

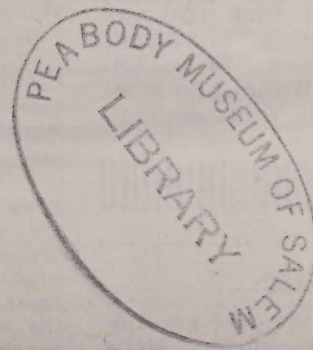
Twice a Month!



messing about in BOATS

Volume 8 - Number 15

December 15, 1990





messing about in BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

Will dig into the ever growing collection of good stories about messing about in boats. Main features will be three articles on physically handicapped messing about; my report on the National Ocean Access Project's "Independence Cup" sailing race in Boston harbor; a review of Jan Zeller's work on a new American Canoe Association handbook on canoeing and kayaking for the physically handicapped; and Ed O'Connell's grass roots windsurfer designed for a paraplegic. Amongst the designs and projects are Barry Buchanan's "Caribou" sea kayak; Tom Page's performance cruising canoe; Doug Goldhirsch's "Piece Boat"; Dan Leonard's "Goshawk" sailing kayak; Jim Michalak's "Piccup Pram"; and lots more we'll not get to until later. No end in sight and more still coming. It's a great game isn't it!

On the Cover...

Hugh Horton's "Sugar Pine Needle" sailing kayak camper cruiser on Corrigan's Reef off Cedar Key, Florida, on a week long camping cruise, sets an appealing scene for winterbound small boaters. Hugh's long report is featured in this issue.

Commentary

BOB
HICKS

The national budget crisis we've all been hearing about with dismay has reached down to the level of our small boat activities now. The budget package that was agreed on in November includes an annual "Users Fee" to be applied to all recreational boats longer than 16'. The desperate scraping around for money to be extracted from politically ineffective members of the public came across our recreation. While the view was probably focussed on all the power boats conspicuously enjoyed in this country, the phrasing of the new tax, for that is really what it is, has caught up any of us with paddling or rowing craft, or small sailing craft, that are longer than 16'.

I first heard of this from Chuck Sutherland, who is the American Canoe Association's sea kayaking chairman, and owns a small fleet of kayaks and canoes. He was looking at \$25 multiplied by a half-dozen boats! Subsequently I received a news clipping from Bob Whittier which clarified things a bit.

The fee will only apply to those boats used on navigable waters where the Coast Guard has a presence. While this implies that it might be a users' fee to cover Coast Guard services on our behalf, the money actually goes into the general funds. So it's a tax. All of you who boat on lakes, ponds and rivers are thus not victimized by this. All who use the ocean or its tidal areas will be subject, probably the fee will be imposed via a sticker issued at post offices.

It's laughable in a way to read the rationale for this program which is expected to generate \$125 million in 1991. The proposal was voted down by a House committee, but the conference committee working on the budget reinstated it, announcing that "there was no other way to meet their deficit cutting targets under the new Federal budget." Indeed. All these \$25 to \$100 (for boats over 40') fees from us ordinary types will solve the budget mess. They had to do something since they couldn't save any money on tobacco industry subsidies, the defense establishment's spending plans, agribusiness subsidies, or medicare premium increases.

I guess a \$25 annual fee can be borne, along with other new fees like registration fees now being extended to non-motorized small boats in some states, and things like our new Massachusetts "titling" fee of \$15. The cumulative impact is bearable if one owns one

small boat. But those with several, and readers seem to have such collections, can be more heavily burdened.

The dollar cost is not yet so steep as to discourage our small boating, but the intent behind this sort of pursuit of the small pocket-book by our congressmen, who continue to protect the assets of the wealthy with favorable tax programs, and create vast giveaway programs, not only for the truly needy, but also "corporate welfare", is depressing. The fact that it will not have any significant impact on the giant deficit our free spending representatives in Washington have created makes it more depressing. When everyone is asked to sacrifice in times of trouble, one can accept it, but when only the politically ineffective are "required" to pitch in, one cannot help but grow ever more cynical about the motives of those we have chosen to lead us.

So, anyway, politics aside, you will probably be looking at a \$25 to \$100 fee next year to take your boat on any navigable coastal waters, if it is over 16 feet in length. The penalty for not having the sticker is to be steep, like \$5,000! Gotcha again! No scofflaws amongst us ordinary people will be permitted. I suppose this will also give the Coast Guard and all the regional "environmental police" one more task to perform, checking up on user fee stickers, while they are not receiving any of the fees to cover the additional costs of supervising this program.

It occurred to me that when the congressmen who put this budget plan together were faced with their "no other way" but to tax small boats to help balance the budget, they overlooked a far more promising source of revenue from users fees. How about the 100 million or so bicycles in use on public ways in this country? Why even just a \$10 annual users fee would raise a BILLION dollars, far more than the \$125 million the boat fees are expected to raise. Local police could be charged with checking up on the bicycle stickers. And at only \$10 the kids could even keep on pedalling. How did they ever overlook this potential windfall?

Hey, how about swimmers? There's another big number recreation. Everyone going to the beach would have to show their users fee sticker before they'd be let into the parking lot. Maybe like a dog-tag or something. The possibilities in this approach to relieving our budget crisis are endless.

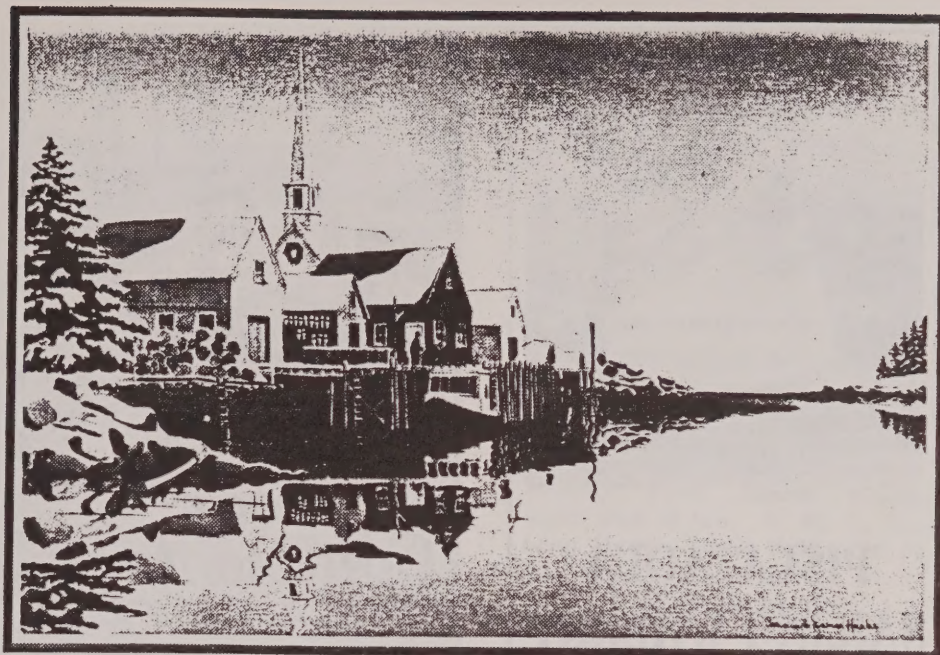
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Your Commentary

INDULGING BEHAVIOUR

Boatbuilding to me, as a carpenter, is a delightful indulgence in compulsive behaviour. It's a period of great happiness and keen focus. I have just launched San Francisco Pelican #2754. The building of this boat was a joy, as was my previous effort a few years ago, a Steve Redmond Whisp. I surprised myself with the perfection of the finish on my Pelican, perhaps inspired by the fine builders and their craft that have been meeting this past summer around here under the auspices of the Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, "SCSBMS", my fellow "Scuszbums"!

This Pelican design is an extremely seaworthy craft, perhaps overkill for the usual light airs of San Diego Bay, but providing a measure of safety for sailing remote waters in Baja. The accommodations are very comfortable and dry for a 12'2" sailboat weighing about 300 pounds. She tows easily behind my vintage VW microbus.

At the launching the invocation included, "May she soon sail on San Francisco Bay", and I know a San Juan Islands cruise was also mentioned.

Sabin Mroz, Alpine, CA.

MESSING ABOUT IN MINNESOTA

Two friends and I are about to set off on a small boat building project, maybe Steve Redmond's skiff "Whisp", or some version of a wherry. We all live within walking distance of the Mississippi River so we'd like to build a lightweight rowing/sailing boat.

I'm doing some research on wooden boats on Minnesota lakes and rivers. So far I've come up with birchbark and dugout canoes, pirogues, flatboats, johnboats, yawls, keelboats, bateaus, houseboats and Quincy skiffs.

Dave Gagne, Minneapolis, MN.

COMPULSIVE

THE CURE

The kid was a deck hand on a lobster boat now used for shrimp trawling. The weather was poor and the weight of the trawl made the motion of the boat rotten. The Skipper and an Old Salt of a deck hand were teasing the young fellow about the queasy feeling he was experiencing for the first time.

He was tall for his age, loved cross country running and feeling very macho. His response to the tormenting was to grab a live herring from the haul, bite off the head and spit it overboard. Then he chewed up the wriggling fish, guts and all.

He threw a couple of herring to his tormentors, shouting at them, "See if you can top that!" They allowed that they wouldn't eat one of those damn things.

Well, the taste was awful but the cure worked. He felt great. Was it the food now in his stomach or was it the adrenalin rush from the act?

Platt Monfort, Wiscasset, ME.

DEDICATED SMALL BOATER

I'm a dedicated small boat enthusiast, owning and using a 13' Wee Lassie canoe by Mac McCarthy of Sarasota, a 15' glass canoe, a Feathercraft folding single sea kayak and a 25' Beachcomber cat ketch that has wishbone booms and draws 19" board up. Her name is "Rima", after the heroine in William Hudson's "Green Mansions".

Allan Horton, Sarasota, FL.

NORTHWEST HOMEBUILT MEET

I would very much enjoy a gathering of small homebuilt boats here in the Pacific Northwest. Maybe someone around here could come up with something, I'd be glad to help if I can. Maybe then you could include a little more news of messing about in small boats from this area.

I've been reading your classified ads, and sure wish we could buy boats like that around here as cheaply as you can back there.

Larry Underwood, Vaughn, WA.

SUPER TOUGH CONDITIONS

Thank you for running the article on my "Riverland Puntety". Things are still super tough around here in the boatbuilding trade. I've had my boats in three boat shows this year and have yet to see any orders from that exposure.

John Wermescher, Boatbuilder, Star Rt., Box 274, Crescent City, FL 32112.

READS EVERY ARTICLE

I am delighted with your magazine. I find I read almost every article in each issue, the only magazine I do that with.

Iver Lofving, Swan's Island, ME.



AT THE TWILIGHT END

At the twilight end of the daily crunch
It's nice to find a friendly bar.

Yet even this is processed rock,
Ground to smoothness like we are.

Herb Klinger

"THINGS" LAST LONGER IN FLORIDA TOO

In the "Your Commentary" in the October 1st issue, my brother Menzo Bridge, commented about his recent 490 mile trip on the Yukon River, mentioning that "things last longer up there, people seldom knew the age of their wood and canvas canoes and freight canoes."

Menzo failed to mention that he is 70 years old. Apparently "things" last longer down in Florida where Menzo has lived since World War II!

Dick Bridge, Westmont, NJ.

SUMMER DOWN UNDER

The "silly season" is underway here. Had the first thunderstorm on the weekend. Temperatures are up and the box jellyfish is back. Time to load the vinegar into the boat and brush up on my CPR. The tourists still swim without protection. Also had our first summer fatality, a stingray spiked a fisherman in the chest.

Never mind all that. Went over to Repulse Island last weekend. Never saw another boat. Heaven!

Ian Hamilton, Ayr, Australia



WEDDING GETAWAY

I met this young lady, Andrea Zdinak, when she called at our shop for some advice. It took me a month to ask her out and it took Andrea a year to say "yes". Last September we were married. The reception was at Greenwich Point Park and we departed in due course

in my Martin Marine Appledore Pod. Later we honeymooned on the Maine coast. Andrea rowed the pod facing aft while I paddled our sea kayak, so we would face each other as we wandered amongst the islands

Gaeton Andretta, The Small Boat Shop, S. Norwalk, CT.

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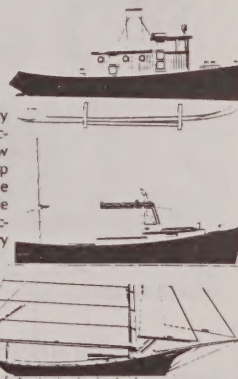
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HAPPENINGS

MITA GIFT MEMBERSHIPS

The Maine Island Trail Association is offering a special gift membership package for the holidays. For \$30 you can purchase a gift membership with an extra, a copy of Philip Conkling's 64 page booklet, "Green Islands, Green Seas", a guide to foraging on the islands of Maine. A regular gift membership, without the book, is still \$25. Send your order with check payable to the Island Institute, at 60 Ocean St. Rockland, ME 04841, attention Krisanne Rixon, MITA Membership Director.

MAINE MARITIME'S WINTER SEASON
Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, Maine, will present several series of lectures and workshops throughout the coming winter. Details and prices charged on all are available from the Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316. Remaining programs are the following:

January 2. "Maine Families That Went to Sea" with Jack Battick.

January 19. Canoe Recanvasing Workshop with Rollin Thurlow.

January 24. "A Cruising Paradise Unequaled" with Hank and Jan Taft.

February 13. Sounds of the Sea Concert with Dick Swain.

February 20. "You Can tell a Sailmaker by the Cut of His Jib" with Nat Wilson.

February 26. "Maine Islands" with Philip Conkling.

February 27 & 28. Marine Carving Workshop with Greg Fisher.

March 2. "Our Future is Now" with Governor John McKernan, Jr.

March 23. Boat Design & Theory Workshop with Carroll Lowell.

March 27. "Tea & Trade" with Jean Weber.

April 24. "Sounds of the Sea" concert with Tom Callinan and Don Sineti.

May 15. "Lighthouses Come in All Different Shapes and Sizes" with Kenneth Black.

STOLEN CANOE

A hand made cedar stripper canoe was stolen from Beach Rd. in Cumberland, RI, in November. It has a brass identification plate inlaid and epoxied into the forward flotation chamber bulkhead reading, "Made by Dick Maciel, 1985". Anyone coming across this canoe is asked to contact the owner, Hank Majkut, at (401) 333-0795.

SHIP MODELS & MARINE ARTS

The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston is featuring an exhibition of its collection of ship models, supported with related marine art, ongoing through March 10, 1991. Information from the Publicity Dept, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, MA, (617) 267-9300, x446.

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ALDEN SCHOONER PRINTS

Inga & Dyke Wilmerding, who operate a Caribbean charter aboard their 53' ketch "Zulu Warrior" (see classified ad), have long enjoyed the original oil painting pictured of John Alden's finest schooner "Mandoo" by British naval artist Leslie Wilco. With the thought that

others might enjoy this painting, they have had a limited number of 21"x16" prints made up and are offering these for just \$25 by mail order. A check for \$25 payable to Inga Wilmerding, Suite 237, Red Hook Plaza, St. Thomas, VI 00802, will get you yours.

