

Twice a Month!



messing about in BOATS

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about in

BOATS

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Our Next Issue...

Will include for events photos of the Port Townsend (WA) Wooden Boat Show sent in by Marvin Foster; a report on a fall messabout on the Mississippi from Bob Brown, and my reports on the Gerrish Island Race and the Oarmaster Trials. The adventure story will be Iver Lofving's tale of how he learned to sail with a model sailboat (kid's adventure). Designs will include Phil Bolger's "Common Sense Skiff" (with Bernie Wolfard's report of the sea trials of the prototype); Joe Pallazola's "Julie W." very light skiff for kids; and Martin Pook's diminutive 8' "Micro Cruiser" (not to be confused with the Bolger Micros). The projects will appear in "What You are Building": Scott Nelson's "Second Story Sharpie"; Stuart Hill's "Little Green Heron"; Brue Lyeth's "Cartopper" and S.D. Lothrop's 28' Hammond Dory.

On the Cover...

Martin Stevens sails along at the Cedar Key Small Craft Meet last spring in his all-green Micro "Emerald". Hugh Horton tells us the whole story on the gathering and provides some good photos too.

COMMENTARY

A couple of issues back I discussed how I'd felt the summer went by without my noticing almost, and that another winter of shop time lay ahead, and maybe this year I'd get my act together and get something done in the shop. I outlined in a sort of mini-tour around this place all the various buildings full of things to be done. I don't let them weigh heavily upon me as they await that "someday" when I'll arrive ready to go to work on them. They just have to wait, that's all.

The projects I really want to undertake are those involving my fleet of boats, of course. But there also are some other demands. When the winter comes and the yard work ceases, and outside building maintenance, painting, etc., also ceases, opportunity would seem to open right up to use this time to better advantage than on all that home-stead stuff. But as it happens, some of that hangs over into winter inside.

So I have to devote some time this winter to hooking up, in the house cellar, the new, improved water supply to the greenhouse for February seedling starts. And also I should replace the old electrical connections that have just sort of grown in and around the barn and outbuildings like some sort of vine with the new service entrance I got three years ago to bring all the outbuildings into some sort of reliable electrical circuitry. There's a lot of worrying around here in deep winter about maybe the power going off in our 30'x50' greenhouse full of valuable new seedlings, say around 3am.

Then there's the matter of heat. To enjoy puttering in a winter shop some sort of heat is necessary. Small corners of the various buildings can be locally heated with electric heaters if they are curtained off with plastic sheet to enclose just the necessary work area. But some of the projects are too big for that. I need to resurrect the two wood stoves to useable condition again, chiefly by replacing rotted out stovepipe chimneys. Before it gets too cold.

And of course before I even begin to tackle this "prep work" I have to get the 22 storm windows onto the old house, the old fashioned way, hung onto hooks after washing all that glass first, four sides for each window, inside and outside the house and the storm window too. And clean out the roof gutters. And there's the snowblow-

er attachment for the small tractor, it works fine but the power takeoff bearings on the tractor went away just at the end of lawn mowing season. So there's that to fix. I've just replaced the exhaust systems on both of our 10 year old vehicles so maybe they'll get through the winter okay.

Now, at last, to the boats (maybe after Thanksgiving? Certainly after Christmas?! I have been mostly messing about with kayaks as they seem to offer me the most readily useable boating opportunities, but down back in the temporary building (#2) I put up ten years ago sits a rather nice old Townie that I have been pecking away at for a couple of winters now. That plastic covered shed gets up to 70-80 on any sunny winter day from about 10am to 2pm (no heat out there) so I try to get out there on such occasions to carry on the restoration. This winter it's the inside of the hull that is scheduled, the outside is finished ready for paint. Lots of time with heat gun and scraper getting out all that old paint from the lapstrake planking and sawn frames.

But the kayak projects also beckon. My two (count 'em, one for a loaner) Seda Vikings need only minor upkeep, being pretty well outfitted as I want them to be. But the big Folbot double, which is also a "ready to go" boat, is being slowly fitted with a set of retractable amas to make it into a sailing "tryak", a challenging little design and fabrication project. And there's the beautiful old wooden Dunn Greenland frame I bought from Bob Dunn in 1991 that needs to be recovered, something else I also look forward to tackling.

And so it goes. No dearth of opportunity here to mess about in the boatshops. Despite the ongoing delays in getting to it in a meaningful way, I do not grow despondent over it. Rather, I see all these projects patiently awaiting my attentions and feel comfortable in the knowledge that I'll not lack for interesting things to do when time permits. Whether or not any of them will end up being ready to hit the water next season is something I do not even think about. The arbitrary imposition of a deadline on an ongoing activity that is of itself enjoyable, robs it of the pleasure of the puttering. I did say that maybe this year I'll get organized. It could happen, and then something might even get finished.

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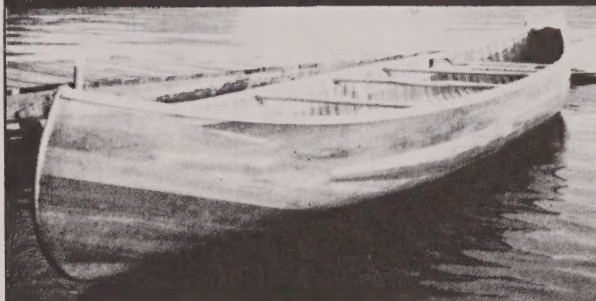


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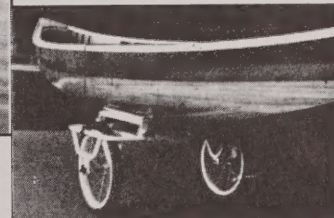
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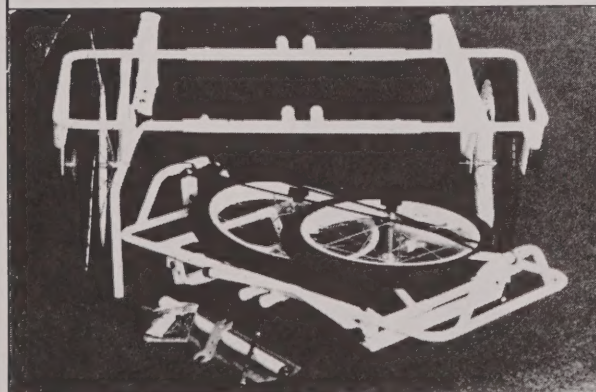
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CHAPELLE COME TO LIFE

I am spending most of my time on the Chesapeake eastern shore. There are out of the way coves and creeks here that are museums of local wooden boat designs. It's like seeing the pages of Chapelle's "Boatbuilding" come to life. A photo article with text would be an interesting project for me. Would your readers be interested?

Richard D 'Ambrosio, 19183
Glenn Dr., Parksley, VA 23421.

GETTING THE FG OFF

This winter's project for me is a Townie that needs much TLC. Sadly someone glassed the underside of it, it resembles an elementary student's first attempt at making a relief map. I'd love to find some information on how to get it off.

Burt Lowry, P.O. Box 116,
Ellsworth, ME 04605, (207)
667-8998.

WOODEN BOATS DOWN UNDER

I have been involved with our Wooden Boat Association here in Australia since its first meeting nearly four years ago, and we now have a slowly growing wooden boat movement spreading across our vast country. Perhaps I should send you a few photos and some comments on this if you think your readers would be interested. The vast majority of these are small craft, thoroughly messed about in.

Alan Chinn, Wooden Boat Association, P.O. Box 77, Glenhuntly, Victoria 3163, Australia.

A "FRIEMAN SKIFF"

I came across a reference to a boat "assembled" during the years between 1850 and 1920 at a boat yard in Grafton, IL, called a "Frieman Skiff". Can any readers shed any light on this boat and the yard in Grafton?

Jack Sarhage, 1530 Franklin Ave., Collinsville, IL 62234.

THAT PERFECT ROWING BOAT

I'm still looking for that perfect rowing boat for me. I live on the Chesapeake and look 10 miles across to Maryland's eastern shore. I want a boat I can row and perhaps fish out of. Rowboats around here are flat bottom, stable, and for outboard power. I can row them but it's like towing a barge.

Racing boats and even recreational shells are designed for speed and competition. I can't justify the asking prices for 42 pounds of fiberglass. I'd like to find a boat 18'-21' long, 5' wide, stable if wind comes up, yet designed for fairly easy rowing. I prefer fiberglass as weight is no problem as I plan to trailer to local ramps.

ALSO, is anyone out there making fiberglass whaleboats? I have friends of my age (40-ish) who'd love to challenge other teams, we're looking for designs perfect for older guys like us to compete in.

Jeff Nowak, 8347 Bay Creek Ct. Chesapeake City, MD 20732, (301) 855-0234.

ONE OF A KIND

Enclosed is my subscription order. I found a copy of your magazine in a used bookstore here in Arkansas. It's one of a kind.

Don Hawthorne, Fayetteville, AR.



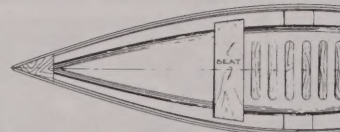
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With predictable perversity, ten days of sunny weather ended June 1, the day of the 13th Tanana River Raft Classic. The sun rose at 3:29 a.m. in Fairbanks, Alaska, showing clouds and a red, unsettled sky. The wind was freshening from the southwest, straight up the river we'd shortly be paddling down.

We stood at the staging area at the river campground at 5:59 a.m. and watched as crews, friends, onlookers, and some dazed campers from Southern California who had been pressed into service struggled to hold seventeen rafts against the silt river banks. The starting cannon would set them free to the current at 6 a.m.

The object is to be the first to arrive at Nenana, population 286, 25 miles downstream and the next settlement after Fairbanks. The rafts are all powered by paddlewheels or oars; no motors are permitted. Officials had checked the rafts to certify their riverworthiness, that they floated on four unaltered 55-gallon steel drums, and that there were enough PFDs. The officials worried about these things. There had been a long lapse in the running of the Classic after three rafters drowned in a race in the early '70s. Legend has it that Walter Cronkite was on hand for one of these early Classics, and reported a beer-sodden flotilla of irresponsible crazies. There is now a decided de-emphasis on alcoholic beverages.

The cannon boomed at 6, and there was a great shout and scramble. "Purple Haze" chumed off in a cloud of spray as its crew hunched over what looked like eight bicycles bolted together in ranks, turning a five-foot diameter sternwheel. A black vessel flying the Jolly Roger, crewed by the Harley-Davidson Northernmost Outpost, chugged out after them. An inflated pink plastic love doll was seen sitting on one of the bicycle seats, its feet lashed to the pedals. An all-woman crew rowed off after them, the chant of their coxperson initially at odds with the clashing of the oars. A crew member arrived in a frenzy, to find she had just missed her raft. She caught a ride with another crew, which might or might not catch up with hers. No matter.

June and I were not officially entered in this event, but we were paddling along in our Folbot. I had promised June a leisurely float down the river in calm sunshine. She had brought two new murder mysteries and planned to put her feet up on deck and catch some rays. I would keep us out of the murderous spruce and birch sweepers hanging horizontally out over the water at every bend as the current cut the banks away in the main channel with an occasional lazy paddle stroke, so we wouldn't drift into any of the slow-moving sloughs. We

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MESSABOUT

Dennis Stephens

would have a pleasant float, I promised her, just as I had when I did the trip in 1986 with my brother.

By the time we got our kayak packed and underway, all the rafts were gone around the bend, the sky was gloomy, and the breeze whistled up the river. We slid over water so laden with silt and powdered mountain that the old steamboat captains used to say it was "too thick to drink and too thin to plow." The Tanana River rises in the Wrangell Mountains on the Alaska/Yukon Territory border, and is one of the major drainages between the Alaska Range and the Brooks Range. It flows 259 miles north and west through the watery flats that provide vast waterfowl breeding grounds, past the brooding bottle-brush-like black spruce growing over permafrost, and through the birch and aspen hills north of Mt McKinley to empty into the Yukon at the Athabaskan village of Tanana, to which the Russians came to trade in the old days, paddling their canoes up the Yukon, which must have been very hard work indeed.

The gloomy weather continued and the wind picked up. We passed several rafts, including two which had grounded on mud bars in the shallow river, and one which had drifted into a slough and come gently to rest. No one seemed excited. Here we found one of the two floating beer cans of the trip on its own voyage to Nenana and beyond. We also came across a nice Whitehall-design under oars with her merry crew of three. A couple of canoes rounded out our small craft contingent.

The river was flowing at probably 6-8 miles per hour, clipping along, but the wind was gusting to 20 miles per hour in the opposite direction. June was not getting any reading done. I was wearing my red Ancient Mariners shirt I bought at the San Diego wooden boat festival at Koehler's boatyard, thinking I'd get a chance to show it off. It was now under a sweater and a parka, and it looked like it would stay there.

Then it began to rain lightly, and June, paddling from the forward seat, turned to give me a meaningful look. I sighed. Our own little messabout was beginning to look a lot like work, with the prospect of a long day of serious peddling.

The sun came out fretfully from time to time, sparkling across the water as we negotiated bend after bend of this braided river, sliding by thick stands of melancholy, 100-foot spruce trees. We had lunch at a more cheerful grove of birches on the bank with a friend who was accompanying the race in his outboard jon-boat, taking pictures. Then we paddled some more, it rained some more, and the wind picked up clouds of silt from the river bars.

"Purple Haze" won, pulling into Nenana at 1:48 p.m., short of the record of 7 hours 18 minutes set in 1983. At 5:30 p.m., having passed all the rafts but four in the course of that long day, the fish wheels and 700-foot railroad bridge at Nenana came into view. President Warren Harding drove the golden spike into the last tie of the Alaska Railroad at the north end of that bridge on July 15, 1923. He died mysteriously in San Francisco 18 days later.

This was the weekend of Nenana's annual summer festival. There was a good deal of rowdy fun going on, and from the looks of it had been going on all day. This was not altogether happy news, because the plan was for June to stay with the boat on the beach in Nenana while I went back upriver with our friend in his jon-boat, fetched the car, and drove the sixty miles back down to Nenana to pick her up.

It was three hours back upriver, passing eight more rafts still drifting down the river. Others were off in sloughs unseen, and might stay there until extricated sometime during the weekend. Several were aground. It was raining and cold, and the rafters' enthusiasm and energy of 6 a.m. was long gone.

Then another hour and a half by car back down to Nenana. It was about 10 p.m. and the summer festival was still going strong. No rain here, and the sun wouldn't set until midnight. People were milling around, yelling at their kids and swatting mosquitoes, music was playing, dogs were barking, fires were smoking, and June was in the middle, calmly reading her mystery. She was happy to see me, if a bit tight-lipped. I'd inadvertently taken our bottle of bug dope with me.

We loaded up and headed back up the road for home and a homebrew, tired but happy. Carpal Tunnel Syndrome, that paddlers' malady of the wrists, would not be noticed until the next morning.

