



messing about in BOATS

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Special Features This Issue
Water Wandering the Low Countries
Pedalling for the Planet

Volume 13 - Number 3

June 15, 1995

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BOATS



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Volume 13 - Number 3
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Our Next Issue...

Reverts again to our more typical eclectic mix after an issue and a half devoted mostly to canoes and canoeing. Rags Ragsdale covers "The Second Annual Depoe Bay Wooden Boat Show" in Oregon and Mac McCarthy tells us how "Canoes Join the Kayaks" at the East Coast Canoe & Kayak Symposium in South Carolina.

With the Wooden Boat Show in Maine imminent in mid-July, Joseph Spaulding tells his tale of how "Samuel Clyde Goes to the Wooden Boat Show"; S. Kryski reports on losing his fear of scarfing in "To Build a Big Boat"; Ed Magowan describes "The Finely Fitted Brick"; and Dave Camell tells of the 15 year evolution leading to "The \$200 Sailboat".

We'll look at a Glen L design in "Building the Console Skiff", Bob Hawk backs it up with "It is a Beautiful Boat", and Phil Bolger's next batch of designs continues with "A 33' Daysailer/Weekender Concept".

There'll also be some more of "Your Ideas & Needs", "Your Commentary", a couple of book reviews, and the concluding installment of "Pete & Raskur's Maiden Voyage".

On the Cover...

Finally it's summer time and our boats are afloat again (are you? I'm not. Maybe in July...). Sharon Brown's photo of a sharpie at Mystic Seaport catches the essence of the season.

Commentary...

As I finally am getting around to setting up my own self-rescue rig for my new sea kayak before taking it out on its first outing in protected waters to find out how it handles, my fiddling with the Sea Wing self-rescue sponsons to be sure they fit the boat properly and will attach easily after a capsize perhaps may make me appear to be some sort of pessimist. But I am fully aware from prior experience of how difficult it is to re-enter a sea kayak from the water.

Since I cannot do the eskimo roll I have to rely on an equipment alternative and the Sea Wing sponsons are far superior to the more common paddle float system, which temporarily stabilizes the hull on one side only and also ties up the paddle needed to regain control once back onboard. The sponsons can be left in place as long as one needs to get set to resume one's paddling, or even when underway again if conditions, either sea or personal physical, suggest the continuing need for the added stability.

My remarks on this page in the last issue about the dangers posed to the unwary and uninformed by the possibility of surprise capsize of the seemingly innocent canoe (as opposed to the perception of the obviously dangerous kayak) reminded me that reader Bob Whittier had a while back sent on some comments about the dangers of falling out of (rather than capsizing) small boats while alone, and the lack of effective safety information on this subject.

As we head for the water with the summer at hand I thought his remarks were now very timely and food for serious thought by any small boat users.

"You Gotta Be Able to Get Back Aboard: A news clipping from last summer presented to me another example of how boating safety advocates miss the basic things while focussing on higher tech dangers and safety procedures.

It reported on how an older (77) man was out alone on a foggy day, somehow fell overboard, could not get back into his boat, and only the chance appearance of another craft got him out of the water and ashore. Too late, for he later died from the effects of his immersion.

Fishermen often go out alone. Years ago I was outboarding down the North River near Scituate, Massachusetts, went around a bend that goes past a cove used as a mooring area, and saw a man clinging feebly to a cabin cruiser's mooring line. We pulled him out just about in time to save him from going under from the effects of hypothermia. He had been struggling for quite a while to climb back onboard but had no way to get up his boat's high flared sides.

We later got the story that he had rowed out in a pram, stood up to attach the pram's painter to a cleat, whereupon the pram then melonseeded out from under him and drifted off with the current. There were no boarding steps on the boat's transom and the mooring line was too slippery to climb up.

Anyone who has been around the water for some years has seen or heard of similar experiences. Yet what I see in seaman-ship manuals about men overboard is high level stuff on equipment (man overboard

poles, throwable life preservers) and rescue techniques such as maneuvering a sailboat to pick up a person in the water. These always assume there will be someone else in the boat to carry out the life saving efforts. Yachtsmen are urged to fit out their boats with stanchions and lifelines, pulpits, and safety harnesses as preventive safety measures. All well and good, but still approaching this subject from a big boat mentality, hampering their ability to recognize and act on small boat safety matters.

It's not uncommon to read admonitions not to go swimming alone, to use the buddy system. Never in my 50 years in the boating field have I seen anything about the hazards of going out alone in a small boat.

When cabin cruisers and sport fishermen were made of wood it was commonplace to see cast bronze boarding steps bolted to their transoms. It could be hard to actually climb aboard some of these setups but in a real emergency a lone boater had some chance of getting back onboard. It's been years since I've seen similar steps on the jukebox cum rocketship style of the cruisers displayed at today's boat shows. And many of these boats are also even more high-sided for styling and accommodations.

Many of the larger outboard boats and stern drive craft popular today do have deeper cockpits which are harder to fall out of, and often have swim platforms on their transoms for ease of boarding from swimming or water skiing. It's the smaller outboards that are easier to fall out of which rarely have any sort of re-entry steps or ladders.

Outboard motors now often come with safety switches that kill them when operators go overboard. But this safety feature has no effect when much of the time lone fishermen lose their balance and fall overboard from anchored boats. Never have I seen a safety suggestion on the importance of lone boaters having something as simple as a knotted line hanging over the side to afford some help in getting back onboard. Some prams and many lifeboats have hand holes formed in their skegs, spray rails, gunwales, etc. But there is nothing in small boat safety literature (or regulations) about some provision to get back onboard when you fall overboard.

Safety literature and instruction programs do repeatedly urge, "Wear your life-jacket (PFD)." But fishermen and many other small boat operators will not wear them because their bulk hampers fishing activity, and in summer they can be just too hot.

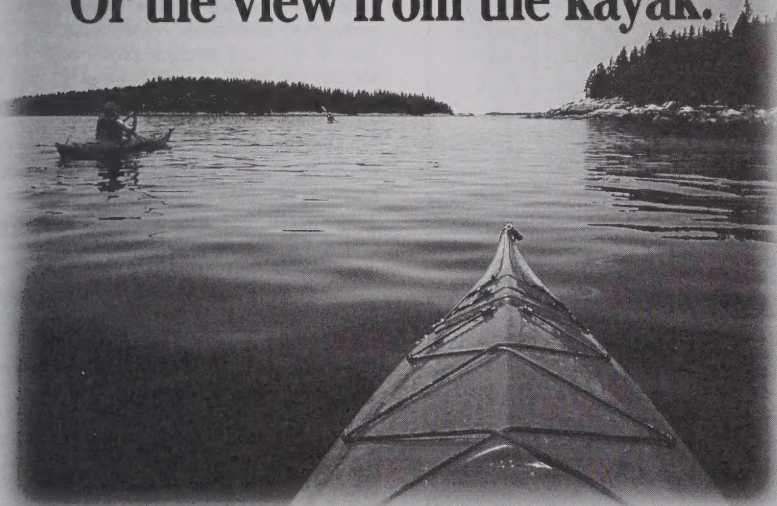
A safety tip I have never seen in any safety literature is, "When first trying out your new boat, make it a point to dive overboard in a safe situation and find out for yourself how hard or easy it is to get back onboard."

I could go on and on about how the "big boat" mentality is creating failings in safety programs directed at small boaters.

Bob Whittier, Duxbury, MA.

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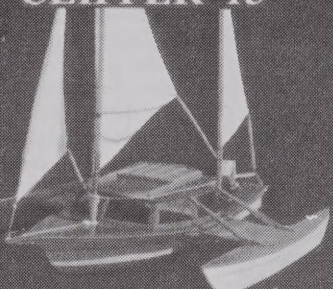
Sea Kayak Symposium, July 15-16, Castine, Maine The oldest of its kind in the country, this comprehensive weekend is for beginners and more advanced paddlers. Get basic on-water instruction, attend kayaking seminars, and try different boats.

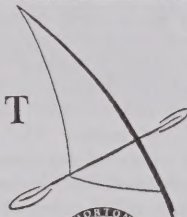
Coastal Kayak Workshop, August 5-6, Biddeford, Maine Intermediate kayakers will enjoy a weekend that includes 16 hours of on-water instruction with a student/teacher ratio of 4:1.

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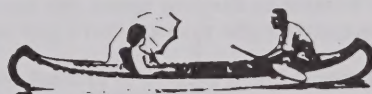
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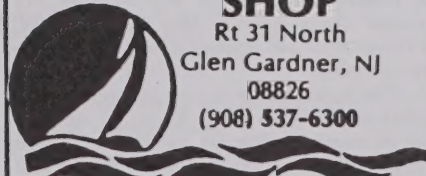
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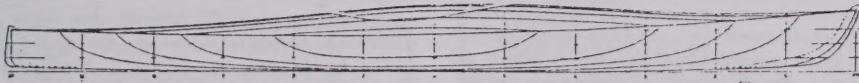
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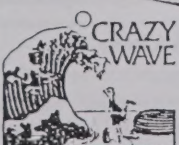

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"Us" and "Them"

"They" seem to be everywhere and there are more and more every day. In fact, "they" account for over 50% of all the vessels sold in the United States. "They" are Personal Watercraft, PWC's, most often referred to as jet skis.

It would be hard to imagine any group of boaters less likely to be involved with PWC's than the readers of *Messing About in Boats*. Our interests are with traditional small craft generally driven by sail, oar, paddle or a small internal combustion engine. We are vitally concerned with tides and currents because we lack the power to move against them and must learn to work with them. We keep a very close eye on the weather because there is no way that, travelling at 4 knots we will outrun a storm.

Even those of us with engines run, by comparison, very, very quiet vessels and we place high value on the quiet that we find on the water. The list of differences between "Us" and "Them" is long indeed and, if the truth be told, we look down on and resent this new breed of boaters. "They" bother "Us".

One of our concerns is that many operators of PWC's have little or no knowledge of the rules of the road or of boating courtesy and etiquette. We think them "dangerous", and often with good reason. We started boating in an old punt or a dinghy, they begin with a machine that can travel at 40 or 50 mph. We learned by spending our summers hanging about boatyards and docks, they learn in a ten minute demonstration from a salesman. Worst of all, their engines are so noisy they can't hear the trenchant advice we shout to them as they cut across our bow. On second thought perhaps that's just as well.

I submit that it is up to us to reach out to these new boaters, to teach them those things they need to know, for their safety and for ours, for their comfort and for ours, for their enjoyment of the magnificent sport of boating and for ours.

The fact is that there is an increased effort on the part of manufacturers and dealers of personal watercraft to teach good boating. The Coast Guard Auxiliary has just joined in this effort by offering a "Courtesy Marine Examination" just for PWC's, a process which is fully as much education as it is a check of equipment.

It is also true that some operators of personal watercraft are assisting in promoting boating safety. I can personally cite at least three cases when a PWC has come alongside my boat to tell me of a vessel in trouble and needing assistance. I can cite two occasions when PWC's, with their maneuverability and incredibly shallow draft, were able to pass a towline to a boat in water so shallow I could not approach to assist.

Even though there are far more PWC's, as against say three years ago, in the waters where I do my boating my personal observation is that there are far, far fewer who are operating in an irresponsible fashion.

The bottom line is that personal watercraft are here to stay. Those of us who boat in more traditional vessels have two choices. We can mutter bad words and shake our fists or we can welcome this new



Your Commentary

class of boaters into the fraternity. We can get to know them at the docks and launching ramps. We can invite them into our clubs. We can grant them their right to responsible sharing of the lakes, bays, rivers and sounds that we have enjoyed for so many years. We can even introduce them to the joys of the kind of messing about that gives us so much deeprooted pleasure.

The original meaning of the word "amateur" is "one who acts for the love of it". It seems to me that the goal that all of us more traditional boaters must share is to help those who regard the PWC as a kind of aquatic motorbike to become true "amateurs" who share our love for the wonderful sport of boating.

Tom Shaw

Something Real

I want to let you know how much I enjoyed your "Commentary" in the May 1st issue on workboats, playboats and trying to make a living on the waterfront. ... "and yearn to go back to work at something that appears to be real..." right on.

Dan Drath, Woodside, CA.

From Another Era

At the time I was completing my Steve Redmond design "Whisp" I received a complimentary copy of your magazine. On its pages was a philosophy that is not present in the mainstream boating magazines. It's a philosophy from another era when times were not as hectic, a time when boats were made for...messing about in!

Here on the Delaware River south of Trenton, New Jersey, the boating public seems to have adopted the philosophy of boating as a great race from Point A to Point B and back again. Not exactly what my idea of boating is.

Michael Notigan, Bordenton, NJ.

Remarkable Body of Work

While preparing my old house for demolition to make way for new, I had occasion to go back over all the old issues of *Messing About in Boats* I have since 1987. It's a remarkable body of work you've put together and an exceptional reference source. All of us boatheads are in your debt.

Hugh Horton, Mt. Clemens, MI.

Messing Up in Boats

After reading the May 1st issue it seemed as if you might have enough material for a separate publication called *Messing Up In Boats*. Three tales of disaster or near disaster in one issue got my attention.

You are to be congratulated for running "A Good Man Drowned" as a point, sad but true, well made. Perhaps if someone like Walt Chandler read more such pieces he wouldn't have ventured out in an unknown and unsurveyed boat in December. If I'd had such a close call I think I would try to slink away quietly, not boldly write it up for publication, but each to his own.

His story reminded me of one told by a trucker friend, who is in the oversized yacht transport business, about a vintage motoryacht that was to be moved from San Diego to San Francisco. My friend could do the job, but not soon enough to satisfy the new owner, who instead hired a captain and crew to move her on her own bottom. She was lost with all hands off the Golden Gate in a storm. I guess they didn't have Walt Chandler's luck.

I'm most disturbed, I guess, by the Dynamite Payson article about the boat trailer becoming completely unattached from the tow vehicle. People who go to sea unwisely or unprepared usually only risk their own lives and those of their often unsuspecting crew. People who go on the highway with unsafe trailers put totally innocent people at risk. If you substitute "my neighbor's child out picking up the mail" for "my neighbor's new mailbox" as the object hit, it no longer makes for such an amusing tale.

Again, if I'd lost a trailer off a truck and been lucky enough to get away with just property damage I wouldn't brag about it, especially in print. One doesn't have to be a lawyer to appreciate the concept of negligent homicide, and common sense should tell us that hitches and safety chains are nothing to joke about. To have trailer safety taken lightly in your magazine, especially by someone who is set up as an example for others in your commentary, is unfortunate.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT.

Keeps Me Believing

Messing About in Boats has helped me out a lot this past year. Building hints are keeping me from making the big mistakes and the personal accounts keep me believing I can do it too.

Failing eyesight brought me early retirement at 56 in good health and I can still build boats. Finally finished a Bolger/Payson canoe, birch cabinet ply and walnut trim make for a beautiful craft.

I am starting on Jim Michalak's Roar II next. I plan to deck it with a removeable camou cover for hideaway camp cruising. Reviewing back issues has already helped me planning another building project beyond Roar II.

Larry Bracken, New Albany, IN.

Mini Tug Info Wanted

I am looking for info from anyone who has knowledge of, or has built, MacNaughton's 17' "Bantam" and "Bufflehead" tugs.

Steve Ritzenthaler, 680 Bischoff Rd., New Carlisle, OH 45344, (513) 882-6869.

Wharram Tiki 21 Info Wanted

I would like to correspond with anyone who has built, is building, or is considering building, a Wharram Tiki 21.

I am currently finishing a Bolger Micro. I will gladly share any of my experiences and photos with anyone interested in this boat.

Tim Webber, 22903 Squirrel Tree, Spring, TX 77389, (713) 350-5220.

Successful Postal Person Days

I now measure time not in months and days but by "Successful Postal Person Day". "Successful Postal Person Days" are those that bring me *Messing About in Boats*. A magazine such as this is obviously not driven by economics. Your loyalty and love of our special interests is very much appreciated!

Tim Webber, Spring, TX.

Looking for a Camper Cruiser

I would be interested in any leads from readers on a small 16'-20' camp-aboard day sailer coastal cruiser. I prefer a wooden boat that will trailer easily. I intend to use such a boat on the big lakes in New Hampshire and occasionally on the Maine coast. I will consider a fixer-upper in basically sound condition.

John Packard, 62 Davis Ave., Rockville, CT 06066.

Bristol Fashion is No More

I am sorry to inform readers that *Bristol Fashion* magazine is out of publication. This event was brought about by my divorce. I do understand that this was not the concern of those who had subscribed but it is the explanation. Their concern is, "What about my money and all the information I received in the magazine?"

All former magazine subscribers have been sent the first two sections of the new manuals I have started publishing on boating, covering exactly what *Bristol Fashion* was covering, less the product reviews. Anyone wishing to order these, or future sections of the ongoing manuals can do so for \$6 per section, mailed 1st Class. A list of the subjects of each section is available on request.

John Kaufman, Bristol Fashion Publications, P.O. Box 20, Enola, PA 17025.

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The Appeal of Workboats

Your editorial in the May 1st issue about the appeal of workboats for earning a living was of particular interest to me. Bill Short, designer of the San Francisco Pelican sailboats, actually fulfilled the dream that you described. He held a U.S. Merchant Marine Master's License and was captain of a 569 steam tug owned by the Santa Fe Railroad Marine Division. His tug pushed loaded railroad car barges to different ports around San Francisco Bay. He did this job for 28 straight years and never lost his enjoyment and wonder that he was being paid for it!

From the vantage point of his pilot-house he saw many a dinghy sailor in trouble because of the Bay's choppy waters and strong afternoon winds, so he decided to create his own design. He was a recreational sailor and had sailed and studied many forms of classic working craft, especially the Banks dory and Chinese junk. Features from these working boats were combined in his Pelican design, along with the standing lug rig, also a "work" rig.

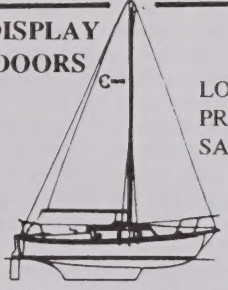
Bill once wrote that "the squarish shape of a Pelican has a slight resem-

blance to a railroad barge, so perhaps my years of towing barges have influenced my adventure in boat designing." He didn't mind this comparison because the result is a sturdy little vessel.

Muriel Short, San Francisco Pelican Boats, 203 Hawthorne Ave., Larkspur, CA 94939.

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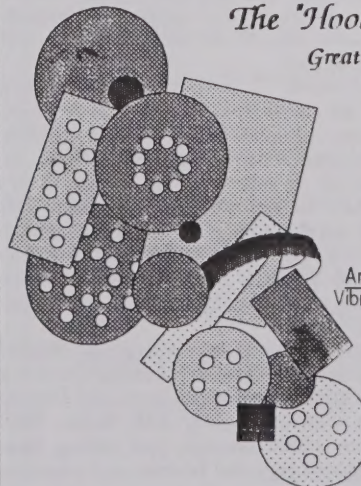
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BOOK REVIEW

Quiet Water Canoe Guide - Maine

By Alex Wilson & John Hayes
Appalachian Mountain Club Books, 5 Joy St., Boston, MA 02108.
Paperback, 336 pps, \$14.95
Reviewed by Nancy C. Jerome

This new addition to the *Quiet Water Canoe Guide* series has been released in time for this season's explorations. A selected 120 of the enormous number of lakes and ponds in Maine have been chosen for the authors' attention. Each location is thoroughly described and simple easy-to-read hand-drawn maps (with references to larger area maps), photos and wildlife drawings are included.

