



messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

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messing about in BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

Will continue our run at catching up on events we think are of interest. We'll have our report on the Independence Cup sailing races in Boston Harbor for disabled sailors; our reports on three rowing/paddling races, the Mighty Merrimack, Misery Island and Gerish Island events. There'll also be our report on the traditional small craft get-together in Rockport, Maine, and Bill Rutherford's story about cruising on Blue Mountain Lake in the Adirondacks. Events still overwhelm. But amongst possible design/project reports are those on Dan Leonard's Windhorse Goshawk super sailing kayak; a bigger Birdwatcher from Bolger; the Loch Lomond skin kayak design from Scotland; and Jim Lacey's report on building a Luger boat kit. Lots more designs and projects wait in the wings.

On the Cover...

Yet another unique "press boat", Bay State Towing's "Joey" from which Hugh Ware got his report for this issue on Boston's Tugboat Muster held in late August.

Commentary

BOB
HICKS

More "big" boat news in this issue. Following up on last issue's big yachts coverage, this issue has heavy emphasis on big workboats, tugs, tankers, etc. As I mentioned on this page in the last issue, just because that one had so much to do with bigger classic yachts didn't mean that this small boat messabout guy was moving upscale. And in the same way, this issue's look at tugs and tankers does not mean we are to become "Industrial Boating" magazine.

Hugh Ware is our tugboat nut, even though in the last issue he was to be found at the helm of "Shamrock", the Museum of Yachting's J-boat. So once a year we get to read about Boston's tugboat muster, courtesy of Hugh. I think many of us are attracted to the tugboat mystique, all that practical functional appeal that they have, but Hugh is addicted. Since he does not own a tugboat, he has to take his opportunities when he gets them. Thanks to rapport with the guys who own and operate these workboats, Hugh usually gets a ride with someone for a close up look at playtime for workboats.

It happens that when Hugh brought over this article (he lives in the next town over from us) I had seen an ad in a local classified advertiser publication for a 28' "tugboat" with a V-8 Chevy engine in it, steel, in the water, ready to play with. Price was \$3,500. I asked Hugh if he wanted the phone number. "No, no, I can't even consider it," he responded. He had been watching a local Salem Harbor tug of 48' on the market for a year or more drop from \$50,000 to \$35,000, and yearned, but...

Who can afford a tugboat for fun? Not Hugh, not me, probably not most of you who are attracted to these craft. The attraction is common enough for several boat builders to offer tugboat "yachts", Crosby down in Osterville on Cape Cod has advertised tug yachts they will build for you on their yacht club launch hull, your choice of materials and accommodations determine the limit.

Even a \$3,500 tugboat was more than Hugh could entertain ideas of owning in his circumstances, and it would probably not be satisfactory to him even were he able to buy it. A V-8 car engine is not very tugboaty. I saw the boat at its mooring in a local tidal river from the roadside above, and it had tugboat looks anyway.

Several of the boat plan folks offer plans for tiny tugs you and I could build. I have one set for an 18' tug from Nathan Smith of Bainbridge Island, Washington. I've had it for four or five years now. Oh

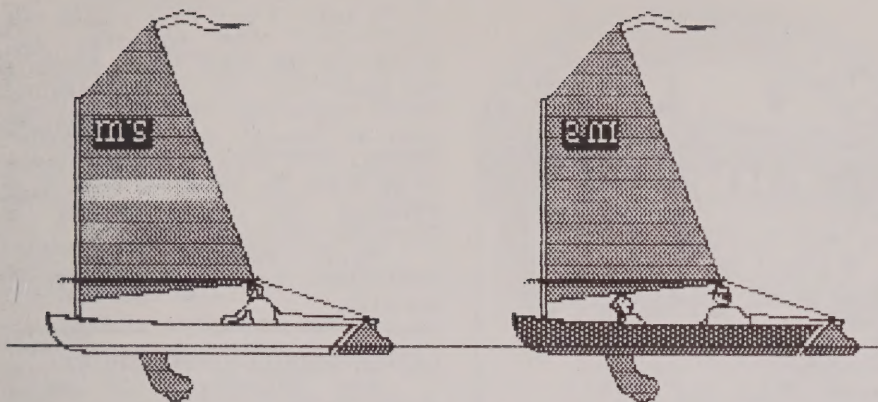
do I ever love that little boat. I even know what I could do with it if I ever got to build it. A friend builds and repairs boats and runs a small boatyard, and this tug would be just right for the biannual launching and hauling of boats and hauling and setting of moorings.

So what's the holdup? C'mon, this is just another fantasy. It has been fleshed out a bit with an 18' Novi type hull I acquired a couple of years ago, just about the right style and proportions on which to build the tug. It came with a 35hp outboard which I sold for more than I paid for the package, so the hull stands me nothing. It needs rebuilding, the seams need to be splined and the hull covered with fiberglass for the utility angle. I've been watching for a 20hp or so inboard with tranny and shaft and prop for cheap money, saw a few but didn't act, even \$200 or so wasn't at hand when needed. So the fantasy continues to be just that, along with several other projects I have around here.

In this way interest in the real things, be they classic yachts or working tugs, inspires smaller scale dreams and even actual efforts at their realization amongst us small boat folks. Some of the beautiful small boats seen at traditional small craft meets or wooden boat builder shows are manifestations of the classic yacht genre reduced in scale to something manageable for modest budgets. Even then, though, the costs can get up towards that \$10,000 figure, a number I do not think of as being affordable. Obviously I am not in today's mainstream. I haven't seen a comparable blossoming of small versions of working boats such as tugs, though.

Oh boy, just sitting here and writing this, with a look at those plans to refresh my memory, has got the old boat building urges rising up once more. Winter is at hand, bringing with it the end of much of the on-the-water activity, and all the outdoor work around here that seems to be required, yard care, house painting, building maintenance, etc. Can I get to my boat projects this winter? They are waiting. The new "Cockleshell 14" I've half completed. The final detailing of our Folbot double kayak for sail as well as paddle. TWO Townie sloops worth reconditioning. The tugboat...

If this tug is of interest, you might try to see if Smith still offers the plans, they're for plywood or steel (or aluminum) construction. Nathan Smith, Seaborn Rd., Bainbridge Island, WA 98110, (206) 842-5003.



Upset at Constitution Cup!!! Coveted Melonseed Title lost to dark horse skipper from New Jersey

The once placid waters of the Delaware were ripped into a foaming cauldron of cut-throat maritime competition on September 8th at Edgewater Park, New Jersey. The 4th Annual Constitution Cup was under way and the long-delayed starting gun for the Melonseed Class had finally sounded. Those renowned Melonseed skippers of wooden and fiberglass vessels had been twice delayed and were now finally tacking with the current up the Delaware River. Only a quarter of an hour earlier the starting line buoy had been carried off by the rising flood and the Melonseeds had to tack around while they waited for the snafued starts of the Duckers and Sneakboxes.

As the Melonseeds beat up river from the Red Dragon Canoe Club, Roger Crawford and Mark Fancy seemed to own the race. They led the way to the windward mark, but were closely pursued by two swift lapstrake wooden Melonseeds. One of these cut inside the green windward channel marker, but was courteously re-educated by skippers Crawford and Follansbee (although witnesses claim that Mr. Follansbee's efforts to prevent the clinker-built from nearly certain disqualification were anemic at best).

Mr. Fancy was first to round the aforementioned green mark, and he proceeded to sail away from the pack in the next half-mile. While most of the other skippers unsuccessfully experimented with the now fluky winds and strong opposing currents, one lone green Melonseed ghosted up along the idle marsh grasses and trees which graced the Pennsylvania banks of the river. Skipper Carolyn Sones, a marsh-hardened, mud hauling, Melonseed veteran from Humarock, Massachusetts, recovered nearly 300 yards in the shallows and began to threaten Mr. Fancy's lead.

It was at this time that Mr. Follansbee made his highly strategic, yet equally controversial, maneuver. Rather than continue to fruitlessly struggle with the highly complex winds and currents, the dark horse skipper from New Jersey tucked his bow into the wake of the Bay State marsh sailor and ghosted along with her into the lead.

Meanwhile, Mr. Crawford, Fran Nichols and others used an entirely different strategy. They gambled that the stronger winds in the shipping channel would more than compensate for that channel's swift currents. Tragically, they did not. The white caps from the gusty northerly wind had given way to a glassy chaotic chop caused by lighter wind, stronger current, and power boat wakes. To add insult to injury, the channel sailors were also forced to yield slightly to an immense oil barge which steamed down the channel.

Meanwhile the two marsh sailors were ghosting up to leeward marks. They came out from the shallows and tacked up the channel for home. Although they both played the swift channel currents to their best advantage, Mr. Follansbee managed to slip away from Ms. Sones on the upwind leg and won the race. There was speculation amongst the skippers that the added ballast of Mr. Follansbee's beer cooler gave him an unfair advantage through the tidal rips. Skippers Sones and Fancy crossed the line next in a bitterly disputed photo finish which was decided in favor of Mr. Fancy. Mr. Crawford, the defending 1989 champion, finished the race later, and encountered heckles from the committee boat, "Hey, Roger, where the hell were you?"

At the fine buffet dinner and awards ceremony which followed, skippers Follansbee, Fancy and Sones were awarded really nice

prizes from the race organizer, Roger Allen. Mr. Allen is the curator of the Philadelphia Maritime Museum's small boat exhibit at Penn's Landing and has great rapport with the traditional small boat fleets of the mid-Atlantic states. He had a great deal of fun exchanging comments with the winners and losers of the other classes. The Tuck Ups, Delaware Duckers, Barnegat Bay Sneakboxes, Melonseeds, and the open class boats all had a truly enjoyable day.

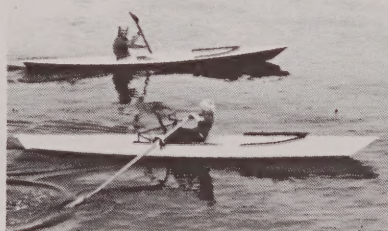
Although it seems impossible, the coveted 1990 cup was wrestled out of the firm grip of the esteemed builder from Marshfield. He accepted this shocking defeat with truly good sportsmanship, commenting later that he thought it was great for the Melonseed Class to have a new champion and that, due to the complex winds and strong current, the race was not actually won by sailing skill, but rather by manipulation of the river currents. "Maybe next year the race will be won by good sailing rather than treachery and skulduggery."