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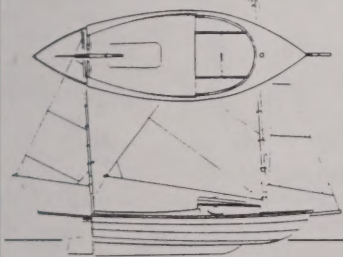


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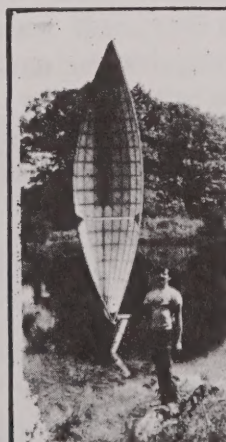
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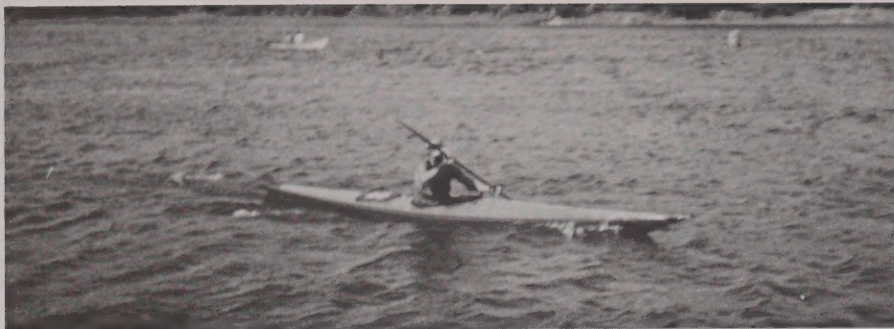
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10TH ANNUAL MIGHTY MERRIMACK RACE

Frank C. Durham



Tom Mailhot setting the fastest time in his Caribou sea kayak.



Kirk Olsen and Bill Kuklinski were just under a minute behind Tom in their racing canoe.



James Chapman rounded out the fastest three in his Jullien single scull.



Mel Ross and Cliff Punchard in Cliff's Spruce Creek wherry striving to overtake Dan O'Reilly in a Piscataqua wherry, they did it by just over a minute.

Art Poole has a new lighter Seabright Skiff, turned in sixth fastest time.



There were 29 boats entered, on a brisk, clear day. The first heat went off at 14:13 against the end of the flood tide, in a bit of chop from a stiff breeze from the SW. The participants, in order by elapsed time (hrs:min:secs), were:

Caribou Kayak Tom Mailhot	00:39:50
Racing canoe Kirk Olsen & Bill Kuklinski	00:40:45
Jullien single scull James Chapman	00:40:45
Sliding seat single Henry Szostek	00:45:15
Spruce Creek Wherry Mel Ross & Cliff Punchard	00:45:46
Seabright Skiff Arthur Poole	00:46:48
Sea Rover kayak Will Bloombergh	00:46:55
Piscataqua Wherry Dan O'Reilly	00:47:03
Piscataqua Wherry Jon Aborn	00:48:03
Peapod Ed McCabe	00:48:16
Laser Skiff slid. st. Donald Curry	00:48:48
RIRC Banks Dory Joseph Bashaw & Dan Noyes	00:49:43
Solstice SS kayak John Holt	00:53:05
Gunning Dory Mike Hinsley & Nicholas Hinsley	00:51:30
Lowell dory (double) Bob Powers & Mike Cushing	00:51:37
Sliding seat canoe Ed Younie	00:53:55
Canoe Brian Colcord & Fred Newcombe	00:54:04
Curragh (HLSMRA) Kelsey, Townsend, Coleman, Andrews	00:54:16
Stretched Light Dory Robert Yorke	00:55:53
Light Dory Robert Thurlow	00:56:41
Banks Dory Mike Jenness & S. Baker	00:56:53
RIRC Banks Dory Jay Craveiro & Eric Necco	00:58:12
Dory, Swampscott Charles Legarre & Doug Scott	00:58:19
RIRC Banks Dory Michael Comeau & David McInnis	00:59:32
Light Dory Bernie Smith	01:00:27
RIRC Banks Dory Jack Brady & Doug Scott	01:02:03
Skiff single Felix Legarre	01:02:46
Peapod Les Gould et al	01:08:13
Alden (fixed seat) Fred Meda	dnf
broken outrigger	

Jay Craverio and Eric Necco in the Rings Island Rowing Club Banks dory slugging it out.



A bit of confusion caused us severely to malign Tom Mailhot's achievement — it turns out that two finish times were recorded for him, and the second was used when the first should have been. Our apologies, Tom.

Local knowledge and hard work served Dan Noyes and Joe Bashaw well as they brought their Banks dory home first among the dories. Your reporter had just been pontificating at Dan about chasing currents too much -- rude fellow! Dan's father Burt performed invaluable services in his chase boat and as an organizer.

The battle for first fixed-seat single ("Liv-ery/Work") was a cliff-hanger; Art Poole, Dan O'Reilly, and Jon Aborn all finished in a period of less than a minute and a half (along with Ed McCabe). Winner Art Poole's Seabright Skiff (built by him) is super-light but has the classic appearance of the New Jersey shore boat.

Two almost identical peapods seemed to demand setting them up as a class by themselves, but Les Gould had two non-rowing (but bailing) passengers which may have handicapped — or saved — him.

We were all wondering what happened to Fred Medal but it was quite simple — the outriggers on an Alden are not as strong as Fred, and when he started to "pour it on," one went west. The race was east.

The Hull Life Saving Museum Rowing Association's curragh was built by the Hull folks, and has to be the winner of the "most traditional" prize, as well as that for "multi-oar". But those "oars"!

The organizers wish to thank all who participated. We would also like to invite your attention to some indispensable help which too often goes un-noticed:

The Town of Amesbury, for relaxing their restrictions on the Amesbury ramp and for putting up with the general confusion.

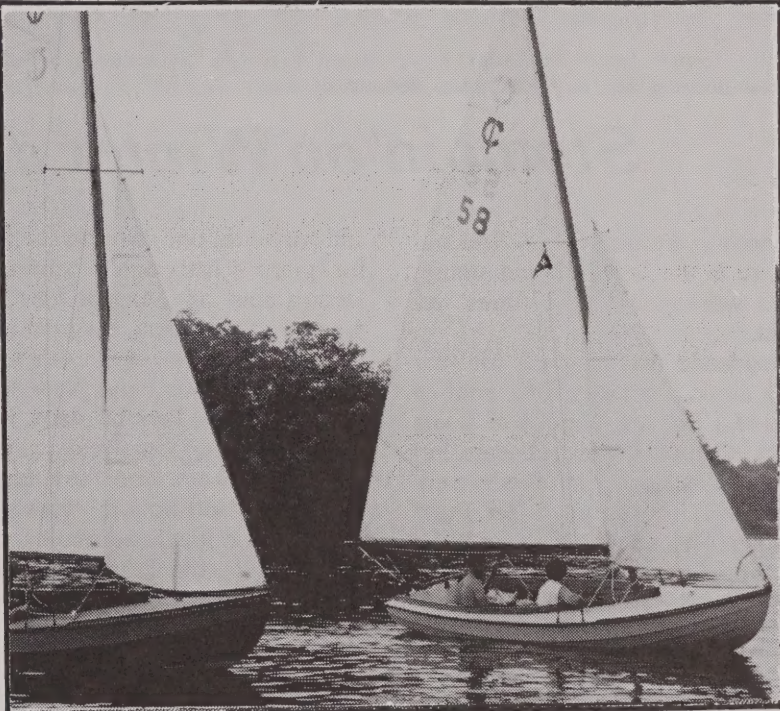
The Harbormaster of the Town of Salisbury (through which at least half the race has always passed), for patience, live help, and good advice.

The Town of Salisbury generally, for providing a really useful facility for the Rings Island Rowing Club.

The United States Coast Guard, who provided a boat to subdue the uninvolved and to save us when we get into trouble (you should have seen them in Boston Harbor when rowing races and the Tall Ships were happening together!)



The Rings Island Rowing Club enjoys use of this old firehouse for working on the boats they are given.



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On the town beach at Cedar Key, Phred Palmer's Melonseed, a Bolger Windsprint (approaching) and a couple of Sea Runner sea kayaks and a Jensen canoe.

Stompin' on Winter at Cedar Key

Hugh Horton

Saturday and Sunday, May 2nd and 3rd, were in the low 80's and sunny; breezes were good; fine times ran rampant.

Attendance was down a bit (my fault, I think, for tardy info. sent to magazines) but the variety of boats was up. Catboats were absent, but three or four more canoes showed. Half the usual dozen or so Sea Pearl 21's came. The others may have had a premonition they might not be the fastest boats this year---a Tasar planing dinghy got them. Janet Dean is owner and crew. Ron Sell was at the helm. (He owns a Sea Pearl, too.)

Cedar Key is in North Florida, a hundred miles north of Tampa. It felt like coming home after the twenty two hour drive from Michigan, Thursday morning April 30th, as we (Janet, Ron, and I) crossed the first of four bridges from the mainland. The low tide view of oyster bars and salt-marsh, the Gulf and islands thrilled me. Salt air through open windows and a waving line of ibis were a tonic for nose and eye. Business exasperations in Detroit sloughed off. Winter was gone. City zip was zapped.

By noon it was sunny, lower to mid 80's, wind SSE 8-10 knots. I paddled my trusty Hydra Sea Runner across the flood tidal current of the half mile wide Main Channel to Atsena Otie Key and entered its inner lagoon from the SW end. "Overjoyed" was the understated word I wrote in notes. (How

and why does one develop such a love for 'place'? Although I'm living near Detroit now, and, except for the people---my father, Hal, Kayann and her girls, and friends---it doesn't feel like home. Cedar Key and New Mexico do. Maybe this love of place, besides sky and firmament, really includes people, because one may fantasize loved ones will be joining one someday in these idealized homes...is this stuff simply the fate of a drifter, a restless traveler, most men?) I noted the birds---a half dozen osprey, several ibis, pelicans and cormorants, great blue herons, egrets big and small, many terns, crows, grackles, red-wing blackbirds, assorted pipers, and little birds in the bush.

On Friday Mike Leiner and I in Sea Runners paddled to Atsena's north beach. We watched the Tasar with Janet and Ron trounce hull speed in the 9-12 knot westerly. Then Mike and I went in the NE entrance of the inner lagoon, up current. While we were paddling and meeting Jeff and Loraine picnicking in *Sea Moose*---a camo painted, blunt aluminum skiff driven by two big electric trolling motors---Janet and Ron reached out around Snake Key, meeting us back at the south tip beach of Atsena. Although I hadn't seen dolphins, they had. Returning up past the NE corner of the island, a black-necked stilt flew lightly off the beach trailing day-glo orange legs. Wind against tide in the

Main Channel raised enough chop for spray skirts.

Saturday morn was WSW 2-4, clear, mid 70's. By 10:AM when Bill Cross, using a 9' double-paddle in his 16' Mohawk canoe, joined Mike and me to paddle with the flood to the Town Beach, the breeze was about 3-5. Bill, a metals wizard, built my trailer which can carry a canoe, or a ton, smoothly. He sport fishes ("never been skunked in my canoe"), buoys an anchor, and rigs a drogue to add drag and face the canoe at the fish when catching 90+ pound tarpon. At the Town Beach were Ned Sharples in a Mad River canoe; Cynthia from Jacksonville in an Alden Ocean Shell; Fred Palmer in his dark green Melonseed skiff with tanbark sprit rig; Bob and Carol in their Friendship-styled center board sloop, *Freedom*; a Bolger Windsprint, owner's name unknown but he's been here other years; Janet and Ron with the Tasar; and four or five Sea Pearl 21's including Ron and Sameye Johnson's, Mark Kramer's, and John and Rena Adsit's.

Reluctant Mike must have quietly suggested, "Snake Key," beginning and ending the formalities, because soon the Sea Pearls led the flotilla east of Atsena toward Snake. I thought the breeze too light for *Pine Needle* so I paddled the Sea Runner up current around the west side of Atsena. On its north beach was a skin on frame kayak unknown still. Halfway to

Snake I saw Ned, far east of me, paddling back to town. Cynthia wasn't visible. When I beached on Snake, the Pearls were about to leave for North Key. Talking with John and Lee Howe in a shapely plywood garvey, and Walt and Abby Winne in *Claire*, a Nat Herreshoff eleven and a half foot waterline, cat-rigged sailing dinghy built about 1910, I learned that on her way to Snake, Cynthia remembered a stick of butter she had left, to soften, on the seat of her car. She turned back. Ned heard the story, and, ever the gentleman, followed to help since the butter was for a pound cake for his house that evening. No slippery damage, though. The cake was excellent and the aroma immediately brought memories of my grease gobbling youth.

The Herreshoff boggled me. A carvel planked hull with a zillion steamed ribs, all those years in Florida's climate, and still actively used! This is an instance in which an owner believes glassing the hull in the late '70's saved her. Her shape is a planing dinghy with full waterlines forward---not a hint of hollow. While I was admiring her, *Freedom* arrived, then Marty Stevens in *Emerald*, his gem green Bolger Micro with green sails, and Mike, now in his Marsh Hen. *Emerald* had spent Friday night up the clear Withlacoochee River at Yankeetown's Isaac Walton Lodge. She must have gleamed gloriously, Ozlike, up that green walled waterway.

We watched the Pearls beat away, led by the Johnson's, then the Melonseed, and later the Tasar. It was on this windward sail to North Key that the Tasar caught and passed and left the Pearls.

Emerald towed the Sea Runner and carried me as we met the fleet returning from North Key. Here over the sandbar north of the Main Channel several years ago, while running back from North, Mike Leiner's winsome Micro---delicate in dark lavender



Right from the top: Ned Sharples, Ron Sell, Mike Leiner and Janet Dean checking out an oyster spit on Corrigan's Reef, two Sea Runners and a Wenonah. Walt and Abby Winne in "Claire". Marty Stevens gives Ned and Cynthia Sharples a ride in "Emerald". Sea Runner under tow by "Emerald" with Sea Pearl catching up from the right.



Ron Sell and Janet Dean getting a tow into Withlacoochee Bay in the Jensen.



Looking over a big prickly pear on Corrigan Reef.

Checking out local fauna, an ibis leaves as Ron Sell glides up.



below her dusky rose sheer trim, and aquamarine above to her rose edged deckline---touched her keel and spun slowly in front of *Emerald*, who then touched and turned, just taking Mike's bumpkin in a sensual, slightly too passionate, *Waltz of the Micros*.

Sunday dawned like Saturday---perfect. Mike and I paddled the Sea Runners to Atsena meeting the Tasar with Janet and Ron, and *Emerald* with Cynthia, Ned, and Marty. Past noon, the breeze now W12+, Ron took me for a ride across the Channel, planing some on the reaches. (Oh, to have as much sail power on a paddleable cruiser!) *Emerald* ferried Ned and Cynthia to Cedar Key and then headed north to the Suwannee. Mike returned to work at the Island Place. The Tasar blasted off to windward and I spoke with a family on the beach with a Capri 142 sloop. She looked new but was nine years old. I paddled down current toward Dog Island, breeze now 15+. The Tasar appeared again, spray flying. I tucked into the lee at the east end of Dog and watched an osprey on a nest only a few yards away and a couple yards up. While splashing over to Scale Key, two of the biggest dolphins I've seen here rolled up high a boat length away, and gave me the prolonged, inspecting eye. Hmm. Returning fast with the ebb and hugging the shore about 5:PM, I stopped and chatted with the Adsits and son Fred, just back from a long visit to Scotland. "See you next year!"

The Melonseed with "Phred" (according to his hat) Palmer didn't show on Sunday. Darn that guy. Saturday afternoon and evening I'd been gleefully anticipating sailing her. I had a nine foot double-paddle, too, which I thought might reach the water over her sheer. Watching her accelerate on a close reach away from Snake Key, her shape and short length gave her an easy quickness of movement in the 2-4 knot or so paddling speed range. The flare amidships and forward added a dry look, too. Her curved dagger board had the appearance of, possibly, coping with the voracious oysters of Cedar Key, which are always starving for boards and rudders. Cedar Key's waters can be clear or turbid, mostly from the tannin stained Suwannee, seven miles north. The depth, therefore, is often a puzzle unless you've memorized the bottom contours at a very low tide, and have

mastered Cedar Key's lop-sided tides, (mixed semi-diurnal), which hide those oysters making swing up boards obligatory, I'd thought. But the Melonseed scheme raised hope that a simplification was possible. Anyway, I didn't get to try her. Drat. Next year, Fred Palmer, please bring her back again the first weekend in May.