The format is similar to that of the other *Quiet Water Guides*, including all one needs to know for carefree canoe trips: Picnic places, campsites, lodging, permits, locations of services and agencies, directions to canoe access points, parking locations, safety equipment and tips, as well as nature essays on the state's wildlife.

This book was written for canoeists looking for peace and beauty in quiet places where children can be treated to nature at its best and adults can enjoy paddling at leisure, for the most part undisturbed by power boats. This manner of canoeing provides a close-up unhurried look at nature, and the book points out the type of fish and other wildlife, flora and geological features of each location. The best areas for exploration are pointed out, as are the places which are least populated. Attention is paid to conditions not ideal for camping with children, high tidal changes, windswept areas, and other problematic conditions.

One of the nature essays was of particular interest to me as a canoeist allergic to insect bites. "Black Flies & Mosquitoes" describes the difficulties of canoeing at certain times of the season when these insects can be quite discouraging. Few articles or guides warn of these problems, but these authors frankly discuss the best methods to avoid spoiling canoe trips because of black flies and mosquitoes.

The *Quiet Water Canoe Guides* all provide easy armchair decisions about where to go for calm water paddling, how to get there, and what can be seen. Your available time can be spent thoroughly enjoying nature's best rather than searching aimlessly. This latest Maine addition to the series is an excellent book, the longest of the four. The authors are to be congratulated for their thorough exploration for the readers' benefit.

Quiet Water Canoe Guide - Pennsylvania, by Scott & Linda Shalaway, 1994. 70 lakes & ponds, \$12.95.

Quiet Water Canoe Guide - Massachusetts, Connecticut & Rhode Island, by Alex Wilson, 1993. More Than 60 lakes & ponds, \$12.95.

Quiet Water Canoe Guide - New Hampshire & Vermont by Alex Wilson, 1992. 62 lakes & Ponds, \$12.95.

BOOK REVIEW

Whitewater...Slippery Stuff!

By Bob Hicks

The new book announcement arrived from the Appalachian Mountain Club in the form of a full color wraparound cover, *AMC Whitewater Handbook...Third Edition*. Okay, I never got interested much in whitewater, too late in life to teach this old dog yet another new set of tricks. But let's have a look inside anyway.

Well, it turned out to be an invitation to spend a day on the Deerfield River with the author, Bruce Lessels, who operates Zoar Outdoor in Charlemont, Massachusetts. I decided maybe I should accept, after all, press junkets are great excuses to mix business with pleasure.

Now, mid-afternoon on a raw, gray mid-May day, in intermittent showers, a half dozen of us press types were on that Deerfield River in the skittish little downriver kayaks, following instructions from Bruce and his wife Karen, gradually working our way upstream in quickwater towards a dam, below which the whitewater churned.

I had just really botched about the fourth try at a "peel out and ferry" at the very downstream edge of the white water. Each try was getting worse, not better. Time to call it a day, I had to leave anyway for a meeting in Cambridge three hours away. And in another half hour the water would be shut off at the dam. It had been enlightening and at times momentarily frightening even.

Bruce Lessels was a top paddler in world championship whitewater action in the late '80's. But I remember him from a local whitewater race covered in this magazine back then, with a full centerspread photo of him submerged to his waist in churning rapids on the Concord River in Lowell, Massachusetts, in a C-1 canoe (looks like a kayak, paddles with single blade).

The third edition of the *AMC Whitewater Guide* is Bruce's extensive rewrite and update of a standard instruction book for those who aspire to the heroics of this sport. Today's technology and ever stronger and better coordinated athletes have transformed the sport, and formerly unrunnable rapids are now standard stuff for the skilled.

Of some 25 outdoor writers invited, six of us showed up. I was the only one with any significant experience paddling kayaks and it was the wrong kind. Sea kayaks are bicycles to river kayaks' unicycles. My background was of little help, except maybe that I was familiar enough with "wet exits", the first thing Bruce has everyone do once on the water, to dispel the fear of being trapped in a capsized kayak.

We vanned up to Hallockville Pond in nearby Hawley for the morning session of paddle technique instruction and familiarization with the squirly little boats. While they are stable enough just sitting there, the slippery rounded bottom and excessive rocker which make them so maneuverable

in turbulent churning rapids make them unsteerable in flat water for the novice. Paddling along trying to go straight, I'd suddenly veer off to one side for no apparent reason, despite strenuous paddling efforts to counteract the unwanted turn. I was apparently leaning wrong somehow.

We had to learn about sweep strokes and high braces, to make the boat go and turn. And about leaning for control. I find that leaning part particularly unattractive as I am trying hard to not lean too far and tip over. How far is too far?

After lunch we vanned east to a spot just below a power dam east of Shelburne Falls. Here the water was moving along nicely, channeling amongst boulders in smooth flowing streams with backwater eddies clearly evident behind the larger boulders. Eddy turns were the first tricks to work on, and these were not too demanding in the moderate current and unintimidating surroundings. As I paddle towards the boulder diagonally across the current I am supposed to do a sweep stroke as my bow enters the eddy and then immediately follow it with a high brace on the opposite side to swing the kayak in behind the boulder. If I just coast into the eddy here, the boat will do the eddy turn all by itself anyway.

From these we went on to peel outs, getting out of the eddies and back into the current. All very sensible and clearly comprehensible maneuvers. I paddle briskly forward towards the back of the sheltering boulder, swing out into the oncoming current, hang a high brace on the downstream side, leaning (very tentatively) into the brace so the bottom of my kayak catches the current, and presto, I'm off downstream nicely. Or for upstream, no brace, just sweep stroke in the upstream direction and dig in and paddle at a diagonal towards some sheltering boulder on the far bank- ing.

This way was not so graceful, battling the current with uneven strokes, suddenly losing the front end to the current and swinging right off downstream, or turning upstream too much and proceeding then to back downstream. This all was part of learning to ferry.

Pretty soon Bruce said he thought this was all pretty boring stuff now and we began moving upstream towards the whitewater in a series of banking to banking ferries, eddy turns and peel outs. Mine were all pretty rough, some much worse than others, but I was getting there along with the rest. Still, I could have spent the afternoon going over and over the seemingly simple strokes that got so confusing when the boat went off on its own course.

A moment of drama as we neared the faster moving beginning of the whitewater stuff, as Heidi, a young outdoor woman who works producing those Trailside Shows done by John Viehman for public TV, dumped when she lost control in a ferry crossing. She was out of her boat in a flash and soon reached the banking near some of the others, while Bruce chased down her upturned kayak. She was elated, "I really did come out!" she announced.

Now it was time for whitewater. Well, a taste of it anyway. Maybe Class 1/4 on that scale of 1 to 6 used by whitewater folks. Here we had to peel out of our shore-side eddy across a short turbulent stretch of

rushing current into a sizeable eddy behind a barely submerged boulder. Once into that spot of calm, we were then to peel out into the more rushing current on the far side, hang that downstream brace and ferry across the more turbulent current to a big eddy downstream a bit on the far shore.

We all made it, several times. Don't ask about technique. Getting to the eddy wasn't too hard, it was hardly 25 feet away. But then peeling out, bracing, etc! Hey, when that current caught my bow, before I could even think about that brace, I was swung off downstream and then had to strive mightily with thrashing strokes to get the slippery little boat into that eddy before being swept past it.

On that fourth and worst try, as I emerged into the onrushing current and swung off downstream my boat tipped suddenly upstream. I reacted opposite and did a sort of pendulum act, tipping back and forth a couple of times before straightening up and deperately paddling for the eddy, partly blocked by another boat, into which I crashed. All still afloat anyway. I apparently had leaned upstream instead of down on my peelout so the water climbed onto the upstream deck forcing it under. I don't remember.

Well, now Bruce was smiling at us all and moving us further up into the whitewater area. This was how a lesson goes, pressing onwards before fear and anxiety get a hold. I was, however, sufficiently intimidated by my decreasing ability to cope with what to me was a need for fast action, to cop out a half hour early with my very real committment to an evening meeting a useful escape hatch. I figured that I was about ready to lose it all in the next level of demands upon my sluggish reactions. Ah, youthful exuberance, so long gone you are!

Bruce Lessels operates Zoar Outdoor, Rt. 2 Mohawk Trail, Charlemont, MA 01339, (800) 532-7483. He and Karen have a really nice place, based in a historic old house on 80 acres, with everything one would want in whitewater instruction and gear. They even do rafting trips on Class IV rapids of the Dryway on the Deerfield just below Monroe Bridge dam. Give them a call and get their brochure. You might just be lured in by the siren song of whitewater excitement. Now if I were maybe 25, maybe 35, possibly even 45, I might...

Now, About the Book...

AMC Whitewater Handbook...Third Edition

By Bruce Lessels

5-1/2"x8-1/2", 288 pp., 240 photographs, 8 line drawings, \$14.95 paperback.

This book is just what it claims, a handbook with all the latest information on this sport covering everything from gear to technique, even "managing risk", all of it. It starts out at basics and ends up at racing. It's an educational book not entertainment. No war stories, but lots of detailed descriptions and discussions about the many facets of this sport.

Bruce Lessels writes clearly about his subject and doesn't jump right into the jargon before you're ready for it. Both kayaks and canoes are covered in detail, there are differences in how each is used in whitewater.

I didn't read it all, I'm not going to become a whitewater paddler. I read the introductory chapters prior to my outing, as Bruce suggested, to gain some understanding of how the techniques we would be practicing worked. This was helpful on learning the sweep turn, for example, where one keeps eyes on the paddle and swivels about 90 degrees relative to the boat. I wanted to watch the boat turn, but it's the paddle you have to watch it seems.

Anyway, reading about it first made it easier for me to follow directions later.

It seems to me that you will not be buying this book unless you really have an interest in learning to paddle in whitewater, either as beginner, or to improve limited existing skills. At only \$14.95 it's pretty low cost information. I look on it as just an introduction, though. There are so many facets to this whitewater sport that on-the-water instruction seems almost to be a requirement. I'd buy the book first and then sign up with the author for some instruction, reading along in it as lessons developed, the old school textbook approach.

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One summer in the '50's I took a 600 mile cruise through the rivers and canals of Belgium, Holland and Germany to Denmark. My good companion, the *Friend*, was an 18' kayak or sailing canoe which I had built in San Francisco. She was an excellent choice, inexpensive, comfortable and able. Her rugged 32" inch wide hull was molded of fiberglass reinforced plastic and decked with 1/8th inch mahogany plywood. She carried a handy 24 square foot spritsail for use with favorable winds and had Styrofoam flotation built into her bow and stern.

It was to be the rainiest summer on record, but good equipment and friendly people minimized this inconvenience. I had not yet learned to travel light so was burdened with a hundred pounds of gear. There was no tent at first although eventually I acquired a light German model. Instead of cooking, the plan was to eat in a restaurant once a day or so relying on bread, cheese and fruit for the other two meals. Various unscheduled events such as a tow, a favorable breeze or an isolated camping spot caused many hot meals to be missed, but I was never hungry.

In Antwerp I left the American freighter that had brought my boat and myself from New York and bucked into a stiff head wind on the gray Schelde River. Entering the lock into the Albert canal, the sixty-five mile highway to Holland, I was surprised to see the elderly lock keeper reading the latest *Saturday Evening Post*.

While we discussed routes to Denmark the young skipper of a 400 ton Dutch tanker came in and I was soon invited to be his guest as far as the Dutch border. We had a bit of a language problem, but it was more of a challenge than a handicap. Skipper Hans introduced me to his mate George as we lifted the *Friend* aboard their vessel, the *Agate*. She was of riveted iron construction with a lively sheer, bluff ends, and almost no freeboard when loaded. Living quarters were comfortable, with the mate forward and skipper aft. Spotless carpets were not dirtied by shoes because the wooden klompen worn ashore and on deck were always left at the wheelhouse door.

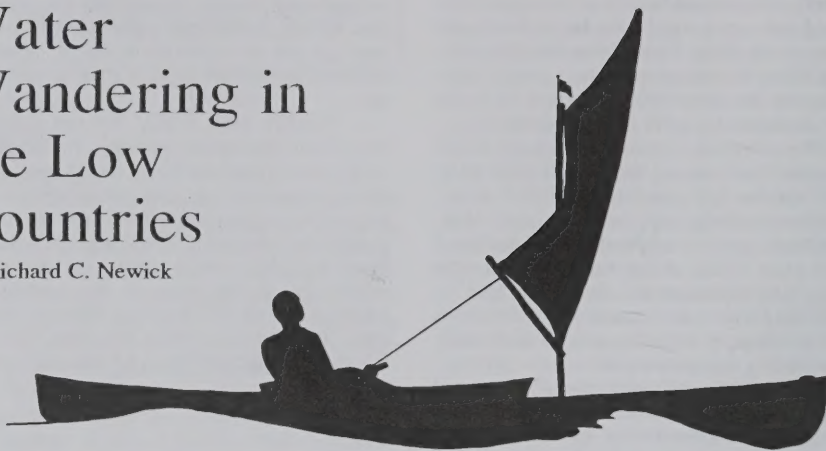
Underway it was fascinating to watch the skill with which the unwieldy craft was snubbed around corners and fended off with small wooden fenders in tight places. All lines were of flexible wire, requiring expert handling to heave, belay and snub on the large oversized bits. We tied up on the outskirts of Antwerp that evening and I retired to my cozy stateroom which was finished in varnished mahogany and birch. Hans had explained that there was plenty of room for me because his wife had stayed at home this trip to have their first baby.

The next day's travel was through intensively farmed low country studded with brick farmhouses and quiet villages. In contrast the canal was busy with commercial craft traveling at about five knots. They were usually self propelled, but many large barges of over a thousand tons were towed by pocket sized tugs. The flags were mostly Belgian and Dutch with a few German, Swiss and French. All were well maintained, having shiny black hulls, white or varnished deckhouses and brightly colored trim.

At dusk we stopped for the night at

Water Wandering in the Low Countries

By Richard C. Newick



the village of Beerningen where we swung ashore to the sloping canal bank on one of the long booms used to handle hose. Supplies were purchased at the butcher, baker and grocery shops, which were small rooms in the proprietors' homes. We then spent a pleasant evening at a tiny bar where Ana and Mia, the owner's daughters, were impressed with the skipper and his handsome mate. They hardly looked at the dumb foreigner who spoke virtually no Flemish, French, Dutch or German. At 2am we were the last customers so mama invited us into the cozy kitchen for bread and broth before we returned to the boat along the quiet canal banks under a sky shared by a bright moon and heavy clouds.

At dawn we got underway quickly. George, in shirt sleeves, ignored the gentle rain and scrubbed everything on deck with soap and water. I found the steering tricky, with the long narrow craft always ready to take advantage of the least inattention. While I steered, Hans described life on the canals where he had first served seven years as mate to qualify as skipper. His captain's salary was about one hundred dollars a month and prices were somewhat lower than in the United States. He seemed quite satisfied with his life, transporting fuel oil all over central Europe.

As the canal entered a deep cut in the hills near the border I stowed my gear, launched the *Friend* and bade farewell to the *Agate's* hospitable crew. Soon I entered the Juliana Canal in a dreary rain, but I was feeling snug and smug as I paddled along, much more comfortable than I could have been in any other small boat. With good equipment even a rainy day can be surprisingly pleasant.

At the little border station I tied up astern of the *Bram*, a 20' flat bottomed Dutch sailing pram with large leeboards tucked up and an outboard motor clamped to the stern. Corrie deKeyzer, one of her crew, helped me through the border formalities, which were so few that I wondered if I had entered Holland illegally. At tea in the *Bram's* charming fifty year old cabin I met Mr. and Mrs. Kroon, who with Corrie, were returning from a vacation trip to France.

To their questions about my plans I could only say that I had arranged to have my mail sent to Copenhagen and was headed that way on a leisurely voyage. They thought it an unusual way for an American tourist to travel whereupon I

explained that as a boat builder one of my purposes was to study European small craft. I was trying not to be just a tourist.

The *Bram* towed me the few miles to Maastricht where we tied up at the Watersport Club near the municipal park. The park was a fairyland of delightful effects as colored indirect lights played on the foliage and flowers. After supper aboard *Bram* and coffee in a sidewalk cafe I slept aboard the *Friend*, pulled out on a float, cramped but dry.

The next morning the *Bram* overtook me and again offered a tow to the next lock. Here I decided to sail and reluctantly parted from my new friends. Their boat, massively built of oak and completely varnished, was a pretty picture even without her rig. Pram bow, leeboards and mast tabernacle took strange to American eyes, but these products of long evolution should not be hastily cast aside in our modern search for practical small cruising craft.

Sailing was impractical behind the high canal banks so I soon returned to the double paddle. Young children, bicycles, dogs and drying laundry aboard the passing vessels testified to the family life aboard. In the locks I discovered that my purchase of a horn in Antwerp was unnecessary. Instead of blowing I waited quietly until the lock was full of commercial craft. Then the local master would wave us in just as the massive doors swung shut.

There was always room for the *Friend*, but care was necessary to prevent a fatal squeeze from my larger lock mates as we were effortlessly raised or lowered 10' or 20'. Small pleasure craft were not charged for the use of the waterways but the skippers of the larger yachts often tipped the lock attendants.

After a dull day of paddling I was happy to enter the Maas River with its varied scenery and helping current. I paddled late in the long northern summer evening and spent the night under a concrete loading ramp. When morning came it was hard to roll out of my dry sleeping bag to start downriver in a driving rain. *Friend* shot downwind and downstream at maximum hull speed under a full spread of sail. This soon felt unsafe so I unshipped the sprit, tied the peak of the sail to the gooseneck (a practical arrangement) and continued reefed, but still at top speed.

After roaring past several villages and riverside inns I started thinking about hot

food and an open fire. I landed and explored a muddy British army engineers camp where I talked to several men who were building a military bridge. They recommended the Ferryhouse Inn at the village of Well a mile downstream, where I found a room, an open fire and hot water for a bath. The hostess introduced me to her other guests, Mr. and Mrs. Renckins and their pretty daughter who were vacationing from The Hague. They spoke excellent English and we found much to talk about and to explore in the neighborhood.

A one day visit with these pleasant folk was not enough and another gray dawn made it easy to decide to stay over Sunday. Until the war ruined church could be rebuilt services were being held in the barn of an ancient castle. Its interior, with a network of giant oak beams overhead, seemed a natural setting in which to worship a Man with a divine nature who started life in similar surroundings.

After attending church with the Renckins I enjoyed watching the local farmers stop at the inn for a glass of beer, a game of cards or billiards and the local gossip. Later many Dutch and English soldiers came in for a jolly evening of song.

Early Monday I paid my bill of less than \$5 and started downstream under a cloudy sky, bucking a stiff headwind. At the next lock food supplies were replenished at a floating store where I met the skipper of the tug *Nelly*, who gave me a ride. After spending a lazy afternoon with his pleasant family in their snug wheelhouse I left them rather hurriedly above the lock at Nijmegen while the lock keeper waited for me to squeeze in. Then came a slow two mile paddle up the wide and swift Waal River to the city.

Here I met Hans and Herman, two enthusiastic young members of the Nijmegen Kayak Club who invited me to spend the night in their clubhouse, an old sailing barge. It was surrounded by about fifty brightly painted kayaks, more than I had ever seen in one place, an indication that the Dutch know a fine type of craft when they see it.

In the morning the boys helped me shop in their ancient city and showed me their flat bottom boats built of half inch soft wood. The larger ones were often fitted with sail and daggerboard. Hans and Herman paddled with me a short distance up the busy river, but could not keep up when *Friend* started sailing. Fortunately a strong following wind enabled me to make slow progress close to the bank out of the main current, so that I soon turned the bend into the lower Rhine. Here were many vessels some as large as 1,500 tons, which ran between the coastal ports and Switzerland.