Unbiased Report from Mr. Follansbee.

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PADDLING ALL OVER

I've been retired a year now and have more time, if less money, to do some of the things I read about in "Boats". Last spring, in May and June, I put my kayak on my car roof and drove off to Pensacola, New Orleans, Galveston, Corpus Christi, Tucson, Phoenix, Grand Canyon, Hoover Dam, Vegas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Olympia, Seattle, Bellingham, the San Juans; then back to Long Island by way of northern Michigan, Canada, Port Huron and Buffalo. Paddled all over these places and enjoyed it all!

Now I'm roaming around Long Island Sound from my home in Mamaroneck on Long Island.

Sherm Downer, Mamaroneck, NY.

NOT A CONSPICUOUS CONSUMER

The present down market in larger used yachts has allowed me, an artist/professor, to acquire a Southern Cross 31' ketch. I trust this will not brand me as a bloated conspicuous consumer among our thrifter boating community readers. To be at sea in a worthy vessel of any size is an unparalleled joy.

David Jacob, Sea Cliff, NY.



A SAIL ON "WHISPERING HOPE"

Following up on my article about coming across the favorite boat of my youth ("The Search for Whispering Hope", October 1, 1990) I am happy to report that I have now enjoyed a nostalgic cruise on the boat, courtesy of her present owners.

I got a call to "c'mon down" to the Boston Harbor marina where she is kept, and I went. I forgot my lunch, my sweater and everything else! Owner Ken told his crew of three that this was to be "Lloyd Grimes Day" and handed me the helm. We sailed all afternoon and I had the time of my life. I went home on "Cloud Nine".

Lloyd Grimes, Holliston, MA.



Your Commentary

CHRIS' SCHOONER

Look at the schooner that Chris Dahl designed and built here on Lake Minnetonka!

Wes Farmer, Wayzata, MN.

WATCHING FOR A LIGHTNING

I think I may have missed one issue from late renewing, and that's one too many, so here's a two-year sub to guard against THAT happening for at least the next 48 issues! So keep "Boats" coming. The arrival of each issue is an event for me. I am especially watching the classifieds for a Lightning sailboat.

Dave Pardoe, Box 193,
Huntington, MA 01050, (413)
667-3118.

PRIZEWINNING CRUISE REPORT

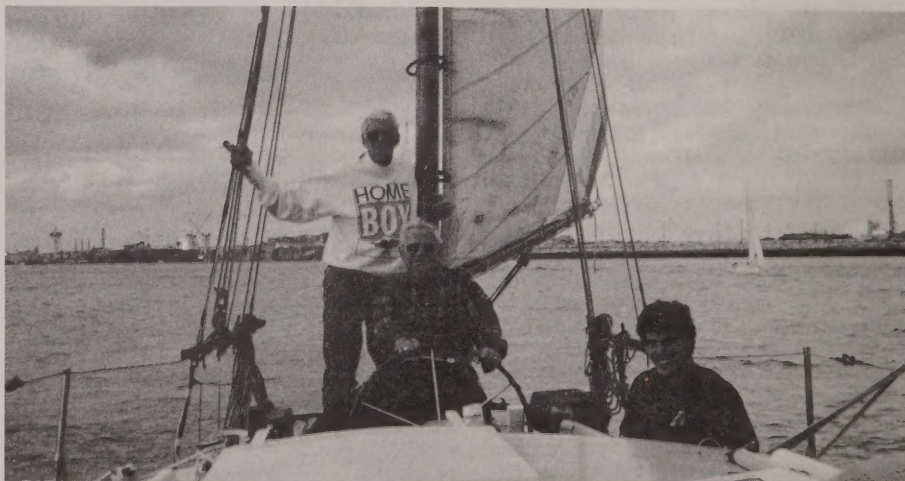
The following little cruise report recently won me a local yacht club prize, which arrived in a plain brown wrapper.

"Phelps, my butler, awakened me and told me it was time to prepare for my voyage. He had laid out my blue blazer and white ducks. I went downstairs to a hurried breakfast of eggs benedict and hot croissants. Phelps warned me to watch my ascot as it came perilously close to the jam dish.

Henry, my chauffeur, expertly weaved my classic Ford Escort through heavy traffic, arriving at the yacht club just in time to greet my cruising guests, Mumsy and Winston Bartholemew. Barclay, my captain, welcomed us as we boarded "Monarch of the Seas", my twenty-foot sloop. Mumsy squeaked in delight at the exquisite lines of my dinghy tied astern (behind the boat). I appreciated this since I can't abide a woman who makes fun of my dinghy.

We went below to the salon where Winston painfully bumped his knee on the grand piano as he crossed over to the port side (port is the left side of the boat as you face forward, or the right side if you face aft, or toward the stern, or if you stand sideways it could be in front of you or in back of you).

Captain Barclay cast off the dock lines and we motored to the breakwater, where we hoisted (raised) the sails. We immediately



met steep one-foot seas in a brisk five knot wind as we beat offshore (beating is heading approximately 45 degrees from the direction of the wind, also known as "close hauled").

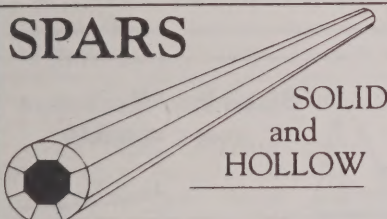
Humphrey, my steward, served a sumptuous lunch of watercress sandwiches. We decided to break out a case of "Bud Light 1987" (a particularly good vintage due to the fortuitous acid rain permeating the hops that year).

Barclay announced that due to impending foul weather he considered it prudent to return. On the horizon loomed a cumulus cloud, a color of grey similar to the pants of my morning suit, which I wear when greeting dignitaries such as royalty, heads of state, and defrocked TV ministers. "Ready about, hard alee," Barclay called out (a command given when turning the boat around).

As we approached the breakwater, I rushed below to the SatNav to check our position. Then I took the tiller (the extension from the rudder which steers the boat) as Barclay lowered the sails, started the 150hp outboard and expertly guided us into the dock. Mumsy and Winston agreed with me that nothing else compares to the excitement and challenge of a sea voyage."

Mel Ross, Croton, NY.

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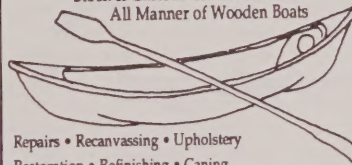
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PADDLES & OARS

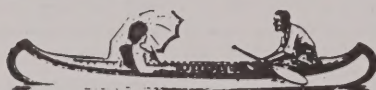


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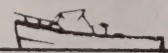
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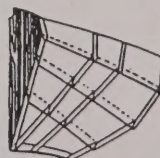
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CRUISE AND NEWS '90



Report & Photos by Hugh Ware

The Boston Harbor Association is a non-profit association of people "who care about what happens to Boston Harbor." They believe the Harbor should be clean, alive, accessible. So for the last sixteen years they've networked, they've advocated, they've educated. Part of their educational process for the last three years has been a series of theme cruises to show off the wonders and general condition of the Harbor. The titles of this year's four cruises are self-explanatory: "Forts & Lights, the Harbor as Protector"; "Playing in the Nation's Dirtiest Harbor, Recreational Possibilities"; "Tugs, Trawlers & Workboats, Getting the Work Done"; and "Progress Report, Boston Harbor Cleanup".

We were curious about the small boat aspects of the third cruise, so we found ourselves aboard the excursion boat "Cape Ann" one lovely August evening. The vessel's services had been donated by the A.C. Cruise Line and Capt. Al Circio himself was at the helm of his trim 116' liner, lovingly converted two years ago from an offshore-oil supply boat. We were not to be short of information, for we had been handed a well-stuffed information folder as we boarded, and standing beside Capt. Circio in the wheelhouse was a coterie of experts, each of whom would expound about his field as we cruised around the Harbor.

The first expert was Chief Warrant Officer Kenneth Achey of U.S. Coast Guard Base Boston. He explained what was happening as a small blue boat with the Coast Guard diagonal orange slash on its bow crossed our bow towards a "defunct" lighted buoy just ahead of us and "repaired" it. The crew swarmed up the skeleton framework, opened up the lantern, and made "repairs" so assiduously that we onlookers were not sure that the light wasn't really in need of attention.

Achey then pointed out a nearby Coast Guard Auxiliary motorboat, the "Liberty III", which would be the "sinking" vessel in a drill. Its call for help was broadcast over the PA, as was the answer from "Coast Guard 41456", and soon we saw the 41' utility boat speeding down the Harbor to a position alongside the "Liberty III". A portable pump was quickly passed over and an impressive stream of water spurted into the sea. The twenty-five persons of this station made some 1,800 responses last year, saving 74 lives and \$52 millions of property. Coast Guard Base Boston seems a good investment for the taxpayer. And they put on good demonstrations too.

We headed up the Harbor with the city's office buildings blocking out the view to the west. We passed numerous ferries and excursion launches taking commuters home to Hull and Hingham. At a wharf we spotted "Fazisi", the Russian entrant in the recent "Whitbread Race Round the World", and soon she came out under power for an evening sail. Are they busy raising funds for continued racing efforts, we wondered? Finances may still be a problem. This is the boat for which New Zealanders raised \$40,000 so that the crew could eat properly in Auckland, and "Fazisi" could continue on the race.

Achey explained the story behind each of the craft we saw at the Coast Guard Support Base, from the "Bear" class medium-endurance cutter "Escanaba" and the visiting buoy tender "White Lupine", down to the smallest craft, a rigid inflatable (a nomenclature that somehow seems oxymoronic).

Our next expert was Lt. William Shea, who told us about the Boston Fire Department Marine Unit, while the nearby "Firefighter" pumped six-thousand gallons a minute into the air. We slid past the "Constitution", the memorial destroyer "Cassin Young", and one of

the two "Nantucket" lightships in the Harbor, and under the busy evening traffic on the Tobin Bridge. About then, chow call was passed on the PA for what had been advertised as a sandwich supper. Oh, we ate well, the Boston Marriott Long Wharf had donated the food! Super-thick turkey and ham-and-cheese sandwiches in scrumptious rolls, a cup of clam-stuffed chowder delicately seasoned with what we guessed was dill, and a great potato salad, plus chips. Meanwhile outside, as we slowly pivoted to reverse our course, was something far bigger than a boat. This ocean giant was, we were informed by one of our experts, the LNG tanker "Mostefa Ben Boulai", recently arrived with a full cargo of Algerian liquified natural gas.