And you other folks messing about out there, bring your craft to Cedar Key's shallows next year, too. Give remnants of winter's blues a clean airing and a warm saltwater rinse. Some have questioned the Boat Meet's late spring date. From southern Michigan, I can say it's not too late. Winter frequently knuckles a late April body blow to Detroit. So, although spring is alleged, summer seems seasons away. In May Cedar Key stomps on winter and brings you skipping through spring to summer's slow dance. Anchor out or camp. Rent a room, cottage, or efficiency. Snack under the magnificent live oaks of the Cedar Key Bed and Breakfast. I'm not sorry to say there's no golf course within twenty five miles, nor any fast food chains or even a traffic light. So come on down or up or over. You too might enjoy the enchantment of messing about the island pearls of Florida's Nature Coast.

We stayed three and a half days more. Monday morn, NW 4-7, partly cloudy, low 80's. After a cold (?) front passed, Ron and I paddled to Atsena and in the SW entrance. We saw jumping mullet and a swimming raccoon. An ibis and an osprey with a fish were calmly sharing a branch in a dead tree a few yards apart. A great blue heron landed in the tree the same distance from the osprey on the other side of the trunk. The osprey, agitated, began whistling and wiggling. Then, with the ibis watching, the heron jumped with a flap and landed next to the osprey which screeched and flew with its fish.

In the afternoon, sunny, breeze SW 10-12, Mike and I drove to Ned's new house on the island between the first and second bridges from the mainland. In Ned's Wenonah canoe Ron paddled bow, Janet eased amidships, and Ned pulled from the stern. Our three boats glided east from Ned's with the wind and tide across a mile of oyster flats and channels before gaining Waccassasa Bay, at the landward end of Corrigan Reef. Here the current wells and swirls in patchy wave patterns. I beached on the islet

where I had slept in *Pine Needle* on a mini cruise, coming and going, two years earlier. Now the current swept the kayak and canoe through the cut in the reef. On the lee side they pulled out on the all-oyster beach. A few pelicans, cormorants, black skimmers, and an American oyster catcher watched. Tiny pipers ignored us. A mid size one dragged its wings and scuttled around. Again the huge prickly pear had two or three dozen yellow flowers. When Ned found a female *Phidippus audax* jumping spider, fat and fuzzy, Janet cringed. I wondered, happily, as the *Phid* climbed me, if this spider were a descendant of the male stowaway that had deserted *Pine Needle* here.

Tuesday afternoon, SW 10-15, low 80's. Another Atsena paddle; the raccoon stared back. I was looking for an out of the way anchorage for *Pine Needle* in the inside, hoping to find a spot that would have enough water to let us exit in time for a breakfast of super spuds at Cook's Cafe---super because of all the onions, peppers, mushrooms, and ex-Albuquerquean Chris' splendid salsa.

Wednesday my night out plans for *Pine Needle* were thwarted by the obligation to look at a one and a half acre island near Yankeetown. Janet,

Ron and I drove a Sea Runner and the Wenonah to the Withlacoochee and put in near Withlacoochee Bay two miles north of the River. A one and a quarter mile paddle out of the salt marsh, against wind and flood, got us there. It's a pretty limestone lump with five live oaks, a dozen cedars and cabbage palms, and, I believe, a few small bay trees from which flew a great blue heron. At the top of a tall, skinny palm bole, in lieu of fronds, was a blooming prickly pear. (Holy prickly wig, Batman!) As we left a female merganser, possibly not well, sat calmly on the limestone until I idiotically came too close. Our return was fast with the current and wind dragging the canoe attached to Janet's parafoil kite.

9:AM Thursday, NE 9-14, upper 50's (shiver), mostly sunny, and one last trip through Atsena with the ebb. I did and didn't want to get stuck in here today since we were to start driving back after lunch. I was gloomy with the thought of leaving, but boisterous dolphins, leaping and tossing fish, cheered me on the paddle back across the Channel. Scores of black skimmers flashed above. Two soaring frigate birds recalled from a few days ago weren't in sight, but, no matter, fine times *had* run rampant.



Bob and Carol's "Freedom" mini-Friendship sloop with Janet Dean's Tasars approaching.

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Messing About Wales in a Canal Boat

Hugh G. Watts

Philip Thiel's report on the status of his prototype pedal-powered canal boat "Penichette" (see *Messing About in Boats* Vol. 10, No. 2, June 1, 1992) put me in mind of a canal trip I'd taken in Wales with my young family years ago. A little more reminiscing sent me rummaging through my book shelves until I found the log of the trip. While this all took place over twenty years ago (could it really be that long?) I expect that things would be little changed if one were to travel that way today.

The cruise through the canals of Northern Wales was a compromise holiday. We were trying to plan our vacation for the summer between two years spent working in the South of England. With only a year left in the U.K., my wife wanted to see as much of the British Isles as possible but I wanted to be in a boat, any kind would do. We both wanted something which wouldn't coop us up with our three young children, then ages 9, 4 and 3. The choice turned out to be excellent.

We began by reading travel brochures about holidays in England with children. Most of them would have required miles of travel in our rented Mini (the British version of a motorized roller skate). Out of the question. The ad from the Inland Hire Cruisers at Rowton Bridge, Chester impressed us. Try as we might, no one knew anything about Wales. . . "as a cruising ground?" A little work in our local library told us that the Llangollen Canal was the Welsh branch of the Shropshire Union Canal. While the main canal was still much used by working canal boats, the Llangollen branch was open only for pleasure craft. It was called "the most beautiful stretch of canal in the British waterway system, if not in the whole world."

When the charterer's brochure arrived, excitement rose. However, my suspicions were aroused when I read a fine-print paragraph stating that. . . "the hirer is not responsible for fines paid to the British Waterways Board for loss of excessive water due to leaving the lock paddles open". It dawned on me then, that we were to be our own lock-keepers. The initial panic was dealt with by a search for information. There were many books about the British canals, but they were filled with minutia, about their history, their construction or their picturesque-ness, but not a word about how to operate the locks. Finally, I found *Canal Cruising* by John Hankinson, published by Ward Lock Co,

London, 1967. Here was the complete canaler's guide telling me what to take, rules of the road for navigating the canals, and a complete description of the locking system. However, the section on cruising through tunnels did little to enthuse my wife. I read the book through a couple of times, and convinced myself that I was reassured.

We arrived in Chester about noon on a July Saturday. Chester is a delightful medieval town that deserves time for exploration. We had no difficulty finding Rowton Bridge, in Christleton. The boat wasn't due to be ready till 3:00 pm (standard practice in British canal boat hiring) but we thought we'd take a peak at our next week's home. When we saw her, our hearts fell. She was all of the 28 feet, as advertised, but she was scruffy and showed many signs of age and abuse. She was liberally sheathed with well chaffed rubbing strakes. We were soon to realize the reason for her scars. Her beam was 6 ft 10 inches. Many of the locks she was soon to pass through were just 7 feet wide. Some times a few brick ridges encroached further into the one inch of freedom on each side. I defy anyone to cruise such a canal and take their ship through unscathed. John Hankenson stated... "if your boat is unscratched, you're the first hirer."

We returned to the boat yard a little before 3:00 pm and piled the three children, and countless bags aboard. The groceries were already neatly stacked in the cabin. They'd been ordered through the charterer and delivered aboard by the supplier. I was then shown my first diesel engine, a Volvo Penta 15.5 h.p., and given a whirlwind instruction course on operation and maintenance. We were shown the whereabouts of the lock key and the mooring pins. Fifteen minutes later, we were en route leaving behind our charterer's hearty farewells and undoubtedly his silent prayers for the boat's, if not our, safe return.

Knowing that all the charter boats were due to leave at 3:00 pm and with a set of locks just six miles up-canal from the boatyard we were prepared to re-enact the Spanish Armada's encounter with the English Navy. Our worries were unfounded. As the whole trip demonstrated, we never had to line up for locks, even though we were at the height of the season.

That first afternoon we travelled only seven miles and traversed one lock. We wanted to get the feel of the boat and find out just

exactly how the locks worked. The first six locks, which are on the Shropshire Union Canal, are wide ones, which can take two boats side by side and two end-for-end, so it made for an easier start, especially with other canalers around for help.

The process of locking is basically one of letting the water do the work by allowing it to run down hill. There are no pumps. You empty a lock by opening the "paddles" which cover holes in the down-stream gates. There is one paddle to open in each of the downstream gates. The "paddles" are opened and shut by a rack-and-pinion mechanism which is worked with the aid of a "lock key". This is an "L" shaped steel crank-handle that has a square opening that fits onto the square ended spindle of the gear mechanism (Rule One: Don't leave your lock key back at the last lock, and for God's sake, don't drop it overboard). I remember that the noise of the water rushing out of that first lock almost drowned out the shrieks coming from my wife who was trying to hang onto the boat by it's mooring lines as the current from the water exiting the lock threatened to wash boat and family downstream. (Rule Two: Because there are few mooring points below the lock to tie to, and because wives have a distaste for being dragged downstream unwillingly, when you disembark to take on the role of lock-keeper, leave your boat about fifty yards below the lock).

When the lock is empty, the down-stream gates can be opened readily by leaning against the long balance arms which counterweight the gates. A few extra moments of waiting, to ensure that the water levels on both sides of the gate are equal, is important. Otherwise, grunting and swearing are necessary. Once the gates are opened, the daring can drive in, however, the cautious rope in. The wide locks are no problem, but driving into the narrow ones with an inch on each side is a challenge. It also requires that the vessel be absolutely vertical. A slight lean over the gunwale to check your whereabouts and you're jammed.

Once in the lock, the gates are closed behind the boat, as are the paddles on these gates. An oversight here leaves a lot of water flowing straight through the lock (hence the potential fines to the Waterways Board). The lock is filled by opening the "ground paddle" which covers the entrance of a tunnel in the ground that bypasses the upper gates. The

inrushing water causes the boat to sashay violently, but the narrow confines reduces the problem of steadying the boat. After some experience, my wife learned to control this with the engine while I was ashore lock-keeping. With the lock filled, the upper gates can be opened by pushing against their balance arms. Once again, a few moments of waiting are well rewarded. With that extra wait, our nine year old daughter could open most gates by herself. After exiting the lock, courtesy dictated that the gates be left shut and the ground paddles lowered.

Our passage through our first lock left us with a sensation of a complex job nervously but successfully accomplished. Soon it was child's play (literally). It provided a lot of action for the children and a usually welcome opportunity to chat with local strollers, boat messers that liked to hang around locks, as well as other canal boaters who tended to use a lock stop for lunch, taking on water or checking out the local pub (which was often near at hand). The narrow locks could take on two boats end to end. This meant that the locking ritual could frequently be shared with the other boat's crew which made it all even easier.

After our one lock on the first the day we putted another mile or so then moored for the night under the protection of the ramparts of Beeston Castle. Mooring is a simple affair. You choose a spot, pull over, jump ashore, hammer in the mooring pins and tie up to them. The mooring pins are nothing more than steel spikes about eighteen inches long. These are driven into the canal bank with a small sledgehammer provided by the management. The boats also come equipped with a gang plank since the edges of the canals are usually too shallow to get close enough in to allow small fry to climb on and off.

Along one side of the canal is a tow path, a legacy from the days of the horse drawn canal boats. The tow-path property is owned by the Waterways Board so you can moor anywhere along that side. Except in a very few places, the opposite side is also free for mooring. The choice of mooring site is almost infinite. We usually looked for an open field. This provided running room for the children and frequently a wandering herd of cows or sheep as added entertainment. We were seldom far from a farmer or a small country store where fresh dairy produce could be bought.

Life on board was comfortable. We had ample space (a forward cabin for our oldest child, a main salon for the adults, a center cockpit, and an aft cabin for the wee ones), a good double-burner butane cooker as well as hot and cold running water. The galley was outfitted with a mind toward the absence of rough water and the anticipated English clientele. Hence we were elaborately endowed with fancy chinaware and plenty of tea cups and, of course, saucers to match. This seemed the epitome of messing about in boats; being in England and cruising with a cup of tea.

Navigation was no problem. It was simply a matter of boating-by-numbers. We followed the canal taking sightings on the numbers which were boldly displayed on most of the bridges. We could then locate ourselves with the aid of the appropriate British Waterways Guide booklet. Those handy books were purchased from the hirer. We had one for the Shropshire Union Canal and another for the Llangollen Canal. These showed the canals as straight lines to simplify matters and marked all the locks and bridges, as well as the spots where fresh water was available. It also marked



the location of emergency necessities such as the pubs. (Rule Three: Don't loose your guide overboard...we did). If we had preferred accurate maps of the geography, we could have bought the British Ordinance maps 108, 109, and 110. At the time we were outfitting, we hadn't known about them. I'm sure they would have been an added pleasure, but were certainly not a necessity.

About 13 miles and six locks down the Shropshire Union Canal, we swung west into the Llangollen Canal proper. This became much narrower and extraordinarily beautiful. There were a lot of locks so we needed to pace ourselves evenly. I'd figured that sixty miles and twenty seven locks each way would be a breeze, but it required steady going. I came across a very handy suggestion in a charterer's brochure. They suggested estimating a day's travel on the basis of Lock/Miles. "This is calculated by dividing the number of locks by two and adding this to the number of miles to be travelled. Thus ten miles and four locks would be twelve Lock/Miles. A comfortable rate of progress would be three Lock/Miles each hour." I found this to be a very close estimate. You can see that the round trip of 120 miles and 54 locks would take 49 hours, which meant roughly about eight hours on the go each day for a week's trip. If one had limited time, there are charterers who run one-way service and will ferry your car to the other end (for a price I'm sure).

About 24 miles from the start of the Llangollen Canal, we passed through the first short tunnel (87 yards) and came out into the Ellesmere Lake Country, as lovely as the name is romantic. Some twelve miles further, my wife's stamina was tested by the Chirk Tunnel (459 yards long). It was a bit alarming to guide a boat through in pitch black with a half foot of leeway on either side. I had to duck my head so as not to scrape my skull, which made the going even more difficult. Leading the way through was a half-moon of light glowing at the far end. Some boats have a headlamp, but ours did not. My flashlight was a handy "aid to navigation." I could see through the tunnel well enough so that I was not worried about meeting a boat coming the other way.

The other boats one sees are a constant source of fascination for the canal cruiser. A few horse-drawn boats are still seen. They're used for the excursion trade. The "Narrow Boats" (seventy footers with a beam of about six feet) were once the domain of the commercial canal men. However, these have largely been converted into pleasure craft, yet still retain the decorative paint work which was characteristic of the gypsy-like canal society. Most of these boats are steered standing up at the afterdeck using the huge traditional "S" shaped tiller which comes up chest high.

