



messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

Volume 8 - Number 18

February 1, 1991





messing about in BOATS

PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH, 24
ISSUES A YEAR. SUBSCRIPTION
PRICE IS \$20 FOR 24 ISSUES.

ADDRESS: 29 BURLEY ST.
WENHAM, MA 01984
TEL. (508) 774-0906
PUBLISHER & EDITOR: BOB HICKS

Our Next Issue...

Will feature an extensive excerpting from Jim Dina's fascinating book "Voyage of the Ant", about his building a birch bark canoe just as the Indians did, using only pre-European stone age Indian tools and techniques, and materials entirely obtained from New England's forests. This is more than a subject of interest only to canoeists, it goes to the heart of what this messing about in small boats means to many of us. There'll be a couple of stories about first outings in small boats with children participating. Several of the design and project pieces I've been trying to get into print should make it, with Barry Buchanen's Caribou sea kayak; Dan Leonard's Windhorse Goshawk super sailing kayak; Tom Page's performance cruising canoe; and several tips on handy gadgets and techniques in the boatshop.

On the Cover...

Action at the Chelsea Creek Icebreaker Rowing Race on that industrial river within Boston's inner harbor. It was an unlikely sounding event in which five crews of youthful rowers, mostly inner city youth and alternative high school students, had a great time of it competing with each other in a motley fleet of multi-oared pulling boats. Full coverage of this unusual bit of messing about in boats in this issue.

The cover story in this issue is about another one of Ed McCabe's rowing efforts. Over the years since I started publishing this magazine, Ed has been pressing on with his views about rowing big traditional pulling boats as a viable activity for disenfranchised young people in our urban areas. He started it in his home town of Hull, Massachusetts, with local high school youth from the alternative school program there, the effort to keep these young people from dropping out of school. The old Hull Coast Guard buildings had become the property of the Hull Lifesaving Museum, and Ed was affiliated with that grass roots citizen group, using the old boathouse as his base.

This led eventually to the involvement in the Atlantic Challenge, with trips to New York and Europe, and now that particular event has moved into the big time. Ed turned his attention to Boston and its inner city youth problems that far overshadow little Hull's experience, and gained support to set up a rowing program at the old Charlestown Navy Yard. While he was emphasizing youth, adults have also been invited to participate, and the rowing crews that turn out for events or just local rowing, represent both youth and adults.

The Chelsea Creek event was just for youth, and held right where many of them live in the inner city, on a grim industrial river with bankings lined with shabby, decaying old industrial facilities, collapsing wharves, derelict old boats, vast piles of chemicals, a giant oil tank farm. The kids brightened it all up. They were there to race, and the scene was just the usual around where most of them live.

Ed has a rapport with these young people that's based, it seems to me, on mutual trust and respect and affection. The kids are used to the adult world of condescension and put-down and are disaffected often in a big way. Ed's an adult who is a no bullshit guy, who organizes an activity in which they can take part athletically, and achieve some self respect, as well as the rush of adrenalin from competition. Ed's respected because he takes no B.S. from any of the youth, tells it like it is, and in turns shows his respect for those who try. I watched him in the crowd at the post race party and he was constantly surrounded by the kids, excitement was still running high and it was some nice feeling to be there on the sidelines taking this all in.

The young people are not all disadvantaged or drop out prospects. Ed's program has attracted honor students also, and the camaraderie of the crews is strong. A mixed crew of alternative high school youth and honor students all working together to take the overall win was a good example of this. The whole group afterwards was one big social scene, I didn't see any jaded, "cool" types around, it was an exuberant crowd. The adults from Chelsea, North Cambridge, Hull and Cohasset included the rowing program folks and also, in the case of Chelsea, the community volunteers working hard on all sorts of programs for the young people. Talking with several of them, I was further struck with their real world rapport with the kids, their enthusiasm, and I became aware of the incredible amount of time and effort some are putting into these efforts to direct young lives toward a rewarding future. No "big shots" or "officials" standing off and above the young people, but real people right there in the middle of it all.

I realize other sorts of programs exist for the purpose of helping young people retain some ambition and hope for their futures, but as a small boat nut I am impressed with the fact that the hard work of pulling on those long heavy sweeps in big pulling boats would so grab the attention and enthusiastic involvement of young people. There's no prestige, fancy toys, expensive junkets to be acquired. This race on this industrial river had no cheering throngs in the grandstands, no cheerleaders on the sidelines, no fancy uniforms and expensive playing equipment, no school budget, no adulatory "sports" reporters hovering. The kids didn't notice. When Ed told them all the awards were in recognition of all of them as "athletes", the cheer that went up was an expression of self respect. It's so great to realize that rowing a boat can provide this opportunity and that a visionary like Ed McCabe has had the tenacity of purpose to make it happen.



HAPPENINGS

A couple of notices of impending events that arrived too late to be included in the January 15th "Happenings" need immediate publication rather than awaiting the February 15th issue.

SNOW ROW SCHEDULED

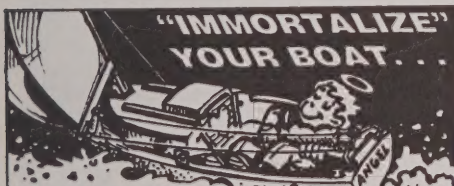
The 1991 Snow Row will take place at Hull, Massachusetts on March 2nd starting at 11 a.m. Contact Ed McCabe at (617) 925-4826 for further details. USRA membership will be required this year from all participants for liability insurance purposes, and will be available at the event at \$10 seasonal or \$25 annual fees.

THE ADVENTURE OF YACHTING

The Philadelphia Maritime Museum has a four lecture series scheduled on "The Adventure of Yachting". The first has already taken place on January 30th, but the remaining three, "Sailing Fantasia" with John Biddle, "The Golden Pastime, Yachting Through History" with John Rousmaniere, and "The Whitbread Round the World Race" with Brian Hancock are scheduled for February 14th, March 6th and March 20th at \$7 each, all evening events. Details at (215) 925-7589.

4th ANNUAL MAINE BOAT BUILDERS SHOW

Phin Sprague and the people at Portland Yacht Services will again bring us this real boat show in Portland, Maine, this year on March 22-24 at their location at 58 Fore St. on the Portland working waterfront. The informal atmosphere of the old brick mill complex brings together builders and interested public with mostly small boats built by area builders, power, sail and human powered. Admission is only \$4, children under 12 with adults get in free. Last year 4,500 persons attended with over 40 exhibitors. Details at (207) 774-1067 during working hours.



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357 FEET OF BOATS

Thanks for the sample copy, it was more than I had expected. There was probably three or four times as much good stuff about little boats in that copy than you could find in any other boating magazine. In the 35 years I have owned boats, I've been caretaker of 23, including notables such as a Shew & Burnham Whitehall and a Bolger light dory. There were also a few dogs that demonstrated that education can be costly. In all they added up to 357 linear feet of small boats. I presently own an Alden ocean shell and a Chinook sea kayak.

In the "Oarmaster Trials" article in the December 1st issue is pictured a fiberglass gunning dory. She looks like a sweet double ender. I'll bet she could even carry a passenger. I'd like to know more about her.

John Myers, Monmouth Beach, NJ.

ED NOTE: That gunning dory is a Jon Blanchard design built a number of years ago by Roger Crawford Boatbuilding, P.O. Box 430, Huma-rock, MA 02047, (617) 837-3666.

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Your Commentary

MESSING ABOUT ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

I would like to organize an upper Mississippi "messabout" and wonder if you could publicize this news and perhaps supply me a list of subscribers in the area? I am working on this with a man who is active in a "voyageurs" group which has built some bateaux and a 24' bark canoe. I will also be working with the Minnesota Canoe Association. While not yet firm, the event would be in late May or early June on the Mississippi River near St. Paul, Minnesota, or down river near Lake Pepin on the Wisconsin side. Interested readers can contact me for details as they are arranged.

Mississippi Bob Brown, 12936
Galaxie Ave., Apple Valley, MN
55124.

MESSING ABOUT IN DELAWARE

I like the idea of having a "messaging about in boats" group here in the greater Wilmington, Delaware, area, where we have a number of people interested in wooden boat revival. To perhaps make this happen I'd like to hear from any readers interested in an informal group for such local activity. If sufficient response is received we can get something going.

Tom Colgan, Camp Dimension,
2304 Cherry Ln., Arden, DE 19810,
(302) 475-7061.

BB CAT RESPONSE

You might like to know that I heard from three readers after my article on my "BB Cat" was published (June 1, 1990). One in Newport, Rhode Island, has been in the family since new, the daughter is presently the owner of the restored all glass version. An unrestored all glass one is in Manchester, Massachusetts. And in Arlington, Massachusetts, is the only one like mine with the wooden decks and coamings.

Jim Hedman, 634 Turnpike
St., Stoughton, MA 02072.

MISGUIDED TAX PLAN

We continue to get a great deal of pleasure from the varied contents you pack into every issue of "Messing About in Boats". We were dismayed to see in the December 15th issue the comments about the boat tax you face this year. It would seem at the very least that if such a misguided tax plan is put into place that its revenues should be entirely directed to the support of the Coast Guard's maintenance of navigational aids and updating of charts. But it is rubbing salt into the wounds of the already over-taxed average wage earner to make this "user fee" just a portion of the general slush fund used to pay for the inefficiencies of the inhuman scale of your federal system.

It would seem that this might stimulate the development of a range of personal recreational watercraft under 16' in length. It is hard to maintain optimism when news of this nature compounds the feeling of hopeless helplessness which one gets from today's world news accounts.

Ed & Elaine Porter, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia

HOW TO BE HEARD

This federal user fee issue impels me to say that I believe the only way for us to be heard is to have a lobbyist in Washington. Getting boat users and builders organized is the hard part, but I'm afraid if we don't organize we'll always be on the bottom of the list below organizations that have beefs about something. As an example, I cite the gun lobby. It is strong enough to allow those so inclined to shoot up the woods and adjacent properties under the guise of hunting, but we can't shoot off firecrackers in our own yards.

Chris Stickney, St. George, ME.

ED NOTE: "Boat USA", 350,000 member boat owners' organization was swamped by the federal government's desperation for cash.

BENEFITS OF TITLE REGULATION

Recently I sold a set of "Rudder" blueprints for a 14' skiff originally designed to be powered by a 2-1/2 hp light air-cooled engine. The purchaser planned to fit his rebuilt 1910 era watercooled one-lunger into this boat. I went to look at the motor and after seeing its size and weight strongly advised him to scale up the plans to 16' or better to hold and handle this iron. He said no, he wants his boat to be under 14' in length because of the new Massachusetts title regulation requiring that all boats over 14' that can be fitted with mechanical propulsion have a title from the state. So already we see the beneficial results on boating safety of the current political messing about with boats.

Bob Whittier, Duxbury, MA.



SEE THE JAPANESE ON VACATION

See the Japanese on vacation.
See them "doing" (snap)
Canoeing (snap snap).

Notice they are not skilled,
trained, disciplined,
Coordinated, organized, orderly,
Or properly perfectionist, as they
Happily thrash about in their
canoe.

But they do try.

Then, next year, they'll have
something new
For you and me to buy.

Herb Klinger

NOW FOR THE BEST PART

Last June I sold my cabin in Vermont and bought a sailboat, a 1966 Luders 33. It's fiberglass (don't cringe), I just don't have time to fuss with a wooden boat. I looked at a few, even spent \$400 to have one surveyed. It would have been a big mistake. The market is soft for good used sailboats and this one had everything, even hot water and Loran. Can you stand that? She's a beauty, hull #5. Luders built 104 of this model. It will be my floating studio at Round Pond in Maine on Muscongus Bay. Long range plans are for the Bahamas and the Caribbean.

Rick Whyman, White River Jct., VT.



WANNA TRADE?