Fran Collins, a marine engineer, and Capt. Ned Clement, described the tugs and various oil barges and small tankers we saw as we passed slowly down the South Boston side of the Harbor. Collins is the engineer of one of these tankers. A veritable fleet of neatly painted tugs lay at the piers of the Boston Fuel Transport, whose promise to the Port of Boston is that it will provide enough tugs to dock any reasonable number of ships at the same time. Capt. Clement pointed out three of these tugs that used to be railroad tugs. "Cornell", "Pleon" and "Hercules" were identifiable by their high pilothouses, built so the steersmen could see over the railroad cars they were moving from one side of New York Harbor to the other.

We learned the difference between a "black" barge that carries heavy bunker oil for power plants and the barges that carry cleaner fuels such as gasoline and home heating oil. A newish-looking barge was the product of an agreement between the town of Winthrop and the state, which would barge almost all the supplies for the new

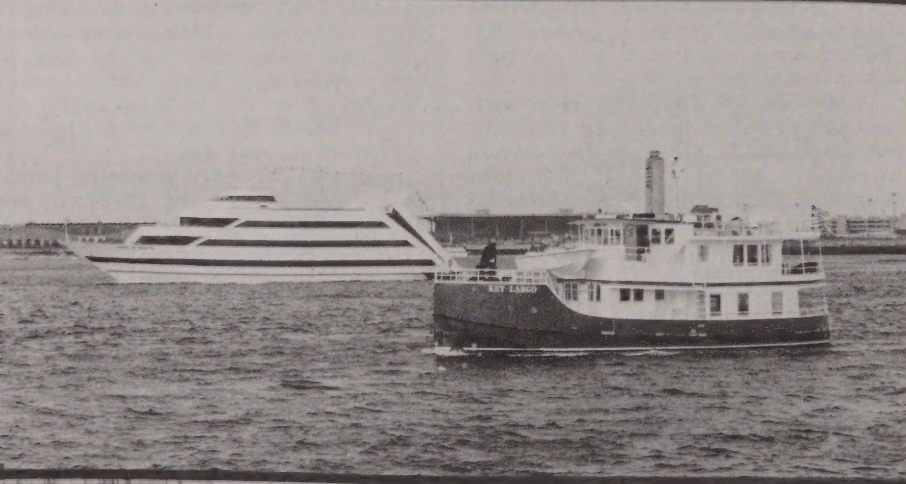


sewage treatment plant on Deer Island across the Harbor instead of trucking them through the town. Another product of this agreement were two new personnel boats, about 80 feet long, streamlined and light green in color, that would move the people employed on the project. More work for Boston workboats.

As we passed the pilot boat "Thomas Knox", Bill Mitchell took over for a while to give a fascinating discussion about the Boston pilots, their history, and the future of Boston piloting. Meanwhile we were passing sailboats and being passed by speedboats, while a large yacht, the "Imperator" from New York, kept station alongside for some reason. Perhaps they could hear our PA and its fascinating stories.

Soon we were alongside the Massport Marine Terminal, the old Army Base. It held another two giants. First we gazed upward at a gigantic blue ocean going barn, the "Beacon", a Japanese auto carrier immobilized by bearing troubles, and badly behind on its routine 53 day roundtrips between Boston and Japan. We learned that Boston has the record for the fewest "dings and dents" and is thus favored as an auto landing site even though farther from Japan than most major ports. Beyond her lay a large American container ship, the "Sea Land Quality", with two busy gantry cranes moving over her. Every Tuesday she, or one of her sisters, arrives from Europe for a quick unloading of about 2,800 containers, and a re-loading with a fresh batch. Like the Algerian LNG tanker, these ships were several hundred feet longer than any "boat", but they were still of great interest to view close up.

At the end of the dock was a specialized little boat, the "Eileen C.", a sort of marine pick-up truck that ferries food, supplies and crew to freighters anchored in the outer parts of the Harbor, and handles heavy mooring lines when it is time to get them tied to the shore. We learned that Boston Line & Service built the "Eileen C." in their own warehouse, using the skills of designers and welders left unemployed when the General Dynamics



Left from the top: "CG44656" to the rescue. "Sinking" vessel is pumped out and "saved". Variations in style: The excursion boat "Spirit of Boston" (rear) and the private motor yacht "Key Largo". Russian Whitbread Race contender "Fazisi" gets underway for an evening sail.

Shipyard closed. Across from her a neat collection of lobster boats was moored at the Cardinal Madeiros Dock, and another of our experts told us about the very real problems of finding room for little boats as well as big ships, a process that demands the closest cooperation between the public and private sectors.

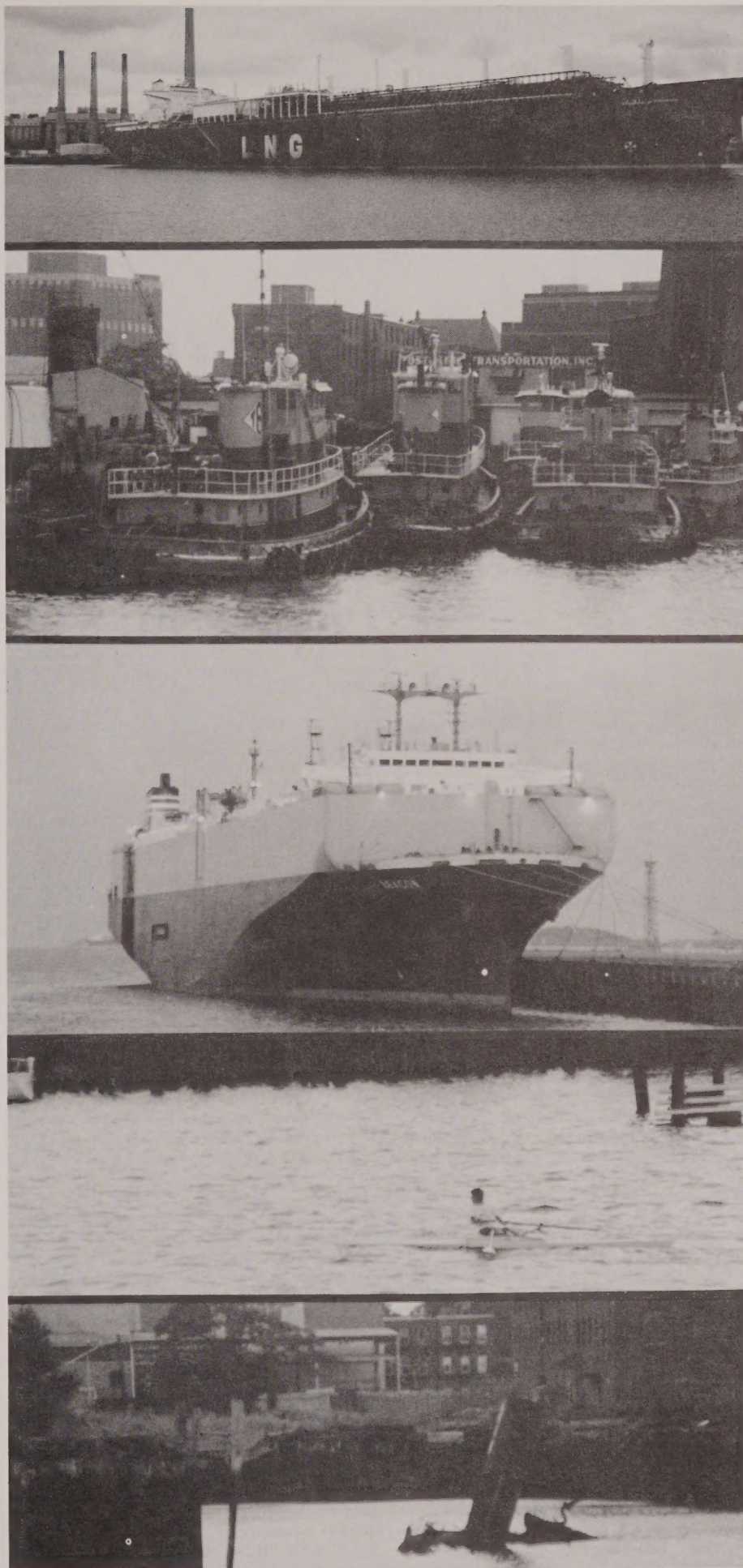
The sun had gone now but the beautiful Milky Way of the Boston skyscrapers' myriad lights supplied a fascinating replacement. The air was warm on the cheek as we proceeded past two frigates undergoing overhaul, followed by the Fish Pier. We heard about the fishing industry's problems of too many boats fishing, too efficient electronics to help catch the fish, and too few fish. However real oversupply of fishing vessels may be, most of them were elsewhere that night for the Pier held only five sleeping craft, and one stern dragger just in with deck and mast lights blazing. When I had worked on this Pier just after World War II, it was usually lined with fishing boats, often rafted up three deep.

At the World Trade Center, the other "Nantucket" lightship was acting as a sort of breakwater for that week's In-the-Water-Boatshow, and someone on her had turned on the mighty beacon whose bright flashes used to sweep across the turbulent waters of the Nantucket Shoals. Now she has been replaced by a monster buoy, less romantic but far cheaper to operate.

All too soon we were docking at Fan Pier and the evening was over. The cruise must have satisfied everyone on board the "Cape Ann", whether they simply wanted a summer evening on the water with a good feed, or were seriously interested in the Harbor's small workboats and its larger visitors. In any case, the Boston Harbor Association and its supporting donors had done it right that evening.

To get on the mailing list for 1991's "Cruise 'N News" outings in Boston Harbor, as well as to learn more about this group's other Harbor related activities, call (617) 330-1134, or write to the BHA, 51 Sleeper St., Boston, MA 02210.

Right from the top: LNG tanker is awesome in scale. A nest of tugs at Boston Fuel Transportation. Japanese automobile carrier "Beacon", a floating barn. A "small" boat that was hard to see. Not all the Harbor's boats were afloat.





