



**messing
about in**

BOATS

Twice a Month!

Volume 8 - Number 19

February 15, 1991

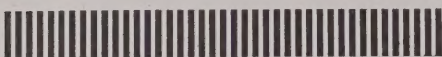




messing about in BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

Will feature the extensive excerpts from Jim Dina's book, the "Voyage of the Ant" promised for this one. What happened? Don't ask, things get changed around here between these promises and the next press time. Anyway, it will be in the March 1st issue. So will my report on Barry Buchanan's "Caribou" sea kayak and Dan Leonard's "Windhorse Goshawk" cruising sailing kayak. Ernie Cassidy will tell us about Art Burridge's "Elver" which Art sailed across the Bay of Fundy; Bob Hawk reports on his "Umiak #1" and other home designed craft; we reprint details on Leonard Eyges' handy navigation tool, the "Telefix"; and several handy shop gadgets and methods get looked at, handy clamps from Platt Monfort and John Wilson (not THAT John Wilson), and a foolproof way to scarf 1/4" ply from Marc Smith.

On the Cover...

It was "first solo" time for Corinna Kaulback late last fall in one of her dad's beautiful little 13' Adirondack guideboats. Dad tells us all about the experience in this issue.

Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**

I hope you got this issue a little closer to the correct date. Since we had the big fallback over the holidays I've been squeezing these succeeding issues out closer than the usual two weeks apart to close the gap. One of the unique aspects of doing a magazine twice a month is dealing with the concerns of readers when their issues do not arrive on or about their expected time. It is not quite the same as being a weekly, but still, people get so used to the arrival every couple of weeks that when it doesn't show, concern sets in, and phone calls to me follow. Those guys who do the once every two months magazines don't have this problem. Who remembers when a magazine should show up every 60 days?

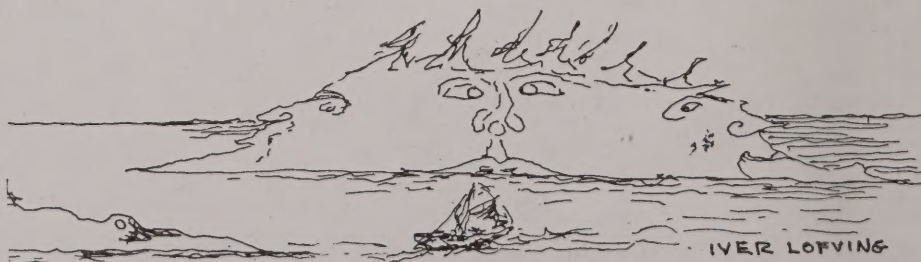
The twice a month publication schedule has dropped another big bomb on me now as the U.S. Postal Service rate increase goes into effect with the mailing of this issue. The increase in my bulk rate is from 16.7 cents to 23.3 cents a copy, a 40% increase in my mailing costs! 40%! Geez. If I mailed six times a year, the added 40 cents on a subscription's cost to me would be no big deal, but the \$1.60 for 24 issues is something else. Now \$5.60 of that \$20 I ask of you will go to the post office. I haven't decided yet how to handle it, I hate like hell to add another couple of bucks onto a subscription as I have always disliked this "passing along" gambit used regularly in the business world, it's a major contributor to the inflation thing. On the other hand, I'm as always still on the thin edge of matching income to outgo, even living the low overhead frugal life we do. It's a lot like being a small boat builder.

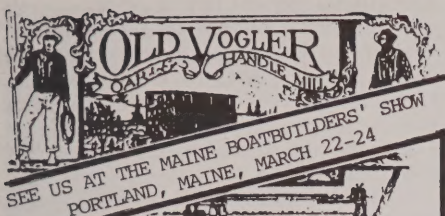
The increase in postal fees is to cover, in part, wage increases postal union employees are getting. Knowing this, I become even more distressed by the frequency of poor, or none, delivery of this magazine. One recent call on January 30th from Oregon informed me that the caller had received his January 1st issue (mailed January 10th, awful) and January 15th issue (mailed January 18th, catching

up). But, his son 150 miles away in northern California had not received either one. A check showed the son to be correctly in the addressing file with a nearly new, highly legible address imprint. So where were his copies? Well, all California copies go in a sack to Los Angeles for statewide distribution, so they were no doubt lost in that vast megalopolis' postal labyrinth. The Oregon copies go in a sack to Portland, obviously not so busy a place.

Then there are the address corrections that come back after three months. Amongst them are those which are not even corrections, they are stamped "Unknown" or "No Such Number" or "Forwarding Order Expired". It turns out the reader is still right where he has always been, a substitute clerk or carrier didn't recognize the fact and grabbed the handiest stamp. With the time delay in the "correction" getting here this reader is quite justified in wondering what I have done to him. I always replace the missing copies, my fault or not. And so the canker gnaws, and now with these new rates...

Enough of the woes of small time publishing, it's still great fun or I wouldn't do it. The woes of the economy are being experienced in spades by the boating industry and small boat firms are even more squeezed. There'll be no Small Boat Show this Spring at Newport, even though it had become mostly an outdoor show, it was still a place for the small builder to show his wares. Fortunately Phin Sprague of Portland Yacht Services in Portland, Maine, has his Maine Boatbuilders' Show on its feet and growing. It's the only chance you'll get to see many small boat builders' work until the summer small boat builder shows. Phin says he's got about 40 exhibitors so far and I'm enthused enough to be one of them this year. Get to Portland if you can on that March 22-24 weekend and see what small builders are up to. It's only a \$4 admission too, with kids under 12 in free with you. Good boats, nice people, fair prices. In these times, so refreshing.





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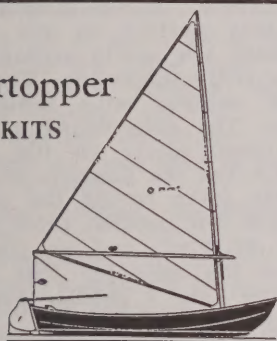
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CHANGES AT SCSBMS

Tony Groves has assumed the tasks of facilitator and communicator for our Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society. He can be reached at 11070 Davis St., Moreno Valley, CA 92387. The reason I have asked Tony to take on coordinating SCSBMS is that I will be relocating to Monterey Bay as soon as I sell my house.

Dues for a new member are \$10 for as long as it lasts. We have not yet completed a full year of activities and I don't think I have ever enjoyed myself so much as I have with the wonderful friends I've met through our "Messabouts", both scheduled and spontaneous.

We probably scheduled formal events too frequently this past year. This year we propose to have a few major events in the hope that more of our members will be able to attend each "Messabout". Our first major event of this year will be at the Southern California Wooden Boat Show & Festival in San Diego, April 6-7.

If any readers find themselves in southern California with a little spare time, they can call us, we might be able to arrange an instant small "Messabout". Tony can be reached at (714) 242-0131, I am at (818) 762-8945 until I move.

Joe Tribulato, Van Nuys, CA.

WOULD LIKE TO BUILD A TUG

Enjoyed your "Commentary" (as always) in the November 1st issue on tugs. I also have the plans for building Nathan Smith's 18' tug and would love to build one for an interested customer.

Bob Wilmes, Boatbuilder, 120 Warner Rd., E. Haddam, CT 06423.



Your Commentary

SPECIAL MOMENTS

I would like to thank you for the message your article on our Independence Cup (January 1, 1991 "Boats") conveys. It is the best piece on what NOAP is trying to do that I have seen, touching every one of the important points. Picking up on the relationship of independence and helping was significant. It is my perception that everyone (including the able-bodied) wants to be independent but that everyone needs some help at times. Those moments when the striving for independence and the availability of help come together are special ones and events like our Independence Cup reveal publicly those feelings which are shared in those moments.

Don Backe, Executive Director, National Ocean Access Project, Annapolis, MD.

FREEDOM, EQUALITY & FUN

I really appreciated the opportunity to let people know about the potential for paddlers with disabilities (January 1, 1991 "Boats"), and the information and opportunities available through the American Canoe Association.

I was interested to read your commentary about your process of discovering that it is the freedom and equality that water offers which holds the appeal for folks with physical disabilities. For those of us in wheelchairs, the chance to leave the chair behind and be actively involved in sport is a real pleasure. Regardless of the type of disability, it is the sense of freedom and equality that all our excitement is about.

Canoeing and kayaking allow a paddler to be equal on the water with other paddlers. It is the ability to paddle, not the disability itself, that matters on the water. The boats are easily portable and require little adaptation. The sport can be enjoyed with family and friends. The able-bodied and disabled blend easily on the water. The ACA has the pleasure of working with folks across the country who have not paddled prior to becoming disabled, and we see them discover the same joy that I find each time that I paddle. Freedom, equality and fun!

Janet Zeller, National Disabled Paddlers Committee Chairman, Dunbarton, NH.

THANK YOU JANET

I really enjoyed your January 1st issue featuring articles on messing about in boats for the physically disabled. I especially enjoyed Janet Zeller's contribution. Her refreshingly joyous attitude was really summed up in one sentence..."When I am in my boat I am free to focus on the beauty of the world around me, and my body, which is so uncooperative on land, is part of a sleek craft gliding through the water".

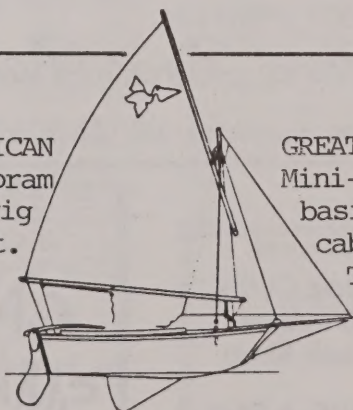
The surprise to me is how well this describes what I myself get out of kayaking. Though I am not physically disabled, she has reminded me of how many limitations I face each day; frustrations over getting things done; communicating or understanding; the ever-increasing complications of just living. And, yup, when I'm out on the water, even when I feel a little too close to my limits as a paddler, there's a sense of freedom and self-confidence and awareness of life around me that I don't get anywhere else. And, nope, none of the other paddlers seem to notice how much I bumble through life most of the time.

She has also reminded me how close I am to people with much different limitations than my own, and that feels good! Thank you, Janet!

Bob Cornell, Rockport, MA.

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LENORE & JANE WENT KAYAKING
Dropped off at the edge of the Pacific by the MV "Lady Rose",
And officially briefed on the crowded bobbing float,
Lenore startled the ranger:

"Can we come over to your island if it rains?"
Jane just blushed, the others paddled off,
New adventures unfolding.

But Lenore's requests grew:

"Can we see your place?"

"Got any coffee? Tea's O.K."

"Can we ride in your boat?"

"Join you on your rounds?"

"How about dinner at your cabin?"

"Can we have salmon?"

And days later of the returning "Lady Rose":

"Can we stay on?"

Of the ship-to-shore, the agent, the bookings' list, the sailing schedule:

"Five days? Three?"

Of the bridge, the mate, the beleaguered skipper:

"Aw, please! We've missed out!"

Of the passengers crowding the rail:

"C'mon everybody, all in favor yell aye!"

"Til, tomorrow? That's GREAT! Yippee!"

With poor loud Lenore out for more and more

Quiet Jane remained almost a stranger.

Roaring Lenore got all she asked for.

But Janie, she got the ranger.

Herb Klinger, S. Salem, NY

TAX 'EM ALL

Tax my boats. But forget the 16' limit.

They are easy to shorten.

Tax all of them.

Tax windsurfers and surfboards too.

Everything used for recreation, Business or health on public ways Or public waters should be taxed.

Don't forget skis, sleds, bicycles, Skateboards, and of course, roller skates.

Sneakers and shoes should have The same tax as my boats, \$25 per pair,
Or \$12.50 for each foot.

Tax swimmers. A label sewn into every suit.

Skinny dippers should have A stick-on "Federal Revenue Paid" sticker.

Scuba divers and snorklers should have

A "Federal Revenue Paid" label of \$25 on each snorkel.

Also, where do we pay a Federal Tax

On the length of our cars?

I can build a 16'-20' boat for less In materials than the retail cost Of a pair of shoes, a surfboard, Diving mask or bathing suit.

I'm worried about expressing these views,

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Don Betts, Brooklyn, NY

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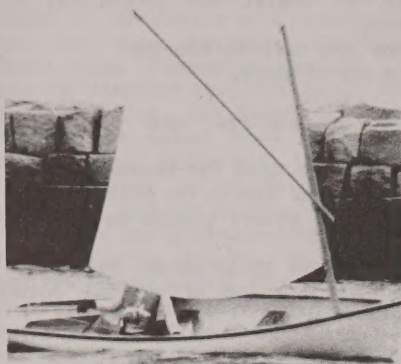
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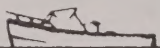
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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WOODEN BOAT FESTIVAL

The Ancient Mariners Sailing Society of San Diego, California will sponsor a Southern California Wooden Boat Show & Festival at Koehler's Boat Yard on Shelter Island in San Diego, California, April 6-7. The Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society will be there in force. Information from Jim Sutter (AMSS) at (619) 481-0102 or Tony Groves (SCSBMS) at (714) 242-0131.

NORTH CAROLINA TRADITIONAL WOODEN BOAT SHOW

The North Carolina Maritime Museum will host its Annual Traditional Wooden Boat Show on the weekend of May 4-5 in Beaufort, North Carolina. Information from Jane Wolff at (919) 728-7317, weekdays 9-5.

SUMMER BOAT SHOWS

The Albany Wooden Boat Fest will return this summer the weekend of June 22-23 on the Albany, NY, waterfront. And the First Annual Finger Lakes Wooden Boat Fest will be held August 10-11 on Keuka Lake in Penn, Yan, NY. Information on both from Ellen Nooney at P.O. Box 30, Valatie, NY 12184.

On June 29 the Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake, New York, will hold a regatta for non-powered wooden boats to help celebrate the opening of its new boat exhibit. Information at (518) 352-7311.

KENDUSKEAG WEEKEND

April 20-21 is the weekend for the 25th Annual Kenduskeag Stream Canoe Race in Bangor, Maine. A full weekend of canoe racing, demonstrations, exhibits and paddle-sport excitement is planned. Three featured events are the Kenduskeag Stream Canoe Race, 16 miles of flatwater and up to Class III white-water; the 1991 National War Canoe Championship Race; and the First Annual Penobscot River Traditional Canoe Race. Registration for racing from Jim Hancock, Wilderness Mountain Ski & Sports, Twin City Plaza, Brewer, ME 04412, (207) 989-7250. Exhibitor information from Scott Phillips, Old Town Canoe, Old Town, ME, (207) 827-5514.

CCRA CRUISES

The Connecticut Canoe Racing Association also schedules easy going cruises just for fun and at no charge. Dates for this spring are April 16th on the Upper Willimantic River and May 5th on the Housatonic River. Information from Dan Pelletier at (203) 237-2474.

AND WAR CANOING

The CCRA has a war canoe they plan to campaign this spring at the ACA War Canoe Nationals at Old Town, Maine, April 21st, and the Run of the Charles near Boston, Massachusetts on April 28th. Information from Russ West at (203) 295-8918. Hopes for organizing a New England War Canoe Championship for sometime in the fall are also expressed by the CCRA. Information from Glenn Clark at (203) 445-6205.

