

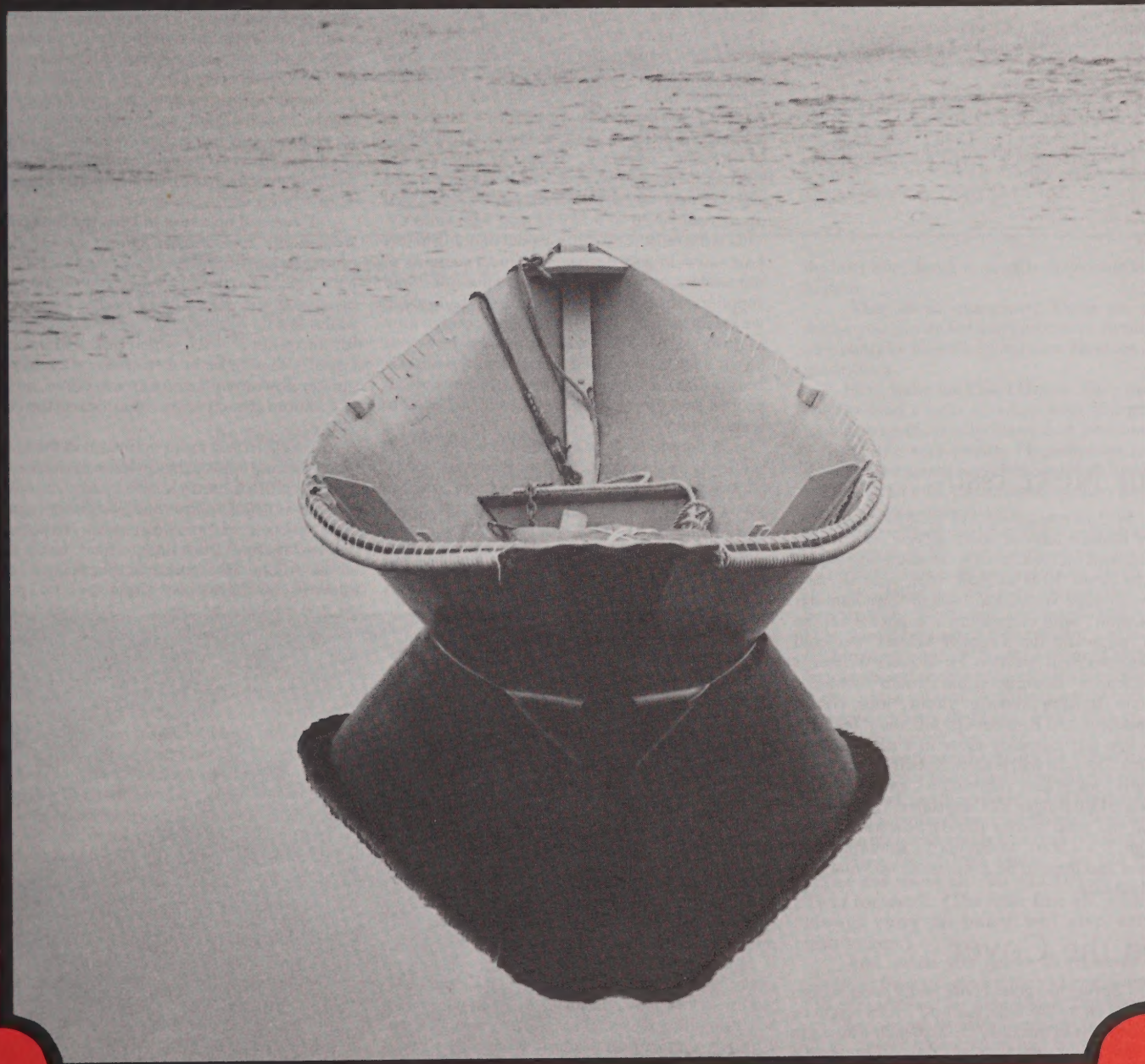
Twice a Month!



messing about in BOATS

Volume 10 - Number 21

March 15, 1993



COMMENTARY



messing
about in

BOATS

Published twice a month, 24 times a year. Subscription price is \$20 for 24 issues.

Address is "Boats", 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984.

Telephone is (508) 774-0906.

Publisher & Editor, Bob Hicks

Our Next Issue

Will include a couple of 1993 event reports, Dick Malone tells us about a New Year's Eve Messabout on the Chesapeake and I will report on the Snow Row at Hull, MA. And to back these up Hugh Ware looks back in "Last Summer in Boston" with comments and photos on the Tall Ships and the Tugboat Muster. Personal adventures will include H. Bennet Wilson's experiences "Boating on the Broads" aboard a classic British sailing yacht, and Diane Klabecheck and Robynn Orr tell about taking a teen age girl canoeing crew to a major canoe regatta. Designs will feature Robert Holtzman's lengthy look at Leo Telesmanick and the Beetle Cats and Phil Bolger's 21' daysailer "Queequeg". From the shop comes Randy Shanks' "Don't Laugh, It's a Start" about his 11' inboard cabin cruiser and there'll be some more on what you are building.

On the Cover

"Spring has gotta come pretty soon, winter is really on its last legs, isn't it?" Such might be the thoughts of this dory on the beach waiting to hit the water, another of Barry Donahue's evocative photos of our obsession.

Well, it's March 1st as I belatedly write this column just before this issue goes off to the printer, and it has been the coldest and snowiest part of the winter here on the Massachusetts North Shore the past few weeks. So is it premature to be really feeling like it's gotta end soon so we can get back into action boating? Maybe, but March will probably speed by for us as activities pick up momentum.

The big occasion this month is the Maine Boatbuilders' Show in Portland, Maine on March 19, 20, and 21. It's no longer a neat little boat show, it's now a neat BIG boat show. The list of exhibitors I received, as of February 20th, totalled 127, two sides of a sheet of paper in fine print. And, these are all boat related exhibits, no trinket people. Those of you who have attended this show in the past or read of it on our pages are aware of how unlikely a place Portland Yacht Service's complex of old brick waterfront factory buildings is in which for a boat show to take place. No glitz at all, in fact it's all funky, cavernous, fragmented into several rooms and floors and adjacent buildings. But, it's great and obviously many of you feel the same for over 5,000 of you came last winter!

We'll be there again with our booth set up to present "Messing About in Boats" and "Atlantic Coastal Kayaker" to interested persons who have not already seen our publications, and also to say hello to many of you who drop by. This is the most rewarding aspect of being in this boat show, in one place we can meet so many of our readers, as well as all those boatbuilders and suppliers of all sorts of nautical stuff in which we are interested. Three days aren't enough time to do it all, for I do have to spend time at our booth. Jane keeps the store much of the time so I can cruise the show to gather up the news about people and their products for our subsequent feature story.

A couple of days ago, on February 27th, I went again to the Snow Row in Hull, Massachusetts, the annual "pre-season" on-the-water event hereabouts which attracts those just too impatient to await better weather. Snow flurries and mid-twenties temperatures with a raw northeast wind did not deter about 100 people in half that many boats (lots of multi-

oared boats) from heading out onto frosty wind chopped Hingham Bay. I'll report on the event in the next issue. Here I bring it up as another indication of our growing impatience with winter's thrall. I don't paddle in the event, I just don't care to be that uncomfortable, but it does tug at me some that maybe I oughta, since the last outing afloat was last November. I used to think of this event as the "season opener", but upon subsequent observation I realize it's not that at all, the season will not open for nearly two more months. Early May is about the soonest that activity on the water again attracts more than the truly hardy.

So with the prospect of maybe in about a month having the first of the spring days arrive with some chance of limited small boating, and with the knowledge that the Maine Boatbuilders' Show will certainly rev up my desires to get going afloat again, I've turned to getting ready with renewed vigor. I haven't been loafing all winter, but working on the boats hasn't been my activity, other projects neglected in better weather get dealt with. Now I'm trying to finish off my sea kayak sailing system for early tryouts on nearby Hood's Pond, and soon I better go over to Nahant and bring home That Cape Dory Typhoon I bought from Tom McGrath. It will need some tidying up, maintenance is not one of Tom's interests.

I've lined up a spot to keep the boat not far from home for summer sailing on the North Shore, but the boat still languishes 15 miles from here just about totally neglected. I did try to bring it home in early December on my own trailer but its 2,000 pounds was to burdensome for the trailer towbar, which flexed alarmingly. I didn't want to be broken down at curbside in greater downtown Lynn enroute home, not one of the more attractive communities on the North Shore.

I seem to feel more optimism in the air this year as spring approaches, whatever our troubles may be in this country economically, it looks to me as if we'll get to enjoy another season messing about in boats, certainly a great way to put aside day to day cares from time to time. Look us up at the Maine Boatbuilders' Show and let us know if you share this optimism.



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Coastal Kayaking & Backpacking in Newfoundland, March 18. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341.

Maine Boatbuilders' Show, March 19-21. Portland Yacht Services, Portland, ME, (207) 774-1067.

5th Annual Yachting History Symposium, March 19-20. Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT, (203) 572-5317.

Mystic Seaport Sail Education Classes, March 20-May 23. Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT, (203) 572-5323.

Rigging as it Matters, March 20-21. Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA, (206) 382-BOAT.

Race to Nowhere Indoor Rowing Sprints, March 21. Groton, CT, (203) 536-9247.

Small Boat wetlands trip, March 24. Houston, TX, (713) 487-0594.

6th Annual Mount Dora Antique Boat Festival, March 25-28. Mount Dora Chamber of Commerce, Mount Dora, FL, (904) 383-2165.

Spring Prep Workshop, March 27-28. Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, St. Michaels, MD, (410) 745-2916.

Antique motorboating symposium, April 2-4. Mariner's Museum, Newport News, VA, (804) 595-0368.

Paddling England's Waterways, April 8. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341.

Paddle Making, April 8-9, Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA, (206) 382-BOAT.

Whitewater Rafting Season Starts, April 10. Downeast Whitewater, Center Conway, NH, (603) 447-3002.

Happenings

The busy season is at hand and so I am restricting the listings in this calendar each issue those scheduled for the current month and the following month, except for later events that may require really early advanced planning (marked with an *).

Maine Guide Canoe Workshop, April 10-15. Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA, (206) 382-BOAT.

Chelsea 2000 Rowing Race, April 13. Chelsea Rowing Club, Norwich, CT, (203) 886-5206, Exploring Nova Scotia's Eastern Shore, April 16. L.L. Bean, Freeport, ME, (800) 341-4341.

Re-Canvassing Canoes, April 17-18. Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA, (206) 382-BOAT.

River Cruise, April 24. Connecticut Oar & Paddle Club, Essex, CT, (203) 434-2534.

Sausalito Smugglers Regatta, Sail & Oar, April 24. Sausalito Cruising Club, 1707 Bridgeway #3, Sausalito, CA 94965.

How to Make a Strip Planked Kayak, April 24. Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA, (206) 382-BOAT.

Sailing & Maintaining a Traditional Schooner Workshop, April 26-30. N.W. School of Wooden Boatbuilding, Port Townsend, WA, (206) 385-4948.

Introduction to Metallurgy, May 1. Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA, (206) 382-BOAT.

Merrimack River Cleanup, May 1. Rings Island Rowing Club, Salisbury, MA, (603) 465-7920.

Northwest Small Boat Messabout, May 1. Olympia, WA, (206) 526-1579.

9th Annual Cedar Key Small Boat Meet, May 1-2. Cedar Key, FL, (904) 543-5307, (313) 468-6456.

Cape Cod Frosty North American Championships, May 1-2. CCFCA, Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534.

National River Cleanup Week, May 1-8. American Canoe Association, Savannah, GA, (912) 355-1866.

Merrimack River Dory Sprints, May 2. Rings Island Rowing Club, Salisbury, MA, (603) 465-7920.

1,000 Meter Sprints, May 2. Mystic River Rowing Club, Mystic, CT, (203) 536-9247.

Spring Commissioning & River Race, May 8. CROPC, Essex, CT, (203) 434-2534.

Sand Casting & Foundry Techniques, May 8 & 15. Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA, (206) 382-BOAT.

Greenland Kayak Building Class, May 15-23. Superior Kayaks, Bloomingdale, IL, (708) 894-2512.

*New York Wooden Boat Festival, June 19-20. South Street Seaport, New York, NY, (212) 669-9400.

*Small Boatbuilders' Get Together, June 19-20. Clearwater Hudson River Revival, Valhalla, NY, (914) 435-7964.

*Wooden Boat Show, June 25-27. "Wooden Boat" magazine, Brooklin, ME, (207) 359-4651.

*Finlandia Clean Water Challenge, June 27-August 2. American Canoe Association, Springfield, VA, (703) 451-0141.



UNITED STATES COAST GUARD AUXILIARY

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Hypothermia

By Tom Shaw, U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary

It's a beautiful spring morning. The boat is fueled and ready. Word is out that the fish are biting. You check the weather forecast and hear about sunny skies, light winds and calm seas. You are all set to go. Right? Wrong! Did you listen to ALL of that weather forecast? A sudden storm could put you in the water. What about the water temperature? Even on a warm day the water can be cold and cold water means the potential for hypothermia. The quiet killer. (Coast Guard small boat crews do not go out without exposure suits when the water temperature is below 60 degrees fahrenheit.)

Hypothermia is loss of heat from the body core. It is the major cause of death from boating accidents - and it sneaks up on you. It's not "freezing to death" and it's not frostbite. It can kill at temperatures well above 32 degrees and it's victims require sophisticated medical treatment, not just "first aid".

One of the first effects of hypothermia is diminished judgement - the ability to recognize and respond to what is happening. Those who boat alone (seldom a good idea) need to be especially aware. All boaters need to be alert for signs of hypothermia in other members of the crew. Look for lethargy, slurred or incoherent speech or a slow or irregular pulse. Sometimes the victim shows the outward symptoms of intoxication.

What can you do about hypothermia.

Obviously, the first prevention is to stay warm and dry. A second is regular food which the body turns into heat. Don't skip a meal in your enthusiasm to get out there. Always have some food on board - sandwiches, candy bars, a thermos of coffee. Have a change of clothes against getting wet. Wear a hat (a wool watch cap is ideal). 50% of the body's heat loss is through the head. Wear - don't just have available - wear your PFD. Should you end up in the water, the PFD will keep you afloat with the minimum of exertion - and exertion uses energy which means heat loss, which leads to hypothermia.

The statistics are convincing. The average person can survive 8.5 hours in 65 degree water floating calmly in his PFD. His survival rate, if he must tread water, drops to 6 hours. If he is swimming, it is only a fraction over 4 hours. In 70 degree water the numbers are even more striking: 18 hours floating in a PFD, 13 treading water and less than 10 swimming (assuming you could tread water or swim that long.)

Second, if at all possible, get as much of your body as you can out of the water. Climb on the overturned hull or a piece of wreckage. If there are others, huddle together, either in the water, or out of it. Two men who lost their boat off the North Carolina coast recently survived long exposure to water temperature in the 50's by climbing into a fish box that had floated free. Incidentally, they had life jackets on board, but

the boat went down so quickly they could not get to them.

What about treatment? There are some things you can do for a hypothermia victim, but ultimately he needs hospital care. Here are some guide lines.

First, radio the Coast Guard. They may be able to send a helo or a fast boat and get the victim to medical help faster than you can.

Handle very gently. Hypothermia makes the body extremely vulnerable to rough handling. Do NOT rub with the mistaken notion that you can thus restore circulation.

Strip off wet clothing. If the patient's body temperature is 95 degrees or above, no other treatment is necessary beyond warm, dry clothes, but you have no way to determine body temperature, so assume the worst. Immediate help should be started if the victim's skin feels cold to your touch. Wrap the victim in blankets, leaving the extremities uncovered. (Hypothermia is the reason why all Auxiliary patrol boats are required to carry blankets.) More than one life has been saved because a crew member "huddled" under the blanket with the victim and shared his own body heat. If this is not possible on your boat, get the patient out of the wind. Wet clothing is better than no clothing. Wet wool is better in preserving body heat than wet synthetics.

Give NOTHING orally - no hot tea or coffee and above all, NO ALCOHOL. Treat for shock. (The little first aid guide you always carry on board will give detailed instructions.)

And, when you get to shore, insist on a medical check up, even if the victim claims he is OK. Remember, his judgment is impaired.

Enjoy that lovely spring day, but be aware of the water temperature and be aware of the basic facts about hypothermia. The life you save could be your own.



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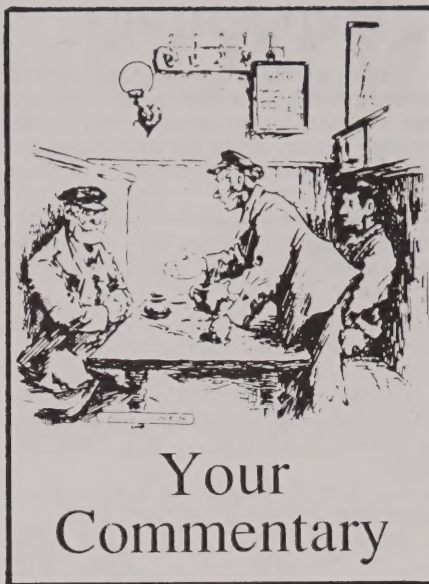
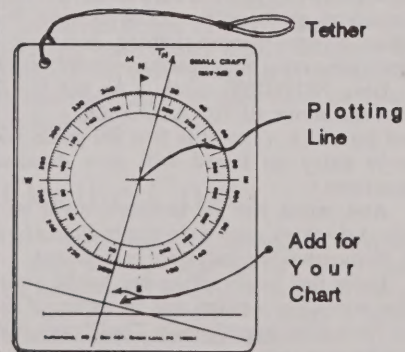


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Your Commentary

WHAT ABOUT THAT "BUFFALO FERRY"?

One of the most interesting boats among a multitude of the interesting boats in Jim Thayer's report on St. Michaels in the February 1st issue was the "Buffalo Ferry" pictured on page 16. It looked to me as if it were designed for sculling only and I wondered if we could see some more of what appears to be a highly original design?

Joseph Ress, Waban, MA.

ABOUT THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

I was thoroughly enjoying "Three Generations on a Canal Boat" in the January 15th issue when my Beverly, Massachusetts upbringing brought me up aghast as I read that Whitehall, Vermont on Lake Champlain was the birthplace of the American Navy. This was nearly blasphemous for me, brought up in Beverly, which really is the "Birthplace of the American Navy"! The rest of the story was great!

Articles like this one, the book serial "Boating Trips...", and Bolger's designs are making "Messing About in Boats" the best boating magazine I ever read.

Fred Browning, Jamestown, NC.

I THINK I'LL GO SAILING

Your publication remains one of the few welcome sights in my modern day God-forsaken mailbox. Especially like that curnudgeon, Tom, the guy in the Townie, he's the very BEST! Aside from "Messing About in Boats" and some personal correspondence, my mailbox brings me either promises of, or begs for, the almighty dollar. Oh, dear, I think I'll go sailing!