Looking for a new project, a different boat to work on? I've got a couple I will consider taking something else in trade for. 17' Town Class sloop complete, in need of major cosmetic reconditioning and some structural refastening. 18' Alden "O" Boat clone

complete, partly rebuilt, needs re-fastening, new deck canvas, and total cosmetic refinishing. Value of each about \$750 for trading purposes. Interested? Got something to swap? Call me if you are interested, best time 6-9 p.m.

BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (508) 774-0906.

Shipwreck of the "Somerset"

This shipwreck occurred on November 2, 1778. This vessel was a British man-o-war. She was a frigate of 64 guns. The "Somerset" was built and home-ported at Chat-ham, England, and was the property of the English government. While in pursuit of French merchant ships, the "Somerset" ran into a storm off Cape Cod. The captain of the ship tried to make his way back into Provincetown Harbor, but luck was not on his side, and the ship grounded on Peaked Hill Bar. Fifty of the men aboard the vessel died while trying to reach shore.

There is a good possibility of locating the remains of this man-o-war. This vessel would have been constructed of heavy timbers which would survive the passing of time. Some of the wreck debris that strollers along the shore pass by may be part of the "Somerset" wreckage. Scuba gear would be very helpful in locating the main remnants of this wreck, for she grounded, and would have broken up, a relatively short distance from shore.

This wreck is a very interesting and possibly profitable wreck due to the cannons that may be located in the area. These cannon would be quite a find! There also will be coins and other items of value at the site, for with the large loss of life, there was no time to gather these items before the vessel broke up. This being a foreign vessel, she would have been carrying some sort of precious metal (gold or silver) to settle accounts in foreign ports.

Wrecks of this type generate a great deal of interest when they first occur, and for two generations thereafter. Then the name of the wreck fades from public thought, individuals with first-hand knowledge of the wreck have passed on, and the stories about the wreck are no longer told. Only diehard wreck researchers will have knowledge of this type of wreck. One example: What was the name of the coal carrying vessel that was sunk by a German U-boat in Block Island Sound during World War II?

Don't let the thought, "Well, someone must have already found this wreck," stop you from looking for it. To have found it, someone would have had to know about it, and not many do.

The answer to my question above is, the "Black Point".

Gary Carogelli



The Chelsea Creek Icebreaker

It wasn't the sort of place you would ordinarily think of going to for a rowing race. I stood on the pier at a park on Boston's Mystic River almost beneath the high Tobin bridge, on the grounds of the Chelsea Naval Hospital, and looked at the murky water, and the scuzzy river bottom exposed by the low tide along the granite wall embankments. Awful. The trash on the bottom shared the uniform greasy black scum coating that is the most recently settled pollution in this industrial river. Off to my left just beyond the towering piers of the bridge, a tributary stream, Chelsea Creek, bore off to the north, a waterway that exists chiefly for oil tankers and barges to get to the huge oil tank farms of East Boston a couple of miles upstream.

There was going to be a rowing race on Chelsea Creek this December 8th. At least the ominous

gray skies were not yet releasing serious precipitation and it was quite warm for the season, in the fifties. As I waited, vans were pulling up and releasing groups of high school age youths, boys and girls, who were to be the participants in this event. The boats began to arrive from downstream on the Mystic, the two French gigs, "Liberte" and "Egalite", the Scilly Isles gig "Pilot", and two plywood bateaux type "barges". This event was another of Ed McCabe's inspirations.

"Ed, why are you running this race on THIS river?" I asked when he finally made the scene.

"It's where many of these kids live," he replied, "right in their own back yard."

True enough, for there was a crew from Chelsea High School, and another of young women known as the "Chelsea Moms", along with others from nearby North Cambridge

Catholic High School. Filling out the field were crews up from Cohasset and Hull, the Hull Striders and several others who would fill out crews on the inner city boats. Ed's got this inner city rowing program going at the nearby Charlestown Navy Yard and the Chelsea people involved in trying to motivate the inner city kids having troubles with staying in school have enthusiastically embraced this program of Ed's. From what I observed of the spirit of the kids, it is a success, great enthusiasm and high spirits were manifest.

I had a choice of covering the race from a "press boat" Ed had arranged or from a BFT tug which would have onboard some interested folks from the Bank of Boston, who have been doing community service investment in Chelsea programs, one being Ed's. I chose to go on the press boat, as I felt the big tug might not get up close enough.

What a delight was "Grace". Ed Millerick's 40' diesel powered workboat is a sort of harbor jack-of-all-trades boat, Ed does any and all sorts of handyman work around Boston Harbor with this boat, and its spacious warm cabin and pilothouse held the collected gear of just about living aboard over the past 20 years. Aside from sleeping at his parents' home in East Boston, Ed just about does live aboard "Grace". She is one of a dozen or so hulls built in East Boston back in 1956, wooden of course, powered still by the original GM 471 diesel. Ed's handling

Top photo: The North Cambridge Catholic barge (left), with some crew from Hull, has the edge on the Hull Striders barge, while the two French gigs just get underway back under the bridge. Below: The duel between North Cambridge/Hull and the Hull Striders at full pitch. They were moving!



of the boat on his own familiar turf was a masterpiece of understatement, it seemed as if the boat just sort of responded to his wishes like a faithful old milkwagon horse.

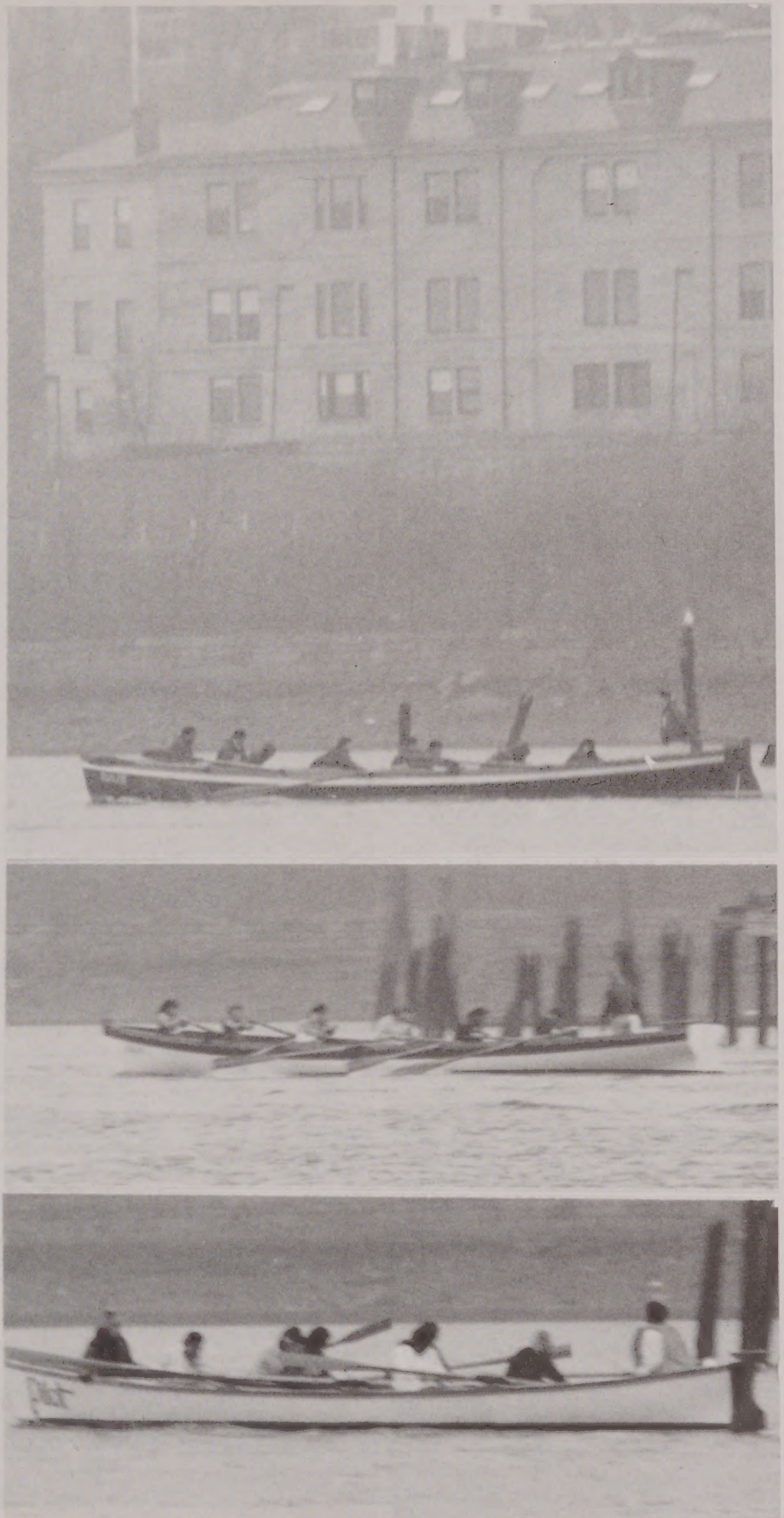
But, back to the race. Everybody rowed up Chelsea Creek to the start line, momentarily pulling to the grimy industrial banking at one point for a huge oil barge to pass downstream pushed by a tug. Ed had decided to try handicapping for the 3 miles or so, with the two barges going off first, then the two French gigs, and lastly the Scilly Isles gig. These ratty looking old plywood barges are sort of the "training boats" for Ed's programs, they are amazingly fast despite their ill assorted leftover oar selections. The gray barge crewed by North Cambridge and Hull youth bested the Hull Striders blue barge in a starting line sprint and held onto the lead all the way. Both barges stayed ahead of the gigs, and nobody overtook anyone else. So, back to the computer for revision of handicapping.

The Chelsea High crew in the bright red "Egalite", resplendent in their bright red "Boston University" sweatsuits (B.U. runs the Chelsea school system under a special contract), bested the three gigs. Unfortunately for them, the high school TV crew with their videocam were with us on "Grace" and we were too far ahead of them to get any really good closeup shots for showing later on back at school. The TV guys, both Chelsea High students, kept busy anyway shooting the scene in a very professional manner.

As the gig "Pilot" with the Chelsea Moms and crew crossed the finish line, the BFT tug "Vincent D. Tibbetts, Jr.", which had followed them back beneath the Tobin bridge, sounded a long blast on its whistle in salute to the young people's efforts. It was a really nice touch of class. Then it was party time under the pavillion roof at the park with many of the support folks having set this all up. When Ed arose to present various awards, the hubub subsided, but when his voice rose to the climactic remark, "these awards are in recognition of all of you ATHLETES", a deafening cheer arose from the crowd.

After it was all over, the idea of having a rowing race on Chelsea Creek didn't look so weird to me after all. Inner city youth competing in traditional big pulling boats on a murky industrial river right in their own backyard made a lot of sense, and they sure seemed to have enjoyed the hell out of it.

Bob Hicks



The three gigs as they finished: Chelsea High School in "Egalite"; Cohasset High School in "Liberte"; and the Chelsea Moms in "Pilot".



Across the top: Eddie Millerick at the helm of "Grace" (right). Left above: Amanda Wilkes, 2 years old, sleeps aboard "Grace" in the arms of a friend while her "Chelsea Mom" Jackie pulls an oar in "Pilot". Jackie doesn't look too done in by her efforts (bottom). Right above: VIP vantage point for some Bank of Boston friends of Chelsea was this BFT tug. What has "Virginia" got to do with all this? Well, that's Eddie's brother on his boat, another harbor gem.

Voyage on the North River

The North River winds slowly 15 miles to the open sea through dark woods with low reaching branches; open, wild, fresh water swamp; and miles of brackish salt water marshlands. The mysterious bends, muted colors and abundant wild life have always enchanted me. Whether drifting in a motor boat, buried in a history book, paddling down current in a canoe or bogged down in mud I have explored many miles. My next challenge was to navigate this twisting rambunctious river under sail. It only seemed right that a sail boat should again conquer the far reaches where boat yards once abounded.