CONNECTICUT CANOE DAY

May 18th has been announced as "Connecticut Canoe Day" by the Columbia Canoe Club and the CCRA, to be held at Mansfield Hollow State Park in Mansfield Center, Connecticut. Information from Sue Audette at (203) 456-4906 or Glenn Clark at (203) 445-6205. SASE for details of planned activities to Canoe Day, c/o Sue Audette, 41 Pine Woods Ln., Mansfield Center, CT 06250.

RHODE ISLAND WHITEWATER RACE

The Twelfth Annual Rhode Island Canoe and Kayak Whitewater Race will take place March 9th at the Harrisville Dam, starting at 11 a.m. over a 6 mile course. A shorter 4-1/2 mile course for "casual" paddlers is provided. A river cleanup and scouting run takes place March 2nd for those interested. Racing information from Mike Bussell at (401) 568-8605, Ed Halpin at (508) 336-6661, or Alan August at (401) 725-3344. Spectator information from George Westerlund at (401) 245-3964 eves.

NEW SHIP MODELERS CLUB FORMS

Scale ship modelers in New England have organized a new club, the "Marine Modelers Club of New England", focussing on radio controlled scale models driven by sail, steam or electricity, but NOT GASOLINE. The club will not organize racing events, but rather on-the-water operation of scale models for recreation. They leave racing to the Minuteman Model Yacht Club of Needham, Massachusetts, and static scale modeling to the U.S.S. Constitution Shipwrights Guild of Charlestown, Massachusetts. Interested modelers can contact the following:

North of Boston: Lou Hills, 360 Harrington Ave., Concord, MA 01742, (508) 883-4852.

West of Boston: Ridge White, 11 Pound St., Medfield, MA 02052, (508) 359-7467.

South of Boston: Bob Okerholm, 14 Sherwood Cir., Sharon, MA 02067, (617) 784-7313.

Club Commander: George Carney, 35 Lakeview Ave., Bellingham, MA 02019, (508) 883-8401.



IMMORTALIZE YOUR BOAT

Illustrator Gordon South is small boat nut who is offering to turn his illustrating talents to work for you. Gordon will do up an original illustration, a "color cartoon" 18"x23", of any situation involving you and your boat that you wish to see hanging framed on your

wall. Gordon will take your photos, reference materials and instructions, your anecdote of the occasion involved, and return to you a colorful conversation piece. The cost for this is \$60 plus \$3 P&H. Gordon South, Box 34, Santiago, MN 55377, (612) 662-2476.

COUNTRY CANOEIST WORKSHOPS

Bill Zeller and Anne Perry of Country Canoeist in Dunbarton, New Hampshire, have a series of paddling workshops and trips scheduled throughout the year for canoeists and kayakers wishing to improve their techniques and capabilities. Coming up in early spring are the following:

March 30 & April 6. Spring Beginner Blast, moving water workshop for tandem canoes.

April 20 & 21. Class II Whitewater Clinic for tandem and solo canoes.

April 25, 26, 27. North Country Sampler, three day trip on three different rivers.

Detailed brochure from Anne Perry, Country Canoeist, RFD #2, Box 246, Dunbarton, NH.

MYSTIC NAVIGATION CLASSES

Mystic Seaport Museum's winter/spring navigation classes have already begun in January, but go on into April with a variety of courses at various individual fees ranging from \$25 to \$220. The January Basic Celestial Navigation Course repeats in February starting on the 19th, so you haven't actually missed out on any. Other courses include Coastal Navigation, Loran-C, Applied Meteorology, NavStar GPS, and Radar. An intensive three-day seminar on Basic Celestial Navigation is scheduled for April 19-21. Information from Mystic Seaport Planetarium at (203) 572-0711, ext. 397.

THE ART & CRAFT OF WOODEN BOATS

The Philadelphia Maritime Museum's Workshop on the Water at Penn's Landing in Philadelphia will offer a year-long program of workshops on this subject. The workshops begin in March and run through December. For the complete detailed brochure right away contact the Philadelphia Maritime Museum, 321 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, PA 19106. Scheduled for March are the following:

March 9-10. Making Lift Half-Models, weekend course, \$125.

March 12-14. Lofting, weekend course, \$110.

March 16-17. Traditional Decoy Carving, weekend course, \$120.

March 23-24. Decorating the Half-Model, weekend course, \$65.

SEA KAYAKING BOOK SIGNING

Tamsin Venn of Ipswich, MA, author of a new Appalachian Mountain Club book, "Sea Kayaking Along the New England Coast", which features many detailed descriptions of trips taken in the region, will be autographing her books on February 24th from 4 to 6 p.m. at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum on Rt. 133 in Essex, Massachusetts.

METROPOLITAN CANOE & KAYAKING

The Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club of Brooklyn, New York, has a full schedule of paddling events for 1991. All are open to non-members. Coming up next month are the following:

February 16. Class II Whitewater, Lackawaxen River, PA. Larry Stone at (718) 643-5324 days.

February 19th. Monthly Meeting at EMS store, New York City. Anita Berson at (212) 245-0025.

February 23. Class II Whitewater, Neshaminy Creek, PA. Michael Paul at (609) 466-9695.

March 2. Class I-II Whitewater, Lackawaxen River, PA. Chris Nielson at (201) 584-6022.

March 3. Class II-III Whitewater, Nescopeck River, PA. Larry Stone at (718) 643-5324 days.

March 9. Class III Whitewater, Broadhead River, PA. Larry Stone at (718) 643-5324 days.

March 16. Class II-III Whitewater, Lehigh River, PA. Michael Dorsky at (516) 593-4952.

March 18-23. Sea Kayak the Georgia Barrier Islands, 5-7 day camping/paddling trip. Craig Poole at (212) 691-8149.

March 20. Monthly Meeting, EMS store, New York City. Anita Berson at (212) 245-0025.

March 23-24. Class I-II-III Whitewater Training Camp, Nescopeck River, PA. Larry Stone at (718) 643-5324 days.

March 29. Class II Whitewater, Lackawaxen River, PA. Gene Langlinais at (201) 383-8586.

March 30. Class III+ Whitewater, Tohicken Creek, PA. Larry Stone at (718) 643-5324 days.

MAINE MARITIME'S WINTER SEASON

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

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

February 26. "Maine Islands" with Philip Conklin.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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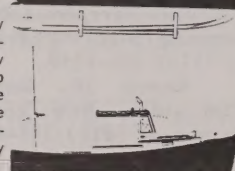
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Riding the Shark

AND OTHER ADVENTURES AFLOAT

When Robert Hornberger wrote in remembrance of past sailing experiences, he brought back some of my own to chuckle over.

When I was a lad of 10 years, I decided to build a boat I could row at my uncle's camp on the Allegheny River below Kinzua, PA. Naturally, I turned to the nearest handyman for help — my grandmother. She forsook her flower beds and embroidery to saw and nail for me. The boat was 10' long, 4' at the transom and about 10" at the bow; a slice of pie with the inner point cut off. Pine shelving and boards were fastened with common nails and sealed (?) with roofing tar putty-knifed into the "seams." The bottom (deck) was now too sticky to walk on, so floor grates of lattice were added. We had a helluva time getting the monster out of the cellar! Once launched, the creature was observed to turn in circles eagerly, but to proceed protestingly on a "straight" course. Nevertheless, the little boat afforded two short seasons of rowing experiences in the pools and shoals of the islanded river before being swept away by a spring flood and an inadequate mooring.

Except for some rental canoeing time, the boating life eluded me for 20 years. With no sailing experience, except an afternoon in a Hampton, I decided to buy a Shark Catamaran. This 20' knockdown and trailerable racing machine was not exactly the boat for the inexperienced. It was like learning to ride horseback on a wild mustang! Luckily, the first few outings went well. My two sons, ages 6 and 12, joined me in rigging the boat on the trailer, then launching it. (I was exhausted for a half-hour every time!)

One day we were off the Norfolk Naval Air Station in Chesapeake Bay with winds around 25 knots. The breeze had accelerated over a period of time and I didn't realize the changes properly. The weather hull was 5' above the surface, while the lee hull balanced well in the choppy seas.

The young lad wanted to take the helm. (At 5, he was certain he could drive the car.) Against my better judgment, he took the tiller. For a few moments all went well. Then David "inadvertently" put the rudder to weather. The knockdown was so sudden that although the older boy and I both grabbed for the main sheet, it was to no avail. Over we go, pitched into the bay, the cat upended with the masthead at about 45° on the bottom in about 9' of water.

David was doing a dogpaddle insisting he was alright and could stay afloat. We decided that Chris, the 12-year-old and a better swimmer than Dad, should "crawl" the half-mile to shore for help. Just as he was about to go, we noticed a Navy picket boat leaving its dock at high speed. Sure enough, the boat headed for us. Soon a heavy line was passed and secured around the hull that was high in the air. With slow and steady pulling, the cat was righted. The rigging held despite the sail emptying tons of water. I climbed aboard abruptly as I knew she would try to sail away. With the crew aboard and rigging tools lost on the bay bottom, we sailed for Willoughby Spit and the "Commander's House." He was building a 60' cruising cat and had lots of tools. He loaned us what we needed at the ramp to get her mast down and all on the trailer.

It was the following season before we had enough courage to ride the shark again. Even-

tually the cat was sold to a sea-starved soldier. I took the money and ordered a 21' sloop. The delivery date arrived — the boat was loaded into a sling and lowered away from the dock into the harbour. We cheered and climbed aboard. Eager to look her cabin over, I went below only to be greeted by 6" of water steadily getting deeper. I yelled up the hatch "she is leaking fast!" Quickly the slings lifted her back over the dock and into a cradle. The dealer said he would call when the problem was fixed. It turned out that some opening in the rudder system was the last area to be "glassed" with a thick putty before the boat left the plant. This had been overlooked.

The Tanzer was comfortable and sailed well, though I was never able to make her point as high as I thought she should. After a month of day sails in the Elizabeth River (where one windless afternoon an atomic sub came at what appeared to be flank speed while blasting her "oogah" horn at us as we lay broadside to her path in the middle of the channel), Chris and I decided to overnight north to Mobjack Bay. The first day was idyllic; an easy reach with about 18 knots of breeze. By late afternoon we found a creek in which to anchor for the night. The waster was deep up to the bank, so we anchored close to what had once been a commercial dock. All was well until almost dark. remember Rosie and Charlie Alnutt on the "African Queen?" The skeeters were so bad we were near panic till we could slip our lines and get to the breeze in mid-channel. We dropped the hook there and settled down to cook the evening meal, hoist our anchor light and turn in. By 10:00 PM outboards were coming and going on a regular basis. Fishermen? I never did find out. By 2:00 AM all was quiet again when suddenly we were both nearly thrown from our bunks by a strong rolling motion. The mast tip was crossing a 20' arc rapidly back and forth. There were no boats in sight or within hearing. It was as if two giant gorillas were pushing the boat from side to side! Was it a combination of wind and tidal energies working together? We couldn't lie down, so we sat in our bunks and propped our feet for support against the swinging motion. By dawn we were exhausted and glad to see a lightened sky.

In the creek, the breeze seemed moderate so we hoisted the genoa. All was well as the boat headed south down the bay. The wind velocity kept building throughout the first hour of sail. The point was passed when either of us could go forward to get the big sail down and hoist the working jib. The seas were light, however, and we "hung on" with the lee rail awash, Chris holding the main sheet and the "old man" at the helm.

The wind moderated as we passed the river to Yorktown. Here we experienced our last hair-raiser of the day. Not realizing the tide was out, our fearless navigator took a shortcut beyond a black buoy to avoid tacking. Soon the centerboard was grumbling through an oyster bed! We cranked the drop-keel up and left the shoal behind us. But any day ends well — whatever the problems, if the wind is right to bring the boat in under sail, without power, past all those other slips, to sweetly slide into her own berth, stalling precisely, into the wind, in her own length.

Richard I. Randall, Cherokee Village, AR

Story & Photos from Steve Kaulback
(Steve Kaulback has been designing
and building Adirondack guideboats
in Charlotte, VT, for about ten
years now).

Corinna's First Solo

It was the weekend before gloves and the second coming of Indian summer. We could smell it. The sailboats had all been plucked by crane from McNeil Cove save for a couple. The geese were busy changing colors from black to white as they made turns around the shore in search of sanctuary.

"Wrong way!" I'd call out loud when they headed north, and we would laugh a lot, my daughter and I.

There were precious few leaves on the trees, mostly welded on, too stubborn to yield to the wind. We wanted to be like the ones which were left, if we are to survive on the planet or, more immediately, survive another Vermont winter.

All in perfect readiness: the weather, my daughter and the "little boat"...a 13' guide boat of my design. November 3, 1990, the day of Corinna's first "messabout" solo experience in one of Daddy's boats. It seems we barely blink as parents and another threshold is crossed, and the comfortable distance of our relationship with our children becomes needfully greater.

The boat is a "raider" or a small Adirondack Guide-Boat. Lewis Grant explains in the Durant book *The Adirondack Guide-Boat*:

"Father called all guide-boats with bottom boards twelve feet or less Raiders, as they were used mostly by one or two men to make a raid on a distant hard-to-get-to lake...or river spring-hole and get some real fishing."

This boat is an original Guide-Boat design and the culmination of a construction concept I began some ten years ago. Could I design a modular rib system which could be expanded or contracted for different lengths by simply adding or subtracting ribs at 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ " intervals?

Starting with this 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ " raider I can make durable wood/epoxy Guide-Boats in 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ " or 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ " intervals up to 18' to 19'. Anyone interested in a tandem sliding seat touring boat you can load on your car which can support perhaps half the weight of your car? (My, I have digressed here. fallen victim of the pen. Let's get Corinna in the water!)

The rules of this experience evolved with the first push-off. I explained again about life jackets, falling overboard, staying with the boat, etc., etc. and that I wasn't going to be there to fend off any objects which moved into her path. She, in turn, allowed that I could take photos, must sit in one place and maintain constant eye and voice contact. (I was limited to the amount of voice contact — the expression "shut up" was commonly heard.) If I moved, or worse, wandered around the dock, across the bay came the cry, "Daddy, where are you



Above: The 13' "Raider" guideboat seems manageable to Corinna. Below: The many faces of rowing pleasures.

going?" I was afraid to scratch for fear of reprimand.

The boat weighs a little less than Corinna does at 50 pounds and appeared to draw about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " with her in it. With 7' oars and 22" from the handle to the pinned row lock, Corinna negotiated these easily. This same boat took first place in its class at the 90-mile Adirondack Canoe Classic with 8' oars and 24" from handle to pin. To be sure Corinna was not the hand at the oars during the race. My friend and co-worker, Bob Atchinson, did the pulling. Oops, there I go again, but while I'm here I'll mention Kevin Clune and partner took second place in a Kaulback 15' fiberglass boat, losing to a 20' guide-boat with tandem sliding seats.

Day 2 - November 4, 1990 (about 60° and a little wind).

