

**Special Features This Issue**  
Vintage Model Yachting Days  
Gladwin/Irving Expedition - New Bebuska

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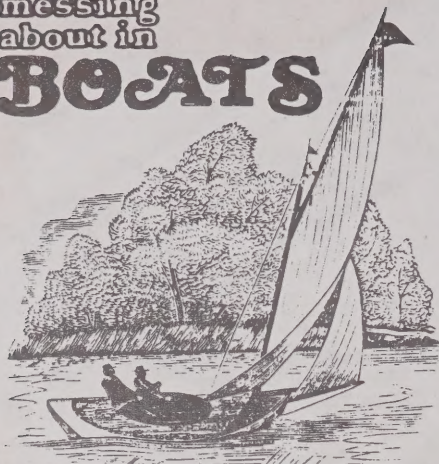
# **messing about in BOATS**

Volume 15 - Number 10

October 1, 1997



# messing about in BOATS



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## In Our Next Issue...

A reader suggested changing the heading of this list of promises to "In Future Issues..." since all promised articles don't always make it. But, I'll stick to the present heading for the present and I hope to have most of the following:

Bill Stowe has a lengthy tale of a week afloat in small boats in "Cruise of the Small Craft"; Mark Anderson's "Horrible Stink Boat Adventure" should make it this time; Charlie Ballou gives us a look at "The Matthew Arrives in Newfoundland"; Rick Klepfer continues his "Musings From Mus-tique"; and I still hope to get to try "Paddling a Hawaiian Outrigger Canoe".

Tony Bingells reports on his "Tug-A-Lug"; Tom Vandermeulen describes a home schooling boatbuilding project in "Teen Luff" and Robb White presents "The Latest One".

Conrad Natzio introduces his newest design, "Spoonbill"; Phil Bolger discusses "The Gunter Rig"; we'll get Tom's real world look at "How to Live on a Damn Boat" into this issue for sure; David Gray details "Making a Simple White Polysail"; and David Carnell presents some "Simple Bilge Pumps".

## On the Cover...

We have a feature on vintage model yachting in this issue and thought our cover photo choice caught the real essence of the early appeal to us all of model yachts.

## Commentary...

Model boats have been the subject of occasional feature articles on our pages over the years because they are a significant part of this messing about in boats scene. While the term "in" may not apply in a literal sense to boats too small to board for an outing afloat, in a broader sense those who are enthralled by the tiny craft are "in" boating, albeit in a unique manner.

While I confess to little personal desire to get involved with model boating, I do find myself drawn to the tiny craft when I am in their presence. I marvel at the intricacy of the construction of the scale models of all sorts of boats and envision myself perhaps some day later on, when I can no longer get out in the real things, in a little workshop puttering away at some sort of modeling. I feel the same about model trains. Oh, dear, that's an even more widespread infatuation with toys.

But advanced years are hardly the rationale for this enthusiasm many have for building boats in miniature. The age range is a lifetime, kids to seniors. The levels of skills grow with the years of course, and the many divergent ways that this subculture in boating can take offer a broad choice to those who would rather play with small scale than with full scale.

The Vintage Yachting Days event featured in this issue focussed on using the models, and radio control is now just about the only way this is done, according to my informants at the event. Free sailing models, even with the control offered by the introduction of windvane self steering, seems to be pretty much replaced by the versatility of radio control. Even scale models of historic sailing vessel types, in this case schooners, were scheduled into each day's racing along with the specialized racing yacht models.

Here we go beyond the building of models that is closely analogous to building of real boats to the sailing of them without ever getting onboard. This is not unlike operating a model railroad one has built up, or flying model aircraft. And model boating has its power boaters too. At Redd's Pond, where the regatta featured in this issue took place, conflict between ragbaggers and stinkpotters was just as real as in Marblehead's crowded nearby harbor. I understand the different groups worked out some sort of compromise on pond time.

I don't get to see any publications serving the radio control modelers but I do receive a really professional and informative one devoted to building scale models of historic vessels, historic in the sense of types, not just famous individual ships. Clayton Feldman's *Seaways Ships in Scale* is a

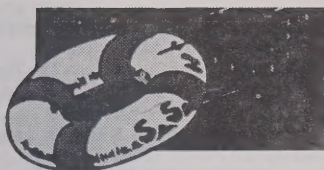
melding of two earlier publications into one slick, full color bi-monthly chock full of all sorts of ongoing detailed articles on model building and the historic research often needed before a chosen model can be constructed. If ship modelling is of interest you can contact them at Seaways Publishing, Inc., 2271 Constitution Dr., San Jose, CA 95124. (See their advertisement in this issue on page 29).

I also receive the newsletter of a Boston area ship modelling club, the U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild of New England. This is a very active long running group that is really into the intricacies of building model vessels to scale with accuracy. The name suggests a rather serious level of skills and this is so, but this does not mean that their activities are too serious to be enjoyable. A wide range of craftsmanship seems to exist harmoniously within this group, judging from newsletter discussions. It serves to bring some recognized professionals and very advanced amateurs in ship modelling together with aspiring amateurs. You can contact Alex Bellinger at 3 Dexter St., Newburyport, MA 01950 if this interests you.

Ship modelling goes way back, museums are full of them, many built by real seamen at sea during long lulls of inactivity. Others are prison built, a whiling away of time behind bars for unfortunates of the by-gone sailing era, its wars, piracy and trading confrontations. These models have substantial dollar values. They are "collectible", the best by museums and well to do private collectors.

A number of years ago I offered for sale at a Maine Maritime Museum auction a genuine 24' 1900's four man racing canoe of historic significance I'd happened across in one of those "been upstairs in the barn for 75 years" scenarios. It was a beautiful stripper as well as a serious contender in racing at the turn of the century. I was lucky to get the \$1,000 reserve, while several ship models were going for \$5,000 and up.

I guess my favorite amongst ship models I have seen is a model of the schooner *Effie L. Morrissey* (now the *Ernestina*, owned by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts) now at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in Essex, Massachusetts. This model was built by Fred Littleton of Martha's Vineyard in 1989 (we covered her launching in our June 15, 1989 issue). Fred had crewed on the original *Effie L. Morrissey* on her last cruise to the arctic under skipper Bob Bartlett in 1940. Fred's "model" is 18' long and he could climb aboard and sail her. Now, there's a ship model after my own heart.



# Small Boat SAFETY

## Off-Season Boating, Cold Shock, and Hypothermia

By Charles Sutherland

The risk of falling overboard or capsizing may be small, but the threat to life of such accidents is most serious.

There are no crowds of boaters on lakes and rivers in the colder months of the year. Fishermen work their favorite coves nearly undisturbed. On inland waters, migrating waterfowl appear in the fall and return again in the spring as soon as the ice goes out. The fine, breezy days of spring and fall are the best of days for many open boaters.

There are trade-offs for these blessings. The water is cold (less than 60 degrees Fahrenheit) in the off-season. More than half of the fatal boating accidents in Pennsylvania occur when the water is cold. Most such accidents occur in calm weather relatively close to shore. Because fewer boaters are on the water, the likelihood of a prompt rescue is greatly reduced. Off-season boaters must be as self-sufficient as possible.

Immersion in cold water rapidly incapacitates and may kill boaters who are not wearing protective clothing. Surfers, sailboarders, and river paddlers wear wetsuits or drysuits when the water is cold. Off-season sailors, fishermen, hunters, and other folks out in open boats can use these same precautions to greatly improve their safety on the water.

What happens in cold water?

Water removes heat from the body 25 times faster than cold air. About 50% of that heat loss occurs through the head. Physical activity such as swimming or other struggling in the water increases heat loss. Survival time can be reduced to minutes. Strong swimmers have died before swimming 100 yards in cold water. In water under 40 degrees Fahrenheit, victims have died before swimming 100 feet.

### Cold Shock

1. Without a life jacket, a victim may inhale while under water (involuntary gasping reflex) and drown without coming back to the surface. This can only be prevented by wearing a life jacket at all times on cold water. There is no second chance.

2. Exposure of the head and chest to cold water causes sudden increases in heart rate and blood pressure that may result in cardiac arrest.

3. Other responses to cold water immersion result in immediate loss of consciousness and drowning.

### Hypothermia

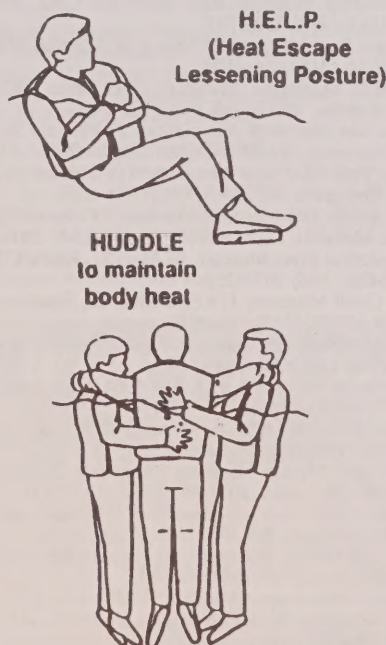
Hypothermia (decreased body temperature) develops more slowly than the immediate effects of cold shock. Survival curves show that an adult dressed in average clothing may remain conscious for an hour at 40 degrees Fahrenheit and perhaps two to three hours at 50 degrees Fahrenheit (water temperature). The crisis is more serious than these numbers suggest. Any movement in the water accelerates heat loss. Survival time can be reduced to minutes. Hands become numb and useless. Without thermal protection, swimming is not possible. The victim, though conscious, is soon helpless. Without a life jacket, drowning is unavoidable.

Even with a wetsuit or drysuit on, one's hands rapidly become useless in water in the low 40's. Protective fingerless gloves for fishermen can be important. Shivering occurs as body temperature drops from 97 degrees Fahrenheit down to about 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Uncontrolled rapid breathing follows the initial gasping response and may cause loss of consciousness. The victim must attempt to recover control of his/her breathing rate.

Muscle rigidity and loss of manual dexterity and physical helplessness occurs at about 93 degrees Fahrenheit. Mental capacity also deteriorates at this point.

Unconsciousness occurs when the body's core temperature reaches about 86 degrees Fahrenheit. If drowning doesn't occur first, death occurs at a core temperature of about 80 degrees Fahrenheit.

Once in the water, try to get back in or on your boat immediately. Do not leave the boat. If you are not wearing thermal protection and cannot get out of the water, stay as still as possible. Fold arms, cross legs, and float quietly on the buoyancy of your PFD until help arrives (Heat Escape Lessening Posture, HELP). If two or more people are in the water, put your arms around one another. Stay still and close together (huddle posture).



### How Fast can It Happen?

On Memorial Day, 1996, an 18-year-old canoeist capsized into 50 degree lake water. He sank to the bottom before a rescuer in a

boat towing the canoe could reach him. He was wearing blue jeans, a light shirt, and no life jacket. His body was recovered the next day by divers. Your ability to survive accidental immersion will depend on how you prepared yourself before going out.

Dressing for the possibility of immersion helps buy time to work out a rescue in case of an accident. *Warm weather does not cancel out the danger of cold water. Instead, wearing lighter clothing on warm days may increase risk.*

### Treatment of Hypothermia

1. Mild hypothermia (victim shivering but coherent): Move victim to place of warmth. Remove wet clothes. Give warm, sweet drinks, no alcohol or caffeine. Keep victim warm for several hours.

2. Moderate hypothermia (shivering may decrease or stop): Victim may seem irrational with deteriorating coordination. Same as above but no drinks. Victim should be kept lying down with torso, thighs, head, and neck covered with dry clothes, coats, or blankets to stop further heat loss. Seek medical attention immediately.

3. Severe hypothermia (shivering may have stopped): Victim may resist help or be semiconscious or unconscious. Removed from water, victim must be kept prone, on back and immobile. *Victim must be handled gently.* Cover torso, thighs, head, and neck with dry covers to stop further heat loss. Arms and legs must not be stimulated in any manner. *Cold blood in extremities that suddenly returns to the core may induce cardiac arrest.* Seek medical attention immediately.

4. Victim appears dead, little or no breathing or pulse, body rigid. Assume victim can be revived. Look for faint pulse or breathing for two minutes. *If any trace is found, do not give CPR.* It can cause cardiac arrest. Medical help is imperative. If pulse and breathing are totally absent, CPR should be started by trained medical personnel.

### Planning Ahead

Wear clothing that permits safe cold-water immersion and a life jacket. It is the only way to combat the risk posed by cold-water boating.

The common advice to wear layers of wool (nylon, polypropylene) is misleading. These fabrics do not effectively retard heat loss in cold water. They are warm when damp, after being wrung out, due to air trapped in the fibers. They must be worn inside a waterproof barrier (shell) having neoprene or latex gaskets at ankles, waist, wrists, and neck. Fleece-lined "wetsuit grade" Polartec clothing is rated equal to 2.5 mm neoprene and is comfortable under outer clothes. Such clothing (\$100-300) may be found in catalogs and shops that serve river paddlers and windsurfers.

Carry dry clothing in a waterproof bag. Tie a bailer and paddle to your boat. Evaluate the flotation in your boat. A short sling tied to the transom with a foot rest in the loop may assist boat re-entry. Attach a whistle or horn to your life jacket.

Tell someone where you are going and when you will return. Inform them of your return. Check the weather forecast for the day.

**WATCH THE BOATS AROUND YOU.**

On cold water, you are depending on one another for prompt rescue in case of an accident.

©Charles Sutherland, 10 February 1997.

## ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.  
Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.  
Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (508) 281-4440.  
N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.  
Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400. (414) 634-2351.  
Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

## BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Alder Creek Boatworks, 15011 Joslyn Rd., Remsen, NY 13438. (315) 831-5321.  
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.  
Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.  
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.  
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.  
Connecticut River oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.  
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.  
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.  
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.  
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.  
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.  
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.  
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.  
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.  
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.  
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.  
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.  
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.  
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.  
Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.  
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.

## BOATING SAFETY INSTRUCTION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (617) 599-2028.

## CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.  
Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840. (401) 846-1983.

## ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442. (954) 725-0640.

## MARITIME EDUCATION

Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.  
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.  
The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2007.

# Activities & Events Organizers '97...

A new year is here and even though winter will be with many of us for several more months we can start to think about what we might want to be doing when our season gets going.

As a center of a sort of small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many, many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are frequently asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or organization or event.

To expedite this we publish this "Activities & Events Organizers" listing. We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we don't want to spend a lot of time either on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about opportunities. Instead we periodically publish this list and suggest that readers contact any of these that seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

If you do not find what you want in this listing, then contact us, we may be able to help you. But bear in mind that everything we hear goes onto this list, we're not holding anything back.

Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543. (508) 540-3954.  
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.  
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Port Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

## MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).  
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.  
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.  
Calvert Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.  
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-0455.  
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.  
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.  
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.  
Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.  
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (508) 768-7541.  
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.  
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.  
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.  
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.  
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (617) 925-5433.  
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.  
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.  
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (508) 281-6336.  
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.

Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.  
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.  
Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.  
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.  
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (804) 596-2222.  
Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.  
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.  
Maritime & Yachting Museum, 9801 S. Ocean Dr., Jensen Beach, FL 34957. (407) 229-1025.  
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.  
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315.  
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.  
New Netherland Museum, Liberty State Park, Jersey City, NJ 07305. (201) 433-5900.  
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.  
Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.  
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (508) 745-9500.  
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.  
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.  
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.  
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.  
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (908) 349-9209.  
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Washington St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.  
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.

## MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.  
Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.  
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.  
Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.  
U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.  
U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (617) 631-4203.

## ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, RR1 Box 457, Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.  
Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.  
Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.  
Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (804) 463-6895.  
New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o David Akin, 40 Chase Ave., W. Dennis, MA 02670.  
San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142.  
West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcrest Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

## PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.  
Connecticut Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.  
Finlandia Vodka Clean Water Challenge, 300 Central Park West #2J, New York, NY 10024. (212) 362-2176.  
Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.  
Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.  
Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.  
Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466.  
Merrimack River Watershed Council, Lawrence, MA, (508) 681-5777.  
New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.  
Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.  
Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202. (617) 727-1614 XT360.  
Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.  
Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.

## ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101. (603) 668-2130.  
Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.  
Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930. (508) 283-4695.  
Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.  
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343. (860) 388-2007.  
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.  
Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.  
Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.  
New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049. (603) 465-7920.  
Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Pike Messenger, 32 Boston St., Middleton, MA 01948. (508) 774-1507.  
Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.

## SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (508) 282-4580.  
United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

## SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention.

## SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.  
Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624. (970) 487-3088.  
Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.  
Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.  
Washington Small Boat Messabout Society, Bob Gerfy, Seattle, WA, (206) 334-4878.

## STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.  
New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818. (401) 884-1710.  
Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.  
Steamtown Historical Society of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

## TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

BarNEGAT Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.  
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.  
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007. (860) 388-2007.  
Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.  
Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.  
Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.  
Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.  
Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o George Sargent, 5227 Williams Wharf Rd., St. Leonard, MD 20685. (410) 586-1893.  
Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.  
Sacramento TSCA, c/o Mike Fitz, 2831 Mattison Ln., Santa Cruz, CA 95065. (408) 476-2325.  
South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.  
Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.  
Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.  
Traditional Small Craft Club of the Peabody-Essex Museum, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (508) 663-3103.  
Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.  
TSCA of West Michigan, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.  
Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.  
Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

## TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820. (617) 272-9658.  
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145. (216) 871-8194.  
Noank Wooden Boat Association, P.O. Box 9506, Noank, CT 06340.

S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Mill Rd., Ipswich, MA 01938. (508) 356-3065.

Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (203) 388-6657.

## TUGBOATING

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.  
World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

## WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.  
North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.  
Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

## WOODEN BOATS

Association of Wooden Boatbuilders, 31806 NE 15th St., Washougal, WA 98671.  
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.  
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145. (216) 871-8194.  
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.  
Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.  
The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368. (360) 385-3628.  
Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada. (819) 422-3456.

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Advertising should appear in an issue at least a month ahead of the date of the event involved. To meet this lead time we need your ad copy two months (60 days) prior to the date of the event. Events and activities advertising will appear in the 1st issue of each month on our "Happenings" pages where readers will be accustomed to looking for it.

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# You write to us about...

## Your Experiences...

### The Sayville Waterfront

I live in Sayville, New York, on the south shore of Long Island, which is washed by the waters of the Great South Bay. Every day it is my pleasure to walk along the waterfront and enjoy the sights. I start my walk about 1/4 mile north of the bay and proceed south along the west bank of Brown's River, listening to the musical clinks of the halyards slapping the masts of the sailboats. It is a sound of which I never tire. I then pass a few nice old cottages on the river's edge and come to the Cull House, a seafood restaurant in a small woody building. It is surrounded by flower boxes and a few antique printing presses reminiscent of the Gutenberg era. Aromas from the kitchen permeate the air, stimulating the imagination and the appetite.

Next, there are two boatyards, Young's and Brown's River Marine. In the winter the latter has several dozen large motor and sailboats in drydock near the road, which makes for nice off-season boat watching. Past these boatyards is the Fire Island Ferry Co. run by the hospitable Ken and Judy Stein. Their ferries have been providing regular service to Fire Island for the past 100 years or so. Their destinations are Sailor's Haven, the Sunken Forest, Cherry Grove, Fire Island Pines and Water Island. In addition to passengers, they do a thriving cargo business. The big event last summer was the arrival of a brand spankin' new ferry, the pride of the fleet of about eight boats. It seats about 415 and has three huge diesel engines, all electronically controlled. In the unlikely event that something goes wrong, Ken says, "You don't grab a wrench, you grab a computer".

Beyond the ferries are two more boatyards: Land's End and Doug Westin's. Doug's yard is loaded with dozens of sailboats of all sizes and thus great fun to walk around. Doug is an expert sailor who competed on a national level, finishing 8th in the country in the Thistle class one year back in the '60's. His boat was *Old Smuggler*, No. 777, for those of you who may remember. Doug is congenial to a fault, and if he weren't so busy, I'd spend a lot more time with him just enjoying his conversation.

After Doug's is Land's End, a complex consisting of a marina, motel, cargo shipping company and large restaurant. The restaurant is housed in a lovely old English Tudor mansion on the corner formed by Brown's River and the shore of the Great South Bay. One can sit on the veranda there and watch the boats come and go, both on the river and on the bay.

At this point I head west along the bayfront, past the public beach where as a child, I learned to swim, past some bayfront cottages and apartments and pause at the Wet Pants Yacht Club (not to be confused with the local Wet Pants Art Club). The club is populated by friendly down-to-earth local people who like to sail, race and teach

their kids something about sailing. Sunfish, Laser's, Hobie Cats and Flying Scotts abound.

Adjacent to the club is the town marina with four or five dozen slips, mostly motorboats, and a large parking lot on the water with a commanding view of the bay. It's a great place to watch the sunsets, and many people come to do just that or simply sit in their cars and eat lunch and watch the bay. Next door is the beautiful, new town park and beach on the bay where one can walk the shore and do a little beachcombing.

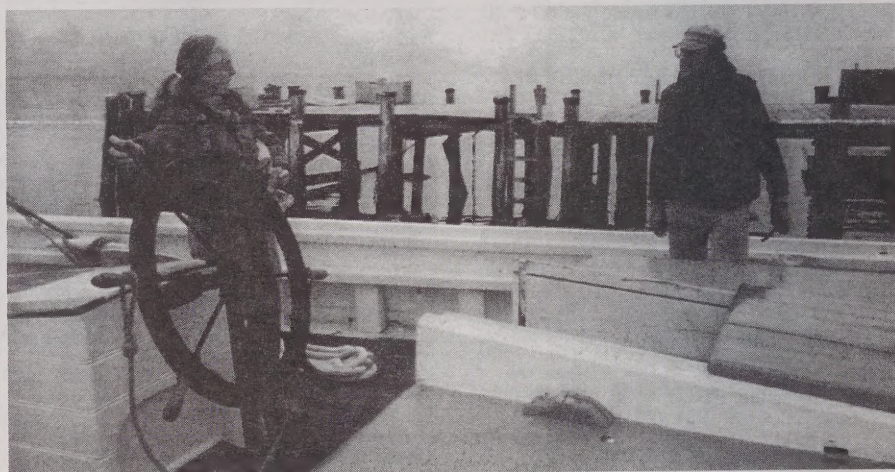
There is more waterfront, but it's private and inaccessible. At this point I head north through the park towards home, content from my pleasant stroll and happy in the knowledge that I can look forward to many more pleasing walks along the same route in the future.

Pete McComb, Sayville, NY

### Have You Seen the White Whale?

Just a bit of fantasizing at the helm of the schooner *Adventure*. In Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Alicia Moore, Ipswich, MA.



## Your Opinions...

### The Meaning of "TIDS"

In an August issue Hugh Ware wrote on some research he did on the etymological origin of "TIDS", the wartime invasion tugs. As the originators of the abbreviation are probably long since gone we can only speculate on their thought processes. As a Brit I throw out one more suggestion as a possibility.

When I was a small child in England I would go fishing with my sister armed with a net and a jam (jelly) jar with a string handle. We would head to the local pond to go after minnows and sticklebacks, the latter being prize catches as they had bright red gills and spiny backs. Collectively we referred to these as "tiddlers".

### Crow Canoe Blessing

I am an amateur canoe builder. My fifth boat, now under construction, received this Crow Indian blessing. Her curves have become especially alive with Indian grace. I'd like to share this with others, if you care to publish it.

AKBAATATADIA, HINNE BAASHE  
IASSIAWILIKUH, (O Great Spirit, we ask you to please bless this canoe.)

IISKOO ANNIOO KOOLIAWAAK,  
ITCHIWAAK, BALEE AMMALEELAKO  
KOOIILIAWAK. (conceived in love and built in the traditional native way from trees you have provided.)

SHOHTAA  
BII-ISAAPAAKEETAALIELAK  
IASSIAWILIKUH. (Give her your guidance to run straight and true in whatever waters she finds herself.)

BAAKAWIIA AAISSAH (Grant her your protection.)

AAKHAWASHDAALILAK  
ITCHEDEEO, (that she and her passengers may enjoy many pleasurable and safe journeys.)

ITCHWEEWAAK  
IIWAHKOOTDAK. (coming to no harm from collision, rapids, leaking or theft.)

DISSEE AHOOMUUK. (Thank you.)

This Crow Indian blessing of a canoe, is to be given during building or prior to launch.

Gardner Moulton

My good friend Frank Durham did a search for me in the Oxford English dictionary and turned up: "Tiddlers...a nursery name for a stickleback. Also applied to other small fish such as minnows". There was also a reference to small children being called tiddlers but I do not think that really applies.

The British logic would have been:

A working committee meets to discuss what to call the proposed support vessel.

It cannot be called a tug because tug is too generic.

It would be a little boat (fish) in a big pond.

What is the name for a little fish in a big pond?

Tiddler.

That needs to be abbreviated, call it TID.

That sounds important and hopefully the Ministry of Defence will also think so and agree to their manufacture. (The reason for the requirement is immaterial).

General agreement.

The committee adjourns for a cup of tea, the day's business having been successfully completed.

Mike Hinsley, Addison, TX.

### Catch Up Opinions

Here are some belated responses to several bygone articles due to my over the road trucking job keeping me away from my reading.

Roy Terwilliger's comments in a January issue on sailing races on TV prompts me to comment that I think any method that gets non-boaters or powerboaters interested in sailing at any level is worthy of our support, be it Ultimates on ESPN or the improved coverage of the America's Cup. And the N.E. Multihull Association probably sponsored their regatta including monohulls with the hope that some would trade monos for multis. Just guessing but that would make sense to me.

In that same issue William Mantis inquired about composting toilets, and I urge that they be considered, they have many advantages. Some firms making these have RV and marine models, see ads in *Mother Earth News*. If a boat has space, go for it. They save dollars, eliminate trips to pumpout stations or discharging in your favorite anchorage, soon to be illegal almost everywhere. This advice comes from a former boat plumber.

Tony McGarry, Whidbey Island, WA.

## Your Projects...

### Pequod Comes Home

After seven decades of sailing, the *Pequod* is again resting at the Watts Boat Yard in Collingwood, Ontario, where it was built ca. 1920. While researching the history of the Watts Boat Building Company for a publication to be launched late in the year, we inspected a boat which was reputed to be *Pequod* a few months ago. This particular boat's construction was well documented. It is a wooden, carvel built craft with a wineglass stern, built for the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and sailed out of Toronto's elite Royal Canadian Yacht Club. The *Pequod* is pictured coming out of the Watts boathouse on an exhibit poster published by The Collingwood Museum in 1994.

Upon initial inspection, it was difficult to determine if it was indeed *Pequod*. She was laying in wait with a collection of somewhat forgotten craft at the Owen Sound Marina. A few more visits, measurements and examinations confirmed her identity, and marked the beginning of an elaborate plan to return her home to Collingwood. In the morning hours of May 10, this goal was achieved.