AREY'S POND BOATBUILDING COURSES

Tony Davis, who operated the boatshop for New England Historic Seaport in the old Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston, and taught boatbuilding courses there, has purchased the Arey's Pond Boatyard in South Orleans, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod. He is offering two courses at his new shop this winter.

"Lifting a 9'6" Lawley Yacht Tender" has already begun on December 4th, so may not be available, but you could inquire if you are interested, the 8 Monday evening series costs \$250.

"Building a 9' Arno Day Skiff" starts in March, and runs for 8 Saturdays at a cost of \$500, with the completed skiff offered to a class member for an additional \$500.

Information at (508) 255-0994.

SOUTH STREET VOLUNTEER PROGRAM

South Street Seaport Museum in New York City is offering a free six week training course for volunteers willing to volunteer eight hours a week as Museum tour guides and educational assistants. The training program begins January 16th, but advance registration and an interview is required. Patricia Sands or Kathleen Condon, (212) 669-9400, Monday-Friday, 9-5.

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Sleeping in the Shallows

Can one sleep comfortably aboard a small craft which can be sailed, double-paddled easily, and car-topped? That question led to this short trip along the Gulf Coast.

An admission: I am a fair weather sailor and paddler. I want to be warm and dry. Water temperatures above 80 degrees are my preference. Because I usually boat in such benign conditions, my spray skirt stays stuffed below in my Sea Runner most of the time. And P.N. still has no spray skirt.

So this minicruise isn't a story of deprivation and hardship; it's of hedonism and softship. I built P.N. because I wanted to be comfortable.

She's 18 1/2' long by 2 1/2', sharp hull form with a fine V-bow, decked, cockpit long enough so tandem paddlers needn't synchronize. She's built of sugar pine, epoxy, glass, and kevlar. Basically she's a sailboat with a double-paddle auxiliary, an experiment to help define the parameters of 50/50 boats, those which are about equally proficient under double-paddle or sail.

Interesting to me was that this became the first time I'd been alone in a boat and had consistently written in the log the pronoun "we" to describe events that P.N. and I had been enjoying.

And please remember, P.N. was sketched and built by me. She's my child. Boasting about one's children, sometimes without cause, seems universal.

Thursday April 26th: The breeze was SW 7-9 at 2:P when Mike Leiner pushed us off. I was relieved that this trip had finally begun. Mike and others had said to try the Izaak Walton Lodge in Yankeetown, so that became the ship's destination. It was beautifully sunny in the mid 80's as I paddled

below the pelicans preening on the Gulfside Motel's dock. I set my largest sail, 36'.

The disorganization of gear that plagued me daily was about to begin. P.N. is so roomy that she had easily gobbled up four masts and seven sails (I planned to experiment), my galvanized bucket, three anchors, clam boots, cameras and lenses (I used the one with a fixed lens), food for three weeks except canned milk, ten gallons of water, extra double-paddle and a single one, foul weather gear, cooking gear, tent with no-see-um screen, nine boat cushions, hundreds of feet of line, tools, books and papers, etc. It was her very roominess which allowed such tangled disorganization.

In the Main Channel we broad reached, gliding quickly east with the flood and an expansive feeling began creeping over me.

A half hour later a splash off to port caught my eye. Then another and a bottle-nosed dolphin leaped clear in a twisting lay out somersault, 2/3 of its length above the sea 50 yards off. Holy s--t! Where is a camera? Any camera! Another jumper but lower...a pair side by side. Snapshots of white splashes...my heel jammed on a steering rod, sheet too slippery cleated then squeezed by knee and wrapped around my big toe...fumbling with exposure and aperture on the 30 year old Rollei 35.

Twist lens to infinity and hope the ASA setting hasn't slipped again. Protect it from salt splashes!--and that was the beginning of my little trip. I felt exalted, blessed, lucky.

We sailed 3/4 of a mile out to Corrigan Reef's SE end, sliding between the all oyster islets left at this high tide. Returning port tack north of the oyster reef I watched the ebb pulling us in. Near a stick marking the deepest cut through was a higher islet with some bushes. It was about 4:30P and I knew I'd need plenty of time for tonight's setup; this oystery isle would do. I beached her on the upstream side of the little channel, 50' from a small comma shaped spit whose steep sides matched the angle of repose of oyster shells. I tried to guess where the tide would put us in the morning. (This sounds easy but Cedar Key has tides in which one pair is exaggerated per day. A weak high is followed by a weak low, then a higher high, a lower low, a weak high, etc. The higher high on this trip was the afternoon high; the lower low following it was the very low one in the wee AM. The next high in the morning is moderate and so is the low. From the high high to the low low can be well over seven hours. From the moderate high to the moderate low is usually about five hours.) I moved her twice, finally guiding her floating through the little race to the downstream side. The ebb left her dry.

Up high on the oysters I put the leeboards, bucket, boots and six gallons of water. Sorting out the tent, I found I hadn't brought the two twisted polyester lines for the ridge pole, but, no matter, I had enough others.

With sorting, shuffling, and stowing, time for dinner was running short. The no-see-ums had just begun to chomp and chew, so my meal was 2/3 of a big box of Low Salt Cheez-Its and Meyers's rum, lime, and diet tonic. I photographed as Corrigan Reef grew, intriguing and dark to the SE.

With the sides of the tent rolled up and a mosquito coil lit briefly to silence those caught in, the ebb gurgled away. The twilight scene was splendid, the moon a two day old sliver. My bed, two boat cushions wide and four long, was as comfortable as any; this screened sleeping porch was home.

Dolphins, snorting and splashing, held a mullet round up in the race 50' away waking me about 11:30P. After midnight a SE 10-12 blew in. About 3:A the flood splashing with the wind against the transom woke me and it was out with boots on to float P.N. back to shelter behind the spit. The night gleamed with stars to the horizon and the breeze made enough wind chill to require my PFD over a long sleeved shirt. In P.N. it was even more cozy. I tried to stay awake to enjoy it all, but waking at dawn I knew I hadn't.

Friday April 27th: SSE 8-10, sunny. Rather than eat there, I wanted to get moving with the flood since striking the tent and restowing had taken so long. We close reached past the mouth of Porpoise Creek and saw more bottle-nosed dolphins.

A likely breakfast nook appeared so I paddled P.N. up on the lee

side of a small oyster bar awash with a few reeds growing on it. 50 yards west, another bar was occupied by a white great egret also stopping to eat. Breakfast was my usual granola and dry cereal mix with part of a can of evaporated milk and water, plus maxijolt instant coffee with more of the little can of milk. Reclining there in the breeze and shade of the sail, watching my white feathered neighbor fishing, I thought good thoughts. And some melancholy ones, too, knowing how much Kayann would have enjoyed this, and last night's special moon.

After an hour, a buddy, or mate perhaps, flew in to visit my neighbor. They took off soon and so did we, sailing on the flood.

Off to the NW, N, and NE the marsh grass was the horizon. I saw a lone cabbage palm, so we sailed in closer with the SSW 6-9 and then another marsh island with two palms appeared and we sailed to it, hooking on with a five pound grapple and a four pound four fluke folder. The trunk of a third palm was disintegrating. On the chart it's called Tripod Point.

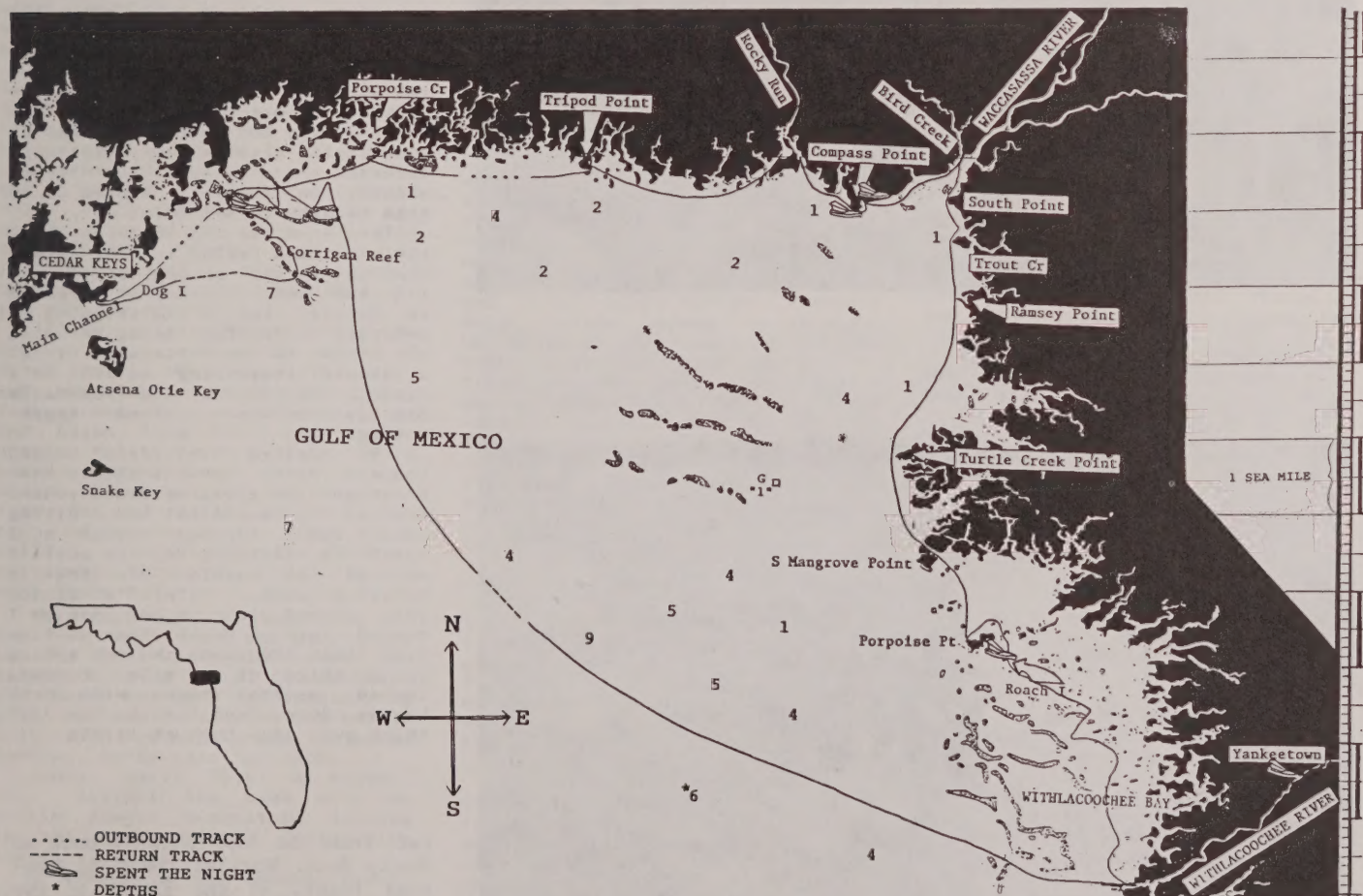
After a futile attempt to photograph a flying red wing blackbird, and tiring of steaming feet in boots, we sailed on.

Back again in Waccasassa Bay, I struck the rig and paddled east against the ebb. The last beach I'd seen was the oyster one on Corrigan, and I'd wanted to stop earlier, but grass and mud seemed to stretch on forever.

Paddling into the twilight past one little headland after another, I saw a bit of lighter tone near the tip of one. Whew! This was a sandy spot about eight feet wide on the water and two feet wide up the beach. While carrying the ten pound Danforth into the grass, I found gooey going; the zoris I wear habitually got that stuck in the muck feeling. (Zori is the Japanese word for thongs or flip-flops, and, I think, is the word most used world wide to describe them.) I tried to set the tent quickly while slapping at mosquitoes and no-see-ums. Again I wanted to figure the early morning tide, but the sulphurous muck didn't encourage careful positioning.

About 3:A again, I woke. P.N. was lurching and a SE 10-15 was whistling through the screen with drops of splash.

West Pass opened up an inviting creek and with the tide and a SW 7-9, we sailed across the tidal flats meandering up Rocky (?) Run for a mile or so. An eight foot alligator on a ten foot island became a great splash in a blurred photo. Another half mile with the tide nearing high we came to a rickety wooden walk way, three feet wide. It went nowhere and was about 200' long. I heard later that this had led to a homestead. After gingerly making my way out along it for a snapshot, I half crawled back trying to keep my weight spread between hands and feet on the wasted cross boards where they lay on the withered planks upper edge. That





fine, old growth yellow pine held, strong still.

The late afternoon breeze had faded to a zephyr, and wasn't fair anyway, so just the ebb carried us smoothly down to East Pass. It pointed straight at the cooling towers of the Crystal River nuke plant fourteen miles SSE, thus fixing our spot on the marsh.

The beach was gone and we were in the grass. Little wave chop was breaking 20' away, and I was comfy, but I began wondering about the possibility of the breaking wavelets reaching us as the tide rose. Hmm. The bow won't be able to dip as the stern tries to lift...I dozed off. HMM! On with the clam boots, wool shirt and PFD and into the near 80 degree water, which felt nice and warm coming over my boots. I stood shivering on a dryish spot and began waiting for the tide to rise enough to float P.N. over the headland (Compass Point). Near 5:A and quite impatient to return to my slumbers, I finally dragged P.N. over the Point to a lee, reset the anchor, and reentered P.N. as cleanly and dryly as possible.

But sleep was slow in coming, tide the topic. Why is the tide still rising? Wind. How high can it get? Wind still increasing... at 5:A SSE 12-18.

Saturday April 28th: After dawn when I woke, marsh grass was supporting a periwinkle here and there, some pressed against the screen. Bits of mud speckled it. As I heard a fisherman's outboard, the first boat I'd seen or heard since leaving Cedar Key, suddenly it was time to sit on the bucket.

After breakfast, while wading about P.N. stowing the tent, I nearly fell backwards, arms flailing, when a boot stuck. A close call, but I vowed to organize enough to set the tent up from within and not go ashore. Rather than tying leeboards, water containers, and other gear temporarily on deck, I wanted to be able to stow it all below.

The wind was SSE 15-20 so I set the 32' sail reefed to 20'. I was wishing I had a spray cover. If I'd had one, I'd not have reefed so deeply, but I anticipated a moderate ride ENE along the mile of coast to the Waccasassa River. I stowed everything as well as I could, which in the generally disorganized state, proved aggravating.

We darted out from behind Compass Point on what should have been an invigorating broad reach. Instead it was a bit too exciting with P.N. zipping beyond hull speed in slithery spurts while I steered to avoid the heavily breaking chop. Within a minute this seemed like a bad idea so I ducked into a creek after sailing less than 300 yards. We ran gybing up a third of a mile, turned, tacked several times with both boards down, and tied to the 3/4" thick root of a bush at 11:30A.

Left from the top: Rickety dock at Rocky Run. Morning comes to Compass Point. At the mouth of the Waccasassa River.

The rest of the day was spent swinging in the current looking at birds (especially Virginia Rails), washing off mud, organizing, and watching the tide rise higher and higher. I could stand with binoculars and see out to the shimmering Gulf shining with wild white horses.

