyone with any swimming ability wearing a PFD. The sea kayaker, a half-mile off shore, capsized by waves with an offshore breeze, unable to re-enter his craft, or keep it upright if he does, watches the safety of shore recede from his reach as he and his boat get blown out to sea. It seemed safe enough when he started out.

What all of this means to me is that being prepared for trouble even in the most benign of conditions is not being overly cautious or pessimistic. If I have along what I need to stay afloat should trouble come, and have some skills or techniques or equipment to get back aboard if the boat permits such maneuvers, I can paddle or sail with less paranoia about what might go wrong. Not with a smug "it can't happen here" attitude, but at least without a constant concern overshadowing what would otherwise be an enjoyable recreational outing.

The tales in this issue on the subject provide much more persuasion about the need for planning for dealing with trouble afloat in a small boat than any amount of statistical based urging. There's nothing like the personal experiences of fellow small boaters to drive home the point.

Dutiful mariner toils as others sail on seas of good intentions

You could divide the world into two kinds of people. There are those who do not want their names in the newspaper, and there are those who do.

Those who do not are always the ones who would make good stories; those who do are the ones who would not.

Mike Martin didn't want his name in the newspaper. That was one of the conditions attached to the boat.

On New Year's day three years ago Mike, his wife Jane and I had a picnic in a car on the bank of the Tennessee River. We started talking about what fun it would be to build a small wooden fishing boat.

I was the one who wanted the boat; they wanted a project.

It's the kind of whimsical thought you have when you stare too long at the Tennessee and nothing seems to matter beyond the blue corduroy of the moving water. The river seems the answer to any question you could ask, and getting on it, nearer to it, seems essential.

We ate our sandwiches and resolved to get together often as shipwrights. Then we went home.

A lot happened during the following months. Days flew. Months passed. The Berlin Wall fell. Jane took up pottery. I worked and wandered.

Mike built a boat. Alone. Two-thirds of the eager team that had envisioned creating a small wooden vessel worthy of the river never showed up to help.

Mike plugged along, error and trial, hammer and file.

He used marine plywood and oak and hundreds of brass screws. He did not use a pattern. He hammered and sawed and experimented and cussed.

In his mother-in-law's shop, through every season, with only the walls to talk to, Mike created the boat's ribs, then its sides, then a graceful walnut railing.

Only it didn't happen like that — one, two, three. There were hundreds of mistakes, dozens of what politicians call "new beginnings."

At one point he started over, for all practical — or maybe impractical — purposes.

Finally the boat looked like a boat, and he painted the hull with bottom paint red. Bottom paint red is the red of old barns and new rust. It was perfect.

He gave the boat a name, because a boat without a name is as incomplete as a boy with no dog. Mike's Row-Ho, in fact, was named after a dog — Jane's big red, sleepy dog, Roho.

Now the boat is on my porch, proof that some who say things mean them, and that sometimes people follow through.

January is the time for talk about resolutions, made and broken. The topic seems appropriate in April, too. Mike kept his resolve, even his sanity, and built me a boat. It came with a brass plaque and this spoken admonition:

"Now, Rheta, you own the boat. Don't let the boat own you."



RHETA GRIMSLEY JOHNSON

Commentary

He was worried that I might fret about scratches and scars, mildew and shad guts, nasty accidents of time sure to mar this pretty thing he had created. In his selfless fashion he was worried that I might worry.

Upon delivery, he warned me that the boat was heavy, that he was a little unsure of the design, that pretty little Row-Ho might float or sink. He laughed but looked anxious.

I said it didn't matter. He had built the boat. The wooden boat with a red bottom.

He had kept a promise to himself and others. If the boat sinks from a blow to the bow with a champagne bottle, it won't make me feel any less proud of Mike.

For you could divide the world into two kinds of people.

There are those of us who sit on a riverbank and dream and talk idle talk about building boats and traveling the high seas and experiencing life beyond the horizon of mediocrity and routine.

Then we go inside, turn on the television and retire early.

Then there are those who turn Noah's deaf ear to the detractors and their ridicule. And those few build boats and sail away, leaving naysayers on the shore.

Interested in traditional small boats?

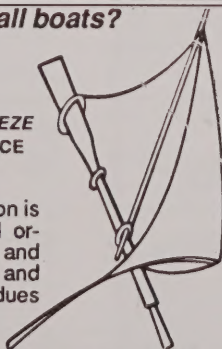
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GOVERNMENT ASSISTANCE DESIRED

I own a small boat shop here in Norwalk, CT, and I would like the Government to pay me for not selling canoes. And if they are interested, they could also pay me for not selling sea kayaks, rowing shells and dinghies.

This would be especially helpful if they would do this in January and February, because during these months I have a lot of boats not to sell because of the snow and cold weather.

I understand the farmers have a Government program that costs us 10 billion dollars. I just read that two-thirds of that money goes to the richest 15% of the farmers. Congressmen Armev from Texas and Congressman Schumer from New York have filed a bill that would limit these payments to farmers earning less than \$100,000 yearly.

Now if this type of help was available to small boat shops, they would not even have to pass such a bill for us because no one in the small boat business makes \$100,000 a year. This would save Congress a lot of time, and their time is very valuable, I read that it costs us \$5 million dollars to support each Congressman and Senator, and there are over 500 of them.

To get back to my small boat shop, I could save the Government even more money with my special winter plan. The average small boat, canoe, sea kayak or rowing shell costs me about \$800. I would be glad to lower my price to the Government during the winter months and charge them only \$400 for each boat that I did not sell during these months. This would enable me to keep the prices down in the summer, and I could provide employment for another person in my shop.

It would help the economy of Norwalk even more if the Government would buy my surplus boats, because we had a slow spring. They could send these boats to the Russians along with all the surplus wheat they are buying from the farmers.

If anyone has any suggestions on how to get our local Congressmen interested in helping out our small boat shops, please contact me.

Ed Rogers, The Small Boat Shop, 144 Water St., S. Norwalk, CT 06854, (203) 854-5223.

PLACES OF REFUGE

Don't be apologetic about your interest in paddling on small local waters (July 1, 1990). These small swamps and marshes, so many without names, are places where one can find refuge from daily concerns for a few hours.

"Boats" continues to be the best reading in boating. Keep it up, don't change a thing.

John Callahan, Lowell, MA.



Your Commentary

SPINNING OFF A NEW SHOP

North River Boatworks of Albany, NY, wishes to announce that partner Daniel Sutherland is leaving the firm to start a new business. Partners Howard Mittleman and Frank Houde regret Daniel's leaving and wish him the best of good fortune in his new endeavour.

Daniel's new business, Sutherland Boat & Coach, Inc., will locate on Keuka Lake, NY, where his great-grandfather and grandfather were boat builders before him. Daniel's forte is production work, which will lend itself to his construction of Sutherland Trout Boats, Replica Rushtons, and wooden beach wagon automobile restorations.

Howard and Frank will continue the North River Boatworks tradition of fine boatbuilding, along with the restoration and rebuilding of wooden beach wagon automobiles. North River is best known for its high quality classic lapstrake designs, including the North River Skiff, the St. Lawrence River Skiff and the Rushton Model 109.

Sutherland Boat & Coach, Inc. can be reached at P.O. Box 479, Branchport, NY 14418.

North River Boatworks remains at 6 Elm St., Albany, NY 12202.

Ellen Nooney, North River Boatworks, Albany, NY.

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CORN STARCH?

Regarding "Grinding Fiberglass" (June 1, 1990), do you know about the corn starch and Downey Fabric Softener anti-itch trick? I've been using it for the thirty-plus years that I have been grinding glass and found it to be the best.

John Smith, Ambler Boat Works, P.O. Box 1214, Lansdale, PA 19446, (215) 368-8474.

BOLGER BOATMEN

I would like to make contact with anyone who has a Bolger Folding Schooner, as well as with any other Bolger boatmen (or women) who may live within reach of my area, the Hudson River valley town of New Paltz, NY. The very portability of these Bolger boats makes it difficult for us to cross paths, let alone tacks.

Sailing my Folding Schooner on the Hudson at the Albany Wooden Boat Festival in late June made me realize what good times might be had sailing some Folding Schooners together sometime, someplace, and perhaps a gathering of Bolger boat owners might include such an opportunity.

I am specifically interested in contacting the owner of a Folding Schooner from Canandaigua, NY, who spoke to me at the Albany event, where we failed to properly exchange addresses.

Andre Venables, 15 Hasbrouck Rd., New Paltz, NY 12561, (914) 255-4538.

BUILDING FOR 30 YEARS

Thank you for sending me your neat little magazine. I have been building small boats for about 30 years, mostly Percy Blandford's PBK kayak style canoes. Recently though, I have built Glen L's rowing shell and 14' power skiff.

Robert Hawk, Pittsburgh, PA.

PEDAL POWERED KAYAK

I am especially interested right now in finding a pedal boat drive which can be installed in a kayak type hull through a center-board well. I winter in a tiny Mexican fishing village which is on a tremendous estuary providing miles of shallow, protected waters in which to use my boat. The nature of this area, narrow, winding shallow channels, limits my choice as to propulsion of my boat. My wife and I tire easily paddling, but as avid bicyclists we have strongly developed leg muscles we'd like to put to work in our first boat.

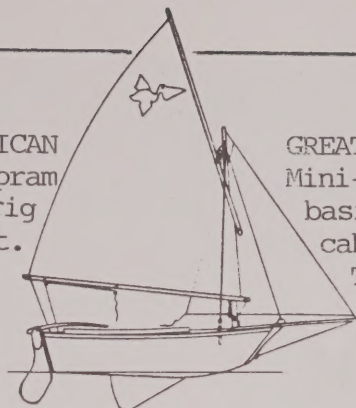
My kayak will be based on a Folbot hull, but will carry its beam width back to a transom where I will mount a rudder. The forward seat will be moved forward, the rear set moved backward, to provide room for the pedal propulsion drop-in units.

Anyone with knowledge of the availability of such pedal power units who could contact me would be very helpful. We have been in touch with the Human Powered Vehicle people, but they are focussed on speed, and we're not.

Sam Cox, P.O. Box 1476, Tucson, AZ 85646.

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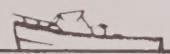
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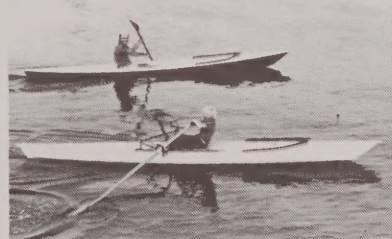
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Berkley Island Small Craft Meet

Amongst the fleet of some 30 traditional small craft that gathered at Berkley Island State Park on Barnegat Bay in New Jersey in early June was the 1928 Elco motor cruiser belonging to Chris Boyle. While not exactly a "traditional small craft", the antique classic became the main party boat for the weekend much to everyone's delight, with just about everybody on hand boarding at one time or another to check out the boat and the action.