The return of *Pequod* was no small task, and is due in large part to the generosity of a number of individuals and businesses who supported the initiative. The Owen Sound Marina generously gave her up, knowing that she would be the focus of a

restoration project. Wayne West, of West Crane in Owen Sound arrived at the Marina extra early to lift the six ton craft, and still be on schedule for the launch of the other fine craft at the Owen Sound Marina. *Pequod* travelled east along Hwy 26 on a 25' trailer provided by Lloyd Brothers Contracting of Creemore. She was safely tethered to the trailer with straps provided by T.D. Snow & Sons of Collingwood. Upon her arrival in Collingwood, Rob's Crane skillfully lifted her off the flatbed and onto a familiar spot in the Watts boatyard. Without this kind of support from the communities, we simply would have been unable to achieve this.

At first glance, *Pequod* appears to need a great deal of restoration. While restoration is a goal, her hull is basically sound. The hull didn't twist or bend a bit when the crane lifted her. Naturally, it's Watts built!"

*Pequod* is not the only Watts built craft we have discovered throughout our research. There will be more homecomings, and each of them will be different. While we were not anticipating that our research would result in boat moving, it is becoming an exhilarating part of the work.

Research is continuing and expanding. We are still encouraging anyone with stories to share about Watts boats to contact us:

Peter Watts, (905) 723-1703, Tracy Marsh, Box 623, Thornbury, ON NOH 2P0, Canada, (519) 599-3819

## Your Needs...

### Where Is Surflock?

Is Surflock Associates Co. of S.Plainfield, New Jersey still in business, and if so could someone send a full mailing address?

Does anyone know of another source of a couple pair of the Surflock locks like those shown on page 75 in R.D. Culler's book *Boats, Oars, and Rowing*?

Does anyone have a copy of *Boats, Oars, and Rowing* for sale?

Garry Warber, P.O. Box 1233, Port Angeles, WA. 98362.

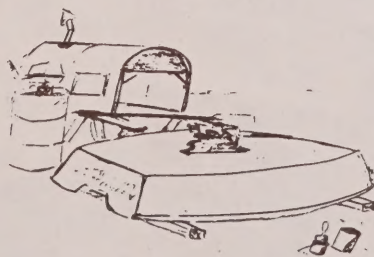
## This Magazine...

### Many New Contacts Made

I have made many new contacts with builders of fine small craft from the exposure I received with my small ad for my specialty lumber sawing business. I was successful in selling off most of my available stock and now am undertaking to build up more inventory for the winter season.

This image came to me in a dream. What else would a wood sawyer producing stock for boat builders dream of?

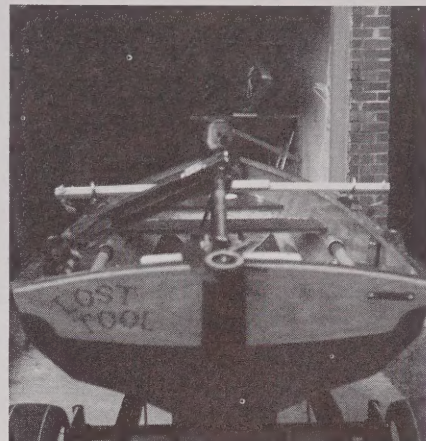
Alexander Ware, S. Deefield, MA.



### Wineglass Wherry

Here is a photo of the Wineglass Wherry I have built from Pygmy Boats, the same design featured in the March 15th issue on pages 8 and 9.

James Morrissey, Oklahoma City, OK.



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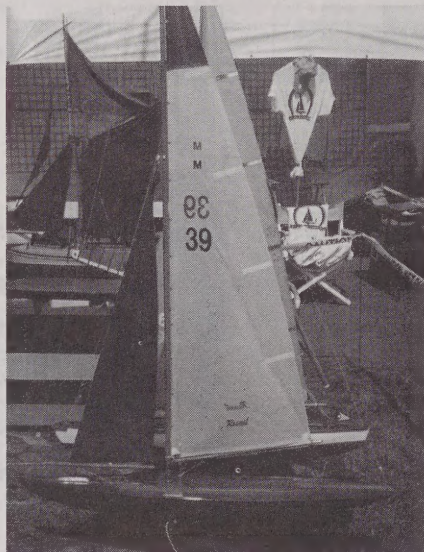


Shoreside prep for an upcoming race.

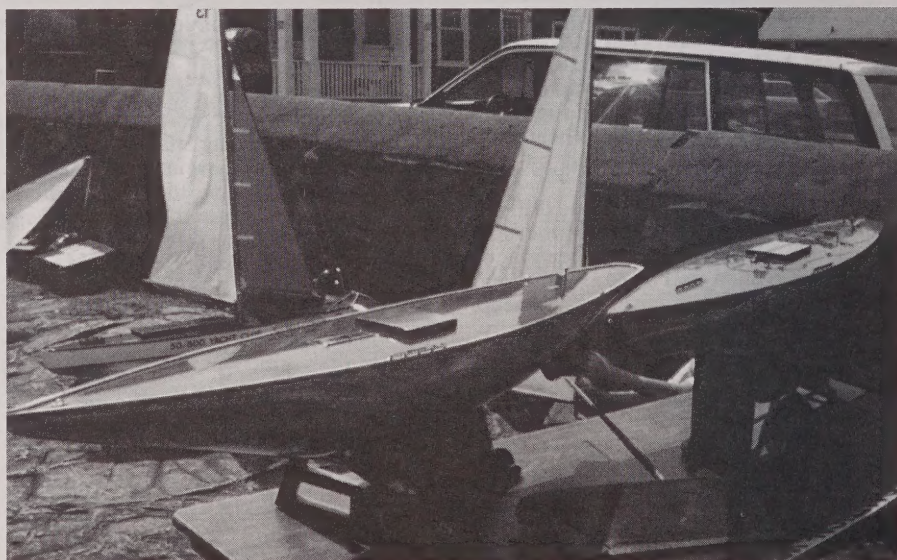


Skippers line the shore, radio antennae at attention.

After a race was over it was haulout time.



The Marblehead M Class is major player in RC model yachting, originating where else?



## 3rd Annual U.S. Vintage Model Yachting Days Regatta

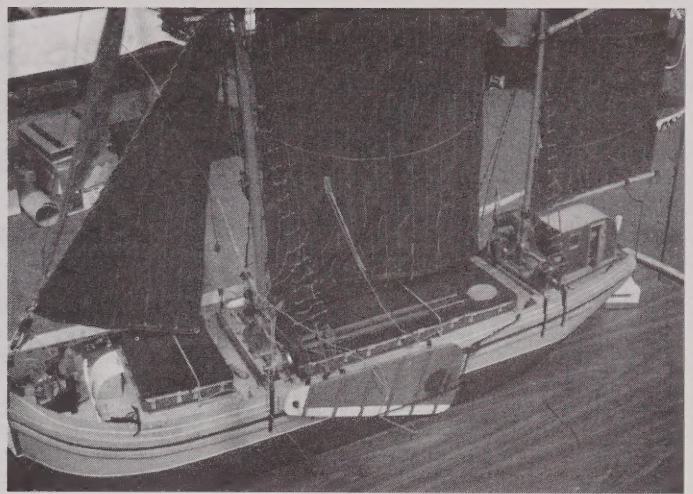
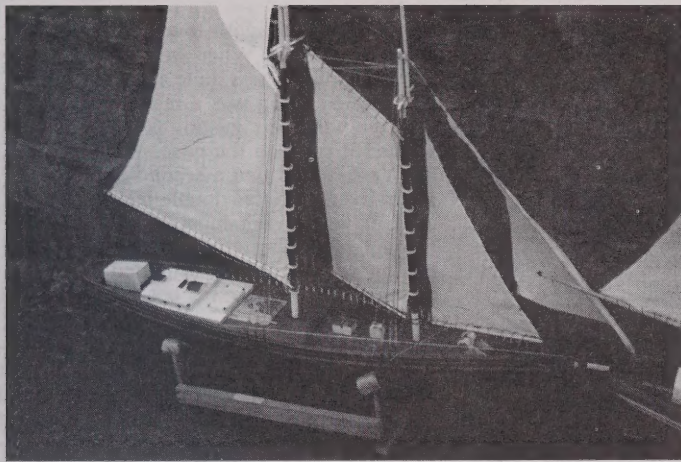
Redds Pond in Marblehead, Massachusetts has been the site for model yacht racing since the 1920's. This summer, on August 16th and 17th, it was the site for the 3rd Annual "U.S. Vintage Model Yachting Days Regatta". I decided to look in on the event, handily but a 30 minute drive from here.

It was a pleasant little gathering of the faithful, and racing was ongoing throughout both days, all of it RC, radio controlled. I had somehow thought maybe there'd be some free sailing of pond models due to the "vintage" character of the event, but was assured this wasn't possible on this pond, given its small confines, fluky winds due to surrounding buildings, and rocky far shores inaccessible to many of the skippers no longer ready to scramble to meet arriving models.

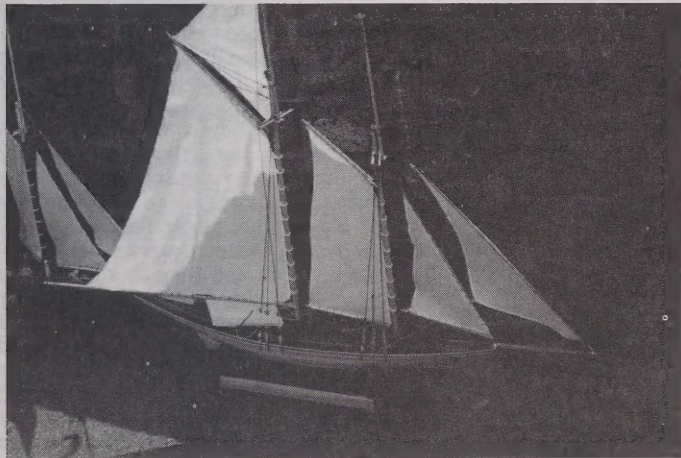
I spent an hour photographing some of the fleet so you might see what sort of game this is, "pocket yachting" as it were. For more information about this sport contact John Snow at 78 East Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945.

Opposite page: Schooner races were scheduled for the afternoons, these four were on static display during my morning visit.

Two gleaming race ready hulls, these 5' varnished beauties can cost you as much to buy as a full size sailing skiff.

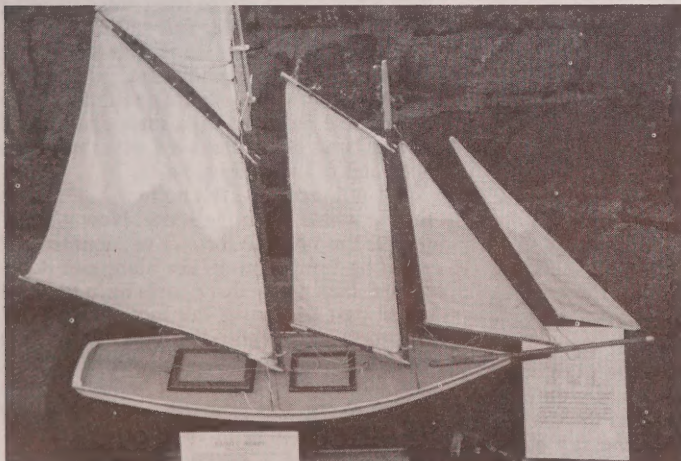


A beautifully made static display model of what appears to be some sort of English river and estuary lugger.



An interesting catamaran static display model, perhaps the 1880's Herreshoff venture into multihulls?

A youthful free sailor greets his arriving model, no problem at this age scrambling over the rocky shore.



This year's S.S. Crocker Memorial Race was a splendid time. The course was 20 to 30 nautical miles off Manchester and Gloucester, Massachusetts. It was an absolutely glorious day with sharp blue sky studied with puffy white clouds and temperature around 75 to 80 and a perfect sailing breeze. This breeze started out at 15-18 knots and built to around 25 knots with gusts into the 30's.

Eighty two boats entered, a large number of these traditional wooden boats, and of course many were Crocker designed and built. The display of wooden schooners, ketches, yawls, cutters and sloops was fantastic. Seeing these boats racing in these conditions was seeing them at their best. Really magical. Boats like these possess their own special character. There was plenty to delight the eye.

We sailed our Crocker designed Stonehorse cutter *Carole*. Friends Rich and Meredith and my wife Carole and I were the crew. Rich was probably the most capable sailor on board. All were excellent bailers and were in for a workout in this race.

We love our little cruiser and get plenty of use out of it. I bought it for very short money as it was in ratty shape and had no working engine. The past couple of years have brought many improvements. The teak bowsprit, hatch, coamings and rails all sport new varnish. All the spars are straight-grained fir and they also shine with new varnish.

This year I installed a used diesel engine but didn't have enough time, money or energy to complete the hookup. So it's good ballast. We use an old British Seagull outboard that my friend Dirt gave me. Someone threw it in his yard. It mounts on some scrap mahogany bolted to the boomkin.

Under my stewardship *Carole* has had more color changes than a 16 year old cosmetology student. Presently she is bright blue on the hull with a bright yellow wale. We like the colors especially with the varnished wood and green sail covers.

This year we got to the line plenty early and tacked around waiting for the starting shapes and gun. We misread them and started ten minutes late. We saw our class sailing off as a group and knew we'd better get going. The first leg was downwind and it

## The S.S. Crocker Memorial Race

### "Now It's Different!"

By Paul Schwartz

was blowing 15-18 knots. That ten minutes cost us about a mile. With all sail set we ran quickly towards Newcomb's Ledge and started closing on our group. Our excitement built as we flew along while behind us the sea began to fill with a fabulous array of boats.

The second leg was a very fast reach towards Eastern Point in Gloucester. On this one we really flew and closed the gap considerably. The biggest surprise was seeing just how fast some generally slow boats were moving in the increasing wind.