Cynthia Wesson, Point Pleasant Beach, NJ.

DINGHY DRAWS COMPLIMENTS

For the past two years I have moored my 12' wineglass transom dinghy close to Wentworth State Park on Lake Wentworth in Wolfeboro, NH. Many motorists have stopped as I have been raising sail for an outing on the lake. All have complimented me on this boat and the workmanship I put into finishing it out with mahogany. It is one of the beautifully shaped fiberglass hulls made from a mold off a classic wooden hull by some men at the Dorchester (MA) Yacht Club. Several were made and I was lucky enough to buy one of the bare hulls.

David Doane, Wolfeboro, NH.

CORRECTED AFTER 30 YEARS

Thirty years of inefficient paddling was probably corrected when I read Mississippi Bob's article about "Getting the Most from a Single Bladed Paddle" in the February 1st issue. As he guessed, I learned how to paddle from the counselors at the Lillie Aaron Strauss Explorer Scout camp in the early '60's.

My wife and I have reached that stage in life when we cannot afford to squander our physical resources and must get the most from each stroke of the paddle. The article left me with one question. Bob described my technique in the "before" sequence, closing his description with "further messing things up with a little steering thing" at the end of the stroke. He's talking about the "J stroke" that I learned at camp.

We are most comfortable paddling on the same side of our canoe, and unless I want to go in circles, the "little steering thing" is an absolute must. Even stroking on opposite sides, the difference in power of our strokes necessitates some steering adjustments in the stern. Does Bob have some advice that would maximize the power of each stroke and still keep us going straight?

Ron Pilling, Baltimore, MD

A REAL SNOOZER

Here's my renewal, I wouldn't want to miss an issue, although they all are sort of timeless, last March's is just as good reading as this March will be.

I hope the series on rowing the rivers of New England finishes soon, I find it a real snoozer. I wish you had more articles on sailboats and sensible motor cruisers. If you'd like, I could do something on the building of and cruising in my steamboat "Samuel Clyde. We plan to do the "Re-doo" this summer aboard.

Joseph Spaulding, Skaneateles, NY.

RE LATEX PAINT

A year ago Paul Stimson of Royal Oak, MD, wrote about using latex paint on his boat and said he'd report on the results later. I inquired recently and here is his reply:

"After a year and a half, the Moorglo paint on my plywood hull looks good as new. I see no chalking, no blisters, no adhesion failures. All this in spite of the fact that I left the plywood exposed to the weather longer than I should have, and didn't sand it before painting. "Consumer Reports" gave adhesion rating of "poor" to all exterior latex paints except Moorgard and Moorglo. I used Moore latex primer in spite of the paint salesman's insistence that the primer should be alkyd."

J.S. Marks, Woodslee, ON.

POCKET SAILBOAT CRUISERS

How about an article on the suitability of various pocket sailboat cruisers, 18'-24', old, new, used?

Bob Davis, Londonderry, VT.

Editor's Response: Someone has to do such a review and this is a lot of reviewing, far more than I have time for. This sort of thing also brings in a lot of subjective opinions, which I don't object too, but which are openings for lots of follow up disagreements.

FAMILY ENJOYMENT

My son and I built a Gypsy this past summer and we're still enjoying it!

Reuven Koblick, Sharon, MA.

PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED

I particularly enjoyed Jim Michalak's fine article on camp cruising in the January 15th issue. It doesn't take a market analyst to predict that this sort of messing about may well represent the future of small boat cruising. Few manufacturers or dealers seem to be responding to this potential market though. On a recent visit to the Toronto Boat Show, the only boats that I saw that could possibly serve as camp cruisers were a lone Wayfarer and some small catamarans, unless you cared to camp out on a metalflake encrusted bass boat. Come to think of it, if you took off that swivel chair there would be plenty of useable deck space.

The particularly personal and pleasurable types of boating addressed in "Messing About in Boats" are still pretty much in the hands of amateurs. An amateur is someone who does something for the love of it, usually leisure activities not yet co-opted by commercial interests, and the producers and the customers are often one and the same. Those who earn their bread building, and supplying gear for, small boats still must do it for love, considering the usually dismal financial returns. I'd guess that this means the chances of "Messing About in Boats" following along the course taken by "Small Boat Journal" are slim, just as well considering the fate of that publication.

I guess you could consider this preaching to the converted, but I think you are quite right in resisting any pressure in that direction. It seems to me that not only is small beautiful, but hardy as well, especially in these times.

George Welcher, North York, ON.

OARMASTER TRIALS, ANOTHER VIEW

The 1992 Oarmaster trials were in fact a wonderful opportunity to determine the relative merits of various rowboats and the prowess of oarsmen who chose to participate. How unfortunate that it failed miserably to do so because of organizational mistakes.

A "winning" boat was determined by standings in the final heat alone! Come on! The fastest boats in the first four heats were 12, 14, 33, 35 and 51. The five fastest oarsmen were Unchar (?), O'Reilly, McCabe, Aborn and Smith. Yet Woll with 30.1 was allowed to row in that final heat rather than McCabe with 27:17 or Orbe with 29:38.

The real winners (of those allowed in that twisted fifth heat) were Bolger's "Sweat Pea" with 34:53 for five heats and O'Reilly with 31:52. Perhaps in the future the race committee will better understand the race's objectives, set up the final heat intelligently and give us the best man and best boat as "winners".

I applaud the objectives, this kind of competition is very informative. But the race structure was so seriously flawed as to completely nullify the final outcome. The proof is in the seventh place boat from the heats being declared the race winner.

The pictures and the boat data were great, it's the kind of stuff I buy "Messing About in Boats" for.

Ken Stoops, Anchorage, AK.

Editor's Comment: The organizers of this event are a group of recreational rowers. They realize they haven't got the execution of the concept satisfactorily worked out yet. Obviously the subject of the relative capabilities of different pulling boats holds a lot of interest, and this event is getting closer than any other to giving us some useful comparisons.

HATES ROWING BACKWARDS

Tell Stephen Dupont to get cracking on that forward facing rowing rig of his (Oct. 1st issue). I'm getting old, 'though not as old as he is, and I too hate rowing backwards. What a boon to my life he will have been. Forge on, so to speak. Tell him to put me on his sales list.

Jim Whiteside, Danbury, CT.

SOMEONE OUT THERE MUST HAVE MONEY

We went up to London to the Boat Show recently, first time in many years. Someone out there must have money is all I can say. There were only five of the yachts that came within our range, but a surprisingly large number of canoes and small craft.

Dennis Davis, Northam, England

SOME SUGGESTIONS

I like articles about camping or adventure. I also would like to see articles about the mistakes people make that can teach us what not to do. Another of the magazines has a piece entitled, "I Learned About Boating from That", very good and effective. I'd also like to see a short article following the advertising section so I don't feel I've reached the end when I get to those pages.

Michael Briggs, Long Beach, CA.

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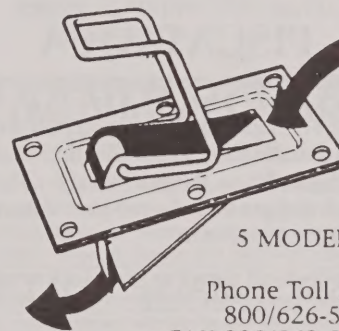
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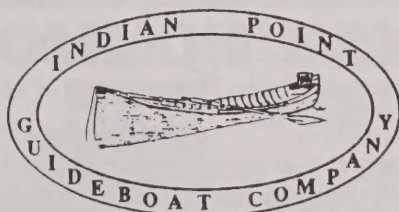
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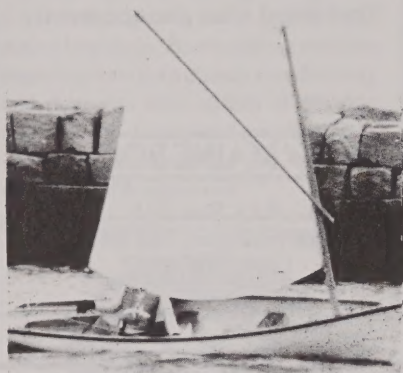
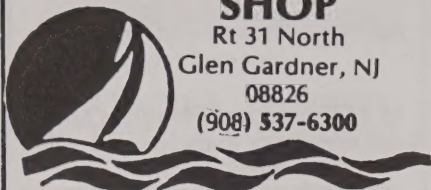
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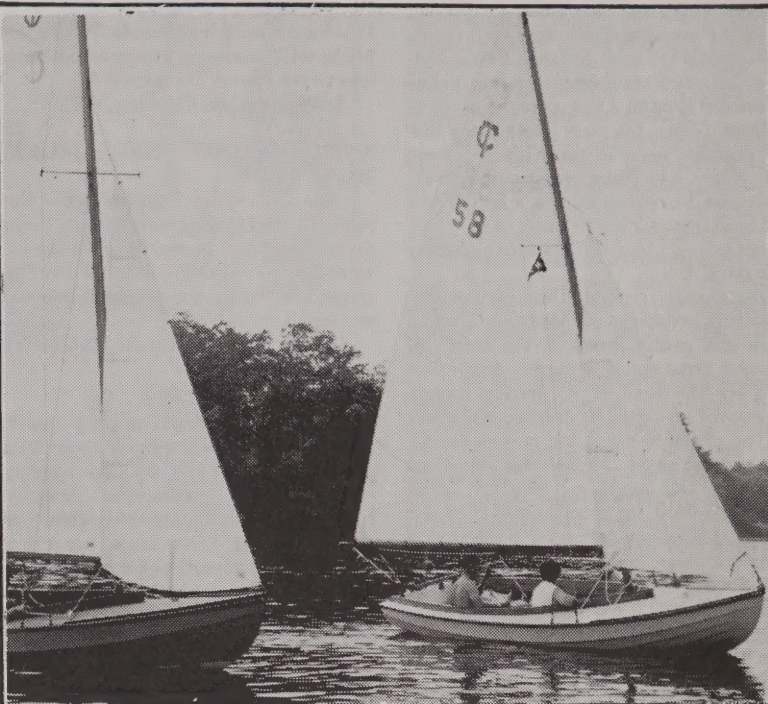


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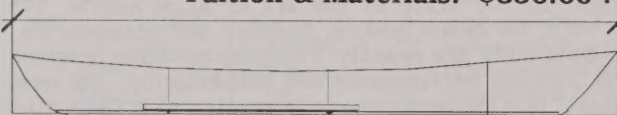
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Review...

The OLD OUTBOARD BOOK By Peter Hunn
Review by Bob Whittier

Recently I was in a marine dealers' store to buy some glue and happened upon the store's display of new outboard motors. A simple looking 6 h.p. model caught my eye because it brought back memories of happy early days of outboarding in the 1940s and 50s with just such inexpensive kickers on the transoms of skiffs. Then I happened to notice there was a price tag affixed to this motor's transom clamp. I turned it over to read it and was then and there petrified to read the price of \$1200.00 on this tag. I remembered when 3 h.p. motors could be had for \$50.00, 7.5 h.p. ones for \$189.00 and 25 h.p. ones for \$325.00. Groan!

Now I realize that the cost of everything else, from postage stamps to cars has gone up commensurately and so the aforementioned four-figure price for a 6 h.p. outboard was probably in line with today's costs. But I said to myself, "Geez, I sure could not enjoy a ride in a skiff after having paid that much for the kicker!"

This is more or less why the outboard manufacturers have given up on people in the average-income bracket and gone after the very affluent who can afford twin 200 h.p. motors on the sterns of 25-foot cruisers. I found myself wondering where future outboard boating enthusiasts are going to be born and trained.

Then what could very well be the answer popped up in my mail — a review copy of "The Old Outboard Book" by Peter Hunn, \$17.95, 214 pages softcover, International Marine Publishers, Camden, Maine.

When I first glanced at its cover with pictures of Ole Evinrude and 1930 motors, I assumed it was about the Dinosaur Days of outboard boating and people who collect 1915 motors to restore. But as I dug into it, I found that it was more than that. The first half is, in fact, devoted to recounting the histories of the early days of the outboard industry as a whole and the several more prominent companies and their founders. Evinrude, Johnson and Kiekhaefer Mercury are covered in some detail.

Having gotten my start in outboard boating in the years immediately following World War Two, this part of Hunn's well researched, interestingly written book brought back a flood of memories. For younger chaps, this section of the book offers a good way to learn about the sport's past. To understand where we are going,

it is said by the sages, we have to know where we have been.

The second part of this book is devoted to an incredibly detailed coverage of the histories of both famous and obscure outboard manufacturing companies and the motors they made. Going through it was not only fun and informative, but idea producing.

When one thinks of "antique outboards", one tends to think of the bronze and cast iron knuckle busters of the pre-1930 period. But Hunn brings out a point most of us have forgotten — between the end of World War Two and the late 1960s, "private brand" outboard motors were very common. Chain stores like Sears, Montgomery Ward, Spiegel and Western Auto Stores offered outboards in the range from around 3 to 16 h.p. along with home appliances, auto accessories and auto parts. Auto tire stores also sold such motors.

Most of these motors were made in considerable numbers by such general metal product manufacturing concerns as West Bend Aluminum, OMC's Gale Products Division and Scott Atwater. They were painted different colors and quite an assortment of nameplates put on them. What interested me about Hunn's extensive coverage of this class of outboards is that he tells who made what — and therefore makes clear the interchangeability of parts between many, many different "private brand" outboards. Since they are all now over 25 years old they are technically antiques, even if some of them have streamline style hoods.

With a little snooping around, a fellow can pick up two or three motors that have been collecting dust in peoples' basements and garages for years and can be had for charmingly low, low prices. With these to provide a good store of serviceable parts, a mechanically inclined small-boat enthusiast can build up a small outboard in the 3 to 10 hp range that is perfectly capable of giving several years of dependable and pleasure producing service.

Mounted on a suitable hull, such as a dory-derived skiff designed by fellows such as the well-known John Gardner, Phil Bolger and Dynamite Payson, this amount of power can produce pleasing if not spectacular performance and at oh-so-happily low boat, motor and gasoline cost.

I enjoy going out in boats propelled by paddles, oars and sails, but I'm practical enough to know that there are also times and places where outboard boats are best suited to purposes and conditions. If you're like me, I strongly suggest you get a copy of "The Old Outboard Book", read it, and do some thinking!

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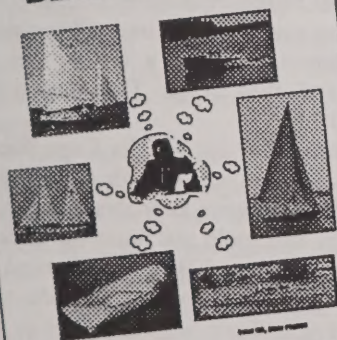
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On July 16, 1863, Richard Henry Derby and Henry Mellen Prentiss, close friends and members of the Harvard College Class of 1864, set out in two wherries to row from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Bangor, Maine, a journey of 308 miles, which they completed on July . August 1 was their deadline, because Prentiss had to be at home in Bangor for a canoe trip with his father, and Derby had to return to Boston for a yacht voyage. Derby was my grandfather, and Prentiss was a great-uncle of my wife's, Marie.

In 1936 my father, Roger Alden Derby '05, was concerned about the physical condition of American youth. He said that his grandfather had walked at a rate of four miles an hour, his father had walked three, he walked two, and subsequent generations would probably not be able to walk at all owing to the influence of the automobile. To help reverse this alarming trend, he proposed that my brother, John Harlan Derby '42, and I row from Peekskill, New York, to Trois-Rivières, Canada, in a pair-oared wherry. The expedition was supposed to be an exercise not only in self-locomotion but also in planning. My father coached us carefully and thoroughly. Canvas bags to hold our equipment were custom made. They were shaped to fit the contours of the boat and lined with oiled silk. A list of equipment was drawn up, based on the experience of two other boys who had made a similar trip. We built a wooden rack to carry the wherry to Peekskill atop the family Ford. George Washington Overton '40 joined us, and we completed the 400-mile trip up the Hudson River and through connecting waterways to the St. Lawrence River in twenty days.

In 1977 I married Marie Kay Baird, who had been my first serious girlfriend forty years before. At the wedding, Milton Henry Clifford '27, a cousin of Marie's and also a great-nephew of Prentiss's, said that Prentiss had written a diary of the 1863 trip but that he did not know what had happened to it.

In June 1988 I received the 1863 diary by mail. It had been found in the house in North Carolina where I spent my early childhood, which my family had left more than sixty years before. The diary is quoted below in its entirety.

The occasional use of "&c." in the diary is intriguing. No doubt to Prentiss it signified obvious details, but 127 years later the details are no longer obvious. My interest was particularly

Rowing to Bangor

A journal of a long pull.

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piqued when the "&c." appeared after a reference to the lighthouse keeper's daughter. I wondered out loud to a friend of Marie's what it meant. "Perhaps a slap in the face," she ventured. Her father was a Princeton man.

Expedition to Bangor

in the wherries

"Amélie"

"Mascallonge"

Richard Henry Derby, of Boston

Henry Mellen Prentiss, of Bangor

Thursday, July 16, 1863. Left Cambridge 4:35 P.M. Arrived at Shirley 7 P.M., steering by the setting sun in a thick fog—so thick that we could see no land. Tumby-Supper. Met one of the firm of Beebe & Co., drunk. Had come down in a yacht. Had a tug to take him to Swampscott. The tug ran aground and sank in Shirley Gut. Yacht beached on the bar.

—11 miles—

Friday, July 17. Hurrah for Pigeon Cove! But when I looked out of the window and saw the thick fog and pouring rain, P.C. was given up for one day. Wind, NE. No use to think of starting. Breakfast, bowling, &c., shooting, bath and lunch.

12:45 P.M. started. Ran the gauntlet of yachts and telescopes about Nahant. A friendly fog envelops us as we pass Lynn. Then in the fog along by the Spindle, Ram Island, Tinker's, to the Island House on Cat Island, off Salem Harbor—a large house, but very little company. Arrive at 5:15 P.M. Tea and billiards. Then euchre (four handed).

Head wind all day: NE & N.

Saturday, July 18. Fog thick, prevents an early start. Left at 10:20 A.M. after a pouring shower. After four or five miles an impending shower drove us ashore for shelter. Landed at a little beach in Manchester. Bath in the surf and lunch at a cottage.

Stopped at 11:45 A.M.

Started again at 1:45 P.M.

Rough off Eastern Point. A long stretch to Thatcher's Island. Very calm after we rounded Cape Ann. Arrived at Pigeon Cove at 5:45 P.M. A sort of pri-

vate boarding house. Good table. Broke watch crystal and drove over to Rockport, a mile, for another.

Wind SE, S, & NW. Continued showers. Wind light.