A Gainesville AM station, 50 miles ENE, spoke of scattered thundershowers. These developed throughout the day to the W, S, and E. By loosing a few big drops, one of them got me to set the tent early.

I had been curious to see how P.N. would react to gusts with the tent up. An experiment was to make it tall and wide enough at the top so I could stand and yank on pants, though stooped over. I'd worried about the windage, but as loaded as P.N. was, plus my 200 lbs., she was amply stable.

The cockpit sides are parallel and 20" apart. Although the parallelness makes attaching the tent screen, spray skirt, or cover more difficult, I built it that way to be able to move rig components simply. An unexpected benefit of the parallel sides is it becomes easier to slide oneself fore or aft along the rim using knees to steady. P.N. is stable enough so one may sit on a rim, legs in, and easily work the interior. You can reach fore or aft without needing to turn around possibly entangling your feet in the strap, perhaps, of the binoculars or an unneeded gear bag ...along with the retaining line of the bailer.

All day above the wind, unseen clapper rails clacked their drumming, accelerating tempo bark. It was my first experience with these birds. Will I ever see one?

High tide by observation was 5:P. An islet I'd thought we might beach on disappeared. The line to the root had dipped into the water since early afternoon. Although I'd waggled and jerked the line, I wasn't sure it would hold. While miles above the immense marshlands the bulging thunderheads, dark under with lightning usually too distant to hear, were a grand counterpoint to the eddying creek.

Dinner this night would be better than yesterday's snacks of dried pears, whole wheat fig bars, and peanuts, although these are flavorful four-to-a-shell, tiny red skins from New Mexico's, Rio Grande Valley and I love dried pears. Dinner was three cut up onions, ground red chili (also from NM) and garlic added to a can each of pinto beans, corn, green chilies, and spicy Vienna sausages at least three years old. My log says "superb."

The wind kept the bugs away all day but fell with the sun. Light in the tent was reflected off the great, blazing coral thunderheads and their wavering reflections. My mood was convivial. The rum bottle last seen two nights ago, remained hidden. Sleep came too soon.

Sunday April 29th: At 6:35A I woke against the bank with two overly loaded mosquitoes droning in the tent, slowly flying at a steady elevation.

An example of the unusual tides: This morning's high was by observation 14 hours after the last.

At 9:40A, reaching into the water I released us. We paddled down with the ebb.

It was SW 4-6, sunny, upper 70's. We went slowly (P.N.'s only paddling speed) ENE to the Waccasassa, a dark water river. At the mouth lying on the north bank was a silvery cypress trunk more than six feet in diameter. What a beautiful giant this must have been. A few palms could be seen, and long leaf yellow pines on the horizon, but nothing resembling this monster. I tied to one of its roots and climbed up and along it, and then heard a noise like a light plane which I knew would be an airboat. It swashed down the river, roaring and making a wake bouncing P.N. off the cypress. It seems to me those things could at least be muffled.

We paddled up a couple of creeks to the NW just off the mouth. One was Bird Creek and had among the usual collection an American oyster catcher with a neon orange bill and a green-backed heron with orange legs indicating breeding season. He was 20' away on a fallen tree, warily peeking through branches. Up the other little creek on the bank in mottled shade was a sort of fluttering on the surface of the mud. At first I thought it might be moths scattered there, but it was fiddler crabs, most of whom were steadily waving their big claw.

It was past 12:30P so I paddled back down and out across the Waccasassa's mouth, inside a little island, and around South Point at 1:32P. I was looking for a beach but snacked in P.N. again. We passed Trout Creek Point at 1:46P and Ramsey Point at 2:13P.

A 7-9 WSW developed so I set P.N.'s 36' sail. It was still sunny, mid 80's. On our lazy close reach south a bald eagle watched us from low on a dead mangrove. At 4:10P we rounded Turtle Creek Point and sailed off the wind to just north of Mangrove Point--all now dead spiky trunks frozen out last year in late December--where we scooted at more than three knots through a little pass with a dozen dolphins. One and a half miles further, Porpoise Point Island looked like it might be a good place to stop, but the high water convinced me to continue another half mile SSE to a small island with several trees called Roach Island on a Levy County road map. I was surprised to find it looked nearly solid limestone! After tying to a dead mangrove at 5:23P I looked the place over more carefully with binoculars. Limestone formed the 100' long island's mass and edges, and I could see jointed blocks of it in the water below us with a few rusted crab traps. Although I didn't, I could have stepped out on solid rock--the first non-mud earth since the oyster beach of Corrigan Reef. I wondered on what rock or metal the tide would set us tonight but a light westerly kept us off.

While making dinner a yellow-throated warbler flitted close on low branches eight feet away. My meal was a freeze dried cheese enchilda. The quality wasn't comparable to that from my favorite restaurants in New Mexico, but it was mighty good.

Another gorgeous evening, we were hanging far enough off the island so the westerly would keep the bugs away and the screen could be left up. The moon and stars were brilliant and I unexpectedly found the rum.

Jumping mullet, in six foot and longer leaps, were getting more active and one came too close. I began a silent conversation about this foot and a half long, two pound mullet and all his/her ancestors, siblings, and cousins about the disregard I'd feel for each, however kind the kamikaze offering, if one were to land, flopping wet and slippery, in P.N. with me. Finally the stress of imagining this got too much and I lowered the screen.

(A friend in Cedar Key said recently that on her first ride in her Sea Runner a mullet, jumping toward her side, glanced off her shoulder and smacked its hard head into her temple. She slumped immediately and was not quite conscious for several moments before she saw the humor in it.)

Monday April 30th: 5:30A, still swinging close to the same spot.

After 6:A The 2.7" Casio TV showed me national weather maps on two stations. A big high was over the Gulf. Nice, but hardly news. I'd bought the TV for a sailing kayak trip along North Carolina's Outer Banks several years ago. The Detroit Tigers looked like they had a chance to get to the World Series, and I wasn't about to miss that, having been born and raised in Detroit, and living in the area again after a long absence. The TV's relatively powerful reception has given me glances at weather maps where AM or FM radio didn't help much. (For the next trip, however, I'll get a Sony multi-band radio. As a child I spent many night hours enchanted by a short wave radio and later by a Zenith Transoceanic. The new small Sonys, I'm told, can at least duplicate the Zenith's performance.)

Sitting on the bucket, again I heard a distant boat, the first since the airboat. Several minutes later a commercial fisherman came within 100 yards. Though I was in the tent I hoped he wouldn't come over for a chat.

We sailed at 9:05A. The breeze was WSW 5-8 into Withlacoochee Bay, already warm and sunny with low popcorn clouds, much like tropic Oceania.

P.N.'s ten inch deep aluminum rudder blade clinked and pinged as we zig-zagged across the rocky Bay. We broad reached a few yards from a great blue heron and paralleled a pair of dolphins. The log says "perfect sailing." We covered the 3.6 miles to the mouth of the Withlacoochee in an hour and a half, a 2.4 knot average--not bad, I think, for the erratic course, too small 36' sail, and moderate air.

At the mouth is a launch ramp and small campground. I beached nearby and made some phone calls including the Izaak Walton Lodge. They were closed on Mondays! No one would be around, but tie up, they said, and we'll see you tomorrow. Okay, no shower.

By 11:30A the ebb and current were flowing out, but the increasing breeze was blowing right



up. Therein were the makings for an uncommonly exquisite, short trip up a river, the wind providing good speed over the water, with the current subtracting enough to give the ride a slow scroll feel.

Yippee! The banks often showed bare limestone. More real rocks in Florida! They were four or five feet high cliffs in some places. I loved 'em anyway.

The water wasn't the tannic black water I'd expected; it was clear like Weeki Wachee Springs or Crystal River. Woods, sand, rocks, crawling crabs, swimming fishes and turtles, manatees--all were visible in it.

Now I know another place in addition to the Suwannee River where huge trees still grow like the massive trunk on the Waccasassa. With cypress there was a variety of large hardwoods, big yellow pines, and tall wiry palms. Green, green and more green.

Ospreys, cormorants, herons, and a bald eagle within the top of an enormous pine, were the birds I noted, although the forest was full of small ones, too.

Power boat encounters: Three or four were heavily powered jonboats slowing politely. One of the crew of a larger commercial fishing boat shouted a most friendly "Jes relax'n, uh?" The commercial fishers always slowed and adhered to the manatee warning slow speed zones. A 15-20 knot turbine powered Coast Guard boat, throwing spray and wake, was the most offensive, slowing neither for me (who cares?) nor the manatee zones (I care and you may). No indication of emergency was displayed on either occasion.

The sheet stayed slippery cleated most of the time. Less than half a dozen paddle strokes pushed us to Yankeetown giving two knots over the ground, but sometimes more than five through the water.

Approaching Yankeetown, on the north bank we passed a small marina, some homes and a fish house, more manatee warning signs and then the dock of the Walton Lodge. I pulled her out on a sandy beach in front of the Walton cabin.

No shower but I dog paddled long in the clean fresh water, my overalls and T-shirt getting a cooling rinse, too.

Some of P.N.'s gear was unloaded and damp stuff rinsed as a friendly cat watched and rubbed the picnic table I piled gear on to dry.

Also on the Walton property was a 100' wide, 150' long lagoon with a big old boat shelter of curious design at its end. I paddled P.N. around to the lagoon and suspended her between a dock and a palm. After walking the shaded streets and finding a little store with a phone and postcards, but no produce, canned milk, nor a restaurant, I returned.

Left from the top: The fog lifts off the Withlacoochee River and a fishing boat heads in. Starting up the Withlacoochee. "Sugar Pine Needle" and I arrive at Yankeetown.

Dinner was canned chicken A La King with Bush's Hot Beans, and potatoes, onions, garlic and chili powder. I sketched a stowage/organizing scheme of pouches suspended under the side decks. Sitting in P.N. listening to whip-poor-wills and frogs, bugs at bay, the late snack was saltless big pretzels, peanuts, and wine. A small mullet thumped us. I thought of improvements and changes to P.N., how I'd make the next one, her shape, goals.

Climbing out for a late walk I was surprised at how far up the dock was. When I returned I had to vault down on her aft deck, landing more heavily than I wanted --no cracking noises, though. Slight moonlight through the Spanish moss, mullets splashing, the aroma of shore and flowers--this was a romantic place.

Snorting, snoring, breathing sounds like a porpoise woke me about 1:A. It was manatees snoozing 150' away in the River. I'd seen them earlier and now they'd woken me! My oh my. How I tried to stay awake!

Tuesday May 1st: 5:30A and they were still there. Before sunrise, a dolphin coming upstream riding the tide along the shore, cruised into the lagoon, heartily whacked an aluminum pontoon boat squeaking against a piling opposite us, and swam nosing along the edge to the back of the interesting old boat-house. He or she returned within ten feet of us and went on upstream. I photo'd a departing fin.

And again a commercial fishing boat came by while I was seated you know where.

The rest of the day was spent walking, restowing, showering, lunch at the Lodge, etc. Mike and Cindy drove over from Cedar Key for dinner, too, at the Lodge, and kindly brought mail and a package for me. In the cabin that evening the movement was gone and sounds were obliterated by the air conditioner used to repel a no-see-um attack through the screens. I was divorced from outside. I missed P.N.

To return I wanted to sail straight across the 15 sea miles to Snake Key. TV weather at night and in the morning led me to expect SE to S 5-10 early, 10-15 in the afternoon making a broad reach. I'd written in the log bearings from the mouth of the Withlacoochee to Snake Key, 295 degrees; Atsena Otie Key, 305; Corrigan Reef, 315; and Waccasassa Reef daymarker #1, 326.

Wednesday May 2nd: Fog was mentioned on Gainesville TV and dark fog it was when we left at 7:40A--low, thick, less gray straight up, calm. Webs everywhere were bedewed. Sounds carried. Visibility was 50-100 yards, temperature in the mid 70's. The effect on the river and in the jungle was stunning.

Paddling was great because it was so cool; I wore a long sleeved shirt. A couple small jonboats and big commercial fishers slowly overtook us, their sound reaching us long before they did.

Slipping through manatee slow zones, I worried about those night time snufflers. How sad that we're killing them off. They're so in-offensive, so gentle, so innocent.

Out of the dense mist developed

posing cormorants, a honking great blue heron, complaining ospreys and a bald eagle. Shorebirds prodded and poked. Painted turtles in incremental sizes occupied roots and branches. Foot long striped fish chased below. Part way along I took my long sleeved shirt off, as seemingly contradictory warmth settled down. We beached near the campground at 8:55A, having averaged 2.4 knots.

As we left a tiny red-breasted merganser paddled by. I wasn't in much of a hurry either, thinking the fog would burn off soon and the wind fill in, and not craving cheap thrills by being nearly invisible in the Gulf, too. We paddled north of and parallel with the channel. At 9:43A I wrote "steam heat, no-see-ums, bright but still only 300 yard vis."

Between then and 10:20A I got feelings of a breeze and set the 36'. I knew it could be at least 25% larger and wished it was. All the extra sails I brought I used the following week, being loath through laziness to find and breakout from P.N.'s depths a mizen to jury-rig on a tent pole step.

Several big commercial boats diesel in and a light SSW began. By 11:10A it was SW 2-5 and hints of more. We were "moving nicely sometimes" on a close reach. Current at a float was setting NW. I put on my sun protection shirt. Dolphins breathed and rolled.

"11:51A hear li'l snort & turn to see a 2'-3' sea turtle off port 1/4, been hearing light breathing for several minutes, thought maybe dolphins or wavelets--still some low fog patches & holes in the wind but mostly WSW 3-6.

"12:41P a big cormorant cruises by pt. to stbd., still this itty bitty breeze w/ holes. Our course has been 270-310 at 1/2 to 3 1/2 kts.

"12:43P Great exciting discovery! A male Phidippus spider just strolled up the stbd side deck."

These are my favorite arachnids. This one was Phidippus audax, the largest jumping spider in North America. He was 3/4" in diameter, short legs and all. The male is the most colorful, black and white with iridescent green jaws.

Years ago one of these leaped three inches to the end of ex-wife Peggy's nose. She was exceptionally near-sighted and had been staring at him with her glasses off, and apparently the Phidippus had been staring back.

Phidippi jump, I've read, on large flies and eat them eventually. I've seen smaller jumping spiders do it to bugs their own size. Anything that might eat deerflies and horseflies holds a prominent spot in my sphere and these flies aren't unknown hereabouts. Half jokingly I've imagined a mutant Phidippus audax, two feet in diameter, useful for squelching small yapping dogs in one jump. Arachnophobia II?

"While photo'g him I frightened him fwd where he's riding the steering rod***big splash, fish or turtle***hope he moves in fwd." He'd be safer up there. I didn't

want to crush him accidentally.

So rather than having a broad reach to Snake Key, we had been subtly headed all day which should put us in at Corrigan Reef. Good enough.

"1:30P lunch w/w fig bars & peanuts.

"2:00P sailing consistently. Drowzy.

"3:00P wind up 8-11 WSW, rolling toppling confused whitecaps."

Low tide at Cedar Key was expected 2:38P, so the flood had begun. We were pointing to the area where the current would be pouring through the reef and swirling up the irregular channels and basins.

"4:53P a leebd scraped...it's been a long port tack."