The *Emma Shotwell* is a gorgeous old pinky ketch that flies one of those very long pennants at her masthead with her name emblazoned on it. She looks exactly like the boats you see in the old lithographs. If memory serves, she had everything up including a topsail. She ran into trouble at the mark.

The small schooner *Green Dragon* was also blasting along at a very respectable clip and was looking nearly as good as the *Emma Shotwell*. Even the Friendship sloop *Tern* was making good time before she slowed with reefing problems.

The next leg was beating upwind to Gale's Ledge and by then the wind seemed to be in the low to mid 20 knot range with gusts into the high 20's. We struck the Yankee and tied a single reef in the main. The stronger gusts would frequently bury the rail filling the huge cockpit with water.

Too much time had been lost tying in the first reef to allow tying in a second and we seemed to be going pretty good anyway. The Stonehorse *Dorothy* seemed to be leaving us behind on this leg and bigger boats were beginning to overtake us. Among others, the cutter *Blue Goose* went by as well as the schooner *Puritan*, both with friends at their helms.

We were beginning to feel a little discouraged as things didn't seem promising. Some of the bigger boats were carrying full sail into the wind and were bowling along with the spray flying and white seas curling off their bows. Some were surprisingly stiff while others lay over in the gusts. This was really good sailing and a feast for the eye and the spirit.

Seemingly from nowhere the double reefed *Dorothy* appeared just ahead of us approaching the mark. Our excitement rose as now there was a real race going on. We very gradually but steadily gained on her and finally left her slightly behind at the mark.

The instant we rounded the Gale's Ledge mark we set our Yankee and Rich went forward to hold down the staysail boom, and we ran wing and wing for Newcomb's. Meredith had the tiller and ran us down with great skill. She refused to look back, if she had she would have seen *Dorothy* falling back, while we were being chased by deeply furrowed seas with tumbling white crests. All about us the sea was filled with whitecaps while the sky above

was a vivid blue with lovely white clouds and plenty of sun. When we rounded Newcomb's, *Dorothy* was quite a way back.

The final leg was a real screamer. By now the wind was gusting to 33 knots and we had it right on the nose. We struck the big Yankee and tied a second reef into the main. Even with this double reef tied in, the cockpit was awash most of the time. No amount of bailing could keep us dry. For bailing we use a wide brimmed brass pot, which is also the chamber pot, which holds a couple of gallons.

As soon as progress was made in emptying the water from the cockpit a gust would bury the rail again and the sea would again run fully and freely into the cockpit and up over the transom. At Rich's suggestion we headed right up under Magnolia before tacking back to Gale's Ledge and the finish. We had hoped to find a bit of a lee for the final tack but we didn't. We had to keep her right up and make it without another tack.

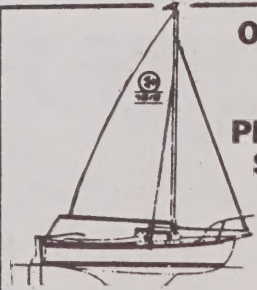
*Dorothy* was now way down towards Marblehead on the other tack. Oddly enough, our two Stonehorses were the only two boats with tanbark sails so she was easy to spot. By now the whole fleet was pretty thin but our only concern was besting our rival. We hung on and tried to keep all we could get from the great wind. That leg seemed to take forever. It felt like the giant scoop of the cockpit acted like a drogue and the weight of the water in it was pressing us down. Carole held up our number as we crossed the line between the committee boat and the buoy with *Dorothy* quite a distance back. The cannon went off. We had won the Stonehorse trophy!

Beating back to our mooring was tough, we had no choice since the dependable British Seagull was defunct. We were both tired and elated and glad to get back to the mooring off the beach. We had a wonderfully exciting time and it was quite a thrill to win.

The Crocker race is great stuff. It's pretty much in league with the old burlap bag races in terms of competition. Some would say in terms of speed too. Just about everybody wins something. There are prizes for 1st, 2nd and 3rd in each of eight classes. There's an S.S. Crocker Trophy for 1st overall. The first three Crocker boats win awards. There's that Stonehorse Trophy for the first Stonehorse. Everyone receives an anniversary glass.

We won a nice little hardwood box with a brass plate on the front and a painting of a clipper ship under full sail on the top. The underside of the lid is a mirror so we can admire ourselves endlessly. For one year we also get to keep a striking half model of a Stonehorse mounted on a mahogany board, having brass plates engraved with the names and dates of the winning boats.

Until recently I felt nothing but disdain for the whole yachting scene. Now it's different. I'm not like them. I've mounted my yachting trophy across the bathroom doorway in such a way that people have to crawl to get past it. I never fail to mention to all that there were eighty-two boats in the race and we got the biggest prize. Although I regret having won something honestly I take solace in the fact that there was only one other Stonehorse in the race.



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I am a woman, a minority (non-white Hispanic), a non-swimmer, and the closest I have come to any woodworking tools has been hammering a few nails around my apartment. Nonetheless, over the long weekend of June 26-29, 1997, I had the unique experience of going to the WoodenBoat Show at Mystic, CT, and seeing it "from the inside, looking out."

I was part of Marc Pettingill's contingent in the Benford Design Group, Tiller Publishing entourage at the show. Marc invited me to observe the show as an "experimental project" as a preliminary step for a possible Spanish translation of his book, *Building Sweet Dream*.

All my life I have been surrounded by books and the world of academia. When I accepted Marc's proposal, I felt like I was going to undertake a journey into the unknown. (Perhaps that was the way that my ancestors felt, Spaniards who chose to come to live in the New World.) As for the world of wooden boats, it is enough to say that I didn't know what to expect. I was able to recognize a canoe or kayak, but that was the extent of my knowledge. This would be a real adventure.

The WoodenBoat Show took place over four days. On the first day, the exhibitors set up their booths, and the following three days the show was open to the public. I was amazed by how many people came to the show. Going through the gate on the first day of the show, I felt like I was entering a different world. The exhibitors were greeting each other with warm familiarity. The atmosphere was charged with energy and excitement to such degree that the only analogy I could use is "children running free in a candy store" or, perhaps even better yet, "in a toy store."

Marc Pettingill was my host, and I am grateful to him for allowing me to observe his work and answering all the questions that I had. From what I saw, Marc was one of a very few exhibitors, if not the only one, who did a live building demonstration during the show. Marc also had two finished solo canoes on the premises on display and, although he said otherwise, each one was a piece of art.

Before the show, I was familiar in a conceptual manner with Marc's process of ultralight canoe building as a result of reading his book, *Building Sweet Dream*. Never could I imagine seeing the birth of this unique solo canoe. Just seeing a flat piece of 4mm okume plywood been being folded and, "como arte de magica," you have the shape of the hull in no time, it is incredible.

Then Marc went on with additional steps to finish the initial stage of keeping the hull together with nylon wire ties. Some current Sweet Dream builders were at the show saying "They have met the challenge and have enjoyed the building process." Also in the words of Ms. Hall, a young Canadian woman who is building her first solo canoe, and is going one step at a time because she works full-time. "Doing this project has given me a sense of pride and accomplishment."

As soon as Marc Pettingill began to build Sweet Dream, people started to gather around his booth. Sometimes Marc invited someone from the crowd to participate in the building activity. A brother and sister, eight and nine years old respectively, helped to "wire up the hull" using the nylon wire ties. Marc explained the process as he went along, and people would watch and listen.

## The 1997 WoodenBoat Show: A New Road Taken

By Elizabeth Reyes-Galarza

It never ceased to amaze me that many of the women as well as most of the men watching the demonstration had some knowledge about building a canoe or a boat. Let's face it, in my experience at least, canoe or boat building always has been a male dominated field. I was happy to see that many women have taken up this endeavor with successful results.

When Marc finished an activity, the questions started to fly. The age range of people asking questions went from the young to the young at heart. The question most asked was, "Why do you use plastic wire ties instead of copper wire?" Marc's answer, repeated I'd guess more than a hundred times, was a variation on, "The wire ties don't cut up your hands, they are less likely to break out of the wood, they can be tightened with one hand, and when they are no longer needed, they are easily cut away with a knife or chisel."

Every time Marc finished a step, people would ask when or at what time he would continue the demonstration. There were times that he had from 25 to 40 people surrounding him, observing his work and asking questions. People were curious about the initial stage of the hull because it looked like a "prehistoric thing" with all the plastic wire ties sticking out. As one child said, "Mom, it looks like a piranha!" So everybody was first curious, then intrigued by the apparent ease of construction, and then impressed by the beauty of the two finished Sweet Dream hulls.

I was surprised and impressed at the behavior of the exhibitors. When they had some free time (which was not very often), they would take a stroll among their peers in the neo-movement and exchange information about past and current work in progress. In a place where egos could have run high, everybody seemed human and humble, with honest admiration for other exhibitor's work.

To be able to make it to the WoodenBoat Show involves hard work determination, love-passion in this field, pride, creativity, and lots of energy. Our neighbors at the show, Sue Levene and Eric Schade of Shearwater Boats (and their seven-month-old son, Andrew) had beautiful canoes and kayaks made of cedar strips that at first sight anyone could see the creativity creative and hard work involved. (Sue and Eric were also so kind as to let me use one of their chairs. I learned that Marc spends most of the day at home on his feet building and repairing boats. At the WoodenBoat Show it was no different, he almost never sat down, and he hadn't thought to bring a chair for himself, never mind one for me!)

At one point, Marc introduced me to Dick Butz and John Montague, the designers and builders of a sailboat called the *Weekend Skiff* that reminded me of the boat in the movie *Sabrina* (the 1954 classic version with Humphrey Bogart and Audrey Hepburn, not the modern remake). Their enthusiasm for

their boat in particular, but all the boats sailing in the harbor in general, was infectious. Before I knew what was happening, I got caught up in their excitement and I considered taking a ride in the *Weekend Skiff*, but I didn't due to my fear of the water.

Later, I was in a small crowd at the edge of the water watching how smooth the *Weekend Skiff* sailed. We also saw a couple sailing in another boat, which the other people generally agreed was made of fiberglass. The man standing next to me said, "It looks like they bought it at a toy store." Which at the moment made me laugh and relax despite having missed my very first sailboat ride. It was a good contrasting point between fiberglass boats and the wooden masterpieces that were all around me.

As time went by, I felt more relaxed, enjoying the friendliness of the people and, above everything, feeling great respect for the works of art of these wooden boatbuilders. My earlier apprehensions vanished and I could say without hesitation that I had crossed over into this new realm. Even I (yes, me, the proud owner of a hammer and some nails) came away from the show with the positive sense that I could build a simple boat like Sweet Dream.

As I write this, it is several Sundays after the WoodenBoat Show. It is early evening, the sun is still bright, and it reminds me of the closing hours of the show and of the last walk I took along the Mystic Seaport waterfront. I sat on a bench overlooking the water, felt the warmth of the sun, and reflected on the events of the show and how those four days enriched my life. It had been four days for the exhibitors and other participants to talk share, observe, ask questions about wooden boats, canoes, etc.

A segment of society that belongs to a subculture was having its four days of celebration and challenge for the eyes and mind. The 15,000 or so people at the show were linked, consciously or unconsciously, by the common thread of keeping wooden boats alive, making them accessible to everyone who is ready for the challenge, and gaining in the process new converts to sustain their neo-movement in the future.

I agree with Marc Pettingill's introduction in his book, *Building Sweet Dream*. Before the show, my road had a fork in it and I started down the road to the WoodenBoat Show with some apprehension. But as I kept going on the road that I chose, I came to see that the fun and satisfaction in building your own wooden boat is not just for the people lucky enough to go to the WoodenBoat Show.

I saw that there is some level of involvement that is achievable by virtually anyone who has the desire to get involved, whether quietly in their own home or by sharing their achievements with their family and friends. I think that a first-time builder (and surely even more for a first-time female builder) may have more fun and satisfaction that someone who has done something like this before.

"Muchas gracias" to Marc Pettingill and Jay Benford for the invitation to the WoodenBoat Show, and the learning experience I had there.

In September 1995, I was a member of a two-person kayak trip from Bush Island to East Ironbound Island on Nova Scotia's South Shore. The weather was fall-like, the seas high, and the air incredibly clear. We shared the island with a herd of sheep as well as the usual assortment of sea birds. As is usual on these camping trips, the conversation around the campfire quickly came around to the "What a beautiful place we live in, we should see more of it, we should make a trip entirely around..." We shook hands, resolving to do just that during the summer of 1996.

"We," by the way, are Joel Irving, amour de cosmos, beachcomber, and free spirit from Mahone Bay, and Gerry Gladwin, confirmed wooden head and proponent of human powered aquatic travel from Wolfville. We are both experienced and dedicated kayakers. Our craft is a wood/epoxy 20-ft. North Pacific double baidarka equipped with a sail.

Preparation began immediately. Collecting charts, reading the booklets by Scott Cunningham, who made the trip a decade ago, the Fundy weather guide and Atlas of Tidal Currents for the Bay of Fundy were first on the list. We also studied topo maps to identify likely campsites and re-supply points along the way. Now, one year later, it's hurricane season again and, happily, we have been able to squeeze one month out of our busy lives to travel the first half of our voyage, 500 kilometers, or 300 miles for you people south of the border, from Baxter's Harbour on the Fundy shore to Mahone Bay in time for the Wooden Boat Festival, a semi-circumnavigation of the province.

The tides in the Bay of Fundy are legendary, reaching upwards of 50 feet in the upper reaches of the Minas Basin, my home waters. To put this into context, the tide range along the South Shore is about 6 to 8 feet per tide. In the Fundy, the tide moves that much every hour of the day! The current generated by this colossal movement of water amounts to 2 to 3 knots. Clearly then, if we hoped to make the passage down the Fundy coast, we would have to "go with 'er, cause y' can't go agin 'er."