It was only a few quick miles down to the entrance of the smaller and more winding IJssel River where I stopped at a village to watch farm families take advantage of a rare dry day and the long summer evening

to do the haying. Almost everyone in the small towns smiled and greeted me. Perhaps my gray cotton slacks and plaid woolen shirt marked me as a foreigner. Most men wore either a suit jacket or working coveralls. Wooden shoes were not something to be sold to tourists. They were used afloat and ashore, every place but in the large towns. It was an odd sight to see a farmer or boatman in modern dress astride a shiny bicycle with his feet encased in clumsy looking klompen.

After a night under a tree in a riverside pasture I awoke looking into the soft brown eyes of several curious cows. A damp fog burned off during the morning as I lazily drifted toward Zutphen where the important railroad bridge led a charmed life as the target of Allied bombers during the war. The town's business district had not been so lucky and destruction was heavy. I shaved and ate at the new railroad station, then talked with several yachtsmen in the attractive willow shaded harbor while tea was being served aboard a 20' sloop. Although I only learned a few words of Dutch, language was never a serious barrier as the friendly people often spoke English. Otherwise we relied on smiles and gestures.

Here I left the interesting and helpful river to enter the placid Van Twente Canal. The well traveled commercial arteries were behind me and I spent the next few days in little used canals enroute to the network of north German waterways. At Delden I stayed at the youth hostel which was crowded with an international group of young people who were obviously enjoying their walking or bicycle tours. Hot food was good, as were the cold shower and laundry facilities.

The following day I was happy to accept a short tow offered by a canal maintenance barge which took me to Almelo, the home of an active sailing club. There I went through a lock with four kayaks manned by Dutch Boy Scouts on a cruise. I enjoyed the next two days with them, cooking meals together, sleeping in hay filled barns and trading boats occasionally. Kayaks were probably the only boats that could have made it through several weed choked sections of the canal where we helped the lock tenders turn the manually operated valves and open the rusty gates.

The point where we crossed the German border was a few miles from any station so we walked through the woods and fields to report our presence to the customs and immigration offices where formalities were few. The only indications that we had crossed the border were the size of the dogs (the Germans like big ones) and the fact that the next lock keeper charged us twenty cents a boat.

At Nordhorn my exuberant companions took another route, leaving me paddling in the rain. The straight canal passed through a deserted forest and for the first

time on the voyage I was lonely. At dusk I reached the lock into the Ems River where I asked the attendant for permission to sleep in a thatched shed. My request was put across in very poor German and I had trouble understanding that he did not want any fires made. I thanked him, wondering what could possibly burn in that deluge, and was very soon asleep.

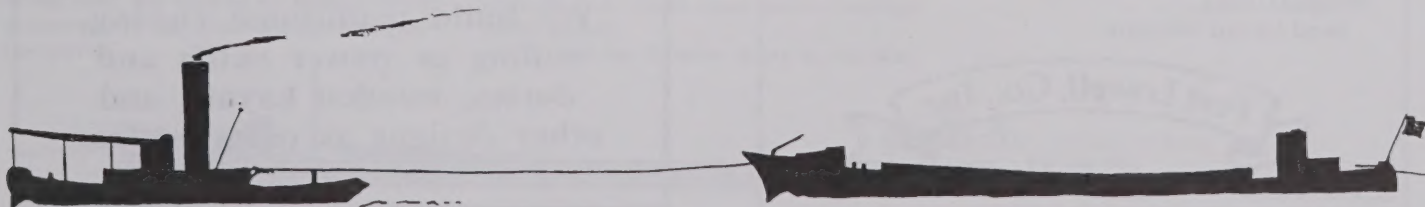
While eating and contemplating the morning mist I was invited in for tea by the family whose young son, a kayak enthusiast, later helped me shove off in the Dortmund-Ems Canal. The chart indicated seven locks in the next twenty miles so I tied on astern of two 650 ton barges that were towed by a steam tug with a high funnel hinged at its base to permit passing under low bridges. The nearest barge had a 9' diameter steering wheel mounted horizontally in the stern and her helmsman needed all that leverage on a large rudder to manage his 150' craft. Despite careful steering the unwieldy boats often went weaving down the canal like a convoy performing antisubmarine tactics.

A few timber rafts passed us, floating slowly toward the sea with two raftsmen using big sweeps for steering. Their accommodations were a small tent and an iron cook pot amidships. In the late afternoon I cast off the tow to enter the Ems-Weser Canal and paddled for several miles looking for an inn. I had no luck so once again I camped under a bridge along the canal bank.

Next day a few times I took advantage of a fitful breeze, but paddled most of the way through a forest where the only people were the crews of an occasional boat. Out of food and water, I was glad to stop at a canal maintenance station near Bramsche where I left the boat and walked through green fields to the ancient brick town. After a bath, shave and haircut, a good meal made me feel like the Kaiser himself.

Before turning in at the old hotel I explored the prosperous looking town and tried to read the mottoes and Biblical sayings carved into the timbers of the tilting medieval houses. My casual pedestrian habits were dangerous here because a silent bicycle was always sneaking up unheard, or motor bikes came screaming around the twisting street where I was dreamily contemplating the architecture.

The following morning was spent patching the *Friend's* bow and stern which had been insufficiently reinforced when I built her. While waiting for the plastic to set up thoughts turned to an improved boat and I decided that for a similar trip I would prefer a kayak with less windage and weight, about 15' long with 30" beam and watertight bulkheads for flotation. Also I would carry far less gear and try to reduce *Friend's* fully loaded weight from 220lbs to 150lbs. A small sail adds greatly to the fun but complicates the question of beam. This might be solved by a narrow waterline beam with reserve buoyancy for sail-





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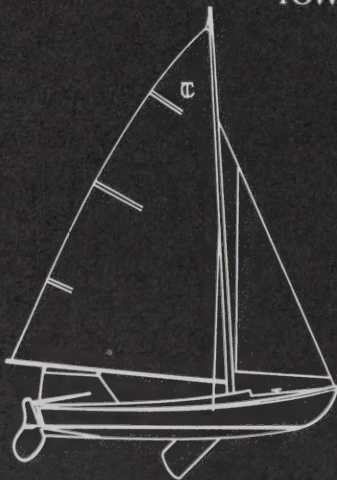


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ing near the sheer.

When the plastic cured sufficiently I took advantage of a gusty favorable wind with rain squalls and made good time. That night was spent under another bridge where I awoke damp and firmly resolved to get a tent and soon my spirits rose as I quickly resumed sailing, shooting off ahead of a tug with five barges. Then they slowly passed me, a tight squeeze in the narrow canal with vessels also passing in the opposite direction. I decided to raise full sail and live dangerously. It was wonderful.

The tug and barges were quickly passed and never seen again. At first I reefed down for the worst squalls, but finally got used to sailing through everything including some very wet downpours and a vicious hail squall. The only regrets were the lack of a watch to time the speed and the lack of a cameraman ashore to record the *Friend's* performance. I was proud of her.

At Minden I left the canal and descended 40' in the deepest lock of the voyage to the Weser River. Here I paddled under the canal which crossed high overhead on a broad stone aqueduct. Above the pretty town of Minden I found an English army engineer installation where several outfits were participating in a gala regatta day with competitions in bridge building, rowing and rafting plus well patronized refreshment tents and recreation activities for the troops and their families. Here I was happy to find a place to store the boat for a few days while I visited friends in Hanover, an hour away by train.

I returned with still more gear to stow; a small tent, a pair of leather short pants and a marvelously complete guide to German waterways, *Das Deutsch Fluss Und Zeltwanderbuch*. It was good to get back on the smooth flowing river, loafing along and enjoying an unusually warm day. At sunset at a village camping ground I met Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Eplinius from Berlin who have seen most of Europe during their thirty or more summer vacations of cruising in their folding kayak. I was impressed by their efficient camp and enjoyed their company, although I wished that I spoke more German. That night the new tent kept me dry and happy during a wild rainstorm.

In the morning Mr. and Mrs. Eplinius overtook me on the river while I was studying German from a pocket phrase book and letting the current do most of the work. After I noted that the current was weaker I lazily took a tow the last few miles to the charming village of Hoya where the rowing club kindly invited me to be their guest. The club's youngsters were getting a thorough training in a type of boat common in Europe, beautifully clinker built about 30' long by 3' wide, with sliding seats but without outriggers. Maybe rowing could even be made popular in the United States with such fine easily driven craft, but most of us seem to be too accustomed to the noise and speed of gasoline power.

The following morning I again headed north, hoping to reach Bremen that night. However the current was not strong and I slowed down and joined a large group of campers several miles upriver from the city. Supplies were procured from a low farmhouse back under the trees and I enjoyed examining the campers' equipment. Many small sailboats had waterproof cockpit tents and their occupants were remarkably comfortable.

Most interesting were the canoes, larger than, but similar to, the American open canoe. These boats were decked, had rakish windshields and were usually driven by light outboard motors. Many also carried sails for use with a favorable wind. When dragged ashore two people often slept in them under canvas covers stretched over flexible steel hoops set into the gunwales.

After an enjoyable day with the vacationers I headed for Bremen. Here I spoke to the first Americans since leaving Antwerp just a month before. In tidewater again, I welcomed the help of a strong ebb that swept me downriver to a fine camping spot near the famous Abeking and Rasmussen Yacht Yard. The river widened here and provided some exciting and dangerous sailing before I reached Bremerhaven. Several times after the tide turned against a strong following wind the *Friend* buried her forward deck as she tried to go through a steep wave. The camping spot of the Bremerhaven Canoe Club welcomed a tired wanderer that night. I stayed two days in this important port which, like Bremen, showed much war damage.

I was glad to get into the narrow Geeste-Hadelner Canal that meandered through the low farming country between the mouths of the great Weser and Elbe rivers. It is not much used, but provides a fine route for small craft having no desire to brave the dangerous North Sea coast. A night was spent at the resort of Bederkesa where tea colored bog water formed a shallow lake.

While sailing along the narrow canal the following day I let my attention wander to admire a trim and tiny motor cruiser. The *Friend* must also have been attracted because she wandered too and smacked her nose on a sharp piece of masonry at the canal bank. Temporary repairs were made with a handkerchief stuffed in the hole. At Ottendorf I camped in the lock keeper's yard and explored the fine old riverside town.

Out in the five mile wide mouth of the Elbe River I was glad that things had been stowed with the weight aft as I raised sail and settled back to see how the strong favorable wind would treat me. Conditions were similar to those in the Weser River entrance except that the waves were larger and the bow lighter, which made for a safer trip. I passed several seagoing vessels close aboard and seemed to cause much comment on their decks. At times I would have liked to watch from such a vantage point myself.

I shot the thirteen miles to the Kiel

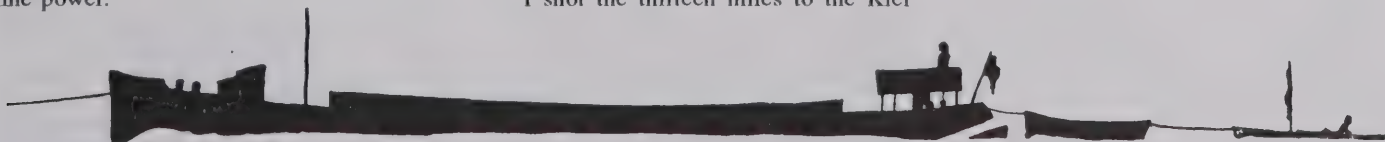
Canal entrance in less than two hours. The canal traffic was international and gave me my first look at the charming old Scandinavian motor sailers. The strong following breeze held until late afternoon. Then I continued paddling to Oldenbuttel where I polished off a big meal at the village gasthaus to celebrate the longest day's run under my own power, thirty-seven miles.

The following day was spent paddling until midafternoon when I dangled the painter at an ancient canal boat with round ends that was limping along with motor trouble. Her young helmsman cheerfully belayed my line and I spent the rest of the afternoon dozing and writing letters. I was surprised once by a shouted greeting from a pretty racing kayak that effortlessly rode the wake of a fast large vessel. She looked as if she had been designed right on to the wave she was riding so jauntily.

With a feeling of satisfied accomplishment I left the canal at dusk and glided into Kiel Fjord in the soft breathless light. A full moon rose over the far shore and echoes of ferry whistles chased the dying rattle of a shipyard air hammer across the still water. The yacht club looked too fancy and the canoe and rowing clubs had been passed in the dark so I camped in the depressing ruins of the former Kiel naval base, lulled to sleep by the fine music of a nearby open air concert.

After a day in Kiel I was anticipating Denmark's delights, but I did not care to test Kiel Bay's thirty-five miles of open water. Instead I returned to the canal where passage was easily secured in a modern 1,300 ton Dutch freighter, the *Rijnborg of Delfzyl*, with a cargo of coal for southern Denmark. Other passengers were two German students headed for Sweden with their bicycles. As we followed the channel into sparkling waters, Denmark promised to be one of the highlights of my long, still uncharted journey.

(Reprinted from *The Rudder*, September, 1956)



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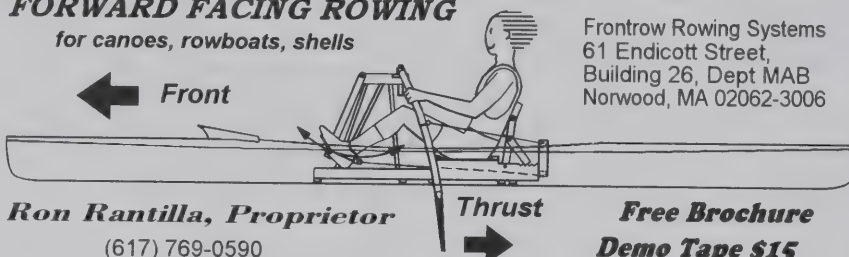
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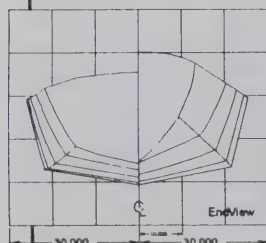
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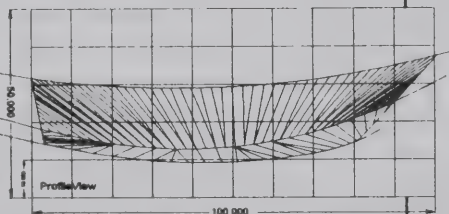
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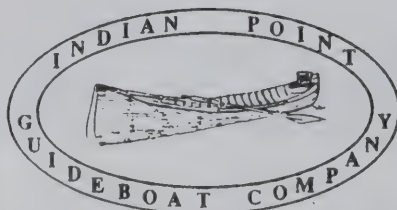
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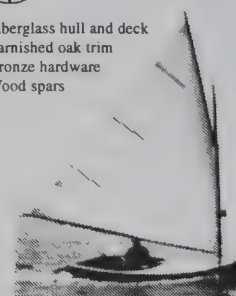
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When my wife wanted to attend a high school reunion in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, I offered to drive her if she would let me take a Wee Lassie along. So off we went. I would have less than a day to explore the area, so I did a little homework before we left, drawing a circle around Myrtle Beach an hour's drive away, and then seeing what I could canoe inside that circle. Lake Waccamaw and the Waccamaw River became the obvious candidates for exploration.

So on a Friday morning, I headed for Lake Waccamaw. The map showed a state park at the lake, and I figured that was a good place to start. It was about an hour's drive through farmland and forest, real country with very little traffic and arrow straight roads. If you see a place on a map with no roads, no towns, no nothing, you are getting close to what I look for when I go exploring.

I found the park without any trouble, but that didn't put me on the lake. The park was more for picnicking than anything else. There was a long boardwalk leading out to the lake, which was about two inches deep at the end of the boardwalk. I walked back to the car and ate breakfast from my supplies. Cereal, pineapple juice, bananas, and strawberries, in a big cereal bowl. I had the whole park to myself, but that wasn't putting me on the water. However I had noticed a small boat ramp on the way into the park, and that was my next stop.

It was a small parking lot with a very narrow, shallow canal alongside. I had no idea where it went, but there were signs telling you not to eat the fish you caught because of mercury poisoning, so I figured it had to go someplace you could catch fish, and that meant bigger water out of sight someplace at the end of the canal. Off the car came my Wee Lassie, and I loaded up and took off in about five inches of water under a wooden bridge, and out into a big creek.

Waccamaw Trip

By Mac McCarthy

One way was the lake, but I went upstream. It was a nice trip, the air was cooler than the water and steam was drifting across the surface of the creek. The trees made a canopy that screened the sun, but best of all it was quiet. The creek was about thirty feet wide, fairly shallow. The water level was evidently well below normal, so I had the creek all to myself. It was too shallow for an outboard motor for most of the distance I paddled. It finally got so narrow there was no place to go, so I reversed, and paddled back downstream and out into the lake.

The lake was pretty well built up, with houses all the way around, and every house the proud owner of a dock, and most of them with motor boats hanging in slings. But it was Friday and I didn't see or hear a single motor boat on the water. The lake appears to be shallow along its borders, with a light yellow sand bottom, clear water, and interesting water plants. The ones that really caught my eye, were, I believe, a form of Spatterdock, that I used to have in an aquarium. Cypress trees grow along the edge of the lake, and I had a pleasant paddle through the water reeds that grew in great patches in the shallow water along the beach.

When I left the lake, I headed for the town of Old Dock, further down on the Waccamaw River and put in at The Babson's landing. They have a small store and gas station out front on the road, and a parking lot and ramp to the water. I would always rather pay a couple of dollars, and not have to worry about the car while I'm paddling.

I paddled upstream for an hour or so, it reminded me of the Suwannee River in

north Florida. Same type of trees, the same burgundy colored water, the same white sandbanks. Not much wildlife, but it was quiet and I had the river to myself. The water level was very low, and there was no motor boat traffic. It was fine by me.

I had intended to paddle further down on the Waccamaw on Saturday, but it just didn't work out. There would have been motor boats further down where the river would be wider and deeper, and anyway I stay off strange rivers on weekends.

I did find a bookstore at the mall Saturday, and a really neat book about the Waccamaw, by Franklyn Burroughs, called *Horry and The Waccamaw*. He had done the whole river back in 1985, and it was interesting to compare his experience to mine. I learned a lot from the book as to the background of the whole area. Much more than I learned from *Paddling South Carolina*, or *A Paddlers Guide to Eastern North Carolina*, both of whom mention the Waccamaw.

Then when I got home, I dug out *Messing About in Boats* for June 1, 1989, and read Nathaniel Bishop's description of the Waccamaw. This made the whole trip, in retrospect, much more interesting. Mr. Bishop hit the Waccamaw when it was in flood, so he had an entirely different experience than I did.

No matter where you go in this country, you can find a place to paddle a Wee Lassie. Some of these little backwaters have a rich history to be learned if you take the trouble to do a little research.

Evidently there is a question as to how Lake Waccamaw was formed. Was it a meteor crater or a shallow depression in an enormous sandbank left by the receding sea, millions of years ago? I find such things interesting to ponder while I paddle my way through life. There are species of fish, and plants that exist only in the lake. It may not be the Galapagos, but it is much closer to home, and hides the same basic mysteries.



Greetings from Miami, where a bigger contrast to our last four months on the Atlantic Ocean cannot be imagined.

As Jason and I pedaled away from the Algarve coastal town of Lagos on 13th October, I remember a magical brilliance in the cool morning sunrise, a small crowd of waving friends and disbelieving strangers along the quay; fishermen hoisting their catches off to market; a knot as large as a monkey fist in my belly.