Wind - the acid test for frustration for small kids in small boats. After a brief discussion about this new element and some coaching on technique for avoiding collisions, off she went. A marked difference soon became apparent by the expression on her face. A little fear had set in. This was decidedly different from the previous day. Loss of control and the potential for embarrassment was out there now and it wasn't there yesterday! Back to the dock she struggled, the look was there and the new-born tears had formed.

"I wanna get out, I don't like this, this is dumb, I hate it," she said.

Thus began my best "getting back on the horse" speech. We talked about the confusion which comes from loss of control and fear. We discussed how to stay calm and to use what she has already learned. (Kids hate it when you talk to them like that.) In an effort not to hear, Corinna's head was now retracted into the life jacket. I am, in effect, talking to a turtle with some hair sticking out of its shell.

The voice inside where it's safe says that I can get in the boat with her now if I want to. I do just that. The head appears slowly and also goes back in again depending on what the talker is talking about. Soon she is at it again, learning to spin the boat, pulling on one oar, pushing on the other. Confidence sets in and the extra ballast is left again on the dock.

Corinna is doing 360° spins all over McNeil Cove in light wind. And it feels good now.

That was it! We landed on a positive note. With a quick snatch, I loft the boat over my head and off to the truck I go. Corinna carries oars, backrest, middle seat and life jackets.

Goodbye Fall! Time for Lake Champlain to lock up for winter.



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Story from Chris Stickney
(Chris Stickney builds "Goby" and
other small wooden boats in St.
George, ME.)



A Voyage Such as Ours

"I really feel like getting out on the water today," I told my 4-year-old son one morning. After going sailing only twice this summer, the thin veneer covering my addiction to boats and the water was wearing through.

The big boat had been hauled out for the winter, and the skiffs were "bottoms up" waiting for spring. Besides that, our trailer was quite cumbersome and pretty badly rusted. I figured she only had a couple of "emergency" launches left in her.

"Let's take the Goby," I suggested, trying to make a quick getaway with as little work as possible. "Where are we going?" Benjamin asked. "I don't know, we'll decide on the way," I replied, trying to sound like it was going to be fun no matter where we went and conceal the desperation that was mounting within.

We had covered most of Tenants Harbor on previous expeditions. I've wanted to poke around the St. George River, but today it was blowing quite briskly from the southwest, straight down the river. The lack of access to the water along the river makes it difficult for even the most intrepid voyagers. Another solution had to be found.

My son, sensing a chink in the armor of rowing possibilities, suggested walking along the railroad tracks somewhere. This happens to be one of his favorite outdoor activities next to playing Ninja Turtles, and at times he has been known to incorporate both of these at the same time. There has been a limited rail service started between Thomaston and Wiscasset which gives fuel to the railroad idea. However, the possibility of seeing a train is like sighting a Sasquatch. Even though you know they exist, you remain a bit skeptical until you actually see one.

Anyway, all of a sudden this big light bulb blinked on. Instead of going for the open water at the mouth, we'd try the head waters. Starting in Thomaston, there's a small water front park with a launching ramp, a grassy pier, parking and a fairly protected harbor.

A trip up the river would take us under two drawbridges and...a railroad bridge! Perfect. The St. George River is tidal for much of its length. At times the current gets quite strong, and the tide was starting to ebb.

We launched our vessel, pulled her up on the grassy bank while we watched a lobster boat being cajoled onto a cradle to be put to rest for the winter. The fisherman's boy and Ben played and watched alternately until the boat was on the trailer and headed down the road.

In a few seconds, we had our gear aboard and were headed up the river. It was quite chilly out of the sun and once in a while a gust of wind sneaked through the trees or around a bend. I

hoped the trip would be interesting enough to keep a small boy's mind off the cold. Kids can endure quite a lot if they don't get bored or can run a bit. In our small boat running was out of the question for the most part.

We rowed past the remaining boats in the harbor, talked about tides and currents and the eddies that made the "big swirly places." Past a couple of boat shops showing some of their works in progress was a marine construction barge with a crane doing some repair work on the Thomaston-Cushing Bridge. This captivated Benjamin until we got under the bridge and a car rumbled over our heads.

"We shouldn't have come here. I don't like that bridge," said Ben with a worried look on his face. "How come you don't like the bridge? I thought it would be fun to row underneath."

"It's too loud and it scares me."

"Oh, the noise from the cars scares you?"

"Yes, we shouldn't have come at all."

"How about if on the way back we wait till all the cars have gone by before we go under, would that be alright?"

"I guess so," he said warily.

A break! Quick, change the subject. "Look at the bank by those old boats. Looks like part of an old dock. What do you think it is?" He supposed it to be a bridge. There were no earthworks on the opposite side of the river and there was an old brick and mortar ruin up the bank from the "dock-bridge."

"How about a mill or a lime kiln and they used the dock to load and unload schooners at the dock? Or, since it is quite a low flat area, maybe they built a schooner there and launched it sideways down a wooden skidway?"

In the days when schooner building was an epidemic, boats were built all up and down the St. George River. They were launched light and unrigged and floated down the river to Thomaston to be fitted out for trading in the lime and firewood industries so prevalent at the time.

After a bit of discussion this last idea was accepted because it gave us the idea of trying to locate other likely spots for boat building sights. On the south bank there are fir, cedar and pine trees growing right to the water's edge. On the north bank, oak and ash are abundant. Lesser today, but it is obvious with material so convenient that boat building was an ideal industry here.

The current was ebbing, about 2 knots, and the southerly breeze had come dead ahead as we rounded the first bend. It took some maneuvering to keep headway on, even out of the strongest current against the gusts of wind. Progress was slowing, the piece of styrofoam

we were towing as a tender was losing its charm and the gusty wind was taking the edge off our optimism. Entertainment was needed!

"LOOK, by the shore, a huge sea monster!" A huge knot of writing, twisted tentacles was looming out of the water directly in our path. "I can't pull against the current fast enough. We can't get away! We'll have to stand and fight!" Thank goodness for steel nerves and ever-ready alertness my son has acquired through months of intense Ninja Turtle Training. With little or no hesitation, he let out a bone-chilling battle cry "COWABUNGA!!" and insisted we row in closer to do battle with the enemy. "When we get in close enough I'll throw some salt on him and we'll be safe," he declared.

After several dangerous forays into the entanglement of writhing monster tentacles the foe was vanquished. From then on we kept a sharp lookout for other creatures lurking precariously on the eroding banks, ready at a moment's notice to leap upon unsuspecting voyagers who should stray within their grasp.

Further up the river we found several small tributaries. We explored each of these in turn, to rest and to get out of the wind for a while. These turned out to be small canals, with about 300 or 400 feet of navigable water with marsh grass along the banks. There were a few birds to be seen. One blue heron was quite irate at having his fishing interrupted. Along the banks various flotsam had washed ashore. One inlet yielded such treasures as a hard hat lost from some project somewhere along the river, and a piece of styrofoam to replace our tender that had been discarded earlier. Much to the delight of Benjamin, beside one of these meanders was an embankment which led up to a set of railroad tracks.

We were both fairly chilly and the river had taken a turn, so the wind was now opposing the tide. Quite a chop had built up, so the rest on the tracks in the sun and out of the wind was very pleasant.

However, time and tide wait for no man, or boy, so we were soon under way again. Our original objective had been to row from Thomaston up the river to the two bridges that cross the river at the Warren line on U.S. Rte. 1. They are replacing the old drawbridge with a causeway-type bridge and dismantling the old one. With all this activity in such close proximity to the railroad bridge that crosses just downstream, it seemed like the perfect trip. It also had the complete support of Benjamin.

On our leaving the tributary near the railroad tracks we suffered a minor calamity. It seemed much more devastating than it actually was, because of the added cold and lack of physical activity. While sliding down the bank from the tracks, Ben was leapt upon by a vicious dried goldenrod bush. Before being crushed, it got off a good swipe right in Ben's face, depositing a copious quantity of dried flower fluff in his eye.

I suggested it was probably time to head for home, for though his eye had stopped hurting he was still quite miffed. I knew the trip home would be quicker and warmer, but you can't convince a youngster who has put up with cold and wind, and irresponsible assaults by rogue weeds, that he should go home without seeing the railroad bridge that he's put up with so much already to see. Quite a quandry.

"Well," says old Dad, "here's the plan. We'll row straight across the river so we'll be in the lee of those tall spruce trees. It won't be so windy, the water is shallower so the current won't be as strong and not as rough, and maybe

from that side of the river we can see around the next bend enough to see the railroad bridge."

It worked, he calmed down quite a bit thinking there was still a possibility of seeing the bridge. Off we went braving everything from typhoons and tidal waves to hurricanes on the high seas. We braved gale force winds in hopes of reaching the inhabitants on the far shore in time to warn them of the oncoming storm and save them from certain disaster.

From our vantage point on the far shore, the view of the railroad bridge and the work progressing on the other bridge was apparently satisfactory for, as we turned float with the current, talk turned to how fast we seemed to be going and "why don't you row so we can go faster?" All in all, we seemed fairly content with our progress, still riding the ebbing tide at about 4 knots, and scudding before a gusting wind. Back the way we'd come, using the oars enough to keep us in the strongest tide, back past the sea monsters, past the ghosts of early shipbuilders, and back toward the drawbridge that threatened our trip at the onset.

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Without saying much I steered into the bank just before the bridge abutment. We pulled the boat up on the mud and hopped from stone to stone till we got to the embankment. At the tip near the road was a small store. "You were pretty good in the boat today, I think we deserve a snack." This was agreeable, so we sat in the sun and ate hotdogs and hot cocoa while looking out over Thomaston Harbor and Renaissance Yacht Builders who, earlier in the year, had completed a 90' sailing vessel completely different from the early schooners. Yet it wasn't a big stretch for the mind to envision the waterfront as it might have been in the heyday of the schooners.

The snack had the desired effect. After a voyage such as ours, fraught with danger and adventure equal to any of Sir Francis and the Golden Hind, the appetite is bound to be whetted a bit.

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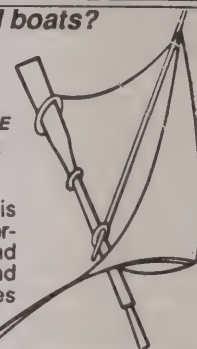
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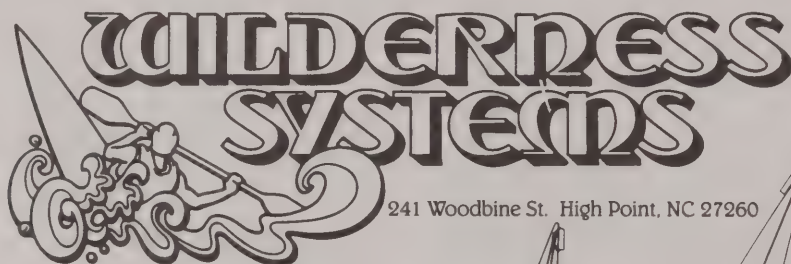
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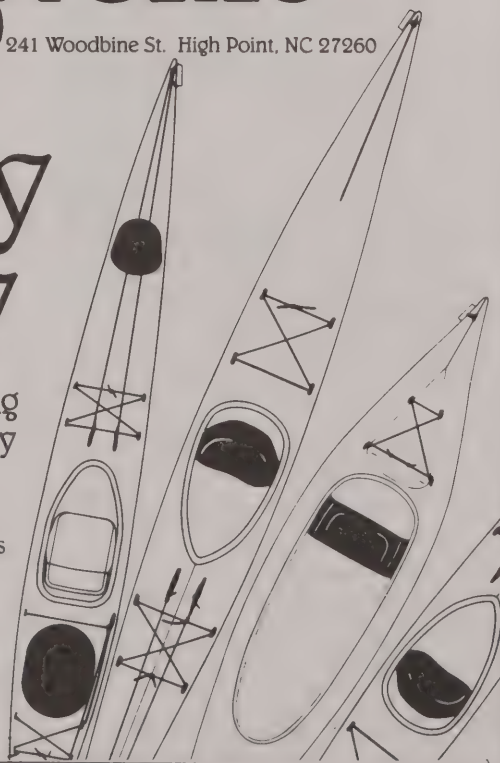
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Voyage of the "Wee Punkin"

Up at the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival, I was chatting with Ron Mueller, the Sprite/Wayfarer man, about the beauty of Lake Powell. We agreed to get together down there sometime and do a little cruising.

Come mid October, I had a new lug rig made up for the WEE PUNKIN and was anxious to try it out. Unfortunately, Ron was bogged down in producing some sort of seminar for his business and begged off. As luck would have it, I fell in with a pack of my offspring and friends who, motivated by the approach of an October break (a new development evidently), were planning a four wheelee trip to Canyonlands National Park. Now Canyonlands is hardly the place for sailing but is a splendid spot in its own right and just off the road to Powell. I threw in with the gang.

Our little convoy of two jeeps and the Nissan, with the PUNKIN on top, set off into the teeth of the season's first raging snowstorm. We holed up in Blanding at the Cliff Palace, an architecturally funky place sporting bathrooms with 12' ceilings, clerestory windows and sit-down showers.

During the next couple of days we slithered through the snow of Elk Ridge, admired the Indian ruins south of the park, did some hiking and crawled at last to the top of the notorious Elephant Hill. And what found we there? A very large pothole full of water! An observer, of which there were several, would have thought it the entire goal of our arduous journey. Nothing would do but that we launch the PUNKIN.

Not having a folding rudder the water was a bit shallow for authentic rigging, but if you don't look too closely it's quite a novel publicity shot. Something of the sort was, of course, in the back of my mind from the very start.

Leaving the troops to find their way home, let us jump now to the fabulous Lake Powell, scene of the real action. In spite of numerous boating articles, the lake is not well-known to salt water sailors. It is, proximity aside, the most attractive lake in the U.S. of A., all things considered. Because of the arid climate, level

fluctuations don't leave a bathtub ring as they do in many places. Often one is hard put to determine the high water mark.

Currently the lake is at an all-time low and the launching ramps will need extension before the winter is out. The biggest disadvantage of low levels is that the shortcut between Bullfrog and Hall's Crossing bays is high and dry. Doubtless it could be portaged with the PUNKIN.

A \$9 ferry ride got me from Hall's Crossing on the south shore across to Bullfrog on the north side. At the visitor center I fell in with a ranger who was the "right sort" and discussed the proposed jetport, park service philosophy, powerboats, Indian ruins and whatnot. He said that winds were typically very light in the fall. He suggested that February was a good time to have the place all to oneself and the weather was quite nice.

For the current excursion he recommended an unimproved shore area just a way north on the Burr Trail near the head of Bullfrog Bay. We soon left the washboard of the Burr Trail for a sandy track to the water's edge. We chose a perfect little crescent shaped cove with a powerboat fishing 50 yards around a headland to the south and a houseboat well away out of sight to the north. Super spot.

Perhaps a word about the surface fauna of the lake is in order. During the season the parking lots hold uncounted acres of runabouts, two and three axle trailers with flybridge Bayliners and their ilk and a raft of bass boats with enormous Merces on the back. While perhaps not typical, a three axle trailer with a monstrous Cigarette type, pulled by a big "plumbing and heating" four wheeler from SoCal is not uncommon. These boats are usually left at the lake while the owner goes back to the job. In these parts one can beg off early Friday and make 400 miles in time for a sundowner at the lake.