The most exciting part of the trip was the Pontcysyllte Aquaduct. This is a 1007 foot bridge 121 feet above the ground that supports a canal full of water which you boat across. Started in 1795, it was completed ten years later. It is quite a novelty to look over the gunwale of your boat and see men playing cricket 100 ft below. Our first crossing was made with a sharp cross wind which forced the boat to scrape along the edge leaving only a lip of steel about six inches above the water level between the boat and nothing...I think my wife had her eyes tightly shut for the entire crossing. Llangollen, our destination was a traditionally "quaint" Welsh small town, which by now may have changed. After a day spent there sight-seeing, we reversed our itinerary. The return trip across the Aquaduct and through the tunnels were a little less alarming, but none the less awe inspiring.

If you ever want to try this trip, you'll have a memorable time. Should you fancy another stretch of the British canal system, there are hundreds of miles to choose from.



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A Race in the Sea Pearl "Zoe"

Andre Venables

The race began with a tack to southward. Chuck Benjamin and I were sailing Zoe up to the start line when the horn went off. We had miscalculated the horn by about thirty seconds. Three boats crossed the starting line ahead of us. Zoe slid further behind as the other boats progressed. Then a lift and we were sailing on a better course than they although still behind. The spread seemed impossible to close as they rounded the windward mark and some other boats overtook us riding our lift. Our course had been excellent but due to wind shifts we were destined to make another tack to be in position to round. More yardage separated us from the others.

We rounded the mark to port and spread sail out to leeward. Chuck's marvellous attention to detail kept his eye on the windward and leeward telltales. He worked the main sheet like a puppeteer. No wind was wasted. Zoe loves a broad reach and she was galloping along with the leeboard about half up. We were relaxing. A beer was opened for the skipper and we levelled the boat in good trim for the two mile run ahead. The unthinkable happened then. A puff blew my LL Bean Panama hat onto the river. There it floated, flat-brimmed and elegant on the out-going tide as we sailed away. I almost decided to let it go, but we were slipping behind anyway and the thing cost about \$21. So we executed a 360 degree turn and came up into the wind on momentum just like a maneuverboard drill and snatched the hat at the leeboard. Back up on course again. To our amazement it didn't look like we lost much ground.

Then the unbelievable occurred. We were questioning our perception. It seemed that the gap was actually closing. The other five boats were bunching up. They were tweaking their sheets and halyards and vang and trying to break loose from the pack. At this time the lead boat from the following fleet entered their pack causing much maneuvering and confusion of air.

Chuck had the main boom out to leeward a foot ahead of the main mast. This is what the outer telltale dictated and he followed it. I told him from the first that he was to be completely involved with the main sheet and the telltales and that the windward telltale was most important. I let out the mizzen until it began to luff and then trimmed it.

We were moving! The leeboard halyard began chattering like a little motor and we gained the fleet steadily. And not a wimpy progress. We were gaining! Soon some of the other skippers were pointing at us and looking to be sure our motor was up. They were at a stand still. Their sails were drawing but they made no progress over bottom. They just held their position against the tide. The air that held them in the tidal flow was pulling us abeam and then we passed them all.

"Whatever we're doing don't change it!" Cautiously we looked back: fifty yards behind was the entire fleet. Behind them a backdrop of deep grey sky where a thunder storm was crossing the river with heavy downpouring showers three miles south. What a sight! All those white sails filling in front of a stormy sky. I counted twenty-four boats. Two were pulling out ahead of the pack. They were a Merit 25 and

a Rainbow, both flying spinnakers. Gradually they caught us and slipped ahead. Comparatively their speed was not impressive.

The next leg was close hauled and many boats caught us with a vengeance. We tacked in front of one, discourteously, and called "starboard tack" forcing him to tack behind us. He eventually bore ahead and got to the next mark first.

The penultimate leg was before us. It should have been a run or broad reach but the storm was causing peripheral disturbance and the wind came across our port bow. So we were close hauled again just when we wanted to take the fleet with our best point of sail, the run. The winds were not steady. First on our bow, then abeam, behind and abeam again. But we didn't miss a move. Chuck played every gust and puff. We felt the advantage of having the sheets in our fingers as opposed to wraps around winches. This "two-stick-canoe" as Zoe is sometimes called is eminently responsive to tweaks and body position.

Our attention was so rapt that we did not notice which boats we passed or where we stood in the confusion of sails that covered the river. The last leg was a close hauled one even though it began with a 180 degree turn.

One tack for a mile's length got us within a hundred yards of the finish line where the wind died and every boat there stalled. Chuck the puppeteer played the strings to keep us ghosting along. We thought if we could get well lined up with the finish line (now just 40 yards away) the tide would drift us over. Two boats nearer shore were becalmed with limp mains and jibs. One to port was threatening us but looked like he might have to tack one more time to cross. We had minute steady movement with faintly drawing sails. But then the wind rounded up and filled from our port bow us and propelled Zoe across the line.

It was such a delight and a perfect day we kept on that tack until we left the finish line a half mile behind. Then I brought Zoe around and Chuck took the helm. We ran northward to Kingston Light and sailed part way up the Rondout Creek before we had to furl main and mizzen and pull the old Evinrude into service. Chuck and I discussed the coaxing and charming of Zoe. She needs 98% attention to the telltales, half filled ballast tanks and a lucky hat.

We finished second in our fleet. The corrected time in seconds put us third in the Spinnaker fleet and fourth in the "A" fleet. Zoe is the only Sea Pearl in the Kingston (N.Y.) Sailing Club.

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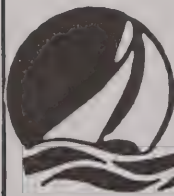
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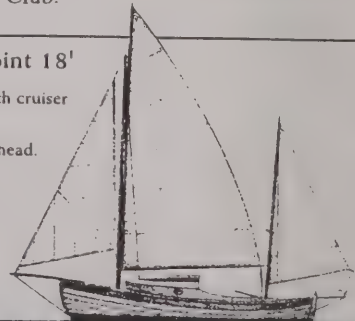
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"Listen, this is going to be Mike's last chance to go sailing before he returns to his Air Force assignment in Japan," I reasoned. "It's Saturday or nothing."

"Haven't you been watching the weather recently?" Linda queried. "You may have noticed the words 'Tropical Depression' have been used a lot."

"Yeah I know, but that should be over with by Thursday or Friday at the latest," I forecasted. "Besides we can sail out of Ft. Desoto so we can be close to land almost always."

"You're nuts!" My First Mate rebelled. "3,000 people have been evacuated south of here because of TWO FEET of rain!!! And YOU want to go CLOSER to that???"

It was clearly time to call in an air strike.

"Whaddya say Mike?"

"I'm good for go!" My F-16 Crew Chief translated. "Let's do it!"

The effort to schedule around two teenagers, a Crew Chief, two adults and our sailing yorkie required a wake up call long before dawn as well as getting our cat-ketch Sea Pearl ready the night before.

The clear dawn sky which had turned grey by the time we left the house was getting darker the closer we came to Ft Desoto Park located at the mouth of Tampa Bay.

While we had driven through several showers it wasn't until we put in that serious rain started. Now it was time for THE BIG DECISION: Do we sail or not?

To the north was a black sky with real pretty white thunderheads scattered about. The view to the south and west was better, at least there were no thunderheads visible and we could see the Egmont Key light house flashing through the trees.

"Well?" I began, hopefully not sounding too negative while trying to maintain my balance on the rolling dock in the strong wind and pouring rain.

"I'm glad we decided to sail here rather than Tarpon Springs," observed Michelle as she looked north adjusting her bumpershoot.

"That's one yes vote," I tallied "Jim?"

"I bet the surf on the Gulf side will be awesome!" Jim predicted.

"That's two, and we already know Mike's opinion."

"I don't think the storms to the north are as much a problem as those clouds to the south-west," our normally prudent First Mate declared. "Maybe if we stayed close by we could make a run for the car if it gets too bad."

"Since the wind is blowing a good 20 knots we're going to get wet anyway so what's the difference if we mix a little fresh water with the salt?" I reasoned casually.

"Dad, the difference is that we don't want to get fried in the process," Mike illuminated.

"Remember, there's a brick out-house at North Beach," Jim pointed out. "It's given us a place to hide before."

"It's settled then," I proclaimed.

We set off from St Christopher Key with ballast tanks filled, three reefs rolled off the main and one off the mizzen and a course set towards Sister Key in the northwest. Since the more rational sailors had elected to stay home, Bunce's Pass was devoid of traffic.

On the theory that if you're going to have a plan it might as well be optimistic, we decided to come about and sail more-or-less south to the camp grounds on Mullet Key Bayou, then follow its western shore line to North Beach and perhaps further north to Shell Key, stopping only for tubing in the waves.

The Adventures Of The Magic Pearl

The Loss of Cy Hat

By Matt Maloy

Magic was tearing through the water at hull speed even with the full load and being reefed. Occasional wind gusts heeled her enough to get the lee rail damp. I had no problem keeping her under control and was completely enjoying myself as Magic repeatedly soaked the crew and dog with spray.

The thing you have to know about these Florida storms is that once they see you they build quickly and tend to sneak about until they find you and then attach themselves to your masts. They won't let go until at least one crew member threatens mutiny, blaming of all people, the Captain for their misfortune. Today would be different, I saw the wily bugger coming and made a wild tack onto a beam reach and headed towards North Shore. We didn't exactly escape dry, but the crew needed a shower anyway.

I set a course for the only patch of blue sky available. Smug in my victory, I turned to watch a grey wall of rain consume the docks. We rounded the point at North Shore and decided to continue on towards the barrier island for our date with the surf.

From out of nowhere we were suddenly blind-sided by a tremendous gust of rain with some wind mixed in for good measure. The first storm's big brother had found us. With extreme prejudice he pushed the lee rail under and started a mad scramble to stow the dog and other equipment as significant water came aboard. It was when the main sheet blew from my hands and I reached across to pick it up off what was now the deck that Cy went overboard.

"CY!!!!" I screeched as my glasses fell off my head and sunk in the foot well. "I LOST CY!!!!"

"MARK IT!!" shouted Mike. "MARK IT!!!"

"I CAN'T SEE!! Somebody tell me which way to steer!!"

Fortunately Sea Pearls draws very little water so as we knifed into the beach and skidded to a stop, sails flapping wildly, we suffered no damage.

"Turn it around!! Turn it around!!" I screamed against the wind as I fumbled for my glasses. "We're going back for Cy!!"

Jim was wrestling with the two umbrellas that had blown apart. Mike grabbed them from

his hands and ran to find a garbage can while the rest of us pushed Magic back into the water. Mike barely made it back aboard as we rocketed off the beach back into the bay.

I dropped both lee boards and put Mr. E. to work as a brake by turning him 90 degrees and dragging him sideways through the water attached, of course, securely to his mount. Mr. E did a good job slowing us, maybe he's finally found something he can do well quietly for a change. Still, we were going much too fast in a small place with strong winds to search properly. We anchored and began a search by snorkeling. Jim walked the beach in lingering hope.

At length I had to admit defeat. I told the crew to go on to the Gulf side and enjoy the surf. Linda & I took Magic out a little further and anchored. I donned fins and a mask and continued what I knew would be a fruitless search in the storm churned water. I snorkeled about until I heard the whine of a power boat and surfaced just in time to see it veer off between Magic and myself. The boat had "Sea Rescue" painted on its side. Enough is enough! I quickly swam back to the boat and prepared to get underway.

It was a robust but oddly quiet sail to the island. The sun had returned and the day took on the quality of freshness not usually found in these parts during the summer. The palm trees were greener and as they arched over the snow-white beach the water turned to mind-probing sapphire. Under powder blue skies with small white clouds evidently thrown in for maximum effect the wind blew steady and strong and with no waves on the protected bay Magic showed her speed. It's times like these when I wish I could sail on forever. Upon gaining landfall we found the sea had cut our island in half and the storms had done major damage to what few trees made their existence there.

I guess it was about this time that a real pretty young blond girl came bouncing down the beach and even stranger seemed to be coming over to me.

"I'm with Sea Rescue." She began to explain. "And we're practicing drowning so don't try and rescue us like those other guys did...OK?"

"I didn't know you needed to practice drowning," I replied, both dumbfounded and broken-hearted at the same time. "But if you see CY Hat out there would you come find me?"

"Whaaaat?"

"My hat!" I said. "I lost my Cy Hat over there a little while ago."

"You want me to rescue a HAT???"

"CY'S NOT JUST A HAT!!!" I bellowed "Cy was the BEST darn hat a sailor could want! He kept the sun off my nose and the rain off my glasses and I lost him to the sea just today!"

While she started to back away her eyes grew larger and her bubbly smile started to fade a bit and we exchanged looks that said the other thought perhaps a cool drink in frigid air conditioning would bring the other back to sanity with time and therapy.

We sailed back to the docks in the fresh breeze with cousin storm on our tail. I reflected that Cy was lost at sea during a very wild ride. Ya know if he knew he had to meet our buddy Davey J. today he'd a probably wanted it that way. Still, I'll think of him every time my nose gets cooked, and my glasses get rained on and when my ears peel, good hats are hard to find these days don't you know and Cy was a good one.

FON ACQUIRES STEAM MACHINERY FROM "TANKMASTER"

Another example of how experience, innovation, and motivation often combine to spur the *NOBSKA* dream closer to reality took the form of a unique three-way deal recently concluded in New York.

A FON team headed by Claude Hodges, chairman of *NOBSKA*'s Restoration and Engineering Committee, with legal assistance from Trustee Rob Coughlin, and expert steam equipment advice from *NOBSKA* Chief Engineer, Joe Dawicki and Overseer Greg Lindon, recently acquired tugboat *TANKMASTER II*, a nearly 100-year-old ocean-going tug. The historic 160-foot vessel, scheduled to be scrapped, was donated to FON by Parklane Associates, a Staten Island, New York marine operations corporation.

It has been 50 years since *TANKMASTER*'s engine has turned, but her power plant was regularly used to produce steam for yard equipment. This auxiliary machinery will support the restoration of *NOBSKA*'s engine room. It will save the costs of custom-built feed-water pumps that move cold water into pressurized boilers and steam out of them again, pumps to power fire hoses, bilge pumps, and pumps to run fresh water throughout the vessel. Some piping and various gauges will also be used. Claude estimates that the savings to *NOBSKA*'s restoration will be in the area of \$100,000.

What happens to *TANKMASTER* once her auxiliary machinery is removed?

"This is the best part," says FON President, Bob Cleasby. "Actually, our acquisition lasted only about five minutes. At the same closing, we sold her — for one dollar — to Sandusky Maritime Preservation Association, an Ohio-based non-profit organization. The Sandusky group wants the hull for use as a museum, auditorium, and facility for boating safety seminars on the Great Lakes. Our agreement states that they will remove the machinery, restore it to working order, and turn it over to FON. We, in turn, will truck it home to Providence, probably later this year. Thus *TANKMASTER* will be saved, and both historic vessels will profit by this agreement."

TANKMASTER was built as "*CATAWISSA*" at Wilmington, Delaware in 1896 for the Philadelphia & Reading Rail-



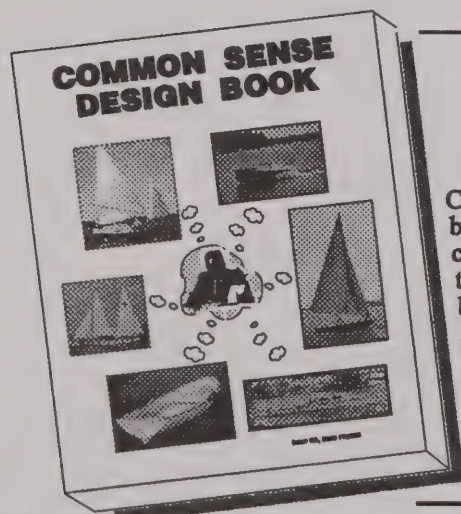
Claude Hodges and Cyndy Chase seal the bargain with Tankmaster's people

road. She towed barges in deep water off the Northwest Coast. Commandeered by the Navy during World War I and renamed *NEW YORK*, she was put into service towing military barges along the East Coast. Soon after the War, she was sold to First Marine and renamed *TANKMASTER*. She is the last steam tug of her size, and listed on the International Register of Historic Ships.