Since we were out of the wind chop, I put both leeboards down for better pointing through "some very rolly, choppy parts w/ varied currents. Pass a flock of white pelicans resting on reef. Tack, tack betw. oyster beds, seldom scraping, eventually in thru channel I left Friday morn, beach @ same spot @ 6:20P. Tide 3' lower than last week. Phid. pokes his head out, a horsefly gets me. It's been a glorious, lovely, scintillating little round trip." I worried about squashing Phid in my sleep, but this was the last time I'd see him.

Dinner was more snack stuff, the end of the wine, and thin molasses cookies that, in a stout foil package, I'd moved many times and would've thought crushed to crumbs.

Writing and easing in P.N. I continued to hear a perplexing noise--a soft, tinkling hiss. It was oyster shell bits rattling along the hull with the tide as we floated and then sat, tucked behind the spit.

Doing my best to savor this last night I wrote, "9:30P Oops, had dozed off." Right in the midst of relishing.

Thursday May 3rd: At 4:15A the wind was blowing SE 10-15. Low tide was 4:A. P.N. dried out tilted up the comma's...apex. I slept 'til 5:A. and noted "pretty sunrise" (6:39A).

Habit can make one behave peculiarly, make mistakes. I was out of canned milk and therefore, I decided, I'll just skip coffee and cereal and sail the 2 1/4 miles to town and Cook's Cafe for the best breakfast in the East, I think: a double order of spuds, somehow quite browned but nearly greaselessly, with extra onions and green peppers, spread over with a hot salsa done in the salad New Mexico style by Chris who'd lived two years in Albuquerque; oatmeal; whole wheat toast; all the coffee you can hold; smiling service; and good gab with Mike who frequently joins me.

7:50A SSE 15-20. I struggled to drag P.N. around through the rapid against the flood and wind. I'd set the 20' reefed sail in the lee. This was a mistake, too, maybe.

Thinking I didn't want to linger on the windward side with chop breaking on the oysters, I thought we could just sail quickly away after I got her there. But I found I needed to drag her further than I'd expected because the

current was pulling us hard back around the corner. I knew I'd have little time to set the sail before being driven and set back. So I wound up tugging the extra windage around, which could have been worse since it was a Balogh sail with full length battens. Wave slop got half way up it, and me from hips to the top of my glasses, and in the cockpit. A wave shoved P.N. which shoved me, leaving one zori floating briefly. Luckily I got only a couple small oyster cuts after planting that foot for one more good push. Why no boots? Another mistake...but maybe just a lack of caffeine.

Finally underway, at least we had plenty of wind. A moment of starboard tack, then port tack with the wind just forward of abeam we drove through the flood. Water sloshed around in P.N. I wanted to bail but the only sponge in sight was the frustrating synthetic one. I noticed strong weather helm and wondered if it might be due as much to the fine forefoot as from other factors.

Soon I recognized how foolish I'd become for a breakfast, or was it just the coffee? Two and a

half and three foot waves were breaking in lines, heavily and frequently. I was sailing more or less parallel with these, avoiding them, realizing how just a portion of one of the breakers in an instant could swamp and likely capsize P.N. The current would pull us back to Corrigan; the wind would help us shoreward a bit. Some gear would be lost, I'd get a few more oyster cuts, P.N. would be dust free--peanut husks and mosquito coil ash would be history. I suppose her rig or rudder could be damaged, and it'd take most of the morning paddling around finding stuff. I'd really be hungry by then.

We got to the lee of Dog Island and I finished bailing with the pseudo sponge before entering more rolling breakers. In less than half a mile the wind freed just enough and we sped up the Main Channel. An easy gybe in front of the brown pelicans and we crunched onto the beach at the Island Place at 8:40A, 3.5 knot average. I felt like Captain James Cook in 1771 when he might've said, on his return to England from his first three year voyage around the

world, upon stepping ashore after 3:P at Deal before rushing to the Admiralty office to submit his report that day, "I'm hungry."

Concerning the stuff I carried. To those of you who might say, "This guy has just too much junk!" You may be right.

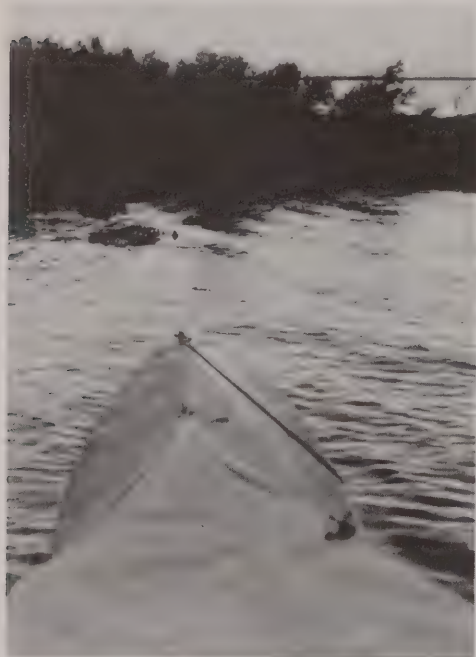
About flotation. A problem with a big volume boat like P.N. is all the water it can hold. Sealed chambers are okay, but I prefer the versatility of moveable buoyancy such as air bags, and/or dry bags, boat cushions, Tupperware, empty water containers, etc., all held securely with netting, even if a spray cover were fitted in place. If I plan a more open and colder water trip, I'll get much more finicky about flotation and spray cover.

And now to the question. Unquestionably, yes! With the conditions I met one can sleep comfortably aboard a small craft that can be sailed, double-paddled easily, and cartopped.

And thank you for taking your time to read this.

Report & Photos by Hugh Horton

Roach Island at dawn; cormorants in the fog; voyage ends back at Corrigan reef.



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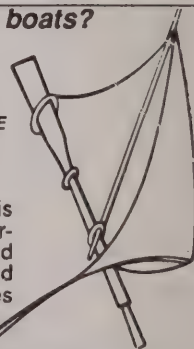
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The Boatcrafter

I ordered the plans from a boating magazine. You know the type. "Plywood-planked. Easy to build. A good beginner's project."

I fell for it. All the way. Without saying anything to Karen I sent off my order. Two weeks later it arrived. She brought in the mail.

"There's a big envelop for you," she said, shuffling through the junk mail looking for a letter from her mother. "Thanks," I muttered, spiriting it away while she was too busy to ask awkward questions.

Down to the rec room, there to slip out the "full size patterns." There to stretch them out on the floor -- from one end to the other. There to admire the sweeping lines, the gentle curves.

The diagrams were seductive. By the time she came to see what mischief I was up to it was too late! I was hooked.

"When do you think you'll have it finished," she asked, interrupting my reverie. "In about six months," I replied, "by May, 1986." "We'll see," she said, feeling my forehead for signs of fever.

"Oh, ye of little faith," I sputtered, as she returned to her own domain. How little did I know!

For two weeks I looked at the plan each night. I calculated areas, measured lines, made little sketches. I went for it! I set out to buy the wood.

Over to Jim's. It had another name, but I came to refer to it as Jim's. It took me an hour to find the shop -- and that was after I had phoned for directions. Tucked away in an industrial area, approachable only from the rear, was a shop full of plans, patterns, machines and wood.

And with it was Jim. He was cantankerous...opinionated...stubborn...unbending. He still is. Yet he is a teacher, a craftsman, a humorist, a mentor -- in short, a BoatCrafter.

I opened the door to the greeting of a small mongrel dog. "Someone's here," she

announced, as loudly as she could. There really wasn't any need for her alarm. A loud buzzer also proclaimed my arrival. Perhaps the bell woke the dog? Or was it the other way round!

Occupied by the barking, I was startled by a quiet voice saying, "It's alright, Charlie, I'm here now. I'll look after it."

Charlie retreated behind the counter to her spot on the rug. "She looks after the front, I look after the back," said Jim, eyes twinkling. "We are working on her dusting skills, but she has a long way to go."

She did indeed. There were layers of dust. Covering everything. But when you looked underneath, you didn't notice the dust. There were canoes, kayaks and boats. Displayed on racks, standing against walls. Assorted boat paraphernalia displayed in a showcase. "It it's not TUFF, it's not Tuff enough," proclaimed a poster above a rack of special boat paint. Photos of craft of different types.

"Can we help you," Jim asked, interrupting my inspection.

"Well," I replied, "I've just got these boat plans and I need some wood."

We unfolded the plans on the counter and Jim looked at them. One of his customers had bought plans for the same boat about a year before. Jim had made the stem, rudder, centreboard and case for him. He hadn't been back for lumber or help, although he had phoned once. "Enthusiasm waxes and wanes," said Jim. I was to find out exactly what he meant!

We went over the list of materials together. Invoice 4931 was prepared. Two sheets of half-inch, four of three-eighths. Marine mahogany. It would arrive in a week's time. Jim was to phone me.

Turning to leave, I stepped on Charlie's tail. A chorus of canine curses filled the shop! I apologized to Charlie. She wagged her acceptance. Our relationship was established. After that we stayed on opposite

sides of the counter!

Three weeks later I had read my 'how to' book through twice. No problems, there, I could handle it. I stopped in at Jim's while passing by. Who was I kidding? Nobody passed by Jim's. It was at the end of the road!

"Still no sign of the plywood," he reported, "but you'll need a bit of three-quarter for the stem. How are you going to cut that out?"

"With my jig saw," I replied, secure in the knowledge that a home handyman's special would cut almost anything.

Jim chuckled, then said, "It would be pretty tough to do it that way. You'd need a truckload of blades. Let me show you how we'll do it."

Out to the back, filled with lumber, patterns and tools. "I made this bandsaw," Jim said, showing me an 18" model. "This will cut the stem out in no time flat. You'd never make it with a jigsaw -- unless you had the commercial model."

That was my introduction to boatcrafting a la Jim. There was a tool for everything. If it wasn't available commercially he had made it himself. Jigs for this, and jigs for that.

The shop was an adventure for me. In my forties at the time, I had never been exposed to woodworking of this type. To build a barn -- to frame a house, that was one thing. To build a boat, even a simple dory -- that was different.

All my life I had struggled to saw straight lines. Now it was no longer necessary. The problem was, though, that one had to saw to a prescribed crooked line!

"You'll have to do better than that," he said, running his eye quickly over the bedlog I was planing. "You are out an eighth, at least."

"An eighth," I replied, "can't we fill the other side with something?" I knew that we could. I had read somewhere that if you couldn't stick your finger through a hole you could fill it with epoxy.

"Well, you could if you were a shoemaker," Jim replied, "but here we are boat-builders."

Thus admonished, I trimmed the offending sliver off the wood -- getting a bit in my finger in the process. Hoping that it was satisfactory, I once again presented my work to the master.

"That'll do," he said, "we aren't watch-makers here!"

So it went, cut and thrust. I cut wood and he thrust it back at me until it met his standards. It took a while, but finally I was ready to glue the centreboard together.

I remember the day well. It was minus 35 Celsius. I came in late that Saturday, delayed because my car was hard to start. That's one of the problems of living in Edmonton, Alberta. It gets cold from time to time! The shop would be cold, I thought. Too cold for gluing.

Charlie and Jim were in the office, both working on a price list. As I said hello to Charlie, Jim said, "I came over before breakfast to turn the furnace on. It should be warm enough to glue in another hour. You'll just have time to drill your pilot holes and get everything ready."

Like a lot of amateurs I got it wrong the first time. Jim stood back and let me do it. First I mixed the glue. Then I hunted up the clamps, and found the variable speed drill I use to drive screws. I've had trouble with

ordinary screw drivers since I lost my right hand in an industrial accident several years ago. Nothing much is made for left handers, it seems. Anyhow, to make a long story short, by the time I was all set -- so had the glue!

Jim hooted. Charlie added to the din, barking and dancing around the centreboard. I resolved not to tell my wife!

Quickly gathering my wits, I explained that I was just testing the setting time for that batch of glue. Joining the game, Jim replied that he had probably turned the furnace up too early -- if we opened the door for 30 seconds everything should be just right!

So we did, and it was. The next batch worked perfectly. The centreboard was glued -- permanently.

Flushed with success, we packed it in for the day. Close up the front, take down the shingle, and off for nachos and salsa. Hot food seemed fitting on a cold day.

I learn a lot from Jim at lunch. We never hurry, there are always things to discuss. The merits of different woods, for example. Or how to design a jig to shape cedar strips in one pass. "We'll be needing lots of them for Don's cedar canoe," Jim said.

Don is Jim's son -- a craftsman in his own right. He had worked in the shop for years, but there wasn't enough to carry them both. Now Don was talking of taking over, of moving to a new location.

"Tell me how Don will make this canoe," I invited. So Jim did. Choosing his words carefully, economically, punctuating with his fork. Step by step, explaining to a neophyte how a strip canoe should be built. Who says there isn't artistry in words?

There were many days like that. My wife grew curious about my Saturdays. "What are you doing, away every Saturday," she asked.

"Making pieces for my boat," I replied. Being in a creative frame of mind I decided to lead her on a bit, at the same time impressing her with my new vocabulary.

"There are stems and strakes, battens, chines and bed logs which must be made. There are thwarts and centreboards, rudders, breasthooks, planks and mast steps which must be spiled and faired."

The phone rang. Just as I was getting wound up. It was her turn to answer. From the way she kept her voice down I knew she

was talking about me. I tried to slip out the door but it was no use.

"That was Jim," she said. "He said that you are unfair to thwart my plans for Saturdays. You are to spile me more often. You may start with brunch in the morning. I invited Jim too. You are buying!"

I could see that I had been outflanked. They had taken me by the lee.

The following Saturday Jim asked me if I had done much lathe work. I replied in the negative. "We'll soon change that," he said, leading me to the wood lathe. "We need some kayak paddle inserts for the kits I am making. Here is how we make them."

So it went. First one machine, then another. The bandsaws, the table saws, the belt sander. All made by Jim himself. Then the shapers, and finally the jointer.

Drawknives and spokeshaves. Block planes and rabbit planes. We used them all. Many were tricky to use with one hand and one hook. Sometimes we made jigs. Sometimes we used a different tool. Sometimes we asked for help. "Not everybody can make a boat singlehanded," observed Jim, eyes twinkling behind his dusty glasses, as he sketched an idea at the drafting table.

On Saturdays we closed the shop at 2:00. Then we went for lunch. Jim talked of past years. I listened.

"I built my first boat when I was in high school. A fellow wanted a canoe to use on the Oldman River, down by Taber. Then someone else wanted a fishing boat. That's how it all started."

"After I'd finished school I worked in aircraft repair, both here in Alberta and in Ontario. Working in the shop, mainly. Making jigs so that things went faster, smoother."

"After the war I had a business with my brother. For nineteen years. We sold model kits all over Western Canada. That led to designing canoes and boats, and to making kits for them. I've had PolarCraft for just over twenty years."

"I've slowed down a lot in recent years. It'll be good when Don gets more involved..."

"There you are, one chicken salad sandwich and one nachos with salsa." It was the waitress with our lunch. Somehow we never

got back to the past. Perhaps Jim thought he had told me all that was important.

Christmas approached, for the second time. Maple lumber was planed, run through the jointer, then glued. Circles were scribed, then bandsawed. Salad bowls were the result. Under the tree -- though they weren't quite finished. Not as smooth as those one can buy, but infinitely more me.