The golden sandstone cliffs gradually sank under a choppy, blue horizon and the knot unraveled. Our spirits soared as we realised that three years of planning was over. No more talking, pleading and borrowing. Our entire world was now enclosed in a small wooden boat called *Moksha* and the adventure, the first pedal powered voyage from Europe to the USA, became real. But it was also our first time at sea and 4,500 nautical miles of pitiless ocean lay ahead. The knot came back, double thickness.

The human mind seems infinitely adaptable. Within a week we had survived our first heavy sea and had settled comfortably into a routine that changed little in four months. During daylight we chose two hour pedaling shifts, switching to a four hour rotation at night, and this continued non-stop for 500nm until we made landfall in Madeira (Day 15). We hastily fixed a cracked skeg and our salt-ridden video camera, and squeezed in school visits before striking out southwest once again bound for the Northeast Trades.

4,000nm is an unimaginable distance when one is traveling at 2 knots, so we learned to look forward to closer, more



Pedal for the Planet

The First Human Powered Round-the-World Expedition

By Steve Smith
(Our life is frittered away by detail... Simplify, simplify. - Thoreau)

tangible goals. Until Day 111, we never pedaled towards Florida. We pedaled towards porridge at 8am; towards a cup of tea at 10.30, towards the next break.

By Day 55 we had reached the mid-Atlantic Ridge and were suffering badly from salt sores, chronic tiredness and the mental stresses which build under

confinement made worse by constant motion. Imagine a funfair ride which becomes irritating and ultimately nightmarish as it refuses to stop to let you off. In order to maintain a positive outlook we opted to avoid depressing fatigues by both sleeping for 8-10 hours every ten days, leaving the boat to drift. The happy expectation of this treat was only underlined for the one whose turn it was to crawl into the rear cabin to sleep among bags full of rotting garbage, the stench of which surpassed even our own odor after the second month at sea. (Note: Jason & Steve carried anything not biodegradable with them.)

In other respects we approached the mental challenge very differently. Jason chose to confine and focus himself on daily activities, as if he were on land. However, in contrast to the distractions and influences of normal life, he found that our simple routine and isolation released time to thoroughly concentrate on doing each project well, whether it was cooking, writing, making repairs to just thinking. "He did each single thing as if he did nothing else" (Dickens), discovering a near-meditative and altogether happier condition than my own.

I too benefited from the "wilderness experience", but as navigator my prime concern was always daily progress towards land, however distant. Being focused on the present may alleviate anxiety, but one cannot just "be" for too long in a wooden box with dwindling food whilst floating on water three miles deep. My moods were therefore closely related to the weather. Sometimes we would be unable to pedal for days on end because of strong westerlies,

forcing us to throw out a sea anchor to check our backward drift. Other days were spent surfing down large waves with crests breaking over the deck, while the rudder was carefully steered to avoid broaching and capsizing the boat.

A capsize never occurred, though one particularly vicious wave punched *Moksha* onto her roof and threw me overboard. A whale also gave us a fright one night by using our hull as a backscratcher.

Whichever Guardian Angel was with us then also gave us the perfect Christmas present in the shape of the U.S. Cable Ship *Charlie Brown*, which we found all but gift wrapped and waiting for us on Christmas morning. It was a brief and unforgettable fairy-tale to share a turkey dinner with the crew two thousand miles from land. We had planned on mutton granules and water.

One month later near the Bahamas, we were again shocked out of our dull monotony by the sight of Kenny Brown in a borrowed plane. (Note: Kenny Brown is the expedition photographer.) His air dropped note promised food, beer and a warm welcome on the small British dependency of Providenciales in the Turks and Caicos Islands, only 33nm away. Despite a near fatal collision with the reef, we found ourselves stepping out of solitary hard labour onto a tropical paradise on Day 97 of the voyage. We left Provo, reluctantly, on 3rd February with fresh food, a donation from the KSV/Arby's restaurant chain and fond memories of the wonderful islanders.

The final 600nm to Miami were among the most difficult. There was a desperate battle against strong winds threatening to blow us onto Cuba, and later we sweated through hot, humid days devoid of wind over the Great Bahama Bank.

The final, crucial days approaching land were ideal, and we covered a record 73 miles crossing the Gulf Stream and on to Biscayne Bay, Florida. On February 17th (Day 111) the U.S. Coast Guard kindly escorted us the final 8 miles to the Miami Yacht Club.

We have since pedaled up the Inter-coastal Waterway to Fort Lauderdale, where *Moksha* was proudly displayed at local events. The sale of Tee shirts and names on the boat (and newsletter mailing) for \$90 a piece keeps us afloat.

The American people have been overwhelmingly generous and enthusiastic towards our accomplishment and the remaining journey ahead. A commercial sponsor is still urgently needed as we are only a quarter of the way round the world, in debt, and with a Pacific crossing to finance next year. Still, to have traveled 80 degrees west from Greenwich entirely by human power is a tremendous achievement in itself. By the time you read Newsletter 3 this Fall we will have cycled a further 3,500 miles across the continent to San Francisco at 122 degrees west longitude.



Expedition Summary

Pedal for the Planet is the first attempt to circumnavigate the earth by human power.

Steve Smith (28) and Jason Lewis (27), from Great Britain, set off from the Meridian Line in Greenwich on the 12th of July and cycled to Rye on the south coast of England. They then pedalled the boat over the English Channel to France and spent the summer cycling down through Europe to the Algarve.

They departed from the Marina de Lagos, Portugal at 09:20 GMT on the 13th of October and called in at Funchal, Madeira 11 days later. After some minor adjustments and waiting for some bits and pieces from England, they set off again on the 5th of November. They arrived at the Miami Yacht Club, Miami, FL at 12n on

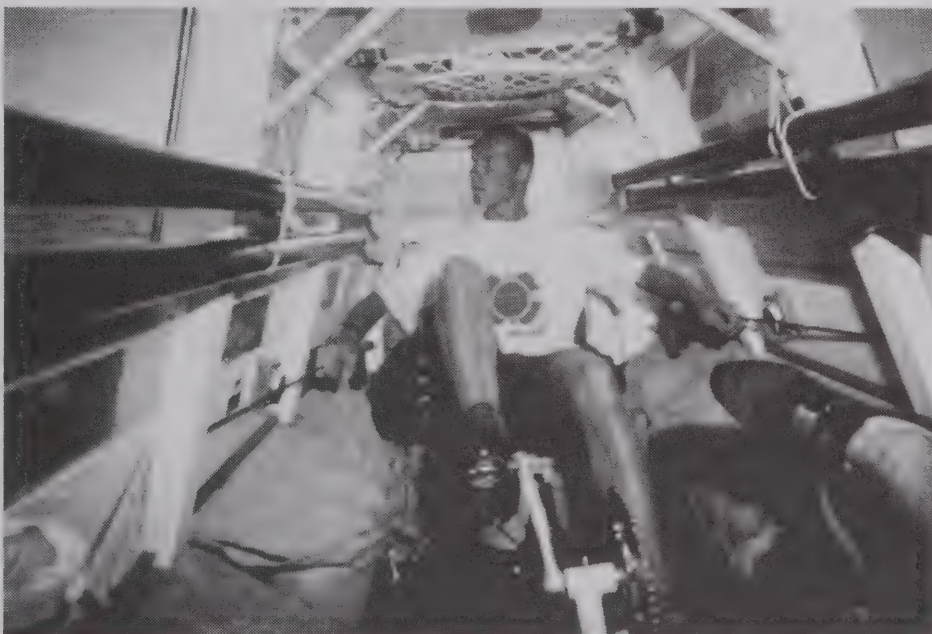
Friday, February 17, 1995.

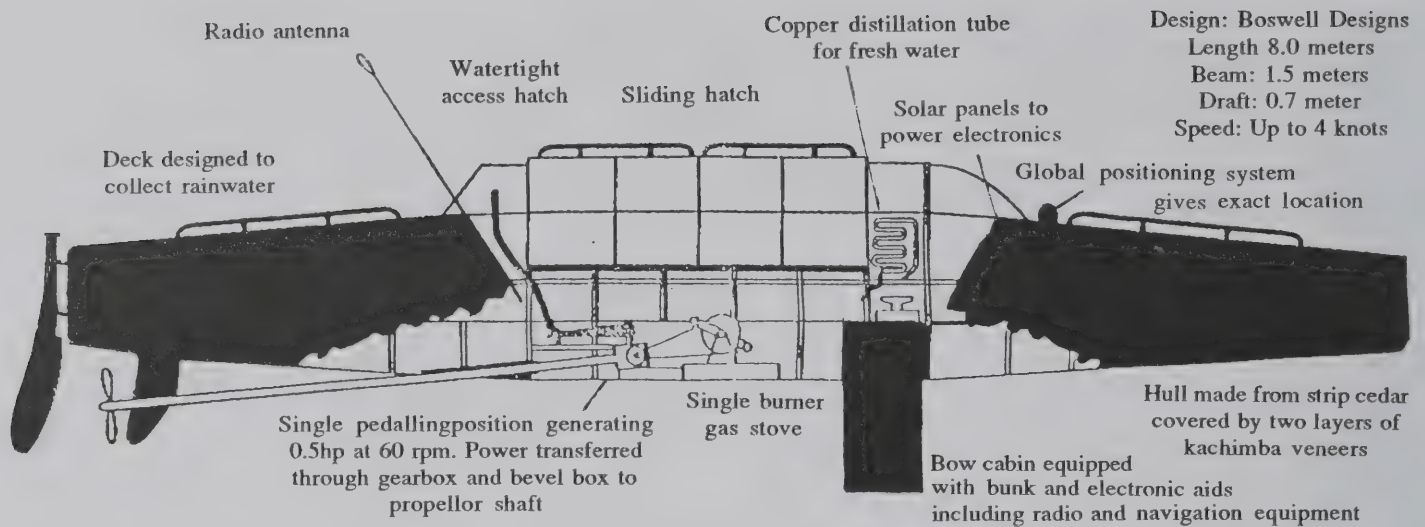
The expedition will continue by bike through America to Alaska, where the pair will get back in the boat and head for Japan before cycling back through Asia, Europe and to London.

The team will be visiting schools along the way, in conjunction with UNESCO, and will be raising funds for the Council for Education in World Citizenship (a UK based educational charity). They hope to inspire people throughout the world to realize their potential and consider the environmental impact of the choices they make.

Those interested in offering sponsorship support may contact them through Nancy Sanford, P.O. Box 801, St. Petersburg, FL 33731, (813) 822-4783, Fax (813) 822-3626.

Opposite page photo: Underway, an outside view. Below: Underway, an inside view.





The ocean going pedal boat was custom designed by Naval Architect Allen Boswell M.R.R.N.A. and built at Exeter Maritime Museum by Chris Tipper. It is a 26' self-righting craft perfect to take the two-man team and their supplies over the Atlantic and the Pacific. The wooden boat features a sliding cabin hood, a single berth, water purification equipment and a unique geared propulsion system.

Boat Details

The boat resembles a large enclosed canoe, elegant, sleek and beautifully built. To conform to the environmental spirit of the expedition it was built from timber supplied by the Ecological Trade company. Planks of western red cedar just ten millimeters thick were nailed to a frame of mahogany and sheathed with a double veneer of epoxide Kachimbo. The resultant hull is tough, light, streamlined and watertight, guaranteed to right itself after any capsize.

All supplies for the crossing were stored in the ends of the boat. The bow also provided a claustrophobic sleeping berth for one man at full stretch. The central cockpit is protected by sliding hatches

of toughened polycarbonate. On the roof are solar panels to power radio and navigation equipment.

Inside the workings are simple; bicycle pedals, chain and gearing device that transforms 60 revolutions per minute of the pedaller's legs to 300 revolutions of the steel prop shaft which drives a special cast aluminum propeller.

The boat pedal system is a conventional cog and chain arrangement married to a bevel box transmitting power to the prop shaft. An "A" frame in the middle of the boat holds a specially designed bearing system impervious to the harsh effects of salt water. To keep the whole thing running a high-tech synthetic grease is used on all surfaces.

Frame: Custom chrome moly "A" frame built by Sonic Cycles, London.

Chaining: Custom 60 deep tooth stainless steel one piece cog.

Crank: Shimano Dura-ace 175mm.

Bottom Bracket: Shimano Dura-ace fitted with custom grease flushing system.

Rear Cog: 12 tooth stainless steel.

Grease: Black & Gold synthetic Q40.

Navigation: Magellan Meridian GPS and two Argos satellite tracking units to communicate positions back to the expedition headquarters.

Emergency Systems: Both the Argos satellite tracking units are equipped with Mayday switches. Lo-Kata EPIRB. Two military life jackets with personal EPIRB's. Two military one-man life rafts.





By John Snow

Under the sponsorship of the American Model Yachting Association (AMYA) and with the continuing interest in antique wooden pond models, a group of model yacht enthusiasts and collectors have formed the "U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group". The group's objectives are the preservation and sailing of older model sailing yachts, and the study of the history of the sport of model yachting.

"Vintage" means any older model sailboats (pond boats) built to be sailed: Free-sailing models, older designs converted to radio control (R/C) and early R/C models (pre-1970's). This definition includes class racing yachts, non-class model sailboats and commercial toys of the past. There are also replica models, built to order designs and a limited number of new designs recreating earlier styles. Vintage models are usually constructed of wood and can range from one to six feet in length.

The sport of model yachting dates from the early 1800's and reached its peak in the U.S. in the 1920's and 1930's. The first group established to promote model yachting interests, the Model Yacht Racing Union of North America, was organized in 1898 to support the skiff sailing activities of three New York City area model yacht clubs.

The first national organization was the Model Yacht Racing Association of America (MYRAA). It was formed in 1921 in response to a challenge from Great Britain to race for an international trophy that would determine the best model yacht builder and sailor. As a result of this group's founding, the sport thrived; by the late 1930's it had grown to over 50 U.S. clubs within three primary racing

classes; the "A", "X" and "M" model designs.

World War II saw a dramatic drop in sailing activity and club memberships. This was due to the enlistment of most of the younger model yacht skippers into the war effort, and the restriction on automobile travel (fuel rationing) with its corresponding impact on participation in regional and local sailing regattas. After the war, the sport barely "held its own" in the U.S. racing free-sailed models. Not until the introduction of radio control in models in the 1960's did a renewed interest in U.S. model yachting occur.

The present organization that supports this sport, AMYA, was formed in 1970 to specifically promote radio control use in model yachts. AMYA has grown to over 100 clubs and has 16 model yacht classes, with the "U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group" being the only one catering to those individuals interested in antique pond boats.

Want to know more? Contact either John Snow at 76 Woodbine Avenue. Concord, NH. 03301, (603) 224-4586 or Ben Martin at 23 State Street, Marblehead, MA 01945, (617) 639-0779.

Marblehead Model Yachting

Model yachting at Redd's Pond, Marblehead, has been an active pursuit since 1892. This unbroken chain of interest is due to two local factors: The significant amount of offshore sailboat racing conducted in Marblehead and the surrounding seacoast area during the past century, and, more importantly, the two Marblehead sailing groups that have provided support and promotion of the sport of model yachting.

These organizations were the Midget Model Yacht Club (MYC), 1892 to 1925, and the Marblehead MYC, 1925 to the present day. These clubs spanned the period from wooden gaff-rigged, free-sailed models to the high-tech, radio-controlled models currently raced at Redd's Pond.

The Midget MYC era was noted for fostering children's interest in large sailboats and offshore racing through the designing, building and sailing of models.

The Marblehead MYC was formed to promote adult model yachting, and is widely known for two racing designs that helped popularize the sport of model yachting; the "450 Sail Area" and "Marblehead 50-800" Classes.

The "450" was an experimental design concept developed by L. Francis Herreshoff in 1927. The "M" was a follow-up on the "450" concept, as originally conceived by Roy Clough, a charter club member, in 1931. The larger "M" design model rapidly gained wide acceptance and has been the most popular model yacht racing class in the world the last 60 years.

Marblehead Model Yacht Club

The club presently races three model yacht classes at Redd's Pond. Two radio-controlled (R/C) "M 50-800" and "CR-914" designs, and older ("vintage") wooden "M" models (1930's to 1960's designs) that are freesailed. The R/C designs are sanctioned by the American Model Yachting Association (AMYA).

The "CR-914" is a low cost (\$400), 36", one-design kit model. The "M 50-800" is a more expensive (\$1000+), 50" high-tech experimental design available only from companies specializing in model yachts. The "M 50-800"s and "CR-914"s race on alternating Sundays, 10am to 1pm, from mid-April until late October.

The vintage wooden "M"s sail once a month on Saturday afternoons. The club holds a championship season series for each of these classes. There are also four club invitational regattas during the sailing season.

Want to know more? Contact Commodore J.R. LeBlanc at (508) 745-3659.

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from the original's features have been made without, I hope, sacrificing too much character. Remember this is not a scale model but a functional representation. It will be noted that a keel has been substituted for the centerboard. Those who wish to represent the centerboard can do so on the sides of the keel by painting out the rest of the keel and lower portion of the rudder with black paint. Paint goes a long way in detailing this sort of solid hull and can be used to represent everything from thwarts and centerboard cap to a few crabs running loose in the bottom.

The materials needed to build *Polliwog* are few and common. Glue is not needed. All of the pieces, hull, keel, rudder, coaming and thole pin pads can be made of the same wood. Spruce, white pine or cedar will do nicely. A piece of 2"x 6" (really 1-1/2"x 5-1/2") 12" long will be enough for the hull.

I prefer to cut the profile first. This is quite simple and involves one straight cut from the bottom of the 1/2" high transom to a point 3" forward on the bottom. Next lay out and cut a half deck plan on a piece of light cardboard (cereal box or similar). Mark a center line on the top of the wood blank and trace the cardboard pattern flipping it over on the center line to draw both sides. If you use a band saw to cut the deck plan start the side cuts at the transom holding the bow down firmly to keep it from kicking up when the blade passes through the unsupported stern.

Next sand the hull smooth, rounding over the point where the bottom turns up to meet the transom. A hole for the 1/4" mast, 1/2" deep and raked 6 or 7 degrees aft can be bored now. Make this an easy slip fit so the rig can be pulled for easy stowage under the deck of a small boat.

The keel can now be cut from 3/8" stock and pilot holes drilled for the three 8 penny galvanized nails that fasten it to the hull. Next cut out the rudder from the same stock and drill holes for the copper wire rudder pins (stripped 12 or 14 gauge household wire works great) in both rudder and keel. These should be a press fit. Test fit the pilot hole and wire in scrap before drilling the finished parts. The tiller, a piece of 3/16" or 1/8" dowel slotted at both ends to hold the main sheet, can be pushed or tapped into a snug fitting hole in the rudder head. At this point the keel can be nailed in place on the center line, flush with the transom. Leave the rudder off until painting is completed.

The exact placement of the coaming and thole pin pads is not critical but should be about as drawn. I used 3/16"x 5/16" spruce fastened in place with small brads. Round toothpicks cut to length and placed in drilled sockets make great thole pins.

Spars for *Polliwog* are common dowel rod and should be slotted at both ends for securing rigging lines. A razor saw or small coping saw works well for this.

The proper sail material is subject to some debate. There are those who will insist upon light spinnaker cloth or other fabric. These will make very strong and durable sails but are rather heavy and stiff when compared to my favorite choice on this size model. High density polyethylene merchandise bags, the light crinkly stuff used by your favorite discount or de-

partment store, produce the best performing and easiest to make sails.

Since it is semi-transparent, simply lay the poly material over a full size drawing of the sail, cut to shape with a craft knife or razor, reinforce the corners with tape and rig with crochet thread and needle. These sails take shape in the lightest breeze, are more than strong enough for heavy winds, last for years and when push comes to shove, give way before dismasting. Besides it's a great way to recycle the stuff!