The boating activity revolves around the houseboat. It is instructive to watch these things being loaded from the beach. From a distance D-Day comes to mind. Close up we

note enough beer and soda to stock a decent corner grocery, a couple of wet bikes, countless lawn chairs, plus the normal pile of paraphernalia. Fully loaded, this monument to conspicuous consumption, towing a runabout, sets off across the lake in search of peace and quiet.

The perfect secluded beach decided upon, the bow is nosed up on the sand, anchors carried out 45 degrees either side and the gang-plank run out. The toys are then set loose to churn up a couple of square miles, wood is gathered for a big beach fire, while the captain pours a cold one and settles down to enjoy nature. I myself have participated in this sort of activity, although on a modest scale, and towing a couple of sailboats, and will concede that it has a certain attraction. However, left to my own devices I'd rather go with the PUNKIN.

So here we are, in the perfect little cove, clear blue water, azure sky, new rig and a light breeze calling, but seemingly a certain lassitude has settled over our hero. He dwdles about, decides to have lunch, lingers over another glass, fools around some more, but finally rouses himself and prepares to unload the boat; a simple job it is.

He drags the boat easily to the water, for she's a light thing. His movements quicken as he goes for the rudder and rig. A smile of anticipation lights his face as he begins to hurry. The rig goes up without a problem and apparently nothing is missing. Normally he has to concoct a missing piece on the spot. Possibly he's getting more methodical in his old age? Loading some "afternoon stores" and a sweater, he hops aboard and is off o'er the rippling waters.

The breeze being quite light, I determined not to venture too far and so bore away before the wind toward the north where the head of the bay was evident. I was coasting the western shore when a hidden lead opened up and one a whim I turned in to try the boat in close quarters and flukey wind. She worked along very well and I was surprised to find that the gut soon opened into a large bay. I congratulated myself upon having discovered an unknown bay, at least it couldn't have any houseboats. Crossing the bay I studied the large numbers of diving birds which I took to be loons, and noted the stark white trees which had stood lifelessly beneath the waters for lo these many years.

I amused myself for a time sailing around and among the trees and then ran north into the narrowing canyon which indicated a stream that in eons past had been mother to the great Bullfrog. The wind now turned and strengthened a little so, rather than beat, I turned and ran back among the birds, through the gut and clear home, all on one tack.

I was determined to be afloat with the sunrise next morn for this was the "big one," a really truly cruise, venturing further than a PUNKIN had ever gone before and sleeping aboard overnight. We have all read the accounts of cruise preparations, the endless lists, things to fix, ad whatever. Even on so modest a scale as this one needs a certain minimum of stuff and on an eight-footer one can't just throw it in. So, as one might have supposed, the sun was well up as we eased southward on the fading northerly, obviously a night breeze.

As I came down the bay last night I described in the far distance the unmistakable houseboat sheds of Bullfrog Marina. Alas. I hadn't discovered a hidden bay after all. It was now my intention to stand well to the southward, exploring the upper reaches of Bullfrog Bay and then turn north in plenty of time to ride the day breeze up the main arm to my proposed anchorage in the western reaches of W. Loon Bay.



The air was now the merest zephyr, and against me, but still the PUNKIN carried on, never losing way and never pinwheeling aimlessly as I have had other boats do. I loved her more dearly with each passing hour. Her varnished deck gleamed in the sun and her bright hull lay mirrored in the limpid water. With her store of goods she catered to my every whim, well, all but one!

Thinking it might be pleasant to go ashore for lunch I had been slowly — very slowly — working my way toward a likely looking beach on the eastern shore. As I enjoyed the prospect I noticed a houseboat making up from the south. I kept track of his bearing, as good sailors are enjoined to do, and decided that he would pass well ahead. They are faster than one might suppose. He passed ahead alright and went ashore right on top of my lunch spot.

Well, it wasn't for nothing that I had a fine cruising boat. I immediately put about and proceeded to lay out lunch aboard. Lunch duly savored I noted that the air had fallen lighter yet. So light in fact that I was constrained to remove all my clothing in order to detect the subtle shifts which might enable us to reach our goal. In doing so I knew full well that I was liable to injury from the still ardent October sun. I accepted the risk willingly knowing that it, like the endless tacking, beating, leeing, weathering, helming, sheeting and luffing was crucial to the optimum development of my boat and thus the safety and well-being of my customers.

Giving up all thought of exploring ashore we ran northward, passing a couple of fishermen and checking two canyons on the way. The wind finally decided to give us some encouragement and we were soon ashore in Punkin Cove, our proposed layover. Plenty of daylight remaining, I resolved to explore the high ground to the west, expecting that I might easily gain Hall's Crossing Bay which shouldn't lay too far beyond the ridge.

Despite having gone native, it was obvious that shoes would be required. I was thus arrayed as a sort of sartorial sandwich with covering on each end and ample skin filling. As proof against possible evening chill and/or lurking voyeuristic savages, I took a small pack of clothing and included a couple of cans to ward of desiccation.

The recently drained near-shore flat was a jungle of that "scourge of the West," tumbleweed (Russian Thistle) which appeared quite impenetrable. With care, however, for contact would have been painful, or worse, one could pick a path between the large plants which seem to somehow hold their neighbors at bay. These weeds can be quite a nuisance at places and one often sees them floating near shore. From a distance they appear like mooring buoys gone adrift.

The way led through a veritable moon-scape of barren shale, mudstone and crudstone which must erode too fast for vegetation to get a foothold. One attractive and perfectly symmetrical little plant seemed to be comfortable in these surroundings but was quite rare. I resisted the urge to take one along, my altruism encouraged by the lack of anything to dig with.

Fortunately I happened on a way up the cliff which required no undue scrambling and was soon at the rim, a conglomerate which looked exactly like weathered concrete, plenty good enough to be part of a prehistoric launching pad. A stroll down to the end of the bench gave a view of Hall's Crossing Bay but much too far to walk. It was getting dusky when I arrived back at the ship.

From the top: Here come de sun, early morning on Lake Powell. A view ashore over the broad expanse of foredeck. Day's end, heading for harbor.

Story & Photos from Jim Thayer

(Jim Thayer has been designing and building interesting small boats for a dozen years at his shops in Mechanicsville, VA, and Colbran, CO, and travelling circuitously between the two making deliveries and running new boat "tests" such as in this story).

The shore was rather muddy but I managed to get aboard without bringing any goo past the foredeck. We lay off the shore on a short scope and I set about getting comfortable. The sail and spars lay to one side to keep the air off and the candle lantern was hung from a tiller-yard lashup. The cockpit of the PUNKIN is floored with the foam-cored cockpit opening cut from the deck. This gives one a nice shot of flotation as well as a warm sole, even in freezing weather. With a foam pad and a sleeping bag we were comfy and cozy.

In such a situation one operates like some sort of larva, never fully coming out of the bag. One eats, reads and even brushes the teeth without coming out further than necessary. This requires a certain amount of care and deliberation, mind you, or one's bed becomes unspeakably grubby. And so, happily ensconced, I had a belated sundowner, a leisurely supper and some good reading by the dim light of the candle, whose declining vigor coincided very nearly with my own.

I was up at first light, sitting with my bag around my neck frequently protruding an arm to grasp the McDonald's cup which sat steaming on the deck. "McDonald's? He's gotta be kidding" you say. Not a bit of it. In the open, and even at home, styrofoam is essential to keep your drink from getting cold/hot. I find that Mac's cups are much the sturdiest readily available. The blowing agent is not a serious factor as I often get several weeks constant use from one before they start to weep around the bottom. Do, however, have a good backup as you will be in dire straits if the primary gets sat upon.

Lake Powell, being in the high desert of Utah, is subject to a wide range of diurnal temperatures. In mid October it was quite warm during the day and near freezing at night. This is the saving grace of the place in summer. It gets blazing hot during the day but you only need fall overboard to cool off. As soon as the sun goes down it becomes quite pleasant. All considered, late September is the best. April and May are great but the water is cold.

I had providentially provided a thermos of hot coffee before leaving the truck. It spent the day rolled up in the sleeping bag and the night tucked in at my feet. It was plenty hot come dawn and, flavored with a concoction of sugar cane from down in the tropics, more than made up for the niggling discomforts of my present situation. Comfort is meaningless if one knows not discomfort. I would not argue that one suffer extreme discomfort in order to enjoy the possibility of greater improvement. I'm a pretty conservative middle-of-the-roader, I guess.

Having shot half my wad, I rolled up the bag, raised sail and was borne homeward by a night wind not yet intimidated by El Sol's imminent appearance. I poured another cup as I eased along through the flock of loons which were fishing all about. One surfaced not two boat lengths away with a 3" fish in his beak. OK, it's beak. But most fishermen are men. Is it only tradition, or are women smarter, or dumber? What about birds? Well, it's all too easy to get caught up in these arcane philosophical questions when the mind is freed up on a broad reach.

I watched the sunshine creep down the cliffs behind and then come racing along the water after me, vaporizing the stubborn shadows like the ultimate washday product, leaving the water glistening clean and the sky shining blue. Ah, how are we molded by the media. We dived into the gut, popped out the other side into another great fleet of loons and ran ever slower

to beach on one board.

I fully intended to swamp the PUNKIN somewhere along the way but I kept putting it off and now it was just a mite cool. But really there's no need. She will obviously float high with that foam core deck and the two sealed end compartments. We'll still get to it. Maybe in Florida this winter when we go down to give Sharon away. Yes, definitely.

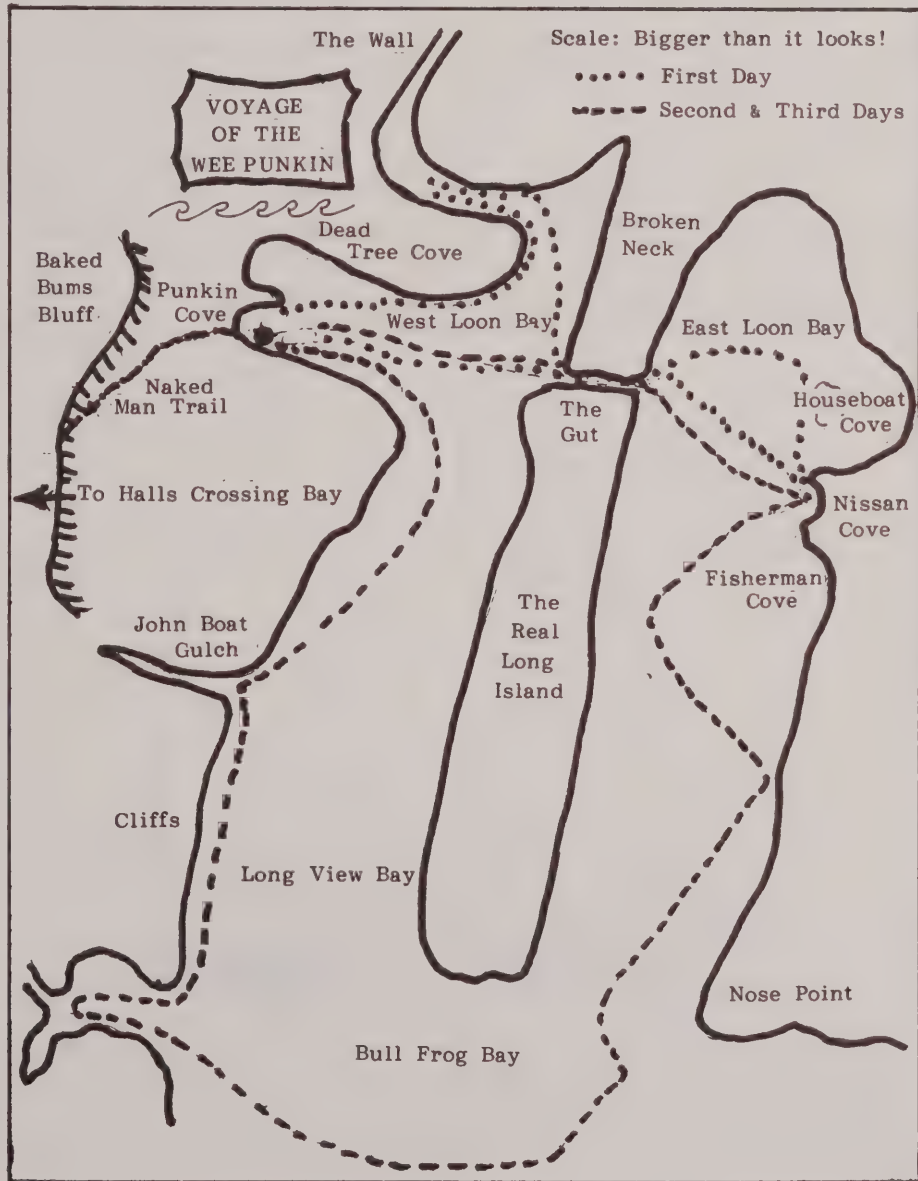
This little expedition had a number of satisfying outcomes (to use the current vernacular). Foremost, of course, was the exemplary behavior of my little boat. Then, prediction of the winds, based on the first afternoon's observation, made me feel smug indeed. To set

out upon the water for a day and a night in wild and unknown land without suffering a mentionable difficulty or inconvenience gives a feeling of confidence and does something for the self-esteem. Doubtless, to go about one's activity without a shred of clothing has all sorts of negative narcissistic Freudian overtones, but still nurtures that devil-may-care, happy-go-lucky lifestyle that sailors tend to cultivate and which, truth to tell, we all secretly covet.

At this point in time (oh, dear me) I would happily go again. Upon further consideration, maybe early spring. Till then I'll just mess about.



Setting up camp at "Nissan Cove".



The Boathouse

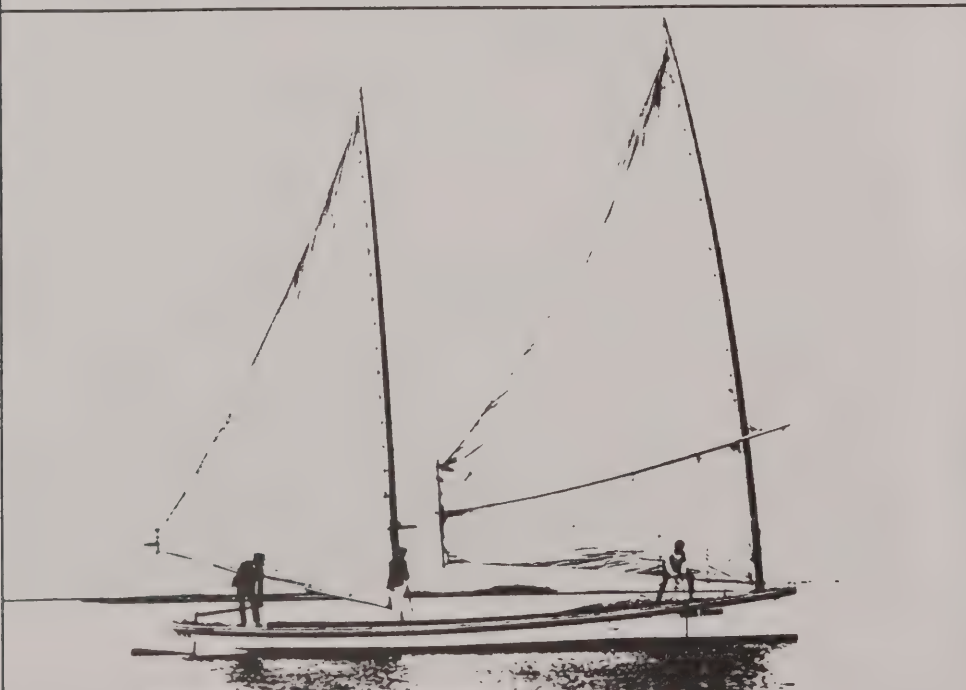
How the Sharpie Came to North Carolina

Photographs made along our coast in the closing decades of the 19th century show that sharpies, and some interesting local variations, were very popular boats for fishing and transportation. Sharpies are flat-bottom sailing boats with straight, upright stems, low freeboard, and round sterns. Early North Carolina sharpies had the same two-masted leg-o-

mutton sailing rig that the boat carried in its native New England waters. In 1879, *Forest and Stream* magazine reported that there were over 500 sharpies in our state. How did a boat from the New England area become so popular in our waters?