The weather was beautiful, on Saturday we had sunny skies and 10 to 15 knot westerlies, with a Saturday night electrical storm not turning out as bad as had been predicted by the weather gurus. The New Jersey Park Service closed the park to the public Saturday evening for the TSCA group to overnight camp and carry on sailing well into the evening. By 10 p.m. the boats were off the water and secured against the predicted storm. Sunday brought more brilliant sunshine and a moderate breeze.

A nice mix, as always, of traditional craft turned out. Tony Tereszczuk, the Philadelphia TSCA Chapter president, brought his Shearwater dory; Dr. Pete Peters had his Beetle Cat; Al Bratton brought his assortment of canoes and kayaks; Roger Allen brought the Philadelphia Maritime Museum's Tuckup and sailing garvey; David Brady sailed in on his 24' dory-ketch; I had my Whitehall and new Melon Seed sailing skiff, along with Russ O'Connell's light dory; a Whisp was also spotted in the fleet, along with a Barnegat Bay Sneakbox.

The Park Service people made us very welcome, permitting the overnight camping for the group and assisting individuals in launching and retrieving boats throughout the weekend. It was the most successful gathering yet for the Philadelphia TSCA Chapter. Readers interested in this group and its activities can inquire of Tony Tereszczuk, 1309 St. Vincent St., Philadelphia, PA 1911, (215) 722-3245.

Marc Barto, Smithburg, MD

Right from the top: Scenes on the beach reveal the variety of traditional small craft at the gathering. While the photos came uncaptioned, I can spot a Whisp, a Barnegat Bay Sneakbox, a Melon Seed, a Bolger Light Dory, and a Whitehall.





Storybook Rivers

If you've ever read James Michener's Chesapeake, you'll know why it was so exciting to finally, on a clear autumn day, hitch the "kayoe" to the roof of the wagon and head south in search of the Choptank River.

After threading through metropolitan New York, bustling New Jersey, around Philadelphia and past Wilmington, Maryland's Eastern Shore shocks with an uncommon quiet. Blue waters with few boats. Put-ins with no cars. Suddenly I am paddling through sleepy towns, past colonial mansions, watching fish jump, gliding through marshes bursting with bird life. In short, I had pushed off into Michener's novel and, from headwaters to Bay, found myself practically alone to marvel at its carefully chronicled beauties. Since then I've been returning to continue exploring the neighboring rivers.

Overlooked - Canny canoeists, like many a fisherman, sometimes tend to play mum about favorite spots. But Maryland's Eastern Shore is a paddler's gigantic empty paradise.

Recently I was paddling the Middle Choptank River from early morning on; it was 4:30 p.m. before I passed my first boat. The Upper Chester and Pokomoke Rivers similarly have provided full days without even a canoe encounter. This May I paddled fifteen miles of the Tuckahoe to its mouth, with no one - and nothing - to distract, just natural excitement and quiet enchantment.

The rivers of the Eastern Shore, for most of their history practically unconnected with the eastern seaboard, are an easy day's drive from New England, and just hours away from the heavily populated New York to Washington megalopolis. Yet this bygone, by-passed, crabs-and-creeks country, be-

tween the busy sailing waters of the Chesapeake and the magnetic draw of Atlantic beaches, continues largely undisturbed.

What's So Special? Michener's Chesapeake, overflowing with Shore history, natural and human, is one of the better known invitations to test these waters. You'll also find locally written books. There's a feeling of intimacy with nature as it was, and life in an earlier time. It's an unhassled pace, where mile after mile you often have to look hard to find the twentieth century. Locals may express friendly surprise at an outsider. Many who make their living from the water do so in traditional craft, mostly of wood. Anything resembling a sea kayak easily becomes an "ice breaker."

There are attractive public docks, ramps, put-ins and take-outs wherever you seem to want them. In most cases it's even okay to sleep by these access points, perhaps telling the local constable - if you can find him ("so he won't wake you to be of help"). There are places for a paddler to camp along the rivers - points, banks, beaches, under stately trees - where only the ducks and geese notice you. And there are fine state parks where you can comfortably headquarter for as little as six dollars a night. If you choose to paddle on way, from trickling headwaters to the broad salty reaches of the Bay, hitches back to your car are neighborly. You can ride currents and tides to the sea, or if you seek challenge, try your muscles and skills upriver against a current, wind and tide.

Kinds of Rivers - The Pokomoke is a "southern" river, with miles of wildness where you are constantly accompanied by flowers' fragrances from a tropical shoreline

that includes giant cypress. The Choptank offers a broad variety of Maryland's Eastern Shore in one long building crescendo that includes the historical towns of Cambridge and Oxford. The Chester brings you a pleasant mix of natural and colonial sights. The Sassafras, with its coves and shores tucked between hills, reveals more estates and pleasure boats. The Tuckahoe, especially lively in the spring, seems almost unknown to most, while the Nanticoke is plenty large and, therefore, not as much fun for paddlers. If you're driving through there are innumerable day trips and creeks, such as King's Creek and Miles Creek off the Choptank.

For more details, see Edward Gertler's Maryland and Delaware Canoe Trails (Seneca Press, Silver Spring, MD).

There are fine large-page atlases, available for each county, showing every last dirt road, creek and ramp. Available (\$8.95) from general and convenience stores (published by ADC, 6440 General Green Way, Alexandria, VA 22312).

A good state map (Maryland Official Highway Map) is available free from: Maryland Department of Transportation, State Highway Administration, Baltimore, MD 21203.

Typically, no matter which larger river you pick, in just a few days you get to know an entire ecosystem. Starting as close as possible to its origins, I like to paddle upstream, around and under logs, through a darkened forest where your source can become a rivulet, swamp with a rich carpet of moving water, or even an agricultural ditch. Up here birds seem to accept you as part of the scene. Then it's down river. As the narrow stream descends, invariably the current



is swift, not white, but enough to keep you alert. There may be natural barriers and choices as the water cuts deeper and you emerge from mile after mile of pristine, sweet-smelling, tall-treed swamp into small river country, with occasional fields and views.

Still well inland, and with obvious current, it nonetheless becomes tidewater. No 30 to 40 feet, it eventually widens to 100 to 150 feet, with an occasional riverfront cottage, farm, landing or town. This is where the sailing ships and steamboats came. As you continue into salty breezes you're more likely to meet watermen in quest of crabs or oysters - and boaters. The variety of birds decreases while their size and numbers escalate as you paddle past bluffs, creek mouths and beaches framed in shades of green with shore grass and ancient oaks. Up from private landings are the stately farms and very often a large old brick classic.

Now, still smelling of wild roses and honeysuckle, forest mulch and pine, with more than a quarter mile between banks to perhaps miles across, you approach the Chesapeake. You might find yourself bobbing among a fleet of oyster boats, where the curiosity is mutual. You can continue from here to anywhere in the world, or back to your car and home...or another river.

Tides - Tidal current in these parts is never threatening, but knowing your tides and planning accordingly makes it easier to concentrate on the surroundings. If the tide isn't right, don't let it stop you, but there's lots of help from a tide going your way. A timetable booklet is free from: Maryland Department of Natural Resources, Tidewater Administration, Tawes State Office Building, Annapolis, MD 21401.

A to Z or Ballet from HQ? - The traditional river paddle, headwaters to mouth, camping on shore all along the way down is possible an adventure, no problem. But here you can also paddle an entire river, perhaps in up (or down) and back bites, in daily forays from a centrally located Maryland State Park campsite. The Choptank, Pokomoke and Tuckahoe have fine facilities, helpful rangers and a central location for getting up or down your river in segments (or round trips from each put-in). It's not as exciting as pushing off at the top and taking it as it comes, seeing it all from "over the gunnels." But, with just one central campsite (or B&B), you can focus on the river and play the game of tides. For information on and brochures of the various Eastern Shore state parks, write Department of Natural Resources, Maryland Park Service, Tawes State Office Building, Annapolis, MD 21401.

Camping Along the River - Beyond the obvious public places (you know the signs - fire remains, flip-top rings), there are those tempting, probably private sites, natural spots surely once favored by the Indians, where you camp with permission if possible. The rub is, most of these shore properties are large, their owner's house half a mile or more inland, and then often absentee. A number of these riverfront estate properties seem to be valued only for hunting season. You may not agree, but I consider the lack of a No

Left from the top: The upper Tuckahoe; the middle Choptank; "Up the creek" off the middle Chester.

Trespassing sign as an owner's acceptance of discreet, respectful no-trace overnighiting. I have never had a problem (even with an orange tent)! If in doubt, pull up under the trees a bit, and forego the campfire. If there's any litter (not likely), you can show your good intentions by gathering it for take out. There are, for sure, summer cottages and communities to avoid, but also huge isolated stretches, peninsulas, points and islands that are almost Canadian in their isolation.

When To Go? - Summer, the time of spicy crabs and cold beer to douse the fires, is the favorite, but you have to like the tropics. July/August can be muggy, with late afternoon thunderstorms, sometimes sea nettles where you might want to dive in, perhaps mosquitoes, and surely more company on the river. New Englanders especially might prefer May/June (already crab season) or September/October (oyster season) if you can make it then. Pre- and post-summer this mild country reverts to the nineteenth century with all good things, and, very possibly, the whole glorious place to yourself...unless we bump into each other.

Herb Klinger



Left above: Camping out on an island. Right top: Beached on the lower Pokomoke. Right bottom: Beached on the lower Choptank.

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Shetucket River Cruise

There was a record turnout for the 15th Annual Shetucket River Cruise, which took place on Saturday, June 16, a beautiful spring day in eastern Connecticut. When I arrived at Lauter Park, the designated put-in on the Natchaug River, mixed groups of all ages were milling about in the parking lot, at the registration desk, and all along the beach, which was replete with clusters and rows of canoes and kayaks of every color and description. There were families, many of them with small children; a cohort of kids getting orders from teachers who appeared to be playing the roles of camp counsellors for the day; athletic types, both men and women, attending to their racing gear; elderly couples; and heterogeneous groups of all sizes and ages. Dave Hankins of Joshua's Trust, a local conservationist society, who had initiated this annual event in 1975, was on hand, as were officials of the Columbia Canoe Club and the Connecticut Canoe Racing Association.

Before the launch, Sue Audette of the CCC gave a talk about safety, which included suggestions on how to run the more intimidating rapids, and Ernie Harris of the CCRA invited the company to participate in the Shetucket River Race, which was scheduled for the following day along the same 14 mile run down the Natchaug and Shetucket Rivers from Willimantic to Baltic.

Mansfield Hollow Reservoir Dam had released water for the event and there was a swift current, about five or six knots I would guess, along the winding Natchaug which winds its way under several impressive sturdy bridges until it is joined by the Willimantic River a mile-and-a-half downstream to become the Shetucket.

On the first leg of the run I sat in the middle of an Old Town "Camper" with Andy Filtz and Celia Anderson doing the paddling, at the stern and bow respectively. I assured the canoeists and kayakers who passed us and made jokes about my leisurely attitude that I was a sort of coxswain and was keeping an eye on the spare paddle as well. And just about everybody in the regatta was passing us as Andy was in no hurry and would pause after every stroke or so to comment on the flora and fauna along the river.