I have sailed the wide open bays as the river reaches toward the sea but this time I planned to head upstream into the narrow channels, launching from a small canoe ramp hidden in a pine forest. The tide was incoming and would be all afternoon. The day was a remarkable 80 degree October Sunday. The marsh was warm and golden. The early maples were brilliant, other varieties following close behind in their more conservative colors. The current churned and whirled under the Union Street Bridge and my sprit rigged Melonseed skiff hesitated, unable to move forward. A strong southwest wind was blocked by a nearby hill. My 10-year-old companion, Gretta, on her first sail, was wishing she had chosen to paddle with her family in their more predictable canoe. Just in time the wind found its way around the hill and the Melonseed bowed, heeled and took off. "No problem."

We careened past "Block House" where Cap Vinal, duck expert extraordinaire, sat contentedly on his dock. "That would make a great duck boat," he yelled. It is a wonderful duck boat, as happy in the marshlands as a mallard. Every dock was occupied on this bonus day of Indian summer. We received accolades from picnickers all along the river's edge. Gretta soon learned to scramble to the high side as we made short, brisk tacks into the wind. The boat loves to approach the steep river bank practically rubbing noses with the mud and spin around on its heel, quickly grabbing the wind and heading off again. We passed a dory anchored mid-river hoisting sail. "Nice boat," I said (same boat builder - I knew that). The owner admired the Melonseed's spirit. This adventure required a lot of tacking and pa-

tience. We were not keeping pace with the serious canoers, but we were holding our own with the beginners who were also uncontrollably tacking back and forth. We passed a great raft of a dozen or more canoes having a floating lunch, bumping along from bank to bank. The Melonseed showed off, balancing precariously on its rail and they were impressed. I was learning what it means to "catch a lift" as I fought my way around hairpin turns. Finally, "Couches Beach" and Jill's homemade potato salad. Canoes, motor boats and Zodiacs were everywhere.

I inhaled a quick lunch and jumped into the boat to get a head start. We were only halfway and many challenges lay ahead. The Zodiac club gave me a rousing cheer. They seemed to appreciate the idea that a woman was at the helm. Off of Blueberry Island I passed a swimmer who held on for a while. He wanted to know if the boat was electric? The highway bridge loomed ahead. Massive stone pillars and a possible loss of wind raised my anxiety. In this nervous moment I knocked an oar lock overboard - GONE - and a lesson learned. I wondered if any of the cars whizzing by looked down at my tanbark sail disappearing under the bridge. The current took over for the lost wind and I used the rudder to keep the boat headed straight. The stone pillars behind us, we faced another mile of hairpin turns. These channels, beautiful when photographed from the air, were beginning to try my patience. Now there was time to look around. The species of grasses and flowers had changed as the water became less salty. The asters, golden rod and marshmallows tempted picking, but they would never be as beautiful snipped and arranged. A photo lay in wait at every turn. Boat yard plaques, weathered remembrances of the old clipper ships, were posted here and there along the river. We had been working very hard into the wind for three hours. Thirst was beginning to set in with visions of tall glasses of minted iced tea alternating with visions of large frosted mugs of root beer. I could hear the hollering of friends up ahead. I knew they had found the rope swing and were landing one by one in the cold water. I could not wait. Norman Rockwell could have painted this picture. We nosed into the bank and I was on the rope faster than you can say "Jack Rabbit." A childhood fantasy is relived

- a whoop, a holler, a splash - again. All ages come together here.

Some of the most beautiful and virgin territory lay ahead. Two arched stone bridges faced me. A woman yelled from the bridge, "We've never seen a sailboat up here." The current whisked me under the 1682 bridge, a beautiful imposing structure of massive granite blocks. Now I could hear music, opera and orchestra. As I scooted under the second bridge a party lay before me. A beautiful pink and white tent, children playing croquet on the lawn and live music made me think of days gone by. A "Surrey-with-a-fringe-on-top" paddle boat sat tied to the dock. One of the party goers recognized me and I was invited. But, time and sunset wouldn't allow me to tarry. The forest was closing in on the river and the wind seemed trapped in the tree tops. Soon we broke out into open swamp. The wind returned to the open area, the water rippled and I was skimming along - not making a peep. Wild life noises surrounded me. Something that sounded as ominous as a crocodile was splashing and thrashing in the grasses out of sight. The movement of the boat flushed out some ducks. I felt like a large butterfly flitting quietly in this vast swampland. A single canoe passed, amazed to see me. A friend at the bow had studied navigation with me last winter. At least we were not lost. The water became quieter, reflecting my surroundings like a mirror. The sun was setting. "Helicopter bugs" skimmed the water's surface. The flood tide allowed me to choose a short cut right through the marsh. As we approached the final leg of woods the current ebbed - no help there. Oars? No oar lock. One of my canoe companions came back to paddle beside me. The boat's sprit caught in the tree branches. The last bend, the last 100 yards I had to throw him my bow line.

We let out some deep Indian war whoops to those awaiting our arrival at the very beginnings of the North River. I felt like I owned the river. Strangers who had passed me at least twice were cheering. My little boat had taken me once again on a mighty adventure - an afternoon of exploring, wonder, fun and friends. I believe I may have made history as well.

My tribute to Columbus, "Fidget" and the River.

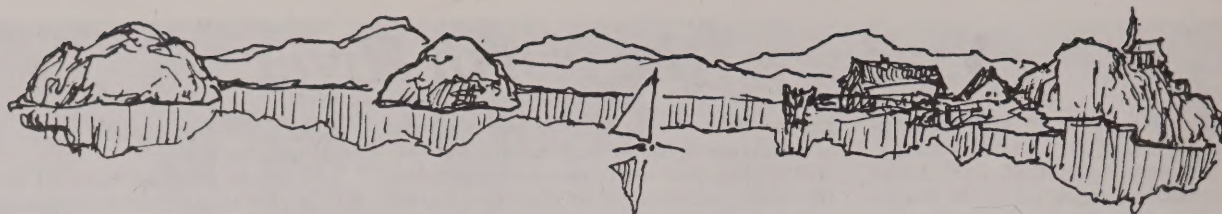
The MELONSEED SKIFF

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A Sunday Sail

Story & Illustrations by Tom

Early one Sunday morning, I walked with sailbag in hand by the village church. The cars parked around it heckled me. "Hey aborigine, you walking for exercise?"

"No, I'm just doing without you."

The cars laughed. "Nobody does without us."

"Where are you going?" the church demanded.



CHURCH

"Sailing," I replied.

"You're supposed to be in here worshipping."

"I wouldn't be found dead in a church," I said.

"You will be eventually," the church said.

"Not if I have anything to say about it," I said.

"You won't, stupid. Where are you going that's more important than saving your immortal soul?"

"Goin' sailing."

At the Dory Club I said "Good Morning" to the door as I opened it. The door said, "Good Morning."



DOOR



OARS

I took the oars out of the rack.

"Are we going rowing?" the oars asked.

"No, sailing," I answered, but we'll probably row a bit if the wind gives out." I carried the oars to the dory.

10

"Sailing or rowing?" the dory asked.

"Sailing for the day," I answered.

"Then I'm stuck at the mooring," the dory said disappointedly.

"Afraid so. I dragged the dory down the ramp."

"When are you going to put metal strapping on my bottom?" the boat groaned. "You never catch the tide and you drag me the whole length of the ramp tearing me up."

"I've got a list of repairs and you're on the top of it," I explained as I shoved off.

"It's good to be on the water," the oars said to the boat, and the boat said to me, and I said to myself. It was a slow lazy row out to the sailboat.



DORY

"Great day for a sail," the sailboat said happily when I arrived. It never asked me where we were sailing to. It knew that I never knew. Conditions always made this decision for me.

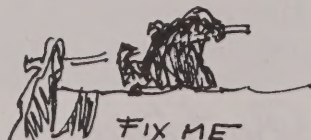
"Is everybody aboard strong enough to sail for the day?" I asked.

"Ya, ya, ya," everything aboard shouted.

"I don't want things falling apart. Speak up now and I'll see if I can fix you."

Everything laughed uproariously. "You fix something!" they managed to gasp out through the laughter.

I slid the rudder into place. "When are you going to fix me?" I'm loose as a goose on this track," the rudder complained.



FIX ME

"You're on the repair list," I said, popping the tiller into the rudder.

"How about me? the tiller asked. "I don't fit properly and I'm split."

"You're on the list too," I said.

"I'm on the list! Hear that, fellows? This donkey says we're all on the list. We're probably the greatest collection of junk that's ever set sail and he's got a list. Why don't you go sail on your list?"

LIST



I pulled the sail out of the bag. "You got a complaint?" I asked angrily.

"I'm too old to complain," the sail said.

"So am I." Everything aboard started to complain and demand attention. "Look here, I'm on the list myself. We're all falling apart, but if we can all hang in there for another day we can have a great sail." The complaining stopped. I put the busted battens into their ripped pockets and raised the sail with the frayed halliard, which I then tied off to a loose cleat.

I raised the rust stained jib and snapped the shackle onto the fitting at the stemhead that had been reinforced with Git-Rot and Marine Tex. "Are you all right?" I asked the shackle.

"How the hell do I know? I've been magnetized, galvanized, traumerized, tranquillized, polished, varnished and painted. All I do know is that I was reasonably happy sitting in that weirdo shop you bought me from. Now I'm expected to hold this dilapidated craft together for you bunch of crazies."

"Bitchin' is the thing that binds us together," I consoled it.

"Hear, hear, brother," everything aboard cheered.

When I lowered the centerboard the cable slipped off the cheek block and slammed down. The boat groaned and swore. "Sorry," I said.

"Everything you do is smash, crash and bang. No wonder everything around you is falling apart. The last word you'll probably hear yourself saying is 'I'm sorry.'"

"Well, I'm sorry I'm always saying I'm sorry," I said in frustration.



SORRY

"You're hopeless."

I kept mumbling, "I'm sorry." I pulled the petulant dory up to the bow and tied it to the mooring pennant.

"You're aware, of course, that I leak at a steady consistent rate," the dory declared angrily, "and that if you're not back today, I'll be awash."

"Let me remind you that you're made of wood and can't sink," I said.

"I'm going to try," the dory said.

"When I get back we'll go for a nice long row," I tried to console the dory. I cast off.

"You're on the list," everything on the sailboat shouted back to the dory. The sails filled and a cheer went up from all onboard. We spun to catch the wind better. I felt the exhilaration of the boat moving. Its speed slowly increased to the pace of the slow walk of a very old man supported by a cane. "Hull speed, by George!"



CHEER

"Wind, get thee behind me," I demanded excitedly. Assuming, not unreasonably, that the tradition of the sea gave me command over the elements. It obeyed as we cleared the high cliffs of Eastern Point and passed far outside of Fly Island to avoid their company.

We were soon a half-mile offshore from the Pigs, a sty of rocks wallowing in the rising and falling tide. We cleared them with the caution of a deep draft ocean going vessel. "Think we have enough water beneath us?" the boat asked.

"We're in 117 feet of water drawing all of six inches, that leaves us a clearance of 116 feet six inches. Should be enough," I assured the boat.

"What's our position?"

"Somewhere off the coast of North America."

"That's precise enough," we all agreed.



HALFWAY ROCK

At Halfway Rock we sailed close by. "Good morning," I said to the rock.

"Morning," the rock replied dejectedly.

"How does it feel to be part of the ecosystem?" I asked admiringly. I ask that question of all the natural things I meet and have never gotten a pleasant response.

So, the rock replied, "How would you feel if you had to stand stationary in the water while these damn birds shit all over you night and day? They have the whole ocean to defecate in. But no, they have to sit on me to do their business!"

"How long do you think you'll be subjected to this indignity?" I asked.

"Until the water rises over me or when these angels run out of excrement," the rock replied.

"Sorry we can't help you."

"Sorry," the boat choired as we sailed away.