Sunday, July 19. Fog and rain in the morning. Wind S, changing to W, and light. Stopped raining at 11 A.M. Started at 11:30. Due N for Isles of Shoals, the course keeping us out ten miles from N.H. coast all the way. Wind S at first, then SE. I kept up to the east too much, fearing that the wind might drive us to the west of the course and put us between the Shoals and the shore. Fog all the time, thick all around. Steered by the sun and compass. Fog lifted at 4:45, showing the Shoals about six miles NW of us. Went down to them before the wind. Strong wind—splendid fun! A fisherman was frightened at Dick's appearance and ran for his life; he landed on Gosport Island. The whole village came down to the shore and the fisherman who had fled from us was received by a loud laugh from the whole assembly.

We landed on Appledore Island at 6:30. A very large house, immense promenade, large company, fair accommodations and table.

Landlord Lughton never saw a wherry before. Sidney Willard started on the same course that we took, but he missed the Islands in a fog. No wherry ever landed here. We have accomplished something never done before. Willard landed at Rye. I believe that Charles Longfellow went to Rye in his wherry in company with G. B. Shattuck and J. T. Morse in a keel boat. They went by the shore. I think that no wherry has ever been north of here.

Monday, July 20. My birthday! Twenty-three years today. Fog in the morning. Left the Shoals at 10:30 A.M. Pulled north to the Nubble. Then down to Neddock Harbor where we bathed, and lunched at a farmhouse. Stopped at 2:30 P.M. Started at 4:00 P.M. Passed Cape Neddock and arrived at Wells Beach, Atlantic House, at 6:30, wasting considerable time talking with the fishermen. Had a big supper of mackerel, then a cigar. Thus ended my birthday!

Tuesday, July 21. Ho! for Cape Elizabeth! Let me say though that during the night we were kept awake by mosquitoes and could not stand the annoyance later than 4:30 A.M. We tried to smoke them out but only made ourselves sick. Then we went down to the beach and took a dip in the "briny." Breakfast on some more mackerel and

some chicken.

Started at 9 A.M. Fog and head winds at Cape Porpoise. At 12:30 it began to rain, to pour. We pulled in the rain, getting thoroughly wet, till 2:45 P.M., when we landed at Saco Pool, on the beach on the ocean side. Got on dry clothes after rubbing and drinking ginger tea. Then dinner. Rain continued the rest of the day. At the Highland House, where the Reads come every year, met a Southern gentleman, a hunter, Mr. Whitlock. He killed a "puma" in Florida, in the Everglades. Skin measured nine feet. He has often killed panthers, but never but once the puma. I did not know of the existence of the animal in Florida. He describes him as far more terrible than the panther. Mr. Whitlock furnished us cigars and a "nightcap" of whiskey.

Dick was kept awake most of the night with asthma, smoking strymonium for relief. I slept soundly all night.

Wednesday, July 22. Fair weather has begun. Wind West. Very rough across Saco Bay, where we had to go obliquely to the wind. Left the Pool at 10:30. Fired at some seals and gulls. Arrived at Cape Cottage, three miles from Portland, at 3 P.M. Dinner and billiards, tea and loaf on the rocks, bed at 8. My eyes are getting entirely used up. I am perfectly sound in every other part.

Introduced myself to Colonel John Goddard, the owner of Cape Cottage. He lives in a cottage near by.

Thursday, July 23. Dick was again troubled last night with asthma. Breakfasted well at 8. Started at 9:30. Dick fired at a loon near Jewett's Island. Wind South. Drove us down towards Bailey's Island. Landed, bathed and lunched at a farmhouse (Mr. Johnson). Landed at 2 P.M. Dick fired some at a mark. Started at 4:30. Landed at Cape Small Point, 7:30. Threw ourselves upon the hospitality of a farmer, a retired ship-master, Captain Abner Lowell Jr. of Phippsburg (a relative of our neighbors the Morses). Fed well, and I slept well, but "poor Richard"—"*Le bon homme Richard*" slept but little on account of asthma. He did not breakfast with us at 6 A.M. but tried to get a little more sleep.

Friday, July 24. Some fog this morning. Wind SW and light. A favorable day, if Dick were only well!

Left at 11:25, Dick having got four hours' sleep in the morning. Wind South. Pulled by the Point and Pond Island in a fog, across Sheepscot Bay, still in a fog. Heard fog bell on Seguin. Could find no landing place on west



Richard Derby of the wherry "Amélie," left, and Henry Prentiss of the "Mascallonge." From a tintype made in Camden, Maine, during their July 1863 expedition.

side of Damariscove Island, so pulled up to a fishing schooner and got some sweet bread. Then had a big supper (6 o'clock) on sardines, claret, &c. Then pulled to Pemaquid Point. Landed on east side and stopped with a retired coaster, Ephraim Tibbetts. Capital feed and accommodations. Dick slept in an easy chair all night on account of asthma.

Saturday, July 25. Got up at six. Dick bathed and fired at a mark before breakfast, which was at 6:30. Started at 8 A.M. Beach of large rocks like the Sea Wall at Mt. Desert—bad place for wherries! Wind South, on our side. Lunched and remained during a shower at McGee's Island, one of the St. George group. Started at 2 P.M., pulled towards a light-house, which we found to be at Tarrant's Harbor, built since our chart was made. Then over to White Head Island. Stopped at the light-house. Captain Spalding, of Rockland, light-keeper. Good fellow. Went to California overland in 1849. Told us many of his hunting adventures. A man of fifty. Pretty daughter &c. Very hospitable. Showed us the light. Dick slept fairly.

Sunday, July 26. A violent storm from the Southeast. Waves rolled up against the rocks rougher than I ever saw. Schooners dash by at splendid speed, plunging amongst the waves. Loafed away most of the morning, smoking and listening to the Captain's hunting stories and to the roar of the storm. The house and the light are on the top of a bare rock, and in the great easterly storms the waves break almost up to the door, and the spray is carried clear over the top of the lighthouse.

Distance from Point Shirley to	
Owl's Head, 205 nautical miles,	
equal to Statute miles	238

From Cambridge to Point Shirley	10
---------------------------------	----

Owl's Head to Bangor	60
Cambridge to Bangor	308

We keep the Sabbath, partly because

inclined to do so, partly on account of the storm. We should like to be on our way, though, as we ought to get to Bangor by Tuesday night; Dick must be in Boston to start on a yacht voyage the first of August, and I ought to be ready for a canoe voyage with father before that time.

Monday, July 27. Started at 8 A.M. Pulled around inside of Sprucehead Island, the quarry island, and inside of Ash Island, to avoid the strongest part of the tide, which runs from Owl's Head down to White Head, at about three miles an hour. Pulled from Owl's Head straight across to Camden. Wind Southwest all day. Mountain House, of Camden, not open. Landlord of Megunticook would not get us up a dinner, so got a saloon keeper to get us dinner of fish, &c. Got our tintypes taken while waiting. Saw a mirage in the morning of Long Island.

Stopped at Camden at 1:45. Started at 3:45. Landed 4:30 on account of rain. Built a shelter of slabs, wrote journal, smoked, fired at a mark &c., waiting for rain to cease. Upon my repeating the old country saw "Open and shet / Is a sign of wet," Dick gives another: "First it blew / Then it sned / Then it thaw / Then it friz almighty hard."

Did not clear off. At 7 went up to the road. Had some difficulty in finding lodgings. At last were taken in by Mrs. Thomas, a very suspicious old lady, not very ready to receive us. We consider Camden a very inhospitable place.

Tuesday, July 28. Passed a comfortable night. Mrs. Thomas did very well by us. Dick is over his asthma. Started at 7:15. Pulled with the tide two hours, then tide turned against us. Arrived at Fort Point at 1:30 P.M. Bathed and pulled around to the light-house, where we lunched well. Started at 3:10. Excursion barge passed us soon after. Sam recognized me and shouted after me. Wind and tide strong in our favor. Passed the excursionists at Bucksport and talked with Sam. The Barge passed us again just below Hampden, and I was welcomed by quite a number of acquaintances. Here the tide turned and we pulled against it to Bangor, by moonlight, arriving at 10:30 P.M. Sam met us and carried us home, where we supped at 11:30. Not very tired. Were not at all lame next morning. Pleasant to get into clean clothes again. That last pull from Camden to Bangor was fifty miles. We were 13½ hours in our wherries. The biggest day's work yet, altogether! Distance pulled from Cambridge in all 308 miles.

On the Thursday prior to the Easter long weekend, our weather forecasters had been almost gleeful in their prediction of "high winds, heavy showers and cold temperatures," not good for us sailor types or anyone else for that matter. Easter in New Zealand is late autumn, a time of unpredictable weather and the beginning of the winter's chill. But even so, I'd spent a long hard summer trying to sell goods that people didn't want to folks who couldn't afford them anyway, so I felt that even a three day weekend away cruising would be a long overdue way of gaining a little space for myself.

Good Friday morning turned out just like they said, blowing hard and gusty from the south, cold enough to suggest that the South Pole was just over the horizon and with enough rain to make outside a poor option. My dogs thought otherwise, after a week in which they'd not been out as often as they'd like, the two Great Danes left me in no doubt that a long walk was in order.

I gave in two 200-lb. dogs pack a powerful argument! I toggled up in rainproofs and drove out to one of Auckland's ocean surf beaches for a good run and a picnic lunch. On our way home, around four o'clock in the afternoon, the dogs and I, worn out from running in the sandhills, caught a new weather forecast that sounded very promising. In fact, it sounded as though having frightened all of the outdoor types indoors, the forecasters wanted to make amends for the earlier horrors.

It was a fast trip home. I dropped the dogs at a friend's for the rest of the weekend (greater love hath no man!) and checked that another friend could look after the car and trailer while I was away, then off home to get organized.

Packing a sleeping bag and tent took only minutes as did getting a toothbrush and clothing into a pack lined with a garbage bin liner.

I raided the pantry for stores and my camp stove was included in the pile to be stowed in the boat. All this was lugged outside and flung in the car's trunk. Rogue on her trailer was hooked up and we were off to try and catch the tide. We (the boat and I, we like to think we work as a team) picked Bill up on the way and drove down to the boat ramp at nearby Little Shoal Bay.

At 180 lbs. and just under fifteen feet long, Rogue took only moments to slip into the water, her free standing rig with its single 120 sq. ft. lugsail was up in no time and at eight o'clock we sailed out through the lines of moored yachts, gloomy in the orange light of the harbour bridge overhead.

As Bill took the car and trailer back home, I was drifting quietly on the ebb through the heart of the city, lit only by the city's glow it was like being a spectator in someone else's world, an endless anthill agitated by tensions that seemed very remote to me out in the safety of the darkened harbour.

As often happens in this part of the world, the wind had all but disappeared at dusk and did not begin to fill in until I was clear of the harbour mouth, some four miles and almost two hours from my starting point. When it did return, it came in over the stern quarter, warm and strong. With this "soldier's wind" hustling us along, surfing at over hull speed much of the time, I decided to head for a favourite bay on Waiheke Island, a bay some 25 miles from my starting point.

At 9:30 pm a huge orange moon came up through a cloud mass right over the bow, its light making a bright golden path down the passage between the many islands and reefs that lay along my course. This was one of the most beautiful sails I've ever had, the light, responsive 10



"Rogue" ... a Weekend Interlude

By John Welsford

boat really moving out across a sea like black and gold velvet, the warm wind and the feeling of peace as the bustle of the busy seaport fell behind replaced to be replaced by the tiny lights of the sparsely settled islands of Auckland's Hauraki Gulf.

Awaawaroa Bay, my destination, came abeam as the night breeze died to a whisper. Creeping silently through the boats anchored there I felt like a ghost in the sharp black and white of the bright moonlight. Rogue moves well in even a very light wind and we quickly eased our way across the bay to Graveyard Point and my tent site.

It was about 3:00 am when the stem crunched on the gravel near a flat patch in the low bank behind the beach. My first action was to set up and start the stove, and while a hot meal was cooking got the tent up, the bedding out and the boat anchored off. This didn't take long and it was with real satisfaction that I reviewed the evening's sail over a hot cup of tea.

Next morning dawned fine and flat calm, no problem, this is what cruising is all about so after breakfast it was back to sleep in the sun until about ten. Another "cuppa" and a leisurely breaking of camp followed, anticipating the daytime breeze which often arrives about eleven. Hauling Rogue up to the beach on her long anchor line the gear was soon aboard and I rowed out to the moored cruising boats.

"The Tri With No Name" (no kidding! it's painted on her stern), an old Piver Victress belonging to friends Dave and Rae was tucked in by the beach, so I stopped in for yet another cuppa and an exchange of views with these long time liveaboards. They'd just arrived back in Auckland to refit before taking off to Fiji and Tonga for the winter, oh dreams!

Eleven thirty saw enough wind to move us so up went the big tan sail and off we went on the next leg of our much smaller adventure. Now Waiheke Island is about twenty miles long, and about fifteen miles from its nearest end to my home base at Little Shoal Bay. In order to make our destination in the strong tides of this area, it was necessary to be in the right place at the right

time. Missing a tidal "gate" could mean another all night sail to catch up, or abandoning my planned trip right around the island. So even if it was rowing, it was important to keep on.

The next tide gate was the five mile long passage between Waiheke and the chain of islands to the east. We made it into the wide channel as the fickle breeze died. With only the tide moving us through the air it was just possible to maintain steerage way if I stuck to the current.

Threading our way through what seemed to be hundreds of yachts I had a great time using tiny catspaws of air to slip past boat after big boat. Chats with some crews were friendly, some envious, some angry that a few scraps of ply with a simple rig could pass their expensive toys. One tossed me a cold beer though and some sandwiches as I drifted past under their imposing counter, that's more the spirit!

An occasional few strokes of the oars saw Rogue maintain her momentum, ghosting from puff to puff. It was an hour after the turn of the tide when we made the northern entrance to the channel, the beginnings of the current flooding in making progress impossible for the moment. Anchored under the cliffs I fired up the stove for a bite and a "cuppa" while watching the fleet of yachts gradually give up and motor in to the clubhouse at the island holiday resort who had hosted the race.

About the time I'd finished my meal a cool breath stole across the water, a dark line following not far behind. A private breeze just for us, not meant for the big plastic toys moored outside the by now rowdy beach club, a wind to take me away again to the cleanliness of the open sea.

Fighting the tide, looking for back eddies and lifts on the current, it wasn't long before we were out on the long swells of the open ocean, hard on the wind, beating along the steep rocky cliffs of Waiheke's northeastern coast. Sitting out on the gunwale and powering along through the whitecaps with such a background was as close to paradise as it is possible to be on this earth.

Garden Cove, my planned stop for this night, is like a giant ice cream scoop out of a line of intimidating cliffs, the narrow entrance hard to find among a maze of rocks and the deep, sandy bottomed harbour is only the size of a couple of suburban house lots. This is set off by a perfect jewel of a beach that faces directly into the setting sun.

If I had to find a way to improve this tiny haven, I'm not sure I could. Garden Cove was a doubly welcome sight this evening as I rowed the last few yards into the calm of the little harbour, it had been a long haul!

With the tent up and the boat beached on the soft sand, I concentrated on the evening meal. They say an army marches on its stomach, possibly true of mariners as well and certainly true of this sailor. Dinner this night was fillet steak with mushrooms, potatoes, peas, onion rings and cheese topping, followed by plum pudding with custard and cream, washed down by a glass of burgundy. Cruising in an open boat doesn't mean missing out on the really worthwhile things in life!

Swimming in the cove that night was great, there was a cool bite to the autumn water and amazing phosphorescence followed my movements like sheets of light. I was sufficiently inspired to sit on the rocks at the entrance to the cove and play quiet music on my flute as the last of a spectacular sunset faded into a clear night sky. Wonderful! The anthill seemed like a distant dream.

Morning, and it seemed the weathermen were playing jokes again. Although the forecast

was for a gentle northerly and light overcast, my observations suggested that by afternoon the wind could be from the opposite direction and possibly very strong.

Breakfast needed to be substantial as meals aboard were dependent on calm weather. Bacon, scrambled eggs, cereal, tinned fruit and a cup of tea (the balance of the pot filling the flask), I put together some sandwiches for later while the galley was unpacked.

In double quick time the tent was struck, packed and stowed along with the rest of the camp's gear. Rogue, afloat now on the incoming tide, took only a moment to rig and we were off out through the narrow gap and into what had by now most of the hallmarks of a gathering storm. Now in an ideal world I'd have stayed in our cozy camp until the conditions were more favourable, but as one of the ants, and at that one with only a weekend's leave from the anthill, I needed to be on my way as it was back to work next day.

Sailing hard on the wind, with a fresh breeze and no sea running can be fun and so it was as we thrashed along the coast. With only a short fetch the wind off the land could not kick up much in the way of waves and by standing off only far enough to minimize the turbulence off the cliffs we made great progress bringing abeam and then leaving behind little settlements with wonderful names. Places like Surfdale, Oneroa and Palm Beach came and went, the wind gradually increasing as we sailed on. At about one o'clock I came to the end of Waiheke, the end of my ability to cope under full sail and the end of my breakfast!

Pulling into a sheltered cove, and reviewing my position as I ate, it seemed that if we were to stay anchored for an hour or so, then make the short leg across to the notorious Motuihi Channel we could slip through there at slack water low tide and avoid what was likely to be a very dangerous situation as the tide began to run against the by now really strong wind.

Rule one for the small boat cruiser, if you have to wait, enjoy it! Spread out on the side seat after a nice lunch, the world seemed a really nice place, even if it was blowing hard enough to knock the tops off the waves and leave streaks of foam in their wake, the sun was shining and all seemed right with at least my part of terra firma. Time and tide and all that, all to soon up went the sail with a deep reef in, the tarp was spread over the camping gear, bailer put ready to hand and up came the anchor. By creeping around the ends of the points, using the sheltered water in the bays and close reaching for power when out in the "real stuff" it was fairly fast going and not too uncomfortable. Rogue was coping very well but the real test was still to come.

Motuihi Island and the volcanic peaks of Rangitoto Island are less than half a mile apart, right across the entrance to Auckland's front door and damming up an enormous tidal pool, they are also right across the prevailing southwesterly wind and the wind funneling through the gap can create conditions closely resembling the inside of a large washing machine. I arrived at the entrance to the passage just before low tide, and jilled about in the shelter of a reef to assess the situation. There is another way into Auckland, but it would mean retracing my course and covering another twenty five miles. Not to be sneezed at in a boat with a five knot hull speed! Besides, who can turn down a challenge!

As the tide turned the seas eased a little, no longer actively breaking and the crests much further apart but still about four feet high. My hand held wind meter was giving readings of 25

knots gusting 35, we could cope with that so out I went like a gladiator into the fray.

I sailed fast with the sail eased slightly for power, almost close reaching to windward, the speed giving control as I dodged around the worst crests and powered through the lulls. Although the boat was not pointing high, our speed meant that we made little leeway, and by working along the shoreline tacking on the lifts and headers from the cliffs on the western side I was able to make good progress.

Part way through I noted with interest that a group of middle twenties sized yachts that had followed me in, attempting to sail straight up the channel had turned back, water streaming from their decks and rolling violently as they met the irregular seas of the tide race. That felt good!