As to the best tape for this job I have used masking tape, white and clear vinyl and invisible transparent tapes of various brands and weights. They all work well as long as the adhesive does not readily dissolve in water. I have found K-Mart invisible tape manufactured by Tessa Tuck Inc. does a good job. It is best however to test whatever tape you use on a scrap of sail by submerging it in water for a couple of hours.

The sail plan drawn here illustrates rigging similar to a full sized version. If you prefer a more expedient style of rigging simply tape the vertical club directly to the sail and fashion a sleeve for the mast in the luff by folding over the leading edge and taping. Don't forget to add an extra inch or so to the leading edge to allow for the sleeve. You will also need to cut a notch in the sleeve in order to secure the boom to the mast. The original *Polliwog* is rigged this way and works quite well.

"Look at that, she really sails!" is likely to be heard from onlookers when launching this little skiff. And sail well indeed, with the rudder centered and the boom set about 30 degrees to the center line. *Polliwog* sailed right across the cove in a light breeze, headed up in the puffs and even tacking in stronger gusts.

If she heads up too quickly for your liking grasp the rudder blade (not the tiller) and bend it to leeward a small amount to hold her off. By experimenting with different sail and rudder settings she can be made to sail a variety of courses and perform jibing and tacking maneuvers if conditions are right.

Since *Polliwog* is not self righting

she can be capsized in a strong enough wind especially with the sail close hauled. The remedy for this is the same as that for a full sized skiff, ease the main sheet and/or reef. Reefing this little beauty entails removing the sprit boom and rolling up the desired amount of sail around the mast. As with all boats the ability of your little skiff to sail successfully relies on the judgment and skill of its skipper. Her first outings should be in light breezes. Always keep an eye on the weather, avoid strong currents, high winds and rough seas.

For full size plans and patterns of *Polliwog* send \$7.50 to Seaworthy Small Ships, P.O. Box 2863, Prince Frederick, Maryland 20678.)

(George and Maria Surgent are active members in the Traditional Small Craft Association and direct model boat building activities at spring and fall waterfront festivals held annually at the Calvert Marine Museum in Solomons Island, Maryland as well as at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival held at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St. Michaels, Maryland.



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Since readers of this magazine are great experimenters with boats, and because canoes and small outboard motors are so common, I thought they might be interested in the results of my experiments with canoes and motors. This article is condensed from *The Outboard Boater's Handbook*, ©1994, by permission of the publisher, International Marine, PO Box 220, Camden ME 04843.

"We were a good 10 miles up Moosehead Lake from the landing when our little 2-horse outboard decided it was through for the day. There we were, two men and all their camping gear looking at a slow trip home. We pulled in to a tiny gravel beach, readjusted our gear, broke out the spruce oars, and pointed our little Sport Boat, a derivation of Grumman's famous aluminum canoe, down the lake. A canoe? With motor and oars? Whatever happened to paddles?

The answer is that while the Sport Boat shows her canoe heritage in a nicely turned bow, rounded hull lines, sweeping sheer, and a hearty curve of rocker in her bottom, the boat is really just that, a boat, a highly successful modification of the traditional double-ended canoe hull designed to accommodate an outboard motor. In many respects, the 15' Sport Boat is a modification of the larger Grand Laker, a transom-sterned canoe which in turn is a modification of a 20' guide's model canoe with a tiny transom built in to replace one of its pointed ends. This last model derives from a traditional double-ended canoe with a small outboard motor mounted on an outrigger.

What all these modifications point to is the fact that canoes do not take well to power, and to make them safe and handy with an outboard requires changes sufficient to make a canoe no longer a canoe. Let's see why this is so.

Mechanical Paddles: No sooner had the outboard motor been invented than it was being tried on just about every hull that it could conceivably drive. The only way a double-ender, whether boat or canoe, could mount a motor was on an outrigger attached just behind the stern seat. To say this made these boats, particularly the canoes, a bit tiddly, especially with the relatively heavy early outboards, is under-

Canoe Power

By David R. Getchell, Sr.

statement. But the determination of mankind to overturn the laws of physics is unquenchable, and the side motor mount is still in use, a bit more successfully than in yesteryear because of today's lightweight motors.

Nevertheless, canoes with an off-center motor are cranky. They don't steer well, particularly if they lack a keel; the controls are unhandy to operate; they concentrate weight in a part of the canoe where there is little bearing in the water, thus necessitating offsetting weight elsewhere in the boat; and motors detract from the canoe's greatest strengths: its lightness, its silence, and its maneuverability.

Our ancestral boat designers were not dummies, and they immediately began looking for ways to offset the incompatibility of canoes and outboard motors. An obvious first step was to cut a chunk off the stern, nail in a little transom, and mount the motor on that, thus doing away with the need for off-balance mounts and improving the steering—somewhat. The results were some minor gains in utility, but all you have to do is try and run a motor for several hours that is mounted directly behind you in the narrowest part of the boat to know that it is not the final answer. If your arm muscles don't seize up your bottom muscles will because of the constant need to counter the insecurity of the seating position. Yes, this design too remains among today's choices, but it is little improved over those tentative first chop-offs.

Still seeking better answers, canoe builders did what the double-ended guideboat builders did (we won't attempt to decide who did it first!) and gave up trying to mount a V-8 in a go-cart. Realizing there simply was not enough room aft for all that motor folderol, they abandoned the double-ended design, added some beam back where it was needed, widened the transom, and installed a seat wide enough to permit someone other than a contortionist to run the motor. The wider bottom permitted some flatness in the run and suddenly they had the makings of a planing

boat.

The result might look like a canoe in its construction and forward profile, but they now had a true transom-sterned boat. Many builders produced one model or another of the type; Old Town built an unusually handsome one using conventional cedar-canvas construction with built-in sponsons along the low sides that made the boats unsinkable.

The Grand Laker: The canoe builders of Eastern Maine played a variation on the theme by widening the stern of their big guide's canoes just a bit and adding a transom just large enough to take up to a 10hp motor and a seat a man could live with, if not always enjoy. With construction centered on several canoe builders in the Grand Lake Stream area, these seaworthy craft came to be known as Grand Lake Canoes, or Grand Lakers, and a few are still built each year in cedar and canvas or wood strips and glue. The Grumman Sport Boat might easily be mistaken for a miniature Grand Laker at a short distance from the viewer.

What can one expect from a canoe under power? Certainly not speed. A traditional double-ended canoe with a small outboard on a side mount can be pushed up to her hull speed of roughly 5mph but little more. Steering will be slow and uncertain, and if any wind is blowing, may be next to impossible if the boat is light.

A Grand Laker is considerably better in both handling and speed; a 6-10hp motor will begin to push it up on top of the water into a semi-displacement mode, with a speed of 10 to 15mph. The Sport Boat will do even better, nearing 20mph in ideal conditions with its maximum rated horsepower of 7.5. However, both the Grand Laker and Sport Boat are much more at home in the 10mph. range. When pressed, both show the speed killing qualities inherent in bottom rocker, rounded sides and relatively narrow bottoms. Even with considerable weight forward, they love to go down the lake with their noses high in the air, like a dowager confident in the purity of her forebears. Nevertheless, both types are good sea boats, although inclined to be wet if driven into a chop.

For those interested in power requirements, I find the Sport Boat goes quite

well with a 2hp outboard and will begin to plane with 4-6hp I also have an 8hp, 80lb motor I use for fishing because it is so quiet. On rare occasions I have run it wide open but would not recommend the practice on such a lightweight craft. My son tells of a Sport Boat used as a support boat in the Florida keys that was outfitted with a 10hp Merc that drove it "like a scared rabbit." From my experience, I would guess the driver was just as scared as the bunny.

And then there is the book about a feller's long-distance cruise in an early Sport Boat fitted with a 35hp outboard motor. This tells us something about the good bearing aft in this little boat, but does not say much about anyone who would use a motor more than four times the maximum recommended horsepower of the boat.

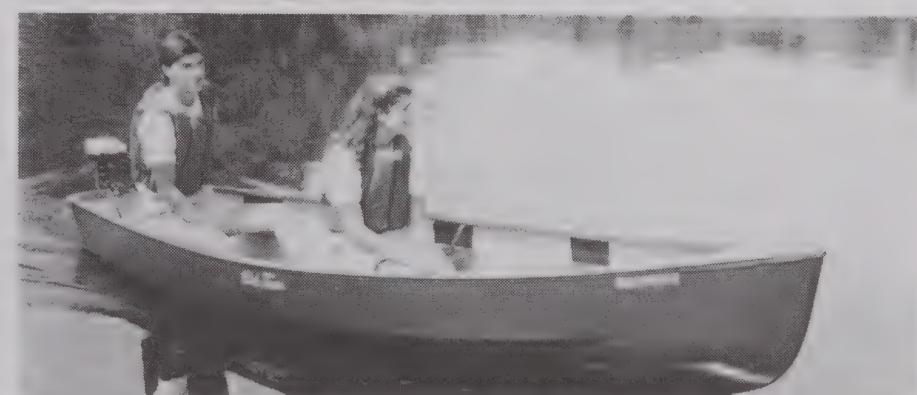
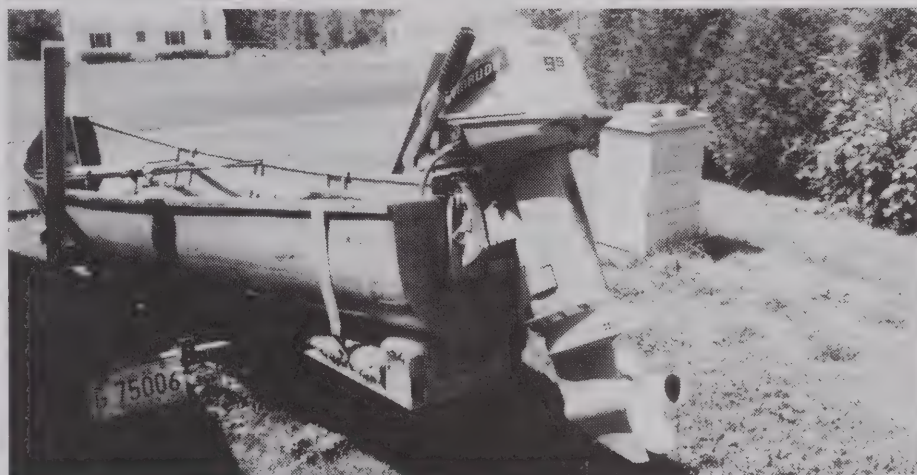
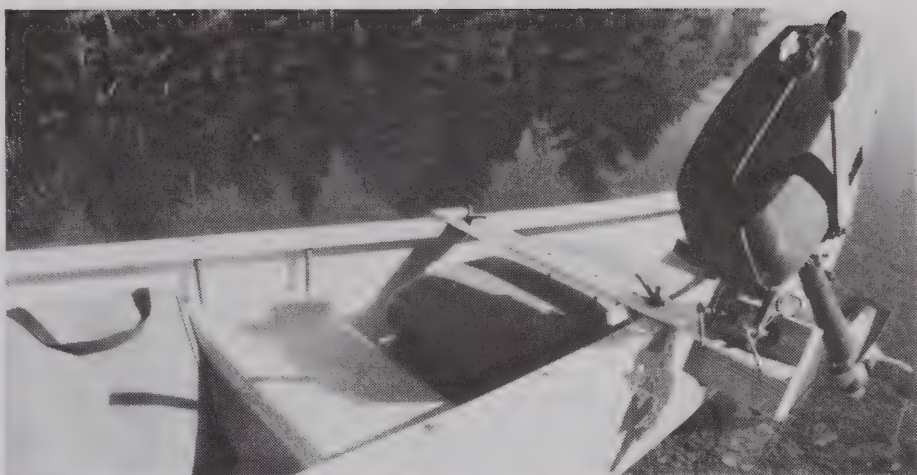
In my opinion, the best power choice for most canoes (other than paddles) is one of the modern electric outboard motors. Advantages of these powerful little mills are quietness, light weight (the heavy drive unit is down with the propeller and the battery is on the floor of the canoe), and low cost. With a little ingenuity, an electric can be fastened to the side of the canoe, thus improving steering. And not to be forgotten is that an electric won't pollute the water, while the battery can be recharged for just a few cents.

Safety Considerations: In powering any canoe type, it is a good idea to always wear life jackets, especially if you plan to use a side mount on a small model. The phrase "tippy canoe" has more than a thread of truth in it, and an off-center motor is only going to add to the validity of the title. If it is flat-out speed you want, a 12' aluminum cartopper with an 8hp outboard will do circles around almost any type of canoe, including a Sport Boat.

Having had a modicum of experience with all the types mentioned above, my advice to a prospective power canoeist is as follows. Don't bother with outfitting a traditional double-ender with an outboard motor unless you have strong reasons for doing so, as these pretty boats were designed for potato power and not smelly gasoline. Don't buy a canoe with a tiny motor transom until you have tried it with the motor you plan to use on it. If you feel you can live with its many limitations, more power to (nope, that's not the right phrase) lotsa luck.

A Grand Laker or another of its type might be a good choice if you can find one. We are not going to offer the names of builders because they come and go, and because they may or may not want to build a boat for you. If you are really interested, first check one out by heading for Grand Lake Stream, Maine; and if you live in Tacoma, Washington, it may take a while to get there. If it is open water season, you can be sure of seeing a Grand Laker in action, and if still interested, you may be able to find a willing builder.

On the other hand, if the desire for utility is stronger than your taste for tradition, consider the Grumman Sport Boat. At about 120lbs, it can be cartopped or trailered, it is reasonable fast and seaworthy with a small motor, it is well built, rows surprisingly well (but paddles poorly), and is a terrific boating buy at about \$1500.



Opposite page top: Canoes are meant for quiet waters, and adding a gasoline powered outboard motor detracts both from the silence and many of the qualities that make the canoe unique. Above from top: The writer adapted his Old Town Tripper canoe by lowering the forward seat and adding an extension to Old Town's regular outrigger so that it could fit the wider beam behind the seat (the canoe is run "backwards" under power). This places the motor further off center, making the poor steering worse, but it is far more comfortable and somewhat safer than the usual mount in the narrowest part of the boat. Note the big plastic tank under the outrigger, added to compensate for the weight of the motor if the canoe capsizes. The tiny transom on this big strip-built Grand Laker shows some of the problems inherent with the type. The aluminum Grumman Sport Boat is 15' in length and is built with a much wider transom than a Grand Laker. Designed specifically for outboard power, the boat also rows very well. Similar in concept to Grumman's Sport Boat, this Old Town Discovery Sport slides along quietly under the thrust of an electric outboard motor.

The Kidkanu, as designed by Mike Collins, is constructed from 1/4" x 4' x 8' plywood. My Wee version utilizes 1/8" x 3' x 7' doorskin. The change in construction materials yields a midsection beam of 20" (top) and 16" (bottom). The sides of Wee are 10" high the finished length is 6' 6". A floor and fiberglass layer were added to reinforce the bottom.

The boat materials cost \$150. Construction time was 36 hours.

The sketch shows the layout and dimensions and the photographs document the construction and features.

Bill Of Materials:

- (1) 1/8" x 3' x 7' lauan door skin
- (1) 1" x 2" x 14' fir (molds)
- (18) nails, 1-1/2" long (fasten molds)
- (1) 1/2" x 3/4" x 8' fir (floor supports)
- (3) 1/4" x 1-1/2" x 8' fir (floor boards)
- (2) 3/4" x 6" x 6" fir (breasthooks)
- (4) 1/4" x 3/4" x 8' fir (gunwales)
- (1) 1-1/4" round x 6' fir (paddle shaft)
- (1) 1/4" x 2' x 2' plywood (paddles)
- (1) gal. WEST epoxy #105B
- (1) qt. WEST fast hardener #205B
- (2) 6oz. containers WEST #406 colloidal silica
- (2) doz. #6 x 1" drywall screws (holding parts to the molds)
- (32) #6 x 3/4" brass wood screws (floor)
- 12' #14 gauge copper wire (stiching)
- (1) piece 4oz. fiberglass 2-1/2' x 8'

Construction of the Wee Kidkanu

By H. Douglas MacNary

Tools:

- 1. Saber saw with plywood blade
- 2. 1/4" drill with bits
- 3. Bull nose pliers with side cut (cutting, twisting and removing copper wire stitches)
- 4. Pistol soldering iron (heating stitches for removal)
- 5. Rubber curved/flat sandpaper holder
- 6. Coarse/fine sandpaper
- 7. One box disposable vinyl gloves
- 8. (24) disposable brushes, 1-1/2" and 2" wide
- 9. Mixing cans
- 10. Phillips and blade screwdrivers
- 11. Small "C" clamps
- 12. Safety glasses
- 13. Old clothes
- 14. Clean-up rags

Construction:

- 1. Assemble molds.
- 2. Layout a grid directly on the inside face of the door skin. Mark centerline, stations, mold and backrest locations.
- 3. Draw left side. Mark corner points and draw a fair curve with a batten (the gunwale stock may be used).

4. Saw out the left side. Place on opposite of side of skin and trace. Cut out right side.

5. Layout/drill holes in the side panel for stitches (about 3/8" from the edge, 3" on center). Start at Sta. 3-1/2'. Place holes at mold attach stations.

6. Paint sides and bottom with a coat of epoxy.*

7. Assemble side panels on molds. Fastening holes should be 3/8" from the top and bottom of the sides. Stitching holes may be used. Assemble the bottom panel on the molds. Screw holes should be drilled on the centerline.

8. Draw the profile on the bottom. Remove and saw. Re-assemble the bottom and mark/drill the stitching holes to match the side panels.

9. Stitch the bottom to the sides starting in the middle. Stitch the bow and the stern.

10. Remove the molds. Insert a 19-3/4" brace at the top center to maintain the contour and assist in handling. Mix batches of shmutz (epoxy/colloidal silica) in small batches, only enough to apply quickly with a spatula (tongue depressor). The shmutz should be thick enough to remain on the mixing stick and not run. Fillet the inside corners of the boat. More is better. A 1" radius is the norm.

11. Untwist the copper stitches, straighten and cut off about 1/2" from the hull. Insert the two ends of the stitch into the ends of a soldering gun from which the tip has been removed. Heat the stitches for about 15 seconds and pull out with pliers.

12. Fit and glue floor braces. Note: Epoxy glue is basic epoxy with silica added to thicken the mix.

13. Fit breasthooks and backrest. Remember to make cut-outs for the inwale. Glue.

14. Fit outwale. Paint with epoxy. Glue in place using "C" clamps. Note: Small "U" shaped wooden clamps are helpful.

15. Fit inwale. Paint with epoxy. Glue in place using "C" clamps.

16. Fit floor boards. Drill pilot holes. Countersink for screw head. Drill and fasten from front to back. Remove boards and paint with epoxy. Sand and paint again.

17. Sand the whole boat. Fill tooling holes with shmutz. Radius the outside intersection of the panels to permit the fiberglass to lay smoothly.