Departure day came upon us before we knew it, but Joel had everything ready. July 1st saw us on the beach at Baxter's Harbour at noontime on a somewhat overcast, but otherwise warm, day. Packing the boat took the better part of an hour, and we were both surprised at just how much gear we could carry, and a little disconcerted at what we couldn't.

A major item on such a trip is water. It was unclear just what was available along the way, so we packed 20 litres in 2-litre pop bottles. The tide just began to ebb as we pushed off into the light fog and mild headwind.

## Tale of the Gladwin/Irving Expedition

By Gerry Gladwin

With the sail furled and the paddles getting into a rhythm I would soon be able to maintain in my sleep, we struck out offshore about half a kilometre to maximize the advantage the tide flow could afford us. When the initial excitement of leaving finally began to wear off, the excitement of being a traveler making a passage on the ocean became clear.

First of all was getting comfortable in the boat. Stability was excellent. Our large load made the kayak solid as a rock. Joel even stood up to have a pee just to see if he could do it, and he could. However, this is not a recommended procedure. The nature of a baidarka is that the bow is quite low, hence the guy in the front tends to break some of the bigger waves, protecting the back seat guy. As Joel put it, "I could tell when the waves were getting large by the way the water squirted out from under Gerry's armpits." As for me, beyond being a bit uncomfortable, such incidents caused little concern, especially given the fact that all I had to do on this trip was to paddle, the captain was adept at squirming our way through the worst of it.

### The Fundy Shore

The beach at Robinson's Brook is not very wide. On either side of it are sheer cliffs and at the base of the cliffs are boulders. The angle of the cliffs provide some shelter when the wind is coming from the southwest, but when it is from anywhere north or west, the surf is coming right across the whole beach with just a few big rocks to break it up before we do. It is not an easy place to launch a fully loaded double baidarka.

So, set the boat where you estimate a good spot to be, placing it on a couple of rollers and load it. This always takes about an hour. Wait. When the water gets close, the front paddler gets in and battens down the spray cover, and you both start watching the wave patterns and, hopefully, if everything works out just right, then you are able to get afloat in a set of smaller waves and at right angles to them. Or, as happened to us, we misjudged and got caught semi sideways into a set of the larger ones. In the front, I was able to ride up and over the worst of it before it could break over me. But Joel, trying to push off perpendicular to the surf and get into the cockpit all at the same time, got trashed by the foamiest part of the breaker and ended up in a seat shared with 5 or 10 gallons of the Bay of Fundy. I laughed,

of course, because so often it's me getting wet' but soon I was humbled when the water started seeping up under my ass, too. But, we were under way once again, and once most of the water was pumped out and our bodies warmed up the wetness, it was OK.

This is truly a land of cliffs, layers of rock stacked like layer cake, topped with green foliage. The wind's till in our faces, but the seas are calm once through the surf, and it's time to paddle and enjoy. It's high tide with no tide flow, so we don't have to deal with the effects of opposing wind and current yet. Fourteen cubic kilometres of water moves in and out of the Minas Basin twice a day. That's equivalent to the combined flow of all the rivers and streams in the world. Paddling in the Bay of Fundy quickly gives one a comprehension of what the Rule of Twelfths is about: During the 1st hour of the tide 1/12th of the total volume moves; during the 2nd hour, 2/12ths; during the 3rd hour, 3/12ths; during the 4th hour, 3/12ths; during the 5th hour, 2/12ths; and during the 6th hour, 1/12th.

Thus, during the first hour there is only 1/12th of 14 cubic kilometres of the total moving (a mere 1.666 cubic kilometres of water), whereas during the middle two hours there is 6/12ths of the total amount moving, or 7 cubic kilometres of moving water under our keel.

So each time we set out at high water to push westward on a falling tide, we can expect fairly benign conditions early and late and all hell to potentially break loose during mid-flow. This proved to be pretty much the case. As we got further into the flow and the seas got lumpier, Joel's skill steering was very much appreciated as he was usually able to squirm our way through the worst of it, although at times it was like having buckets of water thrown in my face, and I could hear him back there chuckling to himself as the water squirted out from under my armpits.

Besides this tidal influence, the other concern was fog. The Fundy is noted for its persistent fog and, when paddling a small boat with the tide, in the fog it becomes somewhat difficult to know where you are, especially in relation to reefs and headlands where tide rips and nasty conditions are likely to manifest themselves. Our sign posts were lobster pot buoys. By following them we were able to keep a consistent distance offshore in a consistent depth of water, even though there are huge eddies which, in one case, turned the kayak completely around in a distance of a few boat lengths. This would be a weird enough sensation on a clear day, but in the fog it is totally creepy to sit there and watch the compass spin entirely around and not be able to do anything about it.

But, hey, we're doing this for the experience.

### Barrington to Cape Negro Fisheries and Beyond

The sail out Barrington Bay was both the best and the worst of all possible experiences. The wind started out favourably, and it was a broad reach to the mouth of the bay and Baccaro, a long point of land that presented us with a big sea swell, a crosswind, and the tide rip from hell extending entirely across our path. Can't go back, can't land, gotta go through it.

To anyone who has never paddled a kayak through the standing waves of a tide rip, it is hard to describe adequately. But it is



having standing waves coming at you from all directions at once while somebody in a balloon throws buckets of water over your head, just a confusion of moving water with no apparent rhyme nor reason to it. All that you can do is paddle like blazes straight through it. Once around, which may have taken ten minutes or maybe a half hour, I'm not sure, it is pure anticlimax. Away from the swell, the water flattens and the wind is once again favourable, so it's up with the sail again and lay back while the heartbeat resumes its regular cadence.

Having negotiated our way around Baccaro with no more than our adrenaline drained and a healthier respect for just what it means to round a major headland, we determined that to attempt another cape today would be pushing our luck, given that we had an alternative. The alternative, "the haulover," dates from pre-colonial times. It is a tidal ditch that joins Port La Tour Bay to Negro Harbour. It appeared on the chart to be no more than a few hundred yards across.

The sail from Baccaro before a stiff following southwest breeze was warm and exhilarating and time slipped by quickly. The entrance to the haulover was a few steps from a rather modern looking fish plant that declared itself to be Cape Negro Fisheries. We tied to the wharf, had a pee (the first thing that kayakers do after getting out of the boat), and wandered over to see who was around.

The first two guys were working in a warehouse and not very eager to talk, the "I don't know nothin' so don't ask me" type. The second two were busy packing salted cod into cardboard boxes and barely looked up as we related our tale about coming from the upper reaches of the Bay of Fundy, heading for Mahone Bay, and figuring that we could portage here. "Yeah, that's right. That ditch goes right across, but it's low tide now and you can't get all the way through anyway 'cause there's a fishin' boat parked in the way at the other end."

I began to suspect that we were entering the domain of a local feud, but the other guy cut to the essence and said, "You can borrow my truck though, the keys are in it," and went on packing cod. The truck, a brand new Chevy 4x4 with all the options had a mega stereo. We turned Aretha Franklin up loud and portaged. It was the portage that "les coureurs de bois" could only have dreamed about. We were back at the fish plant inside of 15 minutes, totally portaged. "Thanks for the use of the truck." "No problem," was the response, as they bent their heads to putting more salt fish into more cardboard boxes. "Have a good trip."

The further from urban centres you get, the more people are like that!

### The Last Day of the Expedition

Ever wish that something could go on forever? I'm sure we all have at one time or another. Sitting around the campfire gazing into the flames, dog tired from our long days travel from Gull Bay to the Lahave Islands, our minds were awash with memories of the excitement, boredom, discomfort, and elation that we had experienced over the previous three weeks. But now the end of our trip was at hand. If we had good conditions tomorrow, then it would be over for this year.

As soon as we were underway the next morning, we were treated to a steady breeze

from the southwest. I stowed my paddle and hunkered down to enjoy the scenery while Joel did the sailing. We got our best seal display yet on the ledges inside of Eastern Points off Lunenburg Bay. A large colony was lazing on the rocks and, rather than rolling into the water like they usually did, they simply laid back and eyed us curiously. Big sacks of blubber with one flipper stuck up in the air like they were airing out their armpits (flipperpits?). They were quite unconcerned at our silent coming and going under sail and, pushed along by an ever strengthening breeze, we passed within maybe 50 feet as we squeezed between the ledges heading into the Rackets. I had a good look at their dog-like faces and wondered just who was more fascinated with whom.

We scraped the bottom a few times passing over the shallow ledges but usually slipped over the rockweed easily. Only once did we get "fetched up" and come to a full stop. I immediately grabbed my paddle and began poling us off, but Joel told me to relax and "don't do nothin'," so I complied and he wiggled us off easily by shifting his weight from side to side, something that not many cruising "yachts" could do. The Hell Rackets sound like such an ominous place to run aground, and I'm sure they have been to countless sailors driven up on them in the fog and wind, but for a kayaker they are absolutely the best paddling waters anywhere. Lots of sea birds, seals, and other critters to keep the mind occupied as we weaved our way among the reefs and ledges off Stonehurst. Before long we sighted Long Island, one of our favourite camping sites in the past, and knew that we were indeed in home waters. We could almost smell the beer at The Mug and Anchor, just a few more miles further on.

Hanging a left across Heckman's Anchorage and heading northwest towards Mahone Bay, the wind swung with us, intensified, and we roared towards town close hauled. This was the best sailing that we experienced yet, and Joel was seeing just how much speed he could get out of his modified \$15 windsurfer "yard" sail. Words are inadequate to describe the rush, but suffice to say that it was as fast as the baidarka had ever gone and then some. Passing Bluff Head and Backman's Island, Shorty Knickle's *Westwind* was driving towards Princess Inlet. We were the only two boats out and it was hard to tell who was having more fun, but I'm sure that both thought that "we" were. Heading across our bow about a hundred yards ahead she made a beautiful sight, the spray flying off her gleaming bright finished hull and her sails straining in the stiff breeze. Joel hung on tight trying to coax more speed and I leaned as far as I could into the wind, but it is hard to lean much while jammed into a kayak cockpit so I mostly just sat back, had a beer, enjoyed the ride, and phoned Evelyn to meet us at the dock and get an arrival photo. She had done so well taking the departure picture 23 days and 500 kilometres before, the shot would bracket the other end of the journey and give a sense of closure. Just when it seemed that there was no more to give, I could feel the boat almost planing towards the harbour like she was anxious to get there. It's funny how things cross your mind at such a time. Things like: I wonder if we're pushing too hard. I wonder what that crack was? I wonder if the rig will stand the strain? What would happen if the mast broke right now? What's the rush?

As we passed by The Republic of Strum

Island, a feeling of anticlimax began to grow. It was over. Damn. We would have to do mundane things like work, eat meals that don't come out of a can heated on a hot rock, and sleep in a bed rather than on a beach. Turning right and heading further east was silently considered. Apart from our brief grounding off Stonehurst, we realized with satisfaction that we hadn't touched a paddle since we launched. The late afternoon wind was dying and, after coming this far, we determined not to "swing the timbers" even if we had to sit there all night. Then, as if on cue, the breeze picked up just a little and we proceeded slowly towards our dock while Evelyn snapped a few pix for posterity. Then a bump against the piling and that was it. With a sinking feeling under our broad grins we realized that it was, indeed, over. We just sat there for a few moments letting the fact sink in while the sail flapped lazily. The absolute best day of the whole trip had taken place within one day of Mahone Bay.

The whole previous 450 kilometres was the lead up to one fantastic day of sailing.

Maybe we could have had 23 days of fantastic sailing if we had stayed in our home waters, but we would have missed the ten minutes of terror at Baccaro, the feeling of being the only people in the whole world as we crept along in the fog, the adrenaline we generated paddling out of Sable River in a tide rip, the wet, the cold, and the discomfort that already were beginning to feel like maybe it was a dream and hadn't really happened at all.

Then reality. Joel untied the halyard, gave the sail a yank to pull it down, and the mast broke clean off at the deck and the sail collapsed into the water.

Didn't we laugh!

## Bay of Fundy Facts

1. The highest tides on planet Earth occur near Wolfville, in Nova Scotia's Minas Basin. The water level at high tide can be as much as 16 metres (45 feet) higher than at low tide!

2. At mid-tide, the flow in Minas Channel north of Blomidon equals the combined flow of all the rivers and streams on Earth!

3. Nova Scotia bends when the tide comes in! As 14 billion tons (14 cubic kilometres) of sea water flow into Minas Basin twice daily, the Nova Scotia countryside actually tilts slightly under the immense load!

This article is reprinted from three successive issues of the Newsletter of the Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia (SWBANS), a lively colorful such local club effort. They can be reached at P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8.

## Burt's Canoes

Traditional Wood/Canvas Canoes

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Saturday, July 27 through Sunday, August 4 was regatta week in Swanage with a full calendar of events and entertainment. I had thought to run down to Cowes, as it might be a better place to sell the boat, but decided that regatta week in Swanage might be more productive than getting organized in a new port.

Sunday I sailed over to the main beach front and hung around all day. I got a couple of nibbles, but nothing to get excited about.

Since soon after my first arrival in Swanage, I had had short visits with Mike Hadley, a most agreeable fellow who came by almost daily. When appraised of my impending departure with the boat still unsold, he offered to look after it for me. He immediately became the UK agent for Grand Mesa Boatworks. I gave him my VAT receipt and told him to get what he could.

Having, in my mind at least, transferred responsibility for the boat to Mike, I had trouble sitting around waiting for non-existent customers. I solved the problem by buying all-day bus tickets and going off to places like Wimbourne Minister, Christchurch, Bournemouth, and even back to Weymouth. I also did a good bit of walking. I debated the notion of taking the nudie beach trail, but my vigilant Pilgrim conscience kept me on the straight and narrow to old churches and pre-historic mounds.