Today most of us can go to the store to buy whatever we like. Things we can't make. Things we could make. Perhaps not as well, in terms of finish. But perfectly adequate, perfectly functional. An expression of self, in a world of others.

On with the work. Forms to be made, temporary battens to erect. Dark red mahogany longitudinals to be sawn and planed. Hauling all the bits and pieces to my garage. Then, finally, the rough shape of the craft emerged. How exhilarating. After all this time. I went to tell Karen. She wasn't home.

It started to rain. One of my neighbors came in to see the boat. He hoped I would have it ready to float in 39 days as it looked like a flood. Another came over with a bottle of champagne, ready for the launch. He took it home again, unbroken. I closed the garage door. It's hard to be a shipbuilder in my part of town!

First to position the stem. Level it, plumb it, level it again. Then to fasten it to the building frame. A clamp here, a screw there. Now the temporary battens -- before it shifted! Next the transom. Upside down and backwards. Angles in all three dimensions. Lots of headaches.

Now the longitudinals, bent carefully around the forms. "Put wet towels on them where the bend is greatest," Jim had said. It worked like a charm.

Taper them into the stem, sawing carefully with my thirty point Christmas saw. Darn, there wasn't enough stem to support them. Had I blown it? No, the plan seemed wrong. A call to Jim. "I'll be over to see," he said. Tell Karen he'd be here for supper.

Then he arrived, the old blue Citroen wheezing up. Jim at the wheel, Charlie at the navigation station, barking out directions. Straight to the building form. "You are right. The pattern for the stem is too short. Take a photo so we'll be able to show the designer where he blew it. Let's cut a block to support the rails."

So it went. A problem, then a solution. Usually my problem and Jim's solution.

The transom was tough. After two weeks of pondering I finally made a sacrificial one out of scrap, stuck the longitudinals through and cut them off. Then substituted the real transom and screwed it down. How easy it all sounds now. How puzzling and frustrating it was then!

Next to fair the longitudinals. To make sure that the plywood planking would mate well. Jim showed me how. "It is easy," he said. "Just make sure that your batten lies flat on the surface of each stringer, while it is perpendicular to the centreline of each."

No problem, I thought, as I started in. I soon found that planing with one hand, while bending double, is not as easy as it would seem. Off to the friendly tool store. They must have something to help. "Sure enough," the clerk said, after I had explained my dilemma. "Just try one of these electric planes. It'll do the trick."

Boy, that plane could make the shavings



fly! In no time, I had the side whipped off one of the battens. The problem was that it was the same angle all the way along, while the hull shape of the boat-to-be, of course, varied considerably.

Back to the drawing board. There had to be a solution. Three hours, and several false starts later, we had a jig which allowed us to vertically fair a three inch section perfectly. The problem lay in the degree of horizontal variation. I thought of the gap filling properties of epoxy.

"You see, fair lady," I said to my wife, who was on an errand of mercy delivering tea. "I had to build this jig so that the two faces of the battens would line up."

"Yes," she replied, examining the planer carton carefully. "I do see. But what I don't see is why you don't put a rod in this hole where the width gauge fits, then put a foot on the end of it like my sewing machine has. The foot could run along the next batten, and you would be fair in both dimensions."

"It is very fair of you to bring me tea like this," I replied, "but perhaps you should stick to knitting and sewing, and leave me to build the boat."

With a parting shot of "Oh, all right, but if it works you will have to take me out for supper," Karen left. Of course she was right. We had greek salad for supper at Aristotle's. With a glass of retsina to celebrate the completion of the fairing of the battens!

Buoyed by success, and a little retsina, boatbuilding moved on to planking. First the patterns for the planks. As Jim explained, it's far cheaper to slip up on a piece of cardboard than on a sheet of mahogany. By now I had forgotten how much I had paid for the plywood, but I was sure that he was right!

Sheets of corrugated cardboard, eight feet by two. Stapled to the battens with my staple gun. The edges of the battens traced with a sharp marker.

Stand on your head to trace a line. That wasn't the way to do it. Build a table two feet high. Lift up the building frame. Slide the new table underneath. Why didn't I do that before?

"Short guys like me don't have that problem," Jim observed. He is three inches shorter than my towering five feet nine inches. Whatever, it all helps.

Retrace the batten lines so that the edges of the patterns would fall on the centres of the battens rather than between them. Then cut the patterns out on the bandsaw. Hang them on the naked frame to get an idea of what the finished boat will look like.

"I've an old curtain you could use for a sail." It was Sam, my golfing neighbor. He's really very supportive, but never shows it. A person with a dry wit should never visit a backyard.

"Perhaps you've an old nine iron I could use to make a club-footed foresail," I rejoined. "I could go a fairway on that!" Seeing that I was in fine form he conceded before the battle was properly joined.

Rough the plywood planks out with Jim's jig saw. Mine was too small for the task. Then back to the bandsaw, Jim on one end of the plank and me on the other.

My helper has little patience with poor tools. My bandsaw, an offshore clone of a well known North American brand, had been bought at a garage sale. It really isn't very good. "You should have made your own," he said. "I have the patterns for all the parts.

Then you could rely on it."

Jim was right. I should have made my own bandsaw. Also my own tablesaw, lathe, sander and drillpress. They would have been better than the home handyman variety I had picked up over the years. But at the same time I was right too. There isn't time to do everything oneself. One full time job is enough. There must be time for play too.

Karen had asked me once why I didn't just go out and buy a boat. "You could have been sailing, instead of getting slivers in your fingers, dust in your eyes and crooks in your back."

"Anyone can buy something," I retorted. "It takes care and love to build. Even if what I make is far from perfect it will be mine. Every time I sail it I will remember my sore thumb and bruised knees."

"Perhaps it is a rite of passage," she suggested. "In today's world one needs to have such benchmarks."

Jim's boatcrafting products aren't often marketed in that light, but they well could be.

Enough introspection. People are always questioning motives! All I want is a boat to sail on Alberta's shallow lakes. No, I can't tell you why I don't just go and buy one! Perhaps it's because I'm a masochist...

The planks were trimmed to fit by a crew of two. One pushing seventy and the other pushing fifty. One an independent businessman and the other a career public servant. One with words short and terse. The other habituated to fashioning the mellifluous phrases of the bureaucrat.

How can two such opposites work together? Because they have become fellows. Through the shared task of crafting the boat. Fellows overlook the failings of each other. They laugh at themselves as well as their friends. They criticize constructively. But above all, each leaves the other room to grow.

A golden October weekend, typical for Alberta. Applying three coats of epoxy to the newly-cut planks. Sealing the surface with plastic. Sanding, sanding lightly, then doing it again.

Steaks on the barbecue when the job was done. Fraternity, camaraderie, community, fellowship -- wooden ship. The chemistry wasn't all in the epoxy!

Drill a bejillion holes. Every three inches along the edges of the fourteen planks. Three hundred ninety-two in all. Then another lot for the butt joints -- on two inch centres this time.

Karen phoned her mother on Sunday night. I overheard part of the conversation. "Fine, just fine...The kids? Yes, they're both well...Oh, screwing around in the garage all weekend!"

I'll fix her. Someday...

Up to now almost everything could be undone if a mistake was made. That was all to end now. Jim had warned me about the epoxy glue. "Make sure it's where you want it," he said. "Once the glue sets that's where it will stay."

He was right. I got a bit on the inner surfaces of the hook I wear in place of my hand. Twenty minutes later I was stuck. Solid. Water was no use. Epoxy solvent wouldn't solve it. Oh well, it's a good souvenir!

The planks went on smoothly, one after the other. The butt blocks all mated well, the centreboard case fitted perfectly. "If you dry fit everything first," Jim had said, "it will be

a snap." He was right again.

Even the silicon bronze screws cooperated -- mostly. Robertson heads seemed better than Phillips -- at least when driven by my electric drill.

Next to fill the joints between the planks. I wish I had been more experienced, careful and patient -- in short, more like Jim. I'd have slathered less epoxy around -- and cleaned it up when it was still soft.

Scrape and sand. Rasp and chisel. Sand and scrape. Night after night. Arm sore, hand sore. Finally, reason prevailed. Jim thought it amusing.

Off to the store to buy a belt sander. With lots of belts, and a rubber block to clean them with. "Are all those tools insured?" asked Karen. I checked. They were. "Good thing," she said, "there's a small fortune there!"

Jim's birthday rolled around. His seventieth. There was a party. He sat quietly, introspectively. We celebrated. Food fit for a shipwright -- or a king. A sailing book as a present. "I've built several of those," as he flipped the pages, "they're good boats."

The plans for Jim's son to take over had been maturing all the while. Don was interested in cedar strip canoes, and whitewater kayaks. Plans and boatbuilding supplies would still be stocked. Frame kits and special orders would be farmed out.

Jim worried about the change.

"It's not like any other store," he said. "Most customers have no idea what they want when they first come. They look at a catalogue, a few photos, and then they leave."

"Some of them come back, later, to talk some more, then to buy plans. A few of those return for material. Only about one in ten will ever build a boat."

"It isn't the boat they need," he said. "It is the building of the boat that is important. The feel of the wood, the smell of the shavings. The right to say they built it."

He's a craft old fellow, Jim the BoatCrafter is. He takes one by the dreams and leads them on. he exhorts, encourages, cajoles. He's not about the odd trick -- if that's what it takes.

He's true to his principles. If it's worth doing, it's worth doing right.

All too soon it was time to choose a name for the new business. The question came up over lunch. "We've had MoroCraft and PolarCraft," said Jim.

"How about 'The Strippers'," suggested Don. "That would reflect our emphasis on strip building."

"The BoatHouse," I countered. "It seems less risque."

"There's no real choice," said Jim. "BoatCraft" is the only name that fits. 'Boat' because that's why we're here. 'Craft' because that's what we do."

He had done it again. Chosen the right thought at the right time. And described himself in the bargain. Boat. Craft. BoatCraft. BoatCrafter. That's Jim.

P.S. My wife asked me last week how my boat was coming. I listed all that I had learned, all that I had accomplished, all that I had built. She said, "July. I want you to take me out sailing in your boat in July. This coming July. Four years ago you said it was easy to build -- a good beginner's project. Produce, or else. After all, you are one of the BoatCrafters now!"



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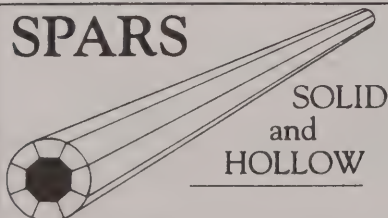
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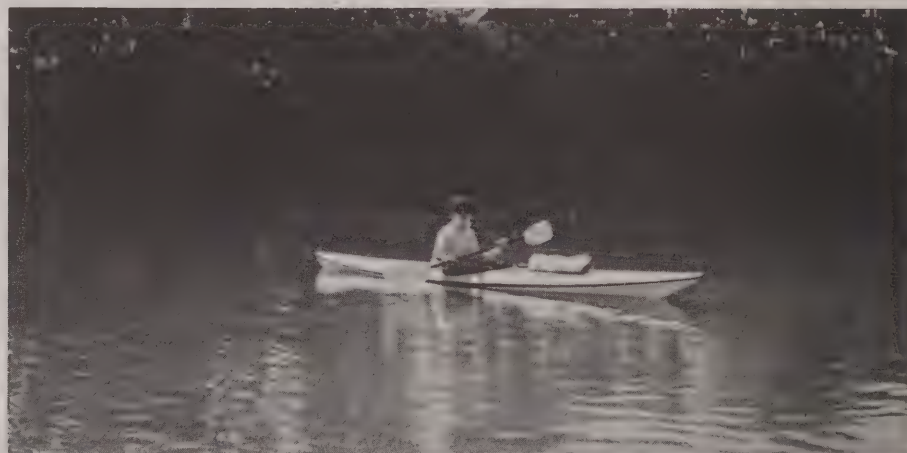
I am so pleased with the performance of a pulling boat I just built, and launched in October, that I thought I should write about her. "Constance," as I have named her, is a 15-1/2'x50" beauty designed by Phil Bolger. He refers to her as Design #218. That bland title belies the beauty and slender shape Mr. Bolger has given this light, responsive boat. She even provides music to those on board in the way her laps gurgle and sing as the bow cuts through the water.

I built her of bruynzeel ply and epoxy just as drawn, changing

only the seating to a more traditional style. I encourage readers who like this sort of pulling boat to contact Mr. Bolger (Philip Bolger, 29 Ferry St. Gloucester, MA 01930) for the plans so they can build her themselves. She will return much pleasure for their efforts.

I would like to mention that one of your advertisers, Merton's Fiberglass, provided me with the necessary epoxy, fiberglass cloth, bronze fasteners and varnish.

John Hoagland, Longmeadow, MA.



TAKE A LOOK AT POQUITO

Poquito is a small sea kayak I bought several months ago for my wife. It was originally intended as a child's kayak, but I have found it to be excellent for a small adult. My wife Mindy is 5'2" and about 108 pounds. She has really hated paddling with me in the past because she just couldn't keep up in a standard sized 16' sea kayak. In Poquito she has no problem keeping up at all.

Poquito is 12' long with a 20" beam, and weighs, in fiberglass, about 23 pounds. It has so little wetted surface that it accelerates very quickly and can be paddled at speeds of 3-4 knots with little effort. It isn't ultimately as fast as a longer boat but Mindy has no trouble keeping up with my 19' kayak.

I have also paddled Poquito quite a lot, taking it on day trips and overnights. I recently did an overnight trip on the Outer Banks of North Carolina during which I covered 24 miles. I found the boat paddled easily fully loaded, tracked well and was easy to turn. I had 190 pounds in the boat, but suspect that under 150 pounds would be safer, as the stern section was almost submerged.

This remarkable little boat was designed by Andy Singer and is made by Wilderness Systems, 241 Woodbine St., High Point, NC 27260. Recently Andy completed a 14' version which should find appeal amongst small adults.

David and Mindy Bolduc, Greensboro, NC.



MORE ON LAUAN PLY

I have built two boats using lauan exterior plywood. The first was a 12' Bolger "Teal", built of 1/4" thickness and epoxy saturated, except for the decks, which the first year were only varnished. After a season in salt and fresh water, the decks showed only slight signs of delamination so I sanded them and covered them with Chem-Tech sheathing material and epoxy, followed by painting. After four seasons use since, no further signs of delamination have appeared. The second boat was an 8' Bolger "Nymph" which was saturated with polyester resin and sheathed with 6 ounce fiberglass

cloth on the outside. Polyester was a more economical sealer, epoxy can cost more than the entire amount of wood needed! So far the "Nymph" has held up just fine.

I suggest testing any lauan before use by exposing to the weather some small sample pieces cut from the sheet, or boiling them. Locally I came across some inexpensive 3/4" lauan plywood. It has been out in the yard over a winter and still looks good. I have been unable to find out what the glue used is from the retailers, but it looks like a phenol type resin.

Bill Schwick, Rockaway Point, NY.