In 1874 George N. Ives, whose family was prominent in business and agriculture in Connecticut, came to

Morehead City to start a wholesale fishing business to supply a growing seafood market. Ives was a keen business man, and he realized that the local boats were not really adapted to the needs of harvesting oysters on the scale he had in mind. He thought that the sharpie would be a better boat for the Carolina sounds and he went to boatbuilder George M.



◀ *The Three Friends, built in Beaufort in 1893, is an example of the sharpie in its early form in North Carolina. This sharpie was 40.6 feet in length and had a 10.2 foot beam.*

Reprinted with permission from "The Waterline", newsletter of the North Carolina Maritime Museum.

The North Carolina Maritime Museum is located in Beaufort, North Carolina. It is funded by the State of North Carolina and is open at no charge. Hours are weekdays 9 to 5, Saturdays 10 to 5, and Sundays 1 to 5.

Exhibits focus in the maritime history and the coastal natural history of North Carolina and include: Ship models, indigenous small craft, fish mounts, aquariums, shell and fossil collections, and navigation instruments among others. Newly completed exhibits focus on coastal marine life and the U.S. Lifesaving Service. Further information from the North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

by Michael Alford

Graves of Fair Haven, Connecticut for one of his best thirty-four footers. Racing is a quick and spectacular way for a boat to prove its speed and ability against others. This fact was not lost on Ives and, in the summer of 1885, his new sharpie, which he named *Lucia*, did very well in the races against other well-known boats on Long Island Sound.

Evidently satisfied that he had found a suitable boat, Ives loaded *Lucia* and a smaller sharpie on the deck of a schooner and brought them to Beaufort. Local fishermen reacted with predictable skepticism, but George Ives had a plan.

After several weeks of claims and challenges, he managed to get up a race between his *Lucia* and a Morehead City boat named *Sunny Side*. Owned and sailed by Dank Bell, *Sunny Side* was described as a "deep, sharp, clinker-built, sloop-rigged boat," reportedly the fastest that the area had to offer. It was said that Bell had never lost a race in her.

Ives gave his opponent the advantage of naming the rules and conditions, and on July 6, 1876, the race was held. It consisted of a beat dead to windward for three and a half miles against a strong tide and heavy southwest wind, conditions that Captain Bell

must have thought would favor *Sunny Side*.

Lucia took the race with surprising ease, leading her adversary by a good half mile at the finish. It was a convincing show. Local prejudice quickly evaporated, and shortly Beaufort boatbuilders were copying characteristics of the sharpie in their own boats. Over the years, the design was adapted and modified for special applications to the extent that by the end of the 19th century, Core Sound Sharpies were a distinctive type.

No small credit for the success of the sharpie is due to the perceptiveness and good planning of George Ives. He was well prepared for the task of winning the Carolina boatmen over to the sharpie. Only a race could be so graphic, and by having his boat built by a top notch builder and then testing its mettle against the home fleet in their native waters of Long Island Sound, he had done all he could to ensure the outcome.

George Ives settled in New Bern and became a distinguished citizen of North Carolina. He brought to fisheries numerous innovations and reforms and was active in the area of fishery management. His descendants are still living in New Bern.

Watercraft Center Construction to Begin

It has been a long, and at times, desperate struggle, but at last the paper battle for the Harvey Smith Watercraft Center appears to be over. Bids were opened just as *The Waterline* went to press, and we can announce that we have at least two bids within the project budget.

If luck and the weather work with us, construction is scheduled to begin in January and be complete by June.

This interminable project, which has had more than its share of scrutiny from every layer of government from Beaufort to Raleigh and both local and state preservationists, is a tribute to: museum staff who kept the faith; Agriculture Commissioner James Graham who stood by the project; and to the Hon. Bruce Ethridge who kept the project alive in the General Assembly for the past three years.

And, especially, a tribute to the Friends of the Museum, yourselves, who have given of time and money to make this happen, to Friend Evelyn Smith who donated the property, and to Charles McNeill who initiated the project years ago.

Thank you all for your help. And please visit your new Watercraft Center in 1991!



Building the Goldie J.

I confess that currently my only boat is an Alden Single, and it barely got wet this past season.

The press of business doesn't leave me many daylight hours to mess about, so in the past year I've indulged my nautical fantasies and taken my therapy in building the "Goldie J."

As you often list scale boat activities, I gather you have some readers who have similar interests.

The Goldie J. is a model of a 34'-10" New Haven Sharpie, on the lines taken off a hull said to have been built by Lester Rowe sometime before 1890. She is a tonging boat typical of her size, designed to be worked by one or two men, and able to carry of 150 bushels of oysters. The original hull now resides under cover at Mystic Seaport.

I have wanted to make this model since seeing the drawings and offsets in Howard Chapelle's book "American Small Sailing Craft." The book was bought in 1959, so it took a while to get started. This is a scratch job with NOTHING purchased but raw materials, and I swore an oath to construct it with historical accuracy, exactly as the original.

Being of a compromising nature, the oath lasted until I really looked her over at 3/4" to the foot (26" OAL x 5 3/4" beam) and decided the framing and vertical staving which make up the rounded stern structure was going to be too fragile as a model. So her aft three inches has a solid core.

Scaling

While the hull was lofted from the table of offsets, the plan was also enlarged to final scale on a photocopier, which was probably close enough, and was invaluable as a check. More recent drawings were later obtained from Mystic's plan library to see if more detail would be in them. They turned out to be simpler than the Chapelle drawings, and both sets differed from the actual hull on many details, as observed at Mystic.

Materials

The model hull is entirely Bass wood, available in 1/32" increments of thickness for architectural modeling. It is harder than balsa, with very fine grain, cuts easily with knife or saw and finishes nicely.

All Those Curves

Curved false wales, cockpit coamings and mouldings all formed well by soaking in water and/or a little steam. Lots of clothespins and rubber bands were used to hold them around selected diameter tin cans until they dried. Ammonia is supposed to be the real trick here, but wasn't necessary. Quarter and half-round mouldings were made by creating the cross sections on the edge of a sheet of stock, then slitting them off.

Adhesives

Elmer's White, Tite-Bond, Super Glue...all were tried...and used, depending on the drying time needed to assemble. Glue residue at the chine/planking joint is a problem that went unresolved. It's a long join, and when working it with the hull inverted, it just can't be seen.

Spars and Fittings

Bass spars too. Roughed them out, chamfered to octagon, chucked them up in a 3/8" drill and turned them with a rasp and sandpaper. Oars were made the same way, shaping the blades last. Start with the blank extra long to mount in the chuck, and hold the unsupported end to keep the piece from whipping.

Files and rifflers are invaluable. You just can't make all those little fittings without them. Also a pine vise to drill. The sheaves for blocks were made by chucking up rod stock in the drill and working with files. The pistol drill is held in a lightweight, universal drill press rig with the drill inverted so the chuck points up. A scale 2" sheave is turned out of a 1/8" rod. The center hole is drilled by holding the bit stationary in the pin vise and letting the rod turn in the drill. Then it is grooved with needle files and cut off with a razor-saw (hold the saw and let the work turn). Cleats and rowlocks are made by soldering brass wire and lots of filing. You just fiddle and diddle until the things look right. Eyes, blocks, shackles, cleats and rowlocks took nearly as much time as the hull. Remove the fore hatch, insert an inspection mirror and you'd see the tie-rod with turnbuckle which was necessary as a tension member in the hull structure.

Finishing

Tough decision. Every piece of wood was selected for its grain, so I really wanted to varnish the whole thing. But it's a workboat. Traditionally they were painted all white or gray. I just couldn't see it. I compromised again. There wasn't a law, after all, so the Goldie J. is a little fancy; black hull, green bottom, white inside, deck and spars natural.

Latex seemed like a good idea. It wasn't. It just doesn't cover very well when painted out thin. Once I started with it, I had to go on. Mixing paint chemistry, even when fully dry, can be disastrous overtime. Made a right-angle brush to get up under the decks. Decks and spars were finished with boiled linseed oil. Q- and finger tips work best here. Linseed was used on lines too, which were made of Ecu cotton crochet thread.

Therapy

The Goldie J. was built mostly after "NightLine" and a few Sunday afternoons. No log was kept, but she probably took about 150 hours. You'd likely pay a therapist \$12-15,000 for that kind of time, but this "messing about with boats" probably works as well.

Irwin Schuster, Lynnfield, MA

Paddling on an Arctic River a New Experience

My first day on the Baillie was filled with a new type of challenge. My horizons were no longer the wide open spaces of the open water with its winds and waves. Now it was the rapids with their rocks and chutes. The waves would be standing waves created by rocks and constrictions with the directions of the currents determined by the rock and stream bed configurations which would cause the current to run down stream, up stream or laterally depending on the path of least resistance. These constantly changing currents required the paddler be able to read the river to know which way to lean the kayak to be leaning down the current, down stream so as to not capsize. In open water the waves are generated by winds and tidal rip currents requiring the paddler to lean toward the waves and toward the wind. I knew one major aspect to balancing in my kayak from my years of sea kayaking was to keep my waist flexible so that my shoulders were level while my lower body was following the pitching of the kayak which is similar to riding a bicycle. Being relaxed is a very important component of staying upright.

As a long time open water paddler I rarely am confronted by the conditions in which there is a current carrying me through rocks. But when I encounter this situation I usually synchronize my paddling stroke with the wave pattern to enable me to be carried by the surge over the rocks. That is not to say that I do not have a few moments of doubt in these situations, but synchrony with the cadence of the waves is a key factor in paddling among the reefs when sea kayaking. However in white water I realized that I had to be able to anticipate current strength and direction by being able to read where the current would carry my kayak. This involved a new type of perspective which required training myself to constantly scan both short and long distance because course changes require distance and strategy for execution especially with a loaded Klepper or kayak of similar design. On the open water long distance scanning is more important for on coming wave and wind conditions, short distance visual references are for occasional odd wave formations for balancing the kayak.

Now on my first day I had to put aside my sea kayaking instincts, namely leaning toward the waves and commit myself to getting my loaded Klepper down the many white water stretches of the Baillie in one piece and undamaged. The river was flowing at about six knots which meant that I was not going to have much time to make any course changes. I would have to recognize where the best and straightest chutes would most likely be, well before I even entered the rapids and have to quickly negotiate course changes when necessary. There were a few occasions when negotiating the chutes I found myself among some uncomfortably high standing waves in which I was most glad I was in my Klepper with the spray skirt on because the waves were higher than I was and had some strength as well, but I knew from experience that the Klepper was designed for these paddling conditions.

I had spent much time this spring becoming a white water paddler and I found white water paddling skills to be a most welcome addition to sea kayaking paddling. I took the sage advice of Bart Hawthaway from whom I learned in his January pool sessions the basics of slalom gate paddling and rolling. He emphasizes the importance of developing sensitivity for feel-

ing what the kayak and paddle are doing because a slalom cannot be run with any degree of success without having mastered having control over your kayak. I entered very cautiously my first slalom race which was ACA sponsored Class I on the Salmon River in Connecticut. I thought I would die or at minimum pass out and have to be fished out. It was a completely new experience. Never had I felt so helplessly out of control of just everything to do with water except for the fact that the water was wet, cold and floated kayakers. I found that even though I paddled in the direction of a slalom gate the current would just carry me off elsewhere and I spent seemingly hours trying to beat my way back up and over to the gate and just happen to go through it in the proper direction. I would be unexpectedly swept into rocks on eddies or be swept down stream over them. All this while I thought that with a strong paddle stroke and some effort some how I knew I would pull through. I couldn't understand why when I stopped paddling things just got worse. There were many many things I had to learn about reading the river, but I was fascinated and delighted in watching others who were experienced make the run as though it were a ballet. Those who always participate in these slalom races were very supportive, empathetic and wonderful to be with. I found that I had made a great number of the best new friends one could ever wish to have. I knew I was hooked. I asked about the next race especially concerned about the difficulty for a paddler at my level and was given excellent advice. I proceeded to paddle with excellent AMC paddlers on their trips and received the same most helpful guidance. I attended more ACA slalom races and most especially important asked questions about aspects of paddling I did not understand getting to know more and more experienced white water paddlers and what the sport was all about. I took video tapes of the pool sessions, of paddlers negotiating the slalom and had a friend tape me so that I could review as questions came to my mind paddling technique. The most important learning experience I had was actually taking my Klepper Aerius I on the Ten Mile River slalom course during the ACA slalom work shop. I had tried the Klepper on a less demanding section of the Farmington and Ramapo Rivers but I knew that in slalom paddling one either makes the gate or does not. It was a good experience in which I learned the marked difference in turning radius and hull design of the Aerius as compared to a white water kayak which I would have to master for my impending Baillie River paddling trip. I was very grateful to have the privilege of learning slalom paddling in controlled conditions because the Arctic is not the place to learn to paddle white water and the white water paddling skills I have learned has made those open water waves and the kayak all the more fascinating as I learned to execute turns which had multiple purposes such as bracing and propelling well, and most importantly to feel the boat as I paddled it through the many new techniques for maneuvering.

As the days passed I successfully negotiated the rapids with only a couple groundings on rocks. The challenge became more and more of figuring out where the main chute was in areas where the river split into channels. I found that the best chute was where the highest standing waves were. There were a few moments of doubt when the thought come to

mind "We don't have sort of relentless current in sea kayaking which is all too eagerly trying to ground me out on this shoal which is coming up too fast. Oh boy, paddle! paddle! paddle! I don't want to have to get out and walk." The only place I nearly grounded on a shoal when sea kayaking was in Clinton Harbor in Connecticut when the wind almost succeeded to push me on a shoal which I did not suspect was there. I was quite surprised and of course I had been ignoring the chart. I thought I saw a red nun only to find that it was man in red pants clamming, such an experience. Sometimes you believe what you see and sometimes you see what you believe. Maybe I should have had some Jack Daniel's that would have really made paddling interesting.