Claude heard about the possibility of acquiring the doomed tug from Boston tugboat captain Ned Clement. He, Ned, and Joe Dawicki headed a team of steam experts who inspected the machinery to determine the feasibility of a "transplant" to *NOBSKA*.

Slightly over a year later, on July 3, 1992, the remarkable three-way salvage deal was concluded . . . "an unprecedented event in Maritime preservation," in the opinion of Pat Thompson, director of the Sandusky Maritime Association.

The Sandusky group will have *TANKMASTER* towed up the Hudson River, through the Erie Canal, and across Lake Erie to their home in Ohio. Work to remove and restore the machinery will then begin. Her engine will be given to Philly Steam Museum as a central part of their developing display on steam power.



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Historic and reproduction steamboats from the United States and Canada converged on Pawtucket, RI this summer to take part in the First INTERNATIONAL STEAMBOAT MUSTER, August 21-23. The city celebrated 200 years of steamboating on the Pawtucket Harbor along the Blackstone River Valley National Heritage Corridor.

Celebrated was the ride along the Seekonk River to Pawtucket, in the experimental steamboat built in 1792 by Elijah Ormsbee of Providence, RI with the help of David Wilkinson of Pawtucket, RI. This event took place fifteen years prior to Robert Fulton operating his steamboat to Clermont in the Hudson River Valley, NY.

Mayor Robert E. Metivier said "we're thrilled at the opportunity to host this international event which marks an important occasion in the region's history. This is a chance to remember our rich heritage and build on it as we seek to develop a strong and proud future for our city."

Thousands of residents and visitors lined the waterfront at the old State Pier, off School Street in Pawtucket, to view the operating steam launches. The riverfront looked like it did in the 1800's. Riverboat tours of the Pawtucket Harbor brought passengers up close to the steam boats, which looked similar to that seen in the movie "African Queen." The river, as seen from the historic Division Street stone arch bridge, looked like a picture postcard view from the turn of the century.

Robert D. Billington, President of the Blackstone Valley Tourism Council said, "In organizing this unique event, a number of civic and business groups have come together to recognize an era in history and to encourage people to enjoy the natural and cultural resources the city has to offer."

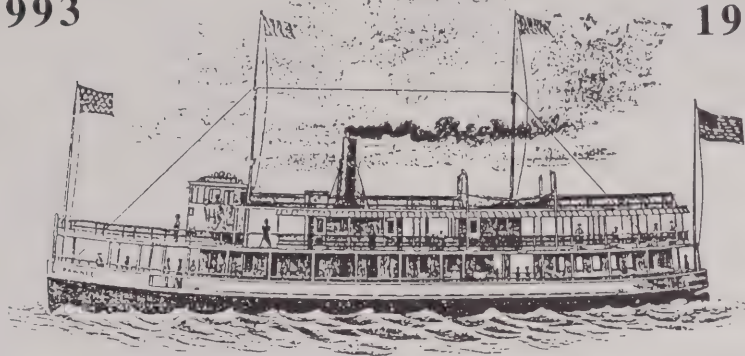
Waterfront activities took place Saturday and Sunday, 10 am to 6 pm, and included an authentic Rhode Island shore dinner, ice cream treats, Fine Arts & Traditional Crafts Fair, New England Riverfront Music Festival with Country Dancing, special commemorative postal stamp cancellation, and Exposition tent with exhibits & information booths.

During the week preceding the Muster, Pawtucket celebrated Steam Days with a Steamboat Film Festival at the Public Library, Steam

INTERNATIONAL STEAMBOAT MUSTER

PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND

1993



1993

CELEBRATING OVER 200 YEARS OF STEAMBOATS

on the
PAWTUCKET RIVER

Day at the Children's Museum, and Art, Model and History of Steam displays at the Slater Mill Historic Site.

The weekend's activities steamed up Friday evening with Governor Bruce Sundlun opening the festivities. The 18-piece Navy Show Band gave an outdoor concert, sponsored by the Slater Mill Historic Site, at the Hodgson Rotary Park along the Blackstone River.

The Muster featured the 10th Annual Antique and Classic Boat Show and Meet, sponsored by Beckmann Limited, of Wakefield, RI, builders of steam launches and tugboats. Twenty steam-powered watercraft participated in the weekend's activities.

The Preservation Society of Pawtucket hosted the Captain's Dinner and Awards Presentation on Saturday Evening, August 22, at the Boys and Girls Club, School Street. Award Winners were:

Comeback Coalition - Captain Lloyd Beckmann, TAPIOLA

Ormsbee-Wilkinson - Captain Ken Dauch, PAMPAS

RI Anchored in Hope - Captain Roland Evans, TRYALL

People's Choice - Captain Herbert Proctor, WOOFUS III

Mayor's Award - Captain Lewis Schoonover, COW ISLAND BELLE

Narragansett Steam Whistle - Captain R. Thompson, PEMIGEWASSET

Herreschoff Steam Launch - Captain David Witham, GUERNSEY ISLE

Next year, the Second Annual International Steamboat Muster will take place on August 20-22, 1993 in Pawtucket, RI. For further information call (401) 334-7773 or write the Blackstone Valley Tourism Council, P.O. Box 7663, Cumberland, RI 02864.

Steam~up at Lee's Mills

Nate Carey

A hot cup of coffee warmed my right hand, my daughter's hand warmed my left as we walked a hard gravel road toward the water on a very cool September Saturday. Every few minutes the shrill squeal of a steam whistle startled us both and the faint smell of wood smoke seasoned the air.

My passion for boats (wooden in particular) was about to be teased, but little Erin's joy with any new experience told on her smiling face as she jabbered a two-year old's cryptic opinion.

Steamboats lined the grassy banks at Lee's Mills on Lake Winnepesaukee, and more steamboats quietly (except for the occasional whistle duel) darted about this secluded cove on New Hampshire's largest lake. Colorful canvas canopies over gleaming varnished topsides over painted carvel planked hulls got my immediate attention, but fiberglass and metal boats were equally interesting.

The flotilla included steel hulled lifeboats

fitted with steam power, slender fiberglass "splinters" with varnished wood furniture and polished brass smoke stacks, antique torpedo stemmed gems and even a steam powered aluminum canoe. The hissing, smoking, clanking contraptions made for a festive display enjoyed equally by young and old.

Although Erin's impatience with standing in one place for more than 30 seconds prevented me from talking particulars with any of the steamboaters, their obvious enthusiasm as they talked with fellow steamboaters and visitors was what this meet was all about.

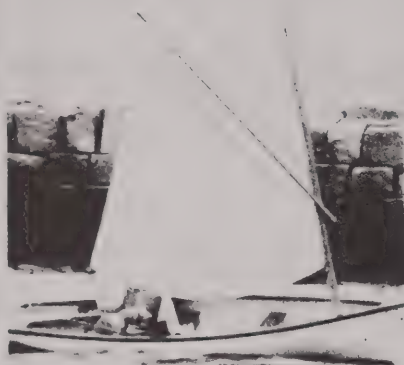
The event is annually organized by local members of the International Steamboat Society, complementing a busy calendar of activities from New England to California. Interest in steamboats is the only requirement for membership in the Society.

International Steamboat Society Rt. #1, Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149-9748



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Finally finished the tri-maran after almost four years of part-time labors. I had many excuses: everything except lumber had to be ordered by mail; there were many hot, humid days; there were many -60° days (epoxy cure); there were some good movies on the telly.

I tried to take snapshots as the work progressed, but it's sometimes difficult when in the throes of "creativity" to remember to get a certain shot of something before going on.

The boat is 16' long, 12' wide. The amas (outrigger hulls for non-Polynesians) are 12' long. The main hull is a thayer ducker filled with foam, partitions for anchor bolts, and decked with polyester resin and cloth layers made in a waxed plywood form.

The center hull weighs about 400 pounds, which is excessive. (This is an example of the dangers inherent in designing and building at the same time.) The amas each weigh about 55 pounds. The cross-beams (akas) weigh 18 pounds each and are simply 2 x 6 spruce planks. So far they have not been as springy as I feared they might be.

The amas are made of ordinary luan covered with zynole polyester cloth (feels like a heavy cheese cloth) and epoxy resin.

Unable to find a wooden mast builder who offered a product at what I considered a reasonable price, I had to go aluminum. In the end I probably paid more for the 20-foot aluminum than I would have for the spruce! The mast carries a diamond stay rather high, with short shrouds to the gun wales aft of the mast. Another pair of stays run from the top of the mast to braces between the crossbeams made of 1" aircraft-grade aluminum with dowels. These aft stays originally carried several screen

door springs at the bottom to compensate for out-rigger motion in rough water. This didn't work. I couldn't get enough tension to stiffen the fore stay, the third member of the "triangle."

The "kick-up" rudder is a monster, but sailing showed the boat needs a large rudder to "come about." The tiller is of Norse vintage, a push-pull arrangement which fastens to an arm off the rudder head. It works well in that the "steer stick" isn't swinging across the cockpit on every tack, but it does take some strength to push it sternward for starboard, and pull forward for port.

The other major innovation is the lee board setup. A steel pipe is carried above the deck a few inches in brackets (used on boat trailers to carry shafts for rollers). The ends of the pipe have a flange welded with bolt holes for the boards which go up and down together. The handle which pulls them down "locks" onto a magnet in the cockpit floor. So far water pressure has not released the contact, but an obstruction certainly would. (I've never seen a boat nor heard of one with two boards, but I figured if the west wright potter can sail well with twin bilge keels, why not twin boards?)

The jib, intended for a Herreshoff 12.5, is self-tending on a boom. The main is a cut-down fully-battened sail sewed up for some unknown cat class.

I'm not happy with some of my workmanship. I wish I could blame the chemicals, or humidity, or whatever. My own ignorance is more the cause of the imperfections.

Performance-wise, I'm delighted, not to say astonished. The sails set and pull well, the hulls enter and travel smoothly, and miracles of miracles, she will "come about!"



An ama under construction being filled with foam-in-place flotation.

Main hull with front deck in place and canvassed, and footwell and storage box installed with foam surrounding them.



A look at the deck setup, note twin leeboard operating setup just behind mast.



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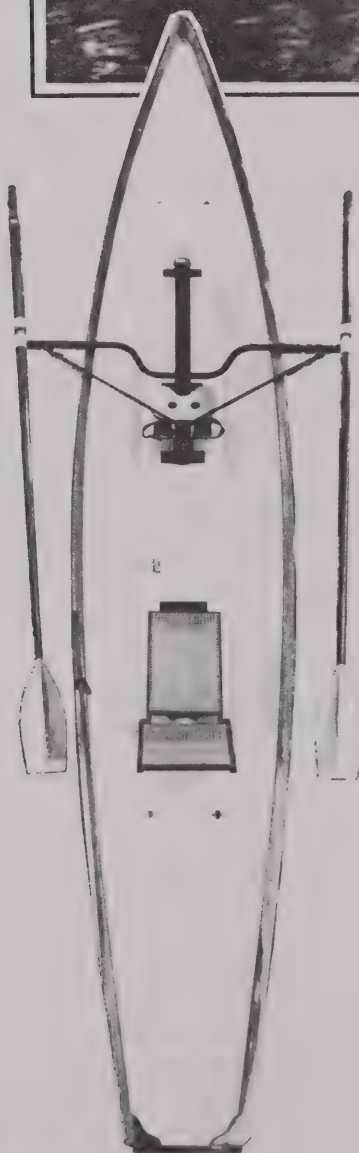
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Beam: 37" at shear, 24" at waterline
Draft: 5 inches.

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Joe Thompson of Santa Rosa Beach, Florida has come up with his version of "the perfect family rowboat" in his "Hogtown Bayou Cruising Wherry". This is the result of his pursuit of the concept that weds the easily moved hull of a recreational shell driven by a sliding seat rowing rig with passenger carrying accommodation of a comfortable level and attendant stability for passenger ease of mind. Thompson points out that while the "Cruising Wherry is too large to have racing shell performance, it is not slow!" At 20' in length, with a 37" beam at the sheer, it has a 24" beam at the waterline, so it is a fast hull in size and proportion.

For the performance oriented twosome, the design configuration allows the fitting of two sliding seat rigs (the Piantedosi "RoWing" is the unit supplied). Family use is provided for by room for three adults or two adults and two children. And all of this can be enjoyed despite the prospects of wind chop, motorboat wakes, even small surf. Thompson hastens to add here, "do not attempt, however, sea conditions beyond your capability." The "Hogtown Bayou Cruising Wherry" just might tempt one to do just that.

In the 1957 book, *Cruising Boats Within Your Budget*, there are several examples of "pocket cruisers" which could, at that time, be built at a cost of \$1000 to \$7000. This would have to mean between \$10,000 and \$70,000 in 1992 dollars. They are wonderful designs, but if one doesn't have this kind of money to spend, any boat will remain a dream. I have my own definition of "inexpensive:" a boat which can be built without making one eat more than their fair share of corn flakes and peanut butter. To my wife, Cathy and I, a \$10,000 drain would be noticed, but a \$2500 project could be managed without selling the futon or the cats.

After looking over a copy of Steve Redmond's plans for Elver back in early 1989, I thought it could be possible to build the boat for less than \$3000. I had a few friends who thought this was impossible for a 20' foot cruiser with a cabin. Although their arguments made sense in general, they didn't seem to apply to Redmond's design.

He cleverly worked the scantlings around commonly available lumber. One can strip plank the boat from 3/4" square western red cedar, and this can be ripped from 1"x12" house siding. The only area in which the builder is reliant on the marine lumber supplier is with the sheet plywood, and while the boat's flat bottom, rudder and centerboard are made from 3/4", the bulkheads are 3/8". In Philippine Mahogany, rotary cut, the 3/8" only cost us about \$30 a sheet, and the whole boat took only five sheets of that. The 3/4" ply in Douglas Fir cost \$56 dollars a sheet, and the Elver needed only four of those. Much of the structural wood in the craft is either ripped from, or built up out of 2x4's, 2x6's and 2x12's. This is also Douglas Fir, but from the local lumberyard. All of the 2x12 stock with which we built up the stem and stern cost only \$41. Despite this low cost I found surprisingly clear wood. When glued up it made massive and secure ends to our boat. I did scrounge around for other wood also, and came up with a wide range of species from the dumpsters of various furniture manufacturers. One unidentifiable (to me) dense, red wood made beautiful cleats.

The spars are buildable out of 2x4's, with a 15' 4x4 for the mast. I dug through the pile of 4x4's to find one with the heart running down the middle from end to end. This stock in my area is Douglas Fir again, and though it might be heavy for a tall Marconi rig, it works fine for the shorter mast of the sprit rig. The mast alone only cost \$12 ! (Did you ever price an aluminum mast for a 20' boat?) While the sprit rig was once built because it was "state of the art"~ it now works because it is "state of the budget". Despite the rig's low cost, though, it works very well and looks pretty.