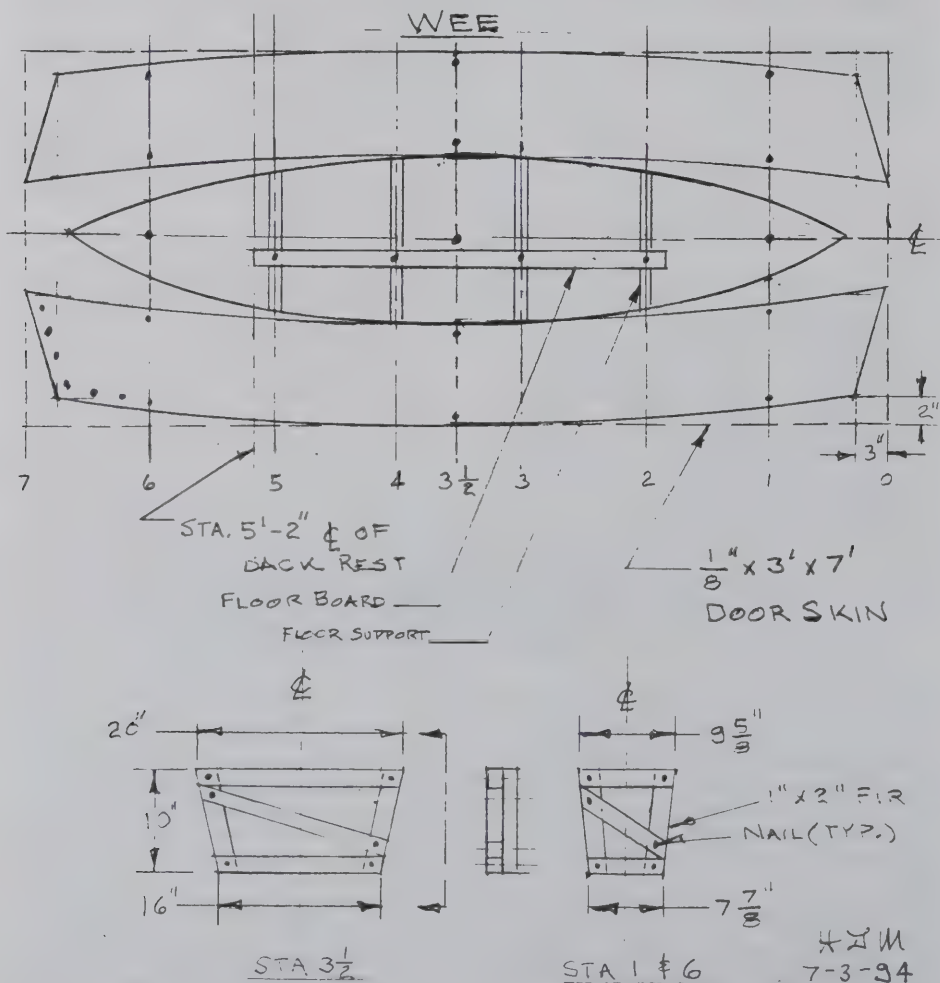
18. Fit the fiberglass to the bottom and 3" up the sides. Roll up on two sticks, one from the front and one from the rear. Fit fiberglass to the bow and stern. Roll the pieces up on sticks. Wet the bow and stern with epoxy, roll out the fiberglass and paint with epoxy. Wet the bottom with epoxy, roll out the 'glass and paint with epoxy.

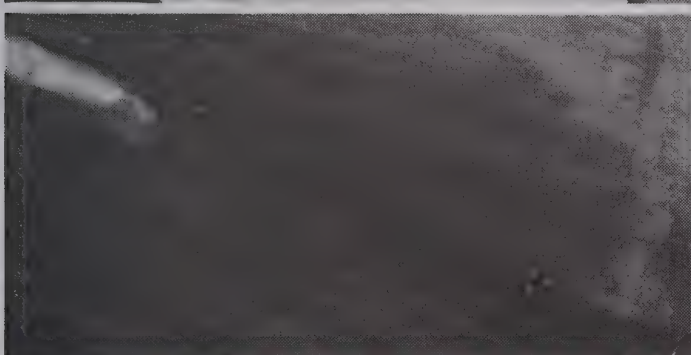
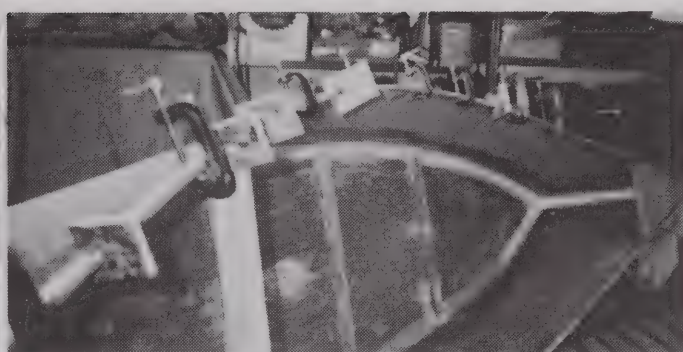
19. Sandpaper as required. Finish with a coat of epoxy.

20. Assemble the floor boards. Start at forward support.

21. The paddle consists of a round shaft and two blades. Saw two 1/4" slots into the ends of the round stock, into which glue the two paddle blades cut from the 1/4" plywood. The overall length of the paddle should be 6'.

* Photos show partially painted components. This was due to a shortage of epoxy caused by a delivery delay.





Left from top: Molds assembled, side panels sawed. Molds in place, bow and stern being stitched. Interior view, shmutz left, copper stitches right. Right from top: Gunwales being glued, note wooden clamps, floor supports and breasthook. A 13lb boat! Boat and paddle fitted into Honda Accord station wagon.



My wife Gail (130lbs) testing. Note cant of bow and stern and long waterline.



My daughter Shelley (120lbs) testing. Note midships flare.

This version of the Wee Kid Kanoe utilized a single sheet of Para Ply door skin. The Para Ply was purchased at Home Depot. It measured 1/8" x 3' x 7'. The Para Ply was made from Guatambu wood. It is imported from Paraguay.

The door skin was tortured to join both ends. A 6" radius at the bottom of the bow and stern helped relieve the stresses. A copper stitch at the apex also provided relief.

This model has a bow that is canted aft (and stern that is canted forward). This

Wee 2

configuration yields more useful room in the boat and because of the flare (28") amidships as well as the 6 1/2' waterline, the boat is quite stable.

The boat was constructed by rolling the hull with rope and a Spanish windlass located about 1-1/2' from each end. A 28" spreader was located at station 3-1/2". The ends were progressively brought together with long pieces of copper wire (#12 guage). Finally, the ends were stitched

tightly together. After gluing with a mixture of epoxy and colloidal silica, the copper wire was trimmed flush and the spacer removed. The boat was coated with one coat of epoxy. It was tested with a 130# crew using a temporary backrest. While it was a little hard to enter, it performed well.

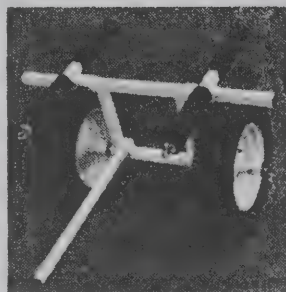
Gunwales, breasthooks, and inside and outside bottem panels of 4 oz fiberglass were added for sturdiness.

The cost was about \$150 and the construction time was about 40 hours. The boat weighs 18#.

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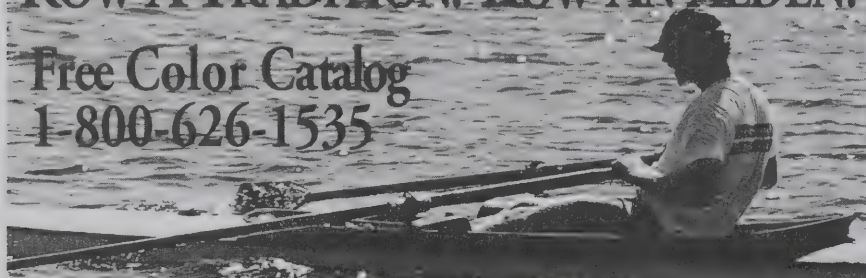


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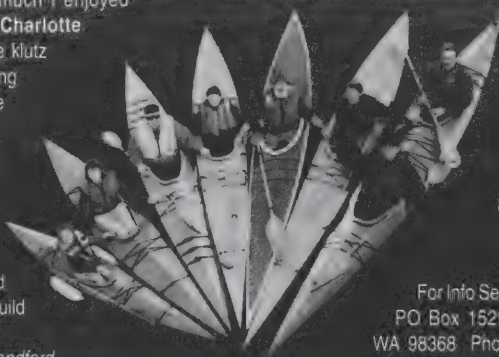


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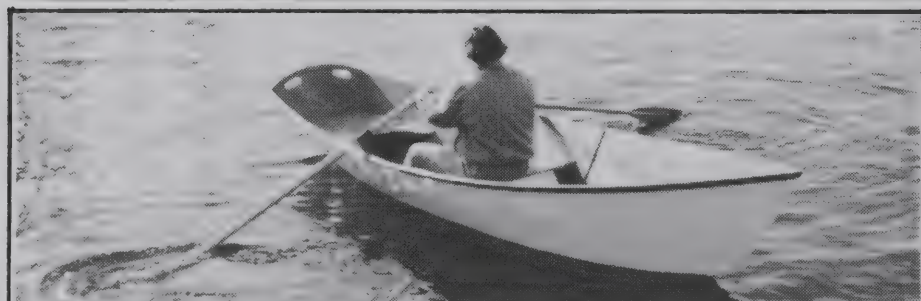


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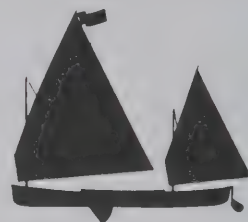
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What You are Building

Satisfying That Constant Urge to Build

I would like to share an experience that helped me get rid of some of my energy and drive to build boats. I have built several small boats and have the constant urge to build. Unfortunately I seldom have the time. I satisfied my urge by using the plans for the *Sabotina* and I built it in one-eighth scale. I found the plans in one of those boat plans catalogs. It was a complete set of plans put in the catalog as an incentive to buy the catalog.

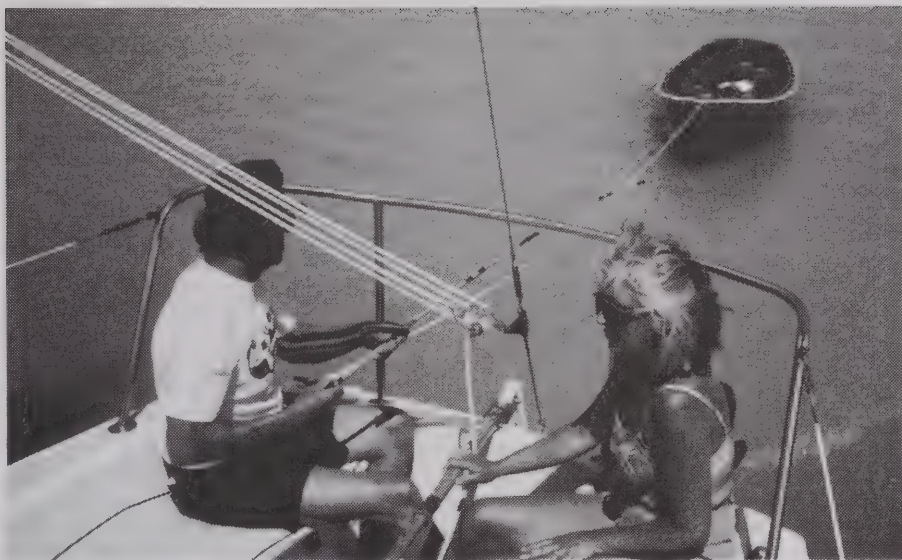
I don't think it cost me any money to build the boat. I cut everything to scale and used clothes pins for clamps. I didn't paint it because it is so great to see all the joinery. It's easy to store at one foot long and I don't have to do maintenance. It's a little hard to ride in but I consider it an even trade because I actually built a boat like the boat was meant to be built. This could give the neophyte boat builder a taste of boat building without all the expense, time, and space needed.

I have the plans for Tom McNaughton's tugboat *Bantam*. It's supposed to be 18' but I want to build it one fourth scale so that it comes out at 4-1/2' long and a beam of 2-1/4'. I still have my 5' pram I designed and built, and which you ran a picture of, and I want to rig the tug so that it can pull me around while I relax in my pram. I don't know how to control the tug from the pram and I would really like some readers to help me out by writing or calling and advising me. Since these boats are not being used as models, I think of them as real but very small boats.

I have another request too for some further input from readers. I started drawing up the plans for a stitch and tape version of the Simmons Sea Skiff. I was in the process of working up full sized dimensions of the hull parts. The only deviation from the original boat would be that the sides would not be rounded in the vertical dimension because the plywood will not bend in two directions.

I stopped doing the drawings because of school but I would like to begin again if there is a group of people out there who would be interested in having a set of plans. I think that a Sea Skiff could be built for less than a thousand dollars and a used 35 HP motor would be very adequate. The cost might be very much less but I think this is a very conservative figure to cover fancy paint, etc. I estimate building time to be about 100 hours total. Anyone please write or call me if you think this is a worthwhile project.

Michael Briggs, 3326 Charlemagne Avenue, Long Beach, CA, 90808-3404, (310) 425-6629.



More Thoughts on Rowboats

"Some Thoughts on Rowboats" by John Myers in the January 15th issue has prompted me to write about my thoughts on rowboats and rowing.

While looking for a sailboat after we moved to Naples, Florida in 1979 I also looked for a skiff, a good rowboat. My inquiries soon found me a 23' sailboat but were met with stares and a complete lack of interest when I mentioned a rowing skiff. The attitude was, "Why do you want to row?"

The November, 1992 issue of *Small Boat Journal* had an article on a 12' co'd molded skiff, "Pooh", designed by David Lefebvre, 12302 23rd St. NE, Seattle, WA. I sent for the plans. I had never built a boat but by this time I was sure that if I were to have a good rowboat I would have to build it myself.

We launched in May of 1983. "Pooh"

was designed for a sliding seat but as I wanted a tender, a conventional rowboat, I did not go that route. With two seats the boat weighed 60 pounds.

"Pooh" is the easiest rowing boat I have ever rowed and is very fast. Using 7' oars at 22-24 strokes per minute I can cover 4 nautical miles in an hour. At 77 years of age I think that is pretty good.

Whenever we are sailing with "Pooh" tagging along on her painter, or when I am rowing the canals and rivers here, we always attract attention and complimentary waves and gestures. "Pooh" tows very easily as she sits right up on top of the water.

We see a lot of visiting yachts here all winter. Almost all use inflatables. They do not know what they are missing that a good rowboat can provide.

Richard Knight, Naples, FL.

Payson Gave Me Confidence

Dynamite Payson's excellent article in the May 1st issue about repairing a lobster boat with a split-open bow gives me confidence that my current project will turn out okay.

The photograph shows how I brought together the split stern of my World War II twenty-six-foot US Navy engine lifeboat, a double-ended craft with a rotted-out stern stem. Instead of a Spanish windlass, I drilled through the planking, inserted threaded rod, and then bolted angle iron outboard. Very slowly I tightened the nuts, jacked up the whole stern slightly, and tapped in a few wedges to keep pressure even on all the planks. Over ten days everything came back into shape. As Winston Churchill said in the days when the boat was new, it's the end of the beginning.

John R. Stilgoe, Norwell, MA.



Key West: We scooted under the seven mile bridge which links Marathon and Big Pine Key and for the first time looked out and saw nothing but the Caribbean to our south. Our forward progress was somewhat hindered by the currents which wash back and forth between the bay and the ocean, currents *Raskur* and I would be troubled by again before the trip was over. We quit for the day at the other side of the bridge on a bank just off of Ohio Key.

It was pretty shallow where we anchored so after I had furled the sails I got out and went for a walk in the knee deep water. There were tons of different critters moseying around the bottom; conchs, sea cucumbers, sponges, coral, slug-like things, sea urchins, spiny lobster, and octopi. It was wonderful to finally meet face to face folks I had been told about in Paleontology class. The "Sub-Tidal" zone appeared alive and well off of Ohio Key.

There were also many long and very skinny silver fish who would shoot up at an angle and "run" along the surface of the water by means of a weird sort of tail flapping. They were really fast and could go for quite a few yards before diving back in. It appeared to be a means of escaping from predators, although they looked pretty bony to me. Whoever was trying to eat them must have been pretty hard up.

That night it seemed pretty dumb to take a job up north when I could have all the marine biology I wanted right where I was.

It was another two days before we arrived at the southernmost point of the United States. We almost made it in one but light winds made an overnight at Boca Chica necessary. I watched three immense motoryachts on the horizon that night as they passed by on the way to their mecca. Ablaze with light and trailing one after the other as if attached, they appeared as towering palaces shimmering on the edge of reality.

The next morning, with great anticipation, we set out on the last leg of our outbound journey and arrived at the southwest corner of Key West in a couple of hours, thanks to a good breeze. Man. You cannot believe the traffic coming in and out of that thriving metropolis. We dodged ocean liners, tour boats, huge sportfishermen, cattlemarans and yachts of every description which were rushing in and out of the main entrance to the harbor. In addition, the water was really choppy because of the swift currents which plow through.

After another two hours of beating upwind and bumping over shoals we arrived at our anchorage just north of the city, next to Fleming Key. It was the farthest away from the inner harbor of the three popular anchorages as it turned out, but I didn't want to get in anyone's way.

The mile between *Raskur* and the public dock meant an average commuting time of forty-five minutes one way for me, though it could be over an hour if the current was unfavorable. It was also probably the most dangerous passage I ever had to make during the whole trip. I never felt as small as when I was puffing along at about a knot or so in my five foot long bathtub past three hundred foot long Coast Guard and Navy vessels tied up at their piers. I would crane my neck to see if anyone was

Pete & Raskur's Maiden Voyage

By Peter Johansen

PART II

coming up or down the channel and then dart across as quickly as my little paddle could get me there.

The sportfishermen were the worst because at the mandated reduced speed they would kick up a monstrous wake. If two or three went by in rapid succession the troughs of the waves would be so deep that I couldn't see out of them. That I was never capsized, run down, or swamped is due to the whim of the gods.

However, the risk was well worth it. Key West is one of the all time great end-of-the-line towns like Provincetown and New Orleans. Spring break was in full swing by the time I arrived and the place was jumping. People take having a good time very seriously down there. The array of activities one can engage in while in Key West are too numerous to mention and most of them probably wouldn't be appropriate to mention anyway.

But whatever its morality, it was a real town unlike all of the other so-called towns in the Keys. Route 1 does not blast through its heart at 50 miles per hour. There are old houses in various states of repair on shady streets which are great for moseying around. You can visit Ernest Hemingway's former residence, see where the master composed his masterpieces and hang out with some of the fifty or sixty cats who live there. The only place the highly acclaimed Keys hospitality is not in evidence is the post office where they will not even let you borrow some tape for a package if you need some for chrissake.

Hounded by a deadline as I was, after a couple of days I decided to start heading back. A fresh southerly was blowing so I set out through the north channel which is used by boats wishing to take the northerly route around the lower Keys in Florida Bay. The wind ended up being a little strong for us though and we almost got blown to Cape Sable.

The anchor didn't seem to want to set when we decided to call it quits for the day. I hauled it back in and said a better prayer as I threw it over the side a second time. Mercifully it bit and *Raskur* and I spent the rest of the day hanging out before the wind died, allowing us to motor back to Fleming Key.

During the night a big storm blew through with wind gusts to over 45 knots. Not that I noticed. A lot of people dragged anchor and one boat even washed up on the beach. I didn't realize what had been going on until the next day when everybody I talked to wanted to know how I had fared. My trusty anchor held as well as it always had (once I could set the damn thing) and luckily nobody ran me down, but I was a little concerned that I hadn't woken up. One fellow, Michael Sandborne, on *Pagan Chant*, was grumbling about people who didn't know how to anchor their boats properly. I kept my mouth shut.

I liked Mike as much as anyone I met on the cruise. He had lived aboard *Pagan Chant* for seven years in Newport News

before moving to Key West where he is one of the captains for *El Gato*, a fifty foot "cattlemaran" which does daytrips to the reefs and sunset cruises.