Left from the top: Sue Audette (standing left on rocks) was everywhere making certain the event went off well. Andy Filtz and the "press boat". Family paddling was a main attraction.



Though this stretch of the Shetucket is fairly well populated, it gives the impression of being remote, because its banks rise abruptly into hills of hemlock and pine, and an inconspicuous railroad bed abuts it as well. Most noticeable at this time of year are the cottonwood fuzz floating in the relatively slack water between rapids, and the mountain laurel in bloom on both sides of the river.

When we arrived at the portage around Scotland Dam, we were greeted by a cheerful group of young people who portaged our canoe for us, equipment and all.

At the portage, we found a shady spot for a picnic lunch and discovered we had managed to bring an interesting smorgasbord. About forty or fifty people were gathered in small groups throughout the area. Everyone was friendly and pleasant. It may be that just as people get aggressive as soon as they sit behind the wheel of a car, they become more amiable in a canoe. After lunch we strolled back to the take out to observe late starters still arriving. Most of the

craft lined up along the bank were the familiar green and red composite canoes; also well represented were plumb-ended translucent racers; then there were the kayaks, a few large aluminum canoes and one very substantial canoe of unstained wood, finished bright.

The second leg of our jaunt was swifter because the Shetucket seems to pick up speed in the bouldery rapids below the Scotland Dam, and because Celia, our most experienced paddler, had taken the stern. We were, in fact, now overtaking one boat after another, and I was paddling for all I was worth in the bow in order to keep us tracking. There was less talk of flora and fauna on this leg and more concern about which way to run the rapids. I thought we did just fine. There were no casualties, even though we did manage to bash into a rock.

Toward the end of the run we beached the canoe, paddling furiously across the swift current, to join a group at a swimming hole. I overcame the temptation to get in line with the kids who were swing-

ing out over the river on a rope and plunging in. From the shore we waved at the regatta as it passed. Again I was struck with the variety of people and craft.

At the take out in Baltic there was a line, the first we had encountered all day. Even after the long trek, no one was impatient or in a hurry, not even the kids. Each craft was being taken care of one at a time by a sort of reception committee honchoed by the ever-present Sue Audette of the Columbia Canoe Club, who appeared to have been the last to start and the first to finish the run. Every boat and crew was given the same reception and help, an efficient and orderly procedure which did not call attention to the inexperienced and elderly.

As we stowed our gear in the parking lot we speculated on the number of paddling craft that had taken part in the cruise. Seventy? Ninety? "One hundred and six," said Sue, who had apparently counted them, one and all.

Jim Lacey, Willimantic, CT.

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I guess I had it coming! I had snuck off unnoticed and alone one July morning to sail my 10' centreboard sloop from Groton Long Point, Connecticut, to West Harbor on Fishers Island, a distance of 4 nautical miles - if I'd made it, that is.

It was a beautiful morning for a sail and, as I left the Groton Long Point breakwater to starboard, the northeast wind gained in strength and soon the water under the bright red counter was gurgling merrily. As the outline of Fishers Island hove into sight, I knew the "short sail" to which I usually restricted myself whenever I behaved like the modern version of Tom Sawyer was going to be extended. Many "short sails" around the bay that summer inadvertently turned out to be day-long cruises for my small sailboat to nearby New London, Mystic and Stonington. I knew my family didn't mind because a few times they had been part of my crew, but there were other times, like this one, when I had happily gone alone.

As I sailed out into Long Island Sound where it necks down to form the entrance to Fishers Island Sound, the wind picked up from a mild Force 3 to a breezy Force 5. There was a strong outgoing tide through the narrows with a wind against tide condition that created short, steep seas in mid-channel. These conditions worsened as I left the lee made by the Connecticut shore. Occasionally a light spray flew back from the swooping bow as the little sloop danced from one wave top to another.

Then, as I had North Dumpling Island almost abeam, my idyllic passage suddenly came to an abrupt end. For some unknown reason, the boat suddenly swung up into the wind and steep seas. Turning around quickly, I saw that my outboard rudder had been knocked out of the gudgeons on the transom, apparently by some underwater obstruction, and its only connecting link to the boat now was through the tiller in my hand. By this time, the bow had passed through the eye of the wind and the boat had come about. Now on the opposite tack, the boat was headed back toward the Connecticut shore. The sails were aback, and as I struggled to release the sheets to prevent a knockdown, I unthinkingly let go of the tiller. The light beamy boat swung back into the wind with the sails flapping madly, the tiller and rudder gone. Helplessly in irons, the boat drifted backwards at the mercy of the choppy seas. Tugging at the jib sheet, I got the boat underway again only to take a big cold wave into the cockpit, which is not self-bailing.

Through all of this, I was struck with the necessity of trying to retrieve my missing rudder. Although the stark reality hadn't registered that with a metal kickup blade the rudder probably wouldn't float, I did realize the importance of needing some way to steer my boat, if I were to survive in these turbulent waters so far from shore.

Using the little knowledge I had about sailing a boat with just the sails, I began to search the area for any sign of rudder and tiller. It was really a pointless exercise because if anything had been floating, I wouldn't have been able to see it in the steep seas anyway, and without a rudder I could only sail a short distance on one tack before accidentally coming about or gybing. Gybing is always a tricky maneuver in choppy water and a strong wind, but in a small boat with no rudder, it is sheer murder! Several times my boat was caught broadside by the force of



Small Boats...Big Waters~I

a few ugly, breaking waves and almost capsized.

However, by experimenting with the trim of the sails, I slowly learned how to increase the distance I travelled. A close hauled mainsail forced the boat's bow up into the wind; a taut jib took her down wind. By setting the jib almost flat and allowing the main to run off, I was able, for a time, to reach through the search area. Then suddenly, for some unknown reason, possibly from wave action or from a sudden change in the wind speed or direction, I'd lose control of the boat again.

All of this time, there had been several large boats in the area either making for or sailing in the comparative lee of South Dumpling and Flat Hammock Islands. Although I made no attempt to request assistance, anyone looking in my direction couldn't help but wonder about my erratic course and violently luffing sails.

I finally realized the futility of looking further for my steering gear and decided I'd best try to make for shore without it. Actually, I believe now that I needed the search time to acclimate myself to the sea conditions and to experiment with the trim of the sails. When I had mentally decided what I was going to do and how I was going to do it, I was anxious to put the plan into operation.

By this time the wind and seas had become too severe for my small sloop. I couldn't remain where I was, exposed to the full onslaught of the elements, but I also wasn't sure I could sail to safety by just the trim of the sails. I knew I couldn't maneuver through a narrow channel without a rudder, so the best chance I thought I had was to try to beach the boat.

Both the South and Main Beaches directly across the water from me on the Connecticut shore offered a possible haven, if I could make it that far. Once across the Sound, I could sail parallel to the shore, if necessary, to reach one of them. With the northeast wind behind me rather than off my starboard beam, I also felt it would be easier for me to steer in the calmer, more protected waters. On the other hand, the closer Fishers Island shore with its rocky lee shoals and outlying islands seemed to present fewer possibilities of safety once I got there, and I wasn't sure of how I could get home again. The disadvantage of sailing to the Connecticut side was having to recross most of Fishers Island Sound and the strong outgoing current.

I set off, still experimenting with the set of the main and jib to control the boat's course. With the jib in as far as I could get it and the main mostly luffing, I could only sail 100-150 feet at the most, before accidentally gybing or coming about. This, coupled with the swift current pulling me into the depths of Fishers Island Sound, prevented me from

making much progress toward my goal.

I decided I had to try steering with my son's homemade paddle that I had onboard. I had hesitated to do so before because the blade was small and the handle short. Beyond the fact that I carried it for sentimental reasons and for occasional use in a clam, I had no illusions about its ability to serve as a steering oar in an emergency. Without an oarlock or notch in the transom, I knew I was going to get a real workout trying to hold the boat on course in the strong wind and waves. However, I had no choice but to try.

With two hands on the paddle, one holding it against the transom, the other on the handle steering, I again got the boat underway. In the meantime, like the proverbial one-armed paperhanger at work, I managed to get the jib and mainsail sheeted in, and immediately the little boat started making knots. But is a strong wind gust and with a good size wave under the boat, I had to use all my strength to hold her on course.

After steering like this for a period of time, I was forced to rest. Each time I did, the boat would swing up into the wind and come about and I'd find myself sailing back toward Fishers Island over precious ground I'd recently gained. Once, in desperation, I tried paddling as hard as I could on the windward side of the boat, hoping in vain to keep her on course this way. As the situation became more desperate, I began to doubt seriously the wisdom of not sailing the shorter distance to Fishers Island. The boat would probably have ridden steadier and been easier to control on the wind rather than off. However, it was too late now as I was more than halfway across the Sound.

As I looked toward the Connecticut shore, I could see I had more than a mile to go to the red channel buoy that marked the old wreck off Groton Long Point. After steering through a series of long tacks, sometimes with the paddle held at right angles to the transom to keep the boat on course, I had to rest again. Despite the strong chilling wind, I was wet with sweat and my aching arms hung uselessly at my sides. As the boat lay in a deep trough, she took another breaking wave broadside and almost went over. All my gear was floating around in the bottom. I was barely afloat. For a moment I was seized with panic. It looked like I wasn't going to make it to shore. In my exhausted condition, I probably couldn't have clung long to an overturned boat, no less had the strength to right it. I cursed myself as a fool for starting out without letting someone know where I'd gone.

I figured I had one last chance. I had to take the mainsail down and try to sail with the jib alone. I wasn't sure if I'd be able to breast the strong current with so small a sail,

however, with the main down and flapping wildly about the boom and the loose halyard streaming straight out in front of me in the wind, I, at least, was able to sail without accidentally coming about or gybing. I had also gotten far enough across Fishers Island Sound so that my course to South Beach was now almost directly down wind, an ideal direction I found, for sailing my boat under jib alone. Now when I did temporarily lose control of the boat and her stern swung across the eye of the wind, the jib would fill on the other tack and bring her back on course again. Best of all, the wind and the waves decreased somewhat in the partial lee of the Connecticut shore.

I also found I could steer for a short time in the calmer waters with one hand, bracing the paddle against the quarter rub rail rather than against the transom. This freed my other hand for bailing. The water in the cockpit started to go down and with it my fear of capsizing in the sluggish hull. As I got closer to the Connecticut shore, I began to gain slowly on the weakening current. Conditions had improved so much, in fact, as I neared the red nun buoy off South Beach that I decided to continue down the shore to Main Beach which was large, more accessible, and closer to home.

However, I wasn't there yet. I had another problem to overcome first. I had to sail through the rip tides and overfalls the ebbing tide creates off the southern tip of Groton Long Point. If I could make it around the point, I reasoned, well and good. If not, I could still drift back with the current to the small and rocky South Beach, my original goal.