Tugboat Muster *A Day of Fun for the Working Fleet*

It was time once again for the annual get-together of Boston tugboats and other workboats, with the usual addition of tugs from other parts of the east coast, on August 25th. The weather wasn't as nice as it has been for prior musters, it was lowering with a hint of rain in the offing. And, there were fewer participating tugs, about twenty in all. But this, the Sixth Tugboat Muster must be judged a success if any measure of "good times" is used. The parade, although sparser, was still a good show, the pushing contests were spirited, and the line throwing contest was well-contested indeed.

Attendance was down for a variety of reasons. The recent rise in the price of petroleum products may have contributed, as did some uncertainty about the organizers, but many of the regular participants just couldn't make it. A big Russian sail-training ship docked the same day at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy on the Cape Cod Canal and that kept the docking tug "Chicopee" or "Waukegan" and the Corps of Engineers tug "Manamet" from joining the Muster as they had planned, it was the first Muster that "Manamet" has missed. Capt. "Jake" Tibbetts of Boston Fuel Transportation was unable to attend and sent only one of his tugs, the "Vincent D. Tibbetts, Jr." (it must be a great feeling to have a tug named after oneself). Thus, the "Vincent" had no competition in the 3,000hp class. Neither of the old-timers, "Jupiter" or

"Saturn" was there and one of them has, in fact, left Boston. None of the Rhode Island tugs made it; "Harbor Hobo" was being modified before going south; "Hawk" was busy towing submarine sections to the assembly yard at New London; and Providence's beautiful big "Reliance" was missed.

The "Leonard J." was "four hours out of Portland with an oil barge," to quote Capt. Russell Tripp of Bay State Towing, and his "Russell Jr." was being repaired. But he brought his big ex-Navy YTM "Joey", and invited me to go along. My thanks to him for the ride and the inside information on tugboat life. As the pushing contests were to show, "Joey" at "about one-thousand horsepower" is a worker, although "Quenames" ended up overall winner of the pushes and also was "Best Big Tug".

Several tugs were new to the Muster. One was the "Benjamin D. Baxter" of Hyannis, which won the "most improved Tug" award. I don't know its history but those who did told of several years of hard, careful work to bring it back from what must have been a troubled condition, and that the tug and its owners deserved the award. Two other small newcomers didn't have names that I could spot. One was a Cape Cod tug from Woods Hole with a state registration number MS 3698. The other carried the numbers CT 531, possibly from Connecticut. Other newcomers were the "Captain Eric" and "H.W. Orr".

Regulars that did make the Muster were mostly the smaller tugs. Their crews seem to have the most fun, but perhaps the crews of bigger tugs feel that they have to act more sedately. "Traveller", "Cenac, Jr.", "Whizzer", "Hudson", "Viking", "Agnes G.", the vehicle ferry "Knotts Island"; they came once again. The trio of "Success", "Fort Andrews" and "Peddocks Island" are small tugs that show up every year exhibiting a lot of pride; pennants dressing each, special T-shirts, and those little touches like decorated tops to bitts, or elaborate flaking down of the tow hawsers. Their rivalry with "Guido" is spirited and long-standing. "Guido", however, was replaced by the owner's larger "Adam J.", trim in gray and black and touches of white, with a beautifully painted stack marking. "Adam J." won the award for "Best Small Tug". Is it coincidence that it is an ex-Navy tug of the same class as "Hawk", a winner of the same award in previous years?

I like tugs but the human aspects of tug life are intriguing too. Like the story about a family friend's daughter who took a job as a tugboat cook; her first trip was to Venezuela and, being a vegetarian, she didn't know how to cook a roast of beef! One of the guests on "Joey" was there simply because her daughter was going with one of the engineers. She looked a little out of place but was having a good time.

Another onboard was Judy, a

small trim blond who caught my eye when she professionally coiled a line around a bitt before any man could get to it. We chatted later. She loves the sea and has to be on it or near it, this is the core of her life. She works on tugs in the winter, fishes for lobster in summer from her 48 footer, some 300-400 traps.

The pace of this year's event was slower. The Blessing of the Fleet didn't come until after 11:30. The parade started with the two big fireboats in the van spraying for all they were worth, a total of some 12,000 gallons a minute. I chatted with a member of the Tugboat Enthusiast Society (must look into this group and report on it) who had come from the Washington/Baltimore area for the Muster. I heard that others had come from Texas and upstate New York. The parade was leisurely, down the Harbor to Castle Island past a healthy crowd of spectators, then back up the Harbor to the World Trade Center for the pushing contests.

"Joey" may look somewhat beat up but Russell Tripp demonstrated that "about one-thousand horsepower" from a diesel-electric power plant was effective. "Joey" pushed all comers backwards except "Quenames" (which had more horsepower). Then the two of them took on "Vincent". A thick hawser was passed and turn after pinching turn were carefully wound onto each tug's bitt. The "Vincent" precisely inserted its bow between the stems of the two smaller tugs until it fetched up on the hawser. Then as carefully as porcupines mating, power was slowly added by all three captains until the three tugs were at full power. "Q" and "J" together proved to be a bit more powerful than "V".



Top of page at left: "Captain Eric" and "Adam J" ready to push.

Right from the top: "Quenames" bests "Joey" in the pushing contest, our only loss. "Quenames" was overall top tug. Three tiny tugs, "Peddocks Island", "Success" and "Fort Andrews" take on "Joey, and lose. "Vincent J. Tibbetts Jr." lines up on the bridle between "Joey" (left) and "Quenames" for a pushing match, the team won.

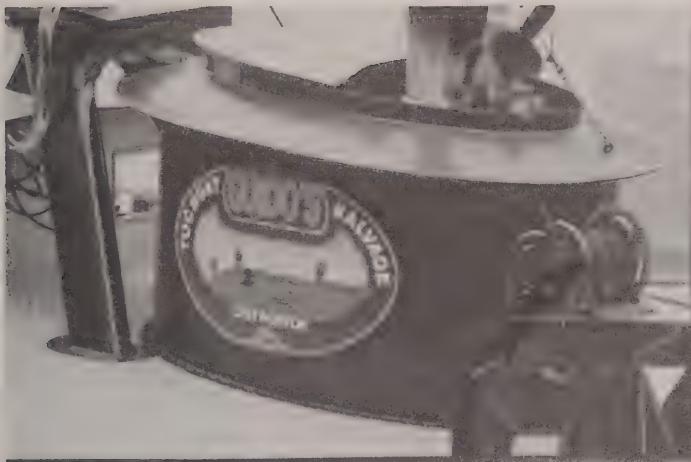


The rest of the pushing was equally spirited. Aboard "Joey", we at one point took on the irrepressible trio of "Fort Andrews", "Peddocks Island" and "Success", and defeated these smaller tugs clustered at our bow. Another time "Joey" was pushing "Adam J." backwards, so the Salem tug "Emily Anne" swung in behind the losing tug to lend a hand, but in vain. Around us, other contests were in full swing. For the first time one of the "official spectator fleet" joined in. I give them this name, they are Coast Guard, Coast Guard Auxiliary, Boston Pilot, State Police, Environmental Police, Metro Police, Massport and Boston fireboats, you get the idea? A small Coast Guard port security boat, only 32' long but equipped with a respectable total of 400 plus horsepower took on "Peddocks Island" and, according to my notes, won, although a photo of the event shows that this push may not have been serious.

All too soon the pushing was over and action switched to the pier for the line toss. That line is heavy, but there was a number of crew, skippers and others who wanted a crack at tossing it over a bitt. The list included women. There was spirited give and take as they fooled around with getting down to business. I don't know whether Russell's men successfully defended their title from last year, but he was certainly trying hard as I left the scene. It was a good Muster, I had a generous host, and once again I got my (temporary) fill of tugboats.

Report & Photos from Hugh Ware

Left from the top: Top tug "Que-names", serious power. Capt. Russell Tripp of "Joey" executes a graceful line toss. "Adam J" stood in for the popular "Guido" this year.



Above: Details, workboat owners are very individualistic people. Left from the top: Stack marking on "Adam J", "Best Small Tug". The tug "Success" thinks positively. Bow fender on "Quenames". Right from the top: Folk art on top of bitt on "Fort Andrews"; Throttle control? Working stuff.

Below: Small stuff go at it, Coast Guard port security boat takes on "Peddocks Island".



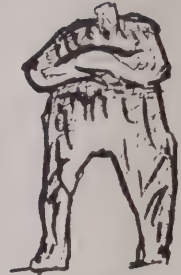


Maine Again

I had to sail somewhere. Anywhere. The wind had been blowing 30 knots for three days with intermittent rain. "The weather should clear now," I told myself. Vacation time gave me seven desperate days to purge myself of the tedium of "making a living". I stood on the dock with \$60 worth of food, ten trashbags of clothes and equipment; along with water jugs, anchor, oars, life jacket, lantern, etc.



SOMEBODY'S
PRAM AND OARS



IT STOOD THERE



EQUIPMENT

One thing I had to do before I started. I climbed a ladder to the Dory Club roof, pulling up a short ladder which I leaned against the new cupola. Then I got the wind-vane I had made and set it on the copper dome; lining it up carefully with the north, sealed it in place with roofing cement and secured it with lagbolts. "That's done," I told myself as I put the ladders and tools away. "Now I can go sailing."

"Maine again," I answered, and cast off the mooring line. I rowed the boat to the dock, squeezing in between powerboats and lobster boats that seem to be permanently tied up there. Then I port-

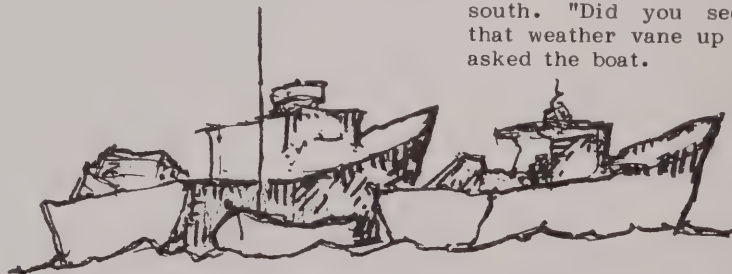
"Don't want one."
"You know what day this is?" It was Friday, traditionally a bad day to sail.