When in Swanage I slept in the boat, sometimes afloat, and followed a fairly set routine. Breakfast on the nearby steps consisted of bread, butter, jam, milk, and fruit. I then stocked the pack with bread, cheese, beer, and fruit and set off on the day's adventure. Incidentally, at first glance the price of beer is shocking, but study of the shelves reveals a few cans of low alcohol stuff at a fraction of the price of the real stuff. It tasted fine to me and was in tune with my eat healthy regime.

I usually dragged back into town about 7:00 or 8:00 and went straight-away to the fish

## A Summer Abroad:

### Homeward Bound

(Conclusion)

By Jim Thayer

place down a long, three-foot wide alley. I got a whacking great piece of fish with salt and vinegar. It seemed to dismay, even pain them, that I didn't want any chips. I then sat on the seafront savoring the good greasy crust and studying the tourists. They strolled about in T-shirts and sunback dresses with never a thought for the drizzle and oblivious to the cold

When it got too dark to read, I would repair to Wimpys, order a tea and Danish, hang out until closing, and then wend my way back to the boat, pursued by the ungodly racket from the band shelter up the beach.

Toward the end of my stay the flies, which lived in great gobs among the washed-up seaweed, took to hanging out in my boat. I tried to shoo them away, but with limited success. They didn't bite, but liked to walk on my face with their sticky sandy feet. They were hard to kill. Break five legs and they came dragging back on the good one.

After a week of rowing races, swimming races, knights on pwcs, tug of war and sundry other contests, came the big sailing regatta on Saturday and Sunday. Thinking a little sailing exposure might help my cause, I antied up 13 quid to participate.

Saturday was light air and I came in dead last in the first race. Well, I had by far the shortest boat and an archaic lug rig to boot. After lunch the second race was more of the same, and I quit rather than keep the poor committee boat stuck out there.

Saturday night I slept on the anchor and awoke to find that my shortened rode had come untied and I was clear at the end of my string. Fortunately I didn't swing into anything. It was blowing pretty fresh out of the east, which is rare.

With some misgivings, I elected to go out with a full sail. After bashing around for a while, I thought better of it and proceeded to reef. I managed to drop the sail over the side just as the safety boat came along. I assured them that it was my normal procedure and I was fine. I was seven or eight minutes late for the start, my normal racing mode.

I was up against a bunch of dernier cri rocketships and a couple of lasers. I left one laser far behind as he flipped it from one side to the other trying to get aboard. It was reminiscent of that second WOOD regatta in Newport, except that the long fetch gave us bigger seas. In spite of all the crash and burn sailing, they planed when they were up and left me in the dust. I didn't go out after lunch. Besides having the shortest boat, I was the only guy without a wetsuit. I should have hung in there since only one other boat finished in my class. Anyway, several kind souls said I looked good.

I left some gear in the boat, unloaded some surplus on the kindly keepers of the pier and checked into a B&B with a bulging pack and a small duffel. Only 40 or 50 pounds total, but it seemed like a ton.

Tuesday I caught the early bus for Heathrow and deplaned at Denver about dusk. The midnight bus for LA was fully booked but the manager, who must have apprenticed at the stockyard, said I could hang around on

standby. Luckily there was one seat left, or maybe not. Three guys in the rear seat was really crowding it. My luck held and the middle guy got off in Vail.

The driver left me by the roadside just a mile from the GJ digs. I stashed the luggage behind a tree and hit the canal bank for home, arousing a few dogs on the way. My wife was surprised to see me, pleasantly as it turned out.

It had been a fine summer, never mind that I was two months behind than before.

### Looking Back

About two months after I got home there came a check for 300 quid. Talk about an agreeable surprise! Mike said, "It was the best I could do, in fact it was the only offer I got." It occurs to me now the rudder pivot bolt was still held by the string I whipped on it at Bristol.

Well, about \$450 didn't even cover the shipping, let alone the VAT and the boat. So I really took a beating? Depends on how you look at it. Having the boat got me into Brest and Bristol, about \$80 right there, two or three times that considering the captain's perks. It got me a month on the *Anna*, not to mention the *Annabel J*. I spent 21 nights aboard for an avoided cost of at least \$420.

Of course there is the big intangible, all the people I met. Then there is the commercial aspect. The publicity will have people standing in line when we market the Limpet plans, to say nothing of the frenzy when the glass boat debuts.

All things considered, hauling the boat along was a stellar investment.

Would I do it again? Publicity aside, I think a better approach would be to buy a boat in England. Study of a local ad paper reveals that there are plenty of reasonably priced boats available, and the VAT is paid so one can lay up anywhere on the continent. Finding a suitable boat would itself be the excuse for an interesting trip. Here are some candidates from among the 28 suitable boats listed in an ad paper that covers the Poole area.

20'4" BERTH sailing boat Matilda, full set of sails, outboard, echo sounder, auto pilot, on road trailer, £750.

24' HORNBLLOWER marine ply on mahogany, 4 berth, full set of sails, sea toilet, roller reefing, needs cosmetic paintwork, in yard at Exmouth, £750 ono.

SAILFISH trailer sailer, 18 ft. with lifting keel and roller reefing to main and jib. Sleeps 4, twin burner cooker, toilet, many extras, £1695.

There are a number of small glass cruisers around \$4,000. Evidently the English are all for cramming four berths into any little boat called a cruiser.

For our purposes, it would be nice to have an old wooden character boat. Of course that's asking for troubles of all kinds, and with no home shop at hand. I should have done some investigation when I had the chance.

Well, it's academic now you say. Not at all. There will doubtless be a bigger blowout in 2000. This has been drifting quietly in the back of my mind but then, last week, I got a notice from DZ announcing a gathering for next summer. That got me fired up. DZ is a much smaller, more fun affair than Brest. With a suitable boat, one could moor behind the tide gate up near the museum in the midst of the action. Then there is Delfsail 98 in July that you could hit on the way to DZ. Ah, just a thought.

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We recently had our first sailing experience out of Mustique. This was as the guests of Sir Rodney Touche, in his lovely Drascombe yawl. Sir Rodney and Lady Touche have a wonderful home on L'Ansecoy Bay, at the north end of the island, and it is here that the yawl is kept on a mooring.

We gathered up a few bits of boat gear and waded out into the bay, which is quite shallow, particularly since it was dead low tide. The Drascombe is fairly complex to rig, and it takes some experience to get things set correctly. Having gotten most things put right, we slipped the mooring pennant and attempted to beat off the lee shore. The wind was strong and the small bay had its normal contingent of breaking seas roaring in. Our first attempt was a complete failure since we fouled the mooring pennant on the rudder and, before getting things sorted out, ran the boat ashore and had to swim to push her back off.

After a few harrowing tacks, we got off the beach and beat out into the bay. As we approached the headland, we took a few solid seas over the bow, but these were so warm and of such a fantastic turquoise color that we didn't mind getting soaked; the Drascombe shrugged them right off and went about her business. Upon getting some sea room, and clear of Point Lookout, we turned onto a run and put wind and seas behind us. We sailed thus for an hour or so, enjoying the sun, the views of the island and the clear, blue backs of the waves as they hissed by to crash on the rocks, a half mile to leeward.

After moving so briskly on the run, I was curious to see how rough our beat back would be. The Drascombe proved to be very weatherly and stable, although we did get soggy sandwiches from the spray. The spinnaker seemed to luff excessively to me, but I was assured that hardening the mainsheet further would not improve performance.

Sir Rodney was concerned that we might not be able to get back into the bay without broaching if the seas had built much. So, we sailed close-hauled, for the aptly named Birdshit Rock where we could get a good look inside where we could see the combers rolling in like freight trains. He thought that we could do it OK, but I was relieved that he took the tiller for this leg.

Lining ourselves up with a red roof on shore to starboard and Birdshit Rock to port, we turned onto a broad reach and all crew were required to move their weight as needed to keep the boat on her feet as the following seas first lifted us and then flung us forward amid boiling foam. A few of these and we were alongshore where we turned upwind and grabbed the mooring pennant. After stowing the boats gear, we retired ashore to beer and brownies on the verandah, while watching the cat try to catch lizards in the yard.

We had plans to sail the Drascombe to Bequia, the next island to the north some eight miles away where every Easter there is a big regatta. This used to be held on Grenada, but since the political unrest there a few years back, the festivities have been moved north. We decided to join Derrick and Dianna Wells, an English couple, in sailing the Drascombe over and entering it in the fishing boat class; as it has done for the

## Musings From Mustique

By Rick Klepfer

last few years.

The seven mile sail across the channel was light of wind and with a hefty swell out of the east. About half way across, we watched as a waterspout (tornado) attempted to form, about a mile ahead of us. A dark funnel started to swirl down from the black clouds, towards the sea. It made it about half way but then dissipated, only to make another attempt a quarter hour later. We were not entirely disappointed to see this one shrivel up as well, although a good sized waterspout is a wonder to behold.

At the end of our two-hour crossing, we sailed into Friendship Bay where we went up on the beach in company with about twenty fishing boats which had come to race. The harbor was full of yachts and commercial vessels, including the Swedish barque *Vinga* and a little Dutch cruising sailboat which was the stoutest thing I have seen in quite some time. She had a ketch rig and the appearance of a Coast Guard surf boat; even the laundry hanging from the lifelines looked exceedingly sturdy.

The next morning, we arrived on the beach at 9am to rig the boat. The race was sponsored by Pepsi and Heineken, so we received plenty of ball caps and T-shirts in our race package. Also in our package were a small red and a small green flag; these were to be tied onto the appropriate shrouds so that the participants of the fishing class, who race but once a year, would know by looking at you, who had the right of way.

All of the boats but ours were derivatives of the whale boat. Despite this, they were almost all fitted out with colorful synthetic sails, hiking straps, downhauls, wind flow indicators and all other modern details. We didn't have a chance!

We had a lot of friendly assistance in getting the Drascombe dragged down the beach and into the water. Our first race had us finish second, although there were only two boats in the class! This didn't bother us a bit because we were just in it for the fun and to see and photograph all the other boats as they whizzed by us.

There were other classes with very fast boats designed just for this race. Most were traditionally constructed hulls, with huge sprit mainsails and small jibs. There was also a big boat class that had a lot of upscale cruisers in it, but also had some thoroughbreds, including the incomparable S&S design, *Stormy Weather*. We had the good fortune to have a close look at her as she tore by us.

We raced for three days, with about the same results each time. We did get to enjoy some of the finest sailing anywhere, with throngs of kindly people to share it with. The courses took us along the craggy shores of Bequia, where clumps of people with loud boom boxes cheered us on. The upwind legs took us out into the channel, where frigate birds and boobies overflowed us on one tack, and up into the shallows where the turquoise clarity of the water was a delight on the other. On the downwind runs, the flying fish would leap up by the bow wave and skip

across the wave tops in front of us.

Each night was a different party, in a different location; first night at Friendship Bay, second at Lower Bay and third day at the main town of Port Elizabeth. These were loud affairs, with blasting West Indian scat bands, wild dancers, crowds of revelers, rivers of beer and some great food.

Most everything was done in an easy-going manner; at least in our class. The only distasteful incident was when a huge ketch of Liberian registry had the audacity to anchor directly across the finish line as we were dueling with the only competition in sight. Never mind that they weren't even in our class!

We didn't have time to stay for the awards ceremony, but we did receive a good sportsmanship award. We then sailed out of the bay and back towards Mustique. It was a long course back, since we were on the other side of Bequia by then. Although the chart showed that it was impassable, we took a shortcut through a narrow pass, based on our observing a local cruiser do the same. We sailed on south, past uninhabited islands, and soon found that we were not able to lay Mustique on one tack because the wind had shifted and the swells had built.

Daylight faded into darkness and the stars came out; this was worrisome, but we did happen to get a fantastic view of the comet Hale Bopp. The ride became rough and wet, so we put on life jackets to keep the spray off of us, and broke out our only provisions; two grapefruits and a unopened bottle of rum. After consuming most of these, we felt a lot better. We had no running lights, and there was not even the hint of a moon. Despite this, a tiny fishing boat with a big outboard on it pulled alongside. Our friend Darnley was aboard and we asked him to call home for us when he got to Mustique; so they wouldn't worry. To our surprise, he pulled out a cellular phone and called right then!

The remainder of this four-hour crossing was mostly uneventful, although we had to proceed very cautiously when we got close to shore since there are many hazards and the only light was the phosphorescence in our wake. We slid past Birdshit Rock, around Point Lookout and into L'Ansecoy Bay where we rode the surf in and gently grounded on the beach; a good time had by all.

(To be Continued)

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Same as above, halfway through.



Sailing, probably a beam reach.

Sailing, beating, with Edward in bow.



## Independence Day Proa

By James Flint

My brother Edward and I assembled and sailed a proa this past Independence Day. Our imaginations fired by the recent articles in *MAIB*, we set to with materials on hand and inadequate amounts of wind. We did not buy a thing, just used what we had on hand. The main hull was brother William's Sawyer canoe. Fifteen feet long, with relatively plumb stems, she was a better hull form than the other choice, my father's 18-ft. bateau. Unfortunately, the Sawyer is not quadrilaterally symmetrical, a problem which became apparent later.

The float was the largest piece of flotation foam from the collection out by the barn. It was forced onto the end of the outrigger, a 6-ft. aluminum ladder, and secured with cargo straps. My daughter Sam, who would function as movable ballast, secured a flotation cushion halfway out for her comfort. She also named our craft *The Death Machine*, not being too sure of our survival after hearing a description of the tacking procedure. The sail rig was a lateen that we have had for years, of unknown provenance, from a Sea Snark, and now the rig of Sam's 10-1/2-ft. skiff *Dragon*.