Although we were being bounced about a lot, I felt quite safe and it took only another couple of tacks, timing them to take advantage of the gaps between waves, to make it around the point and into comparatively smooth water.

After heaving to for a few minutes to have a breather, I set sail again putting in a long board across to the weather shore, noting as I went that even now the channel we had just negotiated was much rougher and would soon be an impossible place for a small boat.

Sailing into the city along the expensive waterfront suburbs is always fun, just imagine

the investment those people have to make in order to be able to watch me enjoying "their" water. Soon the commercial part of the harbour was in view, cranes, tugs and cargo containers, ships with exotic names on their transoms. Wanderers of the world come to rest a while in my home town before heading off to who knows where.

Past the city centre, the wind going down with the sun and the flood tide helping us on our way it was almost sad to see the harbour bridge, and just beyond, little shoal bay where my weekend cruise would end.

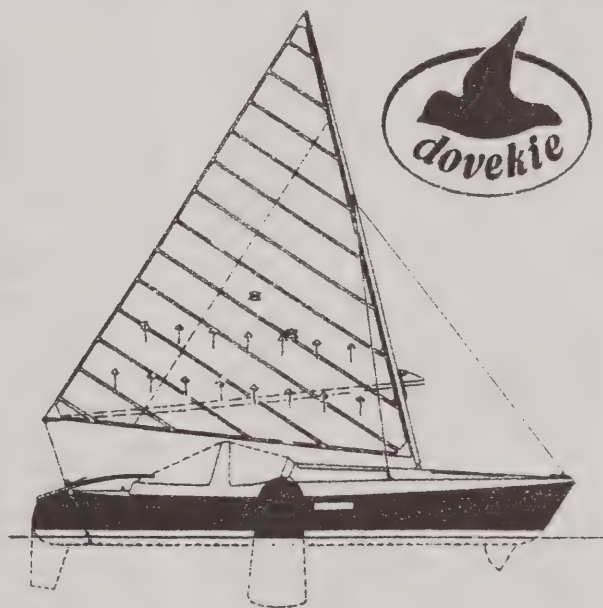
Darkness was upon us as the boat grounded on the beach, within a few feet of the spot from which we had departed two days, and about eighty miles before. It had been a wonderful trip, a visit to a world that always exists but is so rarely seen by us in our continual scurry on the treadmill. It was with real regret that I rang Bill to bring the car down, but I knew that I'd be out there again soon.

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Tom's Coast of New England Being an Account of a Cruise Along the New England Coast Aboard the Vessel "The Damn Foole II"

The Author admits to free and blatant pilferage from "Carter's Coast of New England."

On one of the coldest, drizzliest, dreariest evenings in mid-July I paid a visit to my friend, the Professor, at his residence on the seacoast of Nahant. The study of sailing had been his passion from early boyhood. His house abounded in objects of the sea. The rooms were cluttered with nautical paraphernalia. There were pictures of ships and harbors and ancient charts adorning the walls. Sails were being made, repaired or altered. Boats planned for construction. A prodigious library of the history of sailing provided him with a knowledge of every sailing craft that put to sea.



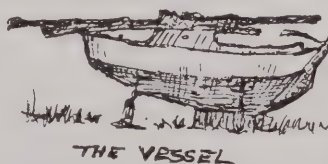
The Professor greeted me amiably although commenting on my bilious appearance.

"I can stand this weather no longer," I declared biliously. "It has put a fever in my veins that made me terminate my employment and until a social system is devised that a person of good conscience can participate in without shame or regret, I shall not work ever again. Meanwhile I intend to start on a cruise along the coast of Maine next week. You had better come along if you do not wish to languish here. I can assure you it will be the finest cruising you have ever done. The scenery will be superb. Huge rocky cliffs rise right out of the water. It is the wildest coast imaginable. The haunt of every kind of sea bird—"

"Will there be whales?" he asked.

"I promise you we shall see whales in abundance. They are feeding on Stellwagon Bank as we speak and will be there till October when they migrate to southern waters. You shall see Harbor Seals and Porpoises and at least one specimen of every creature that inhabits the great deep. I have written to my friend in

Swampscott who knows of a good boat that is for sale. It is a sloop, stout, tight and roomy with four berths. She measures 19 feet overall and draws 2 feet 7 inches. It had been sailed much before being damaged in a storm. The mast is broken but the hull is sound and had not been holed. She is in a boatyard at Winthrop. I shall tow her here to Nahant, have the mast repaired and the vessel outfitted. You had better get ready at once for I shall be off in a flash the moment arrangements are made."



"How long should we plan to be gone?" he asked.

"It will be at least of a months duration," I replied.

The questioning continued till midnight when I left him in an agitated state of undecidedness.

Next day I found the boat in an old boatyard far from the water in Winthrop. The tide had turned at the top of the flood when the truck arrived to take us to the water. A wheel fell off the truck before it could be done. I wondered if this was the beginning of bad luck that would pursue the boat. But just before we lost the water the truck was repaired and the boat put in.



A Pilot and an Experienced Waterman towed us under bridges, out the channel, around Deer Island, and across Broad Sounds to Nahant Bay. Secured to a mooring we took the mast off to be repaired. I asked the Pilot and the Waterman to sign aboard for the cruise. They bluntly refused, wishing me well and offering spiritual guidance.

"I'll gratefully except your spiritual companionship leaving your guidance ashore," I retorted.

Two days later the Professor came to see me and somberly declared that he must decline my invitation. Dourly admitting that he had too many trifling commitments and that he was resigned to languish in petty creature comforts by the cemetery gate awaiting to be called by our divine lord high executioner.

"I can only go in spirit," he added pathetically.

The Piscatologist from Swampscott, who had helped me purchase the boat soon arrived. He too apologized for not being able to accept my offer.

"Then I'll regret the absence of you both but welcome two more spirits aboard," I said resolutely.

It rained the night of July 18th leaving a fog fighting with the sun for dominion over the next morning. As soon as the sails were raised the lines were cast off from shore by my corporeal crew. Immediately the spirit crew and I were going with wind and tide across Boston Harbor



accompanied by sailing ships of all classes and dimensions. The Parade of Sail was commemorating the Anniversary of the Discovery of America in 1492. Barks and Brigs and Fully rigged ships. Schooners and Caravels. Roman Galleys and Viking Longboats, Irish Hookers and Chinese Junks. Dromens and Carracks. Hoogars and Batters, Ulaks and Umiaks, Jangadas, Mulettas, Brawleys, Scaffies, Gyassas, Gozoos and Xebecs. Every nation in the world was celebrating the exploitation of a continent.



By noon the light westery wind had lightened, the sea flattened and the sails flapped as we ghosted toward Situate. All the while the spirit crew had baited hooks dangling in the water sitting transcendentalized till the Professor pull aboard a dreadful conglomeration of growth and garbage. The Piscatologist subjected us to a detailed discription of every article with its impressive Latin Title; exasperating me to the point where I pitched the mess back into the sea



BACK INTO THE SEA

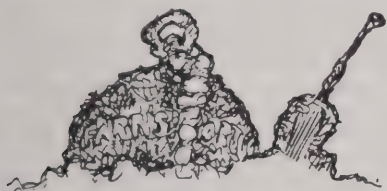
and put the oars in their locks. I began rowing, ordering the others to do likewise. The sun grew hot at noon and they soon complained vociferously of thirst reminding me that of all the things I had forgotten to bring—was water. In time clouds mercifully covered the sun letting us sink for solace within ourselves as we rowed on.



ROWIN

The wind reappeared at 4:00 from the south, increasing by 6:00 to a good southwesterly breeze. This was the best time of day for sailing. I enjoy the evenings and early mornings. When we rounded the light at Situate Harbor a catboat followed us in like a companionable pet. At the public dock we were instructed to take a mooring across the channel away from the carnival that was on the landing.

"You came at the right time," he told us. "There will be fireworks at midnight."



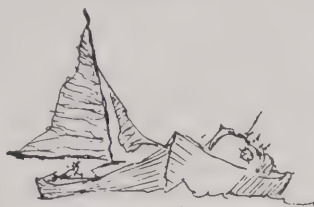
MOORING

The mooring was familiar to me. I had hung on it many other times. "Farnsworth" was the name on it. It had an ancient chain, ball and pennant fecundently covered with growth from which the Piscatologist collected samples. The Pilot slowly filled and lit his short black pipe, stuck it securely in his mouth and cooked soup. We ate listening to the screams and laughter of the carnivalarians and later watched the fireworks. By then we were all very tired but



CARNIVAL

nevertheless found enough energy to belligerently argue over sleeping arrangements. I obtained the starboard quarter berth with no certainty of permanence. We slept soundly till 6:00 Sunday morning. Readyng the boat we sailed to the dock and gave the public motor launch a good palpable hit.



GOOD HIT

"This damn boat never stops when it's supposed to," I complained.

"It isn't suppose to till the sails are down," the Pilot tried to explain.

"I mean at a mooring, at anchor or tied to a dock. It just keeps sailing." The crew ignored me and went ashore to breakfast on toast and coffee.



CLOUDS

Thunderstorms were predicted for the afternoon. Undaunted we returned to the boat and raised the sails, cast off and sailed out of the harbor. The wind was light and behind us which left us in the heat and the haze rolling in the wake of noisy powerboats. It was still a good sail to Plymouth with the tide adding a knot to our speed. Discovering that we had no details of the harbor when we arrived, we followed other boats in. At the inner harbor we could not stem the ebbing tide and until it lessened we let the boat drift. Soon the wind strengthened letting us tack up the narrow channel.

We hit bottom twice but managed to free ourselves. The wind was blowing hard now and we wished we had the small jib up instead of the genoa which continually caught in the shrouds and took too long to be pulled around when coming about trying to avoid the incoming fishing boats. We passed the last buoy and inquired about a mooring. "25 dollars" we were told.



WELCOME



DORY

We anchored and with no way to get ashore we stayed aboard. Late that evening a dory brought out the Artist accompanied by the Assyrian as his friends are wont to call him. We sat on deck for hours with a spectacular view of the Mayflower II, a facsimile of the vessel that brought the Pilgrims here.



MAYFLOWER

Naturally the conversation turned to that event. "There was not a farmer or a fisherman or a hunter among them. How did they expect to survive?" the Assyrian stated.

"They were suppose to have landed here in the spring and not the winter. They were inexcusably delayed by the adventurers haggling over their intended profits," the Professor added.

"They were shanghied," the Pilot insisted. They were supposed to land in Jamestown where preparations were made to accept them but the Captain was told to dump them in New England so the adventurers could establish a new charter thereby increasing their profits."

"They came here to practice their own religious and social intolerance," I said.

"Everything was done wrong that could have been done wrong," the Professor said cynically.

"They should have tore off their clothes and waded ashore naked. Left everything of Europe on the ship and burnt it," the Artist added imaginatively. "They would have been accepted by the native American and taught his ways. To fish hunt and farm. The country was truly free than, and offered a new life. The Statue of Liberty would have been an Indian, hand raised in welcome, and not a Greek Goddess with book and torch. All would be greeted by the short sincere welcome of an aborigine rather than the hollow political rhetoric of today that is as artifical as the image." Nor did our conversation cease till moonrise when Artist and the Assyrian declined to sail with us, agreeing to join the spirit crew. They went ashore leaving me to argue with all the spirits again over berthing arrangements. The port after-quarters were filled with the Piscatologist's specimens. I tossed them out and enjoyed a good night's sleep.

—To be continued—

Like many of "Boats" regular readers, I eagerly awaited the results of the 3rd Annual Oarmaster trials. As a designer/builder, theorist and participant, I was anxious to see if the results, once tabulated, would match my expectations. They did quite nicely. Thirty years of boating experience, and nearly two decades of designing human-powered boats professionally have shaped my feelings about boats and caused me to form some very strong opinions on just what combinations of features make the best boats. After years of trying with limited success to convey my findings to the laity, it became apparent that simple explanation is not enough. This subject requires empirical data. Enter the Oarmaster Trials.

I agree with the editors' assessment that the Trials are not a perfect laboratory. Actually the lab is excellent, but the method of research begs refinement. The sketchy manner in which the Trials have been reported over the years has not done justice to the data gathered therein, making the results of these events seem inconclusive. The data is incomplete but hardly inconclusive. There are meaningful threads of consistency running through the data of all three events which could prove valuable to anyone contemplating designing, building or purchasing a rowing craft for coastal cruising.

Many cruisers might not appreciate the relevance of racing to their activities. Events like the Oarmaster Trials are meaningful to strictly cruising rowers because the locations, scheduling, and courses are chosen to approximate the range of conditions that coastal cruisers might face in the course of an outing. Speed, which can be thought of as efficiency, is a desirable asset to anyone who might find himself out in conditions that would compel him to run for safety. It should be understood that to date all of the craft entered in these events have been boats designed and sold primarily for cruising. Since all of the boats are raced at roughly the same time in the same conditions by both strong and weak rowers, the boats' relative times are good indicators of their manageability. Not all of a boat's characteristics are easily measured, such as the effects of beam, weight and hull configuration on stability and comfort. These findings are apparent only to the participants which makes their comments extremely valuable. Some of the contestants were surprised to learn that the stability of unballasted boats does not always vary in proportion to either beam or weight. Some of the narrowest and lightest boats have been the most stable. Conversely, some of the heaviest and widest boats have been alarmingly tender. Many people might be surprised to learn that Banks dories weighing as much as 400 lbs. may have less initial stability than a typical 75 lb. canoe. More sophisticated Swampscott dories and Seabright Skiffs with their slack bilges fare only slightly better in that comparison. At 240 lbs. with a 51 inch beam, the Piscataqua Wherry has been described as "Tippy and skittish" while no one has ever commented on the stability of the much lighter and narrower Skua or Rangely Lakes Boat, two round bottomed craft weighing 89 and 116 lbs. respectively. Comments regarding the effect of hull shape on comfort are particularly helpful. Of a light dory it was said that it "Pounded badly going to windward". It is difficult to describe the cumulative effect of a dory's pounding in headseas, but after slamming along for a few hours, even the most devout Captains Courageous fan may find himself wishing he'd invested more time or money in a less punishing hull.

An Overview of the Oarmaster Trials

What the Numbers Mean

By Andre deBardelaben

Two of the important issues that the Trials specifically try to address are the effects of waterline length and weight on performance. Does a longer waterline automatically result in faster times? The answer is a qualified "Yes". Other factors being roughly equal, such as general hull form and weight, a longer waterline will produce faster times than a shorter one, but there are several mitigating factors which demand a cautionary note. In smooth water and light winds hulls with long waterlines will usually outperform boats with shorter ones. Introduce some wind and/or waves and the equation changes significantly.

As conditions get wilder factors like windage take on greater importance. Two things tend to happen, almost automatically, with an increase in waterline length. Windage goes up and maneuverability goes down. As increased windage often exacerbates leeway and other problems of control there seems to be a practical limit to how long a boat can be before reaching the point of diminishing returns on overall performance. According to the combined data from all three Oarmaster Trials for a lone rower on a windy day that seems to be somewhere around 16'. The longest waterlines of any boats to ever win any races or take top honors in a Division are 15'8" (Middle Path "Artemis" '91, Middle Path "Skua"-Div. 40 '92) and 15'9" (Herreshoff "Bateau" Div. 30 '92).

Other factors being unequal, hull form in particular, the advantages of superior waterline length may be substantially offset. Careful scrutiny of the data from all three Trials will show that a little design sophistication will go a long way toward offsetting many theoretical disadvantages such as a short waterline. Over the years, the data has shown that round bottomed hulls will often equal or outperform less sophisticated hulls that are 10% to 20% longer on the waterline. Round bottom hulls have less wetted surface than flat or "V" bottom hulls. Since, theoretically, up to 70 percent of the resistance that a displacement hull must overcome is friction, it only follows that round bottom boats will exhibit greater efficiency relative to other hull types of similar size.

The data seems to support this. See Div 30 where a round bottom peapod with a 13'10" waterline nearly upset the flatbottom Herreshoff Bateau with its 15'9" waterline. And the 1992 final in which two round bottom boats, the Rangeley Lakes Boat and a Peapod with waterline lengths of 14'4" and 13' respectively beat the flat bottom Herreshoff Bateau with its 15'9" waterline.

While we're on the subject of hull shapes let me try to answer one of the most agonizing questions for nearly everyone contemplating the acquisition of a new boat: "Are sophisticated hull shapes worth the trouble of building or the extra cost?" If your budget or skills can accommodate it, Yes! No simple, flatbottomed,

trapezoidal sectioned dory has ever clearly dominated an event or division. In 1990 only one race was won by a simple dory. In '91 none. All of the other races were won by boats with more complex shapes. In the 1992 results, see division 30 where a 17' light dory barely edged out a 14' round bottom peapod. And division 20 where the shortest boat, a round bottom peapod outperformed a high tonnage Whitehall and two other longer boats with hulls of angular section.

Does this mean that flat bottom boats should be avoided at all costs? Definitely not! Well designed, flat bottom boats can provide a great deal of performance and enjoyment in return for a minimal investment of time, skill or money. Though the margin of victory wasn't great, the Bateau did beat the peapod in Div. 30, and it probably cost its owner considerably less time or money.

Then there's Phil Bolger's justly famous "Gloucester Gull" light dory. This design has earned the respect of nearly everyone who's rowed it. Moderate in weight, beam, length, capacity and windage, this unpretentious, always manageable craft has never been a top contender yet throughout the three year history of the Trials, it has turned in consistently good and remarkably even performances. In light to moderate conditions, the longer sleeker boats will jerk out it's bow eye, but when things get rough it always manages to keep up with the action. Persons seeking the utmost in performance, comfort, and refinement will probably not be satisfied with this boat. Still it stands as a testament to what can be had for a modest investment of cash and/or skill.

Are heavy boats easier to drive in windwhipped seas than lighter ones? The answer again is a qualified "yes". The lightest boat to ever win a race in any of the Trials was the Middle Path Boats "Artemis" in 1991. With an all up weight of about 100 lbs., including trimming ballast this boat turned in very uneven performances ranging from excellent to fair to awful as did all of the longer, lighter boats in that whitecap plagued event. Many of those same designs returned to face even windier conditions in '92 and with the aid of judicious amounts of carefully placed ballast, acquitted themselves nicely (unballasted and hard to control in 1991 in '92 the 89 lbs. Skua carried 5 bags of sand at 10 lbs. each). However, it is possible to have too much of a good thing.

To date, all of the extremely heavy boats (300 lbs and up) have finished at or near the bottom in the overall standings. Sophisticated design can partially offset the handicap of excessive weight but it can't fully overcome it as this group has included some sweetlined beautifully constructed Whitehalls.