I asked him about the name of his boat and he told me it was inspired by his father. His dad was apparently in the hospital on death's doorstep when one of his doctors asked if he wanted to see a priest. His dad replied that he was a druid and that unless they could find someone who could give him a pagan chant he refused to die. So after his father got better, Mike named his new boat *Pagan Chant*. I told Mike that I thought it was admirable that his father had enough backbone to stand up for his convictions even while looking into the great beyond. Mike told me his father was too mean to die.

The night before my second attempt at departing there was an all-anchorage party on Tank Island which I barely made it to. For some reason I thought it would be a good idea to scull the two miles there in the tender. As I headed out, the tide was ripping against me. I ended up getting a lift from one of the sportfishermen who almost swamped me which helped me past the worst of the current, although it was still a pretty long poke. As usual, all that hard work paid off and the party was fantastic. I'm not sure if it's the weather or what but everybody seems to get that Keys hospitableness whether they live there yearround or if they're just on vacation.

Back Country: The next day I decided I had to make some attempt to get back to Rowell's Marina where I could leave everything long enough to fly north, bring the land barge trailer and Kris Delmhorst back down, grab *Raskur* and bring her back in time to start my new job at SoundWaters.

The wind was coming from right where we wanted to go but I figured it might not be too bad if we headed through the heart of the lower keys. Not many people besides lobstermen and spongers hang out there and it was great to finally spend some time in a relatively secluded area. Only a sharpie or some other flat bottom boat would have any hope of actually sailing through there.

We ran aground many times, had trouble finding a couple of channels and the wind was in our face the whole time but it was as beautiful back there as anywhere I had seen so far. There aren't many places where you can sail for three days straight and hardly ever be in water over your head.

It was on this leg of the trip that I realized that if you want to figure out where you are in the Keys you have to keep moving. All of the mangrove islands look very similar and more often than not you can't tell what the hell you're looking at anyway. The only way to tell is to get a bunch of different points of view. You have to look at the issue at hand from all sides or else you're going to get a really warped impression and be lost in a trackless archipelago. There aren't many daymarkers back there.

We ran into three beautiful double-ended boats which turned out to be owned by Outward Bound. They seemed pretty crowded and I was glad I didn't have to camp out on shore as they did. They must have gotten eaten alive every night. When I first saw them though they looked like

Columbus coming over the horizon. Almost any kind of sailboat coming at you from a distance is an awesome sight from sea level.

The fourth day of my transit was by far the most exciting. We had almost reached Marathon and were no more than a mile away from our intended anchorage when the tide turned. We had been using the current flowing in under the seven mile bridge to make the most of our tacks. The wind had just about died away as the tide turned so I took down the sails and fired up the Seagull. For some reason it wouldn't engage.

After spending a couple of minutes screwing around with it, I looked up and realized that we were being hurtled towards the bridge. I feverishly began hauling up the canvas until it became apparent that the wind was not going to extricate us from the maelstrom. I desperately hurled the Danforth over the side and payed out every inch of line we had with no idea what depth we were in and figuring that the chances of our actually getting a bite were next to nothing anyway. It was a good thing I did though because the anchor actually grabbed and held us in the 3 knot current about 20 yards away from the bridge.

I had no idea how long this was going to last so I hailed the closest stinkpot to me which turned out to be two old guys in an 18' fishing boat who didn't know the first thing about how to give a tow. I learned this about them a few minutes later when they almost dragged me under the bridge (the anchor miraculously remained united with the bottom) but we eventually

managed to move me from a position of imminent destruction to one of extreme peril.

They left me about a quarter mile away from the bridge but in an area where the current was still strong enough to preclude any hope of escape. We were helped out of that situation by a passing yachtsman who did know how to give a guy a tow and were dropped off just outside Faro Blanco. I anchored, confident that we would not be dragged under bridges by pesky currents. Having to ask for two tows in one day definitely made me feel sheepish, but I felt even more lucky that *Raskur* still had masts.

It was dark before the tide turned and we could find a better place to stay for the night. It was my first experience with night sailing and it felt incredible. It was as if I was in some sort of space capsule. The night was really dark and I didn't know Marathon that well, although we were aiming for the tiny islands we had anchored off on the way down. The feeling of utter aloneness, and vulnerability was very strong, and yet I also felt as if I was in my living room at the same time. Though I could see many lights on the shore of Marathon, it still felt as if I was sailing blind because all of the visual clues I had used in the past were gone.

You have to spend a lot more time looking out for unlit hazards such as rocks, pilings, etc. than trying to figure out which lights you are looking at. We came fairly close to crashing into an unlit dock which was sticking out into the bay.

Eventually I dropped the hook furling the sails and crawled into the cockpit for the night. When I woke up the next day, poked my head out of the companionway and saw the three little islands surrounding us I was as surprised as anyone could have been that my instincts and navigation had been accurate.

(To Be Continued)



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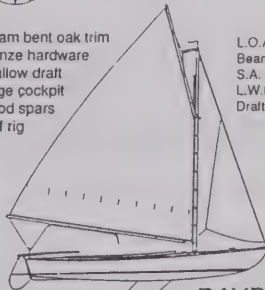
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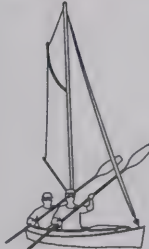
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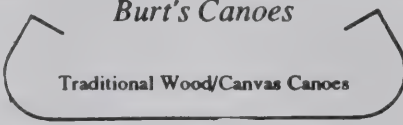
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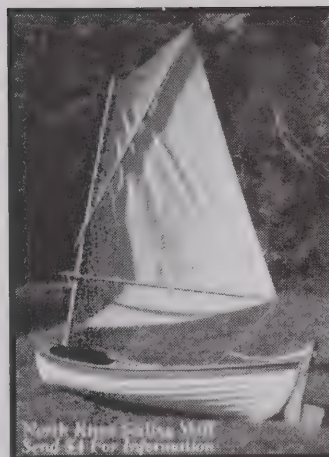
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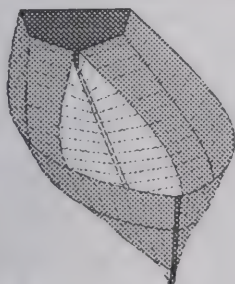
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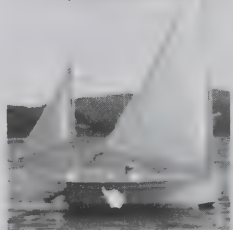
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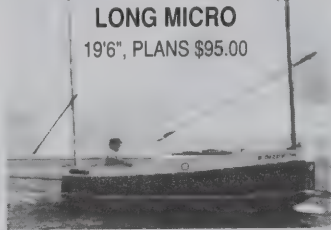


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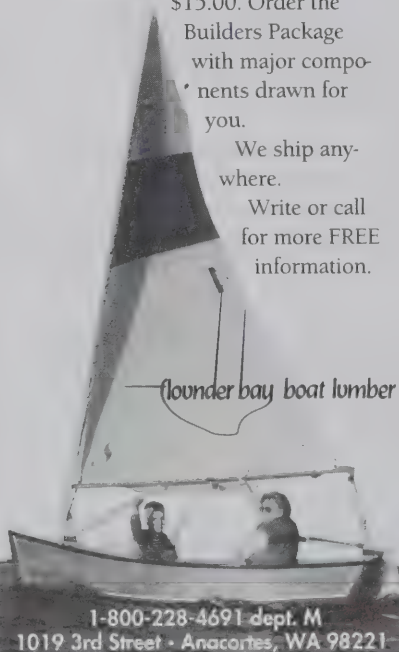
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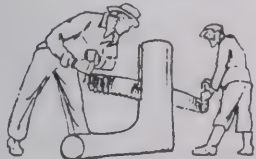
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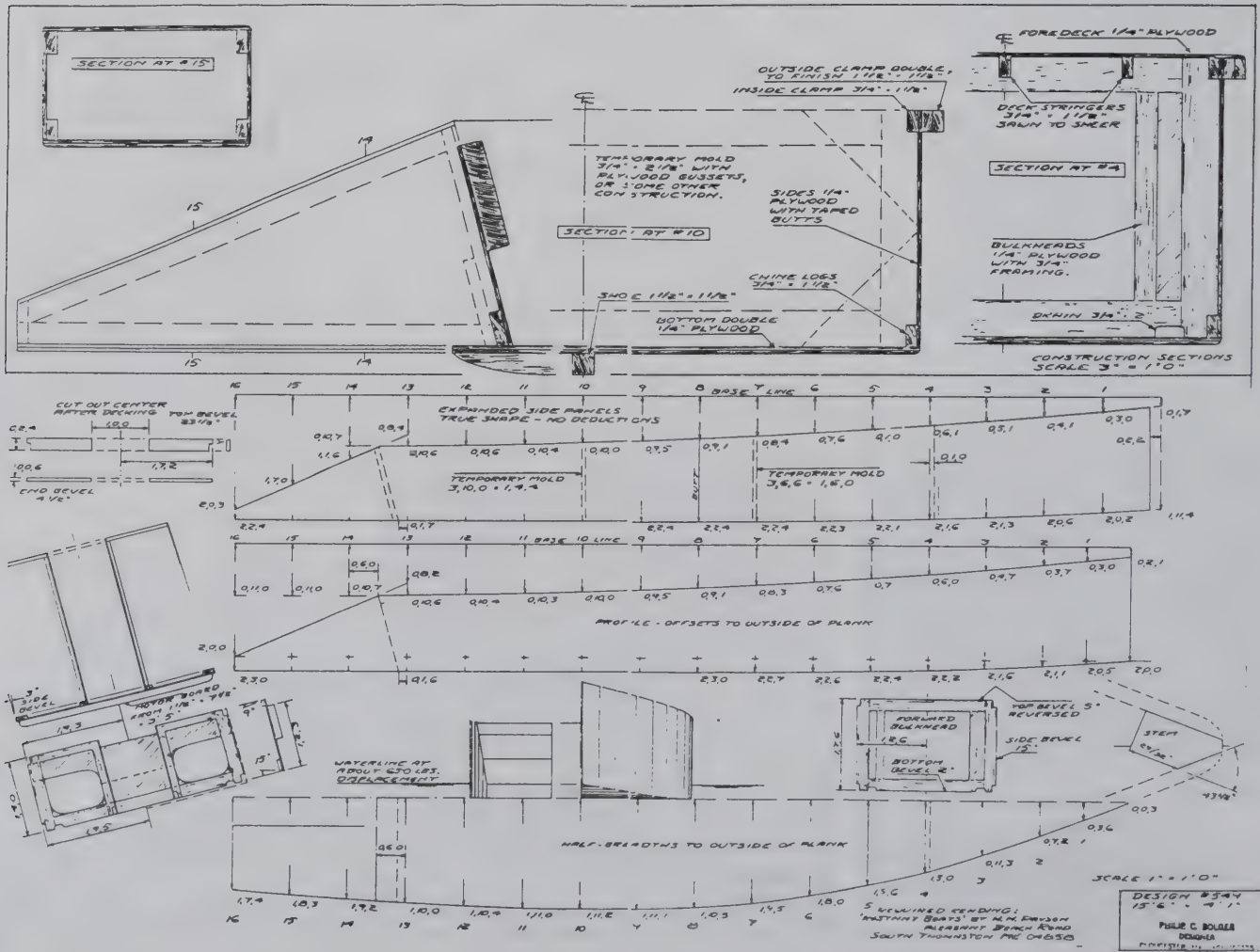
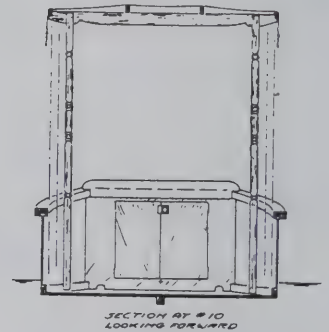
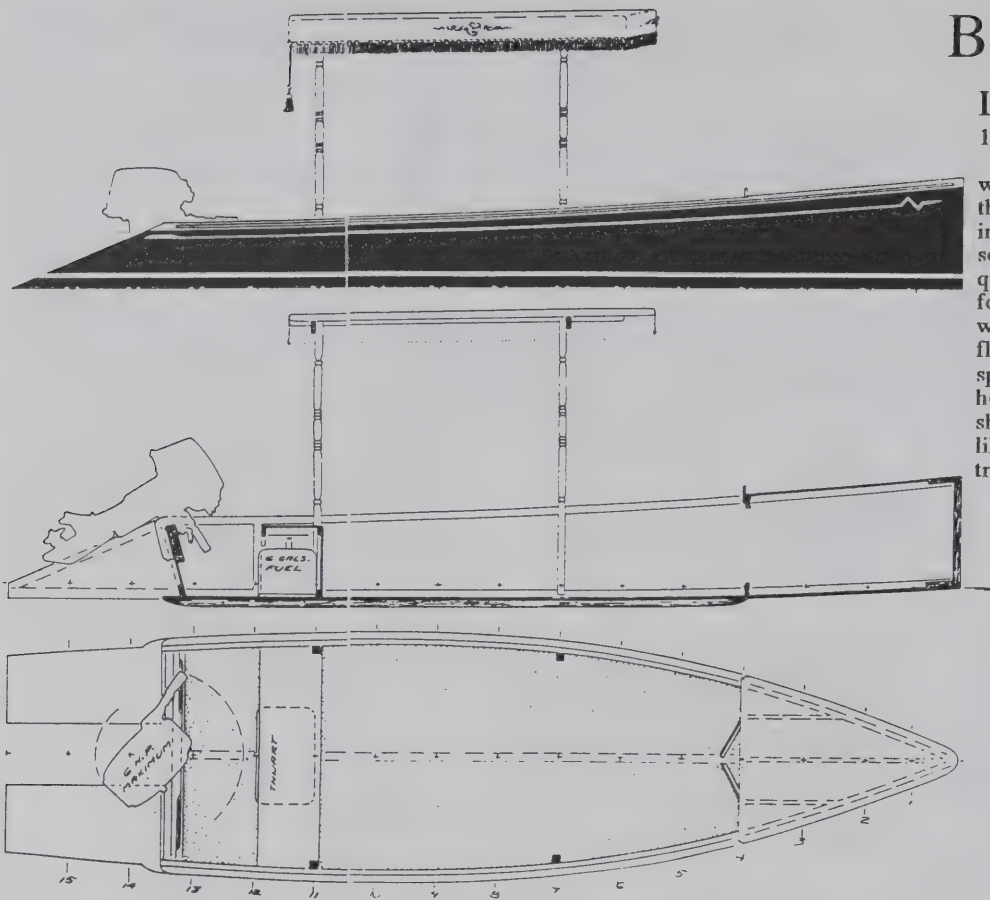
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Lake Launch

15'6" x 4'1"

The young daughters of a man I was working with on a bigger boat thought they would like a little launch for picnicking on a small lake. We tried to work something out that could be put together quickly and still have some style. Except for the slipper stern and the fancy awning with turned stanchions, it's an ordinary flat iron skiff. It's kept open for sprawling space and to be easy to keep clean. The six horsepower indicated is more than it should have had, as with a light load a hull like this will plane fast enough to get into trouble in too-sharp turns.



Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE

Crawford Swampscott Dory, w/well, 6hp Johnson, trlr. **O'Day Daysailer**, w/motor, trlr. Canoes, several used.
FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (508) 465-0312. (3)

17' Marsh Hen, '81 w/trlr. Best camp cruiser money can buy. Cat rig, convertible cabin, tanbark sail, new bunk cushions, compass, 4hp Evinrude & many other accessories. \$2,595. Interesting trades considered.
ALLEN TEDDER, Tallahassee, FL, (904) 222-4775 days, (904) 893-7461 eves. (3)

17' Glen L Sculling Skiff, used once. W/sliding seat, riggers & Dreissigaker oars. \$400.
ANDY PELLETIER, Topeka, KS, (913) 271-5813. (3)

15' Venture Catamaran, w/trlr, 2 sets sails, replacement SS hrdwre on boat & trlr. Grt cond, \$1,000, museum benefit.
ADIRONDACK MUSEUM, Blue Mountain Lake, NY, (518) 352-7311, bus hrs. (3P)

14' Wooden Strip Canoe, Puddle Duck design from Gil Gilpatrick's book. Cedar hull (FG w/West System, ash gunwales, thwart & seat frames, cherry deck caps & caned seats. Blt '91 by owner. Two paddles & float. cushion. Trade for wooden Thistle, Snipe, Penguin, or other small racing sailboat. Restoration projects okay.
MATT APGAR, Weare, NH 03281, (603) 529-4323. (3)

Herreshoff Columbia Dinghy, authentic reproduction, cedar on oak. Sails & rows exceptionally. Similar to Catspaw. \$3,000
DAN SECOR, E. Brewster, MA, (508) 255-5925. (3)

12' Geodesic Nimrod Canoe, Platt Monfort design. Mahogany inner keel, inner & outer gunwales; ash ribs & keel; fir stringers. Weighs nothing. Barely used. Dark green. \$750.
JONAH WARD, Rockport, MA, (508) 7679. (3)

Sea Kayak, 19' FG Surf-ski, open deck w/rudder. Exc cond. \$475.
FRANK ALBERT, Putnam Valley, NY, (914) 528-3349. (3)

8' Dinghy, wood, light, well made, bottom paint. Incl oarlocks. Gd cond. \$300.
ALLYN BRADFORD, 6 Ashton Pl., Cambridge, MA 02138, (617) 354-7913. (3)

17' O'Day Daysailer II, boat & sails in exc cond. Incl spinnaker & galv trlr. In storage for several yrs. Asking \$1,700.
BOB BLEILER, Mystic, CT, (203) 536-2854. (3)

Swiftly 12, a Shell Boats design. Cartoppable. Exc cond. \$600.
DON AREY, Camden, ME, (207) 236-8610. (3)

18'6" Cape Dory Typhoon, FG, '78. Main, jib, genoa all exc cond. Seagull Silver Century Plus OB, Danforth 3-1/2" comp. Bunk & cockpit cushions, Guzzler bilge pump, running lights (not installed), porta potti, fire extinguisher, 4 fenders, new cradle, winter cover, 35lb 1 man ply pram. \$3,200.
JOHN VIERA, Townsend, MA, (508) 597-5634. (3)

30' MacKenzie Bass Boat, '71 raised deck, shelter cabin w/canvas, ventilating windshield. Repowered 5/93 w/twin Crusader 350 Thermo-Electron, w/90hrs. VHF, CB, DS, Fyme Alarm, auto battery charger, 2 new bilge blowers, 2-12v fans, 2 anchors & rode, all CG equipment. Bottom compl refastened 9/94. Gd cond throughout, kept in water in covered slip yr rnd. Asking \$16,900.
BOB REDDINGTON, 235 Lake Ave., Bay Head, NJ 08742-4750, (908) 899-4804. (3)

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Bolger Micro, 15'4" cat yawl professionally blt '92. Tanbark sails, 4hp Johnson OB, cruise equipped. Custom blt trlr for easy launch & retrieval. fast, comfortable, lots of fun. I haul it w/VW GTI. \$3,500. Call for more info.
CONBERT BENNECK, Glastonbury, CT, (203) 633-5351. (3)

Drascombe Lugger, vy gd cond, going to smaller boat, sale @ \$5,500 or trade. Will take part payment in gd single folding kayak or FG rowing boat w/sailing capability, Crawford sailing dory, aluminum McKenzie River drift boat modified for sail.
EARL ORDWAY, 130 Wide River Cove, Stuart, FL 34994, Internet ecardway@aol.com. (3)