"What time is it?" the anchor asked.

"Don't know," I answered.

"What's the tide doing?"

"Don't know."

"What's the weather supposed to do?"

"Don't know. And if you don't want the same answer, don't ask questions. There are no answers. Your familiar with my sailing procedure. Enjoy this magnificent day and stop trying to plan things out."

We approached Kettle Island off Magnolia Harbor. Further on was Gloucester, which I didn't care for, and beyond that was Cape Ann. I'd been there several times.

"We haven't been to Magnolia," the compass suggested. So we rounded the island and came into the harbor from the southeast sailing to the wharf. There an old man told me it was a public dock and that I was welcome to use it.



PUBLIC DOCK

"Is there a mooring in the harbor I could use?" I asked.

He pointed one out and said, "That one hasn't been used all season."

We sailed out and tied up to it. Then I thought about leaving the boat and sailing back another day. It would be nice to look forward to sailing the boat back with a favorable wind. I could leave everything aboard and catch the Gloucester train home. It sounded good.



RED BEARD

I secured the boat and caught a ride ashore with a red bearded man in a pram. I walked a mile or two to Manchester and waited for the train. I waited an hour beyond the arrival time. The other people waiting left. I waited another hour, then left myself. I don't believe that train ever came. So much for public transportation.



TRAIN



KETTLE ISLAND -

I returned to the boat and found no one about to take me out to it. There were ten or twelve prams tied to the dock. I examined them individually to determine which one I'd commandeer. There was only one with oarlocks and oars, so that's the one I leaped aboard.

"Thief, thief," the oars shouted.

"Piracy, piracy," the pram yelled.



PIRACY

"I'm just borrowing you for a few minutes," I explained.

"That's what every pirate says. This is Magnolia. You don't borrow without permission," the pram argued as I rowed.

"There's no one around to get permission from," I argued in return.

"I never thought I'd see the day when I'd be piratized," the pram exclaimed incredulously.

At the sailboat I climbed aboard and tied the pram to the traveler. Then I handed the rudder, tiller and centerboard and was about to haul the sails up when the red bearded man came alongside. "You know," he said in a matter of fact way, "You not only took my mooring but you took my pram as well."



RED BEARD AGAIN

I stumbled over a list of excuses.

"Well, I didn't want to be singled out to share everything I have with you," he said.

"I intended to sail to the dock and return the pram," I said, cursing my luck.

"Good," he said, and then added, "How do you expect to get out of here, there's no wind."

"I'll row."

"How far?"

"Nahant."

He shook his head, and said in conclusion, "Have a good trip," mumbled something else and rowed off.



ROWING FOR THE FOG

I rowed to the dock and returned the pram as I said I would. A fog had come in from the sea. I cast off and rowed desperately for it. Just before I disappeared into the fog, I saw my benefactor standing in his pram staring at me probably wondering what other hapless creature would be snared in my confused search for assistance.



BENEFACTOR

It was pleasant in the fog. "You're a blessing," I told it.

"I've been called everything now," the fog replied.

We stayed close to shore taking a compass course for Gales Ledge two miles away. Arriving at the N6 buoy, we rested. I didn't want to get anywhere in a hurry. "Good morning," I said to the buoy.



BOUY NG

"Mornin'," the buoy replied with a New England accent. "It's a fine day to be on the water. Where're you bound?"

"Marblehead."

"It's about four and a half miles southwest. You shouldn't have any trouble. Tide's with you. Plenty of time."

"I may leave the boat in Marblehead and sail it back another day."

"Pay him no mind," the boat said. "He says that every time we tie up."

"Boat owners are a strange lot. I'm glad I don't have much to do with them," the buoy said.

"Look here, I'm making all the decisions and everything around me treats me like I'm an idiot."

"What's one and one?" the compass asked.

"What do you mean, what's one and one? One what and one what? One apple and one pear is one apple and one pear."

"No, just answer simply, what's one and one?"

"Eleven," I answered.

"I see what you mean," the buoy said to the boat. You take care of that young man."

I started rowing again to avoid an argument I felt I couldn't win with a know-it-all buoy. After a mile Baker's Island came out of the fog, passing to port and eventually sliding astern. Now the nuns and cans came quickly. C3, N4, C5, N6 brought us between the Brimbles and Eagle Island.

"Why aren't you in church?" the conservative little island screamed.



EAGLE ISLAND

"Don't you give me that bullshit," I said.

"You belong in church. Make an attempt to improve yourself and clean up your language."

"Thousands of years of religion hasn't done a damn thing for us. We've slid back into symbolic ritualism. We're as pagan now as we were in the beginning."

"You're a heretic. Fire and brimstone will be your reward," the island said.

"That's it, give him hell. Don't let him get away with it," the boat encouraged the island.

"I've seen sailors become pitifully religious when the sea threatens them," the island said.

"And you'll never meet anyone more depraved when that same sailor is safe on dry land," I countered.

"Come on and get away from this sermonizing island," the boat now interjected. I grumbled and rowed on.



MARBLEHEAD

The fog began to lift as we rowed between R2 and C3. N2 and C1 brought us into Marblehead harbor. We grabbed someone's mooring and tried to decide what to do. It was seven miles to Nahant. A long row if the wind didn't blow. I ate a sandwich and looked about the harbor. It was a forest of masts. Church bells rang gathering in the faithful. "Tell me your history," I asked the harbor.

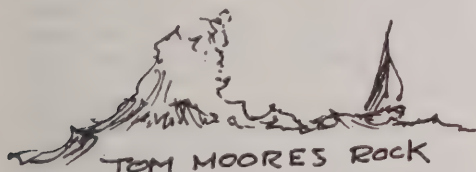
"Well..."

"Don't," the boat interrupted, "you'll just give the skipper an opportunity to lecture us."

I felt a gentle wind from the southwest. It blew steadily. "Are you reliable?" I asked this wind.

"When I change direction later on, there'll be more wind than you can handle."

"Then I'd best be leaving now." I cast off and sailed close hauled inside Marblehead Rock, then tacked twice to round Tom Moore's Rock where the sea was sucked into a hole and then hurled up into a furious breaking wave.



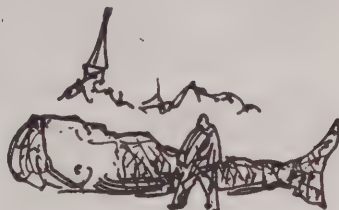
TOM MOORE'S ROCK

Outside Tinker's Island the wind increased and whitecaps appeared. We tacked to clear the Roaring Bulls and made for the shore. If we stayed close to the beach we could clear the rocks offshore. The water shoaled quickly causing waves to form and sometimes break. They forced us to tack into deeper water. We approached Dread Ledge, sailing inside and over what the chart described as "Foul".



FOUL AREA

The wind now was more than the boat could handle. We sought shelter at Swampscott pier. I tied up and dropped the sails and went ashore and walked the beach and came upon a beached whale. It was a Minkie and had been caught in a fish net and drowned. I stood star-



WHALE

ing at the poor dead thing as church bells chimed again and was overcome with the dreadful thought of that benevolent being we worship on this day who permits the slaughter of every living creature in its loving embrace. Black thoughts indeed

The wind had let up a little. I hurried back to the boat. "You look like hell," the boat greeted me. "You must have dug another philosophical hole and fallen in."

"I could accept a god if it were a flower, a thing that does no harm, and admits that it made a mistake with the rest of us."



GOD?

Church bells rang in angry reply.

"Consider this," the boat said. "You are a self-admitted idiot in everything you do, but you expect to be taken seriously as a philosopher."

I changed the mainsail to the small "chicken sail" and cast us off. We started across Nahant Bay. Midway the wind shifted to the east and stiffened, building up a sea. Now there was a good fetch for the waves to build on. And they certainly did. The jib was too much sail for this wind but I couldn't go forward to douse it, because the boat would do crazy things. "Let it blow out."



RUNNING

RETURNING WAVES



Off Eastern Point in Nahant the waves bounded off the cliffs to crash onto the incoming waves, creating a short steep sea. I'd look up at the top of a wave one minute and then into a hole the next. We



HOLE

had to jibe to clear a rock and sailed on a short reach. We were broadside to the waves now and rolling violently. This was the time to get religion but I just couldn't bring myself to it. I threw myself from side to side in the boat to keep it from rolling over. We jibed again after rounding the point. In the lee of the land we were out of the wild seas and wind. "We made it," I needlessly informed the boat.

"And after you insulted whatever made us," the boat added. We then sailed on tranquilly to the mooring.

"Was that a great sail?"

"Hear, hear," everything aboard the boat cheered.



CHEER



Paddling with Chuck

Chuck Wright

Report From Cape Cod

The President came to Cape Cod on November 1. George Bush and a bevy of Republican candidates came to Mashpee Middle School. Secret Service men, metal detectors, local big-wigs - they all were there. Somebody shrewdly decided to give out about 3000 admission tickets to an auditorium that holds 1000.

It was a beautiful, warm fall day - just the day to sneak in one of the last boat trips of the year. I've learned, living on Cape Cod, that when a good day comes along, you have to be willing to drop things and go with it. So two of us decided to go out to Orleans and kayak Pleasant Bay. We arrived at the town ramp at the foot of Portanimiticut Road in South Orleans to find it and the nearby bay crowded with cars, trailers, and boats. Scallop season just opened. We wondered if we had picked the right place to get away from it all. But once through the scallopers, we seemed to have the bay to ourselves. Paddling across, we headed between

Sampson and Hog Islands. "What is that standing in the grass near the island? It's alive whatever it is." Paddling to within a few boat lengths, we realized it was a large bird - a very large bird with a hooked bill and shoulders like a hawk. What else could it have been but an eagle? Since it was not a bald eagle, I assume it was a golden eagle. When it took off, it seemed as large as a great blue heron.

Paddling north, it seemed that it would be fun to try to circumnavigate Pochet Island. This island is separated from the barrier beach by a small creek. Some maps show this creek running the entire length of the east side of the island. We paddled into it on a high but still flooding tide. After about a quarter of a mile, the grasses became impenetrable though the water was still deep enough. I was relieved to hear that my partner was not claustrophobic. Pulling our boats onto solid ground, we set off for the outer beach with our lunches. It was a short walk to the dune at the edge of the ocean. Walking carefully so as not to disturb the beach grasses,

we climbed the last dune to see a tranquil ocean and miles of deserted beach before us. All this under a blue sky without a single cloud in sight. What a place for lunch. On our way back to the boats, a deer bounded through the grasses ahead of us - a perfect completion of a perfect trip on a perfect day.

But we could have been among the disgruntled people on the lawn of the Mashpee Middle School trying to hear the President through loudspeakers. Which would you have chosen?

Another Little Woods Hole Adventure

The Friday after Thanksgiving had been grey and rainy all day. So when the sun came out Saturday morning, I was ready to get out on the water. A call to a friend and we were off for Woods Hole. The tide was right for a trip down the Naushon shore of Vineyard Sound but a forecast of winds increasing to 25 knots urged caution.

A look at the water in Great Harbor confirmed this. "If it's this rough in the harbor, what's it like in the open?" After crossing to Devil's Foot Island and playing a bit in the gutter, we decided it would be prudent to stay on the mainland side - a GOOD decision. However, there being nowhere to go upwind, we decided to go downwind, which also happened to be the direction of the strong tidal flow. We thought we'd go 'round to Little Harbor. It looked a little rough off Juniper Point, but manageable. So around we went, bouncing in the 3' to 4' waves. A BAD decision!

"Let's take a look at the surf at Nobska Point and head back." The lee of the Coast Guard boats in Little Harbor offered a brief respite before tackling Juniper Point again. But the combination of wind, strong tides and waves was too much! After fearing that we would be dumped, we headed back to accept our defeat. Fortunately I knew a small landing where we could leave the boats while we walked back for the cars. This, of course, meant walking through the village of Woods Hole in full cold water paddling gear: a floppy bright blue, red and yellow dry suit and oversize neoprene boots in my case and an almost equally bizarre outfit for my partner. But Woods Hole isn't fazed by anything - I didn't notice anybody even give us a second glance.