Story from Gail Ferris
(Gail Ferris regularly tells us of her adventures kayaking near her home in Stony Creek, CT, and on far ranging expeditions).

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THE LANDLUBBER'S CHAPTER

Common Nautical Terms and Expressions Defined—How to Sail a Boat—Boat Rigs—Rowing-clothes—How to Make a Bathing-suit—How to Avoid Sunburn

THERE are a few common terms with which all who venture on the water should be familiar, not only for convenience, but for prudential reasons.

Accidents are liable to happen to boats of all descriptions, and often the safety of property and life depend upon the passengers' ability to understand what is said to them by the officers or sailors in charge of the craft.

To those who are familiar with the water and shipping it may seem absurd to define the bow and stern of a boat, but there are people who will read this book who cannot tell the bow from the stern, so we will begin this chapter with the statement that

The bow is the front end of the boat, and

The stern is the rear end of the boat.

For'ard is toward the bow of the boat.

Aft is toward the stern of the boat. Both terms are used by sailors as forward and backward are used by landmen.

The hull is the boat itself without masts, spars, or rigging. A skiff and a birch-bark canoe are hulls.

The keel is the piece of timber running along the centre of the bottom of the hull, like the runner of a skate, and used to give the boat a hold on the water, so that she will not slide sideways.

When you are sitting in the stern of a boat, facing the bow, the side next to your right hand is the right-hand side of the boat, and the side next to your left hand is the left-hand side of the boat. But these terms are not used by seamen; they always say

Starboard for the right-hand side of the boat, and

Port for the left-hand side of the boat. Formerly the left-hand side was called the larboard, but this occasioned many serious

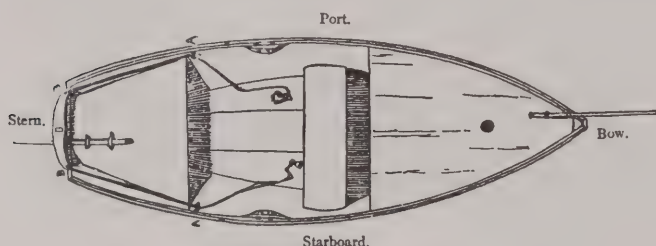


Fig. 122.—Top view of small boat.

mistakes on account of the similarity of the sound of larboard and starboard when used in giving orders.

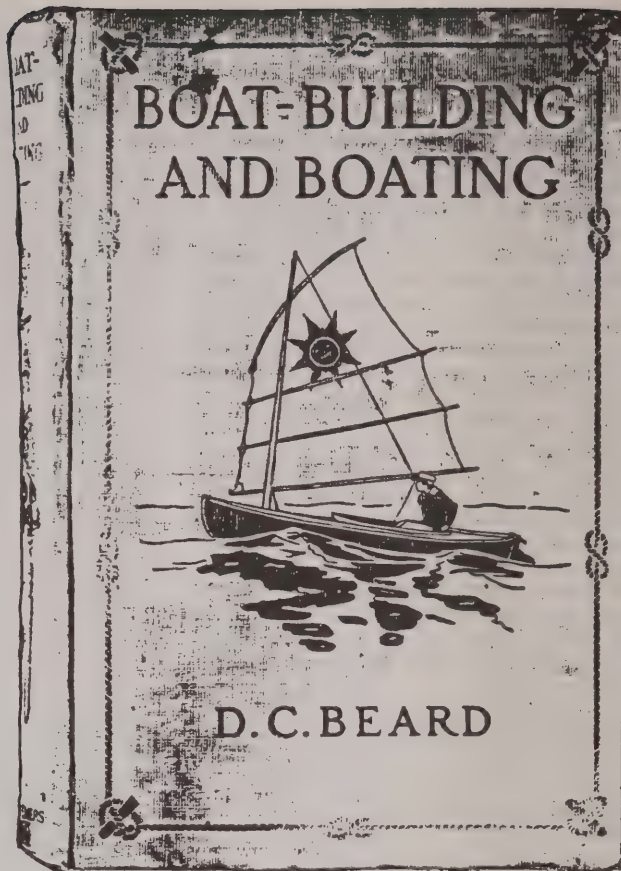
Red and Green Lights

After dark a red light is carried on the port side and a green light on the starboard side of all vessels in motion. If you can remember that port wine is red, and that the port light is of the same color, you will always be able to tell in which direction an approaching craft is pointing by the relative location of the lights.

"When both lights you see ahead,
Port your helm and show your red!
Green to green and red to red,
You're all right, and go ahead!"

If you are a real landlubber, the verse quoted will be of little service, because you will not know how to port your helm. In fact, you probably will not know where to look for the helm or what it looks like; but only a few of our readers are out-and-out landlubbers, and most of them know that the helm is in some way connected with the steering apparatus.

The rudder is the movable piece of board at the stern of the boat by means of which the craft is guided. The rudder is moved by a lever, ropes, or a wheel.



The tiller is the lever for moving the rudder, or the ropes used for the same purpose (Fig. 123).



Fig. 123.—Helm—Lever, or stick, for tiller.

The wheel is the wheel whose spokes end in handles on the outer edge of the rim, or felly, and it is used for moving the rudder (Fig. 124).

The helm is that particular part of the steering apparatus that you put your hands on when steering.

The deck is the roof of the hull.

The centreboard is an adjustable keel that can be raised or lowered at pleasure. It is an American invention. The centreboard, as a rule, is only used on comparatively small vessels. The inventor of the centreboard is Mr. Salem Wines, who kept a shop on Water Street, near Market Slip, and, when alive, was a well-known New York boat-builder. His body now lies in Greenwood Cemetery, and upon the headstone of his grave is the inscription, "The Inventor of the Centreboard."

For sailing, the boat, or hull, is rigged with masts and spars for spreading the sails to catch the wind.

The masts are the upright poles, or sticks, that hold the sails.

The yards are the poles, or sticks, at right angles with the masts that spread the sails.

The boom is the movable spar at the bottom of the sail.



Fig. 128.—Starboard helm.



Fig. 129.—Port helm.

How to Steer a Boat

When you wish your boat to turn to the right push your helm to the left. This will push the rudder to the right and turn the boat in that direction. When you wish your boat to turn to the left push your helm to the right. In other words, starboard your helm and you will turn to the port (Fig. 128). Port your helm and you will turn to the starboard (Fig. 129).

From a reference to the diagram you may see that when you **port your helm** you move the tiller to the port side of the boat, and when you **starboard your helm** you move your tiller to the starboard side of the boat (Fig. 128), but to **ease your helm** you move your helm toward the centre of the boat—that is, amidships.

How to Sail a Boat

If you fasten the bottom of a kite to the ground, you will find that the wind will do its best to blow the kite over, and if the kite is fastened to the mast of a toy boat, the wind will try to blow the boat over.

In sailing a boat the effort of the wind apparently has but one object, and that is the upsetting of the boat. The latter, being well balanced, is constantly endeavoring to sit upright on its keel, and you, as a sailor, are aiding the boat in the struggle, at the same time subverting the purpose of the wind to suit your own ideas. It is an exciting game, in which man usually comes out ahead, but the wind gains enough victories to keep its courage up.

Every boat has peculiarities of its own, and good traits as well as bad ones, which give the craft a personal character that lends much to your interest, and even affects your sensibilities to the extent of causing you to have the same affection for a good, trustworthy craft that you have for an intelligent and kind dog or horse.

A properly balanced sail-boat, with main sheet trimmed flat and free helm, should be as sensitive as a weathercock and act like one—that is, she ought to swing around until her bow pointed right into the "eye of the wind," the direction from which the wind blows. Such a craft it is not difficult to sail, but it frequently happens that the boat that is given to you to sail is not properly balanced, and shows a constant tendency to "come up in the wind"—face the wind—when you are doing your best to keep her sails full and keep her on her course. This may be caused by too much sail aft. The boat is then said to carry a weather helm.

Weather Helm.—When a boat shows a constant tendency to come up in the wind.

Lee Helm.—When a boat shows a constant tendency to fall off the wind—that is, when the wind blows her bow to the leeward. This is a much worse trait than the former, and a boat with a lee helm is a dangerous boat. It may be possible to remedy it by adding sail aft or reducing sail forward, which should immediately be done.

In spite of the fact, already stated, that the wind's constant effort is to capsize a boat, there is little or no danger of a properly rigged boat upsetting unless the sheets are fast or hampered in some way. When a sail-boat upsets it is, of course, because the



Fig. 130.—Close-hauled.

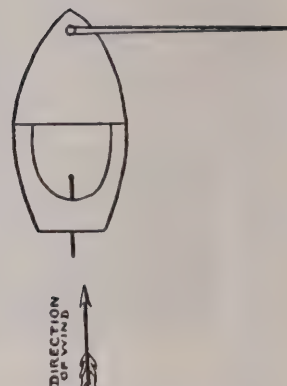


Fig. 131.—Before the wind.

Top view of boats, showing position of helm and boom.

wind blows it over. Now, the wind cannot blow a boat over unless the boat presents some surface larger than its hull for the wind to blow against, and the sail is the only object that offers enough surface to the breeze to cause an upset.

If the sheet is slackened, the sail will swing around until it flaps like a flag and only the thin edge is presented to the wind; and a boat that a flag will upset is no boat for beginners to trust themselves in. True, the boom may be very long and heavy enough to make it dangerous to let so much of it overboard, but this is seldom the case. A good sailor keeps his eyes constantly on the sails and trims them to take advantage of the slightest favorable breeze. In place of losing control of his sail by letting go the sheets he will ease the tiller so as to "spill" part of the wind that is, let the forward part, or luff, of the sail shake a bit. Or, in case of a sudden puff of wind, he may deem it necessary to "luff"—that is, let her shake—and slacken the sheets too.

Trimmed Flat.—Sheets hauled in until the boom is only a little to the leeward of the helm (Fig. 130).

Close-hauled.—Sheets trimmed flat and the boat pointing as near as possible to the eye of the wind. Then the sail cannot belly, and is called flat (Fig. 130).

To Sail Close-hauled

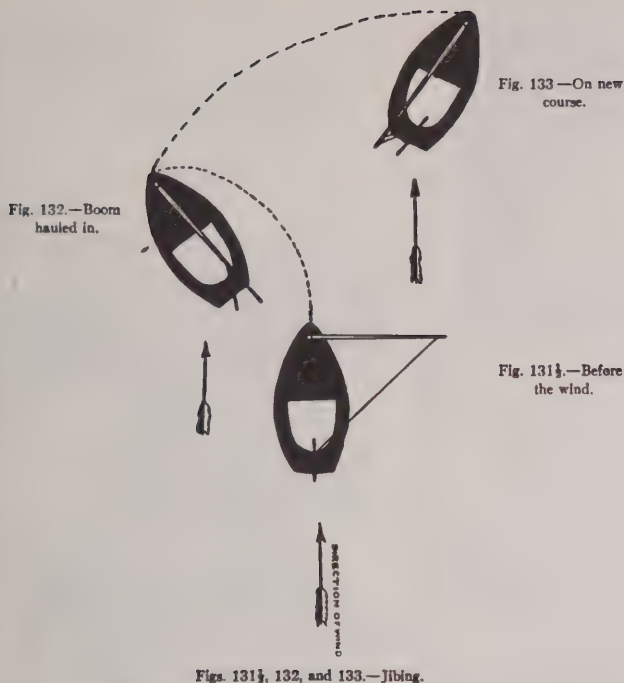
The skipper must watch that his sail does not flap or ripple at the throat, for that means that he is pointing too close to the wind and that some of the breeze is blowing on both sides of his sail, which even a novice can see will retard the boat.

Upon discovering a rippling motion at the luff of the sail put the helm up—that is, move the tiller a little to windward until the sail stops its flapping.

Before the Wind.—When the wind is astern; sailing with the wind; sailing directly from windward to leeward (Fig. 131).

In order to reach the desired point it is often expedient to sail before the wind, but unless the wind is light, beginners had better not try this. To sail before the wind you let your sheets out until the boom stands at *almost* right angles with the boat. Keep your eye on the sail and see that it does not flap, for if the man at the helm is careless and allows the boat to point enough away from the direction of the wind to allow the wind to get on the other side of the sail, the latter will swing around or jibe with such force as to endanger the mast, if it does not knock some one overboard.

The price of liberty is constant vigilance, and the price of a good sail is the same. I have seen a mast snapped off clean at the deck by a jibe, and once when out after ducks every one was so intent upon the game that proper attention was not paid to the sail. The wind got round and brought the boom with a swing aft, knocking the captain of our boat club overboard. Had the boom hit him in the head and stunned him, the result might have been fatal.



Wing and Wing.—When a schooner goes before the wind with one sail out at nearly right angles on the port side and the other in the same position on the starboard side she is said to be wing and wing and presents a beautiful sight.

Tacking.—Working to the windward by a series of diagonal moves.

Legs.—The moves or diagonal courses made in tacking. It is apparent to the most unthinking observer that no vessel propelled by sail can move against the direct course of the wind—that is, nothing but electricity, naphtha, steam, or some such power can drive a boat into the eye of the wind. But what cannot be accomplished in a direct manner can be done by a series of compromises, each of which will bring us nearer to the desired point.

First we point the boat to the right or left, as the case may be, as near or as close to the wind as the boat will sail. Then we come about and sail in the other direction as close as practicable to the eye of the wind, and each time we gain something in a direct line.

When your boat changes its direction on a tack it is done by “jibing,” or “coming about.”

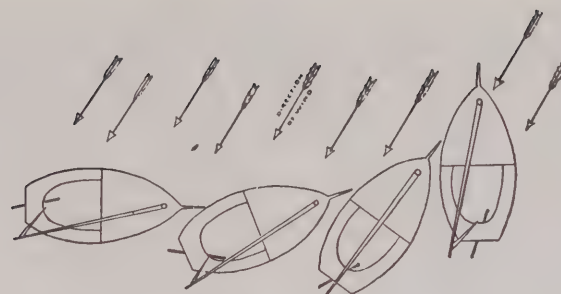
Jibing.—With the wind on the quarter, haul the main boom aft or amidship with all possible speed, by means of the main sheets (Fig. 132), and as the wind strikes the sail on the other side let it out as deliberately as possible until it reaches the position desired (Fig. 133).

Beginners should never attempt to jibe, for if there is more than a capful of wind, the sail will probably get away from them, and, as described in going before the wind, some disaster is liable to occur. Experts only jibe in light winds, and frequently lower the peak, so as to reduce sail, before attempting a jibe.

Coming About

When you wish to come about see that all the tackle, ropes, etc., are clear and in working order, and that you are making good headway; then call out: “Helm’s a-lee!” or “Ready about!” and push the tiller in the direction opposite to that from which the wind blows—that is, to the lee side of the boat. This will bring the bow around until the wind strikes the sail upon the side opposite to that which it struck before the helm was a-lee (Figs. 134, 135, 136, 137).

If you are aboard a sloop or schooner, ease off the jib-sheet, but keep control of it, so that as the boat comes up to the wind you can make the jib help the bow around by holding the sheets so as



to catch the wind aback. When the bow of the craft has passed the eye of the wind and the sail begins to fill give the order to make fast, or trim, the jib, and off you go upon the opposite tack, or on a new leg.