Frequent visitors to these pages will know that the mast of the proa is not fixed, that the tack of the sail switches from one end of the main hull to the other during tacking, and that the mast leans towards the bow on this tack. So the heel of the mast was inserted into a plastic jar, and this jar was suspended from the outrigger with a chunk of rope. The size of the main hull precluding much moving about, we decided to run a line between the ends of the main hull to attach the tack of the sail. During tacks this line could be pulled to assist the changing of the sail. Purists will insist that we are not actually tacking, but we aren't actually wearing either, what we need is the word from the South Pacific.

Assembly took about an hour. We launched onto Lee's Pond, a dammed section of the Saugatuck river. The float immediately fell off, dunking Sam. I forced the float farther onto the ladder, tightened the straps, and we tried again. The wind that day was typical Lee's Pond wind, from all directions at once and not too strong. We did figure out how to manipulate the sail and how the mast had to be held upright. Whoever was in the stern on this tack (SOTT) had to hold the sheet and steer with a canoe paddle, which involved dropping one or the other to the amusement of whoever was in the BOTT and on the outrigger.

The asymmetrical hull meant that the canoe really only wanted to go one way, the original bow when BOTT would point better and steer easier than when the original stern was BOTT. This was very frustrating, as was the horrible wind, but we are used to the wind. We did manage to tack, we did sail downwind, and we had a hilarious time doing it. The next day the wind was stronger, but from across the pond. We sailed again, got better at tacking, and then the wind died completely and we had to paddle home. The most mindbending part was going upwind, moving the tack of the sail to do so.



## New Bebushka

By Ira Goldstein

I put pen to paper on these pages for a couple of reasons. Probably foremost is my desire to chronicle both the actions surrounding the purchase and refurbishment of my new boat, and the thought processes that went into the decisions I made. If I were 16 I'd call it a diary. (It says something of my psyche that instead of love I write of boats. I'll deal with the ramifications of that someday, I'm sure!) This will be something to look back on in 20 years, a verbal photograph album so to speak. I submit it to the magazine in the hope it might inspire someone to take on a similar project. I know I've drawn inspiration from the pages of *MAIB*. I find it impossible to read through an issue without running off to the figurative boatshed or daydream about a future voyage. I can only hope this narrative has a similar effect on others.

This is Chapter 1 in the story of one man's boat, or perhaps more to the point, the metamorphosis of one boat into another. That's the way I would like to think of it, anyway. Maybe that's to assuage my guilt. Be that as it may, a bit of background is in order.

I had a 28' 1936 Baltzer Cruiser called *Bebushka Babe* for about 10 years before it became painfully plain (and I mean painfully in as close to a literal sense as one can imagine) that the old girl was dying. Fifteen ribs needed to be replaced as well as most of the planking. She was originally built using steel square-shank boat nails and was refastened 25 years ago with galvanized screws. The fastenings were rusted badly and, as a result, planks were starting to pop. But worse than that, large circles of wood surrounding each fastening were rotting away as the rust and moisture and who knows what invaded the wood. There are some who refer to this condition as nail-sickness.

So much wood was involved that whole planks needed to be replaced. The rotted circles of wood overlapped each other at most frame junctures, so there was no solid wood to refasten to the frames. The choice was clear, if distasteful. I could do a ridiculous amount of work to, in essence, build a new boat around the carcass of the old one, preserving a few odd planks or pieces of backbone in what could only mockingly be called a "restoration," or I could give the old girl a dignified death and re-use what I could of her in a new project.

I decided this last course of action to be the most prudent.

We as boat owners are a sentimental lot. Any of us who have boated more than casually, and have done so for more than a few years, can attest to this. There are boats which we feel close to in an almost personal sense. We share many good times with our boat. I do about half of my boating alone, and feel that the boat is a companion in the truest sense of the word. Cutting up *Bebushka Babe* was an emotional decision. My wife was very surprised when I tore into her that first day with the chain saw. She never thought I would, or could. I surprised myself actually, but it was the right thing to do.

I salvaged everything I could off of her, the electronics, ships wheel, bronze bell, windows, cleats, mooring bit, teak handholds, engine, rudder, shaft, propeller, steering gear, oil lamps, cabinet fronts, table hardware, some of the interior planking, some good oak from the keel, some good mahogany from the transom; in short, anything of practical use, but also everything I could get out of her that made her the boat she was in the personal sense I'm trying to save, the *Bebushka* that made the decision to cut her up so hard.

Was I able to accomplish this? I don't know for sure if we're ever able to, any more than we can re-create a true sense of a person we loved by saving fragments of their life. But I do know that the things I saved will be treasured and looked at fondly, reminding me of the grand boat *Bebushka* was, and the grand times I had aboard her.

I was without a boat capable of cruising for much of the summer of 1996. That's not to say that I was off the water. For one thing, I still had friends with large boats and, as many have observed, having a good friend with a boat is better than having a boat yourself. I might have actually believed this before living through the better part of a season without a boat of cruising dimensions, but I know better now. Boating gets into your blood, or more to the current point, being captain of your own boat gets into your blood. Being on someone else's boat is nice, but let's face it, it's someone else's boat. Sure, you can sit back with a drink in your hands and watch the wake for 10 solid minutes. (I find staring at boat wakes to be mesmerizing, almost hypnotic,

although my wife claims it's the effect of engine exhaust.)

On someone else's boat you can spend time not concerned with the vagaries of the oil pressure and temperature gauges. You can pass the gas dock without cringing at the thought of your soon-to-be-empty wallet. A six pack of brew and the implied promise of wit and charm may gain you entrance onto a friend's boat, but it can't give you something I find I value very much more, autonomy. As an example, there's an annual blue fishing tournament in the harbor where I keep my boat, \$100 per boat and winner take all. I enjoyed myself, but I had to crew on someone else's boat. I could advise as to spots to fish, etc., but the final decision wasn't mine. We got skunked. I may not have won the tournament, but getting skunked is the ultimate indignity! I couldn't fish where I wanted or how I wanted. I don't know, maybe I'm a control freak at heart.

There was another aspect of boating that I missed, being alone on the water. I enjoy people, and boating with people you like spending time with is one of the sport's more pleasant attractions. But I like my time alone as well. That's one of the reasons I like being on a mooring as opposed to having dock space. I value my solitude. If I wanted to canoe or take out my 12-ft. skiff, I could get my dose of solitude. But if I wanted to spend a day on the sound, protected from the weather, with cooking facilities and a place to lie down out of the sun, I couldn't do it alone. I missed that terribly.

I had a plan, though. One of the things I enjoy doing is checking out marinas in my spare time. I like looking at boats, comparing those I see to some almost mythical ideal boat I have in the recesses of my imagination. I especially like checking the old hulks, the soon-to-be-cut-up old woodies or the soon-to-be-crushed-and-brought-to-the-dump old fiberglass hulls. I don't know where this comes from, but I guess part of it is that I know I could have any of those old hulls for the cost of transportation. The dreaming takes on at least an inkling of possibility.

Spending \$50,000 to \$100,000 on a boat may be some boaters' idea of the way to go, but I never felt the need or inclination to spend a lot of money to get me out on the water. *Bebushka*, whom I just cut up, was bought for \$100 and the promise that I'd keep her afloat for a few more years. One thousand dollars later, for the cost of a "new" engine (I loved that engine, an early '50s flathead 6 Hercules block gas engine), I had a 28' cruiser with all the amenities. I had her for 10 years. Not too shabby an investment.

This time, though, I wanted to get a fiberglass hull. As good a boat as *Bebushka* was until the end, the maintenance of a wood boat was starting to get to me. I was also tired of worrying about bilge pumps breaking down and hearing the pumps go off incessantly after a hard cruise. I wouldn't cancel my subscription to *WoodenBoat* (I figure I'm entitled since I still have several small plywood boats), but my heart wasn't into staying with wood for a boat of larger dimensions. Everyone predicted that would happen as I got older, and on that score I guess they were right.

The way I figured it, I would try to find a decent fiberglass hull for nothing or next to nothing, spend a couple hundred dollars to have her transported to my house, buy a re-

built engine for a couple thousand, do some refurbishing to the interior, and have a good cruising boat for approximately \$4,000. I could sell *Bebushka's* old engine for a thousand or so and further reduce the outlay. It was a good plan of action.

After looking at a myriad of typical fiberglass cruising powerboats in the 25 to 26-ft. range, I decided that a slight modification of my plan of action was in order. What happened was I got bored. After looking at about two dozen fiberglass boats, I was reminded of one of the things I loved about the genre of wooden boats. They're distinctive. They have charm and they have character. I loved the thumbs up signs I got from passing boaters who, while perhaps thinking me crazy, enjoyed seeing a vintage boat on the water. I also loved the feeling of accomplishment in keeping the old girl going another year. I needed something I could futz with a little bit.

Something I always loved about *Bebushka* was there was always a good reason to go down to the boat. There was always a bit of work to be done or some modification to make that didn't seem like busy work. I could see the day when I had a Clorox bottle (as we wooden boat aficionados call fiberglass boats) all set up and had nothing of consequence to do! An old philosophy professor impressed on me the idea that you always want both yourself and your possessions to be in the process of becoming. Once something was finished it could only deteriorate, but if you were always in the process of improving, you never had to suffer that particular indignity of spirit.

As I looked at Clorox bottle after Clorox bottle, I could think of only one thing. Boring! What I needed was a boat that I could take pride in, a boat that would generate a thumbs up or two each time I had her out. Should I get another wooden boat? Or was there a better way?

I always loved tugboats. The thought had occurred to me that perhaps I should look for a small, older wooden tugboat to restore. As I said earlier, though, I really didn't want to go wood. Other options were the Nordic tug style powerboats or mini-trawlers that are around, but the price tag on those was way more than I wanted to go. I also wanted some speed. I'm no speed demon, but for 10 years with *Bebushka*, I never made it over 8 knots or so. She was a displacement style hull and she wouldn't plane with a P.T. boat engine. Most of the trawler style boats are semi-displacement hulls and top out at about 12 knots.

The thought finally occurred to me that I could take a planing fiberglass hull, gut her, and rebuild a cabin structure of the type I wanted. If I wanted a tugboat look, I could have it, with the exact cabin arrangement I wanted as a bonus. I could also make the cabin out of wood. It wouldn't be a wooden boat, but a hybrid that would have a classic look and give me the peace of mind of a fiberglass hull. More work? Sure, but I enjoy that type of thing. So the focus changed. Instead of an intact hull/cabin, I just needed a solid hull.

I had even more fun looking for boats with my new criteria. It's amazing how many boats are available if you're willing to look and willing to work on what you get. I found two pretty quickly that I would have taken if they had worked out. One was a 26' Trojan whose plywood cabin had collapsed. The fiberglass hull was solid, but she needed to be

gutted and repowered. I thought I had a deal with the owner, but as it turned out the boat was owned by the guy's daughter. He was storing the boat in his backyard for years and wanted to get rid of it. When he finally told her he had someone willing to haul it off, she beat me to it! On the day I went to finalize everything, the boat was gone. The man was very apologetic, but clearly relieved to be rid of the eyesore, wherever it ended up.

The second boat was a 25' of indeterminate origin, but solid. One of the very positive things that can be said of the fiberglass hulls manufactured from the '60s through the early '70s is that they were built like the proverbial brick you-know-what. The engineers and boatbuilders weren't quite sure what they could get away with in terms of scantlings and hull thicknesses in the still relatively new boatbuilding material, so the boats were overbuilt by today's standards.

This boat was already gutted in anticipation of the type of rebuild that I had in mind. She was abandoned in drydock at a marina, and the marina owners wanted her gone. They had her advertised at \$99. I couldn't seem to get ahold of the marina owner to finalize anything though, and he apparently wasn't fond of returning phone calls. By the time I was actually able to corner him, the boat was sold. It's still sitting there, not a lick of work done to her, so I don't know what the story is with her now.

I was working out on the north fork of Long Island not long after that and made some time in my schedule in order to check out a marina or two. My *modus operandi* was to simply ask at the marina offices if there were any fiberglass hulks, either abandoned or in need of a lot of work that I could buy cheap. I'd explain my plans, and it was rare that a marina wouldn't have something to show me. I could have found something even faster than I did if I was interested in hulls with inboard/outboard drives. There are a ton of them out there.