AND YET MORE ON LAUAN PLY

I was in the Phillipines five or six years ago and marveled then that lauan logs were being shipped to Japan to be made into plywood which was then sent back to be sold in the Phillipines. I was told then that the glue used was a heat activated resorcinal type and that the core of the ply was of indeterminate origin.

After trying first grade marine fir ply I became very discouraged at its lack of quality, mainly the voids. I had used lauan underlayment in utility applications for a long time and had noticed that it was of a better quality than the "marine" grade fir. I used some to trim out the interior of my old Bristol Corsair and it is beautiful. I did boil a small piece from each sheet for an hour to assure myself that it would not delaminate.

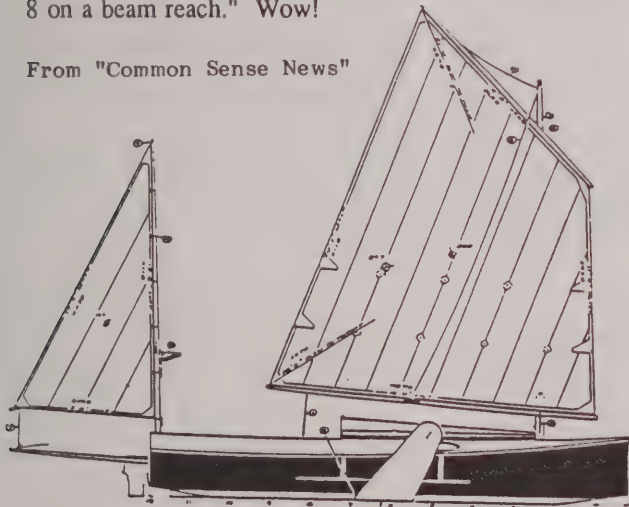
Two summers ago I visited Dynamite Payson while in Maine. He told me he has been sheathing lumberyard plywood with glass and polyester for years with success. Encouraged, after I returned home, I designed and built a double chine version of Sam Rabl's "Midge" using lauan, glassing the outside and leaving the inside natural. The boat won a second prize in October, 1989, at the St Michael's Small Craft Festival. Thus encouraged I have since built a taped seam Nut-shell pram.

Richard Hutchins, Crisfield, MD.

MARTHA JANE LAUNCHED!

The first ever MARTHA JANE has hit the water and does a lot more than just float right side up! Richard Cullison, the boats builder and head of testing writes, "had it out in a decent 15 knot wind this last weekend and was running a good steady 6 to 6.5 knots with a few surges up to 8 on a beam reach." Wow!

From "Common Sense News"



There are a two problems. The rudder assembly wouldn't stay down at speed and the boat isn't as good going to windward as Richard would like. The solution to the rudder problem is to add a latch, preferably one that will break away on a grounding, to hold the rudder assembly down. The problem going to windward sounds like a

sail problem. It is hard to find a sail maker who knows how to cut enough camber into these non-triangular sails.

These cat yawl's windward performance is much more dependant on sail cut than a sloop. Chuck Merrell's JESSIE COOPER, with the same sail plan as MJ, goes to windward like a freight train, so fast and powerful you don't want to get in her way.

Richard took the boat up to Gloucester for Bolger to have a once over and after a sail here's Bolger's comments; "She handles extremely well, beyond my expectations. I was not much taken with her "feel" close hauled; seemed a bit sluggish. I'm inclined to think the sail is not as good as it could be; not as good a Chuck Merrell's, for instance. However she got to windward in good shape against a very lively one-design, tacking most reliably, seemed stiff in puffs and had a light helm. All her gear seems to work. Her leeboards need more ballast near the leading edge; the ballast tanks should have vents high up in the hull so the top plates can be kept closed while flooding; and the rudder assembly does need some kind of latch . . . Impression she made here was very good and I see no need for a recall (phew! ED). The Cullison's have a right to be proud of their workmanship."

The pictures Richard sent show great craftsmanship on a hansom boat taken to a high degree of finish. He reports his boat cost him right around \$5,500, including sails and is built from Luan Marine ply, Luan mahogany and bronze and stainless fastenings. She looks roomy and comfortable and with six knots off the wind she is fast!

Most of our club members are familiar with Loch Lomond through the annual trip there each August. There are two Canoe Clubs based on the loch. The Clyde Canoe Club founded in 1873 and the Scottish Hostellers Canoe Club inaugurated, in its present form in 1948, although there was a Scottish Youth Hostels Canoe Club before the second world war.

Both clubs specialized in canoe touring mainly on the sea. Clyde Canoe Club is now a sailing club, but the Hostellers continue on as before.

In the early years of the Hostellers, just after the war, very few canoes were available, a few Queensferrys and folders from pre-war, no new boats available, timber and other materials very scarce and no suitable designs for home building.

While searching out material for a talk I was giving on the History of Sea Canoeing in Scotland I was fortunate in obtaining details of how the Hostellers overcame their canoe shortage problems. The information was supplied by a man who held the position of club "Ship Wright" at the time. What follows is a distillation of that information.

"A sub-committee was set up to draw a specification. It was soon realized that this was a more complicated task than at first thought. The sub-committee consisted of myself as ship wright and another two members, John Hope and Willie Pearson. John was a student of architecture and Willie was a carpenter who had worked a lot with wooden aircraft frames. We met at least once a month for a year, as well as informal meetings and talks at the boathouse, trying to draw up a specification based upon what the members thought was suitable. This proved to be the wrong approach as the members seemed to want magic. We then adopted a policy of asking the members "What improvements would you like to see in your present canoe?" This worked like a charm and we managed to draw up a specification. As I remember it the specification ran something like this:

1. The design should be capable of being built with simple tools and little working skill. It should be capable of a simple line up on a building plank. There should be no steam bending, scarfs, joggled joints, double mitres or other professional methods, screwed and glued joints to be used throughout.

Loch Lomond

D.R. Winning

Reprinted from the Garnock Canoe Club Newsletter (Ayrshire)

2. The overall length should not exceed 14 feet, as experience had shown that anything a fraction over this length would simply not go into the West Highland Railway guards van. I don't think any of the members possessed cars, and almost all of the sea-trips started with a railway journey.

3. The vessel should be capable of carrying a canoeist with his camping kit and food for a week. To this end we found a canoeist of fourteen and a half stone, who carried a tent, fly sheet, cooking pots, primus, a gallon of paraffin, sleeping bag, pressure cooker and chip pan. This led to the not uncomplimentary remark that the Loch Lomond Kayak was designed round a fat man, a pressure cooker and a chip pan.

4. There should be adequate space for storage of all this gear and there should be easy access to this space, to allow quick and easy loading and unloading in difficult conditions, say on a difficult surf beach, or during a landing, or launching among rocks.

5. The boat should sit easily on a canoe trolley. We had some trouble with V-bottomed boats in this respect.

6. The boat should be suitable for open water conditions, the dual purpose function of the Queensferry (River and Sea) not being required.

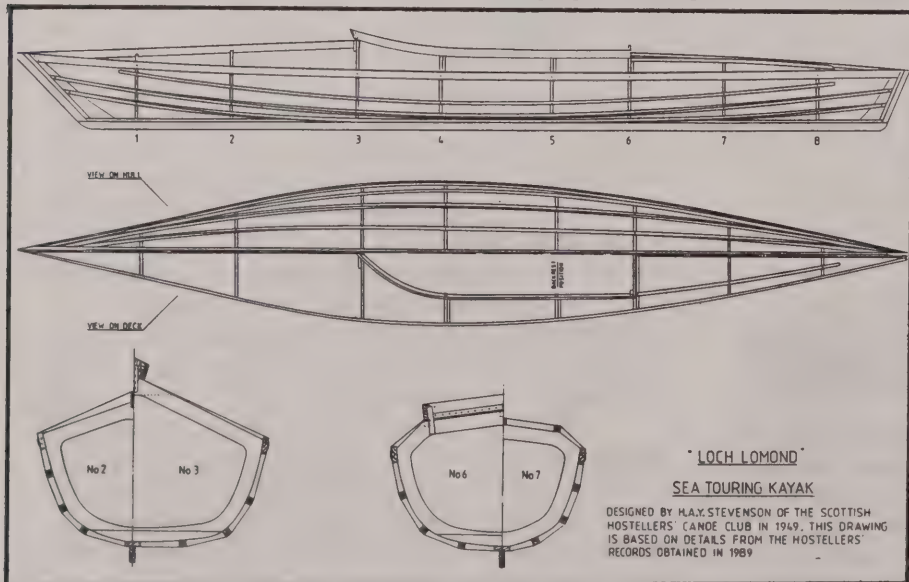
7. When stored upside down on the rack in the boathouse the boat should drain completely. This was a problem we had noticed with fabric covered canoes, i.e., no matter how well the boat was sponged out after use there was always some water left in the hull, and this in time rotted the fabric.

It seemed impossible to design to this specification, but after wrestling with it we eventually produced a set of lines which achieved a large block co-efficient by keeping the keel completely flat from end to end, allowing a gunwale height of 9-1/2" amidships

with a stem post height (above the keel level line) of 13" and setting the stem post angle to thirty degrees to the vertical, the stem post being set at forty-five degrees. The main cross sections being D sectioned with 11" of flat, the lines running into blown V sections from there to the end posts. The beam was 26". The curve of the D section was set low to give a good wedge of immersion when the vessel was heeled, and this gave a reasonably good stability we hoped, although rather less than the Queensferry with its 30" beam and rather flat V section.

The design of the deck threw up some problems. We had noticed that a number of singles suffered from the fact that the deck did not clear of water quickly enough in rough seas. Some of the kayaks in the club did not suffer from this as their decks looked like the roof of a house, the angle of the deck, especially the foredeck, being very steep. Obviously this would be impracticable with the high keel-gunwale drop we proposed. We obtained the use of a boat which had a very flat deck, a folder as I remember. This canoe had been the cause of a fatal accident on a rather rough day on Loch Lomond. We tried various experiments with this boat, and came to the conclusion that the accident was not caused by a capsizing as was at first thought, but was, in fact, caused by a swamping. In our test we noticed that in a short steep sea the water on the deck from one wave was not cleared; when the next wave ran over the deck the sample was simply overwhelmed with water. We went back to the Queensferry, and although this boat hammered badly in these conditions her deck cleared very quickly. We then measured up and got a figure for reserve buoyancy which would meet our needs. Using this volumetric figure, and taking into account the leverage or moments from the centre of buoyancy we designed what we hoped would be a safe deck without adding excess windage to our proposed design. The final design of this was as follows: the fore deck was V sectioned starting at the stem post head, the centre stringer ran from there to point at the front end of the cockpit which was some 5" above the gunwales. We had already decided that the boat shaped cockpit, as used on a lot of the kayaks in use at that time was not suitable as it produced problems of spray sheet attachment. The design of cockpit shape we wanted was the church door shape, i.e., like a gothic door or window of a church. Two gentle, easy to bend curves at the fore end, and the rest parallel sided with a cross rail at the after end. To accommodate this we designed in a three stringer after deck, the centre stringer being laid in a curve which unfortunately gave the boat a humpy backed profile, the two side stringers being set a little lower than the centre and butting on to the after corners of the church door. Strangely enough this gave a very generous figure for reserve buoyancy. I should perhaps explain that the canoeist sat, not with his back at the back of the cockpit, but in the middle with a simple back rest across the cockpit rails. The purpose of this was to give ready access to the after stowage of the boat, and to provide a stowage for heavy items as near as possible to the centre of flotation to avoid the inertia see-saw effect on the longitudinal stability, of which we were very conscious in the design of the deck.

STRUCTURE: It is true that every structure is restricted by the materials avail-



able. This was certainly the case in this design. There was a shortage of all building materials in the country at the time. We could obtain off-cuts of marine plywood; in fact some of the timber yards had tons of them. Some good quality long narrow pieces of soft wood could be found, mostly Spruce, Hemlock and Oregon Pine. These were never wider than two and a half inches, or thicker than three-quarters of an inch. They were mostly left overs from wooden aircraft construction. The idea of a wooden aircraft may sound strange, but the very successful Mosquito Bomber was built entirely of wood. We built what would now be called a mock-up, using cheap non-waterproof plywood, and poor quality timber, all iron fastened. The design seemed satisfactory.

We put the mock-up through every test we could think of until it actually fell apart; there were a number of small modifications to be made, but nothing fundamental. One basic fact we did find out was that, whereas the Queensferry with its rockered keel needed a rudder to keep it running straight, our design needed a rudder to make it turn readily. The effect of the straight keel was to make a very hard-mouthed boat. We thought of altering the final design, but decided not to, as the dead woods (i.e., those parts that are not there on a boat with a rockered keel) were providing a lot towards the very high load factor we were looking for.

The frame of the Loch Lomond was built on two inch by half inch keel with the same stock used for the gunwales. There were eight frames of three eighths inch marine ply. These were shaped to simple round shapes, and not scalloped inwards between stringers; the maximum width of the frames was one and a half inches to provide maximum internal stowage. There was a frame at each end of the cockpit, and two open frames within the length of the cockpit. The large frames were made in two parts, butt jointed on the centre line, the joint being splinted on either side of the frame and splints cut off to the profile of the outer frame curve. The splints were fitted three eighths of an inch short of the inner level of the frame and formed bearers for the three eighths of an inch ply floor. The keel was screwed onto the splints as it was felt that this gave a better fastening than screwing into the end grain of plywood, two screws per joint staggered between the two bearers or splints. The top rail of the frame at the after end of the cockpit was reduced to three quarters of an inch and doubled with a hard wood splint to which were fitted the after deck stringers. This frame was reduced in depth where it fitted the keel and splinted; all of this was to increase access to the boat for easy stowage. The stringers were five-eighths of an inch square throughout, a single fore deck stringer and three after deck stringers; three stringers per side between keel and gunwale. We had noticed that boats with flat or lath stringers sagged after a time. After the mock-up was tested one of the modifications we introduced was to replace two stringers per side by what our aircraft carpenter called false stringers, there being an unnecessary clutter of stringers at both bow and stern posts. These stringers were stopped proud of the first and last frame and shaped in a gentle curve on the canvas bearing surface so as not to cause sudden bumps on the canvas cover. Similarly, the two side stringers of the after deck were treated in the same way and stopped at No. 8 frame. The

false stringers apart from avoiding unnecessary wood made the joints at the end posts a lot easier to make.

I think I should tell you how the frame was put together as some of the methods may strike you as unusual if not crude. As I have indicated the boat was fully floored, either with marine plywood or with gratings; this was made first.

The end posts were screwed to the keel. The floor pieces were used to position and square the frames to the keel. The flooring stretched from the frame forward of the cockpit to the after end of the same, but on later models the floor behind the canoeist and the back of the cockpit was missed out. With the posts and the frames fitted to the keel the keel was lined up straight on the building plank. In the absence of clamps the keel was simply screwed down to it. The boat was built in an upright position. The method of fitting the long timbers to the end posts was crude but effective, but it was the same system as used in medieval boat building. The gunwales were simply screwed to the end posts without any mitre and then cut off flush with outer edge of the post, all well glued with gap filling resin-type glue. When cut off a cap piece was screwed onto the outer edge of the post to cover the stringer and gunwale ends. On the late models this was done away with, and a more conventional mitred gunwale and stringer end used. Nevertheless, it suited those with a minimum of skill and tool kit. See sketch Group 1.