If the wind is light, or if, for any cause, the boat works slowly, you can sometimes help her by trimming in the main sheet when you let the jib-sheet fly. In the diagram of coming about no jib is shown.

Wearing is a term sometimes used in place of jibing.

In a Thunder-storm

A thunder-storm is always an uncertain thing. There may be a veritable tornado hidden in the black clouds that we see rising on the horizon, or it may simply “iron out the wind”—that is, go grumbling overhead—and leave us becalmed, to get home the best way we can; generally by what the boys call a “white-ash breeze”—that is, by using the sweeps or oars.

On Long Island Sound a thunder-storm seems to have certain fixed rules of conduct. In the first place, it comes up from the leeward, or *against the wind*. Just before the storm strikes you for an instant the wind ceases and the sails flap idly. Then look out! for in nine cases out of ten you are struck the next moment by a sudden squall from exactly the opposite direction from which the wind blew a moment before.

What to Do

Make for the nearest port with all speed, and keep a man at the downhaul ready at a moment’s notice to lower sail. The moment the wind stops drop the sail and make everything snug, leaving only bare poles. When the thunder-squall strikes you, be it ever so hard, you are now in little danger; and if the wind from the new quarter is not too fresh, you can hoist sail again and make the best of your way to the nearest port, where you can “get in out of the wet.”

If the wind is quite fresh keep your peak down, and with a reefed sail speed on your way. If it is a regular howler, let your boat drive before the wind under bare poles until you can find shelter or until it blows over, and the worst mishap you are likely to incur is a good soaking from the rain.

Shortening Sail.—Just as soon as the boat heels over too far for safety, or as soon as you are convinced that there is more wind than you need for comfortable sailing, it is time to take a reef—that is, to roll up the bottom of the sail to the row of little ropes, or reefing points, on the sail and make fast there. This, of course, makes a smaller sail, and that is what you wish.

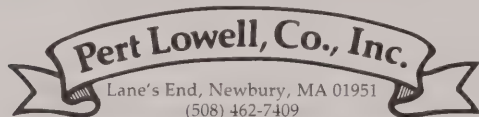
While under way it will be found impossible to reef a sail except when sailing close-hauled. So the boat is brought up into the wind by pushing the helm down, as if you intended to come about. When possible it is better to lower the sail entirely before attempting to put in a reef.

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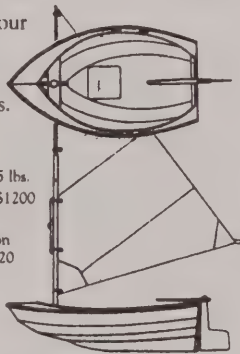
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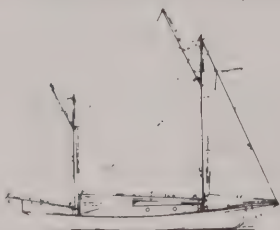
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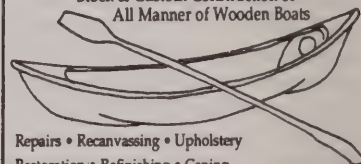
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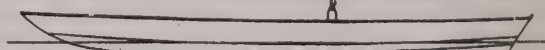


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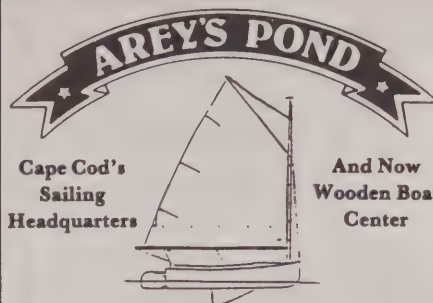
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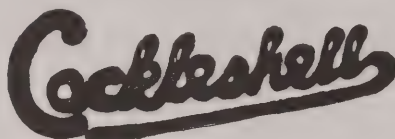
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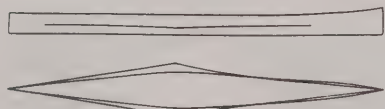


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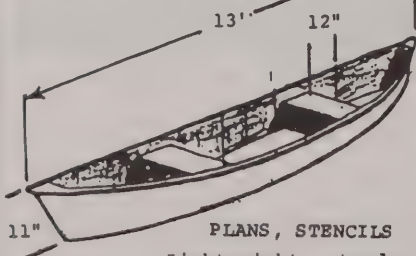


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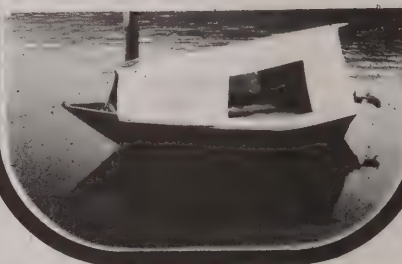
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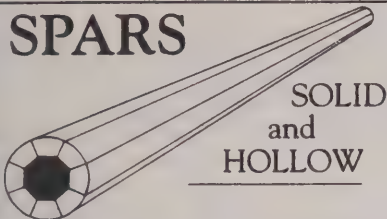
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We have the old Atlas Co. machines. Pure hard drawn copper. Just the thing for lapstrake canoes, skiffs, dories. 3 diameters, 1/16", 3/32", 1/8". 10 sizes, 3/4"-1 1/4". Prices: \$7.50-\$10/lb. Send \$1 for sample packet. **STRAWBERRY BANKE, INC.**
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Flitches 4/4", 5/4", 6/4" thick to
16' long. Some other sizes available,
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1/2", 1 1/16", 7/8" Canoe
Tacks, 3/8" Oval Brass Stem
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Finest Quality-Always Fresh

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CHANDLERY**
Established 1907



COUNTRY CANOEISTS

We have been in business at our present location in Dunbarton, New Hampshire, since 1976 on a part time basis, by appointment only. We specialize in open canoes, but now have a good supply of sea kayaks, and have set up to be open Wednesday evenings 5 to 9 until May.

My past activities as a certified whitewater instructor for 10 years, top placer in open canoe slalom racing regionally and nationally, and experience from seven expeditions in northern Canada and Alaska, and paddling in the Atlantic, Pacific and Arctic oceans, has enabled me to develop a line of paddling supplies that treat all levels from beginner to expedition, and offer instruction at all levels of skill as well. This spring we are offering a series of workshops on various paddling skills, beginning the end of March. I have a detailed brochure available on this program. I also have a couple of slide show lecture programs from my expeditions which can be presented to interested groups.

My wife Jan has undertaken to be the American Canoe Association's Disabled Paddlers' Committee chairperson ("Boats" January 1, 1991), so I guess you can see how totally we are committed to paddle sports.

Bill Zeller, Country Canoeist, Stonybrook RFD 2, Dunbarton, NH 03301, (603) 774-4240.

WAYLAND MARINE LTD.

I'm now able to concentrate my efforts on the Sprite Skiff kits I have been marketing since selling the license for building the Wafarer sailboat kits to Kenneth Marine in Tennessee. I recently offered a free subscription to "Boats" in a December sales promotion and seven new Sprite kits went out in that month.

The Sprite is a lightweight sliding seat rowing boat, built under license from Jack Chippendale of England. It was designed by Andrew Wolstenholme N.A. for Jack and is modified stitch and glue construction for the amateur builder.

I am now also evaluating a new Sprite double kit and Iain Oughtred's 14'9" Whilly beach boat design, both new offerings from Chippendale Craft.

Ron Mueller, Wayland Marine, 8686 W 68th Ave., Arvada, CO 80004, (303) 422-6797.

BAY VIEW BOOKS
595. Fireplace Road
East Hampton, NY 11937

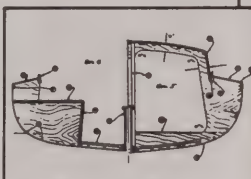
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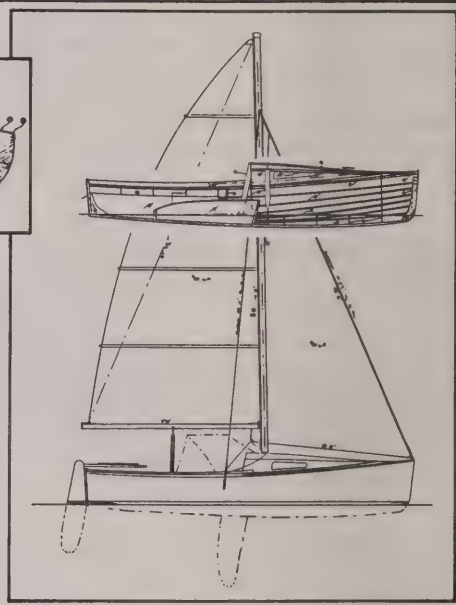
From the Boat Shops

17' Ultralight Cruiser

Length: 17'0"
Beam: 7'1"
Weight: 600 lb.
Sail Area: 182 sq. ft.



The concept for this boat was developed in response to a design contest in a cruising magazine. The contest called for a micro-cruiser easily trailerable by a compact car, with a maximum trailering weight of 600 lb. The design never made it to the contest, but the concept still holds its appeal. Her dinghy-like hullform shows little to hold her back, and the large fully-battened rig provides plenty of power. She is challenging to sail, and no less so to build. Cold-molded of four layers of 1/16" veneers over stringers and plywood bulkheads, she is of complex construction. But for the careful craftsman, the rewards of completing the project are great. From the sleek cambered cabin-top to the elegantly intricate interior, she is a pleasure to look at.



ROBERT W. STEPHENS WOODEN BOATS

I have moved my small boat designing and building business from Lisbon Falls to Searsport, Maine, on the shores of Penobscot Bay. This move has enabled me to expand the range of services I can offer to the small boat enthusiast.

WOODSTRIP WATERCRAFT

We are moving, by February 10, 1991, we are consolidating all our facilities on one property, at 1818 Swamp Pike, Gilbertsville, PA 19525. New phone is not yet confirmed (mid-January) but you can call us at the old one, (215) 234-0680, to obtain the new number.

Al & Jean Bratton, Woodstrip Watercraft, 1818 Swamp Pike., Gilbertsville, PA 19525.

OVER 700 NAUTICAL VIDEOS
For sale and rent (one-week rental time). For catalog contact Seven Oceans Video, 23 Warner St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 846-0001.

I do custom design of modern wood and composite small boats; provide a design consultation service such as for modifications to existing boats; do interior and machinery layouts for bare hulls; design custom hardware; offer a new expanded collection of stock and semi-custom plans described in an expanded catalog; and do meticulous new construction and restoration of small craft.

Amongst my new designs for 1991 are a lengthened 14'9" version of my glued lapstrake "Wee Lassie" design; a shorter 16' version of my popular 19' garvey; and my 17' ultralight cruising sailboat developed as an entry in a cruising magazine design contest.

My catalog of stock plans is available for \$3, along with my brochure describing the complete services I can provide.

Bob Stephens, Robert W. Stephens Wooden Boats, P.O. Box 464, Searsport, ME 04974, (207) 548-0129.

Classified Marketplace

CLASSIFIED COMMENTARY

MORE PHOTOS?

The "Classified Marketplace" is always of special interest. However, I wish that more of the ads included photos. For the past three summers I have been enjoying a beautiful Whitehall skiff which I purchased through the "Marketplace", so I know first hand that these ads are effective.

Douglas Heller, New York, NY.

ED. COMMENT

Every photo used costs \$8 for the necessary "halftone" that enables a photo of all shades from white through gray to black, or in color, to be printed with just black ink on white paper. With only one or two photo classifieds in an issue typically, I absorb this cost as part of the production expense, treating a classified photo as if it were a photo in a feature story. If many of you chose to run photos I'd not be able to afford this free ride, the \$8's would add up to too much. If it happens, I'll have to just start asking for the \$8. If it does, I'll announce it prior to commencing to charge for photos in ads.

HOW ABOUT A BARTER ECONOMY?

The ads I ran in your magazine in which I offered a boat in trade for another sort got quite a response, I wish I'd thought of this earlier. At first I asked what I considered a reasonable price in these ads, also in the ads I ran in "Wooden Boat". They were ignored, which worried me.

Realizing that most readers are probably folks like me without a lot of spare cash sitting around with which to buy a small cruising boat like I was trying to sell, even when offered at a very attractive price, I thought maybe some might have little boats around, perhaps built themselves, that they might be willing to trade up for a bigger boat. In essence, trading their time, skills and low cash outlays in lieu of cash.

This turned out to be correct. My brother, with whom I had left my boat in New York when I moved to Oregon, got some calls that offered some pretty interesting deals. Unfortunately it was too late for me, but I offer the suggestion to you. Perhaps readers should emphasize a willingness to accept appropriate trades. They might end up with boats they want at the time, and get to own more types during their boating lives.

Peter Keyes, Eugene, OR.

CLASSIFIED ADS ARE FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS. Anyone who is a subscriber to MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS may run a classified ad at any time, as often as desired during the term of the subscription, at no cost. An ad will appear in two successive issues following receipt. To continue after that, the subscriber must request further publication of the ad. Commercial advertising is NOT available free, but anyone in the trade who subscribes may run a free classified ad for any personal boat or gear. Product lines and services for hire are commercial ads and can be run at a cost of 10 cents per word per issue run. Mail your ad copy to BOATS, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984.

TSUNAMI KAYAS. X-1 Rocket Boat and new X-2 Starship (tandem). Ultimately safe high performance open cockpit design. Easily rolled or re-entered. Rugged. Ideal for touring, cruising, surf and solos. Learn advanced skills without fear of capsizing.

JIM TENNERMAN, 42 Parker St., Cambridge, MA 02138, (617) 491-1172. (23p)

WANTED. Folding or inflatable kayak for spring/summer 1991 travel. Interested in Feathercraft or Klepper. Willing to swap Arluk III or possibly buy outright. Also willing to exchange boats for the season. Paddle my Arluk, Tsunami X-1 or Seafarer Sprint.

JIM TENNERMAN, Cambridge, MA, (617) 491-1172. (19)

STRETCHED MICRO 18', a BIG new well done boat with cockpit, teak cockpit grate, teak walkways on cabintop, heavily built. Sails, outboard motor, on good trailer with spare tire. \$3,700.

BOB ARCHIBALD, 4658 Fall Creek Rd., Chattanooga, TN 37416, (615) 855-6966. (19)

STANDARD MICRO, completed boat but not finished. Marine ply/epoxy, new boat, new sails. \$2,500. Boat on trailer for delivery to new owner, but trailer is not included in price. May be purchased for additional \$350.

BOB ARCHIBALD, 4658 Fall Creek Rd., Chattanooga, TN 37416, (615) 855-6966. (19)

14' O'DAY JAVELIN SAILBOAT with boat trailer and nearly new 5 horse Mariner outboard motor. Bargain at \$1,600.

ANDREW VOIKOS, E. Sandwich, MA, (508) 888-4099. (19)

WANTED. Kermath marine engine, 1938-39 Seabird XL, 30-35 H.P. Maine Maritime Museum needs for full boat restoration.

BILL SWEETMAN, RFD 1, Box 731, Orr's Island, ME 04066, (207) 833-5852. (19)

WANTED. Literature and manuals for Kermath marine engines.