As I neared the point, I edged closer to shore until I could see the rocky bottom. With the centerboard up as far as I could get it and yet maintain stability and some maneuverability, I reduced the three feet my boat usually draws to a foot or less. Dodging a few rocky heads just visible below the surface, I reached the tidal area and immediately my forward progress stopped. The strong current swung me around and the boat picked up speed going in the wrong direction! Paddling as hard as I could, I got the boat headed in the right direction again. I realized I could have used more sail to weather the point, but with the main halyard out of reach, that was impossible. I'd have to stay with the jib and try again. Moving to a new location 30-50 feet farther out from shore, I found a little more wind and a little less current over the softer bottom. Sailing through the overfalls gave me a few anxious moments, but there was no denying my forward progress. As I slipped slowly around the point, I knew it was all downhill for me from here on. I'd made it!

This experience certainly won't stop me from singlehanded my boat again next spring, after I get a new rudder and tiller. But between now and then, I'll have a chance to think about what I did wrong and what I'd do the next time to prevent a similar incident from occurring.

Incidentally, just before starting back toward the Connecticut shore after losing my rudder, I remembered spotting a lobster pot buoy pulled just under the surface of the water by the strong current. I must have sailed directly over the buoy or line without seeing it and popped my outboard rudder straight up and out of its gudgeons. Although I'd hit underwater obstructions before, I'd never

lost the rudder. It was a one-chance-in-a-thousand occurrence, but it did happen.

1. For this reason, my new rudder will have a foot cut in the wood just below the lower pintle. The next time I hit an underwater obstruction, the rudder blade will kick up and out of the way, as it's supposed to, but the rudder itself should remain in place no matter how direct the hit.

2. I'll have a standard size paddle or oar aboard (but will still take along my son's!) that will be long enough and have a wide enough blade to serve as a steering oar in case of a future emergency. I may also install

an oarlock mounting in the transom to facilitate its use.

3. Although I'd had an anchor onboard, the line was not long enough to reach bottom when I needed it. However, if I'd had the amount of line I should have been carrying, I might have been able to anchor in deeper water when I'd badly needed to rest and bail.

And, oh yes, the next I decide to sneak off for a short sail around the bay, I'll be sure to leave a note behind telling my family which "bay" I have in mind!

Lionel W. Taylor



Small Boats...Big Waters~II

It 1979 I built my first boat, a Bolger Teal. At the time I also owned a Laser, so I didn't bother building the sailing rig, but used Teal solely as a rowing skiff.

Some years later I moved to the Texas Gulf coast. For various reasons I sold the Laser, and after several years off the water I decided to build Teal's sailing rig and use her as a sailboat. In April of 1989 I launched Teal from the Texas City Dike for our first sail on Galveston Bay.

Before going any further I should explain that the Texas City Dike is a five mile long, low man-made promontory jutting south-eastward out into Galveston Bay. The dike was built some years ago to protect the Texas City ship channel from shoaling. The prevailing Gulf winds (which can get quite strong and gusty) are from the south-south-east. Protected from the seas, but exposed to the full force of the wind, the area to the north of the dike is a gathering place for catamarans, sailboards, and whatever else loves strong winds and smooth water. (In 1987 the Gougeon brothers came here for an attempt at the world speed record under sail. Their sophisticated proa broke up on the rocks during a squall.) The area to the south of the dike, the ship channel and beyond, is fully exposed to the wind and seas sweeping in from Bolivar Roads, West Bay, and the Gulf.

It was late morning when I launched Teal at a ramp on the windward side of the dike, near the shoreward end. Teal proved to be a responsive sailer. My wife and our eight-month old son were aboard for a brief sail, then I sailed solo while Jamie took some pictures from the dock. The breeze was freshening and Teal seemed a little unsteady, especially during jibes, but nothing to worry about. As Jamie and Christian drove home I turned Teal to the southeast, intending to sail the length of the dike (about 4-1/2 miles) along its windward side, then round the tip and land on the boat beach on the leeward side.

I sailed Teal closehauled on the starboard tack, staying between the ship channel and

the dike. The chop built as we came out of the lee of Snake Island. Teal romped along, and I enjoyed the sport after a long absence from the water. I was enjoying the wind, the sun, and the sailing so much that I didn't realize that the breeze was still strengthening. As we neared the tip of the dike we felt the full force of the seas, turning steep and nasty. I bore off to skirt the tip of the dike. The quartering wind made Teal unsteady, and in that moment an unexpected comber rolled her over.

Capsizes were nothing new. I had sailed small boats since my childhood on the Chesapeake Bay, through high school and intercollegiate competition, and had been dumped and gotten back up dozens of times, in all sorts of waters and weather conditions. I remember thinking as Teal went over that it would be a simple matter of righting her and bailing her out.

It was then that I realized I wasn't wearing my lifejacket, and that all my gear was rapidly floating away.

Some fast swimming rounded up oars, lifejacket, and bailing bucket. I put on the lifejacket and lashed the other gear to the boat with some spare line, then set to work righting Teal.

Teal's plans had called for foam flotation installed in each end. I hadn't installed it. For using Teal only as a rowing skiff it hadn't seemed necessary, and I had overlooked it when fitting the sailing rig. Now I found that Teal was easy enough to turn upright, but the weight of the rig forced her under when righted.

After several tries I realized that the wind and tide were carrying us toward the junction of the main ship channels to Houston and Texas City. I began to worry as a tanker made its way inbound from Bolivar Roads; when the ship turned and headed into the Texas City channel I was damn well scared. The ship, empty and riding high, cleared us by sixty or seventy feet. The pilot looked down from the bridge and gave a worried wave and a shrug of his shoulders as if to ask if I needed help. Damn right I needed help,

but I waved and tried to look cheerful as if this was an everyday occurrence.

I took stock of my situation: I was in the water with a capsized homebuilt boat that I couldn't refloat, being carried across ship channels, out toward the mouth of Galveston Bay. I was scared, I was getting tired fast, and for the first time in my life I was in a situation that I wasn't sure I'd get out of.

I unstepped the mast, righted the hull, and scrambled aboard. No good. My weight forced Teal under, rightside up or not. An idea struck me. I righted Teal, and with the hull awash, treaded water alongside while I bailed her out. After several minutes Teal had gained several inches of freeboard, and I again scrambled aboard.

My boarding swamped Teal again. She floated awash, my weight forcing her under. Another idea. I lay down on my back inside the boat, letting my lifejacket float me, taking my weight off the boat. I even tucked the oars under me for extra flotation. Lying on my back I bailed furiously, hoping to get ahead of the waves washing across Teal. I kept up the pace as long as I could. When I stopped to catch my breath Teal had gained several inches of freeboard! She was starting to rise to the waves! After a moment's rest I started bailing again.

After the second round of bailing Teal was half emptied of water and sluggishly riding over the waves. I sat up and looked around. The mast, sail and sprit floated in the water. These were still attached to the hull by the mainsheet, acting as a sea anchor. The wind was strong now, a solid 25 knots (I found out later) with whitecaps cresting the waves. The force of the onshore wind on the hull and the drag of the outgoing tide on the rig balanced out, so that Teal held her position a half mile from the tip of the dike. I bailed again, kneeling and balancing in a hull that seemed much less stable than it had when I left shore. In a short time Teal was empty, riding over the waves like a cork.

Now I had to figure a way to get to the boat beach on the leeward side of the dike. The windward shore was out of the question, being composed of granite riprap placed by the Army Corps of Engineers. The mast and sprit were too long to fit into the hull. Carrying them aboard would make rowing clumsy. With the wind, waves and tide I'd never make any headway. The other option was sailing in. But with Teal as unsteady as she seemed to be, it was doubtful whether I could get the mast stepped without capsizing again.

I removed the sprit from the rig and placed the sprit in the boat. I heaved the mast aboard and with a sudden desperate effort, forced it upright and placed in in the step, all the while precariously balancing the weight of the mast, the drag of the violently luffing sail, and the little hull bobbing over the waves.

I was exhausted. Adrenalin had kept me going this far; now that I was relatively safe the strength left my arms and I began to shake uncontrollably. Teal lugged along, the force of the luffing sail enough to keep her moving. I grabbed the tiller and hove to, keeping Teal almost head to wind. Shortly I was rested again and once more took a look around. The tip of the dike was to leeward, about a quarter of a mile away. With the wind and seas as high as they now were I would have trouble sailing around to the lee side of the dike without capsizing again. I

would have to tack downwind, making a long reach out into the bay, then tacking and reaching back in. A jibe was out of the questions in that wind.

I went to work trying to re-rig the sprit. No way, the wind was too strong. When I tried to thread the clew pennant into the sprit Teal wanted to spin around, broadside to the wind. I tried three times and gave up, lucky to still be upright. I got out the oars and turned Teal downwind, the uncontrolled sail streaming out ahead. The wind moved Teal faster than I could row her. After a few moments I stowed the oars and concentrated on steering and balancing.

As we drew even with the tip of the tike I realized there was a big advantage to sailing this way: I wouldn't have to jibe as much. All I had to do was change course. The sail would continue to stream where it wanted. We rounded the dike and turned to the northwest, sailing back along the lee side. As we drew under the lee of the land the waves smoothed out. The dike is only about ten feet high over its width, so Teal still felt the full force of the wind.

The sandy beach was covered with sunbathers. Swimmers dotted the water and catamarans screamed back and forth, taking full advantage of the high wind and smooth water. In the protected waters I felt more confident. I rounded up and managed to rerig the sprit. Teal was under full control

now and surged ahead proudly, fully confident of her ability to keep company with the flashy multihulls. The wind was strong enough to force her above hull speed as I hiked my full weight out on the rail. Bolger designs have many virtues, among them strength. The mast took a surprising bend, but gave no protest. The hull and partners flexed, the leeboard sang, and everything held together in find shape as Teal and I surged past the swimmer's beach and made for the boat beach.

At this time of the afternoon dozens of catamarans were beaching after their final runs of the day. Teal and I maneuvered through the crowd. The little homebuilt drew curious looks from the high-priced crowd. I rounded up, stepped out, and started to unrig. A curious onlooker walked up to ask about Teal, and helped me to get her ashore and put to bed.

I had launched from a ramp near the base of the dike on the windward side, and had landed at a beach near the tip on the leeward side. I had about four miles to walk back to my truck. Over gravel and broken pavement. In the Texas sun. In bare feet.

I made it in just under an hour. The memory of finding myself in trouble, in a situation that I hadn't anticipated, will stay with me a long time. But the memory of those blisters will stay with me forever.

F.C. Berg



Small Boats...Big Waters ~ III

I have just read the enjoyable article "Down in the Mud on the Bay" in the June 1st issue, and feel it is my responsibility to state that the mud in lower San Francisco Bay, though quite squishy and rather foul smelling, can be, in fact, crossed on foot. There is no need to nearly die when stranded as did the five men on the motorboat that ran aground in that mud in the story.