The cockpit rails were of one and a half inch by three eighths of an inch hardwood and bent on a simple jig using a Spanish windlass to draw them into shape. The front ends of the rails were cut at 45 degrees, the actual angle did not matter much, provided both were cut at once. A one and a half inch block was screwed onto the front edge of the rail with three screws; the other rail was screwed on with two screws staggered between the first lot. When the glue had set the rails were bent into a gradual curve against a wooden brace. Viewed from the front the cockpit rails lay at 45 degrees to the vertical. With the brace still in place the cockpit assembly was put on top of the open frames, and the frames at either end of the cockpit. All of these frames had blocking strips fitted to them to take brass brackets. When the canvas was fitted it passed between the underside of the cockpit rail, and the top side of the uprisen part of the frame, so that there was nothing to stop water running out when the boat was stored on a rack, or merely turned upside down when camping. See sketch Group 2.

A half-inch, quarter round beading was run round the outside of the cockpit rails to secure the spray sheet. The spray sheet was in two parts; part one covered the front of the cockpit up to the canoeist with its rear ends resting on top of the after part of the spray sheet which covered the rest of the cockpit, which in turn rested on a coat-hanger shaped piece of wood resting in U-shaped plywood carriers, so that it could be lifted out for loading. The front spray sheet was attached to the top of the after spray sheet by press studs, and latterly by a rubber strap stretched across the top of the coat hanger. The front spray sheet was designed to be automatic quick release, and it worked; the edge of this spray sheet had brass eyelets about every five inches along it. The cockpit rail which fitted against this had a series of cord loops passing

through it. Each loop was passed through an eyelet, and then the next loop was passed through that; the last loop was a rubber band, which hooked on to a pin. Each loop, and of course, the spray sheet is held against the side of the cockpit rail by the loop astern of it. The spray sheet on the after end of the cockpit was really by way of a hatch. It was laced permanently to the back rail, and had a batten in a pocket on either side of it. This batten and the spray sheet was held in place by a simple turn button, there being no need to have a quick release facility, as it was behind the canoeist. See sketches Group 3.

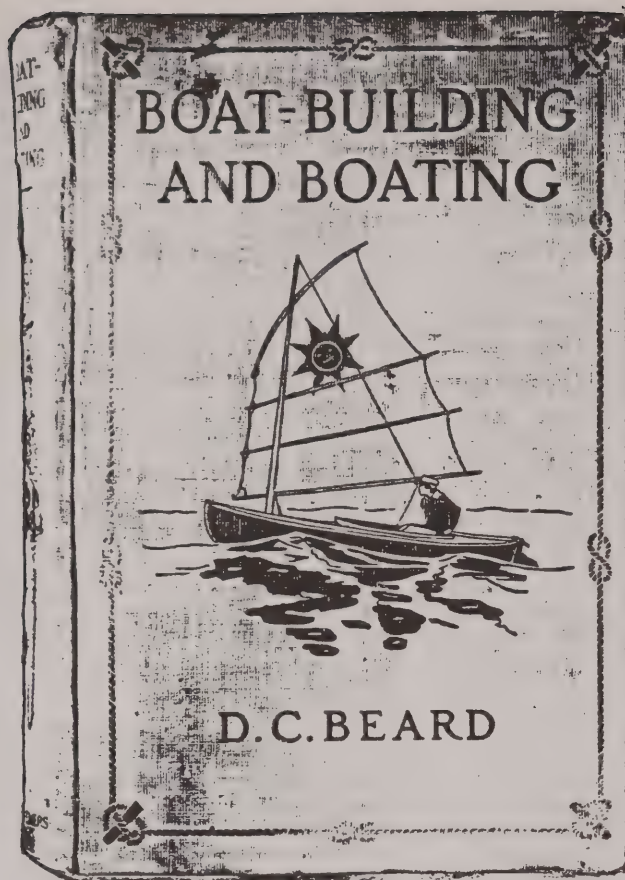
On the original mode the rudder was controlled by a simple pair of canvas stirrups; the adjustment was by the use of tent runners inside the cockpit of the boat. Later on a number of different steering gears evolved; Floating Bar, Pivoted Bar, Split Bar, Sliding Gear and a number of others.

The first kayak built to the final design was built in the winter of 50/51, and was used on Loch Lomond and the Firth of Clyde in the spring of 1951. It proved to meet all the requirements it had been designed for. In the summer of 1951 it was used on a two week trip, Firth of Clyde to Loch Tarbert, West Loch Tarbert to Islay, Sound of Jura to north end of Islay across to Colonsay, Colonsay to Mull and Mull south about to Oban. The outing was made up of two doubles and one single, The single had no difficulty in keeping up, although unloaded it was slower than the doubles. This seemed rather strange at the time, but on reflection it was realized that, as a load carrier, she simply did not perform well unless loaded to her marks.

The final development of the Loch Lomond Kayak took place at Irvine Canoe Club, where there were two professional boat builders in the club. A lot of the rather crude carpentry was eliminated. The gunwales were chamfered to fit the end posts. This was made simple by the use of mitre boxes made by the boat builders. All the screw fastenings to the frame were changed to make use of wooden pins or trenails, as the boat builders call them. The cockpit rail was riveted to the brass brackets but the lines were not changed.

I think about the last of the Loch Lomonds was used by the late Fred Westington. This was an Irvine built boat, although I cannot remember who built it -- I think it was built by one of the professionals in the club. Fred liked this boat as it easily carried all his kit, plus his cameras and photographic gear.

The second or third Loch Lomond built was used by a lady member of the SHCC. She got about twenty years usage out of it. After ten years this boat was stripped and given an overhaul and a new skin; it was then used for a further ten years. She decided after twenty years to get a more modern boat, and gave the Loch Lomond to the Scouts at Boturich. Andrew Cowie was the Scoutmaster involved in this. He was anxious to establish the history of the boat, and managed to dig out of the owner an account of all the trips the boat had done, not counting weekend messing about on Loch Lomond. The total mileage of one-week and two-week trips came to seven thousand miles. This was considered very satisfactory for a kayak which was built for Eight Pounds, Twelve and Sixpence!"



CHAPTER IV CANOES

The Advantages of a Canoe—How to Make the Slab Canoe and the Dugout—How to Make a Siwash and a White Man's Dugout

THERE are many small freak crafts invented each year, but none of them has any probabilities of being popularly used as substitutes for the old models.

Folding canoes, as a rule, are cranky, but the writer has found them most convenient when it was necessary to transport them long distances overland. They are not, however, the safest of crafts; necessarily they lack the buoyant wooden frame and lining of the ordinary canvas canoe, which enables it to float even when filled with water.

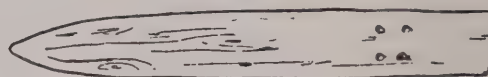
The author owes his life to the floating properties of his canvas canoe. On one occasion when it upset in a driving easterly storm the wind was off shore, and any attempt upon the canoeist's part to swim toward shore would have caused him to have been suffocated by the tops of the waves which the wind cut off, driving the water with stinging force into his face so constantly that, in order to breathe at all, he had to face the other way. He was at length rescued by a steamer, losing nothing but the sails and his shoes. Nevertheless, the same storm which capsized his little craft upset several larger boats and tore the sails from others.

The advantages of a good canoe are many for the young navigators: they can launch their own craft, pick it up when occasion demands and carry it overland. It is safe in experienced hands in any weather which is fit for out-door amusement. When you are "paddling your own canoe" you are facing to the front and can see what is ahead of you, which is much safer and more pleasant than travelling backward, like a crawfish.

The advance-guard of modern civilization is the lumberman, and following close on his heels comes the all-devouring saw-mill. This fierce creature has an abnormal appetite for logs, and it keeps an army of men, boys, and horses busy in supplying

it with food. While it supplies us with lumber for the carpenter, builder, and cabinet-maker, it at the same time, in the most shameful way, fills the trout streams and rivers with great masses of sawdust, which kills and drives away the fish. But near the saw-mill there is always to be found material for a

Slab Canoe



THE SLAB

Fig. 40.

which consists simply of one of those long slabs, the first cut from some giant log (Fig. 43).

These slabs are burned or thrown away by the mill-owners, and hence cost nothing; and as the saw-mill is in advance of population, you are most likely to run across one on a hunting or fishing trip.

Near one end, and on the flat side of the slab (Fig. 40), bore four holes, into which drive the four legs of a stool made of a section of a smaller slab (Fig. 41), and your boat is ready to launch.



Fig. 41.

From a piece of board make a double or single paddle (Fig. 42), and you are equipped for a voyage. An old gentleman, who in his boyhood days on the frontier frequently used this simple style of canoe, says that the speed it makes will compare favor-

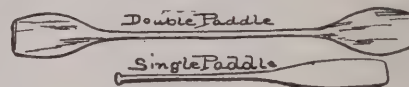


Fig. 42.

ably with that of many a more pretentious vessel. See Fig. 43 for furnished boat.

The Dugout

Although not quite as delicate in model or construction as the graceful birch-bark canoe, the "dugout" of the Indians is a most wonderful piece of work, when we consider that it is carved from the solid trunk of a giant tree with the crudest of tools, and is the product of savage labor.

Few people now living have enjoyed the opportunity of seeing one built by the Indians, and, as the author is not numbered among that select few, he considers it a privilege to be able to quote the following interesting account given by Mr. J. H. Mallett, of Helena.

How to Build a Siwash Canoe

"While visiting one of the small towns along Puget Sound, I was greatly interested in the way the Indians built their canoes.

It is really wonderful how these aborigines can, with the crudest means and with a few days' work, convert an unwieldy log into a trim and pretty canoe.

"One Monday morning I saw a buck building a fire at the base of a large cedar-tree, and he told me that this was the first step in the construction of a canoe that he intended to use upon the following Saturday. He kept the fire burning merrily all that day and far into the night, when a wind came up and completed the downfall of the monarch of the forest. The next day the man arose betimes, and, borrowing a cross-cut saw from a logger, cut the trunk of the tree in twain at a point some fifteen feet from where it had broken off, and then with a dull hatchet he hacked away until the log had assumed the shape of the desired canoe. In this work he was helped by his squaw. The old fellow then built a fire on the upper part of the log, guiding the course

of the fire with daubs of clay, and in due course of time the interior of the canoe had been burned out. Half a day's work with the hatchet rendered the inside smooth and shapely.



Fig. 43.—Slab canoe.

"The canoe was now, I thought, complete, though it appeared to be dangerously narrow of beam. This the Indian soon remedied. He filled the shell two-thirds full of water, and into the fluid he dropped half a dozen stones that had been heating in the fire for nearly a day. The water at once attained a boiling point, and so softened the wood that the buck and squaw were enabled to draw out the sides and thus supply the necessary breadth of beam. Thwarts and slats were then placed in the canoe and the water and stones thrown out. When the steamed wood began to cool and contract, the thwarts held it



Fig. 44.—The dugout.

back, and the sides held the thwarts, and there the canoe was complete, without a nail, joint, or crevice, for it was made of one piece of wood. The Siwash did not complete it as soon as he had promised, but it only took him eight days."

In the North-eastern part of our country, before the advent of the canvas canoe, beautiful and light birch-bark craft were used by the Indians, the voyagers, trappers, and white woodsmen. But in the South and in the North-west, the dugout takes the place of the birch-bark. Among the North-western Indians the dugouts are made from the trunks of immense cedar-trees and built with high, ornamental bows, which are brilliantly decorated with paint. On the eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia the dugout is made into a sail-boat called the buck-eye, or bug-eye. But all through the Southern States, from the Ohio River to the Gulf of Mexico and in Mexico, the dugout is made of a hollowed log after the manner of an ordinary horse trough, and often it is as crude as the latter, but it can be made almost as beautiful and graceful as a birch-bark canoe.

How to Make a White Man's Dugout Canoe

To make one of these dugout canoes one must be big and strong enough to wield an axe, but if the readers are too young for this work, they are none too young to know how to make one, and their big brothers and father can do the work. Since the dugout occupies an important position in the history of our country, every boy scout should know how it is made.

Fig. 44 shows one of these canoes afloat; Fig. 45 shows a tall,

straight tree suitable for our purpose, and it also shows how the tree is cut and the arrangement of the kerfs, or two notches, so that it will fall in the direction of the arrow in the diagram. You will notice along the ground are shown the ends of a number of small logs. These are the skids, or rollers, upon which the log will rest when the tree is cut and felled. The tree will fall in the direction

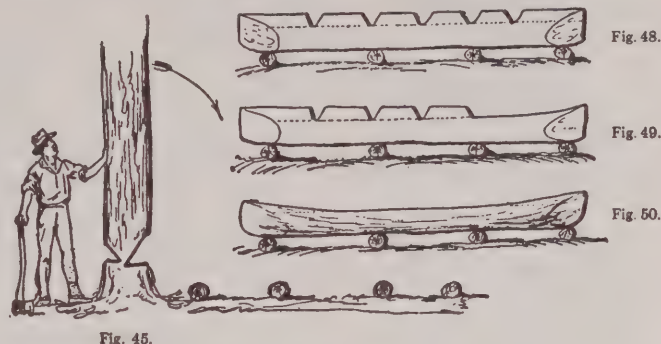


Fig. 45.

in which the arrow is pointed if there is no wind. If you have never cut down a tree, be careful to take some lessons of a good woodsman before you attempt it.

When the log is trimmed off at both ends like Fig. 46, flatten the upper side with the axe. This is for the bottom of the canoe; the flat part should be about a foot and a half wide to extend

Fig. 46.



Fig. 47.

from end to end of the log. Now, with some poles for pryers, turn your log over so that it will rest with the flat bottom on the skids, as in Fig. 46.

Next take a chalk-line and fasten it at the two ends of the log, as shown by the dotted line in Figs. 46, 47, 48, 49.

Snap the line so that it will make a straight mark as shown by the dotted line; then trim off the two ends for the bow and stern, as shown in Fig. 47. Next cut notches down to the dotted line, as illustrated in Fig. 48; then cut away from the bow down to the first notch, making a curved line, as shown in Fig. 49 (which is cut to second notch). Do the same with the stern, making duplicates of the bow and stern. The spaces between the notches amidships may now be split off by striking your axe along the chalk-line and then carefully driving in wooden wedges. When this is all done you will have Fig. 50. You can now turn the log over and trim off the edges of the bow and stern so that they will slope, as shown in Fig. 44, in a rounded curve; after which roll the canoe back again upon its bottom and with an adze and axe hollow out the inside, leaving some solid wood at both bow and stern—not that you need the wood for strength, but to save labor. When you have decided upon the thickness of the sides of your canoe, take some small, pointed instrument, like an awl, for instance, and make holes with it to the required depth at intervals along the sides and bottom of the canoe. Then take some small sticks (as long as the canoe sides are to be thick), make them to fit the holes, blacken their ends, and drive them into the holes.

As soon as you see one from the inside, you will know that you have made the shell thin enough. Use a jack-plane to smooth it off inside and out; then build a big fire and heat some stones. Next fill the canoe with water and keep dumping the hot stones in the water until the latter is almost or quite to boiling point. The hot water will soften the wood so that the sides will become flexible, and you can then fit in some braces at the bow, stern, and centre of the canoe. Make the centre brace or seat some inches wider than the log, so that when it is forced in place it will spread the canoe in the middle.