BILL SWEETMAN, RFD 1, Box 731, Orr's Island, ME 04066, (207) 833-5852. (19)

24' CROSBY STRIPER BASS BOAT. Mahogany on oak, teak sole. Raised cabin with V berths, hanging locker and small galley. Needs some refastening and stem work, recanvassing, paint, etc. No motor but I have a line on two possible choices (both inexpensive). A worthwhile project if you want a great performing sea boat with those "classic lines". \$900 or make an offer. Send SASE for photo.

PETER WEIGLE, P.O. Box 265, E. Haddam, CT 06423, (203) 873-1671. (19)

15' BIRCH BARK CANOE, built in 1990 by Minehart of Big Forks. Light, symmetrical, gunwale caps. \$2,200, will ship.

ANN MOONEY, Williamsburg, MA, (413) 268-7854. (19)

BOAT SHOP, 1,000 square feet. Includes big yard and house, 3 br, den, 1-3/4 BA. \$200-\$250k range.

JOE TRIBULATO, Van Nuys, CA, (818) 762-8945. (19)

18' RHODES, recent restoration, ready to sail. With new trailer, \$1,800.

D.F. WILMES, E. Haddam, CT, (203) 873-1051. (19)

ALLEGRA 24 POCKET CRUISER, full keel, cutter rig with bowsprit, standing headroom, large double berth (two people and dog), two burner stove, 9.9 Sail Johnson, recent survey. Great little ship. \$8,000. Located in Bar Harbor, ME. LARRY NUSSLEIN, Allentown, PA, (215) 439-0334. (19)

14' PHANTOM SAILBOAT, fiberglass, like new. Red and white lateen rig sail. Must sell, too many boats. Over \$1,600 invested, sacrifice for \$800.

RON PATTERSON, Wilton, NH, (603) 654-9687. (20)

440 FW COOLED MANIFOLDS, used, \$50.

GLOUCESTER YANKEE MARINE, Parker St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-0079, ask for Howie. (20)

CANOE SAILING CALENDAR. Twelve black and white "hot" photos of open sailing canoes and International 10 Meter canoes taken in the Thousand Islands. Proceeds go to support "The Canoe Sailor", a free canoe sailing newsletter. Calendar \$10, postpaid, FREE copy of "The Canoe Sailor" included.
CHUCK SUTHERLAND, RD 1, Box 457, Green Lane, PA 18054. (TF)

16' COMET SAILBOAT, 1949, cedar planked. Excellent condition, bright deck. With trailer, \$900.
SCOTT WOLFF, Virginia Beach, VA, (804) 463-6895 after 6 p.m. (19)

18' HAMPTON ONE-DESIGN. New.
SCOTT WOLFF, Virginia Beach, VA, (804) 463-6895 after 6 p.m. (19)

WANTED. A copy of Jerry Stelmok's book, "Building the Maine Guide Canoe". Please state condition and price.
BURT LIBBY, Rt. 1 Box 1090, Litchfield, ME 04350. (19)

ALDEN SCHOONER PRINTS. Limited number of prints of John Alden's finest schooner, "Mandoo". 21"x15-3/4" plus margins. Original oil by well known British naval artist Leslie A. Wilcox. \$25 each.
INGA WILMERDING, Suite 237, Red Hook Plaza, St. Thomas, VI 00802.

AVAILABLE. About 80 "Canoe" magazines from January, 1974, through December, 1990, all in like new condition. List available.
WARREN GRUNST, Oak Ridge, TN, (615) 482-2010. (20)

OLD BOAT PLANS. Copies from "Mechanics Illustrated", "Science & Mechanics", "Sports Afield Annual", and others. Hundreds available. Catalog \$4.
E.G. RAGSDALE, P.O. Box 48M, Westlake, OR 97493, (503) 997-7818.

KEY LARGO COTTAGE, studio type, sunny, warm, enjoy waterfront, tropical foliage. Rent includes 16' daysailer and windsurfer. \$395 per week.

KEY LARGO SHOAL WATER CRUISES, Key Largo, FL, (305) 451-0083,

YANMAR DIESEL ENGINES: 1985 3GM30, raw water cooled, 116 hours, \$2,750. 1983 3GM30, raw water cooled, 510 hours, \$1,850. Both engines complete with gear, instrument package and wiring harness.

BILL SWEETMAN, Orr's Island, ME, (207) 833-5852. (20)

16' OLD TOWN KENNEBEC CANOE, Royalex, with long decks. \$400.
FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA, (508) 465-0312. (19)

WOOD/CANVAS CANOE, used, with floor racks. \$500.
FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA, (508) 465-0312. (19)

CONSTANT CAMBER HULL PANELS for the Adirondack Goodboat or Lakesailer, or your own version of these, or other, boats that can be made from the same panels. We can ship panels and other parts in any stage of preparation or assembly. Minimum tools and space needed, no building jig. Boat can be put together in one to three days and finished at your leisure, saving thousands.

MASON SMITH, Adirondack Goodboat, Box 44, North Point Rd., Long Lake, NY 12847. (518) 624-6398. (TF)

MARINER II SEA KAYAK, expedition equipped, brand new, never used. Length 17' 11", beam 21". This kayak is very fast and maneuverable, yet forgiving and stable. \$1,525.

JIM ELLIS, Lyme, CT, (203) 434-7835. (20)

NORTHWEST CADENCE LP SEA KAYAK, used twice. length 17'. beam 24". Expedition equipped, very stable, tracks extremely well. An excellent touring kayak with good storage capacity. \$1,425.

JIM ELLIS, Lyme, CT, (203) 434-7835. (20)

WANTED: 12'6" O'DAY WIDGEON, prefer very good condition with trailer and sails. Must be new style with decked bow. Will consider any in reasonable condition.
DAVID RICHTER, Holyoke, MA, (413) 532-1380. (20)

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE. Old green tank Mercury outboard motors. Introduced in the late '40's or early '50's. 3.5, 5, 7.5 or 10 hp. Also the first 4 cyl. 25 hp Merc. KF-9 or KG-9. Also the early Mark series, 15, 20, 25.

ALBERT SNELL, P.O. Box 841, Jasper, TX 75951, (409) 384-8219 early A.M. (20)

WANTED: ADIRONDACK GUIDEBOAT PLANS. Want to strip build and fiberglass from full-size templates if available.

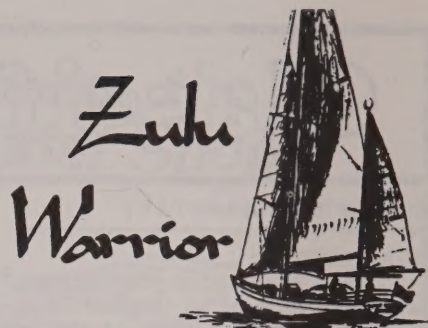
PATRICK FANELLI, 10707 Carolina Trace, Harrison, OH 45030, (513) 367-6477. (20)

COM PAC 16, 1982. Been in storage for years. Needs good cleaning. With trailer, \$2,995.

FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA, (508) 465-0312. (19)

"THE CARIBBEAN ON \$5 A DAY. A Sea Gypsy Handbook for Living in Paradise" by Fritz Seyfarth. The sailboat as an island retreat. The secret is simplicity afloat, using the boat like the olden times gypsies who roamed the countryside in their wagons, self-contained life support modules, making a living by their hands and wits. Quality softcover, \$8.25 postpaid.

SPANISH MAIN PRESS, Red Hook Plaza, Suite 237, St. Thomas, VI 00802. (TF)



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

CANOE LINES PLANS. Lines, off-sets, mold patterns, for 12', 14-1/2', 16', 18-1/2' canoes drawn for traditional beauty and versatility. Sized for either strip built or wood/canvas construction.
FRANKLIN CEDAR CANOES, Box 175, Franklin, ME 04634. (207) 565-2282.

ESCAPE NEW ENGLAND WINTER! Sail beautiful warm Florida Bay in our 25' and 34' leeboard sharpies. Nicely equipped bareboat charters. Fabulous waters, secluded cruising. Cottage also available.
KEY LARGO SHOAL WATER CRUISES, P.O. Box 1180, Key Largo, FL 33037, (305) 451-0083. (TFp)

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

SUTHERLAND BOAT & COACH, 2258 Rt. 54A, Penn Yan, NY 14527. (19)

WANTED: USED BEETLE CAT. Must be reasonably priced. Prefer bronze fastened (after 1973) in Cape Cod area.

ROY TERWILLIGER, 5061 Northlawn Dr., Murrysville, PA 15668, (412) 3225-2138. (20)

ADIRONDACK GUIDEBOATS. The largest selection of guide boats and historically correct accessories available from one source. Ten models, paddles, oars, yokes, seats and hardware. Free information and video available.

INDIAN POINT GUIDEBOAT CO., 732 Midland Ave., Midland, PA 15059, (412) 643-5457. (TF)

17' FOLBOT SUPER sea kayak, non-folding naugahyde skin kit model. Reconditioned, in excellent shape. With two sets of new Folbot take-apart paddles, seat cushions and backs, flotation bags fore and aft, foot operated rudder. No cockpit skirt or sail rig. Blue and yellow. \$350 firm.

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

19' WOODEN MAST, 2"x3" with aluminum fairing, SS rigging, bronze hardware. 9' wooden boom, 2"x3-3/4". 10'9" aluminum boom 2-3/8"x1-3/4". Various used cleats, blocks, rigging wire, misc. hardware. Very low prices, cleaning out needed shop space. Send SASE for list.

YACHTCRAFT, 100 Bray St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-3536. (19)

USED SAILS at tarp prices. Send SASE for list.

YACHTCRAFT, 100 Bray St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-3536. (19)

"SMALL BOAT JOURNAL" BACK ISSUES. One complete set, every issue, 1 to 73, up to mid-1990. All in excellent condition. A rare and useful collection. \$100.

GODFREY GOFF, Swansea, MA, (508) 676-1564. (19)

"WOODEN BOAT" BACK ISSUES. Numbers 29-31, 33, 37, 38, 43, all of 1981 through 1988 except #80 (Jan/Feb '88). Most in very good condition. \$150 or best offer.

ROB LONGLEY, 12 Glendale Ave., Delmar, NY 12054, (518) 475-1124. (19)

CAPE COD FROSTY, well built and finished. \$75.

DAVID RICHTER, Holyoke, MA, (413) 532-1380. (20)

ALBERG 22 SLOOP, 1970 full keel fiberglass hull, teak trim, four berths, four sails, jiffy reefing, 7.5 long shaft Mercury outboard, porta-potti, compass, misc. equipment, trailer with extension. \$6,500 or make offer.

RICK PAULY, Suttons Bay, MI, (616) 271-6000. (20)

19' TEAK LADY SLOOP, 1959 pocket blue water cruiser. Teak, iroco, camphorwood, copper and bronze fastened, entirely varnished, MINT. \$12,000

FULL SEA, Greenport, NY, (516) 734-7409. (20)

23' STONE HORSE SLOOP, c. 1931, cedar on oak, bronze fastened, entirely rebuilt, exc. condition. Shoal (2-1/2') draft trunk cabin model. \$6,500.

FULL SEA, Greenport, NY, (516) 734-7409. (20)

SHARPTOWN BARGE, Pete Culler's 24' spritsail centerboard yawl, Joe Gold built 1978. Basically sound, new tanbark sails, needs cosmetics. \$1,500.

FULL SEA, Greenport, NY, (516) 734-7409. (20)

1936 AUSTRALIAN RACING SHELL, 26'3"x12", weight about 38 lbs. New seat, slider, shoes. Used until three years ago. Very nice shape to use or admire. With one set of blades. \$1,200 or B.O.

GRAY BUJNOWSKI, Hartford, CT, (203) 724-4317. (20)

SUNFISH WANTED. Will swap Seiko quartz Sports 100 chronograph watch, black face, white markers; and man's down filled Gerry Slope Coat. Boat must be in decent condition.

JOHN KARRER, Taunton, MA, (508) 822-1314. (20)

20' ST. PIERRE DORY. Reasonable. JOHN AGNOLI, E. Longmeadow, MA, (413) 525-4071. (20)

17' FIBERGLASS SEA KAYAK, Rob Roy designed by Joergen Samson of Denmark. \$450.

Herb Krugman, Stamford, CT, (203) 327-5226. (20)

FREE TO GOOD HOME. Chris Craft Sea Skiff on tandem trailer. Vintage unknown. Inboard engine, condition unknown. It looks like a good work/fishing boat.

LYNN SAABY, Nyack, NY, (914) 358-3296. (20)

KAYAK WANTED. Mariner Sprite or similar design.

JOHN MYERS, P.O. Box 221, Monmouth Beach, NJ 07750, (201) 264-1736. (20)

16' WAYFARER, Frank and Margaret Dye's famous cruising dinghy "Wanderer". Cruising complete. Trailer, boom tent and much more. CLYDE GIESENSCHLAG, Miami Springs, FL, (305) 884-3504. (20)

110 SLOOP DAYSAILER, all rigging, mainsail and genoa. Sailable but needs cosmetic work. Aluminum mast and boom of English manufacture. On good trailer. \$650.

DAVID FRIEDRICHS, P.O. Box 12, Abbot Village, ME 04406, (207) 876-3116. (20)

26' LOA OPEN SKIPJACK, 19' LWL. Marine ply, wooden mast and boom, canvas sails, very good condition. Approximately 800 lbs. Needs only paint. Family departed, want to trade for sailing Barnegat Bay Sneakbox so I can go it alone.

JOHN HIROS, P.O. Box 46, New Lisbon, NJ 08064, (609) 894-4725. (20)

29' BOLGER SHARPIE, cat yawl "Skillygalee". Designed and built for present owner, of best available materials. Fully equipped, in new condition. Located on San Francisco bay. \$7,900.

THOMAS FULK, Oak Harbor, WA, (415) 935-3672. (20)

18' LASER ROWING SHELL. Training/recreational shell, sliding seat, ultralight oars, excellent condition. \$995.

RICK PAULY, Suttons Bay, MI, (616) 271-6000. (20)

18' WE-NO-NAH CANOE, great kevlar Jensen racing canoe. 28 lbs, "whale tail" stern, used one season for training and racing, excellent condition. \$995.

RICK PAULY, Suttons Bay, MI, (616) 271-6000. (20)

SIX USED WESTERBEKE DIESELS (Perkins), 4-99, 4-107, 4-108 Borg Warner gears. \$1,500 each. WILLIAM MOORE, S. Boston, MA, (508) 824-3947. (20)

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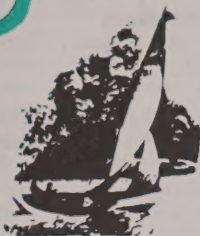


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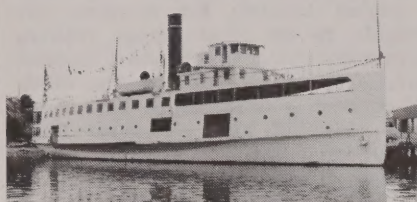


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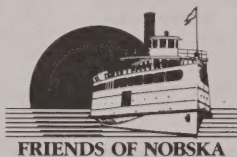


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