Steve Redmond leaves many details up to the builder, which I like. Wherever the plans must be strictly followed, Redmond makes it clear. The designer seems most concerned that people will attempt to add weight, either on purpose or indirectly through unneeded complexity. He is against fixed berths, cabinets and lockers, specifying a canvas berth and thin plywood shelf for the stove as the only accommodations. We attempted to keep within the spirit of lightness, but we couldn't see a canvas berth being livable, let alone sleepable. Instead, I made four eighteen inch wide luann panels, reinforced with 1-1/2"x1/2" Douglas Fir strips, four to a panel. With two supports, one running the length of the centerboard trunk, and the other notched into the cabin frames, they are quite stiff. I also don't think they could be appreciably heavier than a thick canvas

ONE BIVALVE TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED CLAMS

By H. Richard SantaColoma



"sling", and they have the added advantage of allowing the use of the three and a half inches on the centerboard case as bed space. That does not sound like much until one is lying there and needs it. The panels just rest on their supports, so by leaving one on and removing the others, one may sit on the sole and enjoy a minidette.

There were some other small changes we made to tailor the boat more to our needs. We moved the mooring bit in front of frame "0". This allowed us to make the fore hatch a little bigger, and much more usable. Either one of us can now make our way forward from inside the boat, around the mast, and stand protected within reach of the anchor line and balyards. We left out the second hatch suggested for the cabin roof since we now had another egress anyway, and the cabin remains that much cozier. We overlapped the companionway cutout with its two bordering frame members by 1/4". By adding outside strips, also overlapping, we created a slot around the opening in which could be slid the panels cut out of the companionway. A real drop panel door, instant style.

I sewed the sails myself, as having them made would have been prohibitive, and the kits aren't peanuts either. Once I got into the sail project, I was glad I did. Making the sails for one's boat is like building the motor for one's car... beginning with iron ore. From the raw materials is built the motive power for the craft! I have an old copy of Bowker and Budd's *Make Your Own Sails*, but if this is no longer

available, I'm sure there are other good resources. All of the sails for Bivalve cost us \$188 in 4.5 ounce dacron, plus thread and seizing. They took three nights to sew and three nights to hand grommet. Baby teething rings make great grommet reinforcements.

We chose the epoxy saturation technique to keep the boat strong and watertight. The smallest amount of water in the bilge would be no fun, because in a design like Elver, the bilge is where you live. Our boat used about 11 gallons of epoxy, and while this added to the cost of the boat considerably, it's use allowed us to plank from the local lumberyard, which in turn saved considerably more. As an example, we could use \$1.15 a foot red cedar siding with knots, and make reliable scarfs around them. Without the epoxy I would have felt compelled to buy clear stock at \$3.75 a foot, and not gotten all that much more out of it. The Bivalve cost us @ \$220 to plank. We fiberglassed only up to the waterline, again to save weight and cost. The epoxy seems to soak into the cedar almost 1/8", and with two extra coats rolled on, we have quite a tough shell. Time and use will tell if this is the way to go, but if boo-boo control gets too hectic we can always sand the hull and glass her in the future.

All of our questions and worries were quickly answered on launch day. The Bivalve towed easily with my old Peugeot 504 wagon, it slid into the water like a happy clam and sat right on its waterline. With a light breeze we took off down Lake Mahopac, and with small adjustments to the mizzen sheet I could keep the helm neutral. Some may worry that the flat bottom will cause the boat to pound, but with the Elver design the ends of the boat stay immersed so that this is not a problem. The light weight and high freeboard do make her more difficult to tack than a ballasted boat which carries itself through the wind by sheer mass, but by following Redmond's tacking suggestions and with a little practice, one will get a tack every time. As we got better, we would sometimes carry enough speed through the tack, avoiding the necessity of "falling off" to accelerate.

When we reached the cove closest to our cottage, Cathy brailed the mainsail and set our 15 pound navy anchor. I could finally take the one glorious dive off the bow I had imagined so many times over the previous two years. Bivalve was steady at anchor under mizzen alone to keep her pointed into the wind, and attracted no small amount of attention. Motorboats hovered around us, with an occasional one coming close enough to ask a question or two.

"Is that a restored antique or just built from antique plans?" was one of my favorite comments. One woman came back with some friends after asking some questions, and explained to her new companions, "That's the BIVALVE", as though it always was.

Cathy and I sailed for hours on our first day, then ran before the wind for a quiet lee cove on Canopus Island. We sat against the front of the cabin and launched a champagne cork at the setting sun. With the yellow light of our kerosene anchor lamp watching over us, we spent a quiet night.

Coffee perking becomes magical when the place it perks is the cabin of a small boat in a quiet, misty cove early in the morning. Our little boat was now a living thing, a part of the family. It's large, green shape will always loom in our yard waiting for us to take it somewhere interesting. The Bivalve is a truly amphibious, mobile, and inexpensive boat which makes the dream possible.

BOATING TRIPS ON NEW ENGLAND RIVERS

BY
HENRY PARKER FELLOWS
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIS H. BEALS

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AN AUTUMN CRUISE
ON

THE HOUSATONIC

FROM
PITTSFIELD TO THE SOUND.

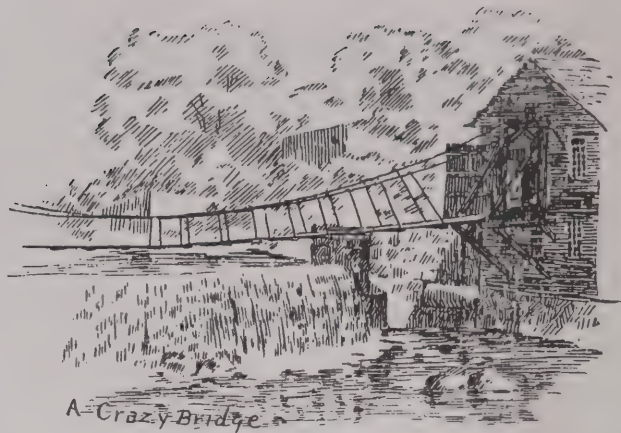
CHAPTER III.

GREAT BARRINGTON. — KENT.

EARLY Monday morning we carried the boat around the east end of the dam of the Berkshire Woolen Mills, and put in just below. We threaded our way



among the rocks under the foot-bridge of the mill and a passenger bridge just below, and then swiftly drifted stern foremost through a stretch of rapids, past a deserted mill on one side and the houses of the village opposite. The sun shining on the turbulent water gave it the appearance of molten lead in violent agitation, and it was at times difficult, on account of the perplexing glare, to guide the boat aright among the rocks, though the rapid is not in the least dangerous. We soon came to a bridge in the reach below, pulled up under the west end at seven o'clock, and leaving all the baggage in the boat, walked to the hotel, which is at the corner of Bridge Street and Main Street, for breakfast. In the History of Great Barrington, by Charles J. Taylor, it is stated that the bridge is eight hundred and forty-five feet above the level of tide-water.



A Crazy Bridge

On our way to the hotel we met a man who would, one would imagine, have little difficulty in proving a mistake of identity if occasion required, as he wore a heavy imperial, one half of which was white and the other red. Six witnesses having looked at him from one side would swear, without a moment's hesitation, and correctly, that he had red whiskers; and another half dozen would swear with equal facility that they were white. The fable of the knight of the gold and silver shield might indeed easily be replaced, in lower Berkshire at any rate, by the instance of the man with the red-and-white imperial.

A little south of the Episcopal Church in the village is an old house, which has been standing unaltered for nearly a century and a half, "the quaintness of its architecture now presenting" — I quote from an unknown correspondent — "a strange and interesting contrast to its modern neighbors. In 1777, General Lincoln and staff were quartered in the house for a few days before being sent with the Massachusetts troops to oppose Burgoyne's advance from Crown Point upon Bennington. Three years later, in 1780, it sheltered Washington on his journey north from Hartford. Within its ancient walls William Cullen Bryant, while practising law in Great Barrington, wooed and wed Miss Fannie Fairchild: a union," the writer adds, "that in every way fulfilled the beauty of its promise." There, also, Bryant wrote *Green River*, *A Walk at Sunset*, *To the West Wind*, and one of his longest and most notable poems, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard in 1821, the year of his marriage.

We started again at eight o'clock, and found the going remarkably good, but as remarkably crooked. Language is indeed inadequate to convey an idea of the fantastic turnings of the river. In about an hour we came in sight of the Leavitt Mansion, on the east bank. The river swept by apparently, but soon again turned to the mansion; and then, after rambling about the meadows a while, returned once more, and then gliding under a bridge, which is only two miles from Great Barrington, approached the base of a woody hill, and the mansion finally disappeared as we pulled south through a comparatively long reach. Soon, however, the river turned from the mountain at a point where the steep slope has been

denuded of trees, leaving exposed a broad strip of rock-ribbed surface, sharply defined at each edge from base to summit, by dense green woods,—a peculiar transformation that frequently occurs in the valley below Falls Village,—and began to ramble once more in the wide intervale.

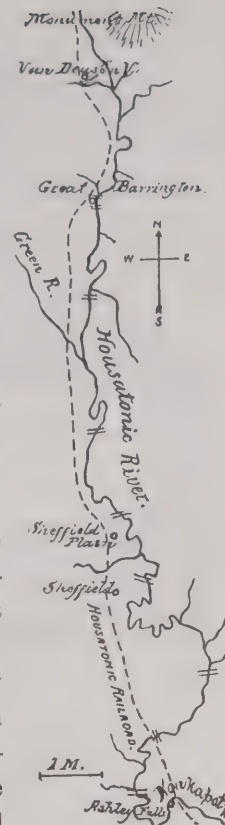
By and by we passed the mouth of Green River, a stream celebrated in the verse of Bryant, which was most appropriately named, as its waters are of a decided greenish tinge. The Housatonic itself, transparent as air, reflected every grain of sand and parti-covered gravel and flowing weeds in the channel with luminous softness, except where the current slowly flowed into deep places. Often schools of fish broke from under the boat, scattering in rays like a shower of arrows. Trees lined the banks from time to time, and added constant variety to the continually varying course of the river. It was indeed a place in which to linger; but we pulled on at a steady pace, and after a while passed under a red bridge, just below which is a little fall, and then continued on to an old wooden bridge that leads to the north end of Sheffield Street, a long, shady avenue, with houses on either side.

Sheffield is indeed a handsome old town; but it has a torpid appearance as if it were dozing under its sleepy elms. The municipality of Sheffield, England, would, I have little doubt, pay a round sum, if it could have its namesake transplanted just as it is and set down somewhere in the busy region within its corporate limits. Below, the bed of the stream was occasionally filled with trunks of trees that sometimes almost blocked up our way.

A half-hour's pull brought us to another long, covered, weather-stained bridge. The road from the west end leads direct to the middle of the village of Sheffield which is only a short distance away. Here we pulled up for a while, and my fellow-voyager, after we had partaken of some sardines, used the oil on his boots and pronounced it good. The river then winds worse than ever, if it were possible, until it approaches a range of hills on the east side of the valley, whereon are several houses, the first, excepting, perhaps, at rare intervals an isolated building, we had seen since leaving Great Barrington.

We pulled the boat ashore at the end of a reach under the hill and at one of the farm-houses had a sumptuous repast of rye-bread and milk and canned fresh beef we had taken with us. On returning to the boat we found in the brief interval of our absence an entire change had come over the face of nature. The air had been sultry before and we had had a warm time rowing between the high clay-banks which are characteristic of the river below Sheffield. The wind had suddenly veered to the northeast and was cold and raw, mists rolled around the top of the Dome, and clouds were scudding furiously across the sky. We started at two o'clock, and before going a dozen strokes were enveloped in a scanty sprinkle of little rain-drops, and then another until the rain poured in torrents and battered the surface of the river into a long sheet of deep-fretted water.

We protected ourselves with rubber coats and pulled on, and in about an hour rowed under the road bridge and a railroad bridge which cross the river side by side. The village of Ashley Falls is about a mile distant from the bridges on the east bank. The erratic river then trends across the intervale in long zigzag reaches to a group of houses on the west bank. The wet buildings, exhibiting no signs of life, enveloped in the melancholy haze of rain, looked dreary in the extreme. The reach, immediately below a bridge that spans the river just below the group of houses, ends against the rocky face of a mountain spur that turns the river eastward. The river again approaches the mountain below, however, where a rocky cliff stands guard, and above, a broad field of brown beath, dotted with stones, stretches in grim realistic fashion to the base of woods that crown the summit. The reaches here are all longer and wider, and the banks, which are quite high, were fairly ablaze with brilliant autumnal color. We had often since leaving Housatonic pulled by an uncouth looking scow, lying against the bank, and here we passed a hideous looking craft which had two names. "The Old Sal" was painted on the stern and on the side near the bow, "The Great Eastern, owned and navigated by —;" an odd vagary of fancy. About five o'clock we saw before us the bridge of the Hartford and Connecticut Western Railroad. Just above it is a short rapid. We landed at a farm-house just below the bridge on the west bank and walked to Canaan, a mile distant on the east side of the river, on the railroad.