"I don't give a damn what day this is. Get out of my way!"

It stepped aside. "Your wind vane is backwards, you damn fool."

"Oh, no," I say to myself in despair, ignoring it, trying to not show my vulnerability. I threw the last bag aboard and cast off. Ran out the oars and rowed out to clear water.

There was no wind. I looked back at the wind vane on the cupola. East was west and north was south. "Did you see me putting that weather vane up backwards?" I asked the boat.



SQUEEZED IN



CLUB ROOF

I grabbed somebody's oars from the Club and threw somebody's pram into the water and rowed out to the Townie. "I was expecting you," the boat said.

"Well, you know more than I do."

"That's not too difficult," the boat replied. "Where are we going?"

aged all the equipment to the boat, including a small cuddy that I bolted to the coaming. It would give me shelter and a place to hide when I got scared. Much better than putting a bucket over my head.

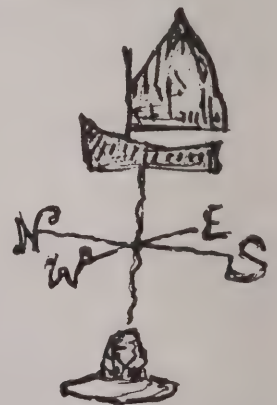
When I returned with the last load, a figure stood at the end of the wharf. I'd have to walk around it. Damn it, I knew what it was. "Where are you going?" it would ask.

"Sailing," I'd reply.

"You know what the tide's doing?" it would ask.

"Don't care what the tide's doing," I'd answer.

"Don't have a watch either, do you?"



DAMN
WEATHERVANE

"Certainly," the boat replied.

"You saw me making that mistake and never said a word?" I asked.

"I never interfere with mistakes that are beneficial."

"How so?"

"Mistakes delight the Great Spirit and it usually rewards those responsible. Your blundering guarantees us good weather."

"I don't want to hear any more of your primitive paganism," I said, exasperated. "That damn weather vane can stay that way forever." I lowered the centerboard, slid the rudder and tiller into place, bent on the mainsail, put in the battens, and raised it. Then I hanked the jib onto the forestay and raised it, backwinding it. The wind appeared just enough to push the bow to leeward. I stepped back into the cockpit and took the helm. This was the only time I sincerely felt good; when I sailed out of a harbor, escaping from all my mistakes. It was my supreme moment.



We reached through Shag Rocks, then ran before a typically gentle southerly wind for Gloucester. I pulled out the charts, spilling coffee on them. Cussing the crowded boat. "I've got to get a bigger boat."



The boat laughed. "You're repeating what every boat owner says every day. Forget it."

I had put my toothbrush in a conspicuous place; from then on it hid from me for the rest of the voyage. Expect one item to do this and if you try to find it, it will drive you crazy. Forget it.

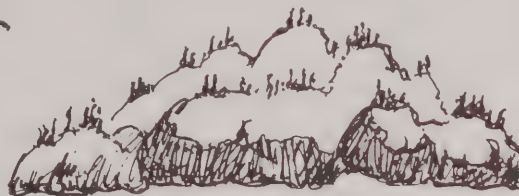
Passing close to a lobsterboat, I shouted, "Good morning." The lobsterman heard me but didn't reply. "Nice day," I continued. No reply. A dog on board barked. I barked back. "I'd rather talk to your dog anyway," I shouted, and barked a few more times.



It was a clear day with no evaporation. I found myself at the starting line of the outer Brimbles. Marbleheaders in their racing craft were swarming all about us. A shot was fired, indicating five minutes to the start of the race. The sailing became frenzied. "Bang", the start. I tacked to port to get out of the way of their starboard start. Another class of boats approached the line, to be sent off in turn, while other boats awaited their turns. Each would sail the same triangular course. The objective, of course, was to sail the triangle better than everyone else. "Good luck, triangular sailors," I saluted them, recalling my own futile efforts at this bemusement.



Sixty degrees magnetic north brought us inside Halfway Rock. Seabirds sat atop it whitening the rock with their droppings. I imagine they are reminded daily, in a very British manner, that, "Everyone is expected to do his duty, and those who don't can leave, there's no room for malingers." Another leisurely pastime takes on the chores of a duty.



DUTY ON HALFWAY ROCK

We sailed past Norman's Woe and Hammond Castle. Then a large platform structure appeared outside Gloucester Harbor. "What the hell is that?" I asked the boat.

"You got me," the boat replied.

I imagine most people in the town don't even know what it is. It must have appeared on the water suddenly, an alien growth that will forever remain a mystery.

It was still early afternoon and the wind was steady, so we avoided Gloucester Harbor, which is full of private yacht clubs on one side and commercial fishing piers on the other. With no public ramp in the Harbor, you grab a mooring and there's no way to get ashore. You bounce in the wakes of boats late at night and early in the morning. As you can guess, I don't care for Gloucester Harbor and I'd just as soon avoid it.



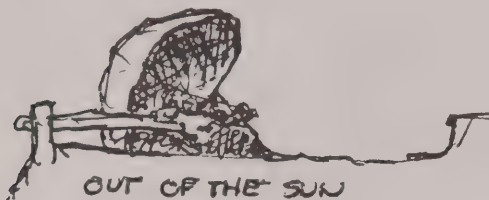
CAPE ANN

We continued around Cape Ann, sailing close to the Coast Guard Station with a good wind and a favorable tide. Then inside Milk Island and Thacher's twin lights.



TWIN LIGHTS

The sun was bright and hot, so I popped open an umbrella and sat in the shade while running for Straitsmouth Island. The wind shifted several times, making us jibe to stay on course until we rounded Halibut Point.



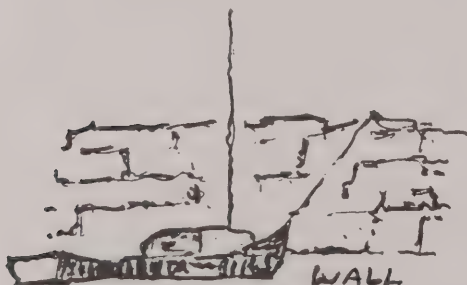
OUT OF THE SUN

Now we were on a reach and the true force of the wind could be felt. We hid from the gusts by staying close to shore. The hole in the wall leading into Lanesville came abeam. The land blanketed the



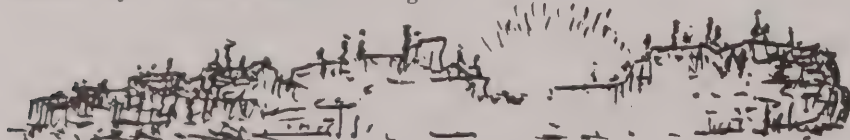
HOLE IN THE WALL

wind, so I dropped the main and jib and ran out the oars, rowing into the narrow entrance. A man stood on the wall watching us struggle against the outgoing tide that eventually slammed us against the wall at his feet. I threw him a line. Without a word being said, he caught it and lined us through the gut. I dropped an anchor off the stern while he tied the bow line to a ring on the top of the wall. Then he waved and walked on.



WALL

I climbed ashore and joined the birds and people on top of the wall to watch the sun drop into Ipswich Bay. It was a beautiful night



SUNSET



NIGHT

with a chill in the breeze that kept the bugs from being pesty. The stars sparkled around a full moon. I lay awake in the sleeping bag beyond midnight, enjoying where I was.

Next morning I awoke to the wakes and drones of the motors of outgoing lobsterboats. I dressed, looked for the toothbrush, then went ashore to breakfast at the local restaurant. Breakfast takes me through the day. Returning to the boat, I climbed the wall facing the ocean to see the wind on the water. It was strong for that early in the day. There were whitecaps, and

whitecaps scare me when I'm ashore considering my small open boat.

To alleviate my fears, I put a reef in the mainsail before I raised it. I cast off from the wall, recovered my anchor and rowed out the mouth of the harbor. The northeast wind kept us close hauled



PRISON COLONY

for Halibut Point. The boat was heading for Nova Scotia. "I'd like to go there," I told the boat



HALIBUT POINT

"See what the wind does," the boat said. Soon the wind dropped and I shook out the reef, and shortly the wind disappeared. It was typical of the area. We were at the bell off Halibut Point. "We'll just have to wait and see where the wind wants us to go," the boat said.

"The hell with going anywhere! I just sailed away from there. I'm in no hurry to get somewhere else," I said.

"You're getting pretty bad. I'm just a boat, but I'd say you have a mighty big problem."

The wind came up from the east. I changed course to Monhegan. The wind shifted to the northeast. I changed course for the Isles of Shoals. At three knots it should take us five hours, at two knots it should take us seven hours. At 12 noon I was rowing under the umbrella. At one knot it'll take us fourteen hours.

"You said you didn't want to go anywhere," the boat said. The heat of the sun was intense, it kept me under the umbrella. The sea was flat. When the Isles of Shoals appeared, they looked like a prison colony. "There it is," I told the boat.

"That's somewhere, now tell me you want to go there. I see what you mean," the boat replied. The returning wind rippled the water and filled the sails. There were banks of clouds over the land to port and a clear sky seaward. We ran wing and wing between the islands, then jibed into Gosport Harbor. It was crowded. We sailed far into the harbor where the holding ground was said to be good. Two or three boats were rafted together on each mooring. People sat in crowded cockpits and prams. Children were hanging over deck netting dejectedly. Odors of food cooking. Music was playing.

"Let's get out of here," the boat said.

"You've caught my mighty big problem," I laughed. We came about and sailed out around the island to find another place to anchor. A research ship was moored off a research station on Appledore. "The hell with research," I told the boat. "They find it, file it, and forget it, unless it can be used by the military."

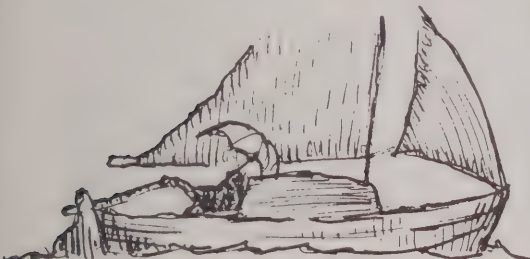
"Don't anger the Great Spirit with your cynicism," the boat said.