Is great freeboard height necessary in a good seaboot? Though depth or freeboard area have never been measured by Trials' officials, windage has been a telling factor in these events. In fact two of the major factors affecting a boat's manageability in the wind have never been measured, namely freeboard area and the amount of ballast each boat carried. Since freeboard area, waterline length and race weight (including ballast) are among the most telling factors affecting a boat's performance in windy conditions, having that information about all of the boats that have ever taken part in these experiments would go a long way towards defining more precisely the effects of all of the other factors that have been measured.

I've not heard of any boats swamping in any of the races in any of the events, but in 1991 many of the deeper craft, especially the longer

and lighter ones, presented serious control problems in windy conditions. In 1992 the same problems showed up in the same types of boats. See Div.40, a group composed solely of long boats where a long, lightly ballasted, and very deep hull sailed completely out of control on the less sheltered course of the earlier races. Skua, the overall winner in '92, is known to have had a minimum freeboard height of only 10". Photos of the start of the '92 finals show that all of the division winning boats presented relatively modest windage.

Each year the Trials' organizers seek to measure more individual factors that affect a boat's performance. Perhaps in future Trials they'll measure freeboard and ballast too. A good approximation of a boat's freeboard area in profile may be obtained by measuring the distance from the lowest point on its sheer to the water in the vertical plane and multiplying that measure in inches by the boats overall length in inches.

If nothing else, the Trials have emphasized the importance of balancing all of the aforementioned factors rather than emphasizing one or two. These races have been won and whole events dominated by boats with waterlines as short as 12'4" (Crawford Gunning Dory overall winner in '90 and '91) and as long as 15'9". Winning boats have been as light as 89 lbs. and as heavy as 240 lbs. Balancing all of these factors in the shorter boats doesn't seem to be very critical as evidenced by the respectable and sometimes remarkable times that these craft often turn in.

Balancing them in longer designs is another story altogether as weight, windage and wetted surface all tend to increase along with length. Windage is the touchiest part of the balance equation because one 1/2 inch of unnecessary depth along the length of a 16' boat can add nearly 100 square inches of sail area to its profile. Even if the depth is perfect, the distribution of this area about the center of area (of freeboard and rower) is critical if the boat is not to be blown out of control by a strong wind.

Until now all of the boats entered in these events have conformed to the spirit of the Trials in its attempt to evaluate and encourage the development of simple, sensible and affordable coastal rowing craft. In the future should success in these events prove to have significant value to commercial boatbuilders, I shudder to think about what kinds of freakish racing machines they might attract in the absence of well defined design restrictions. It should be noted that it was the lack of rules governing design that led to the development of the flatwater racing shell.

Below is an example of a rule which I believe would leave plenty of latitude for innovation while keeping these developments well within financial and technological reach of persons of modest means. This rule was written to encompass nearly every design that has ever won even a single race in the three year history of this event, and most that haven't.

Single Class

Boats shall be no longer than 17' overall.

Boats shall weigh not less than 70 lbs. nor more than 300 lbs.

All boats shall be rowed with the rowing seat(s) fixed in place for the duration of each race.

Oarlocks shall be fixed with oarlock centers not more than 2" outboard of widest part of hull.

Line of sheer must be continuous and without reverse in plan view.

The hull sections in the middle third of a boat's length must be composed of either convex or straight lines so that a straight edge laid on the exterior of any portion of a section line will reveal no hollow.

Decking shall be limited to no more than 25% coverage in plan view. This includes breasthooks, stern knees, gunwales, coamings, etc.

This last point would not require the precise measuring equipment that it might suggest. It would be up to a judge or panel of judges to determine whether a boat is in clear violation of the spirit of a race intended for undecked or open rowing craft.

I admit to being a little disappointed that there was no round robin between the division finalists in '92 as the results may seem inconclusive to persons unfamiliar with the boats and the oarsmen. Just who was best rower on 10/3/92 will probably be argued until the next showdown, but I'm satisfied that the finishing order of the boats would not have changed dramatically had all five races been run. Each of the rowers in the final is known for extracting the best possible performance from any kind of boat. And as most the boats performed at or close to their best times of the day, there's nothing in the results to indicate any performance flukes.

The most striking statistic from the final race is the gaping margin between the times of the first and last place boats: 1 min. 20 secs. in a race lasting only 6 min. 53 secs. In this strong and even field of rowers what factors could account for a 19% time differential between two boats so nearly identical in waterline beam, waterline length, windage and weight?

For all their apparent similarities the Skua

and the Herreshoff Bateau could hardly have been more different. The Bateau was designed to give the most performance for the money in an era when the cost or difficulty of building a boat varied in rough proportion to the sophistication of its design and construction. 50 years ago, dory construction gave the most boat for the money. The Skua on the other hand was designed in the 1990's-its only design parameter: to give the best performance possible without compromising safety in a seaway. With no keel, no skeg, no exposed planking seams, knife-like waterlines, and no hard angles or flat spots on any part of it's wetted surface Skua was unlike any recognized historical type of rowing craft.

Anyone who doubts the advantages of sophisticated design should note that the trend of soft, complex hull shapes beating simpler angular shapes ran throughout the results of the finals with the first three places going to round bottom boats, 4th place to a multichine and 5th place to a clipperized dory.

After the 1991 Trials I went out on a rather stout limb by predicting that "Ultimately cruising and fixed seat ocean racing will come to be dominated by lightweight, sophisticated hulls of moderately long waterline length." While nothing has happened since then to change my mind I have to admit that after watching and experiencing the nimble sports car-like handling of the shorter craft I was inspired to design a series boats that have been described as "uncharacteristically short" for me. I never knew short boats could be so much fun! We can all learn something from these events.



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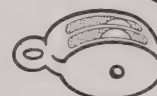
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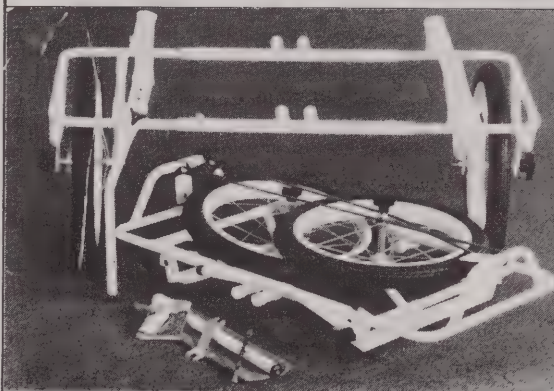


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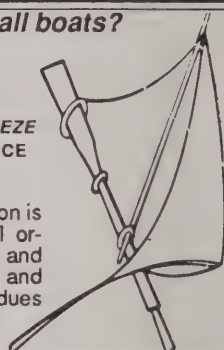
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A few years ago I got caught up in the excitement of the windsurfing scene. The speed thrilled me to no end. I would hang from the wishbone with a death grip, and while skimming the whitecaps of our lake, I could make it from one shore to the other in a flash. I even passed a Class "E" scow one day, with the crew screaming at each other, straining to keep their twenty-eight foot pencil from launching them all into oblivion.

After about one season of darting around, I found myself beginning to use the sailboard to cruise on. I would shoot out to one of the islands, but then just sit on the edge of the board. I would cross the lake to where I saw some other sailboarders, and try to strike up a conversation, usually just annoying the sailors. They were there to go fast, not to stop and chat.

Things changed when someone gave me their old Snark. It was beat up and dented, nothing more than an oversized packing peanut, hollowed out to sit in. The sailboard quickly gathered tree sap at the edge of the lawn. I decided I didn't care too much how fast I went, I just wanted to float around and enjoy the scenery.

A similar thing happened to me when my friends and I started to get involved with hardware store iceboats (Project Icester, "Boats", January 15, 1992). The original idea was to build the fastest boat we could with available and cheap materials, then race them. This was fun, but the trouble was that I still wanted to go somewhere and hang out, just like on my Snark. This urge is what led me to build the prototype Icester, a two seat "cruising" (touring, really) iceboat with storage room.

That first semi-enclosed boat was built with throw-aways and scraps. It was heavy and boxy because I built it from 1/2 inch plywood. It was a test-bed of ideas, and showed it's flaws with a vengeance. One experimental springboard (the tongue-like shock absorber at the front of some iceboats) exploded under the downward force of the wind. Another problem was that I had the geometry of the stays wrong... if I didn't adjust them with the precision of a swiss watch, the mast would leave the boat like a dart from a crossbow. I had a lot of changes to make.

When I felt ready to design and build a new, improved Icester, I decided to start with the commonly available luaun plywood. Although condemned by some, I find that it has a lot going for it. For one thing, it has less voids than exterior grade plywood. Voids in an iceboat fuselage are like score marks on a sheet of glass. Luaun is more than strong enough if treated with respect for it's qualities and weaknesses.

The sides of the boat are 18" at the highest point, and this dimension is thickness of the "bridge" between the front and rear runners. Since the framing is designed to keep these sides



The Touring Iceboat

By H. Rich SantaColoma

vertical, 18" becomes enough to support the tremendous downward force from the mast while the wind is acting on it. The trick is to make sure that those forces are gradually transferred from the mast foot to the sides of the fuselage, without an overload of stress at any point. I use two 2x4 "columns" under the mast, not as much for their strength, but more for the surface area that they offer to the adjoining luaun bulkheads.

I also think luaun is nice looking, if you are patient and fill it's relatively grainy surface with several coats of varnish. Of course another advantage is low cost, only three sheets are needed for the Icester fuselage, and that comes to about \$36 where I buy it. I kept in mind that some people still might want to restrict their luaun usage to skinning den cabinets, so the boat can also be built with 1/4" marine plywood. I suppose that the boat would still be light enough to car top with the marine variety, but the boat as I built it is light enough for one person to set up. As I've stated, speed is not the ultimate object of the Icester. The boat seems to top out just below forty miles an hour on a broad reach, when a DN class boat with only eight more square feet of sail can do something like seventy! One reason is probably that the boat is heavier than a DN. It also presents more wind resistance in the direction of travel. The windage aloft is greater than other iceboats because I chose to lace the sail on, instead of using more complex systems like a mast groove or track. I also use galvanized eye bolts instead of the traditional iceboat stainless steel tangs, the former are plenty strong

enough, cheap, and you don't have to fabricate them.

Building the hardware, such as runners and steering gear, can be a daunting experience on the usual iceboat. For this reason I looked to commonly available materials and easier ways to put them together. I don't have welding equipment, so all of the hardware used on the Icester had to be fabricated without it. I did keep in mind the possibility that I might come across an old set of DN runners and the nifty steering head they use, so all of the dimensions of the Icester will allow their being bolted on in the future.

There wasn't much of a season for us here on Lake Mahopac this year, but I did get a chance to put the new Icester through some rigorous trials. I took it up to maximum speed and hit the nastiest ice heaves crossing our cove. I also stopped in the middle of the lake for the "crusher" test. I did this by sitting still with the wind abeam, the front runner turned so that the poor boat could not get away, and mercilessly pulling in the mainsheet. The boat cried, the springboard and crossplank bent under the tremendous downward force, but nothing broke. I still wouldn't recommend that test for this or any other iceboat, as it would be like driving your car up against a wall, putting it in "drive" and then nailing the gas. Something bad just might happen.

The idea of hiking is about as appealing to me as cornering my 1978 Pugeot station wagon on two wheels. I'll go out happily and hike some Skeeter at 120 m.p.h. all day... right after being told it's my last day to live anyway. For this reason I kept the sail area low on the Icester, and the runner geometry such that I believe hiking would be difficult. Hit by some nasty gusts while close hauled, the Icester showed no tendency to lift. I'm sure someone could do it if they were dedicated, however, iceboats being keeless and all. If I were to add an acre of roach aloft and stretch the springboard about two feet, hiking would probably appear on the menu.

There were enough nice days to have fun, to test the philosophy behind the design. It did what my prototype "scrap" Icester had done, but a little quicker, prettier and without coming apart. My friends and I would rumble down to the other end of the lake, and I could sit in the Icester and video tape the goings on. Out in the middle of the desolate ice field, I would cozy down in the cockpit with the alcohol boat heater cranking away. Cathy and I could cruise together over to the main island, sit in a pretty cove, and sip hot chocolate. We can sail over to the annual ice softball game or where some kids are playing ice hockey, hanging out and watching in comfort. We don't have to hurry home to thaw our digits. Now added to the thrill of speed, the destination is part of the experience.



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Prior to this century, a boat builder's choice of materials was limited by what could be harvested in his local forest. Though a builder could choose among a variety of woods to best serve his purpose, wood, with only a few exceptions, was the only choice available.

Today, modern technology has made the boat builder's choice considerably more complicated. The contemporary boat builder can now select among an international stockpile of natural and synthetic building materials. The choice can be intimidating. However, choice is not possible without standards to provide a practical and unbiased means of comparing both traditional and modern materials for the boat builder. The next logical step would be to ask: whose or what standard do we apply?

The competition of standards is waged monthly in our yachting publications and advertisements where, for example, traditional wooden boat enthusiasts compete ideologically with contemporary engineers. An advertisement reflecting the traditionalist's perspective states, "The wooden canoe is a natural canoe, made with the materials found in the wilderness through which it travels...It is not stamped out by giant factory presses; it must be sewn, tacked, or glued together by talented craftsmen. And each individual canoe displays the ability of its builder." (Jeff Dean, "Why A Wooden Canoe," *The Canoe Specialist*, 1981.) The engineer, in contrast, is not interested in the source ("naturalness") of a material, only in its practicality.

Are the subjective, "natural" standards of the traditionalist just as appropriate and legitimate as the result oriented engineer's scientific standards? Is it possible to have two or more contrasting standards legitimately coexisting side by side, literally in the same marina?

My answer to both questions is no. Both the traditionally designed and the modern engineered boat operate in the same environment and are subject to the same forces and rules of nature. If nature is the final arbiter, then any other standard in contradiction to nature must be seriously questioned.

If standards are arbitrary, that is, relative to a designer's philosophical stance, any attempt to objectively compare design and materials would be futile, no definitive conclusions would be possible, and material selection would remain an unintelligible mystery to be argued about only in the editorial pages of the yachting press.

In our search for an unbiased, universal

Construction Integrity

(The premise of the "historically correct" boat)

By Eric Risch

standard it would be useful to first examine the premise of these two fundamentally competitive philosophies: the subjective, traditional and the objective, scientific.

The fundamental premise of the traditional boat designer/builder is that modern technology promotes efficiency at the expense of human sensibilities and values. The traditional wooden vessel represents the craftsmanship, pre-industrial revolution technology and sensibilities of the 19th century. Building a vessel in the 19th century involved few tools relative to the labor invested. Engineering was often "rule of thumb" and intuitive, often not necessarily involving a formal designer at all, but usually only a builder, familiar and trained in his region's particular style of craft. Like his forebears, the present day traditional boat builder uses many of the same methods that has been employed for generations. While he will admit that these same methods are not as easy or efficient as modern methods, efficiency, he will insist, is not the point.

What is the twentieth century man's attraction for his nineteenth century's counterpart? What does the process of modern manufacturing lack that the less efficient and more labor intensive methods of the former century possess? Modern manufacturing is claimed to alienate the consumer from the creation process -- the product source. Synthetic materials (created by chemists), mass production machinery and methods (designed by engineers) and computer aided designs (created by programmers) require an extensive education to understand the sciences involved. In contrast, the process of building a "natural" wood boat is much more obvious. Wood is able to retain its original character throughout the transformation from tree to plank to the final product, the

boat.

Wood does not require complicated processing, just harvesting and cutting to suit. Nature provides the building materials, natural selection provides the testing, the builder needs only to take advantage of them both. Aesthetically, wooden boats have an advantage. A plank's natural "spring" assures a wood vessel its inherently fair lines. Plastics, on the other hand, can be indiscriminately molded into beautiful or hideous forms alike -- just look on your local harbor.

Individual involvement is essential to the traditionalist in order for an object, like a boat, to possess value. "Hand-made" or "one-of-a-kind" is now a boast of rare distinction among the flotsam of mechanically reproduced items. Since the "human element" or "involvement" cannot be measured or observed by scientific methods, the standards of the traditionalist will remain an indeterminate subjective issue.

The premise of the engineer is that nature respects only superior design and materials. A material's strength, durability and economy are standards that can be measured, verified and compared objectively. A material's source, whether it is manmade or "natural," is not relevant to the objective engineer, as are descriptive terms such as "traditional" wood or "modern" fiberglass are considered meaningless. The standard of the engineer is objectivity.

What is the most effective method to compare these two competitive standards? Compare the vessels they create. For example, if a plastic reproduction of a traditional vessel includes molded planking seams in the hull and baggywinkles in her rigging, a design contradiction exists between the construction material of fiberglass and the "let's make believe it's really a wooden boat" fake adornments. Design contradictions, like the above example, expose the fraudulent premise of a standard that permits multiple and contradictory standards applied to the same boat.

A standard that dogmatically extols or condemns material or technology unnecessarily restricts a designer's options. A standard that tolerates contradiction, as in the above example, compromises his intellectual integrity.

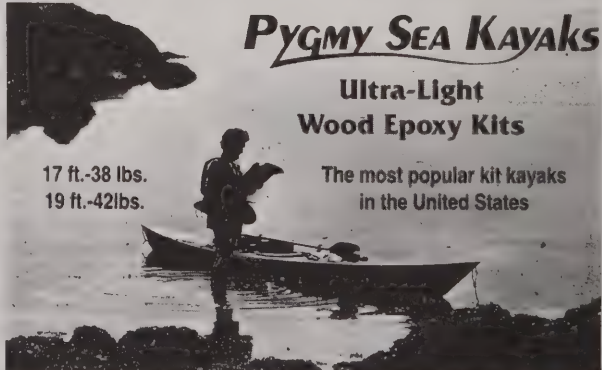
Does the fiberglass Dyer Dhow fleet at the Mystic Seaport's junior sailing program appear to be a contradiction among the historical fleet of wooden ships and small craft displayed at the seaport? The answer depends upon the



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intent of the fiberglass sailing fleet -- this fleet is responsible for teaching scores of children how to sail, and to accomplish it economically.

The maintenance cost of the Dyer Dhows, which are built especially modified for the seaport, are less than what a similar fleet of wooden Beetle Cats would cost. What purpose would an "historically correct" fleet serve at the expense of the program itself? If the intent is to operate an economically sustaining sailing program by providing the highest quality instruction for the least cost, then no contradiction exists between the intent of the program and the execution. To recognize a contradiction in a design (or program in this case), it is necessary to understand the specific intent of the designer (or program director) so premature and incorrect conclusions are not drawn.

Contemporary designers are not immune to design contradictions. Since it is market share that bankrolls the boatbuilder, conservatism (it is not an accident that most glass boats look alike) and superficial design fads (like reverse transoms on cruising boats) discourage genuine innovation. The market leaders, as a consequence of builders underestimating the sophistication of their customers, often end up as those designs that are the least challenging and most compromised to appeal to the widest audience with the least objection.