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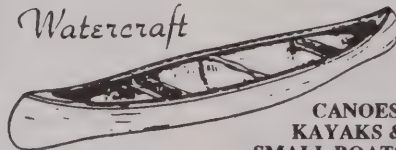
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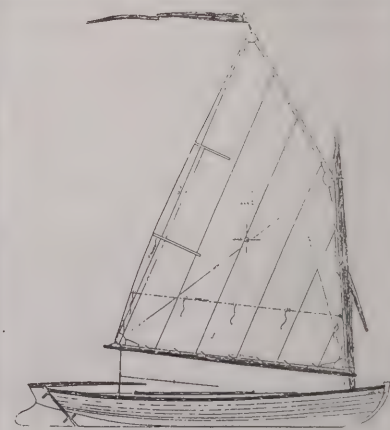
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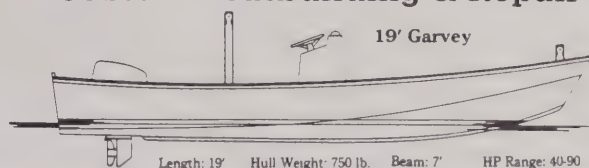
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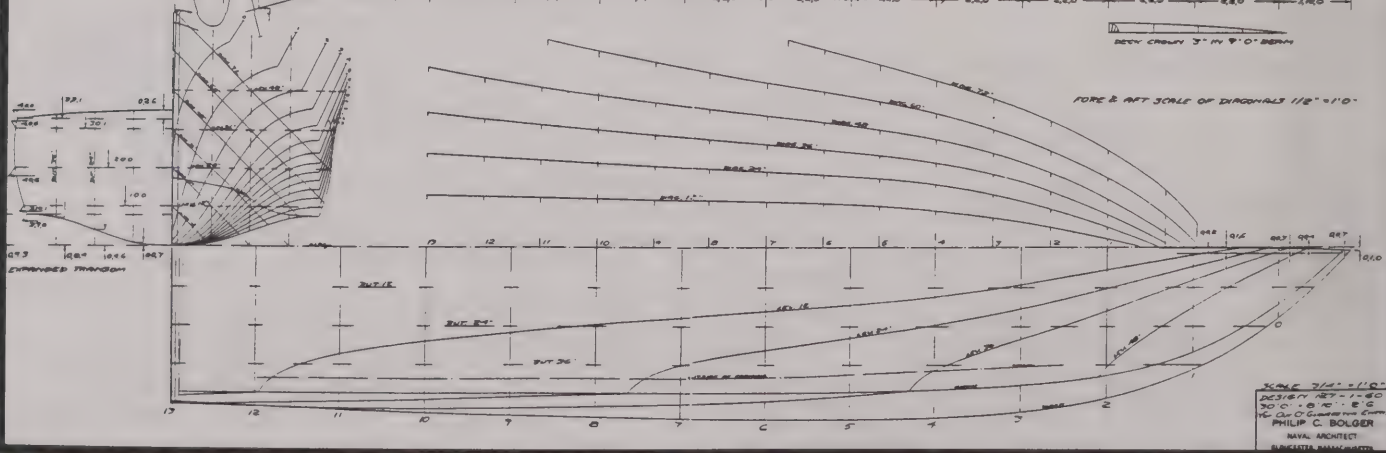
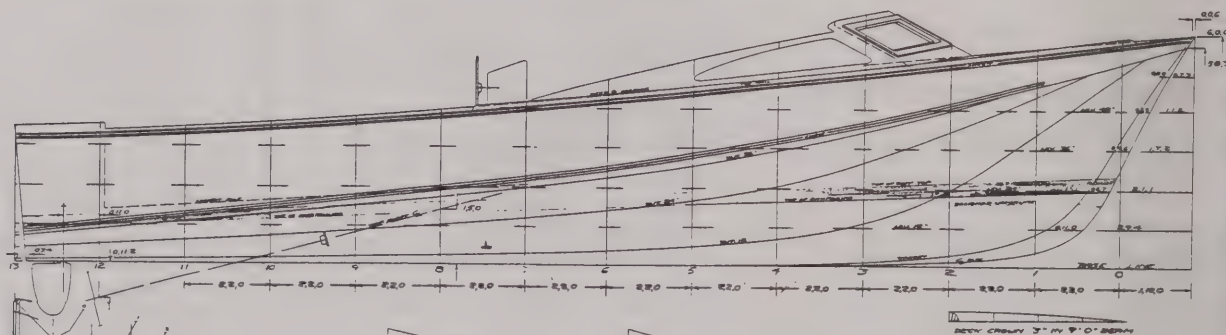
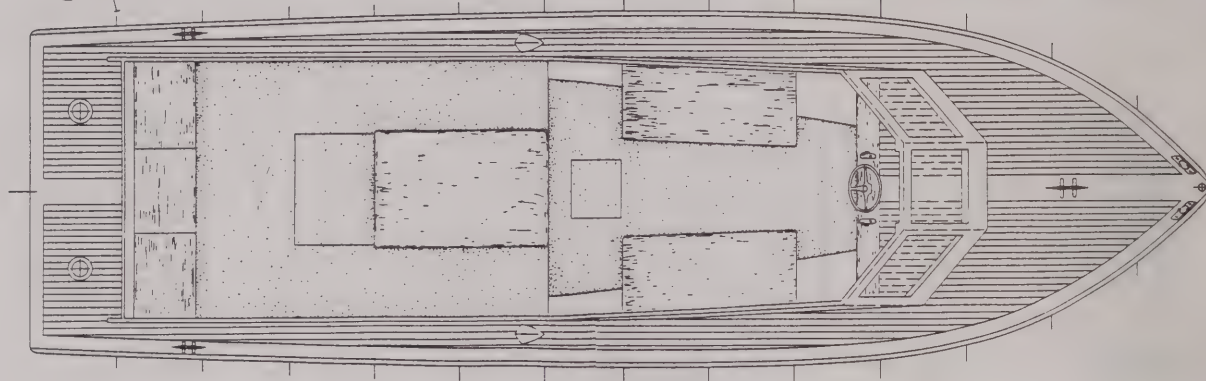
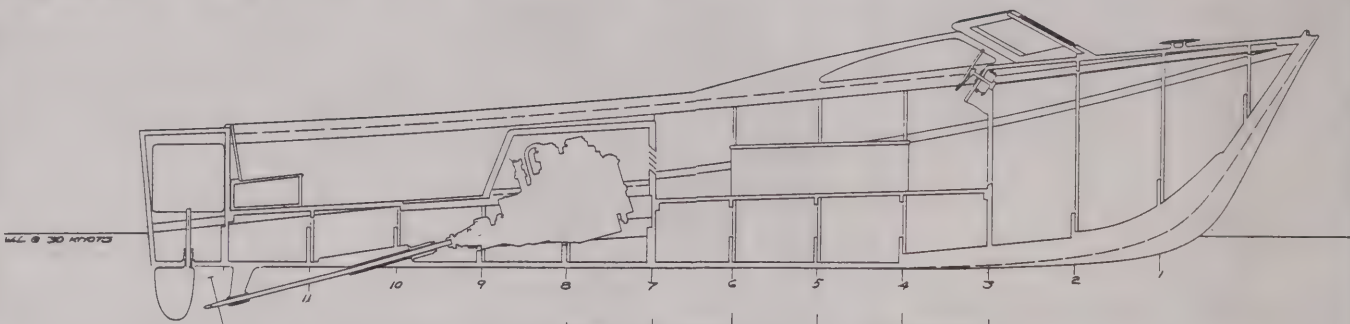
Bolger on Design Racing Powerboat

Terry Kilbourne had Bob Perry build this boat in glued and edgenailed strip construction over sawn frames, at East Gloucester, for the 1960 Miami-Nassau Race. The 200 h.p. Chrysler V-8 cruised her at 27 knots, which I had thought would be fast enough to win over that course. She did win in the single-engine class, but she was so badly beaten by the prototype Hunt-

Bertram deep-vee that I never got another commission for a racing boat. She ought to have been much faster than she was; the exaggerated drop of her after quarters had high drag in itself and made her run with too much forefoot in the water. Too bad I didn't know everything then as I do now....

DESIGN #127 30'0" x 8'10"

WATERLINE AT
NETT - DISPLACE-
MENT 4200 LBS.

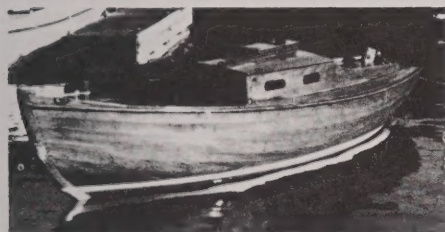


Classified Marketplace

KAYAK MATERIALS. Unfinished project leaves me w/4 4'x8' sheets of A/B marine rotary Okoume mahogany plywood. I paid \$185 + \$65 shipping, will sell for \$185. Will also sell for bargain sale prices many of the materials needed for Michael Alford's 15' cruising kayak as featured in "Wooden Boat", including all of molds. GLENN MONTGOMERY, Belfast, ME, (207) 338-5100 day work number. (13)

GLEN L BOAT PLANS, never used, "Solo" canoe ("Rob Roy"). Full size patterns & stitch 'n glue manual. \$25. PETER HEYSE, 3 4th St., Bonita Springs, FL 33923, (813) 495-6484. (13)

21' BAY HEN FG cat rigged sharpie. Green hull, tanbark sail, 4hp Evinrude Delux, galv trlr. Slps 2 in cabin & 2 in cockpit in "summer cabin". Lots of teak & bronze. Unstayed mast, can be launched & sailed in 10 minutes. New replacement costs \$14,000. Asking \$6,700. Will consider partial trades. Delivery possible. DON CURRY, Topsham, ME, (207) 725-6914. (13)



20' TEAK LADY SLOOP, all teak, wooded & revarnished in & out. Better than new. \$12,000/offers. FULL SEA, Greenport, NY, (516) 734-7409. (13)



28' L.F. HERRESHOFF "ROZINANTE" KETCH, FG hull, mahogany house, new Awlgrip, self-bailing cockpit. Cruising layout below. 8hp Vire inboard on centerline. Exc cond throughout. \$10,000/offers. FULL SEA, Greenport, NY, (516) 734-7409. (13)

24' PETE CULLER "SHARPTOWN" BARGE, narrow, elegant centerboard sprit yawl, sails/rig exc, hull nds some work at sheer & on decks. \$300. FULL SEA, Greenport, NY, (516) 734-7409. (13)

ADIRONDACK GUIDEBOATS. The world's largest selection of Guide-boats and historically correct accessories available from one source. Dozens of models, paddles, oars, yokes, seats, hardware and gifts. Our new "Video Magazine" is now available.

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36' DOWNEAST CRUISER, 1971 Rich, Chebeague Isl. 155hp Palmer diesel, cedar over oak, 6'5" hdrm, winter cover, dinghy. Exc cond, in Gloucester, MA. BILL WOODHEAD, Cambridge, MA, (617) 242-4480 (days), (617) 547-9665 (eves).

26' AL GROVER SKIFF, Volvo diesel, full electronics. P. JAY, Box 206, Churchville, MD 21028, (410) 939-5796 days, (410) 734-4270 eves. (13)

32' WASQUE CRUISER, blt '74, gas engine, recent upgrade. P. JAY, Box 206, Churchville, MD 21028, (410) 939-5796 days, (410) 734-4270 eves. (13)

GREAT BOATING LOCATION. Gas lit Victorian cottage on island in E. Harpswell, ME. 2 moorings, shared dock, rowboat & Boston Whaler included. \$75,000, some financing. RUSS MEADE, Newbury, MA, (508) 462-8787. (13)

16' SAILING DORY, Roger Crawford, exc shape, \$900. W/trlr \$1,100. W/1.5hp OB \$1,200. P. JAY, Box 206, Churchville, MD 21028, (410) 939-5796 days, (410) 734-4270 eves. (13)

18' LUND ALUMINUM SKIFF, 40hp Tohatsu OB, trlr. Whole rig A-1. \$3,000. P. JAY, Box 206, Churchville, MD 21028, (410) 939-5796 days, (410) 734-4270 eves. (13)



7'4" NUTSHELL TYPE PRAM, lapstrake, all cedar, no wood rot. A worthwhile project for only \$200. JAMES CULAR, P.O. Box 166, Lafayette, NJ 07848, (201) 579-1223. (13)

14' RHODES BANTAM one-design sailboat PLANS in new cond in mailing tube. \$27.50.

JACK MC KIE, Fairport, NY, (716) 248-9476 eves. (13)

WANTED Old cedar strip boats, any cond. Also tables of offsets for cedar strip runabouts. BILL RICHARDSON, P.O. Box 1435, Rincon, GA 31326. (13)

TWO CEDAR/EPOXY CANOES. 12' "Wee Lassie", \$500. 15' "Hiawatha", vy fancy w/2 handmade paddles, \$1,500. Will consider trades.

BILL RICHARDSON, P.O. Box 1435, Rincon, GA 31326. (13)

WANTED. Green tank Mercury OB, abt 10hp, late '40's, early '50's. ALBERT SNELL, P.O. Box 841, Jasper, TX 75951. (13)

WANTED. 21'-32' sea skiff such as Luhrs, Pedersen, Silverton, etc. Must be in restorable cond. Power not important. BILL RICHARDSON, P.O. Box 1435, Rincon, GA 31326. (13)

16' OLD TOWN WOOD GUIDE CANOE, why wait 8 to 12 months? We have a new one in stock. Hundreds of other canoes also. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA, (508) 465-0312. (13)

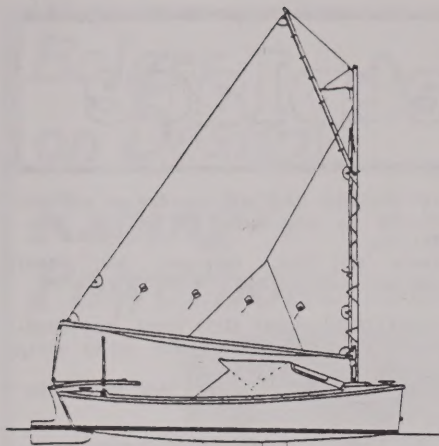
28' ALDEN TRIANGLE SLOOP, fast beautiful daysailer. Blt 1927, all sails, 8hp Tohatsu OB. A steal at \$1,995. TIM LUTTS, Salem, MA, (508) 744-0575. (13)

ONE PROJECT LEFT. The Townie & the Sneakbox are sold. I still have the 18' Alden "O" Boat clone, carvel planked cb daysailer. Hull stripped and restoration begun several yrs ago. Nds refastening completed, refinishing, rebuilding. Complete with good spars, rigging & sails, and all hardware, interior parts (seats, etc), cb, rudder. Think of it as a partly assembled kit boat! \$250 to move it out before the snow flies. If it's still here at first snow I'll part out the rig, spars, hardware, etc. and cut up the hull for the stove. Delivery within New England can be arranged. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (508) 774-0906, 6-9pm best.

FREE BOAT to good home. Bolger designed "Rondo II" 3-masted sharpie schooner, sound & sailing but nds cosmetics. Grt boat for a club, youth group, etc. On the Chesapeake. STEVE LUKACZER, Washington, DC, (703) 642-1466, lv message. (12)

TROPICAL HIDEAWAY EFFICIENCY COTTAGE - KEY LARGO. PRIVATE, BAY-FRONT, ENJOY TROPICAL FOLIAGE & SUNSETS. RENT INCLUDES 16' DAYSAILER, TANDEM CANOE, HOT TUB, LAUNDRY FACILITIES. 4 PER. MAX. \$395/WK, SAT. TO SAT. KEY LARGO SHOAL WATER CRUISES, KEY LARGO, FL, (305) 451-0083. (TFP)

CANOE LINES PLANS. Lines, offsets, mold patterns, for 12', 14-1/2', 16' and 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. (TFP)



17' FLORIDA BAY MUD HEN, '83. Shallow water gaff sharpie. Tanbark main w/2 sets reefing points. Full canvas & many extras, incl fitted rack for 3 gal gas can & Danforth on bowsprit/anchor roller. Plus '88 Holsclaw trlr w/ custom bunks/rollers. \$3,500 firm. NED ASPLUNDH, Feasterville, PA, (215) 956-8351 days, (215) 357-8525 eves. (13)

KNOCKABOUT SAIL, 11' luff, 8' foot, 13' leech. In new cond. \$150. LEN CLARKSON, New Bedford, MA, (508) 993-0719. (12)

25' RHODES IDLER SLOOP, 1957, Swedish blt mahogany/bronze, new main & genoa 1988. 12hp Westerbeke diesel 1988. 2 berths, head, galley, self-bailing cockpit. Fine small cruiser in excellent shape. \$6,500. FULL SEA, Greenport, NY, (516) 734-7409. (12)

CLASSIC CHESTNUT CANOE, 17' "Voyager", wood/canvas (green), gd cond w/paddles. Original owner, BO. KATHLEEN CORRIGAN, Southport, CT, (203) 256-8145. (12P)

18' CAPE DORY TYPHOON, full keel, complete ready to sail, \$2,000. TOM MC GRATH, 11 Severance St. Lynn, MA 01904 (no phone). (TF)

21' SEA PEARL C/B model, ballast tanks, new 2hp Yamaha OB, galv trlr, custom sail & boat covers. Perfect cond, located in FL. DONALD MAHARAM, Sands Point, NY, (516) 582-3434. (TF)

17' EASY RIDER TOURING KAYAK, expedition model, FG, white w/blue sheerline, pretty & vy stable. Incl rudder, 2 paddles & accessories. \$1,900. NANCY LUBAS, Rockport, MA, (508) 546-2874. (TF)

11'6" HERRSHOFF DINGHY, Columbia dinghy replica. Authentic construction, featured on "Boats" cover (2/15/92), Cedar over oak, riveted lapstrake. Ready to sail, 2 available at \$3,500 & \$4,500. DAN SECOR, 45 Cranberry Ln., E. Brewster, MA 02631, (508) 255-5925. (12)

15-1/2' CHRIS CRAFT INBOARD, 1931, w/4-yl Gray, 1st yr for this model. Also 15-1/2' 1954 Lyman w/30hp Mercury, exc cond, left hand center steering model. ERWIN LAITENBERGER, Rochester, NY, (716) 594-8533 aft 6pm. (12)

DELIGHTFUL WATER DONE, Key Largo, like having your own island! Spacious vacation studio with sundeck, afloat on Florida Bay. Includes sailboat, motorboat, spectacular views, privacy. Sleeps four. \$595/week.