GREAT SPIRIT

We sailed away and left the islands astern, to spend the night at sea. Boon Island was to port. "Nothing there, sail on, sail on," the boat suggested merrily. I lit the lantern and hung it on the boom as the sun disappeared. There were no other lights on the horizon. The sea was as flat as a marble floor and the wind was light. The small mainsail was out to port with the boom lashed to the shroud to prevent it from jibing. The jib was poled out to starboard. The tiller was lashed to a following wind. There was perfect silence. Neither the wind, the sea, the boat nor I spoke, as though all had been said that needed to be said.

"Silence is the voice of the Great Spirit," the boat reminded me. I crawled into my sleeping bag and listened to the Great Spirit until I fell asleep. I awoke when the sun brightened the eastern sky. There was nothing in sight on the horizon. I blew the lantern out and raised the large mainsail. The glare of the rising sun hurt my eyes so I faced aft and sailed by the clouds astern. I didn't know



BACKWARDS

where I had drifted to during the night. I didn't know where I was. I smoked my pipe and looked for the toothbrush. No luck. I lit a can of sterno and tried to heat some water, stirred in powdered soup, drank it with crackers.

Patches of healthy seaweed drifted by. It was noon. The patches became larger in time and herring gulls sat in them. A cloud appeared off the bow with a flat topped island beneath it. "It must be Monhegan," I thought. I checked

the chart. I made good time. The harbor should be to the left. I rounded the headland and sailed to the beach where there was a large sign, "Welcome to Seguin". I pulled out the chart. "Where the hell is Seguin?"



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Seguin Island is an imposing land mass of about fifty acres that lies at the very end of the Kennebec River approximately two miles from Popham Beach, Maine. From Small Point to as far as Monhegan Island, Seguin is easily seen on a good day because of its one-hundred-forty feet of height plus the forty foot high lighthouse that sits toward the seaward side of the island. The steady Seguin Light was lit on an August evening as I prepared my sea kayak inside the surf at Small Point for a venture out to the island.

Having been surprised by a large wave, I tasted salt water after punching through the surf off the beach. My damp shirt soon warmed as I settled into my paddling rhythm, heading to the north end of Seguin. The lighted tower, adjoining house, and several smaller buildings were colored yellow by the lowering sun at my back. My paddling rhythm varied only slightly on the swell out of the southeast; slowing slightly as I climbed each swell, then quickening to take advantage of the downhill glide. Large fish, perhaps blues, ruffled the nearly smooth surface of the swells in front of me.

Only a few sailboats and slow, trolling motorboats were scattered about Seguin as I rounded the north end and viewed the exposed harbor on the northeast side. Two sailboats were moored to the Coast Guard buoys there, beyond lay several small buildings, one with a marine railway leading to its large doors. A trestle led up and beyond, disappearing behind the forested area above the cliffs on one side of the harbor. An osprey whistled and flew above me as I approached.

Seguin Evening

Leaving the small cobbled beach at the head of the cove, I found a path beside the trestle. The trestle supports a walkway and a narrow gauge railway for hauling supplies on a small cart to the lighthouse. Signs directed me forward on the path, for the trestle is old and looks as if it wouldn't support much more than the dozen herring and black back gulls lining the handrail. Suddenly gulls were everywhere, swooping close, and several juvenile gulls waddled up the path in front of me looking for an escape into the dense bushes. Only when the steep path led under the trestle did the lighthouse become visible. Soon I was enjoying the big sky, first towards Damariscove and Monhegan Islands, then back toward Cape Small and towards Portland. Distant hills inland were in shadow. The red sun winked among scattered clouds.

From around the side of the house a woman appeared carrying some potted plants. We exchanged surprised greetings. Her name was M.K. (Mary Kate), the first keeper to tend the house and grounds for the Friends of Seguin, an organization founded in 1986 to preserve and restore the island and its buildings. She said there are not usually any visitors in the evening. M.K. was subdued after a busy day of showing visitors the lighthouse. Without the brief conversations during the day, life out here can be lonely at times, and communication to the mainland is

difficult even when the marine radio is working.

I signed the guest book and we ascended the lighthouse. The view on the catwalk below the light was dramatic. Inside the greenhouse-like enclosure of the light, the glare of the one-thousand watt bulb was strong close up. But how can this little bulb give light enough to reach out twenty or more miles to navigators? M.K. explained that surrounding the bulb are rows of prisms that concentrate the light into a nearly horizontal beam. The enclosure was still hot after a day of sunshine, and is a good place for a small pot of basil to grow in.

The light and foghorn have been automated since 1985 when the Coast Guard transferred Boatswain Mate Brown, the last of many keepers of the light since 1796, when it was first constructed. Electricity comes from the mainland, with back-up battery systems in case of its interruption. M.K. explained that the fog horn is fortunately located some distance south of the keeper's house on the seaward side of the horn house. There, an air density measuring device switches on the horn when the density gets to high enough a level. She explained that during the periods of fog this summer she became habituated to the steady two tones that blast out every twenty seconds. There are tales of previous keepers awakening at night when the fog cleared and the horn suddenly CEASED blowing. And, M.K. explained, the horn hasn't the character it used to have. The old mechanism used to make a unique "moooooo-umph" instead of today's steady two tone.

M.K. showed me the house. It had undergone many repairs over

the last two years, with more work to be done in the future. The structure is a duplex, with one side for the keepers, and the other to eventually be turned into a museum.

The light was fading outside, with only a glow of twilight amongst the gathering clouds. I said goodbye and carefully made my way down the path. Again squawking gulls flew around me and in the bushes their young rustled away from me as I passed. At the cobbled beach my eyes were becoming used to the dark and I carried my Loon to the water and slipped into the cockpit. The dim lights from the moored boats reflected on the restless water as I paddled by them. Some fog was forming in the harbor.

At this point I hesitated only slightly about returning to Small Point. I did not really want to use my flashlight and compass to find my way back. I had done after-dark paddling before; once as a camp counsellor leading a group of boys on a wilderness lake paddle under starry skies; and I had come back from short sea trips on mild autumn evenings. Now there was little wind, a favorable tide, and I knew the area very well.

As I rounded the north end of Seguin the lights of the shore came into view. I was fortunate that the tide was rising as the mouth of the Kennebec is notorious for current-induced chop even without any wind, and it is especially rough if

the wind is against tide and swells. As I paddled away from the sheltering island, the swell came up again. Very quiet now. The whistling buoy off Seguin's southwest ledge moaned in time with the swells. Fuller's Rock Light and Halfway Rock Light flashed off Cape Small. Portland's city glow reflected off the clouds and then off the water ahead of me, so I could see the water's surface quite

well. I had the sensation of being continually on top of a giant swell with the water surface sloping off on all sides.

I first noticed the sparkling in my slight bow wave, as the wake line spread along the sides of my kayak. Then each paddle immersion produced a magical swirl of light on the water that drifted aft, which might resemble footprints of my paddling progress to some underwater viewer. It had been some time since I had seen this phenomenon of sparkling water caused by bioluminescent dinoflagellates (phytoplankton). For whatever reason, these tiny creatures respond to the agitation of the water.

After about forty minutes I began to hear surf on the beach. Carefully I guided my craft towards the center of the surf line, hesitating in order to go through at a relatively quiet moment. It seems easy to visually misjudge distance at night and suddenly I was broaching and then being pushed along sideways by a breaking wave, desperately bracing for support on the wave front. Riding along in this posture, I did have time even then to notice that magical light within the wave. Only wet on the arms, I carried my kayak above the high tide line.

Readers interested in the Friends of Seguin Island may contact them at Box 438, Georgetown, ME 04548.

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Mary Kate surveys her domain from the keeper's cottage.





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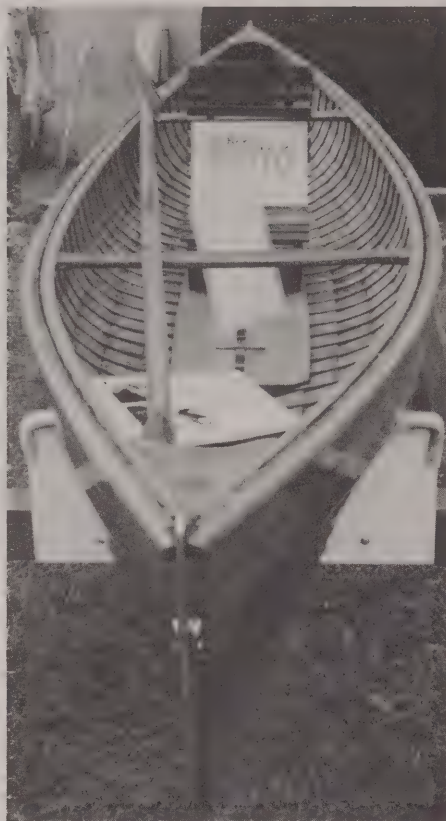
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Lake

Meet



"Scherzo" (left), a St. Lawrence canoe owned by Nancy and Dick Jerome is 101 years old. "Scherzo II", a copy of the original built by Dave Worschen is 1 year old. What superb boats!

Overcast skies and threats of showers did nothing to dampen the anticipation and enthusiasm of participants and spectators at the Antique & Classic Boat Society's Rendezvous held in late August on New York's Lake George. Jean Hoffman, owner and operator of the Castaway Marina in Warner Bay, was the gracious hostess for the gathering and placed the marina at the disposal of the Lake George Chapter for the day. In addition to providing access, Jean also featured what might be called an "inadvertant dock collapse and repair demonstration", brought on by the large numbers of spectators being on the docks all at the same time.

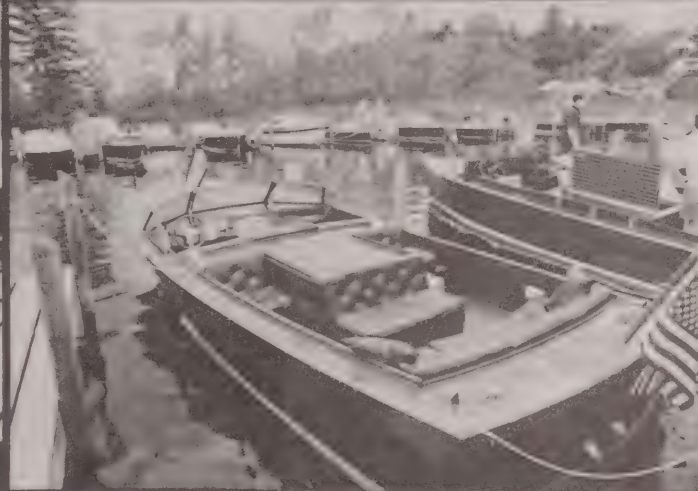
It has been said by others, but bears repeating; wooden boat shows are different from shows featuring boats constructed, shall we say, of "abiotic" materials. Here, people touch, rub, tap and otherwise make direct contact with the boats on display. Facial expressions are different too. Someday I'll figure out what the expressions reflect, or perhaps a reader can more accurately identify them than I can.