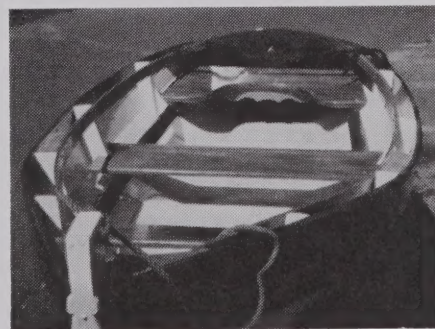
23' Kells Sloop, FG, swing keel, 3 sails, roller furling, cushions, VHF, sink, stove, porta potti, anchor, 7.5 OB, trlr. \$2,900.
TOM FARNON, York, ME, (207) 363-3234. (3)

22' South Coast Sailboat, slps 4, swing keel, gd cond, w/5 sails. FG hull, alum mast, gd trlr. Boys moved, wife says, "Must sell!" Asking \$2,900 OBO. **18' Mahogany Runabout**, Chris Craft '57 Continental. Restored less than 2 yrs ago, orig motor & fittings, sound trlr. \$6,500 OBO.
JOE JEROMIN, Mogadore, OH, (216) 325-7249. (3)

'72 Morgan 27 Sloop, *Whereaway*, FG, gd cond, full sails & all other equipment incl '91 Yamaha 10hp OB w/less than 50 hrs. Priced to sell, BO.
GEORGE SIBLEY, 17 Rocky Neck, Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-6305 (h), (508) 281-2064 (w). (3)

12' Penn Yan, wd/canvas boat. Ltwt cartop model, 3 seater, circa '40's. Hasn't been used since '94 professional restoration. Dk grn hull, mint cond. Must sell, asking \$1,500.
JOE AMOROSO, 19 Forest Ln., Cumberland, ME 04021, (207) 829-4605 ves & wknds. (3)

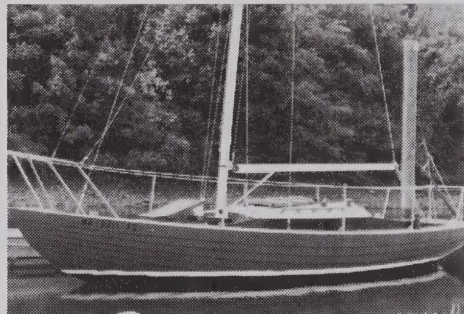
12' Rushton Canoe, custom blt by Bart Hauthaway. New cond, sail, dbl paddle, etc. \$1,075.
KEN CARPENTER, Mystic, CT, (203) 536-1619. (3P)



New 10' Chaisson Tender, wooden, 4' beam. oak frames, stem & cleats. Mahogany transom, sheer boards & seats. Bottom & garboards fibreglassed. Must be seen.
GALVIN'S BOAT SHOP, 3 Westford St., Saugus, MA 01906, (617) 231-0710, (617) 233-6214. (3P)



24' Crosby Striper Bass Boat, nds rblndg. \$650 OBO. Trades? Many interests. Send \$5 for photocopy of orig brochure, spec, price list & photo.
PETER WEIGLE, 410 Town St., E. Haddam, CT 06423, (203) 873-1671. (3)



26' Folkboat, Vaga, rebuilt '82-'86, FG over lapstrake, new keel bolts, deadwood, floors, rudder, all new interior, five sails. Teak decks, FG cabin roof, new coamings & cabin sides, galley, head, VHF radio, Loran, Autohelm, Honda 7.5hp. First in class & 3rd overall in '93 Wooden Boat Regatta. This classic sloop was blt in Sweden in '47, loves heavy weather, great sailing boat. Bob Hicks reported "a monument to a painstaking restoration effort." Priced to sell @ \$13,900.

TED DAVIS, 21 Meryl St., Medway, MA 02053, (3)



Classic One-of-a-Kind, converted to power when Gran'ma could no longer handle sail. 27'x 12'x 3'. Lg stand-up cabin w/galley & private head. Plenty of storage room. Economical 4cyl IB, vy lg cockpit. If you liked the African Queen you'll love this one. Continuous compliments. Pre-season price \$2,950.
JEREMIAH FISCHER, Box 2167, RD 1, Wall Twp, NJ 07719-9708, (908) 449-2799. (3)



20' Dory, double ender, Allen Vaites blt. New electronics, canvas & rubrails. IB or OB. \$900 OBO.
JIM KENT, S. Hamilton, MA, (508) 468-7506. (3)

19' O'Day Mariner, '78 2+2, swing keel, main, jib, genoa winches, compass, jiffy reefing, cockpit & cabin cushions, anchor w/rode, motor mount, kick-up rudder, running lights (no battery), handrails, trlr. A great boat for \$3,200.
BURT LOWRY, Ellsworth, ME, (207) 667-9089. (4)

16' Swampscott Dory, new, extra light constr, ready for rowing or can be sailed as CB trunk is installed. Eastern pine (clear) laminated frames. \$2,100. Will negotiate sail rig.
FRED DESMOND, Beverly, MA, (508) 922-7907, 6-9pm. (4)

12' Gazelle FG Dinghy, new '93, vy gd cond, sail, row, power. Offered w/lateen rig, oars. \$550. BOB PATTERSON, 3 Shawnee Cir., Billerica, MA 01821, (508) 663-2724 before 5pm. (4)

14-1/2' Cynthia J, small cruising catboat. Exc cond, w/practically new galv trlr. \$1,400 OBO. PETER MC CARTHY, Merrimac, MA, (508) 346-9871. (4)

24' Blanchard Senior Knockabout, Port Orford cedar on oak. Blt '37. Main, genoa, jib. 2 Barient #10 winches, mainsheet traveler, genoa track, 5hp Evinrude, Danforth anchor. Recaulking & new deck canvas '94. In water & sailing wonderfully. \$2,250 OBO. BOB GERFY, Everett, WA, (206) 334-4878. (4)

'57 16' Dunphy, arched deck, classy windshield. Solid but nds refinishing. Incl '57 30hp Evinrude Lark (runs great) & hvy trlr. \$400 or trades. **23' Sailboat Hull & Deck**, 2000lb encapsulated lead keel, stdng hdrom, main bulkheads in, most interior wood ready, bowsprit, boomkin, new mast, boom, new stdng rigging, new sails, diesel available. \$4,900 or trade. STEVE RITZENTHALER, New Carlisle, OH, (513) 882-6869. (4)

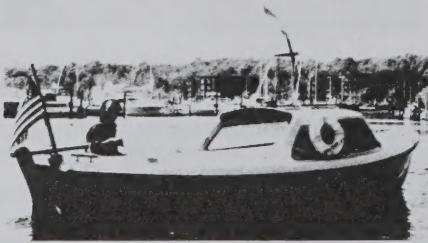
'55 Firefly 12' Racing Dinghy, C.M. mahogany, 2 sets sails, beach trolley, '92 trlr. \$1,500 BO or trade for sailing canoe. JAMES BOOTH, Reading, MA, (617) 942-9596. (4)

Herreshoff Marlin/Fish Class Sloop, in exc cond, 21-1/2' cedar on oak, almost new sails & many other extras. \$6,800. GEOFF WARNER, Exeter, RI, (401) 295-1243. (4)

16' Atlantic City Lifeguard Boat, wood. \$150. **16' Sea Lion Trlr**, \$400. Boat must sell before trlr. DAVID A. SOLTESZ, 5N3 Arbor Green, 275 Green St., Edgewater Park, NJ 08010, (609) 877-6771. (4)

Cape Cod Mercury Sailboat, (keel model). Hull #2860. W/M&J, floorboards, cradle. In vy gd cond. Will deliver within reasonable distance. \$950. DICK VILLA, Manchester, MA, (508) 526-7127. (4)

13'10" New Flat Bottom Kayak, mahogany ply, West System. \$500. R. SYLVIA, 10 Madison St., Taunton, MA, (508) 822-0421. (4P)



Swedish Built Powerboat, FG version of traditional lapstrake hull. Blt sturdily in '72, full keel, 18'9" LOA, 7'6" beam, 2'6" draft. Volvo MD1B 1B diesel, canvas cockpit cover, vee-berths, cockpit cushions, sliding chart/dining table, storage under berths. Compl w/new Load Rite trlr. Vy unusual vessel, pride of any fleet. \$4,400. GEORGE MARCUS, Noank, CT, (203) 572-9188. (4)



15' Ensign Dory, 6'4" beam, '87. Exc cond, yard maintained. mahogany rub rails, painted wood seat covers, long shaft transom w/15hp Honda 4-stroke OB new in '94. Yr old galv trlr. Sold as package for \$3,900 but w/o blonde pictured. Ready for water in Newbury @ Pert Lowell Co. JOEL PLASTRIDGE, Gloucester, MA, (508) 282-0454 anytime. (4)

Quaint 24' Double-Ended Schooner, gaff rigged, draft 4'. Cabin dups 2. Custom boom tent over ample cockpit cushions space under cover. FG full. Takes up to 6hp on OB mount. Near new fore & main sails, gd jib, old forstaysail. Comfortable in 25kts on Chesapeake. Weatherly & fast for gaff rig. Single hands easily. \$3,000. GODFREY GAULD, 1506 Pine Bluff Way, Arnold, MD 21012, (410) 974-0736. (7)

Bolger/Payson Cartopper, sprit rig, oars, motor, battery, trlr. \$1,000. See at Midwest Messabout. LARRY APPLEBAUM, St. Louis, MO, (314) 544-2865. (TF)

BOATS WANTED

Old Grand Banks Dory, 17'-19' to rblid. JOHN SEIDEL, Simbury, CT, (203) 658-1991 eves. (3)

8' FG Dinghy, sailable, rowable, useable, compl, inexpensive. DOUGLAS HECKROTTE, 48 W. Allens Ln., Philadelphia, PA 19119. (4)

16' Swampscott Dory, by Roger Crawford. Sailing version. DAVID A. SOLTESZ, 5N3 Arbor Green, 275 Green St., Edgewater Park, NJ 08010, (609) 877-6771. (4)

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Fast Traditional Sails, 1st, 2nd boats, Fleet A, WoodenBoat regtta wore DABBLER SAILS. Lug, gunter, sprit, gaff, etc., in white, tanbark or "Egyptian" dacron. DABBLER SAILS, P.O. Box 235, Wicomico Church, VA, 22579, (804) 580-8723. (6P)

SAILS & RIGGING WANTED

Bolger Micro Sails. TONY MC GARRY, 5050 Hwy 303 NE, #103330, Bremerton, WA 98310, (360) 698-6065, Fax (360) 377-1376. (3)

Lateen Rig, sail, spars, etc, for 12' Mini Fish (smaller version of Sunfish). J. STEPHEN CRIM, 904 Creekdale, Richardson, TX 75080-4906, (214) 238-0474. (3)

GEAR FOR SALE

100lb Mushroom Anchor, chain, line, float. \$250. ALLYN BRADFORD, 6 Ashton Pl., Cambridge, MA 02138. (617) 354-7913. (3)

Sailboat Dodgers, several American made, vy reasonable. **100lb Mushroom Anchor**, \$45. **Used Anchors**, Danforth, Navy, Herreshoff, 5lbs-100lbs, \$5-\$100 ea. **Bronze Ships Bells**, several quality older 8", 6", 5", 4" diam, exc tone, \$50-\$150. **Portlights**, 5", 6", 7", 8", 10", 12 glass, all brass or bronze. **Oval Ports**, brass 9"x6" for sailboats, vy reasonable. **Misc Hrdwre**. TONY GAMBALE, E. Boston, MA, (617) 569-3462. (3)

Atomic Four Parts: Oversize pistons (new) \$50; bronze shaft 1"x36" \$20, Zenith iron carb for Atomic or Graymarine \$30. **Evinrude 10hp OB**, short shaft '64. Just rblt, lacking steering arm, incl 3 gal tank. Can demo. \$100. **16' Spruce Boom**, box section, vy strong, w/bronze hrdwre. \$75. **Evinrude 10hp**, short shaft, '64. Just rblt, lacking steering arm. Incl 3 gal tank, can demo. \$100. **Fuel Tank**, 16gal, gas or diesel, incl level guage, by Mirax (new) \$45. DARRELL STREET, Burlington, MA, (617) 270-9416. (4)

17' Boat Trailer, hydraulic lift. \$500. **17lb Danforth Anchor**. \$25. G.L. CLARK, S. Yarmouth, MA, (508) 394-8390. (4)

Oarmaster w/Sculling Oars, Martin portable sliding seat sculling rig w/full outriggers. 20lbs. For canoe, open kayak, small sailboat dinghy. Used in 2-man Klepper. 9'9" Feather Martin spruce oars. Both in grt shape. New oar grips, wheels/axles, foot straps. \$450. A. GLAZER, Groton, MA, (508) 448-2464. (4)

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British Seagull Parts & Service. Many in-stock items are discounted. Please send FULL Serial Number/letter code from R/H side of crankcase when ordering. ROB ALLAN, 7044 Justine Dr., Malton ON L4T 1M3, Canada, (905) 676-8880; Fax (905) 676-8878. (TFP)



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Old Green Tank Merc, still looking for late '40's all through '50's, most any size or cond, also Mark series. L SNELL, P.O. Box 841, Jasper, TX 75951, (409) 384-8219. (3)

Inboard Engine, for small launch. Hand starting, water cooled, gasoline. Prefer Stuart Turner or Palmer. DG DRATH, Woodside, CA, (415) 851-7601. (4)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Catalogs: Boats, Yachts & Engines, over 200 from '30's to '70's. I'll sell copies by the sheet or originals. Send \$1 refundable for 5pg inventory. JOHN LOGAN, 212 Swinmish Dr., LaConner, WA 98257, (360) 466-4630. (4)

24' "Martha Jane", by Bolger. \$50.
BOB GERFY, Everett, WA, (206) 334-4878. (4)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15th issue. \$12 postpaid. NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (4P)

"Sleeper", 7' 10" cartoppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Info \$3. Plans \$17 (my cost). You send me \$20 more if you use them.
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Outboard Skippers, improve your skills & discover the tremendous possibilities of boats under 20' in length. *The Outboard Boater's Handbook* covers all aspects of these amazing boats. Edited by Dave Getchell, Sr., founding editor of the *Small Boat Journal*. Send \$21.50, incl S&H.
D.R. GETCHELL, RR 1 Box 3355, Appleton, ME 04862. (TF)

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Canoeing Journals of James S. Cawley, 1915-1919. Available in paperback. Daily writings of canoeing & camping on various adventure cruises. Written by co-author (with wife) of *Exploring the Little Rivers of New Jersey*, these journals were re-discovered & are now published for the 1st time. \$10 postpaid.
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MUSEUM OF THE ALBEMARLE, 1116 US Hwy 175, Elizabeth City, NC 27909, (919) 335-1453. (TFP)

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TRAILCRAFT, 405 State St. Dept. M, El Dorado, KS 67042. (TFP)

Canoe Lines, Plans, Offsets, Mold Patterns, for 12', 14-1/2', 16' & 18-1/2' canoes drawn for traditional beauty & versatility. Sized for either strip blt or wood/canvas construction.
FRANKLIN CEDAR CANOES, Box 175, Franklin, ME 04634, (207) 565-2282. (TFP)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Ted Brewer Explains Sailboat Design, (book), International Marine '85.
ROBERT MASON, 6145 Western Reserve Rd., Canfield, OH 44406, (216) 533-7442 (3)

Old Boat & Outboard Motor Sales Brochures, and pre-1960 boating magazines.
NAT HAMMOND, 672 E. Campville Rd., Endicott, NY 13760, (607) 754-3126 eves. (3P)

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Bareboat Charter, experience the spectacular beauty of Penobscot Bay, Maine, on an extended cabin version of Sam Devlin's "Surf Scoter". This handy little power cruiser features berths for 3, full galley and enclosed head. Enjoy crystal clear waters, tranquil beaches and secluded islands by day. At night anchor in a snug cove and curl up by the cozy woodstove.
ELMO MALLOY, Box 32, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-2003 days, (207) 359-8909 eves & wknds. (4P)

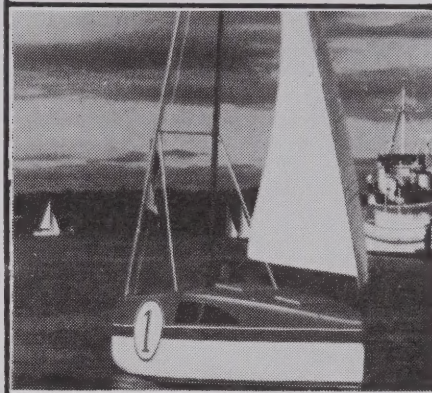


For Charter. 35' classic sailing yacht *Pleiades*. Comfortable cruising for 4 on this fully restored & well maintained vessel. Penobscot Bay, ME. \$975 weekly.
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Summer Rental. House on Swan's Island, ME near Acadia National Park. 3br bath, kitchen. View of harbor, hiking on property & many other places on island. Fresh water swimming in nearby quarry. Grocery store on island. 2 sand beaches, launching sites for small boats. Access to island by ferry 6 times daily. \$550/wk, Sat-Sat.
IVER LOFVING, Box 366, Swans Island, ME 04685, (207) 526-4121 or (207) 773-9505. (TF)

Maine Coast, Spruce Head, 2br on tidal cove. Views, deck, FP, mooring, sail/row dinghy. Avail 9/16-10/14 @ 463/wk. Row, sail or paddle Seal Harbor & Penobscot Bay. 3 MITA islands nrby.
FRANK O'BRIEN, Roslindale, MA, (617) 323-4759. (TF)

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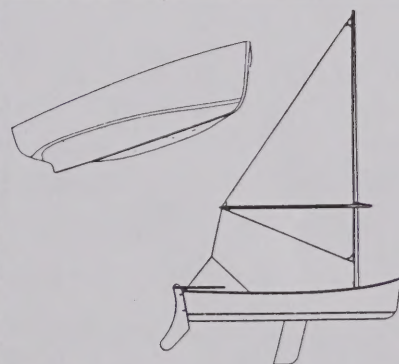
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Study plans, photos, etc. \$2 (no checks please). Plans \$40, patterns \$10. Video of building and sailing.

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10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull

Traditional Looking Yacht Tender

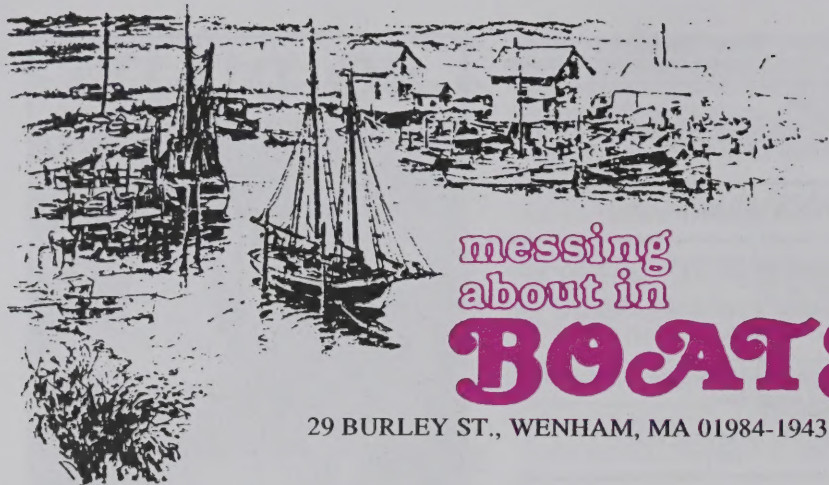
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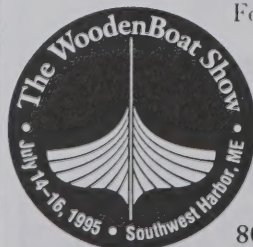
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