The cold-molded hull tends to be an enigma to both the traditionalist and the contemporary designer. Though the cold-molded hull has proven to be an excellent construction method, its acceptance into the yachting mainstream has been slow. It has too much epoxy to be accepted as a "real" wooden boat and not enough to be considered a plastic one. Dogmatic philosophies, like the prejudice against the cold-molded construction method, whether they originate from "modern" or "traditional" sources, do not encourage choice, only conformity.

Choice necessitates standards. Standards enable comparisons. Comparisons provide knowledge, which is the foundation of design and creation. Choice provides opportunity only to those who have the tools to make rational and noncontradictory comparisons. It is only the objective engineer who possesses these tools: the philosophy of using the consequences of nature as the standard to make rational comparisons -- the premise that nature respects only superior design and materials, not beliefs.

Construction integrity is the recognition and acceptance of our accountability to nature's laws and standards -- the only rational universal standard. The concepts, "modern", "traditional", "synthetic" or "natural" are not relevant to a stainless steel flat bar serving as a chainplate -- fatigue capability is, adequate tensile strength is, and corrosion resistance is.

In the absence of rational and objective standards, the orthodox traditionalists are forced to retreat into ritual, mimicking the creators of the past, much as the contemporary mass-marketeers are forced to retreat into the safety of conservatism, mimicking the creators of the present. Standards based on a "natural origin" or the "marketplace" can only prepare a boat for either an historical sanction or market appeal; whereas objective standards based on merit prepare a boat for her tenure at sea.

The objective engineer does not presume that the "natural origin" school of design of the traditionalist excludes man's own contributions -- man's mind being of natural origins as well. Liquid epoxy goo has no natural aesthetic guide (as a plank has "spring") other than man's own imagination, limited only by a designer's

vision and nature's laws, not by a creed. Nature respects only superior design and materials regardless of whether they grew out of the ground or from man's imagination. The question whether a designer's own subjective standard "permits" him to build in a particular medium (like cold-molded) is not relevant whether it is possible or even preferable to do so when measured against nature's own standard.

As equally important to our participation in the wooden boat world are the reasons we give for doing so. Wood, objectively judged on its own intrinsic properties (subjective reasons aside), is a good building material. It does not require the justification of a creed (traditionalism) or a sanction (naturalism) for its preservation. Wood is self-justifying. Good traditional designs survive by virtue of their quality (the Concordia 41, for example) -- it is only the mediocre that is beholden to a creed as a means of justification.

Boats studied and built for historical reasons are a separate issue, because it is essential

we preserve our rich maritime heritage. But if, in our zeal to preserve our history, out of respect for the skills and genius of our ancestors, we discourage the creation of new skills and innovation, we forfeit our future. If we stand in awe of man's successes up to the end of the 19th century and curse his progress since, it is a contradiction of man's intent, not just of the continual development of yacht design, but of his endeavor for survival and prosperity in general.

Wood, "old fashioned?" Epoxy, "lifeless liquid goo?" As long as assumption and prejudice displace objective research and engineering, innovation will remain stillborn. Objective designers and innovators in our field are few and they exclusively will carry our profession into the 21st century.

The standard of objectivity, rely on experience as nature's teacher, mathematics as her language, and objective truth as her code. To what or whom are our vessels accountable if not to merit and nature? Manmade subjective standards? The sea respects only her own.

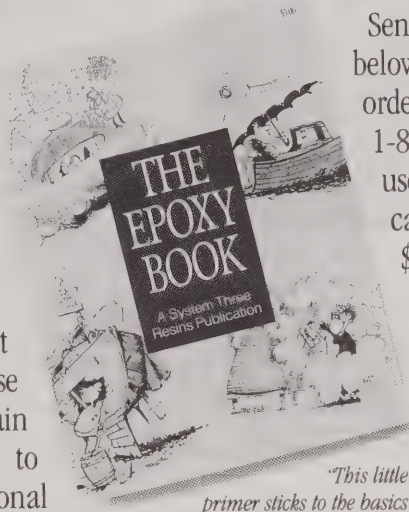
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Here are a couple of photos of two boats a friend of mine here in Texas built over the last three years. "Deke" Dekeyser is a very prolific craftsman. He built the Bolger schooner about three years ago, the other boat is a Wittholz 15' catboat. Both are very well built. Deke also built a Redmond "Whisp" a few years ago.

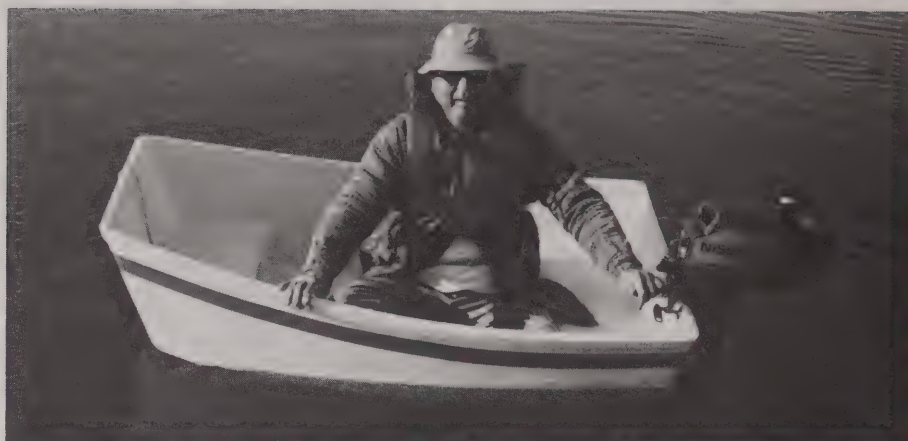
Pat Kimbrough, 5608 Bull Creek Rd., Austin, TX 78756.



NORWALK ISLAND SHARPIE MODEL

These photos are of a model of a Norwalk Island Sharpie that I recently made at 1/2" to 1' scale.

Joe Thompson, Hogtown Bayou Boatworks, P.O. Box 1281, Santa Rosa Beach, FL 32459.



SCALED UP SCALE MODEL

Here are some photos of a small boat I designed. I had read much of what Glen L. Witt has written, also Phil Bolger, and have had the opportunity of asking Dynamite Payson about many details of the taped seam sort of construction in plywood, so I wanted to design one and build it myself. Since I work full time and also go to college I decided to build a scale model so I could finish it up quickly, using the stitch and glue method of construction. I have self taught myself fiberglassing technique and stitch and glue procedure.

As the idea evolved I decided instead to build a very small boat that would actually be useable. This became the challenge. I chose to design it as a pram so I would have enough buoyancy in the bow. The bow transom angles well forward to keep the boat dry. The sides are high enough to provide safe freeboard. The length is 60", bottom beam is 34", gunwale beam 42".

I weigh over 200 lbs and my brother-in-law weighs about 175 lbs. We spent three hours riding around the Long Beach marina and out to the jetty in it. The boat is somewhat sensitive to where you sit and, with two large adults aboard, moving fore and aft changes the pitch.

I usually go out myself without any worries about boat wakes because of the strictly enforced speed limits, but I did venture out into

SOME TRYING MOMENTS

From reading other readers' letters I am pleased to learn that I am not the only one who needs help in sawdust making. I have had some trying moments building my "Wee Punkin" for my granddaughters. After I sent Jim Thayer my comments on his building process I thought they angered him as I never heard from him in reply. But in his last publication I was complimented so all is well.

I took the "Sybil" out of your publication and built it, my first attempt at real lapstrake. I used epoxy glue instead of rivets because our newer materials make more sense to me in this day and age.

I am now building a Moth. On my way to Newport in 1992 for the big show, my body fell apart and I had to return home, but I did discover the Moths and their regatta in Elizabeth City, NC, and plan to attend this fall with this poor man's yacht. The Moth plans leave a lot to be desired but Scott Wolff provided me with some photos that helped me out of the woods.

Richard Read, E 3890, Hwy 302, Belfair, WA 98528.

Long Beach harbor and got into the wake of a large oil platform workboat. The waves were about 4' and very close together. No problem. Of course, I was concerned because (to quote Paul Stookey), "to me, swimming is staying alive while I'm in the water." I'm not a swimmer. But the little boat was at home in the 4' wake but really bobbed around like a cork. The freeboard is 15" and it settles to about 7" draft when two are aboard.

I built this first hull on a small strongback so I could develop the exact size and shape of the hull panels. Then I made patterns of these panels from ordinary doorskin ply. I wanted to build a sailing version but so far the necessary time has eluded me. I did get the hull finished. This one was constructed using the patterns, and stitched together and fiberglassed with 3" tape on the seams. From the time I walked into my garage until I had this second hull fiberglass taped together was exactly 2-1/2 hours. I thought that was pretty fast considering how long it took me to build a "Nymph" (30 hours complete) and assemble the hull for a Lark (by Kenneth Brown), about 6 hours.

I think this small boat can be built in about 15 hours or less depending on prior experience. It isn't a daunting project because everything is so small and lightweight. I used 10 ounce glass cloth and polyester resin for the outside, 1/4" plywood for the sides and rockered bottom, 3/8" ply for the transoms (too thick) and 3/8" ply for the tops of the seats, and 1/4" ply for the fronts of the seats. The spaces under the seats are sealed and provide 200 lbs of flotation. All the wood provides stiffness and structural integrity.

I get a lot of smiles and waves when I go out, and even participated in a rescue of an overturned sailboat. I was able to get much closer to them than the 30 footers that stopped to help and supplied life preservers and morale support. I tried a Cruise N' Carry outboard first but it went about like a demented water strider because the rpm is so high (4,000!). It was just too fast. My Nissan 2.5hp is too big but the prop speed is good.

I seem driven to build small boats and I guess that people who read "Messing About in Boats" might be the only ones who would understand my rationale for building so small a boat. I have finally decide to name the design "Corky" in recognition of the way it bobs over waves and wakes.

Michael Briggs, 3326 Charlemagne Ave., Long Beach, CA 90808, (310) 425-6629.



CALL IT A CANOE OR CALL IT A KAYAK

Call it a canoe or call it a kayak, but call it a bargain. Here's a boat that was built for \$50 worth of materials by the general construction students at the Howard Career Center in Wilmington, DE, working with Rich Eddy and Tom Colgan of Camp Dimension. The design by Phil Bolger is for a 13' open boat wide enough for one adult to sit in and paddle with a double bladed paddle. The \$50 worth of materials includes two sheets of 1/4" exterior grade plywood, and it is assembled by the stitch and glue method. The finished boat weighs about 75 lbs.

The boat was dropped into the Christina

River at the city launching ramp which has a pier from which I could step aboard. In a light narrow boat like this, one has to step into the center and sit down fast. A small seat with a backrest leaning on one of the thwarts was comfortable enough for a short paddle and I enjoyed paddling this blue and white boat which moved so readily with light paddle strokes.

If you are interested in seeing this boat or in building one, contact Tom Colgan at Camp Dimension, 2304 Cherry Lane, Arden, DE 19810.

Cy Liberman, "Boating" columnist, "Sunday News Journal", Wilmington, DE.



MONTGOMERY BOATYARD

I'm currently building a "Micro Trawler" for Richard Welch of Auburn, WA, and also a 15'4" glued lapstrake ply Bolger pulling boat, "Spur II" which Phil and I will both use, replacing my "Sweet Pea" which I sold to a new owner who enjoys it on the Mississippi River at St. Louis, MO. The "Spur II" will be built of 6mm okume ply and Sitka spruce, trying to keep her weight under 100 lbs. She'll also have a spritsail rig with a leeboard and kick-up rudder.

Enclosed is a photo of my new "Montycat" design, a modern version of one of my grandfather's designs, many of which were built by him right here in this same yard.

David Montgomery, Montgomery's Boatyard, 29 Ferry St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 281-6524.

ALEXANDRIA SEAPORT'S BUSY BUILDING

The Alexandria Seaport Foundation's Boatbuilding School got underway this past September and the response has been tremendous. We've got a youth/adult dinghy building program in which participants get to build a boat in our shop and then use it in organized events on the Potomac. So far we have over 70 kids involved and almost a dozen sponsors.

We also teach boatbuilding and related classes for the general public. These classes to date have included lapstrake plywood boatbuilding, traditional boatbuilding, lofting, bronze casting and tool forging. This spring and summer we are offering oar making, sail making, bronze casting, lapstrake planking, steam bending, building a Chesapeake deadrise skiff, and stitch and glue boatbuilding. We're also going to build at least one four-oared gig in order to start a community rowing program. We've got the money but we need to figure out a space problem. There's also a steamboat in the works, although where we're going to build that I have no idea. All in all, a busy schedule.

Complicating all this is an impending move of our location onto the waterfront to create a Maritime Heritage Center. The Seaport Foundation also owns the schooner "Alexandria", and we're proposing putting the schooner and the school in one place on the waterfront as part of the plans for a new waterfront park here in Alexandria.

Joe Youcha, Alexandria Seaport Foundation Boatbuilding School, 1201 N. Royal St., Alexandria, VA 22314.



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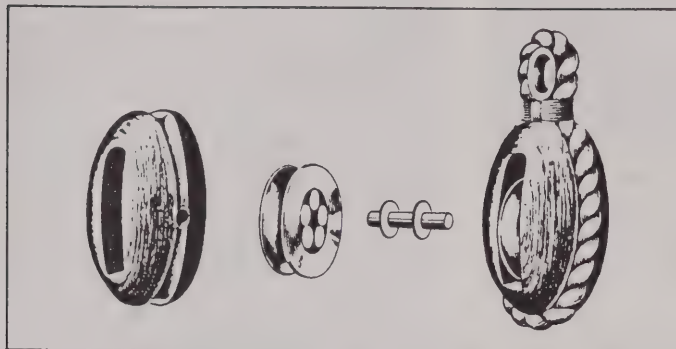
an ongoing series

by David N. Goodchild

Part 7

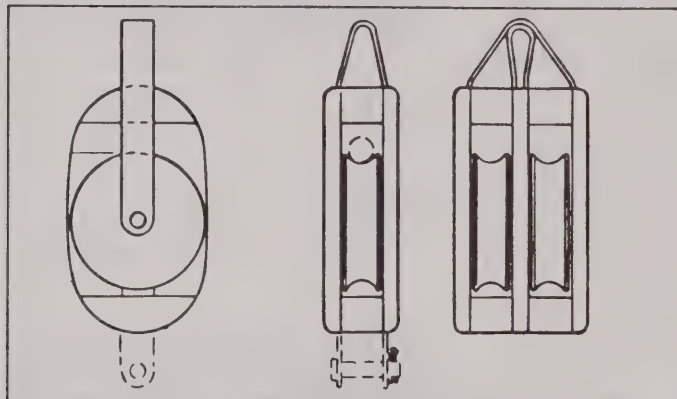
BLOCKS

My first thought in making the blocks for "Toad" was to use rope-stropped blocks as pictured in Hervey Garrett Smith's "The Marlinspike Sailor". His drawings are reproduced below.



Smith's Rope-Stropped, Mortised Block

I made a couple of attempts to reproduce this type of block with reasonable success. However, I decided that I much preferred a metal strap in place of a rope strop, and it was clear that these would be much faster to produce than the mortised type. An example is shown below.



Typical Bronze-Strapped, Wood-Cheeked Block

I started out by making the classic block, with the cheeks separated by spacers and a hooped strap which would be attached to a tang by a shackle. I purchased a Delrin sheave for the line and made the cheeks from oak flooring scraps which I happened to have available. When I put it all together though, several things troubled me. The flooring scraps were a little narrow when the tongue-and-groove was trimmed off and the sheave therefore projected slightly more than I wished. I also did not like the resulting elongated shape. It was clear that I would need some other material for the cheeks.

I thought about this for a while, and "in cogitas" I realised that the hardwood cheeks on the \$45.00 blocks we see advertised in the yachting press were really an anachronism, albeit a beautiful one. I believe the development was as follows. Originally, all blocks were mortised in very hard woods and rope-stropped, as were Smith's versions shown above. Subsequently metal-strapped blocks appeared, and the wood was mainly relegated to the function of cheeks, and this function is primarily that of fairing. In fact, it would be very possible to make a block with just the straps and the sheave were it not for the possibility of snagging them on

lines and fittings. It was apparent to me therefore that the cheeks could be made of almost any material which would serve this function. All of the strain would be taken by the straps. I then thought to use plywood. This has worked out superbly, and I can use the odd-shaped scraps of 3/4" plywood left over from bulkhead and central-girder making. I made a set of sample cheeks from this material, and tried a coat of epoxy and spar varnish on them. They came up beautifully.

I was still unhappy with the sheaves however, because I had to buy them for \$3.00 apiece. I planned to make up about 30 blocks for use and for spares, and this would be \$90.00 just for sheaves. Not good!

I decided to try plywood!

I had already tried making up sheaves from the oak flooring scraps and this had worked out fairly well, but the use of plywood offered me several further advantages. The oak would have its grain oriented in only one direction and thus would take the strain in the wrong direction at least 50% of the time. The plywood, because of its cross-grain plys, would have its grain oriented in a useful direction for the vast majority of the time. I made up a couple and tested them satisfactorily.

At this point I had a hooped strap with plywood sheaves and cheeks. I was progressing nicely I thought. Then I went shopping for shackles. When I finally found one that was appropriate, it cost six dollars! That would be \$180.00 just for shackles if my inventory of 30 was to be maintained. Even less good!

By using plywood for cheeks and sheaves, and a piece of scrap steel from the back of a set of steel shelves for the strap and a couple of brass bolts and nuts, I had got the cost of making the prototype block down to about 20 cents! I wasn't about to spend six bucks for a shackle to fasten a 20 cent block to a fitting or a line. It just didn't make sense.

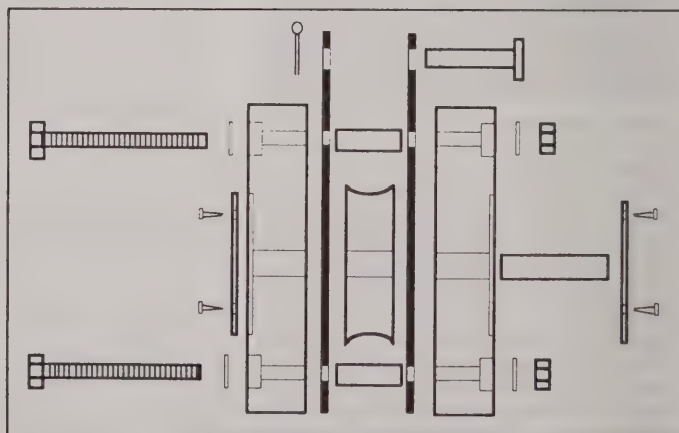
"Cogitas ergo explicatum!"

I looked at the shackle and how it joined the block and realized that if I eliminated the hoop and instead terminated each side of the strap in a rounded end with a hole in each, I could join the two with the pin of the shackle, with a clevis pin, or (with thanks to John Marples) with the shank of a bolt with the threaded end shortened.

I could get clevis pins from the marine store for just \$2.00 each. By eliminating the \$3.00 sheave and the \$6.00 shackle I had already saved \$9.00, or a total of \$270.00. I was rich! Better still, I knew I could get galvanized clevis pins from an auto supply store for even less.