Of particular interest to "Boats" readers would be Dick and Nancy Jerome's "Scherzo", an 1889 St. Lawrence lapstrake canoe. When it appeared at the Clayton show last year, Dave Wirschen of Rochester, New York, took the lines from it and afterwards built a copy. That simple phrase, "built a copy" represents an incredible amount of craftsmanship on Dave's part. This was the first time both "Scherzo" and "Scherzo II" rested side-by-side, to the delight of the Jeromes and Dave. "Scherzo" was the oldest boat present and "Scherzo II" the newest, providing an interesting time frame for the 50 other craft of various vintages present.

If heaven consists of mahogany forests, a little bit of heaven was brought to earth at this gathering. All that mahogany provided a shiny backdrop for other boats representing a variety of builders. The wooden boat revival is alive and well in both restoration of older craft and in the building of new. May it continue to remain so.

Report & Photos from Pete Cartier.

From the top: 1924 Fay & Bowen 27' longdeck model owned by Don Peusel. 1965 Riva Aristo 21' owned by Dr. Robert Evans. Toy boats were there, often "bearly" visible.



Left from the top: 1958 Cadillac 15' powered by a '63 Merc outboard, owned by Elliot and Carol Loeb. Instant dock repair demonstration. 1951 Chris Craft 22' Sedan Cruiser owned by Harriet Benevare. Woman checking the dock is marina owner Jean Hoffman.

Right from the top: 1915 Jacobs & Son 27' Motorsailer owned by Richard Marzello. 1989 Elco 24' Express owned by Joe and Julie Fleming. 1919 Fay & Bowen 32' launch owned by Dr. Robert Evans.

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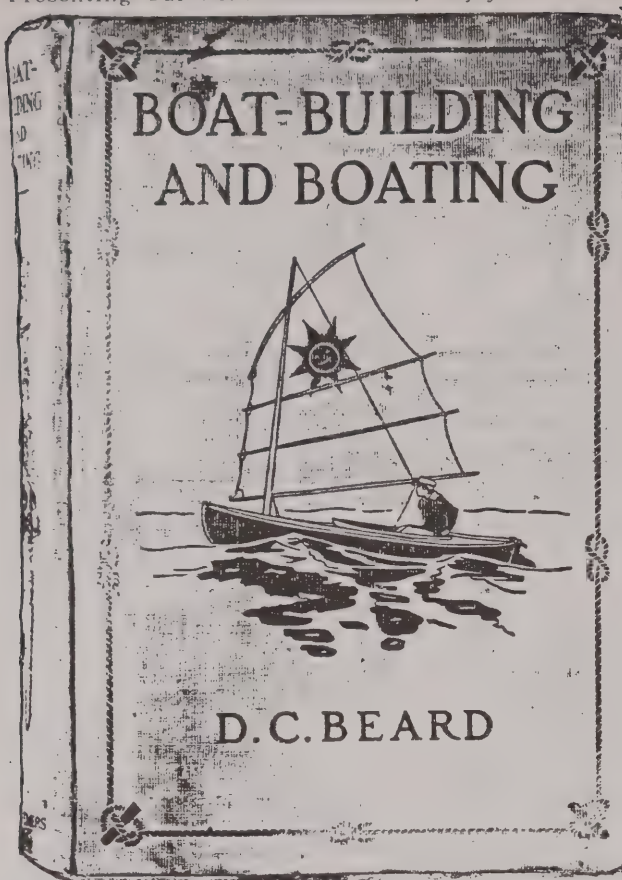
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PREFACE

THIS is not a book for yacht-builders, but it is intended for beginners in the art of boat-building, for boys and men who wish to make something with which they may navigate the waters of ponds, lakes, or streams. It begins with the most primitive crafts composed of slabs or logs and works up to scows, house-boats, skiffs, canoes and simple forms of sailing craft, a motor-boat, and there it stops. There are so many books and magazines devoted to the higher arts of ship-building for the graduates to use, besides the many manufacturing houses which furnish all the parts of a sail-boat, yacht, or motor-boat for the ambitious boat-builder to put together himself, that it is unnecessary for the author to invade that territory.

Many of the designs in this book have appeared in magazines to which the author contributed, or in his own books on general subjects, and all these have been successfully built by hundreds of boys and men.

Many of them are the author's own inventions, and the others are his own adaptations of well-known and long-tried models. In writing and collecting this material for boat-builders from his other works and placing them in one volume, the author feels that he is fulfilling the wishes of many of his old readers and offering a useful book to a large audience of new recruits to the army of those who believe in the good old American doctrine of: "If you want a thing done, do it yourself." And by doing it yourself you not only add to your skill and resourcefulness, but, what is even more important, you develop your own self-reliance and manhood.

No one man can think of everything connected with any one subject, and the author gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to several sportsmen friends, especially to his camp-mate, Mr. F. K. Vreeland, and his young friend, Mr. Samuel Jackson, for suggestions of great value to both writer and reader.

FLUSHING, L. I., Sept., 1911.

DAN BEARD.

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CHAPTER I

HOW TO CROSS A STREAM ON A LOG

How to Build a Logomaran

THERE is a widespread notion that all wood will float on water, and this idea often leads to laughable errors. I know a lot of young backwoods farmers who launched a raft of green oak logs, and were as much astonished to see their craft settle quietly to the bottom of the lake as they would have been to see the leaden sinkers of their fish-lines dance lightly on the surface of the waves. The young fellows used a day's time to discover what they might have learned in a few moments by watching the chips sink when they struck the water as they flew from the skilful blows of their axes.

The stream which cuts your trail is not always provided with bridges of fallen trees. It may be a river too deep to ford and too wide to be bridged by a chance log. Of course it is a simple matter to swim, but the weather may be cold and the water still colder; besides this, you will probably be encumbered with a lot of camp equipage—your gun, rod, and camera—none of which will be improved by a plunge in the water. Or it may so happen that you are on the shores of a lake unsupplied with boats, and you have good reasons for supposing that big fish lurk in some particular spot out of reach from the shore. A thousand and one emergencies may arise when a craft of some kind will be not only a great convenience, but almost a necessity. Under these circumstances

A Logomaran

may be constructed in a very short time which can bear you and your pack safely to the desired goal (Fig. 1).

In the Rocky, Cascade, and Selkirk Mountains, the lakes and streams have their shores plentifully supplied with "whim sticks," logs of fine dry timber, which the freshets have brought down from the mountain sides and which the rocks and surging torrents have denuded of bark. These whim sticks are of all



Fig. 1.—The logomaran.



Fig. 2.—The notch.

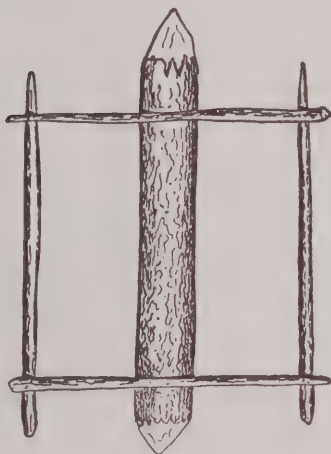


Fig. 3.—Top view of logomaran.

sizes, and as sound and perfect as kiln-dried logs. Even in the mountains of Pennsylvania, where the lumberman's axe years ago laid waste the primeval forest, where the saw-mills have devoured the second growth, the tie-hunter the third growth, the excelsior-mills and birch-beer factories the saplings, I still find good sound white pine-log whim sticks strewn along the shores of the lakes and streams, timber which is suitable for temporary rafts and logomarans.

In the North Woods, where in many localities the original forest is untouched by the devouring pulp-mills, suitable timber is not difficult to find; so let the green wood stand and select a log of dry wood from the shore where the floods or ice have deposited it. Cut it into a convenient length, and with a lever made of a good stout sapling, and a fulcrum of a stone or chunk



Fig. 4.—Flattened joint.



Fig. 5. Matched joints.



Fig. 6.

of wood, pry the log from its resting-place and roll it into the shallow water. Notch the log on the upper side, as shown by Fig. 2, making a notch near each end for the cross-pieces.

The two side floats may be made of pieces split, by the aid of wooden wedges, from a large log, or composed of small whim sticks, as shown by Fig. 3.

The floats, as may be seen by reference to Figs. 1 and 3, are shorter than the middle log.

It is impracticable to give dimensions, for the reason that they are relative; the length of the middle log depends, to some extent,

upon its diameter, it being evident that a thick log will support more than a thin one of the same length; consequently if your log is of small diameter, it must be longer, in order to support your weight, than will be necessary for a thicker piece of timber. The point to remember is to select a log which will support you and your pack, and then attach two side floats to balance your craft and prevent it from rolling over and dumping its load in the water.

An ordinary single shell-boat without a passenger will upset, but when the oarsman takes his seat and grasps his long spoon oars, the sweeps, resting on the water, balance the cranky craft, and it cannot upset as long as the oars are kept there. This is the principle of the logomaran, as well as that of the common catamaran. The cross-pieces should be only thick enough to be se-

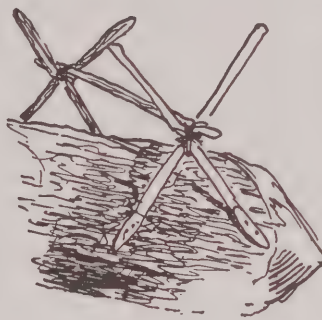


Fig. 7.—The saw-buck crib.