My partner reminded me of another paddle in the area that she refers to as "Suicide Monday" when we paddled across to the islands and almost couldn't get back!



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First Solo: A Chronicle

05:59: Dawn. Excited by dream of sailing solo for first time today in our 35' schooner.

07:55: Lock car in lower parking lot, except for trunk to which will return once I find dock cart.

08:03: Cart located on "C" dock, about 100 yards from harbour gate. Almost make it back to the gate when irate person screaming obscenities runs up noisily behind me, wrestles cart out of my hands and returns to his yacht. Several heads pop out of nearby hatches, all wearing sympathetic expressions but unclear as to whose side they are on. Would give them the finger but hand still hurts from cart struggle.

08:12: Find other cart on "E" dock, about four miles from car. Awaken two skippers; both repeatedly deny need for cart. Listen to impolite suggestions about what to do with cart.

08:20: Return to car. Load supplies. Hissing sound indicates portside cart tire going flat. Load last item, new maintenance-free marine battery purchased yesterday from happy oil sheik running local chandlery. Battery fits vacant space above portside cart wheel.

08:22: Loaded cart carves single spiral in soft pavement leading to harbour gate. Portside flat tire has worked its way into space between wheel rim and cart creating pig-like squeals as we make way to "A" dock. Pause frequently to attempt removal of tire. Other hand now in pain caused by thumb jamming between rim and tire. Rim carves interesting design in fresh dock paint. Push cart to finger occupied by Commodore's yacht then return to my spot.

08:36: Head and neck plow through cunningly hidden spider web as I board schooner. Raise eyes to invisible God; relocate webbing and army of miniscule, angry residents to new sweater and white pants. Open hatches and saloon curtains. Rejoice in sudden movement of schooner in response to wake action of departing motor launch; good to be afloat.

08:36:05: Jump onto heaving finger dock as cart terminates drunken spiral to water's edge. Restrain cart by placing left foot between tireless rim and edge of dock. Successful maneuver counteracts sharp pain shooting up from instep to knee.

08:37: Disregard offer from passing grubby urchin for assistance in dumping cart into harbour. Entertain private thoughts concerning his size and parentage.

09:03: Supplies stowed in appropriate lockers. New battery in position ready to be connected. Note that dock cart operates si-

lently on single healthy wheel. Abandon cart at gate and return nonchalantly to schooner while whizzing brain tries to remember which battery lead emerging from twin holes in bulkhead is supposed to attach to negative terminal.

09:17: Connect battery. Interesting display of blue sparks intermingled with wisps of hot smoke mark progress in ascertaining proper connections. Developing slight headache.

09:28: Key in ignition. Throttle in position for engine start. Time for coffee.

09:29: Ignite alcohol stove. Place kettle over weak flame and calculate boil to occur at 09:37 (8 minutes). Locate favourite mug at bottom of sink; rinse and dry. Drop teaspoon of decaf in mug. Time to warm up engine.

09:34: Stare at ignition key. Mentally retrace steps taken to reconnect new battery. Think of cost of new starter motor. Think of friendly oil sheik's accommodating smile. Return to galley, replace decaf powder with pure 100% Colombian.

09:37: Check kettle. Check burner. Light second burner and move kettle. Make mental note to refill burner #1 sometime. Also to acquire tin of alcohol.

09:46: Remove sail covers. Roll tightly, toss smartly through forehatch. Make mental note to slide hatch screen out of range next time. Add hatch screen repair to impressive list chores to complete before launch next spring.

10:01: Apologize to picky matron in grungy yacht next door for language unbecoming to a yachtsman. Glare at brats snickering through open port and making vulgar noises.

10:03: Return commodore's cheery greeting and patiently explain vapors clouding main hatch due to planned process of steam cleaning teakettle. Commodore continues towards his berth, slowly shaking head.

10:03:06: Descend rapidly into galley area; extinguish burner, empty kettle into mug creating half cup very black Colombian. Set aside to cool.

10:07: Up on deck again, note much activity as crews busy themselves about their boats. Jolly gestures exchanged indicating mutual pleasure at sharing sport of emperors.

10:09: Assist matron's yacht to back out of berth thus displaying warm feelings friendship and absence hard feelings. As crosswind gust catches bow, toss bow line aboard. Note loud smack of hull colliding with end of finger dock. Smile knowingly at Commodore across row of yachts, shake head and shrug shoulders. Stares at me, descends silently into bowels his

yacht.

10:10: Drink coffee, cold. Return mug top of pile in sink.

10:15: Check halyards and sheets, position in careful coils allow rapid and seamanlike handling when making sail. Remove all but two sail ties main and jib. Attach gaff halyard and stuff foresail under spars to prevent ballooning.

10:25: Brief silent prayer. Turn ignition key. Engine starts. Rapid heart beats due undoubtedly to cold Colombian. Stand in cockpit radiating calm confidence of accomplished mariner. No one is watching.

10:30: Wind stronger now. Move fenders to lee side. Inspect immediate area and determine no other vessels in motion or about to move.

10:32: Free spring lines and carefully lay along deck for rapid recovery when returning. Schooner drifts leeward limit of bow and stern lines. No other vessels in motion.

10:34: Adjust jaunty Greek cap, look about seeking brave eye contact prior to solo sally. No one is watching. No other vessels in motion. Heart in rapid motion.

10:36: Move to forward cleat, free bow line except for single turn. Trot to stern line, do likewise. Holding two bitter ends, midships along dock. Wind steady across beam; feels like fresh gale, possibly monsoon.

10:37: Flick stern line off clear; toss into cockpit.

10:37:01: Flick bow line; line remains tucked under one end of cleat. Note that stern is departing dock heading for opposite finger.

10:37:02: Snap decision. Bow line will run free under cleat when we back away from berth. Will draw aboard when clear. Leap into cockpit.

10:37:08: Full astern; describing fascinating downwind arc. Spin wheel. Bow line snakes along finger, collecting spring lines which plop into dockside water. Schooner exits berth executing Immelman turn. Proceed sternward in general direction of harbour exit. Foresail balloons up between masts.

10:39: Commodore's yacht overtakes starboard to starboard. Points to trailing bow line. Shakes head pensively increases speed. Disappears astern.

10:43: Exit harbour. Hear warning bells.

10:43: Bedside phone causes eyes snap open. Nightmare over. Holiday begins. Think I'll go sailing. Need crew. You free?

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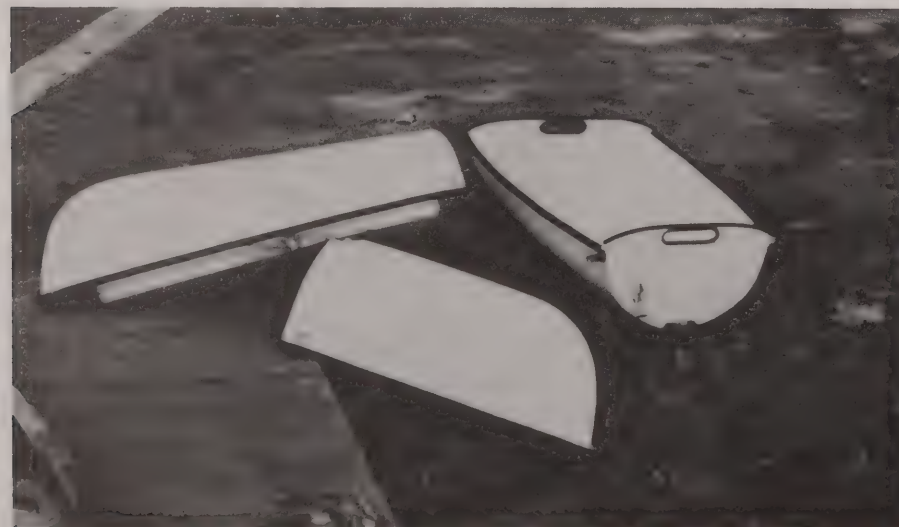
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SOLO



THE "PIECE BOAT"

"Here are some pictures of the latest in take-apart small boats, called the "Piece Boat". It was exhibited at the Annapolis Sailboat Show last fall, where my sister-in-law saw it and bought the display boat. The builder is Golden Era Boats of Noank, Connecticut.

The bow section nests into the stern section and both then nest into the mid section. Then the whole shebang will fit into your subcompact wagon or your hall closet. It looks like an interesting option for flat water paddlers who lack storage space or who are not partial to car-topping, and who don't like the time-consuming complications of the folding stick-and-fabric jobs.

The builder's literature stated that the boat is a development of the "Wee Lassie" by naval architect Dave Gerr. I have paddled it and liked it okay. My sister-in-law, who is new to this kind of up close to everything boating, is getting acquainted with the shorelines and marshes hereabouts and is pretty ecstatic about it."

Neil Wilson

THE "PIECE BOAT"

"It was back in July shortly after the Mystic Small Craft Week-end that you stated (in print) that you'd be publishing something on my "Piece Boat" Solo canoe. I either missed an issue or you never got around to running the article. I think probably the latter.

I can't really get too upset about this omission as I really wasn't pushing it during the summer. I took much of it off to go cruising in my old catboat and put the "Piece Boat" Solo on hold for a while. Now that "while" has definitely ended.

In the months since you saw my boat at Mystic I have changed it in detail and joined with a new manufacturer. I have gotten together with Bob Champlain of Golden Era Boats in Noank, Connecticut. He had, independently of my efforts at my own Even Keel Boatworks, come up with a three piece nesting rowing shell. He called his boat the "Zipper", but now that we have joined forces, both boats are being marketed under the "Piece Boat" banner.

Since Bob began manufacturing my boat we have made several refinements, mostly having to do with weight, trim and accessories. We have developed wheels for it which will make it unnecessary to

lift the boat, even though it now weighs just 35 pounds. We're fully confident now that we have a good, safe, fun to use product. We've been placing it in shops around the northeast and have had inquiries from dealers in Japan.

I developed the "Piece Boat" to solve the problems posed by other "folding" boats available on the market today. They tend to be too heavy, have too many packed items to deal with, and are time consuming to assemble. And those made of fabric material require thorough drying before being packed away. The "Piece Boat" eliminates these drawbacks, it's lightweight, packs into a single compact unit, is childishly easy to assemble, and may be packed away still wet.

The designing of the "Piece Boat" was done for me by naval architect Dave Gerr. He slightly modified the classic J. Henry Rushton "Wee Lassie" double paddle canoe design to: 1) Allow the three pieces to fit together; 2) Provide dry storage inside; 3) Improve stability; 4) Enable greater load carrying capacity. He retained the double paddle propulsion, seated facing forward posture for maximum ease and pleasure of use.

The boat is beautifully constructed by Bob Champlain at Golden Era Boats of hand laid fiberglass, and includes built-in flotation sufficient, should it ever become swamped, to provide positive buoyancy.

Above: Doug Goldhirsch enjoying his creation.

Right: Ready to be put away.

A detailed pamphlet is available from me, Douglas Goldhirsch, Even Keel Boatworks, Inc., 120 Concourse East, Brightwaters, NY 11718, (718) 788-4960.

Features

- Easy to Assemble
- Lightweight - under 40 lbs.
- Single 4' Package when nested
- Maintenance Free
- High Quality, Hand-Laid Fiberglass Hull
- Resilient Vinyl Trim

Particulars

Length (Assembled)	10' 6"
Length (Nested)	4' 1"
Beam	2' 4"
Weight	40 lbs.
Capacity	235 lbs.