In the summer of 1971 as a skinny lad of 14, I had behind me one summer of sailing an 8' El Toro dinghy in the protected harbor of Palo Alto, California, situated at the southern end of San Francisco Bay and coincidentally the destination of Mr. E.G. Ragsdale's kayak trip. During my second summer of sailing, I became more adventurous and left the confines of the harbor to travel the three miles across the bay and back.

After one successful trip, I asked a friend a few days later if he would like to come along with me in his El Toro. Innocently

enough, we ventured out in a moderate breeze around noon on a sunny day. As we sailed across to the other side we were pointing fairly high into the wind, so as it increased we were able to continue making good progress and kept the heeling effect to an acceptable level by slightly luffing our sails.

By the time we neared the opposite shore the wind was so strong that, had there been a harbor nearby, I'm sure we would have stopped there and called our parents to retrieve us. Unfortunately, though, all we could see to the north and south, and for a couple of miles inland, were salt evaporation ponds surrounded by dikes.

So, back we headed. Traveling almost dead downwind, I couldn't figure out how to de-power the sail. With a three foot chop and the wind astern, the boat began to roll terrifyingly. My friend had pulled some way ahead of me by the time we were about a third of the way back. It was then that I capsized and he was too far ahead to

hear my shouts for help. I hung onto my overturned boat with my eyes riveted on my friend's growing distance. After watching him continue on his way for a quarter hour I realized he wasn't going to come back for me. Although I remembered reading it was best in such a situation to stay with the boat, I decided that in as much as there were no other craft visible on the South Bay, I'd better ignore that dictum and strike out for shore.

I had heard that one could lose control of the muscles after 15 or 20 minutes immersion in the cold (about 50 degrees F) bay waters, but oddly enough, on first entering the water, I found it warm compared to the wind blowing over my soaked T-shirt and jeans. My life jacket was strapped tight as I set off on the longest swim of my life. I used the elementary backstroke in which my hands were in the water all the time because I thought I could sustain this easy stroke for a long distance.

After a terrifying hour during which I repeatedly assured myself that should I survive I would never sail again, I came close enough to shore to touch the bottom. With a quarter mile to go to dry land, I

could perhaps have made faster progress if I had continued to swim as far as I could, but somehow the unpleasantness of sinking knee deep into the mud with every step was outweighed by the reassurance I felt in touching the land.

Once on dry shore, I tossed my life jacket aside and began the long hike down the dikes towards civilization. An hour of walking down gravel topped levees in bare feet and a few hopped fences led me to a Leslie Salt building where I found a security guard. In another hour my mom was driving me home.

My friend had seen me capsize but considered it too dangerous to turn back. After barely managing to regain Palo Alto harbor, he called his parents, who in turn called the Coast Guard. A helicopter sent out found my overturned boat and eventually the life jacket I had discarded on the shore, but saw no trace of me. My phone call relieved much distress at home.

A kind soul from the Palo Alto Yacht Club found my boat next day, intact except for a missing centerboard. I didn't even catch a cold from the adventure, but I did, however, wait a whole month before venturing to sail again.

Dick Damon

kayak at a 45 degree angle to each irregular wave as it rose up, so as to avoid being capsized into the water I now fully realized was icy still. So much now for the shorts and tee-shirts.

No respite came in the wind, progress seemed measured in inches. At last the last point of land was rounded and the beautiful put-in at the camp came into view, the wind and waves dropped slightly in this more protected place and we soon came ashore safely enough. Those still over at Beal Island gradually crossed over in small groups later in the day as wind and waves moderated somewhat, with several of the more experienced paddlers tirelessly assisting the nervous novices. Bedtime came very early that evening for many of us exhausted by the unexpected ordeal.

As a new paddler, I learned a lot from this experience. I am an avid hiker, and when I do not like the weather or the terrain I encounter in the mountains, I can stop, hunker down in my tent, turn back, go a different way. In kayaking I don't have all of these options, I have to have better developed skills for paddling and pay greater attention to the potential developments that might occur on a trip. I must never go out unprepared for emergencies, cold weather or waters, and should carry all pertinent gear for these possibilities in my kayak just as I do in my backpack hiking.

Finally I realized that kayaking in groups is no guarantee of safety, even though help may be nearby. At the height of the wind we encountered, there would have been very little anyone could have done to help me if I had capsized, nor could I have done much to assist another.

Nature rules, and don't ever forget it!

Hilary Hopkins



Small Boats...Big Waters~IV

It looked like a perfect day for paddling, summery and still. Even though it was still late April, the water in front of the AMC Knubble Bay Camp near Bath, Maine, sparkled in the sun and the multi-colored kayaks of our group of some 35 sea kayakers danced softly on the waves as we put in for our outing. Those of us who were beginners would be exploring Brookings Bay while the more experienced paddlers would go up the Back River. Many of us wore shorts and tee shirts in the summerlike conditions.

During the mild morning the two groups criss-crossed Hockomock Bay, enjoying the local fauna; cormorants and loons, and curious seals, and overhead somewhat irritated ospreys alarmed at our intrusions. After lunch break, we noted a few clouds rolling in, but nothing that appeared worrisome. In small groups we continued to explore this and that inviting cove. Late in the afternoon, the two main

groups caught sight of each other across the more open water, heading back toward Beal Island for the mile-long run back to the camp from there. Ah, that last stretch of now familiar water. No problem, easy paddling, even if it had gotten cloudy and cool.

Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong!

Out of nowhere it seemed came a fearsome (to this novice paddler) wind gusting to 35 knots, whipping the water into almost instant whitecaps. Waves built into confusing patterns. It became frighteningly clear that this was to be no easy paddle back. A half-dozen of us set out on the run to Knubble Bay Camp, the rest, perhaps being more prudent, put in at Beal Island to await a possible change in the wind conditions.

Those of us working back toward camp across the tossing waters found the effort very draining of both physical and psychic energy. Intense care and concentration had to be focussed on keeping my



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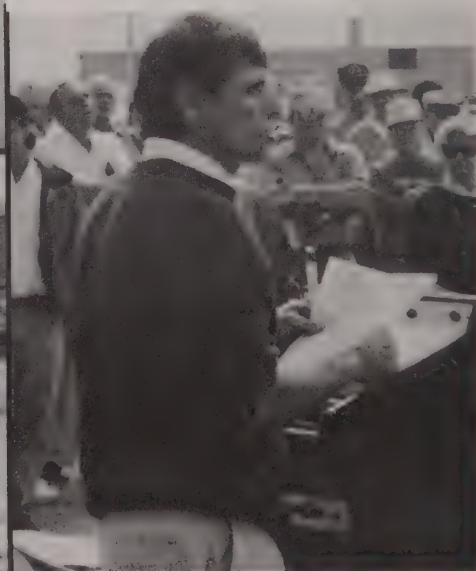
School was out for the summer at the Landing School of Boatbuilding in Kennebunkport, Maine, with "graduation" taking place on June 30th at nearby Wells harbor, with the launching of no less than five beautiful boats built by the students providing the focus of the ceremonies. Queen of the fleet was a 31' Malabar Jr. yawl that took two years to build. Two of the standard Buzzard's Bay 18's, a Pete Culler design, a small diesel powered inboard launch, and a larger Nelson Zimmer inboard diesel launch completed the program.

The choice of locale and date coincided with the Wells "Harbor Day" celebrations going on at the town pier all day, so a big crowd was on hand to view the launchings. Despite the logistics of getting five boats into the water on the top of the tide, all went well, with the three smaller craft hitting the water directly from their cradles, rolled down the ramp on the school's very antique set of old iron axles and wheels, hauled by their pickup truck. The two larger craft were neatly picked off their stands by a Brownell trailer and eased into the water.

Just one anxious moment came when the Malabar was afloat and the engine fired up and reversed to back away from the ramp before turning away. The yacht built up momentum backwards towards the pilings supporting the dock, but

Left from the top: The graceful lines of the 31' Malabar Jr. A Buzzard's Bay 18 hits the water. Happiness can be this tidy little inboard launch. Or this more elegant Nelson Zimmer launch.

Below: Landing School Director John Burgess addresses the crowd prior to the launchings.



ion Day

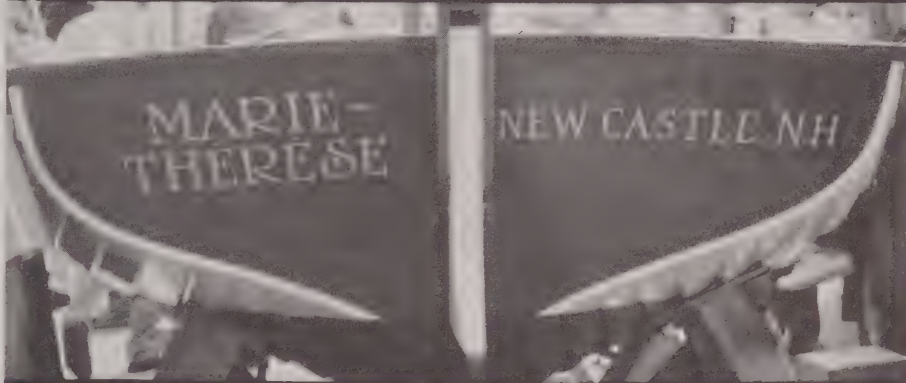
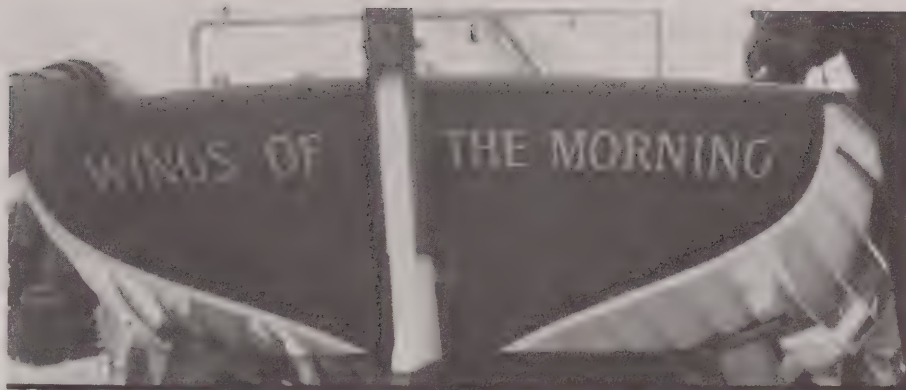
when shifted into forward, the engine stalled. As the several tons of gleaming yacht coasted down onto the dock pilings, the mizzen rigging sticking far out beyond the transom, the helmsman frantically hit the starter button, and after three smoky no starts, the diesel fired just in time to prevent some re-arrangement of the mizzen boom and rigging, and possibly a dinging of the varnished mahogany transom.

The new owners were there of course, and varying degrees of pre-launch speechmaking took place, with the owner of the Zimmer launch presenting the students who built his boat with individual gifts of appreciation, a very classy act. In contrast, the Malabar got a dose of champagne without comment.