Now I come to the final innovation in this block-making effort. While making up the first prototype of this final design (Block, Toad; Mark V, Mod 1), it occurred to me that I really did not need the spacers, (the filler pieces at the top and bottom of the block). If I held the block apart by the use of steel tubing, I could get the same effect as the spacers and enjoy faster and easier construction. A schematic of the final assembly is shown below.

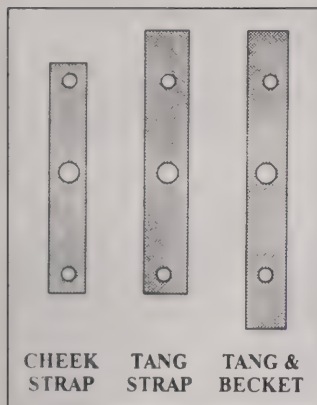
The two straps lie in dadoes cut into the inside face of each cheek. The sheave axle runs through the cheeks and the straps in traditional fashion.



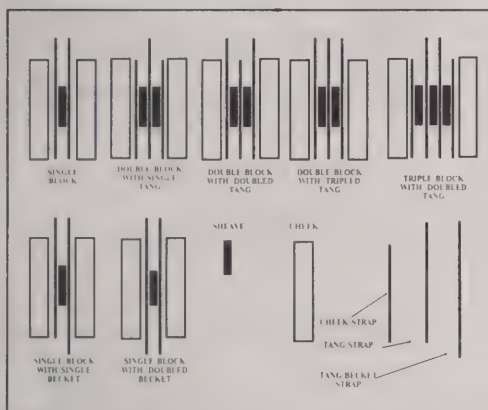
Final Prototype Assembly Details

The cheeks and straps are held together by two round head machine screws which run through two pieces of steel tubing. Tightening these two screws fastens the block together tightly and completely. The clevis pin functions both as a pin and a shackle.

One big advantage of this method of construction lies in the convenience of being able to make up the block inventory as parts only, and then put them together as needed. Since all that has to be done to make up a block is to insert the axle through the sheave and the straps, insert and tighten the bolts and fasten in the axle retainers, assembly is simple in the extreme. But an even greater advantage is that by making just three different strap types, and stocking a few bolts of different lengths, I can make up a very large variety of blocks, with and without becketts. The three strap types are drawn at left, and an example of the wide variety of blocks possible is shown below.



The Three Strap Types



Some Possible Block Configurations

thing else. Accordingly, I went to my favorite steel scrapyard and bought about 80' of 1" x 1/16" steel bar for the straps, and 12' of 3/8" chrome molybdenum steel rod for the axles. The latter was a real find. The twelve feet of chrome steel rod cost me two bucks! The 80' of 1" steel strap cost me .25 cents per pound., or \$4.00!

Now all I needed was the tubing for the fastening bolts. At my local auto supply store for \$2.48, I bought 48" of electro-galvanized steel tubing which would just slip snugly over the bolts. Enough for 24 single blocks. What was this? Why it was brake line! It's perfect for this use. Final cost was about 21 cents per block. That's acceptable!

The first thing I did was to rip some scrap plywood to the width of the cheeks, plus a little extra. Following this, I dadoed the 1" valley for the straps into the rectangular pieces. I then traced out the shape of the cheeks and cut them out on the band saw. I located the three holes that would pass through the straps, (the axle and the two fastening bolts), and made up a Master Strap of each type to be used for all subsequent measuring. I then borrowed a "chop saw" with a Carborundum cut-off disc and sliced off all the straps to the three lengths necessary to make up the block parts. I used the Master Strap to mark out the locations of the three holes to go through each strap and drilled these. Then I rounded over the tops and bottoms of the straps to match the contours of the cheeks.

I also used the Master Strap to locate the three holes in the cheeks, drilled these out and then sanded the cheeks to their final shape. By turning the cheeks over so that the face was up, I had the locations for making the counterbores for the nuts and the heads of the fastening bolts and for the axle covers. I used Forstner bits to cut these counterbores.

The only thing that remained to make were the sheaves. I had previously experimented with using the lathe to make these but abandoned this quickly as it proved too clumsy. The method I ended up using was simple, and utilized the drill press. I first cut out the circles with a simple hole saw of a little larger diameter than my finished 2" sheave size. I used a machine screw and two nuts and washers to chuck the sheave blank into the drill press, and set the machine to its highest RPM.

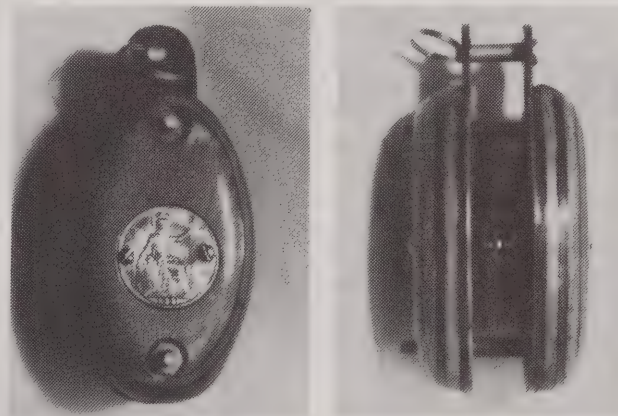
I first used a small round shaping tool from the lathe to rough cut the valley, then made up a smaller but similar tool from an old screwdriver. This enabled me to turn a small, deep valley of the right size for 3/8" line into the sheave. I finished it up with sandpaper while still turning in the drill press. I enlarged the axle hole to take a piece of 7/16" I.D. steel tubing to use as a bushing, pressed this in using the drill press and ended up with a very nice sheave made from plywood. I then used the band saw with a metal-cutting blade to cut the axles to length and to cut off the brake line to the right length for the stand-off tubes.

The only thing left were axle covers to go on the outside of the cheeks and retain the axles.

In a fine British publication, (and aren't they all), called "Classic Boat", I had previously seen English pre-decimal pennies used for this purpose. Since I had quite a few on hand, I planned to use them.

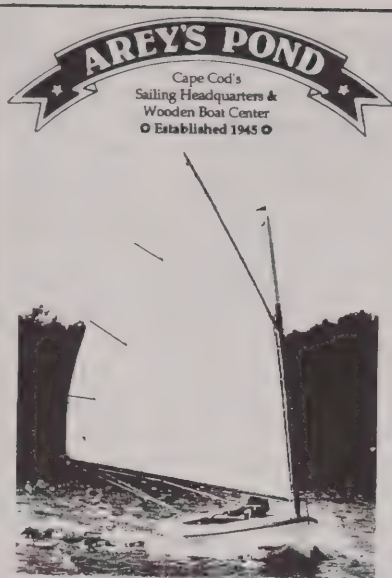
Test assembly was simple. I laid the straps into the strap-valleys, pushed the axle through the cheeks, straps and sheave, then put the fastening bolts through the cheeks, straps and stand-off tubing and tightened the nuts. I had previously drilled two holes through the sides of each of the pennies, and I fastened the axle covers into the counterbores with #4 round head brass wood screws. Finally I inserted the clevis pin at the top of the straps. The block was assembled!

I finished the blocks while disassembled. I coated the cheeks inside with one coat of Epoxy and two coats of Polyurethane. I did the same with the sheaves. On the outside of the cheeks I used two coats of Epoxy, two of Polyurethane, and two coats of Spar for gloss and UV protection. I put the straps in the pile to go to the galvanizers. Finally, I wire brushed and buffed the pennies until they shone brightly with their natural copper sheen, and then sprayed them with three coats of a good clear lacquer. In final assembly, I packed the sheave bushing with grease and put everything together. My .21¢ wood-cheeked block was finished!



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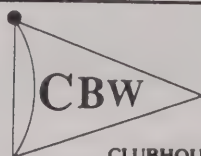
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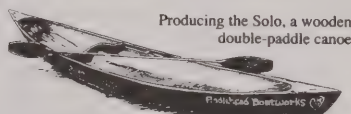
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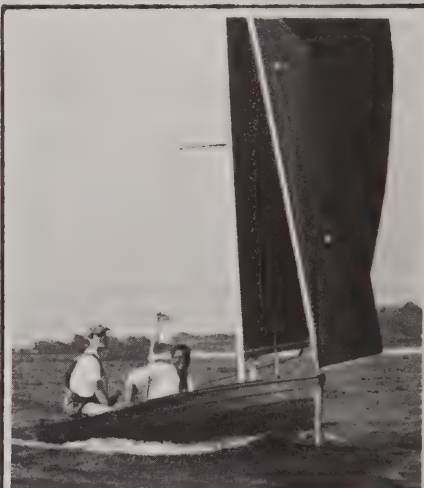
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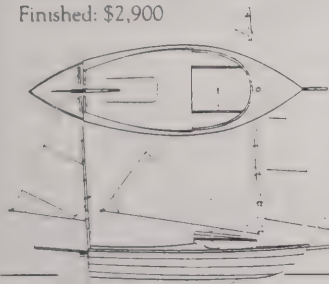
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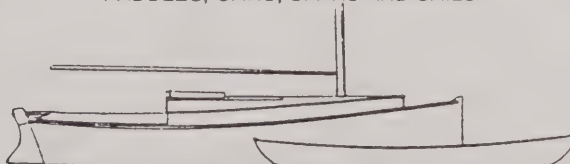


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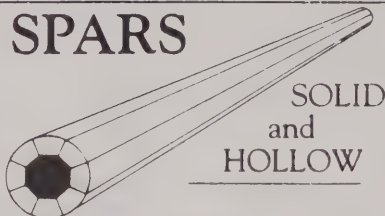


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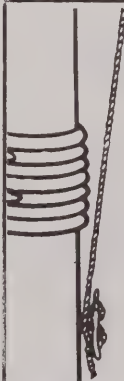
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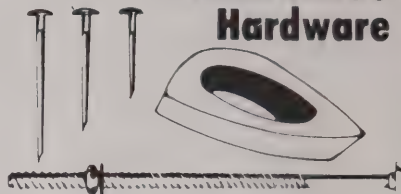
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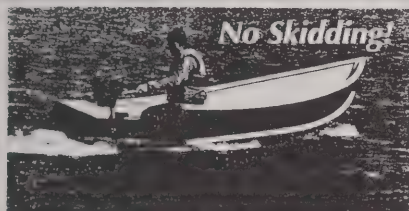
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LAKE WATERCRAFT

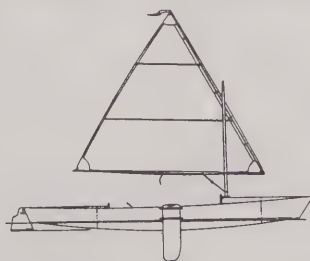
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GRAND MESA BOATWORKS

Rt. 1, Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624

Bolger on Design

"Spur"...a Utility Rowing Boat

15'4" x 4'6"

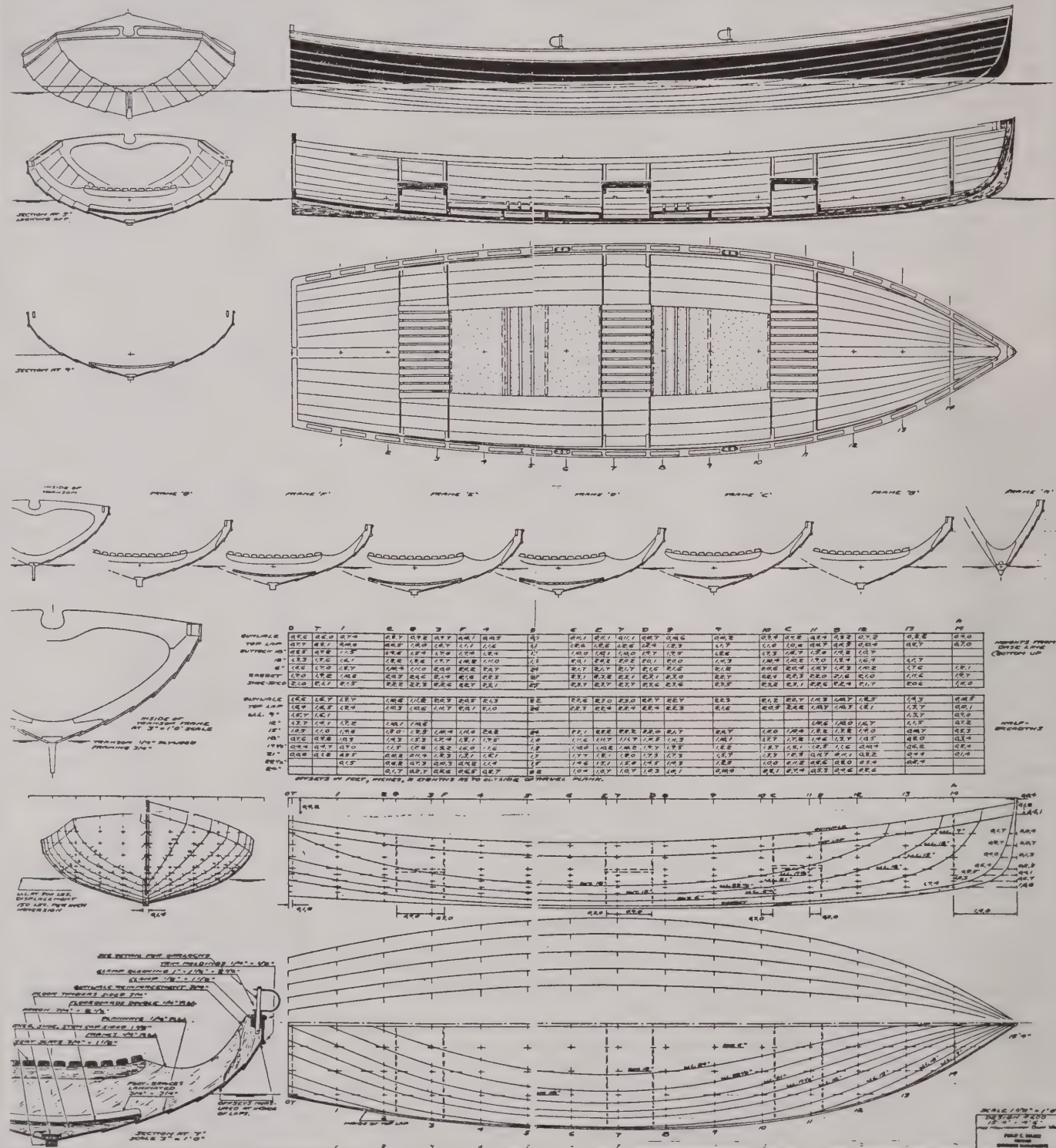
Dave Montgomery sold his Payson SWEETPEA and we both missed it a lot. He and I and Susanne Altenberger must have put a good many hundred miles on her among us, all inside a five-mile radius. We decided to share a new pulling boat, and while we were at it make her a shape that would slice wakes better than the SWEETPEA, which is dry in anything but slams and stops in steep waves.

Dave likes the clinker plywood construction because, among other advantages, it lends itself to repeat orders, with patterns for all the strakes. Even one-off, a nice shape can be turned out quickly if the carpenter has a good eye for lining off the laps.

Dave made a pair of the oarlock shown in half an hour from a half-inch stainless pin and a strip of brass. They're better to row with than anything we've ever been able to buy stock.

The name SPUR is that of a very fancy rowing boat I had built in 1963, which made the

cover of a 200,000-circulation magazine and was generally admired. She wasn't a success for me because she was much too heavy and because I always felt guilty when I was rowing her instead of polishing the varnish. The new boat should be much better on both counts. She should be finished by the time this is printed. I'm hoping she'll break the hex on my even-hundreds designs which have tended to be disappointing, perhaps because I tried too hard to make them significant.



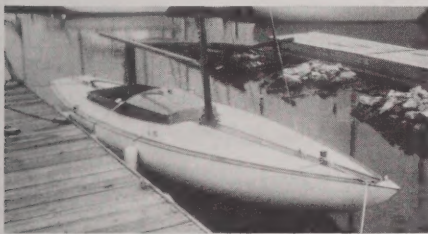
Classified Marketplace



"HAWKEYE" prototype step sharpie featured in the Sept. 15, 1992 issue. Asking \$6,000. 15' Fish Class catboat, epoxy composite construction, like new. Asking \$2,500. MONTGOMERY BOAT YARD, 29 Ferry st., Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 281-6524. (21)



19'5" CORINTHIAN SAILBOAT, Alberg designed, Bristol blt. 2 sets sails & cover, 4hp Johnson in well. Slps 2 on cushions. Preservers, anchor, compass, winter cover, EZ Loader trlr & cradle. Economical, trustworthy & loveable. \$3,300. EVERETT HOBBS, Salem, MA, (508) 744-7031. (21)



DRAGON. All wood sloop, racer & day sailer. In beautiful cond. 29' LOA, fixed keel, cuddy. Blt 1956 by Hansen in Denmark. Lovingly maintained by one owner last 30 yrs. Pictures available. \$15,000 OBO. GEORGIA BORDEN, RR 1 Box 83, Chaumont, NY 13622, (315) 649-5717. (23P)

23' COMPAC MARK II SLOOP, 1985 (commissioned 1986) Superbly crafted FG shoal draft pocket cruiser in Bristol cond. Slps 4, galley, sails w/cover, 8hp Evinrude Sailmaster w/alternator, galv tandem trlr, compass, CQR anchor w/rode, cockpit & winter covers, extras. Asking \$10,000, reasonable offers considered. BOB GROESCHNER, Norwalk, CT, (203) 847-8726, lv message. (21)

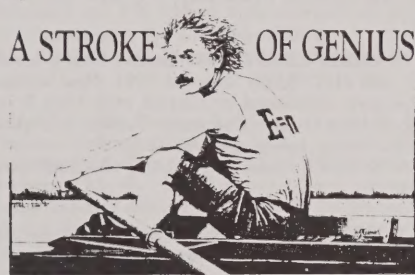
19' CAROLINA DORY, plywood, gd cond, new deck, OB well, no motor, no trlr. Delivery possible in NE. \$400 or interesting trades. DAVID NIELSEN, Somers, CT, (203) 528-2107 days. (21)

CLASSIFIED ADS ARE FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS FOR PERSONALLY OWNED BOAT RELATED ITEMS. EACH AD WILL AUTOMATICALLY APPEAR IN TWO CONSECUTIVE ISSUES. FURTHER PUBLICATION OF ANY AD MAY BE HAD ON REQUEST. A ONE-TIME CHARGE OF \$8 WILL BE MADE FOR ANY PHOTOGRAPH INCLUDED WITH ANY AD TO COVER THE COST TO US OF THE NECESSARY HALFTONE. NON-SUBSCRIBERS AND BUSINESSES MAY PURCHASE CLASSIFIED ADS AT \$.10 PER WORD PER ISSUE. TO ASSURE ACCURACY PLEASE TYPE OR CLEARLY PRINT AD COPY. MAIL TO 'BOATS', 29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984. PLEASE NO TELEPHONED ADS.