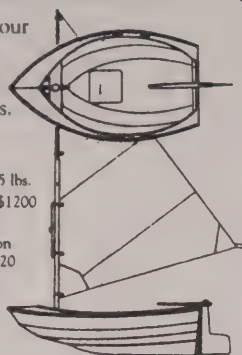
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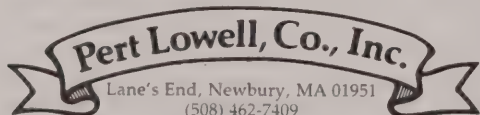
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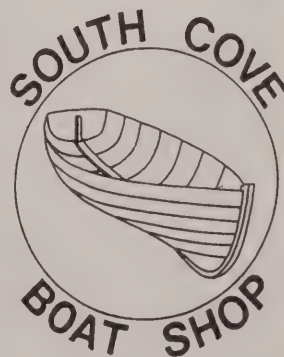
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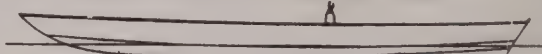


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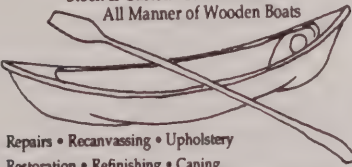


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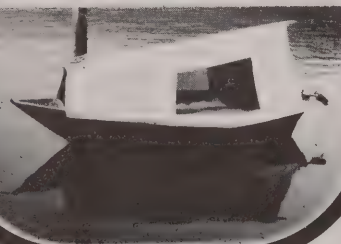
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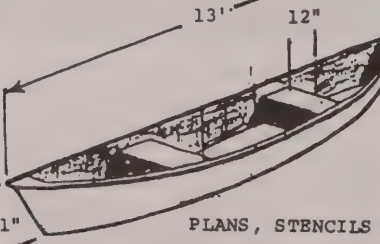
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FROM THE BOATSHOPS

With the winter off-season upon us, we're resuming this section for boatbuilders who wish to let readers know what they are doing. Any builder who cares to send us such information as is published in this issue is invited to do so and we will include it in the earliest following issue after its receipt. Send it to "From the Boatshops", Messing About in Boats, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. Please, no phone-in news, written material is more accurate.

NEW SHOP FOR PISCES PADDLES

My new home and paddle/model shop is on the main road to Lake Placid, about a mile outside of Cascade Lakes. I have had a lot of visitors this summer, thanks in part to Fuat Latif's St. Lawrence Skiff parked on my front lawn while he helped me get the place ready for work this winter. Although Keene is a mountain town, it has its coterie of boatbuilders, notably Carl Manuni of Renaissance Boats; Bill Michelfelder, guideboat builder; and now me, of sorts.

Dave Kavner, Pisces Paddles, HCR # Box 75A, Keene, NY 12942, (518) 576-2628.

WAYFARER LICENSE TRANSFERRED

Wayland Marine, Ltd. has transferred the U.S. rights to build the Wayfarer sailboat kits to Southern Lakes Boatbuilding Co. of Alcoa, TN. Kenneth Marine, owner of SLBC will also manufacture completed Wayfarer sailboats. The 16' Wayfarer open cruising sailboat was designed in 1957 by Ian Proctor of the United Kingdom. It has proved very popular with over 9,000 sailing throughout Europe and North America. It has built an adventurous reputation due to the exploits of Frank and Margaret Dye, who have done North Sea crossings and a spectacular Scotland to Iceland crossing in this open dinghy!

Kenneth Marine, Southern Lakes Boatbuilding Co., 1764 Kettering Rd., Alcoa, TN 37701, (615) 984-4686.

Wayland Marine Ltd., of Denver, CO, will continue to manufacture and sell the Sprite Skiff Kit, a popular English designed sliding seat rowing skiff. The 15' Sprite is a very light, stable, beautifully designed recreational rowing skiff developed by Jack Chippendale of the United Kingdom. Hundreds have been sold worldwide to people interested in the health aspects of sliding seat rowing.

Ron Mueller, Wayland Marine Ltd., 8686 68th Ave., Denver, CO 80004, (303) 422-6797 (6-9 p.m. MST)



FINISHED AFTER 30 YEARS

Construction on this 24' version of "Snug II" was begun in 1950. Plans had been obtained from the July and August, 1944, issues of "Motorboating" magazine. Due to the builder's ill health, the boat was sold prior to final fitting out in 1963, more as a favor to a friend than from a desire to have a boat. She was kept outside, covered with tarps until 1978, when she was given away to make space in the driveway. In 1983 she was again moved, this time to Southport, Maine.

I was contacted to assess the "value" of the boat. Finding her to be quite sound, I undertook to begin the finishing out that has kept her landlocked for so long. Much to

her present owner's credit, despite adversities of climate and budget, he has persevered and slowly we have prepared her for launching, 30 years overdue.

She has had much cosmetic upgrading, a new canvas cabin top, and completely redone brightwork. A 318 Chrysler engine adapted for marine use was installed, the engine beds and joiner work modified to accommodate this. An outside steering station was built. Many other details were completed to make her seaworthy. She will give her owners many hours of long overdue enjoyment and keep them safe and "Snug II".

Chris Stickney, Builder, P.O. Box 146, St. George, ME 04857, (207) 372-8543.

TONY DAVIS BUYS AREY'S POND BOAT YARD

Arey's Pond Boat Yard in South Orleans, MA, is under my new ownership. The yard will continue as Cape Cod's sailing center for small craft and I am now set up to handle wooden boat building, repair and restoration. Next spring, inventory will be stocked of the more obscure parts and materials involved in wooden boat building.

In addition, I will be offering boat building classes this winter and spring, focussed on building traditional small craft, with empha-

sis on construction and restoration of wooden boats, just as I conducted at the Boston Boat Shop at New England Historic Seaport in Charlestown, MA. My specialty in teaching is the lofting and building of small 9' and 11' skiffs. I also anticipate organizing traditional small boat gatherings here at Arey's Pond.

Tony Davis, Arey's Pond Boat Yard, Arey's Ln. off Rt. 28, S. Orleans, MA 02662, (508) 255-0994.

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8' ROWING PRAM, cedar, oak and cherry wood, copper riveted. Splined bottom. Professionally built. Used one season, in excellent condition. \$350.

BILL EVERETT, RR 1 Box 46, Monroe, NH 03771, (603) 638-2370. (15)

12' SAN FRANCISCO PELICAN WANTED, or 16' Great Pelican, delivered to Toms River, NJ.

FRED ZAPF, Toms River, NJ 08753, (201) 270-4749. (15)

11-1/2' PENGUIN SAILING DINGHY, #5074. Two rudders (one fixed and one kick-up), two hiking sticks, adjustable shrouds, outhaul winch, rotating mast, boom vang, Elvstrom bailers. Unused and stored inside since 1970. \$300.

JIM WILSON, Easton, CT, (203) 255-1907. (15)

17' SLIPPER SLOOP, 1984. LOA 16'10"; LWL 14'10"; Beam 8'; Draft 17" - 2'7"; Displacement 1,250 lbs.; Ballast 425 lbs.; Sail Area 150 sq. ft. Includes 6hp Johnson, running lights, bow pulpit. Sleeps two. On trailer, in excellent condition. A real little ship. \$4,200. Will hold until next spring. FRED ZAPF, Toms River, NJ, (201) 270-4749. (15)

15' THOMPSON CANOE, wood/canvas, ten years old in excellent condition, \$1,600. Two hand-carved Cree paddles, 63" and 58", of maple, \$150 for both.

SUTHERLAND BOAT & COACH, 2258 Rt. 54A, Penn Yan, NY 14527. (15)

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JON KNICKERBOCKER, Brattleboro, VT, (802) 254-4005. (15)

CENTURY RAVEN, 4 cylinder Graymarine, needs total restoration. Looks like a Lyman Islander. Complete hardware, etc. \$400.

JON KNICKERBOCKER, Brattleboro, VT, (802) 254-4005. (15)

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JOHN WHEBLE, Kingston, MA, (617) 585-6962 before 9:30 p.m. (15)

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20' ALUMINUM MAST, with rigging, in good shape, with main, jib and boom, \$150. Also two jibs in good shape, \$50.

RICHARD BRIDGE, Westmont, NJ, (201) 854-4913. (15)

18' OLD TOWN CANOE, 1965 wood/canvas square stern, reconditioned by Old Town in 1989. Production stopped in 1967. Asking \$2,250.

JOHN HUNTER, P.O. Box 312, Plymouth, CT 06782, (203) 584-1610. (15p)

NEW ROWING SHELLS. Alden single with oars, reg. \$1,795, sale \$995. Advance USA-Boston shell with oars, reg. \$1,595, sale \$895.

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MAD RIVER CANOES. 17' Minstrel glass w/ash trim, reg. \$1,050, sale \$695. Missiquoi 13' sq. stern, 39" beam w/rowing seat, glass w/ash trim, reg. \$1,100, sale \$695.

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ASSORTED WOODWORKING TOOLS. Mostly hand tools, including older, good quality saws, chisels and planes. Some antiques. Send SASE or call for listing.

JON ABORN, 28 Old Bridge Rd., Buzzards Bay, MA 02532, (508) 759-9786. (16)

WANTED. Instruction sheet/information on running mini-outboard motor with O&R engine (K&P Products), or address of company from which to obtain same. Also wanted, a copy of an article in "Rudder" magazine, December, 1952, page 20, re Richard T. Finn's 18' sidewheeler plans.

KEN UZDANOVICH, P.O. Box 16, N. Sutton, NH 03260. (15)

WAYFARER W-8019, built from a Cobblewood Wayfarer kit in 1986. West system, wooden mast, quality fittings, including roller furling jib and recent H.D. trailer. Frequent business travel limits use of this red beauty. Stored inside at Denver, Colorado. Priced at \$3,300 for quick sale! Don't wait too long making up your mind on this exceptional value.

RON MUELLER (owner's rep), Arvada, CO, (303) 422-6797, 6-9 p.m. MST. (16)

DOVEKIE SAILBOAT. hull #82. Red hull with white deck. Good shape but needs minor cosmetic work. Includes Yamaha 5hp longshaft motor, custom motor mount, backporch, long foil leeboards and many accessories. Asking \$5,000 as is, or \$6,000 if I have to do the work. Can be seen in Marlborough, NY. CRAIG POOLE, New York, NY, (212) 691-8149. (6)

PULLING BOAT MOLDS, 15 stations plus lapstrake templates for Bolger 15-1/2' pulling boat Design #218. Also laminating fixtures for stem and curved transom. \$250. John Hoagland, 477 Wolfswamp Rd., Longmeadow, MA 01106. (16)

17' TOWN CLASS SLOOP in need of major reconditioning, but worth it for someone wanting a good winter project that will result in a nice daysailer for next season. Complete with all fittings, hardware, spars, all rigging, sails, etc. Has laid mahogany plank deck that will look nice but needs major refinishing. Needs your labor, paint, varnish and sundry materials, but no further major investment. Priced at \$750 to move it out, I have two others I'm reconditioning myself. No trailer, delivery can be arranged within New England area. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (508) 774-0906, after 6 p.m. best time to reach me.

NEW SINGER SEWING MACHINE. Free arm, multi-stitch, hand crank and heavy flywheel, motor too. Warranted, still in box. \$200 plus shipping. TOM ABBOTT, Millerton, NY, (518) 789-4623. (16)

21' BOSTON ROWING SHELL with Piantadosi oars, used two seasons, like new. Was \$1,700, now \$975. HERB KRUGMAN, Stamford, CT, (203) 327-5226. (16)

16-1/2' DANISH SEA TOURING KAY-AK by Jorgen Samson. 38 pounds, fiberglass, rudder, air bags. \$450. HERB KRUGMAN, Stamford, CT, (203) 327-5226. (16)

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ALLEGRA 24, pocket ship, full keel, cutter rig with bowsprit, standing headroom, large double berth (two people and dog), two-burner stove, 9.9 Sail Johnson, recent survey. Great little ship. \$9,000 or make offer. Located Bar Harbor, ME.. LARRY NUSSLEIN, Allentown, PA, (215) 439-1515. (16)

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1949 OLD TOWN HW, 17' wood and canvas canoe with sponsons. Excellent ORIGINAL condition. Green with gold stripe. Includes floorboards. Has fan backrest and two paddles, all with original Old Town decals. Incredibly stable, yet maneuverable and fast. A steal at \$1,000.

SUE AUDETTE, Mansfield Ctr., CT, (203) 456-0558. (16)

23' CROCKER STONEHORESE SLOOP, classic flush deck keelboat in overall good condition, but in need of some hull detail work, new exterior paint, and engine work. Complete boat with all necessary gear and equipment. Hull needs work on deadwood at stern, minor transom repairs, and probably seam recaulking. Engine is 4-cylinder gas that will need attention, how much I don't know. On heavy duty 4-wheel yard trailer that can be hauled over local highways, but would not be suitable for long distance hauling unless you wish to travel at slow speeds. Thought it was sold earlier, but buyer changed mind. \$1,500 as is, where is.

BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (508) 774-0906, after 6 p.m. best time to reach me.

"THE CARIBBEAN ON \$5 A DAY. A Sea Gypsy Handbook for Living in Paradise" by Fritz Seyfarth. The sailboat as an island retreat. The secret is simplicity afloat, using the boat like the olden times gypsies who roamed the countryside in their wagons, self-contained life support modules, making a living by their hands and wits. Quality softcover, \$8.25 postpaid. SPANISH MAIN PRESS, Red Hook Plaza, Suite 237, St. Thomas, VI 00802. (TF)



SAIL THE VIRGINS. Beautiful, fast, sea-kindly, reasonable, Gallant 53' ketch "Zulu Warrior". Chartering in the Virgins 17 years. MARTA WILMERDING-MACFARLAND, 12 Statesman Terr., Marshfield, MA 02050, (617) 837-6505. (TF)

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OLD BOAT PLANS. Copies from "Mechanics Illustrated", "Science & Mechanics", "Sports Afield Annual" and others. Hundreds available. Catalog \$4.

E.,G. RAGSDALE, P.O. Box 48M, Westlake, OR 97493, (503) 997-7818.

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TOM DOYLE, Waterford, CT, (203) 223-6122. (16)

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PERT LOWELL CO., Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01951, (508) 462-7409. (TF)

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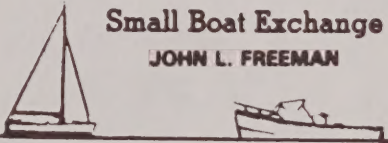
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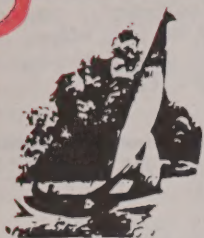
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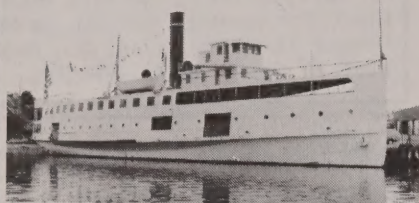


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