The "Class of '90" had completed their schooling in wooden boat building and now could begin to contemplate finding work in their chosen field. And John Burgess, who owns and operates the School, told us that the 1991 class was full up with 40 hopefuls. They certainly learn to build beautiful wooden boats, all the craft launched were superb examples of their types. The Landing School is located at P.O. Box 1490, Kennebunkport, ME 04046, (207) 985-7976.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

At the right: Five dreams come true, each carrying its own identity on its transom. Below: The owner of the Zimmer launch presented the students who built his boat with individual gifts at the launching ceremony.





the Launching of The Madeline

REPLICA OF A WORKING SCHOONER OF THE 1800's

MARITIME
HERITAGE
ALLIANCE
Traverse City, Michigan



She looked beautiful floating there, say volunteer shipbuilders

TRAVERSE CITY — After five years, a one-day delay in launching the schooner Madeline didn't dampen the spirits of 2,000 cheering wellwishers Sunday who finally saw the replica vessel afloat in Grand Traverse Bay.

"It was terrific, almost dream-like," said Tom Kelly, who will be running education programs on the boat. "She looked beautiful floating there."

Heavy rains Saturday bumped back the planned launch at the Great Lakes Maritime Academy dock, which was to cap day-long activities focusing on antique boats. The 92-foot wooden schooner — a replica of a 19-century vessel — was started in 1985 as a project of the Maritime Heritage Alliance of Northern Lake Michigan.

For Bob Core, a builder who worked on the project from the start, it was especially satisfying.

"It was good to see her in there — more a matter of relief that she

By **MIKE NORTON**
and **BILL ECHLIN**
Record-Eagle staff writers

floated and that we didn't lose anybody in the crowd getting her in," he said with a laugh.

Sunday's launch was the slow and delicate work of heavy equipment. Two cranes from Kal-Con Construction of Kalkaska and Walkerville house-mover Phil Jonassen did the job.

Coming weeks will be occupied with installing masts and rigging and running sea trials for U.S. Coast Guard licensing.

The Madeline was the second replica boat for the Maritime Heritage Alliance. The first was the Gracie L., a 20-foot "Mackinaw boat." The group also sponsors the annual Classic Boat Invitational Show in Suttons Bay.

The Madeline will become a maritime ambassador for Traverse City and floating classroom to educate youngsters about the history and ecology of the Great Lakes.

The teaching program, which began last year aboard the Malabar, will move to the Madeline in September. Up to 1,000 students are expected to participate before the boat is docked for the winter in October.

The original Madeline also briefly served as a classroom, the first in the Grand Traverse area nearly 140 years ago.

A commercial schooner based out of Mackinac Island, it spent most of its career carrying salted Lake Michigan fish to De-

troit. But during the winter of 1851-1852, while icebound at Bowers Harbor off the Old Mission Peninsula, the crew paid a young schoolteacher named S. E. Wait to come aboard and teach them reading, writing and mathematics.

The modern-day Madeline is a close copy of the 19th-century twin-masted schooner, with a 50-foot hull, a 14-foot beam and a seven-foot draft. It weighs 37 tons with room for 29 tons of cargo. Builders expect she will be able to carry up to 49 passengers along with a crew of at least five.

The boat has a diesel engine for backup as well as lights and flush toilets to satisfy 20th-century health department requirements.

The Alliance had hoped to have the Madeline ready last fall, but the launch was delayed to put finishing touches on the vessel.

Some 160 volunteers and six part-time employees donated more than 40,000 hours of time to the project.

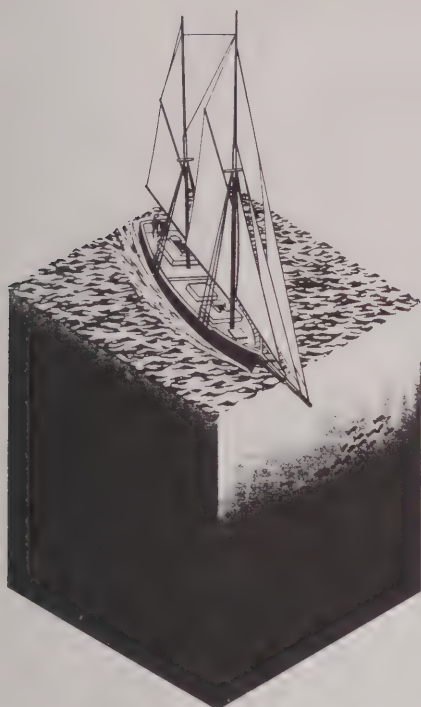
Alliance president Ed Brown says an estimated \$200,000 in cash went into the Madeline as well as another \$200,000 in donated labor and materials.

One last-minute donation came from Budd Tomkins of Traverse City, who drove his pickup down to the dock last month and opened the tailgate to reveal a perfectly-preserved 200-pound anchor, recovered from the floor of Lake Superior near Big Bay.

TRAVERSE CITY TALL SHIP

Reader Jack Seaman sent this news story and brochure information on a "tall ship" built by community volunteers in his home town of Traverse City, Michigan over the past five years. "Madeline" will go to work right away in the schoolship program that takes school children out on the Great Lakes to learn more about that environment. The report is from the Traverse City "Record Eagle". It appears the people of Traverse City have the "right stuff" when it comes to the tall ship dream. It's called "do it yourself".

Discover The Great Lakes Aboard The Schoolship



The Inland Seas Education Association

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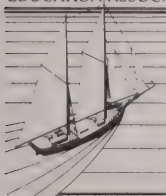
ISEA utilizes two traditionally rigged sailing vessels for the Schoolship Program.

The "Malabar" is a 106' gaff topsail schooner built for the passenger trade in 1975. She carries a professional crew of captain and five hands, and is inspected and licensed by the U.S. Coast Guard. When not chartered as the Schoolship, she carries passengers on day trips on Grand Traverse Bay. "Malabar" is operated by the Traverse Tall Ship Company of Traverse City.



The "Madeline" is a newly constructed replica of a vessel by the same name that sailed the upper Great Lakes during the 1850's. In the winter of 1851 the original "Madeline" was used as a classroom for her crew while anchored at Bowers Harbor and became known as the Schoolship. The new "Madeline" will carry on the idea of the Schoolship, reaching many thousands of students, young and old. "Madeline" is operated by the Maritime Heritage Alliance of Traverse City. She will be ready for Schoolship operations by early 1990. Like the "Malabar," she is a gaff topsail schooner, 92' overall, 55' on deck, with a 16' beam.

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A Baptismal Service

I can mark the beginnings of my own "messaging about in boats" by my father's purchase of an eighteen foot "Cape Cod" day sailor when I was but nine years old. I had learned how to sail with an old family friend, Ken Kempton, at the time a well known writer of young people's adventure stories and a member of the Harvard University faculty, who visited us often in our Boothbay Harbor summer cottage. He was our guide and our captain when the day finally came for our first momentous journey, delivering the newly rigged boat to a brand new mooring off the shores of Spruce Point.

Perhaps we should have cancelled the trip when the greyness of the day became evident. Our enthusiasm won out as Ken, my father, my brother and I set off, well burdened with all sorts of gear, to the footbridge at the head of the harbor. Our new boat, glistening with fresh paint, lay next to the dock, breathing quietly with each gentle passing swell. Ken took charge as we stowed all gear and became familiar with the lines on board. With the sails finally set, we eased away from the dock and moved out into the harbor. I could imagine the triumphant sighting of the house. My mother, grandmother, and Ken's wife, Polly, would all be on the rocks watching for us like the wives of sea captains returning from a year of whaling.

These visions and most all other sorts of vision were soon blocked out by the thick blanket of fog that I can remember. Hardly on "little cat's feet," the dense mist enveloped us faster than Grant took Richmond! In no time we were in that quiet world that might as well have been outer space without that one piece of gear that we never felt we'd need with Ken along, the compass.

Ken managed to control our panic with assurances that, with such a light freeze and him at the helm, we could not really get in trouble. We would just hug the shore and work our way out to the point, just a short mile or so from where we must have been. The first problem would be in finding the shore.

Every now and again, a moored boat would loom out of the greyness, easy to avoid with a gentle adjustment of the tiller. With the realization that there might be someone else out there under way, I was assigned to give a periodic blast on the fog-horn (lung power of course in those days). For us, this experience was becoming a nice, low-key adventure. For the women, looking out into the nothing from the shore, it must have been a nightmare!

We ghosted around for the better part of the morning with no sighting of the shoreline. When we finally spotted a dock, we decided to make fast and find out where we were. There was a driveway at the end of the dock with a sign that read "SERVICE." With youthful innocence and enthusiasm, I announced that we had docked at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Service. My father, however, recognized our location as the service entrance to the local hospital. We had a merry time at my expense, as we walked down the drive together, inventing the various members of the Service family. There was old grandpa Funeral Service. The pretty young daughter was Easter Service. Her nasty brother was No Service and the unliberated mother was Lotsa Service as I remember. We had gone through the entire family tree by the time we reached the main building.

The punch-line to the whole trip came when my father called home to alleviate the fears of the women left behind. Since we had no phone, he had to call Leora next door and ask if she would go over to the cottage and give my mother the message. Willingly, Leora (only in Maine, a name like that) whisked next door and announced, "MAAGE (Marge), MAAGE, THE BOYS ARE AT THE HOSPITAL!"

Well, I don't suppose it matters who passed out first or how long she was on the floor, but that was the beginning of it all. I remember many a fine day of sailing in that boat and I also remember her demise the night she was destroyed on the rocks during hurricane Carol. My mother still looks out on the mooring sight every morning and, I suspect, the Services are still in town too.

Bob Richardson

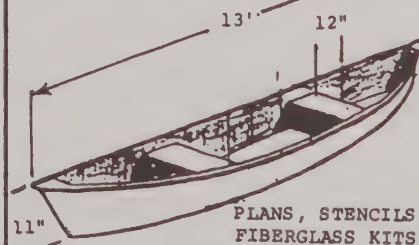
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The "P.U.P." or "Pick-up Punt"

by Joe Pallazola

Berkeley, California

Specifications:

Length: 8'

Beam: 40" (3'4")

Draft:

Board up: 4"

Board down: 2'

Weight: 60 lbs.

Sail area: 59 sq. ft.

For better or for worse, the P.U.P. was conceived as a hybrid composed of ideas culled from long study of Phil Bolger's work. I want to make it clear from the beginning, however, that Mr. Bolger is in no way responsible for the curious-looking result presented here. (But his published material has supplied lots of the inspiration leading to this perpetration.)

I wanted a light-weight, "instant-boat" sort of craft suitable for general dinghy-type exploits under sail or oars. Upside-down, she had to fit between the wheelwells in the bed of my imported pickup and not stick out much beyond the end of the opened tailgate. She had to be light enough for a middle-aged, sedentary kind of guy to wrestle onto his truck unaided. She had to be simple and economical to build "stitch-and-glue"-fashion out of a couple of sheets of quarter-inch exterior-glue fir plywood, fiberglass tape, laminating resin and some miscellaneous 1" lumber that I had lying around.