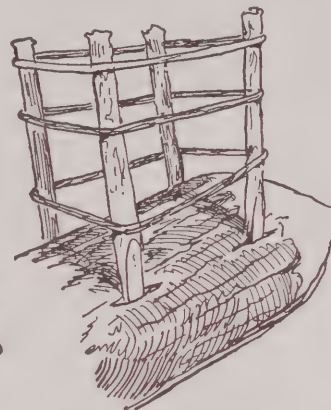


Fig. 8.—The staked crib.

cure and long enough to prevent the log from wobbling and wetting your feet more than is necessary.

If You Have an Auger and No Nails

the craft may be fastened together with wooden pegs cut somewhat larger than the holes bored to receive them, and driven in with blows from your axe.

If you have long nails or spikes the problem is a simple one; but if you have neither auger, nails, nor spikes you must bind the joints with rope or hempen twine.

If you have neither nails, auger, nor rope, a good substitute for the latter can be made from the long,

Fibrous Inner Bark

of a dead or partly burned tree. For experiment I took some of the inner bark of a chestnut-tree which had been killed by fire and twisted it into a rope the size of a clothes-line, then I allowed two strong men to have a tug-of-war with it, and the improvised rope was stronger than the men.

How to Make a Fibre Rope

Take one end of a long, loose strand of fibres, give the other end to another person, and let both twine the ends between the fingers until the material is well twisted throughout its entire length; then bring the two ends together, and two sides of the loop thus made will twist themselves into a cord or rope half the length of the original strand.

If you nail or peg the parts, use your axe to flatten the joints by striking off a chip, as in Fig. 4.

If you must lash the joints together, cut them with log-cabin notches, as in Figs. 5 and 6.

If you have baggage to transport, make

A Dunnage Crib

by driving four stakes in cuts made near the end of the centre log and binding them with rope or fibre (Figs. 7 and 8), or by working green twigs basket-fashion around them, or make the rack saw-buck fashion, as shown by Fig. 7, and this will keep your things above water.

A couple of cleats nailed on each side of the log will be of great assistance and lessen the danger and insecurity of the footing.

A skilfully made logomaran will enable you to cross any stream with a moderate current and any small lake in moderate weather.

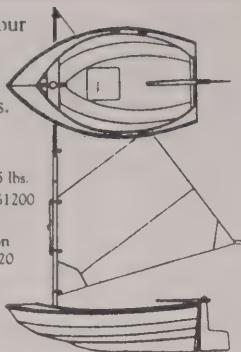
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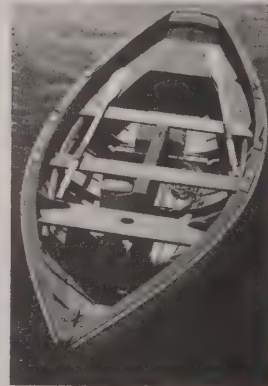
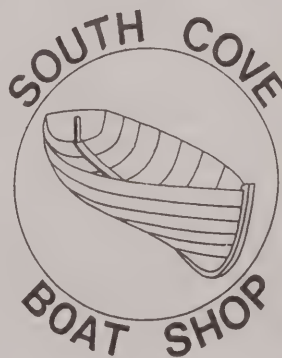
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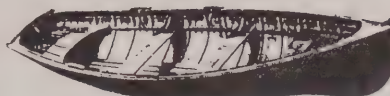
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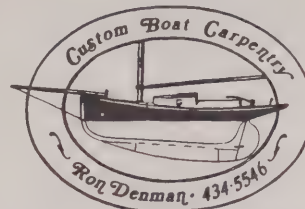


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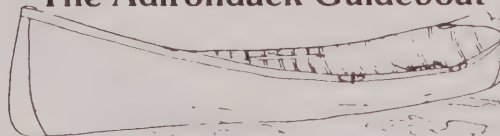
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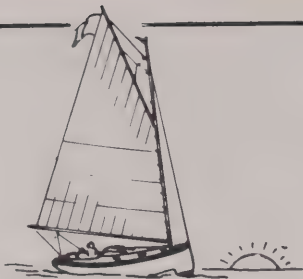
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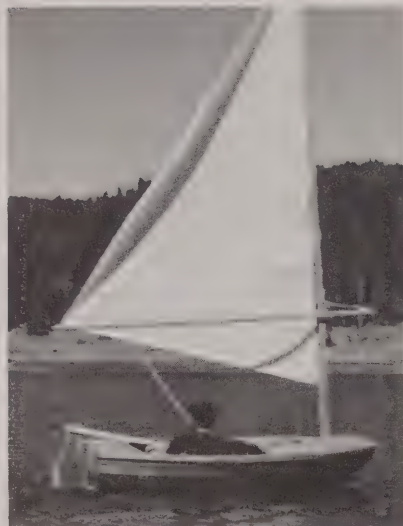


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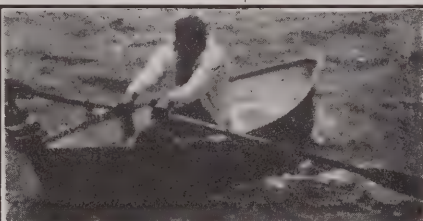
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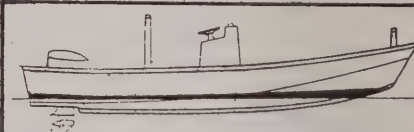


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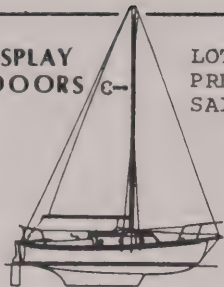
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With each wheel comprising one spoked-up rim and hub and two unspoked rims cleated to it, this dolly has a maximum load capacity of 200 to 250 lbs., which is sufficient for a canoe or kayak loaded with the gear for an extended expedition. The load capacity could be increased by adding more spoked wheels to each wheel assembly, but such an increase in load would soon require additional people power to move it.

The dolly construction is simple, a matter of a suitable platform to fit the boat intended for carrying, secured to an axle. The axle is a piece of angle iron to which bicycle axles are welded. A reinforcing piece of wood on the axle provides for screwing on the wooden platform. No provision is made for a trailer hitch as this is not a road vehicle. The boat is placed on the platform close to the balance point and one then takes it by the bow to tow it to the water or back.

Very cheap, even free, second hand, or even damaged, bicycle wheels from a bike shop junk pile (26"x2.25") can be used, as speed and bearing friction are not factors. The central complete wheel should be trued up as too much wobble is undesirable, but it is not important that it be perfectly round. The extra rims only are attached to either side of the central wheel by aluminum or brass cleats fastening each rim to the central rim. No space should be left between the tires as it is undesirable.

The tires, which need not be new or first class condition, are mounted after the rims are assembled and are inflated only a small amount so under load they flatten out to the largest possible ground contact print, in keeping with the tires remaining on the rims.

This budget dolly also does not present a very lucrative appeal for thieves. The most casual of security, a simple padlock and chain, should assure its presence at the launch site on your return from your expedition.

Report & Photos from Sam Cox, Tubac, AZ.

PISCATAQUA WHERRY

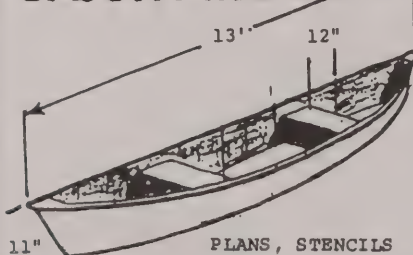


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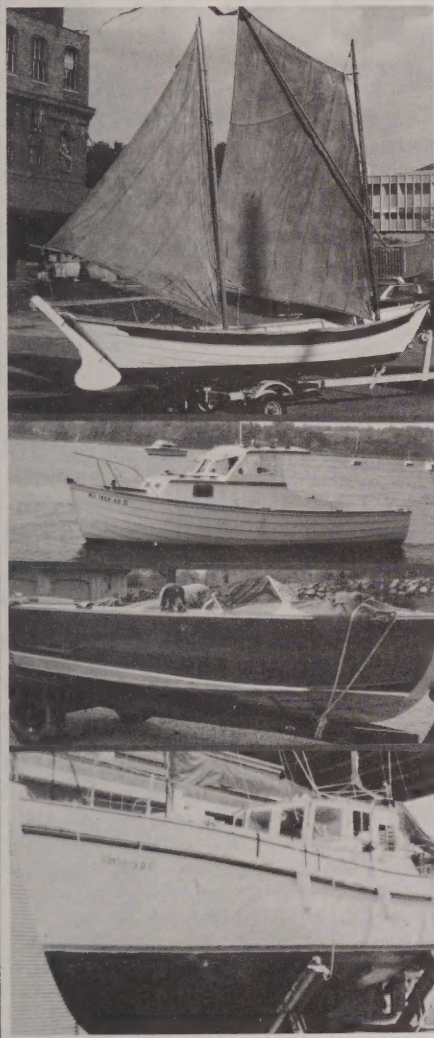
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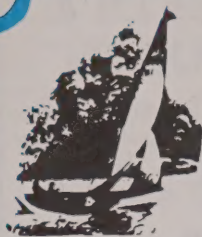
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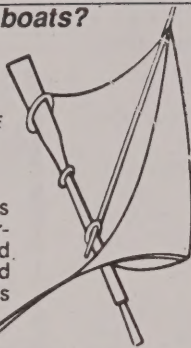
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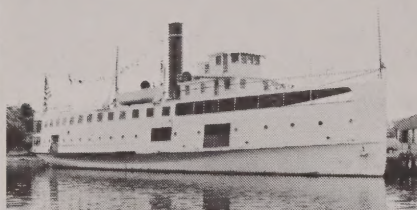
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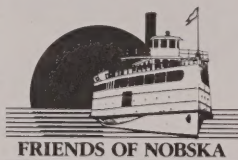


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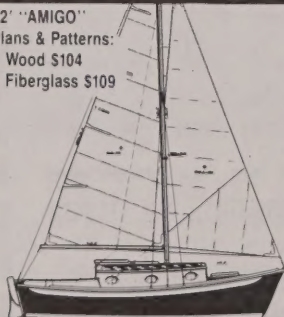
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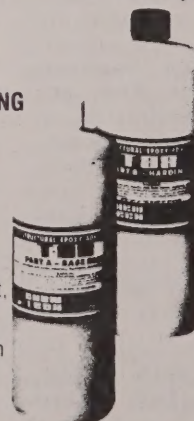
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