The ZIPPER

The delight of using a rowing shell on the water can be tempered by the problem of storage ashore. I have designed and am now producing a solution to this. The "Zipper" is a 20'3" shell which disassembles into three pieces that store in a space 7"x23"x13". The three piece hull sections, which nest within one another when disassembled, are made of fiberglass and aluminum and are decked with fabric and wet suit material. Assembly time is less than 10 minutes for the 55 pound craft.

The "Zipper" is shipped disassembled with all necessary parts and tools included. The hull design is stable enough for the novice rower to enjoy, yet is quick enough on the water to satisfy the more experienced rower. I will be happy to provide more information, contact me, Bob Champlain, Golden Era Boats, P.O. Box 212, Noank, CT 06430, (203) 536-1005.

Confessions of a Wood Butcher

I confess, I'm addicted to plywood butchery. If I don't build a new Mess-About every year or two I get cranky. I used to rationalize why I needed another boat (I currently have about six), but I don't bother with that anymore. My wife is very understanding. She figures that as addictions go, boats is better than chasing women or using drugs. I don't argue with that. Following are some tips and techniques I use when building my boats.

MODELING in poster board lets me see the boat in three dimensions. I learn a lot from a model and it's fun. Mastering the model makes building the boat easier. It helps me to understand the plans and identify problems. I can also try modifications before committing to lumber. Building a model is almost as good a fix for this wood butcher as the real thing and it's much cheaper.

LUMBER: I've built a number of boats from fir and $\frac{1}{4}$ " luan plywood from the lumber yard. I have not had problems with rot or delamination using these materials. I do avoid exposed end grain as much as possible. Sometimes I can get pretty good spruce out of staging planks and ledger boards. My stacked cordwood yields usable chunks of hardwood.

RESINS: To oversimplify considerably, there are basically two choices. Epoxy and polyurethane. Of the hundreds of available epoxies, I use West System - I really like the metering pump.

To oversimplify again, there are two choices in polyester resin - finishing (waxed) and lay-up (unwaxed). Lay-up resin sets up tacky in air so that you can do additional lay-up without sanding. Finishing resin is the same stuff but it contains wax which is designed to coat the surface, excluding air, causing the resin to set up hard. Finishing resin requires sanding between applications. In my experience, finishing resin used on plywood actually sets up tacky. Therefore, I use lay-up resin. I've built some boats with epoxy only, some boats with polyester only

and most of them with a combination of both.

FILLERS: I use Colodial Silica mixed with epoxy for glue and Fillite with polyester for filling and fairing. Sometimes I blend both fillers together. I find these two adequate for practically everything.

FASTENERS: I use mostly stainless, some bronze, from Jamestown Distributors. Call (800) 423-0030 for a catalog. You won't be sorry.

PAINTS AND VARNISH: I mostly use oil-based enamels. I've had good results with marine enamels, metal enamels (like Rust-O-Leum and De-Rusto) and premium house paints. I like Benjamin Moore Eggshell Finish Enamel for the inside of the hull. The semi-gloss helps hide minor surface defects. I use an off-white to reduce glare from the sun. This product has to set up for two to three weeks or the finish will be soft and easily damaged.

My preferred varnish is Interlux 97 Polyurethane. I find it much more durable than any oil-based varnish I've used. The curse of varnish is sanding between coats. For the bold, there is a way to cheat. If I put on a second coat while the first coat is kind of firm-tacky, I skip sanding. I've done up to three coats this way. If I win I only sand a couple of coats. If I loose I can wind up starting all over. Don't say I didn't warn you.

CLEAN UP: I like the paint brush spinner.

It cleans brushes better, faster and uses less solvent. I save used solvent in a separate jug. After the pigments have settled, I decant solvent clean enough for the first couple of rinses. I use Acetone on the last rinse or two. It's surprising how much paint Acetone gets out of an apparently clean brush.

SCARFING: I make conventional 8:1 (or so) wedge shaped joints for fir. I tape scarf $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood planks using one layer of 3" glass tape on each side. To make an invisible joint I sand off the first layer of plywood veneer under the

tape. Then tape and fill even with the surface of the plank. I fill and fair the inside face of the plank prior to installation. I leave the outside taped only till later. I always put the best plywood face inside the boat. Fairing and finishing the inside is 500 times harder (at least) than doing the outside.

OUTSIDE TAPE JOINTS I do in a similar fashion to the scarfs. I countersink the nails and sand off the first layer of veneer, then tape and fair the planks. Removing the veneer produces a fairer joint plus I'm less likely to sand through the plank when fairing and the tape is less likely to chafe through in use.

INSIDE TAPE JOINTS: When practical, I avoid them altogether by building in batten seam. No doubt the boat gains a few pounds, but it makes inside finishing much easier. Neatly installed naked tape doesn't look too bad. Otherwise I fill and fair and sand until I can't stand it anymore, then paint it with semi-gloss.

SANDING POLYESTER: You know, the job that requires many hours of frustration, clogs \$80 worth of belts and discs and turns the air blue with strong language. That damn tacky resin is a beast. I know how to lift this curse.

Using lay-up resin, I fair the whole hull. I don't sand between applications but use edged tools, knife, chisel, planes, Shure Form, etc. to shape the corners and remove any little spiky bumps that would snag the spreader. When the hull is faired, ready to sand, I apply the cure - trust me, this really works. I cover all the sticky resin with a layer of Bondo thinned slightly with Acetone - thin too much and the Bondo sets tacky. This does the same thing the wax is supposed to do - exclude air from contact with the resin. When the Bondo's set, I sand. If I did a good job fairing I'll sand of 99% of the Bondo. I'm using Bondo as an air barrier, not a filler. Since the operative principal is the exclusion of air, a coat of primer might work, but I haven't tried it.

THE BUILDING FRAME: Maybe everybody knows this, but I had to learn the hard way. Now, when I'm setting up the stem transom frames and keel I run a taut line over the keel matching or parallel to the base line drawn on the plans. This way I can check my framing measuring up from the building frame and down from the taut line/baseline.

THE CRADLE: I had to chase a couple of dinghies around my shop before I really mastered this concept. Now, before I take the hull off the building frame, I build a cradle. If I build the base of the cradle parallel to the above taut line, when I turn the boat over (and level the cradle), the boat will be level to her design water line. The DWI can be an SOB to find once she's off the building frame.

LIMBER HOLES (drain holes) will prevent water from being trapped in the bottom and prevent rot - everybody knows that. What's easy to overlook is limber holes for when the boat's stored upside down. Water standing under the decks, quarter knees, seat risers, etc. will cause rot just as surely. Designing drainage is easy when you're building but may be impossible later.

I know some of these techniques will raise objections, but they work for me. Maybe some of them will work for you. Part of the appeal of building your own boat is that you need only please yourself.

Gordon South



"It's COMMON SENSE's new fall cruiser."

A Tale of Three Boats - Wooden That Is

One: A 32" model of our #545 Thunderbird.
Two: An 11" whaleboat, 1/2" scale.
Three: The twenty-two gun flush deck sloop of war ATRIPOS, 1/8" scale.

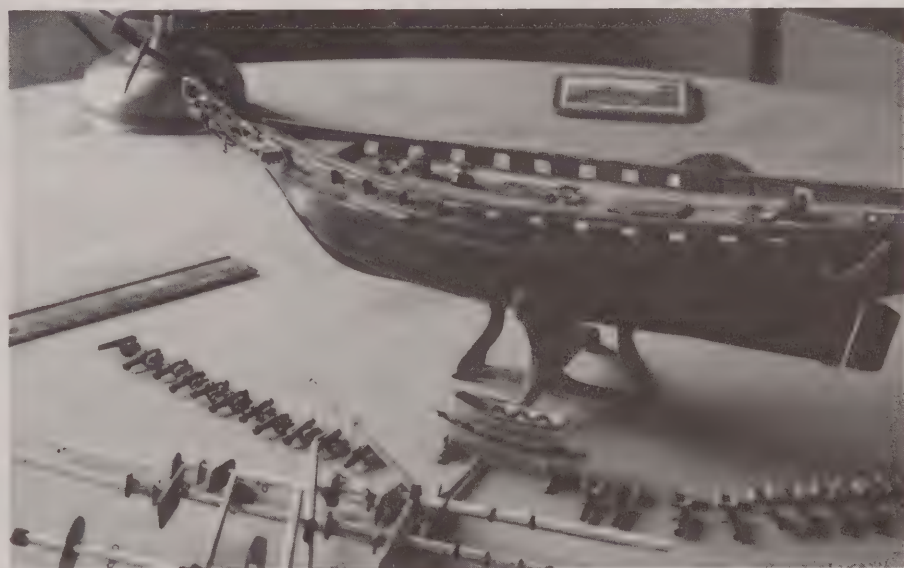
We bought Bug Bottom the year after we sold our Thunderbird in 1971 and dug a nice pond on which I planned to continue sailing, but with radio control. It took a while, but in 1988 I finally launched my first ship, a model of the America — non RC.

I still wanted to build something we could sail with a radio so we wouldn't have to have another boat on the pond to rescue the model. While reading "Boats," one of the older issues that one of my sons had given me, I spotted an illustrated article on the building of a model boat. The model of #545 was the result. It sails beautifully but has a bit too much ballast and a touch too much beam. It's great in a stiff wind, as was our 26' sloop, but does poorly in puffy air.

While in Mystic, I had seen a small model of a whale boat which caught my eye. As I recall, it was about 9" long - not very big. However, the price was a Hussein "eye ball plucker" - \$7000. Having built number two, well down the scale from the one I had seen in Mystic, not so much after all.

The inspiration for number three came from my collection of Forrester's Hornblower series. It's the only one in which Hornblower describes the ship he commands well enough to build. The cabin and its skylight, the crudely carved figure-head draped in white, touched with red, holding a large pair of gilt scissors, the armament of twenty-two guns, four long nine pounders, two at the forward gun ports and two at the aft ports, with eighteen twelve pound carronades are all detailed in the story. The way the ship lies low in the water so Hornblower can swing into the chains is clearly pictured. Anyway, that is what got the third model started. It's ready for its standing and running rigging which should be finished in Florida this winter.

D.H. Warner



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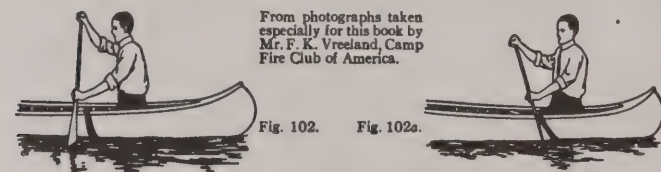
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To Paddle a Canoe

No one can expect to learn to paddle a canoe from a book, however explicit the directions may be. There is only one way to learn to swim and that is by going into the water and trying it, and the only proper way to learn to paddle a canoe is to paddle one until you catch the knack.

In the ordinary canoe, to be found at the summer watering places, there are cane seats and they are always too high for safety. A top load on any sort of a boat is always dangerous, and every real canoeist seats his passengers on the bottom of the boat and kneels on the bottom himself while paddling. Of course, one's knees will feel more comfortable if there is some sort of a cushion under them, and a passenger will be less liable to get wet if he has a pneumatic cushion on which to sit. No expert canoeist paddles alternately first on the one side, and then on the other; on the contrary, he takes pride in his ability to keep his paddle continuously on either side that suits his convenience.

The Indians of the North Woods are probably the best paddlers, and from them we can take points in the art. It is from them we first learned the use of the canoe, for our open canvas canoes of to-day are practically modelled on the lines of the old birch-barks.



From photographs taken especially for this book by Mr. F. K. Vreeland, Camp Fire Club of America.

Fig. 102. Fig. 102a.

Fig. 102.—Beginning of stroke. Paddle should not be reached farther forward than this. It is immersed *edgewise* (not point first) with a slicing motion. Note the angle of paddle—rear face of blade turned *outward* to avoid tendency of canoe to turn. Staff of paddle is 6 inches too short. Left hand should be lower.

Fig. 102a.—A moment later. Right hand pushing forward, left hand swinging down. Left hand should be lower on full-sized paddle.