Her lines are partly a combination of Bolger's "Tortoise" and "Elegant Punt" designs, and I think she's somewhere between the two in looks and closer to the latter in size and function. The curved sides and sheer of the "Punt" were wedded to the "Tortoise"-like rectangular box with unflared sides to make a very rigid structure with no need for a space-taking central frame. The corners of the six-foot-long superstructure are firmly braced by triangular "gores" at the stern and forward frame, and the foredeck

stiffens her further, creating a very strong hull. It leaves the entire inside of the 6' by 3'4" cockpit free of obstructions and very roomy (for such a small boat).

Another Bolger-inspired touch is the matching of the curve of her sides to that of the bottom profile. This is said to reduce eddy-making along the chines, for improved performance.

The mast design, too, is a knock-off of a Bolger idea that he (in turn) got from Uffa Fox. For a mast the size of the P.U.P.'s, using the full width of a clear fir 2x4 for much of the lower third provides ample strength. It's designed to work well aerodynamically since its "leading edge" (to the wind) is much like that of an airplane's wing. The individual luff-ties allow the sail to flow from the "trailing edge" of the mast on each tack, which is supposed to create smoother airflow around the luff.

Building her was simple. I drew the pieces on the plywood by transferring measurements from my scale drawings with an architect's scale, and fairing the curves by bending a long batten around nails driven into the ply at measured intervals. After cutting the pieces, I sprung the sides (upside down) around a temporary center-frame cut from one-half inch ply (this piece would later become the rudder). I stitched the bow and stern transoms to the ends of the sides, and attached the forward frame in place with copper wire. Then I stitched the triangular bottoms of the box-like superstructure in place. Finally the bottom was pulled into place with Spanish windlasses and stitched to the sides and transoms.

After that I turned her over, leveled her carefully to see that all was plumb and square where it was supposed to be, and taped her inside seams over an ample fillet of thickened resin. When that hardened properly I flipped her over again, pulled the stitching wires out, rounded

the edges and taped the outside seams. Then it was time to attach various rails and stiffeners (mostly 1x1 stock), the skeg, the mast-step and the foredeck. Lots of hole-filling, sanding and wood-sealing then, painting her and attaching her hardware. And finally it was time to try her out on the water.

Her "sea trials" proved her to have very satisfactory performance. Rowing seated upon a portable box/seat with a pair of six-foot oars, I easily paced a sleek kayak paddled by a much younger and more athletic friend, and even passed him toward the end of our sprint. She has carried astonishingly large loads of camping gear for me, attesting to her ability as a tender. In spite of her flat bow she's reasonably dry in a chop (unless you're rowing into the eye of the wind, in which case you keep her chin well above the water). She's very stable; I'm able to stand up and keep my balance in her easily with no sense of impending capsize even if I try to rock her, which she resists steadfastly.

Under sail she's quite lively, especially with a solo skipper, but she's still fun to sail with two aboard, and there's plenty of sprawling space. The fifty-nine square feet in her spritsail (copied from Bolger's "Punt" design and purchased from Harold Payson) are a lot for her size, but her ample beam and wide-open cockpit make it easy to shift one's weight around to keep her on her feet. There's no provision for hiking-out. If sitting against the weather side and/or hardening-up on the snorter aren't enough to keep her upright, there's too much wind for her. I haven't attempted any reefing arrangement for the P.U.P., mostly because I have a smaller rig (scavenged from a retired skiff) that I use when it's too windy for the designed sailplan.

The P.U.P.'s leeboard is a low-tech structure that works quite well, even if it is a bit unorthodox in appearance. It's not an original idea, either. I seem to recall seeing a drawing of the basic design in an early issue of "Small Boat Journal." The lashed strut is very strong and forgiving of hard use, and the pivoting kick-up feature has been a blessing in skinny waters and for beach use. Also in keeping with the theme of shoal-water capabilities, I made her rudder a shallow-but-long barn-door style with a bottom plate (thanks again, Phil). With this rudder shape and the mast stepped right up in her bows, looked at in profile to my eye she's a bit reminiscent of a Cape Cod catboat.

In fact the P.U.P. is no great beauty, but her light-weight strength, spacious interior and good performance more than make up for her looks. She may be a mongrel but she's a capable little boat and cheap, besides. Since the prototype was to be a relatively quick-and-dirty affair, I found some AC exterior ply on sale for \$7 a sheet, and thought that would do admirably.

However, upon completing the hull I became a bit more enamored of her and thought she deserved at least a decent paint job to make up for the bargain-basement materials and to hide some of the blemishes. Outside she has dark grey topsides with a white foredeck, white "superstructure" (I really don't know a nautical term to call that part) and white bottom. White sides inside with a bright-finished varnished sole showing off the "A" side of the fir ply give a modicum of old-timey class, and fancy boot-stripping with vinyl tape adds a spiffy finishing touch at her waterline. She gets lots of attention in public, and some folks even say she's cute. And I know from experience that she's able. I can live with that. 



Close up views of details on the P.U.P. Top: Mast stepped right in the bow; substantial cockpit coamings. Middle: Barn door rudder with "wing" on the bottom. Bottom: Spacious accommodations in an 8' craft.



TOWNIE CLASS

TOWNIE SAILING & RACING

While we often read on these pages the adventures of Tom in his old Townie sloop, and enjoy them immensely, we want you all to know that racing the Town Class sloops goes on, now over 50 years since the inception of the class in Marblehead, MA.



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In 1989, fleets in three Massachusetts locations carried on full summer racing schedules. The Massapoag Yacht Club on the lake of that name in Sharon, MA, celebrated its 40th year with races for the fleet of six Townies, running from May 7th through October 15th.

In Nahant, MA, (home for Tom's famed Townie) the fleet numbered thirteen Townies. It was a full season, and Race Committee Chairman Dave Morrow was awarded the Sportsman Trophy for conducting the summer-long Sunday series. He celebrated the conclusion of the season by using the scorecards to start a fire in the Club's pot belly stove, and then spread the ashes over the race course!

The Marblehead fleet fielded fourteen Townies for a very busy season, including major participation in Marblehead's 100th Anniversary Race Week, celebrating the fact that Townies have raced in that annual event over half of its long lifetime! Marblehead also hosted the annual "alumni race", inviting former Townie skippers who have gone on to other boats or interests back for an annual trip down nostalgia lane.

The "Nationals" were in Marblehead last year, with 24 Townies turning out for the two-day event, four of the five scheduled races took place, the fifth was "fogged out". The 1990 Nationals move to Nahant on August 25-26, and hopes are to go over 25 boats. Nationals in the 1960's at the peak of Townie popularity used to draw double fleets of 60-70 boats each to Marblehead. The class has never died out despite dropping off to a dedicated few, and now the resurgence in the simple, sprightly performing classic little 16' daysailer is gaining support.

Town Class information is available from Robert Wilson, 43 Louis St., Chelsea, MA 02150.

THOUGHTS ON A TOWNIE

Like a lot of kids in Nahant, Massachusetts, I grew up hanging around the "wharf". Our family became active in the Dory Club after my father inherited a classic Chris Craft launch from my grandfather in New Hampshire. After we'd spent much time on the water in this boat, my father bought a brand new wooden Turnabout, #1980. We painted it a beautiful navy blue and named her. "Why Row?"

For a number of summers I watched the weekend racing activities from a distance, always careful to avoid being anywhere near the "Club" at starting time. I wasn't particularly interested, nor did I seem able to understand all that racing stuff one needed to know to participate. Besides, I wanted to roam! The ocean was a wondrous new world and I was given permission to explore it, as long as I had my life jacket on. Wind and water fuelled my imagination, the more wind and the more water, the more exciting the challenge!

Official club records later show few attempted starts in #1980. I have no recollection of ever seeing a finish line at all. That wasn't what kept me coming to the boat. The shape of a bright white sail framed against a deep blue sky became my inspiration, a small wooden boat in a sea of changing conditions became a life-affirming experience, the spirit of sailor and the soul of boat resolving their relationship through tiller and mainsheet. The lore of sailing had taken hold on me.

Somewhere in all this are memories of watching the Townies, peacock feather wind pennants, yellow foul weather pants, crews hiking out, shouts like "ready about", the race committee's cannon firing. And the spring varnish and fresh new paint. My interest in art at the time had me drawing, and as I began to outgrow the little Turnabout, the drawings increasingly depicted the object of my desire, the 16' lapstrake Townie with varnished wood decks, elaborate (by my standards) rigging, and room for four adults. Drawings on the margins of my school papers often showed Townies with small bowsprits, gaff rigs, and two jibs!

Finally now owning a Townie, after many years have intervened, has fulfilled those youthful dreams. It acknowledges to me the vitality of this New England tradition and I'm proud to be a part of its resurgence these last few years. Townie racing sets the pace but at the heart of all this lies the simple pleasure and joy of sailing in a boat that sets the spirit free and lets the imagination fly!

Thank you Marcus Lowell, Pert Lowell, and Ralph and Joanne (Lowell) Johnson.

Ralph Wilson, Chelsea, MA.



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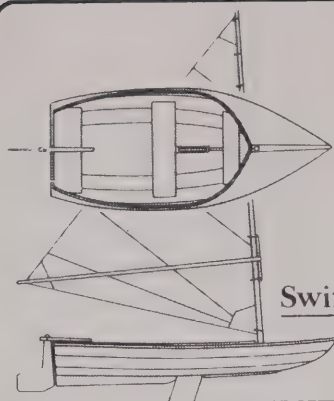
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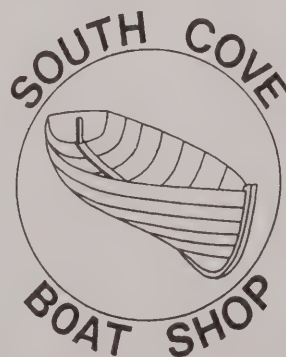
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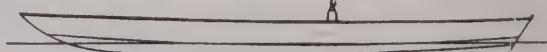


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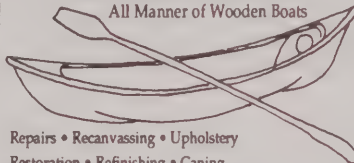
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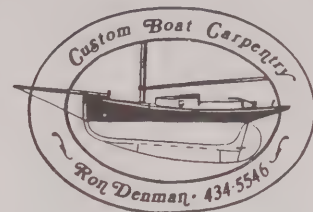
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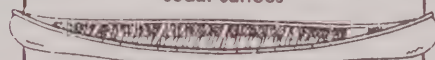
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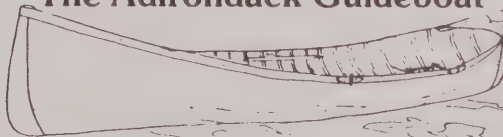
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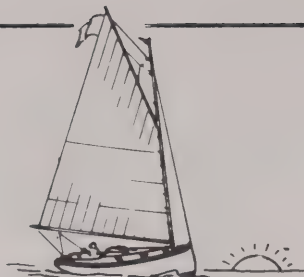
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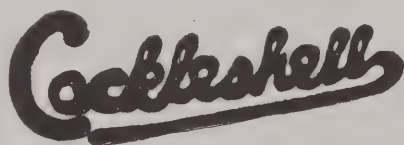
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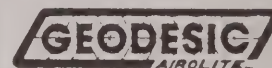
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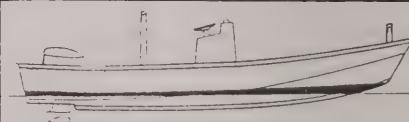