SHOAL WATER CRUISES, Key Largo, FL, (305) 451-0083. (TFP)

BOATBUILDING ARTICLES. Copies of articles from old boatbuilding manuals. It is possible to build a boat from most of these articles. \$4 for list of hundreds. E.G. RAGSDALE, P.O. Box 153, Florence, OR 97439, (503) 997-7818. (TF)

15' PETERBORO RUNABOUT, FG (1970) w/Evinrude 55hp (1977) & galv trlr. Runs great, asking \$1,800, or cash plus kayak, sliding seat rowboat, etc. in trade. DON CURRY, Topsham, ME, (207) 725-6914. (13)

16' GLOUCESTER GULL DORY, fiberglass, Bolger design built by Edey & Duff. Indestructible rowing delight for work (harvesting mussels) and pleasure (touring or towing). This dory even appeared in a seaside wedding as the getaway vehicle. Carries a prodigious amount of people/gear and if capsized maintains 3" freeboard. Gunwale protected by canvas covered rubber rail puddening all around. White gelcoat topsides, dove grey interior, form fitting rowing seat, teak appointments bow & stern. Incl painter, bronze oarlocks & varnished 7' ash sweeps w/leathers. Can deliver. Asking \$950. EMILY MORSE, 43 Siscowit Rd., Pound Ridge, NY 10576, (914) 764-4217. (12)

SWAMP YANKEE BOAT SALE; New boats made to order, 4-8 weeks delivery. 11' Solo Canoe Wee Lass type stitch & glue tortured ply, \$800. 11' LOA, 27" beam, 22 lbs, 11' Style 2 w/conventional canoe bow & stern, Imron paint, w/air chambers, \$1,000. 11' LOA, 26" beam, 24 lbs. Prototype 10'7" blt 1990 seen in "Boats" May 1, 1992 "What You Are Building", \$400 FOB Branford, CT. R.W. SPARKS, 36 Soundview Hgts., Branford, CT 06405. (13)

WANTED. Tlr for Lightning sloop, weight 700 lbs. J. ALLYN BRADFORD, Cambridge, MA, (617) 354-7913. (12)

SLEEPER: 7'10" car-toppable sailing cruiser. Sleeps two belowdeck. Plans \$35, info \$3. EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (18-93p)

1941 GARWOOD 16' utility runabout. Has all the hrdwre, 6 cyl Chrysler but no prop. Hull is in bad cond. \$1,000 or BO. BILL CLEMENTS, N. Billerica, MA, (508) 663-3103. (13)

20' DEAN SUNNYSIDE CRUISER, turn of the century classic in genuine original cond. \$450 or BO. RICH MORGAN, Audubon, PA, (215) 631-1645. (12)

"WOODEN BOAT" BACK ISSUES, #42, #47, #51-#53, #55-#61, #65, #66. \$35 ppd. RICH MORGAN, Audubon, PA, (215) 631-1645. (12)

FOLBOT SAIL RIG, mast, sail, leeboards, rudder, in gd cond. \$125. J. ALLYN BRADFORD, Cambridge, MA, (617) 354-7913. (12)

"TOM'S TOWNIE", veteran of years of adventures, collectors' item, complete, as is cond, \$500.

TOM MC GRATH, 11 Severance St., Lynn, MA 01904 (no phone). (TF)

17' WEST GREENLAND SEA KAYAK, wood/epoxy constr. Expedition equipped w/fore & aft bulkheads, lg cargo hatches, retractable skeg for tracking in adverse winds, deck bungees & neoprene spray skirt. A wicked good deal @ \$975.

ROB BRYAN, P.O. Box 475, Woolwich, ME 04579, (207) 443-8656. (12)

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)

MARINE ENGINES: Old slow turning 1 & 2 cylinder direct reversible gasoline marine engines from 3hp.

ANYTHING MARINE, Box 5000, Lunenburg, NS B0J 2C0, Canada. (16P)

BRITISH ADMIRALTY CHARTS, hundreds of them, Europe & western Mediterranean. Also sails, hdwre & more. Inventory. EMILY MORSE, 43 Siscowit Rd., Pound Ridge, NY 10576, (914) 764-4217. (12)

16' CRAWFORD SWAMPSCOTT DORY, 1986 sailing model. 100 sq ft sprit rig, 4hp Suzuki w/electrics, Shaw & Tenney oars, Shoreline trlr. All in exc cond. \$5,000 or BO. FRED YALE, Guilford, CT, (203) 458-6243 lv message. (12)

12' SKIMMAR SAILBOAT, 1973, sloop rig w/jib & main, 7.5hp Sears OB & trlr. \$900 or BO. MUST SELL. ALAN BRODD, N. Smithfield, RI, (401) 769-6030 anytime. (TF)

CATBOAT GAFF SAIL by Smith of Fairhaven, dacron in vy gd cond. 14'6" luff, 12'6" head, 17'6" foot, 25'11" leech, 21'10" diagonal, uses hoops. \$450 cheap. Could be cut down. Also have a dacron Sunfish sail.

WILFRED HILTON, S. Dartmouth, MA, (508) 993-5361. (12)

ANTIQUE BOX COMPASS, mahogany, 7-1/2" square, 4-3/4" card, bronze gimbal, E.S. Ritchie & Son #67222. \$400. WILFRED HILTON, S. Dartmouth, MA, (508) 993-5361. (12)

16' BOLGER "WINDSPRINT", w/rudder, daggerboard, spars, rigging & 113 sq ft dacron sail. BO over \$550.

HANS WAECKER, P.O. Box 6, Cliff Island, ME 04019, (207) 766-2684. (12)

TANBARK GAFF SAIL, approx 240 sq ft (exact dimensions on request), dacron, vy gd cond, used less than 1 season on 17' Herman/Wittholtz (Cape Cod Shipbuilding) catboat. BO over \$480.

HANS WAECKER, P.O. Box 6, Cliff Island, ME 04019, (207) 766-2684. (12)

NEW BOAT OR CAR SHELTER, 13'x24', 6' entrance clearance, galv steel frames, clear HD reinforced plastic cover. Still unwrapped. Original cost \$938, BO over \$750.

HANS WAECKER, P.O. Box 6, Cliff Island, ME 04019, (207) 766-2684. (12)

22' O'DAY SLOOP, 1975 shoal draft fixed keel w/6hp Johnson. Cabin w/enclosed head, slips 4. 3 sails incl 150% genoa. Compl galley, VHF radio, anchor, compass, sail cover plus much more. Well maintained, all in gd cond. Easily trailered, a great small family cruiser. In water & ready to sail, moored at Stonington, CT. A lot of boat for \$3,000. REAL BEDARD, Willimantic, CT, (203) 423-4837 eves aft 8pm. (12)

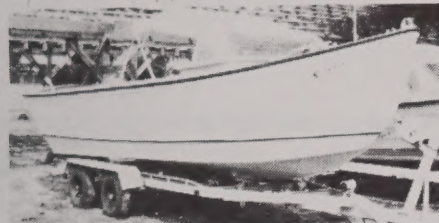
KELLS 21' SAILBOAT, 1974, swing keel, cuddy cabin, fully equipped w/compass, porta-potti, safety gear, dinghy. MUST SELL, \$3,100 w/brand new 1992 Tohatsu 8hp OB or \$2,400 w/o. Will discuss winter storage. Mooring available. ALAN BRODD, N. Smithfield, RI, (401) 769-6030 anytime. (TF)

MICRO TRAWLER, the new Common Sense design, under construction & for sale. JOHN, FL, (407) 569-5757. (12P)

SIMMONS SEA SKIFFS



Classics of the North Carolina coast. Outstandingly seaworthy, fast with low power, light, simple plywood lapstrake construction. Detailed plans and directions; no lofting. SEA SKIFF 18 (photo above) featured SBJ #51. 17'1" by 5'7" by 5" draft; 20-40 HP. Plans \$30.



SEA-SKIFF 20: (photo above) the big offshore fisherman. 19'4" by 7'6" by 10"; 50-70 HP. Plans \$45. Information on both, \$1. CAPE FEAR MUSEUM ASSOCIATES, 814 Market St., Wilmington NC 28401, 919-341-4350.



CLASSIC MOTH BOAT PLANS available for 11' Dorr Willey type sailboat. Qualifies for annual regatta in September. Plans \$25 + \$3 postage. MUSEUM OF THE ALBEMARLE, 1116 U.S. Hwy 17 S., Elizabeth City, NC 27909, (919) 335-1453.

CUSTOM OARS & PADDLES, furniture grade products built to your specifications and patterns, using any commercially available woods. Solid or laminated, straight or spoon, pinned or feathering, each piece is meticulously hand-crafted for the best looks, action and function. From a Maine Beaver Tail to a 15' sweep, our shop can handle all your needs. Options include leathers, various tips and finishes, and Guide-boat or standard hardware. For a quotation call or write with your specifications. INDIAN POINT GUIDEBOAT CO., 732 Midland Ave., Midland, PA 15059, (412) 643-5457 or 643-6001. (TFP)

SELKIE SEA KAYAK by VCP, w/nylon spray skirt, \$750. BRUCE GIVEN, Virginia Beach, VA, (804) 479-4207, 4-9pm best. (12)

NORTHILL ANCHOR, stainless steel, 24" shank w/folding flukes. \$75. BRUCE GIVEN, Virginia Beach, VA, (804) 479-4207, 4-9pm best. (12)

BULLSEYE WANTED, recent boat preferred. RICHARD FOSTER, Portsmouth, RI, (401) 683-6844 eves, (508) 679-2166 days. (13)

BARGAIN SEA KAYAKS. 17'6" Folbot folding kayak compl w/storage bags, hypalon hull w/fabric deck (not the naugahyde skin). Ready to use, you might want to refinish varnish on wooden frames/and polish up aluminum stringers as winter project. No extras (rudder, paddles etc.) \$500 firm. Folbot rigid double kayak built from factory kit, double naugahyde hull, yellow & blue, nds detail repairs to wood trim and cleaning up. No extras (rudder, paddles, etc.) \$250 firm. 15' German-made Pioneer folding solo kayak, 1960's vintage, hypalon hull w/fabric deck, stored many years assembled. Incl spray skirt, original ltwt wooden take-apart paddle, storage bags. Nice paddling boat ready to use, \$350 firm. 17'6" Clark Craft plywood stitch & glue double cockpit kayak, hard chine (Percy Blandford British design from the '60's), stable, easy paddling. W/paddles, spray skirts, rudder, flotation bags, about 70 lbs. Like new cond, dark blue polyurethane finish, nicely made. Ready to use, only \$495 firm. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (508) 774-0906, 6-9 pm best.

19' SQUARE STERN GRUMMAN CANOE, 1989 \$500. 1982 4hp short shaft Evinrude OB, \$350. Need 15-30hp short shaft Evinrude/Johnson OB. Consider trades for one or both of above items depending on value. TED JOY, S. Windham, ME, (207) 797-5700, lv message. (12)

15' SALISBURY POINT SKIFF, blt 1982 at Lowell's. Sliding seat w/9'8" Plantedosi spoons (can be rowed fixed single or double). Sprit rig w/daggerboard for sailing. All in grt cond. Asking \$3,000. CHRIS FARIS, Rings Island Rowing Club, Salisbury, MA, (508) 462-8043 in AM. (12)

PLEASE HELP OUR YOUTH MOVEMENT. Our Sea Explorer program (BSA) needs your used rowing and sailing craft. We teach restoration, seamanship and ecology on the Merrimack River to area youth (14-19). All donations are tax deductible. Boats will be made available to those wishing to explore the Merrimack River estuary. Help us provide a rowing/sailing resource for the boating community at large and an educational opportunity for our kids. For more information about donating boats or using our resource, contact us.

RINGS ISLAND ROWING CLUB, 6 Fourth St., Rings Island, Salisbury, MA 01952, Chris Faris, (508) 462-8043 early AM, late PM. (12)

1941 GARWOOD 16' utility runabout. Has all the hrdwre, 6 cyl Chrysler but no prop. Hull is in bad cond. \$1,000 or BO. BILL CLEMENTS, N. Billerica, MA, (508) 663-3103. (13)

BOAT STUFF. 2 bunk cushions, new, trapezoid shaped 18"x72"x26", 3" thick foam. \$50. Upright start mechanism for 7.5/9hp Honda OB, gd for transom mount OB on sailboat. I will ship it freight pre-paid. HANS WAECKER, P.O. Box 6, Cliff Island, ME 04019, (207) 766-2684. (12)

BIRCHBARK CANOE BUILDING COURSE on Lake Superior (Wisconsin shore). July 2-17, 1994, OR July 23-August 7, 1994. \$750 incl lodging. DAVID GIDMARK, Box 26, Maniwaki, QUE J9E 3E3, Canada. (EOI)

20' NIMBLE CANOE YAWL, 1' draft, green hull, tanbark sails, 5hp 4-stroke in well. Cruise ready, trlr, cover, many options. BO. DOUG BACON, Woodstock Valley, CT, (203) 974-3505. (12)

LONESOME BAY BOAT, a modern replication of a 16' 1912 Old Town "Double-Ended Boat". Fast and stable under oar, sail, paddle or small outboard. This is a perfect multipurpose boat for the sportsman, camp owner and family. For its length it is one of the most versatile boats being built today. Light and responsive, its classic early Maine styling and modern materials hull provide you with low maintenance and much pride of ownership. A wide option list enables us to custom build each boat to your specifications.

INDIAN POINT GUIDEBOAT CO., 732 Midland Ave., Midland, PA 15059, (412) 643-5457 or 643-6001. (TFP)

WANTED: NAUTICAL LIBRARY. Live-aboard sailor lost all his lifelong collection of nautical books (in storage in Homestead, FL) to S.O.B. hurricane "Andrew". If you can help me replace my "Boats on Board" library please send what you can give.

CHRIS SPOHR, SV "Maggie May", c/o Manatee Bay Boat Yard, 99 Morris Ln., Key Largo, FL 33037. (12)

14' PACIFIC PELICAN blt by O'Connell's Boat Shop. Marine ply, epoxy & FG. Lug rig, roller furling jib, full fitted cover, bimini, sails, spars, OB bracket, kick-up rudder, trlr. Exc cond.

ED STECHER, 2824 Shannon Dr., Punta Gorda, FL 33982, (813) 637-1369. (12)

WANTED FOR O'DAY DAYSAILER: 17' donated hull nds mast, sail, rudder & tiller. For use by inner city youth boating program on Christina River in Wilmington, DE.

TOM COLGAN, Camp Dimension, Wilmington, DE, (302) 475-7061. (12)

WANTED: Xerographic copy of article by Ben Fuller in "Small Boat Journal" #45 (Oct./Nov, '85) entitled, "Sculling: A Lesson in Oaranship, Part 1". BRUCE GIVEN, 5801 Luck Ln., Virginia Beach, VA 23464, (804) 479-4207. (12)

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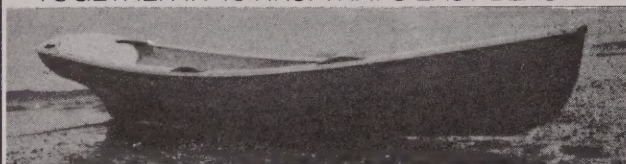
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