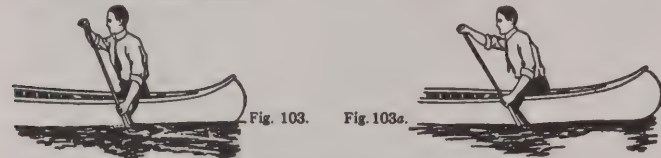


Fig. 103. Fig. 103a.

Fig. 103.—Putting the power of the body in the stroke by bending slightly forward. Left hand held stationary from now on, to act as fulcrum. The power comes from the right arm and shoulders.

Fig. 103a.—The final effort, full weight of the body on the paddle. The right arm and body are doing the work, the left arm (which is weak at this point) acting as fulcrum. Note twist of the right wrist to give blade the proper angle.

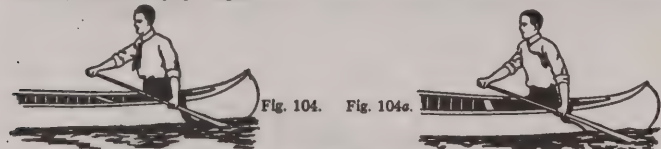


Fig. 104. Fig. 104a.

Fig. 104.—End of stroke. Arms relaxed and body straightening.

Fig. 104a.—Beginning of recovery. Paddle slides out of water gently. Note that blade is perfectly flat on the surface. No steering action is required. If the canoe tends to swerve it is because the *stroke* was not correct. Only a duffer *steers* with his paddle after the stroke is over. The left hand now moves forward, the right swinging out and back, moving paddle forward horizontally.

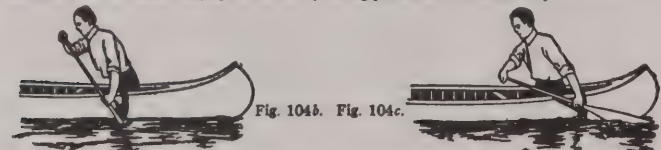


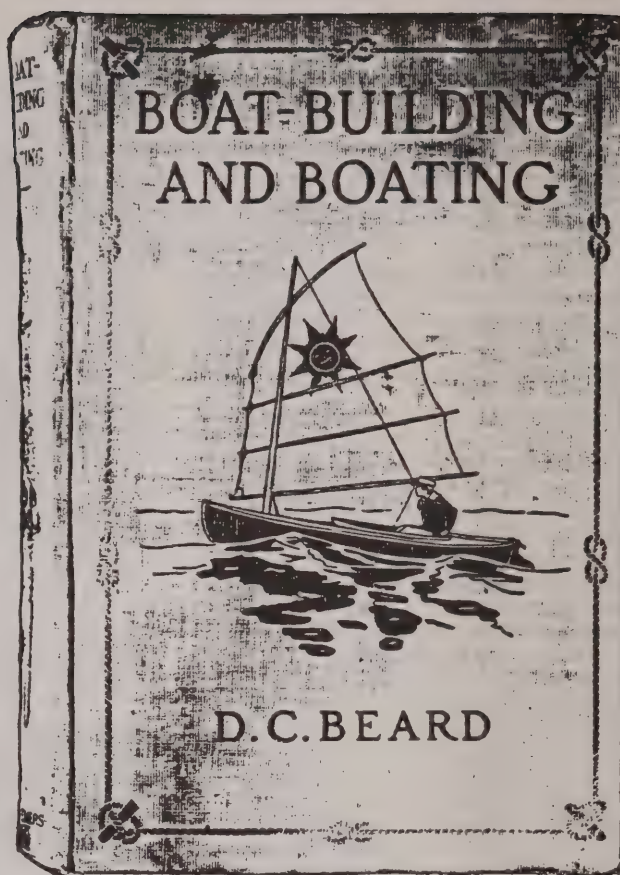
Fig. 104b. Fig. 104c.

Fig. 104b.—Turning to right. The latter part of a broad sweep outward, away from the canoe. The blade is now being swept toward the canoe, the left hand pulling in, the right pushing out. Position of right wrist shows that blade has the opposite slant to that shown in the straightaway stroke—i. e., the rear face of blade is turned *inward*. Blade leaves water with *outer* edge up. Wake of canoe shows sharpness of turn.

Fig. 104c.—Turning to left. The last motion of a stroke in which the paddle is swept close to the canoe with the blade turned much farther outward than in the straightaway stroke. At end of stroke blade is given an outward sweep, and leaves the water with the *inner* edge up. This is *not* a steering or dragging motion. It is a powerful sweep of the paddle. Note swirl in wake of canoe showing sharp turn.

When you are standing upright and your paddle is in front of you with the blade upon the ground, the handle should reach to your eye-brows. (See Figs. 101, 102, 103, etc.)

Kneel with the paddle across the canoe and not farther forward than the knees. Then dip the blade *edgewise* (not point first) by 20



raising the upper hand without bending the elbow. Swing the paddle back, keeping it close to the canoe, and give a little twist to the upper wrist to set the paddle at the proper angle shown in the photos. The exact angle depends upon the trim of the boat, the wind, etc., and must be such that the canoe does not swerve *at any part* of the stroke, but travels straight ahead. The lower arm acts mainly as a fulcrum and does not move back and forth more than a foot. The power comes from the upper arm and shoulder, and the body bends forward as the weight is thrown on the paddle. The stroke continues until the paddle slides out of the water *endwise*, flat on the surface. Then for recovery the blade is brought forward by a swing from the shoulder, *not* lifting it vertically, but swinging it horizontally with the blade parallel to the water and the upper hand low. When it reaches a point opposite the knee it is slid into the water again, *edgewise*, for another stroke. The motion is a more or less rotary one, like stirring cake, not a simple movement back and forth.

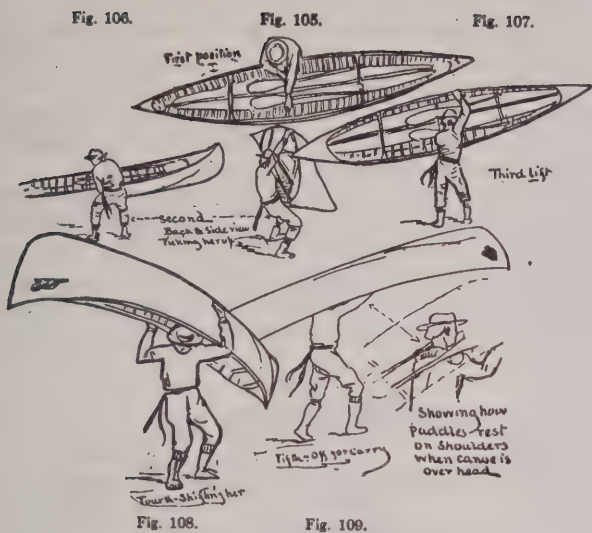
To Carry a Canoe

To pick up a canoe and carry it requires not only the knack but also muscle, and no undeveloped boy should make the attempt, as he might strain himself, with serious results. But there are plenty of young men—good, husky fellows—who can learn to do this without any danger of injury if they are taught *how* to lift by a competent physical instructor.

To pick up a canoe for a "carry," stoop over and grasp the middle brace with the right arm extended, and a short hold with the left hand, as shown in Fig. 105.

When you have a secure hold, hoist the canoe up on your legs, as shown in Fig. 106. Without stopping the motion give her another boost, until you have the canoe with the upper side above your head, as in Fig. 107. In the diagram the paddles are not spread apart as far as they should be. If the paddles are too close together a fall may break one's neck.

HOW TO BUILD A PADDLING DORY

A Simple Boat Which Any One Can Build—The Cheapest Sort
—of a Boat

Now turn the canoe over your head and slide your head between the paddles (which are lashed to the spreaders, as shown in Fig. 105), and twist your body around as you let the canoe settle down over your head (Fig. 108). If you have a sweater or a coat, it will help your shoulders by making a roll of it to serve as a pad under the paddles, as in Fig. 109. I have seen an Indian carry a canoe in this manner on a dog-trot over a five-mile portage without resting. I also have seen Indians carry canoes over mountains, crossing by the celebrated Ladder Portage in western



Fig. 110.—Northern Quebec Indians crossing the "ladder portage."

Quebec, where the only means of scaling a cliff is by ascending a ladder made of notched logs. For real canoe work it is necessary that a man should know how to carry his craft across country from one body of water to another. All through the Lakelands of Canada, and also the Lake St. John district, up to Hudson Bay itself, the only trails are by water, with portage across from one stream or lake to the other.

To construct this craft it is, of course, necessary that we shall have some lumber, but we will use the smallest amount and the expense will come within the limits of a small purse.

First we must have two boards, their lengths depending upon circumstances and the lumber available. The ones in the diagram are supposed to be of pine to measure (after being trimmed) 18 feet long by 18 inches wide and about 1 inch thick. When the boards are trimmed down so as to be exact duplicates of each other, place one board over the other so that their edges all fit exactly and then nail each end of the two boards together for the distance of about six inches. Turn the boards over and nail them upon the opposite side in the same manner, clamping the nail ends if they protrude. Do this by holding the head of a hammer or a stone against the heads of the nails while you hold a wire nail against the protruding end, and with a hammer bend it over the nail until it can be mashed flat against the board so that it will not project beyond its surface.

After you have proceeded thus far, take some pieces of tin (Fig. 112) and bend the ragged edges over, so as to make a clean, straight fold, and hammer it down flat until there are no rough or raw edges exposed. Now tack a piece of this tin over the end of the boards which composed the sides of the boat, as in Fig. 114. Make the holes for the tacks first by driving the pointed end of a wire nail through the tin where you wish the tacks to go and then tack the tin snugly and neatly on, after which tack on another piece of tin on both bow and stern, as in Fig. 116. This will hold the two ends of the boards securely together so that they may be carefully sprung apart in the middle to receive the middle mould which is to hold them in shape until the bottom of the boat is nailed on, and the permanent thwarts, or seats, fastened inside. When the latter are permanently fixed they will keep the boat in shape.

To make the mould, which is only a temporary thing, you may use any rough board, or boards nailed together with cleats



Fig. 111.—Parts of dory.

to hold them. The mould should be 2 feet 6 inches long and 1 foot 4 inches high. Fig. 111 will show you how to cut off the ends to give the proper slant. The dotted lines show the board before it is trimmed in shape. By measuring along the edge of the board from each end 10.8 inches and marking the points, and then, with a carpenter's pencil ruling the diagonal lines to the other edge and ends of the board, the triangles may be sawed off with a hand saw.



Fig. 116.
The simple details of the dory.

Fig. 111 shows where the mould is to be placed in the center of the two side boards. As the boards in this diagram are supposed to be on the slant, and consequently in the perspective, they do not appear as wide as they really are. The diagram is made also with the ends of the side boards free so as to better show the position of the mould. But when the side boards are

sprung apart and the mould placed in position (Fig. 113), it will appear as in Fig. 116 or Fig. 117. Fig. 115 shows the shape of the stem-posts to be set in both bow and stern and nailed securely in place.

When you have gone thus far fit in two temporary braces near the bow and stern, as shown in Fig. 117. These braces are sim-

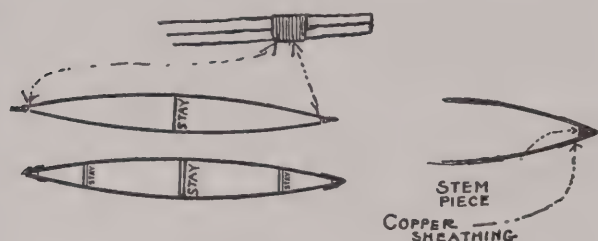


Fig. 118.
Top views of dory and parts of dory.

ply narrow pieces of boards held in position by nails driven through the outside of the boat, the latter left with their heads protruding, so that they may be easily drawn when necessary.