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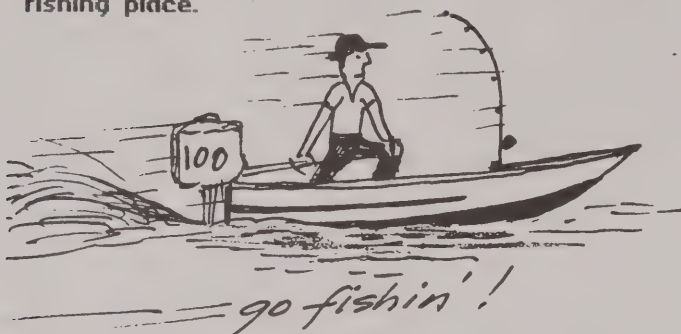
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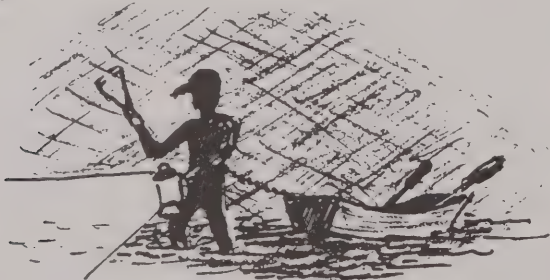
Punting On The Bay

Down in South Texas, a seven and a half foot wooden punt is a rarity. I'm asked, "What do y'all use it for?" Except for a few day sailers, racers and catamarans, most small craft here are used for sport fishing. Boating, just for the fun of "messing about" is kinda rare. Sailboat and sailboard racing is big, but all in fiberglass as far as I can tell. And, as high-tech as the owners can afford. There are some wooden boats, including a 29' Hardesty, even a wooden catboat. In Corpus Christi, a rare breed indeed! Bolger is represented here, I know of a "Gypsy", 2 "Surfs", a "tortoise", a "Martha Jane", (still building), and my "Elegant Punt". Hopefully, my "Micro" will soon join them. Around here though, one mostly goes fishin', not boating. Aluminum or FRP, 16 feet and up, hang a big outboard on it and zoom! To the favorite fishing place.



I go fishing too. Row straight out to a shoal my friend Paul showed me, and at sundown, the sand trout start biting. But I enjoy rowing there quietly, letting the slap of the wavelets and flaming sunset clouds soothe my soul.

Or, on moonless nights, Paul and I will wade the shallows around any of hundres of islets and sand spits, bow painter looped around waist or shoulders, punt following faithfully. A reflector Coleman lantern in one hand, crab tongs in the other, the blue crab raise their claws as if to say, "take me, take me."

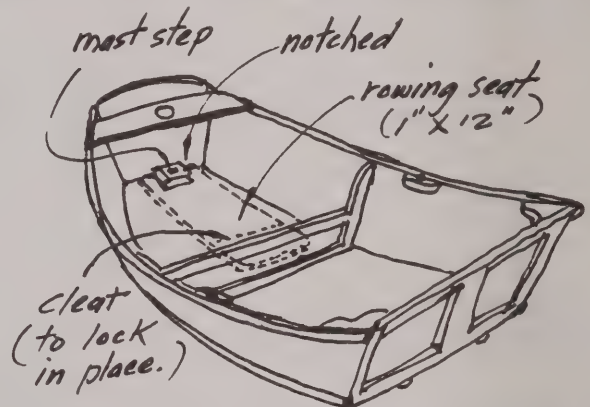


TONGS & COLEMAN

The crab are tossed into the bow, the midships bulkhead keeps them out of the sternsheets, where feet are placed for rowing. Paul can even manage lantern, tongs and a flounder gig. Other nights, rowing to some quite cove, working hand to hand along the sea wall, one can reach down and pry off a few dozen oysters. We move to each location

by oars, of course. Shattering the stillness of those velvet nights with an outboard motor just doesn't seem right.

I built Bolger's "Elegant Punt" to sail and to use as a tender for my cruiser or future sailboat, (Micro, or?), but it's a fun thing in it's own right. (Plans are available from H. H. (Dynamite) Payson & Co., see ad this issue. Or, better yet, ask if he still has copies of the first "Instant Boats", it has the plans and a wealth of "How-To-Do-It", \$15 I believe.) The punt was designed to be a strong, light sailing tender, but it rows quite well. Keeping bow and stern just clear of the water helps a lot, so I use a removeable rowing seat on set on the centerline, allowing a shift of body weight for the right balance. Works great! 11" X 3/4" with a notch forward to fit the mast step, it's also left unpainted on the bottom, I just flop it over to cut bait. I used 5.2 MM Iauan



to keep it light, and all varnish inside. No fiberglass as yet, but those oyster shell scratches on her bottom tells me I should think about it soon...

If you're looking for a small boat that's very inexpensive and easy to build, (couple of week-ends), can be thrown atop the car or towed behind almost any size sail or power cruiser, then I highly recommend the Elegant Punt. Mine is called: "GOT DAMP!"

John Benton, Corpus Christi, Texas



Classified Marketplace

CANOES, NEW & USED. One used 16' wood/canvas Old Town and one 18' unknown brand.

FERNALDS, Rte. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (508) 465-0312. (7)

SAILBOATS. Two D/S I used, both race equipped.

FERNALD'S, Rte. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (508) 465-0312. (7)

15' CYPRESS CANOE, strip planked, half-finished, still on molds and strongback. With planks to finish. Two cherry seats complete with hand woven cane, cherry thwarts. Best offer.

CY LIBERMAN, 2204 Mill Ln., Arden, DE 19810, (302) 475-7760. (7)

22' CLASSIC B&S WHITEHALL SAILBOAT, 1986. Fiberglass centerboarder, like new. Sails, 8 hp Sailmaster, trailer, more. Asking \$11,500.

PHILIP LEASURE, Gardner, MA, (508) 630-2195. (7)

EARLY CLASSIC DAYSAILER. 17' O'Day "Daysailer" built by Marscot for O'Day in early 1960's. Class #689. Tapered mast, internal hal-yards, and tabernacle for easy rigging. Two jibs, standard and self-tending. Main, spinnaker, trailer, pump, anchor, PFD's, etc. Ready to sail. \$1,350.

JOHN DAVIES, 18 Prospect Hill Rd., Lexington, MA 01773, (617) 492-6100 or (617) 862-7518. (7)

CANOES. 17' Old Town Otca, all wood/fiberglass, mint, \$1,595. 16' Mad River Monarch, kevlar, rudder, \$1,250. 15' Mad River Maine Whitewater, \$450.

STEVE BLAZEJEWSKI, Adams, MA, (413) 743-4380. (7)

1989 DOVEKIE, on trailer, fully optioned, Midnight blue with tan-bark sail. Used only three weeks in fresh water. \$11,500.

D. DAVIGNON, Edey & Duff, Mattapoisett, MA, (508) 758-2743. (6)

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TONY DIAZ, Gardiner, NY, (914) 895-9165. (6)

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LARRY NUSSLEIN, Bar Harbor, ME, (207) 288-9442 after 9 p.m. (7)

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1980 DOVEKIE "Chocolate Chip", the ultimate gunkholer. The coveted earlier model with stainless steel galleys, spruce spars and tanbark sail, extensively upgraded with bow centerboard, third generation leeboards, jiffy reefing, wrap-around cockpit seating, sleeping cushions, back porch and many amenities for comfortable two-person cruising. Includes trailer with new wheels/tires and matching Tortoise dinghy. This boat has been widely cruised between Maine and the Chesapeake, is in excellent condition and is ready to leave again. Located in southern Connecticut. \$5,200.

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6' CAPE COD FROSTY, red hull with white decks, matching sail. Used only once and stored indoors. Made with love and epoxy. This was not a "weekend project". Must sell, need room. \$300.
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CL 16' DAYSAILER, popular Wayfarer design daysailer, racer, over-nighter, new 1989. Seats six, teak seats and trim, all else fiberglass. Beautiful boat with galvanized trailer. By far the best I've sailed. New cost over \$5,500, sacrifice for \$3,500 or BRO.

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WANTED. Rudder for an O'Day 22' (1973). Would prefer used but will consider new if the price is right. JOHN GEDDES, Kingston, MA, (617) 585-7932. (6)

WANTED. Mid-length, stable but light rowing boat, sliding seat and sail rig okay. Will be in Connecticut and Massachusetts in August to look at offers.

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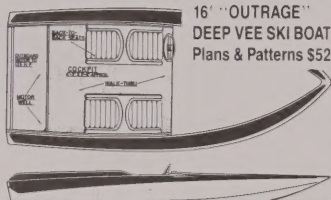
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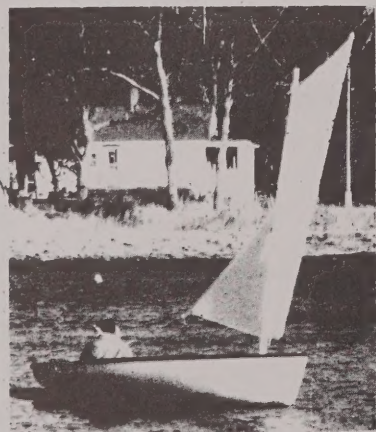
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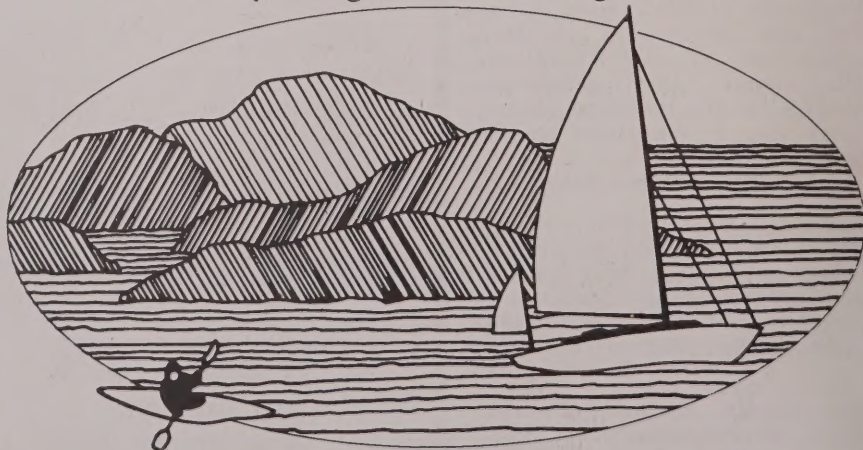
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