26' EUROPEAN FOLKBOAT, mahogany copper rivetted to oak. Volvo diesel, teak decks, sharp. Tandem axle trlr. Must sell, no reasonable offer refused. JOHN BRIGHT, Portage, MI, (616) 329-1419 eves, lv message. (21)

19-1/2' LYMAN ISLANDER, 1959, 6 cyl Gray, conv top, cushions, trlr. Sound & runs gd. \$3,500. JOHN BRIGHT, Portage, MI, (616) 329-1419 eves. (21)

SEA SPRITE 23, 1981 full keel Alberg design from C.E. Ryder of Bristol (see reviews "Practical Sailor" 1/1/92; "SBJ" 11/87). Nice cond, main, 110, 155, new canvas, Datamarine digital instr., 3.5 Merc, new compass, new battery, electric bilge pump, 9 gal water, bronze opening ports, full size pulpits w/lifelines. On Chesapeake. \$5,900 OBO. GARY KOTARA, McLean, VA, (703) 790-8309. (21)



AMERICA'S FAVORITE ROWING SHIRT! Specially priced; T-shirt \$16.50, Tank \$14, Sweat \$22. M,L,XL. Free shipping, MC & Visa. WATERMARK, Box 2732, Kennebunkport, ME 04046, (207) 985-4421. (21)

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 SHOALWATER CRUISES, P.O. Box 1180, Key Largo, FL 33037, (305) 451-0083. (TFP)

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

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



24' CROSBY CATBOAT, rebldt 1991, new deck, new deck beams, new gaff sail, coal & wood stove, Westerbeke diesel. Great classic ready to sail. \$12,900 or BO. CAL PERKINS, Mattapoisett, MA, (508) 758-4740. (TF)

20' ST. LAWRENCE RIVER SKIFF. Blt 1989 by Wm. Clements Boat builder to modified lines from Mystic seaport. Constr is glued lapstrake plywood epoxy coated & finished bright. Boat has folding CB from Springfield Fan Centerboard Co., and is rigged as gunter ketch. This boat is vy fast under sail or oars. It has been maintained in like-new cond. GARDNER BALDWIN, 1904 Nantucket, Houston, TX 77057, (714) 783-0124. (22)

SUMMER RENTAL. House on Maine island nr Acadia National Park. 3 br, bath, kitchen. View of hbr, hiking trails on property & at other places on island. Fresh water swimming in nearby quarry, launching sites for small boats, sandy beach. \$475/wk, Sat-Sat. Access to island by ferry 6 times daily. IVER LOFVING, Box 366, Swans Island, ME 04685, (207) 526-4121. (TF)

"SLEEPER", 7'10" car-toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below decks. Plans \$35, info \$3. EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (TFP)

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

"SAUSALITO WATERFRONT STORIES", \$9.95 + \$2.50 s&h. EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (TFP)

NORTHERN WHITE CEDAR, 4/4 rough, 3,000 BF to choose from. Select grade \$1.30/BF, #2 grade \$.95/BF. NATE CAREY, Grantham, NH, (603) 643-3658 days, (603) 863-2915 early eves & wknds. (21)

24' COLUMBIA SLOOP, 3/4 keel, slps 4, porta-head, 9.9hp Johnson Sailmaster, electric, main, jib, drifter. Exc cond, in water, ready to go in MD! Priced well below value at \$2,950. Must sell, have purchased another boat. BOB HICKS, Elverson, PA, (215) 286-3092. (21)

19' NOVI SKIFF, classic lines, cedar on oak glassed over, glass non-skid deck, self bailing, large scuppers, 33hp Johnson w/no controls. No trlr. Delivery possible in NE. \$900 or interesting trades. DAVID NIELSEN, Somers, CT, (203) 528-2107. (21)



16' SWAMPSCOTT DORIES. We've built 185 of these wonderful boats since 1976, and they have built a legend for their versatile performance, quality construction and beauty. They sail, row and motor. Rugged fiberglass hull, abundant teak woodwork, polished brass and bronze hardware and gleaming brightwork. A simple but elegant craft that lets you become intimate with the real pleasures of boating. Kits available. Video available, \$10. CRAWFORD BOATBUILDING, Box 430, Humarock, MA 02047, (617) 837-3666. (TFP)

DELIGHTFUL WATER DOME, Key Largo, like having your own island! Spacious vacation studio with sundeck, afloat on Florida Bay. Includes sailboat, motorboat, spectacular views, privacy. Sleeps 4. \$595/week. SHOAL WATER CRUISES, Key Largo, FL, (305) 451-0083. (TFP)

16' MARTIN APPLEDORE POD rowing shell, compl w/oars & sliding seat. Bright cedar, perfect, \$5,000 new, steal for \$2,200. PETER CORCORAN, Kennebunkport, ME, (207) 967-8658. (4P)

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



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 17S, Elizabeth City, NC 27909, (919) 335-1453. (TFP)

EXPERIENCE YOUR DREAMS. Live aboard a traditional 36' British channel cutter, comfortable accommodations for couples or family. Vacation in the Florida Keys winters or on Cape Cod summers, enjoy bed & breakfast weekends at \$95 or custom arranged weekly or monthly charters. CHRIS SPOHR, Tavernier, FL, (305) 852-0395. (1P)

WANTED BY ARTIST. Boat to live on in exchng for work around boatyard, marina or boat club. First choice is NJ. JACK SARHAGE, 1530 Franklin Ave., Collinsville, IL 62234. (22)



ROWING SHELLS: 1989 Little River Sea Shell, \$900; Alden Ocean Shell, red, like new, \$1,600; 1992 Hogtown Bayou Trainer, aqua w/varnished deny trim, \$1,950. HOGTOWN BAYOU BOATWORKS, Santa Rosa Beach, FL (panhandle), (904) 267-3539. (21)

35' ALUMINUM MAST w/climbing steps & msthld ftg, moments 7.3 x 4.2, \$500 or trade for heavier section w/moments nr 1.3 x 6. Aluminum boom, 11.5' w/roll rfg gooseneck & end fitting, moments 2.41 x 1.12, \$100 or trade for heavier section w/moments nr 4 x 2.5. Other related items available. WARREN ROSS, 640 Main, Hampstead, NH 03841, (603) 329-6320. (21)

WANTED. Wooden lapstrake runabout in gd cond, 15' - 16.5'. RICK BARKHUFF, 61 Dyer St., Saco, ME 04072, (207) 283-0753. (21)

SNIPE. FG #19712, rigged for racing but also gd for daysailing. Self-rescuing. Lots of sails but no trlr. Will deliver to reasonable location. ROY TERWILLIGER, 5061 Northlawn Dr., Murrysville, PA 15668, (412) 325-2138. (21)

WOODWORKING TOOLS. Stanley/Bailey #5, #6, #7 iron planes, drawknives, adze, Goodell-Pratt corner auger, etc. plus boating gear. List for SASE. Updated 5-page book list includes model steam engines, hunting, Pennsylvania canals, "Stroke", Maine Atlas, misc nautical exploits. OWEN CECIL, Box 634, Oscoda, MI 48750. (21)

16' BOLGER MICRO partially completed, hull (bottom & sides) & plans. \$350. ED BEDNAREK, Evans City, PA, (412) 452-6286. (21)

21'3" CHRIS CRAFT, 1939 Deluxe Utility Model 903, hull #UT.35529. Restored 1991. New bottom, upholstery, rechromed, refastened, rebt 95hp K engine. 10 coats of captain's varnish. Tandem axle trlr w/electric brakes, mooring cover. \$12,000. DON SPRING, Granby, CT, (203) 653-3660 eves. (21)

12' O'DAY WIDGEON sailboat w/Highlander trlr, new mast tabernacle, running rigging & Schaeffer blocks. \$850 firm. JOHN KARRER, Taunton, MA, (508) 822-1314. (21)

12'6" AMF PUFFER, '84, sloop, yellow hull, hiking straps, self bailer, vy gd cond. Matching Holsclaw trlr w/spare & hand winch. \$975. GEORGE DECKER, Brick, NJ, (908) 949-7544 days, (908) 840-6933 eves. (21)



18' OLD TOWN OTCA SAILING CANOE, mahogany rudder, leeboard, leeboard thwart, 8' spruce mast, ACA sail, cane seats. Quality restoration in 1990. Stored inside, exc cond, \$1,600 ready to sail. TOM TOMPKINS, Virginia Beach, VA, (804) 427-3454. (21)



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 in "SBJ" #51. 17'1"x5'7"x5" draft, 20-40hp. Plans \$30. SEA SKIFF 20 (photo below), the big offshore fisherman. 19'4"x7'6"x10" draft, 50-70hp. Plans \$45. Information on both \$1. CAPE FEAR MUSEUM ASSOCIATES, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (919) 341-4350. (TFP)

PERFECT BOATING VACATION, summer 1993. Directly on Cape Cod bay, 90' of private beach. Charming 2br 2 bath cottage recently renovated. Compl w/our boats (Sunfish, new kayak) or yours. \$1,900 2 wks, \$3,600 month. Photos can be seen at Maine Boatbuilders' Show. CAPT. KEN HASSETT, Box 451, Dennis, MA 02638. (22)

SEA KAYAK CLEARANCE. Two "Blomidon" (by Gillies) brand new, 17'x24" med vol. expedition equipped, both have rudders. Fast, nimble, handle rough water vy well. Performance kayaks yet suitable for novice paddlers. Aqua & berry. \$1,450 ea. "Cadence LP" by Northwest Kayaks, like new, 17'x24", expedition equipped, vy stable, tracks extremely well. Exc med to high vol touring kayak. \$1,200. "Solander" by West Side Boat Shop, FG demo, 16'4"x23", expedition equipped, incl rudder. Stable, seaworthy, tracks & handles extremely well. High performance med vol touring kayak. \$1,200. JIM ELLIS, Lyme, CT, (203) 434-7835. (22)

NISSAN OB's (2), 5hp & 9.5hp longshaft. Purchased 1989 as auxiliaries, vy low hrs, like new, perf cond. in storage last 2 yrs.. \$600 & \$1,200. R. BLUMBERG, 18 Greenhaven Rd., Rye, NY 10580, (914) 698-4645. (22)

18' SWAMPSCOTT DORY, Lowell blt, 4hp Johnson, boat cover, trlr, oars. Seaworthy, rugged, simple, dry. \$2,500. DON PIGEON, Merrimac, MA, (508) 346-8479. (22)

WANTED: I would like to find a reasonably priced copy of the book "Simplified Boatbuilding, the Flat Bottom Boat" by Harry W. Sucher. PHIL FRIES, 53-23 Clearview Exp., Bayside, NY 11364, (718) 224-8372. (21)

GEAR: Sea Swing double gimbal stove, propane burner, \$35. Davis sextant Mk. III w/case & artificial horizon, \$30. Fuel tanks, metal OMC 3 gal w/hose, \$25; polyethylene 6 gal w/OMC fitting, \$15. Porta-potti 2.5 gal, \$30. Above prices incl shipping. Evinrude 9.9 '81 Sail, 20" shaft, high thrust, \$395. JOHN CHICOINE, St. Albans, VT, (802) 524-6122. (21)

CRAFTSMAN 10" RADIAL ARM SAW, nearly new, 2.5hp electronic controlled w/table & all other accessories. \$395. JAY FOLEY, 200 Summer St., Worcester, MA 01604, (800) 233-6539 days, (508) 791-3933 eves. (21)

SMALL BOATS: 10' Jon boat, used, \$150. O'Day Spirit sailboat complete, \$895. Grumman G5 17' canoe, \$350. FERNALD S.Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (508) 465-0312. (21)

MUSHROOM ANCHORS, two, plus heavy chain. \$90.

G.L. CLARK, S. Yarmouth, MA, (6508) 394-8390. (21)

HERRESHOFF "PRUDENCE" FG hull & deck w/ bronze castings for rudder, bowsprit & boomkin. On galv dual axle trlr w/surge brakes. A beauty to sail. \$2,000 or B.O.

JIM TOMKINS, Grand Island, NY, (716) 773-5268. (21)

1955 WOODEN SNIPE white cedar planked on tilt trlr. Nds some repair & refinishing. \$200 or B.O.

JIM TOMKINS, Grand Island, NY, (716) 773-5268. (21)

WILCOX-CRITTENDEN HEAD w/bladder & fittings. Exc cond. \$100 or B.O.

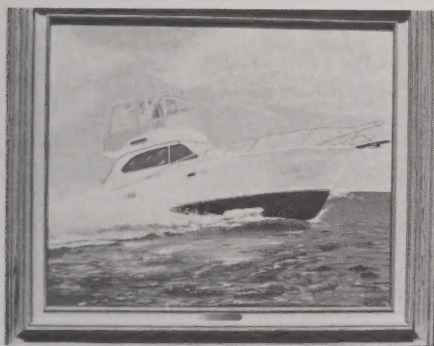
JIM TOMKINS, Grand Island, NY, (716) 773-5268. (21)

23' CORONADO COASTAL CRUISER, 1972. 5 sails, 1992 genoa w/flexible furler roller furling, VHF, loran, depth sounder, 8hp Yachtwin, galley, head & more. Many upgrades in 1992. Fully equipped for gunkholing. \$6,000.

PAUL COURNOYER, Portland, ME, (207) 797-7033. (21)

SAIL WANTED for Sunfish.

GILBERT F. DOUGLAS III, 1868 Patton Chapel Rd., Birmingham, AL 35226, (205) 823-3047. (21)



PORTRAIT OF YOUR BOAT. Artist now accepting commissions to paint portrait of your boat, or you may have a favorite vessel. Send SSAA for info.

JACK SARHAGE, 1530 Franklin Ave., Collinsville, IL 62234. (22)

CANOE & KAYAK. Curtis Blue Gill solo canoe 14'6"x29-1/2" FG, 43 lbs. \$700 B.O. Curtis Vagabond solo canoe 14'7-1/2"x27" FG, 37 lbs. \$975 B.O. Keeowee kayak 9'2"x30", 33 lbs, stable & easy for novice to advanced, w/paddle & skirt. List \$560, sell \$385.

TOM KAYSER, Fairport, NY, (716) 248-3410 days, (716) 248-5418 eves. (22)

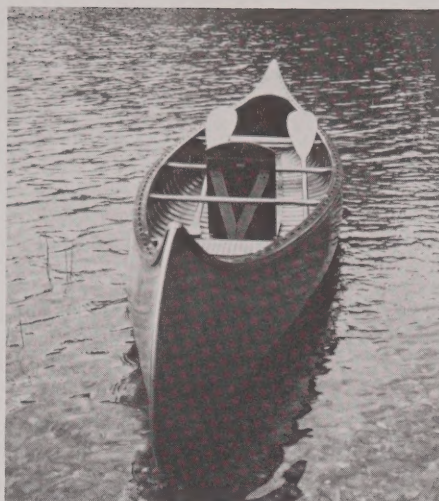
SMALL BOAT GEAR. Small jib, dacron, approx 36 sq ft, for Swampscott dory. \$75. Shaw & Tenney oars 6-1/2' w/sewn leathers/button & bronze round oarlocks. New, list \$140, sell \$125. Rushton design folding outrigger oarlocks, bronze. New, list \$145, sell \$125. TOM KAYSER, Fairport, NY, (716) 248-3410 days, (716) 248-5418 eves. (22)

18' FENWICK WILLIAMS CATBOAT, 1989, cedar on oak, inbd marine engine, slps 2, wheel steering Edson gear, folding cabin table, cockpit, sail & winter covers, sturdy cradle, dacron gaff rig sail, cushions, stove, porta potti & extras. \$20,000. Hauling to you can be arranged.

WILLIAM RAY, Wadsworth, OH, (216) 335-9244. (22)

GLENN L FRAME KIT w/compl plans to build 21' CB sloop. Brand new, never started. Can be viewed by appointment at Maine Boatbuilders' Show in March. Asking \$300.

CHARLIE BALLOU, Wilmington, MA, (508) 657-8266 days, (508) 657-8207 eves. (22)



1940 OLD TOWN "COTCA" 17' wood/canvas canoe, S.N. 128845. AA grade, 20" long mahogany decks, floor rack. 1940 Old Town catalog describes the "OTCA" as "a canoe designed for comfort, safety and fine appearance. It never fails to give its owner and occupants a feeling of complete canoe joy." Exceptional cond, has been in water only twice since 1991 professional restoration. Asking \$1,600. Delivery within reas dist poss.

JOE AMOROSO, 19 Forest Ln., Cumberland, ME 04021, (207) 829-4605. (22)

MODIFIED SHARPIE SKIFF, from Howard Chapelle's "American Small Sailing Craft". 20' LOA + 3' bowsprit. Gaff rig w/jib incl large & small mains w/2booms. This is a real head-turning classic design. Great daysailer w/many custom design features. Asking \$2,000.

R. BLAKE, 303 Shorewood Dr., E. Falmouth, MA 02536, (508) 548-5586. (22)

24' EASTWARD HO SLOOP, Eldridge McInnis Inc design, mahogany/oak hull. Incl main, genoa, jib, Atomic 4 aux FW cooled, sink, stove, head, refrig, VHF, knotmeter. Trlr available. \$7,600.

BUTCH CHASSE, Amesbury, MA, (508) 388-3135. (22)

SEA KAYAKS. Tsunami X-1, used, gd cond, \$1,500. Tsunami X-0, used less than 1 yr, exc cond, \$900. Valhalla Surf Ski, gd cond, \$500. These are all washdeck kayaks. The Tsunamis have numerous unique features making them suitable for the hardest playing & surfing. Any questions?

JIM TENNERMAN, Watertown, MA, (617) 924-6969. (22)

"OUT YOUR BACKDOOR". Like "Messing About in Boats" & "Rolling Stone" blended together (shaken not stirred). A friendly, snappy aperitif to whet your wild whistle. "A sort of 'Prairie Home Companion' for the true doer." (Woody). "Whimsical." (Bob). \$8 sub. Contributor contest \$5.

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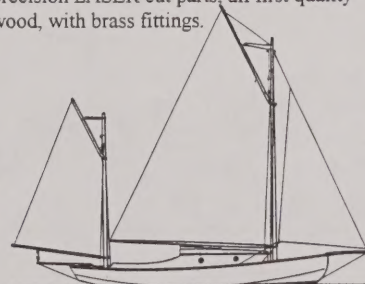
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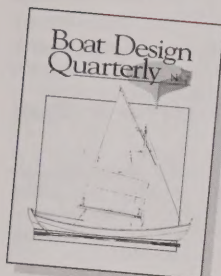


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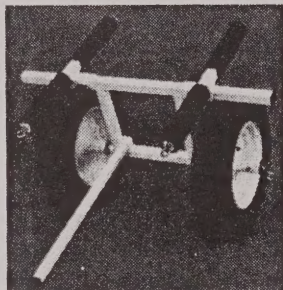
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