Now turn the boat over bottom up and you will find that the angle at which the sides are bent will cause the bottom boards to rest upon a thin edge of the side boards, as shown in Fig. 119. With an ordinary jack-plane trim this down so that the bottom boards will rest flush and snug, as in Fig. 120.



Fig. 119.

How to Calk a Boat so That It Won't Leak

If you wish to make a bottom that will never leak, not even when it is placed in the water for the first time, plane off the boards on their sides, so that when fitted together they will

leave a triangular groove between each board, as shown in Fig. 118. These grooves will show upon the inside of the boat, and not upon the outside, and in this case the calking is done from the inside and not from the outside. They are first calked with candlewick, over which putty is used, but for a rough boat it is not even necessary to use any calking. When the planks swell they will be forced together, so as to exclude all water.

To fasten the bottom on the boat put a board lengthwise at the end, as shown in Fig. 121. One end shows the end board as it is first nailed on, and the other end shows it after it has been trimmed off to correspond with the sides of the boat. Now put your short pieces of boards for the bottom on one at a time, driving each one snug up against its neighbor before nailing it in place and leaving

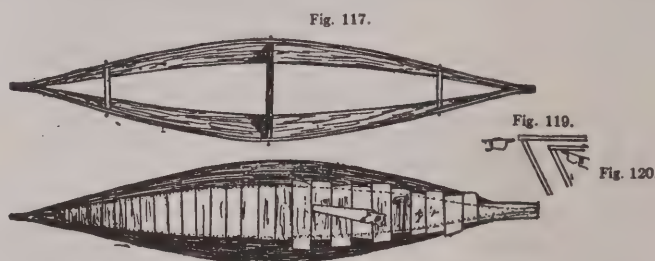


Fig. 121.

Top view with sides in place, also reversed view showing how bottom boards are laid.

the rough or irregular ends of each board protrude on each side, as shown at the right-hand end of Fig. 121.

When all the boards are nailed in place (by beginning at one end and fitting them against each other until the other end is reached) they may be trimmed off with a saw (Fig. 121) and your boat is finished with the exception of the thwarts, or seats.

If you intend to propel this with paddles like a canoe, you will need a seat in the centre for your passenger, and this may be placed in the position occupied by the form (Figs. 111 and 117) after the latter is removed. To fit a seat in it is only necessary to cut two cleats and nail them to the sides of the boat for the seat to rest upon and saw off a board the proper length to fit upon the cleats. It would be well now to fasten the braces in the bow and stern permanently, adjusting them to suit your convenience. The seat should be as low as possible for safety. With this your paddling dory is finished, and may be used even without being painted. A coat of paint, however, improves not only the looks but the tightness and durability of any boat.

We have now advanced so far in our boat-building that it becomes necessary that the beginner should learn more about boats and boating, and since this book is written for beginners, we will take it for granted that they know absolutely nothing about the subject and will give all the rudimentary knowledge for landlubbers in the next chapter.

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Flying Dutchman Appears on Pleasant Bay?

On December 19th I was taking a "mental health day" (really just playing hookey from the responsibilities of work and family) out on Pleasant Bay. I was heading down the Namequoit River after visiting with Tony Davis at his Arey's Pond Boatyard. As I anchored in Fresh Fish Cove to await the return of some great blue herons I planned to photograph to their rookery, I saw this unique small sailing sloop heading up the Meeting House River in a brisk northwest wind towards Meeting House Pond. When he spotted me, he pulled into the cove where I was anchored.

The skipper was Matthew Layden from Glastonbury, Connecticut. He had left the Connecticut River in early November and has been poking his way along the coast since then, sticking to the skinny waters. He had designed his own boat, with maybe a nod to Bolger, and built it also. She was somewhat slab-sided (sorry), about 14' in length, but sailed like a witch with her lug rig.

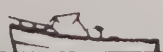
When I got back to work at the newspaper I tried to dig up a word jockey to follow up on this story, it's slow here on the Cape in winter for hot news, so a single-handed gunkholer appearing like the "Flying Dutchman" seemed worth pursuing for a feature story. But he had departed as quietly as he had appeared, only a couple of the "regulars" on the Bay had taken note of his passing through. In winter on Pleasant Bay, such things can happen when you don't expect them to.

Barry Donahue.





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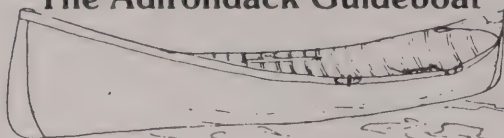
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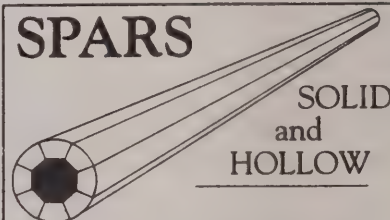
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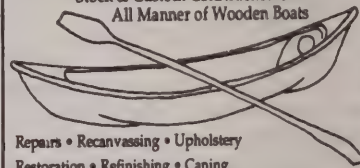


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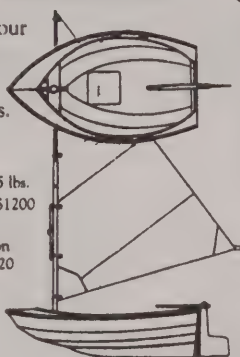
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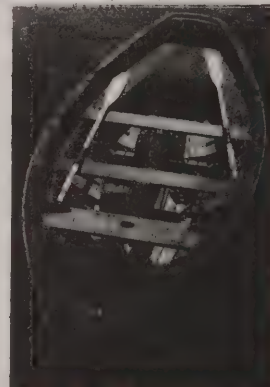
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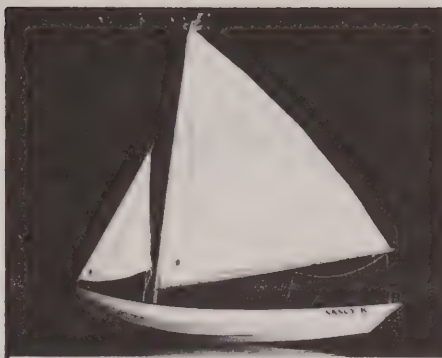
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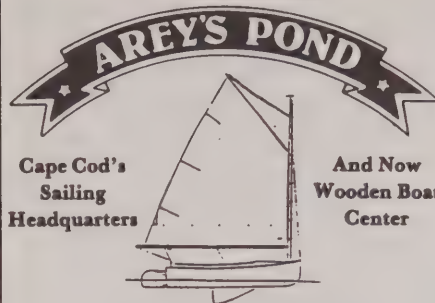
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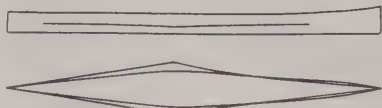
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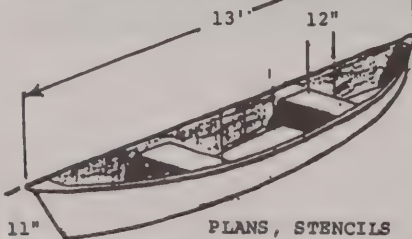
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WORKSHOP ON THE WATER

What's happening at the Barge? A new resident boatbuilder, Jon Etheredge, is at work now at the Philadelphia Maritime Museum's boatshop. A Railbird skiff is being built as part of a boatbuilding class and is being filmed by "Philadelphia Outdoors Magazine" for March TV airing in the area. The Barge staff will be building a 15' Beaton designed racing Sneakbox. Possibly three more Sneakboxes will be built this coming spring.

Boatbuilding classes will go on throughout the year now, with an expansion in scope to include decoy carving. Marine artist Rick Klepfer is continuing his documentation of the collection at the Barge.

Roger Allen, Workshop on the Water, Philadelphia Maritime Museum, 321 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, PA 19106.

BRADY BOATWORKS

After several years as resident boatbuilder at the Philadelphia Maritime Museum's Workshop on the Water, during which 14 boats were built and the shop brought up to trade standards, John Brady now has opened his own boatbuilding shop. Presently he is building a .6' Melonseed, and will do repairs as well as original construction on traditional small craft.

John Brady, Brady Boatworks, 127 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, PA 19123, (215) 925-2476.

O'CONNELL'S WOODEN BOAT SHOP

Marc Barto, who has now joined me in my boatbuilding work, and I are busy this winter. We're building a Pacific Pelican right now for a Florida customer and next we'll be building two Melonseeds, the first similar to "Emily B" featured on your December 1st cover. The second is going to be a larger one according to lines drawn by John Brady of Brady Boatworks in Philadelphia. Both will be built using glued lapstrake plywood construction.

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From the Boat Shops



NELSON SILVA BOATBUILDING

I'm staying quite busy at my boatshop with recent launchings including two 18' Sea Skiffs based on the design of T.N. Simmons. New owner Kelly Adams of Greenville, NC, will use his skiff on the Pamlico River and at his summer home on the ocean at Topsail Beach, NC. John Bohland of Durham, NC, is using his skiff for fishing on the many lakes, rivers and sounds in North Carolina. These lightweight (425 pound) skiffs are ideal for trailering and avoiding slip fees.

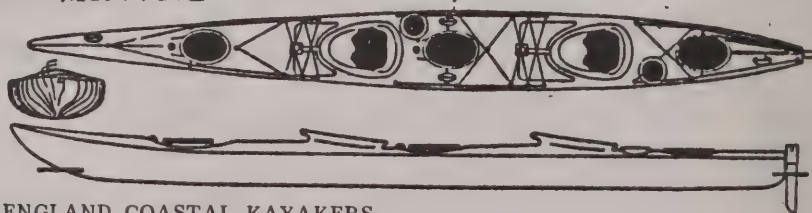
This past fall we sent a skiff to Long Island, NY, resident Ed Small. He fishes and "putts around" in his high side 20' Sea Skiff powered

by a 70 hp outboard. I enjoy getting his "fishing reports" which he phones in now and again.

Current work in progress is a low side 20' Sea Skiff for Bill and Susan Tatum of Raleigh, NC. They'll use their boat on Jordan Lake fishing for striped bass, and fishing for blues on the coast when they are running. Also underway is a 30' solar powered electric canal boat built of marine ply and epoxy resin. Interior cabinet work is being assembled and final trim fit in mid-January.

Nelson Silva, Boatbuilder, 7980 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28405.

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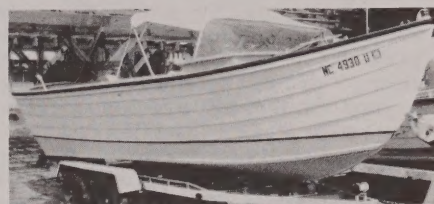
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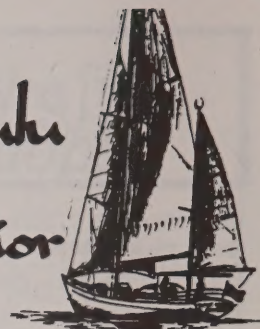
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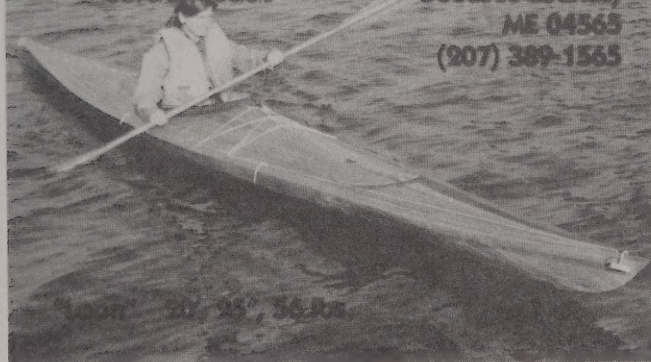
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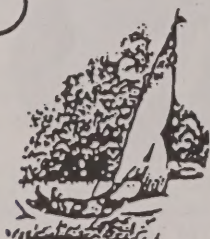
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