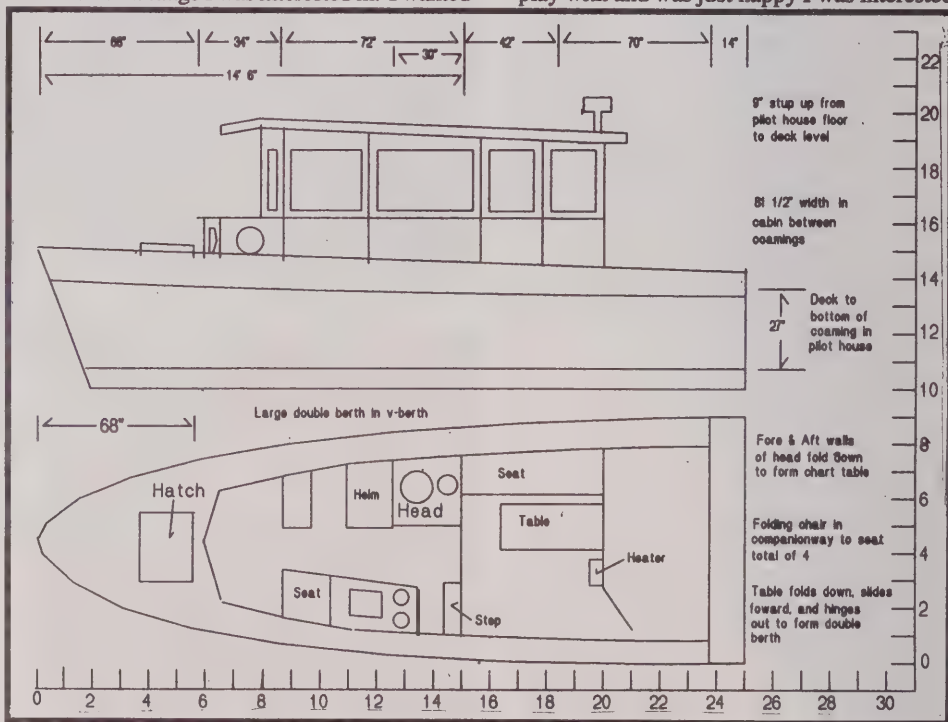
In/outers are apparently very popular in the 25 to 26-ft. range I was interested in. I wanted

a straight inboard, though, figuring I could re-use what I had taken off of *Bebushka* if need be. I also just plain don't trust inboard/outboards. It seems like people are always having trouble with them. One of the reasons I think there are so many in/out hulls available is that the drives aren't very reliable. People get discouraged with the monetary outlays needed to keep them going and simply abandon them.

I checked with a marina in Mattituck for the type of hull I was looking for. While he didn't have anything to show me, he recommended me to a marina out in Southold that he said had a few boats of the type I was interested in. They did. The first I looked at was another 25' Trojan, but this time with an intact cabin. It needed to be repowered. I would have to rip off the old cabin, but they wanted just \$300 for her, straight inboard. She needed a shaft and rudder, but I had those. I was asking Charlie, the marina owner, if he knew of a suitable rebuilt engine, when he asked me if I would be interested in a hull with a good engine for basically the same price as this hull when the cost of a new engine was added.

He said he had an old customer (in both senses of the word) who was 87 years old and couldn't handle his boat any longer. The boat and engine were yard maintained by him personally, and he had service records for the engine, a 318 Chrysler inboard, since he put it in. The engine was eight years old but had only 150 hours on it. The boat was a 25' Luhrs, their open cockpit model, and had just a windshield by way of superstructure. That was good because I could very easily rip the windshield off in an hour or so and be ready to construct the new cabin. The owner wanted \$3800 for her. It was more than I wanted to go. I told Charlie thanks, but I'd have to think about it.

The boat made a lot of sense. The more I thought about it, the surer I was. My wife was also very supportive. She wanted me to get something a bit bigger than 25 feet, but she claimed I wasn't myself without a boat to play with and was just happy I was interested



in something. We drove out the next day to look her over again. I offered \$2700 contingent on a successful test cruise. Charlie was highly indignant I wouldn't take his word for the running condition of the boat! I had to agree that if the offer were accepted I would give him a \$200 non-refundable deposit before he would commission the boat and launch her. I could understand him not wanting to do the work to get her ready only to have me take a joy ride and say thanks anyway. Two days later the marina called to tell me the offer was accepted.

I dropped off the deposit and took her out for a test cruise the following weekend. She performed flawlessly. We got her up to around 25 knots and I didn't have the guts to nudge her rpms past 3200. She redlines at 3800 supposedly, so I had some leeway. After the new cabin is on I'll be happy if I can get her near 20 knots, considering the extra weight. I'll do most of my cruising at 14 knots at around 2500 rpms, if I'm figuring correctly.

Another part of my agreement with the marina was that I could keep the boat there a week in order to get her ready and do a couple of shakedown cruises. I bought the boat in Southold and, if you're familiar with Long Island, it's on the inside of the north fork in Peconic Bay. I'd be bringing her 15 miles east to Orient Point, heading through Plum Gut, which is the half-mile wide channel between the north fork of Long Island and Plum Island, and 45 miles west to Mt. Sinai Harbor where I moor my boat.

Plum Gut can get quite hairy because a lot of water passes through there. A good percentage of Long Island Sound's water passes through that relatively small channel on each tide. If there's an opposing wind, breakers can actually form. Needless to say I wanted to make sure the boat and engine were up to that challenge and the rest of the 60-mile cruise.

All I can say is thank God I had the foresight to take a few shakedown cruises. On the first one, which of course included my wife and two daughters, the engine overheated. We were about two miles out, in the direction of Sag Harbor, our intended destination to the south. I mentioned before that the engine had only 150 hours on it. As it turned out, that does have a downside or two. One is that in an engine with that many years on it with so few hours, the particles of scale and rust on the raw water side of the exhaust system don't have enough opportunity to be blown out. These particles end up accumulating in unwanted places.

The elbows were almost completely closed up with gunk where the raw water enters the dry exhaust. On one side of the engine, virtually no water was getting through. We were able to limp back to the marina, stopping every few minutes to let the engine cool a bit. Not an auspicious start!

I think Charlie appreciated the fact that I didn't go ballistic on him. I explained the problem and asked him if he knew where I could get a couple of new elbows. He didn't think that was necessary and told me to remove one. When I had it out of the boat he took it back to his shop and proceeded to drill out the offending accumulations, and otherwise clean it up. When he handed it back to me it looked like new!

He told me to get the other elbow, and before long the engine was purring like a kitten, copious amounts of water once again ex-

iting her transom on both sides. My family, though, decided to call it a day. My daughters were disappointed, deciding they didn't want to press their luck. As they reminded me, this had never happened on *Bebushka*. Actually it had once, a few years before when they were a good bit younger, but I didn't want to upset their memory of what was once a fine boat. It's funny how you can feel so protective of what is after all, only a collection of wood and metal.

The next trip out I was solo. As it turned out my family didn't get a chance to take another cruise on *New Bebushka* until well after I got her home to Mt. Sinai Harbor.

I headed her in the direction of Riverhead, about 15 miles to the west. She performed flawlessly once again. I kept her at a steady 2500 rpms for a cruising speed of about 16 knots. I arrived in what seemed to me an incredible 40 minutes or so. Speed, even in the 16 knot range can be addictive. A trip like that with the old *Bebushka* would have taken me well over two hours. I may have created a monster with this speed thing. Another couple of years and I may be tooling around in a Cigarette!

I took one more uneventful cruise when I actually made it to Sag Harbor, and decided it was time to bring *New Bebushka* around Orient Point and home. A friend of mine decided he'd meet me somewhere west of Orient in Long Island Sound. He has a very nice (but very boring) 28' Carver of recent vintage and figured I might need some help. I was glad to have him there, just in case, and more glad to have the company. Getting a new boat is a festive occasion and it's nice to share that.

I was monitoring Channel 16 and just west of Orient Point when I picked up his hail. He was about 10 miles west of Mattituck and I was an equal distance to the east. We decided to meet opposite Mattituck inlet for a celebratory breakfast. He had his girlfriend and a couple of other mutual friends aboard. They met me with pancakes cooking and sausage sizzling. Coffee, pancakes, and sausage never tasted so good. Boats can make even lousy cooking taste good, and this was a true gourmet breakfast. We concluded the meal with an early morning champagne toast to *New Bebushka* and future good times.

We also talked of the old *Bebushka*. Everyone I knew liked that boat. They were sad to see her go and surprised I took the steps I did. But they understood. Most people wouldn't have made the effort to keep her going as long as I did, and I take some solace in that. I also like the idea that much of her will reappear in the coming months in *New Bebushka*. She'll live on in a very real sense but, perhaps more important, in a very practical sense. *Bebushka* would have liked that. She was, among her many virtues, a very practical boat.

The trip from there to our home port took only 90 minutes. I got some good pictures of his boat and he of mine. One of the pictures he took of mine is the before shot I included with this article. I think you'll agree I plan on quite a change. I'm shooting for an early summer 1997 launch. That's probably a bit optimistic, but I don't plan on having the interior finished, only the exterior. After all, there's nothing better than having a good excuse to go down to the boat to get a couple of things done. It adds purpose to life. I may not be the most religious of people, but I have my boats.

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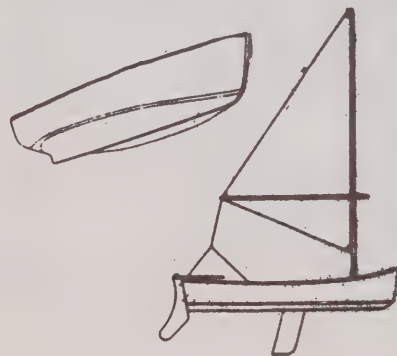
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I enjoyed reading the whole *Paradox* series because it tied issues of *MAIB* together, and I was constantly curious to see what the next "only best way" was.

I've been building and messing with stuff (not just boats) since I was a kid and have learned that there is seldom only one way to do anything, but when there is, it is usually obvious what the consequences are.

Anyway, when Don was describing the perfect way to scarf, I just contrasted that to the artful eyeball method I used as a shipwright at PBI (Peterson Builders Inc.). I was working on an MCM, which is short for Mine Counter Measure, in other words a modern 225' x 35' wooden, glass-sheathed (mistake), \$60 million minesweeper for the U.S. Navy, 10 of the 14 being built in Sturgeon Bay.

These vessels were constructed with white oak frames and Douglas fir deck beams, keel, stern, skeg, keelson, longitudinal, etc. Bulkheads were fire retardant preservative treated ply, an inch or two thick. The decking consisted of 2" x 24" x 30' long pressure treated microlame, the weather decks being additionally covered with 1/2-inch ply, fiberglass, and a 3/8-inch layer of non-skid rubber.

The hull was 5 inches of planking, 3/4-inch diagonal Alaskan yellow cedar, 3/4-inch diagonal Douglas fir, 3" x 5" tongue and groove Douglas fir (fore and aft), followed by 1/2-inch diagonal Douglas fir (ice sheathing), and finally, that leak stopper that we all use, a 1/4-inch layer of yuk fiberglass (15 tons worth of dead weight).

Back to scarfing. My buddy and I were installing the sheerstrakes, two on each side, one above the other. The sheerstrake was on top of the yellow cedar, the tongue and groove Douglas fir would butt into the lower edge of the sheerstrake with a shiplap joint, then everything was covered by the 1/2-inch ice sheathing. A sheerstrake consisted of three planks, about 75 feet long, 18 inches wide and 3-3/4 inches thick, so each strake needed two scarf joints to join the three planks.

We carefully planned to make sure each scarf would have a frame dead center under it so the joint would also be mechanically fastened to some solid wood. The plank would be cut to length partially with a skill saw (2-1/2 inches deep), the finished with a handsaw. The scarf was laid out using a 12 to 1 ratio. So with a plank roughly 3 1/2" thick, the scarf length was 42 inches.

Measuring from the freshly cut squared end, a line was drawn across using a square. Next a diagonal line was drawn on the (3-1/2-inch) side of the plank, giving us a 12 to 1 taper to the squared end. So how did we chop off that much wood in a reasonable amount of time? Well, the first few joints were made using a skill saw cutting across the plank, raising the blade every dozen cuts, so as to stay about 1/4-inch above the diagonal line, and knocking off the resulting fingers with a hammer.

That got old. So we tried a chainsaw, the operator watching one side of the line and his partner telling him when the blade was within a 1/4-inch of the other line, much quicker. If the operator was good and had a sharp chain, any resulting fingers (wooden) could be chewed away also. A board was nailed under the thin end to protect it from chipping.

The resulting rough surface would be planed fair and smooth using a power plane, checking for flatness and twist would easily 20

## Planking Up 225' Minesweepers

By Gerry Banks

pull out. Our cut time was down to about 45 minutes. Not too bad for something that large using hand tools, but we also had to taper the mating plank, which was dry-fitted and scarfed in sort of a combined move after the forward plank was hung.

Hanging the plank and gluing a scarf was close to a five-hour project for four or five men. Each plank weighed close to 1,000 pounds. Two overhead cranes were needed, not because of the weight but because it was 75 feet long with sheer and a gentle twist to conform to the hull shape. Remember, all the wood in these boats was laminated in order to eliminate knots, decrease the amount of grain runoff during bends and twists, increase strength, reduce the number of needed scarfs on the job, besides where the heck could you find sticks 100 feet long and knot-free? Enough for 14 of these boats? Good luck.

Each plank was hung on the side of the hull several times to ensure that the high spots were eliminated and it was dry-fit to a close tolerance. Two or three steel brackets were temporarily lagged to the hull as a safety measure (none of us wanted that chunk of wood falling on somebody's head, not to mention taking the staging and us 40 feet down to the cement floor) and as braces to pry the plank tight into the hull. Approximately 100 holes needed to be laid out and drilled for the various bolts and lags before the glue was applied.

Nearly 2,000 screws would be needed to backscrew the inner-most planking to each section of sheerplank, those had to be laid out but not drilled. They would be driven in with a screw-shooter (a drill with a screwdriver bit). Each fin-headed silicon bolt had to be measured for length, cut, and threaded. The bolts went into the oak frames, the holes all had to be countersunk for the head. If the threaded end would later be covered by a knee, then that had to be countersunk as well.

Every hole drilled for a bolt or lag, and the counter-bore, had to be swabbed with wood preservative (copper naphthenate), commonly called rooster piss because of its green color.

When everything was dry-fit, laid out, and drilled, the plank was removed using the cranes and laid on the 01 deck or the staging. Now the fun began. Most of the work to this point was completed by a two-man crew, one crew port and one starboard. We would team up if problems arose, but when it came time to glue and drive fasteners, we had to work together in order to ensure the plank was on and tightly fastened before the glue set up.

After teaming up and possibly grabbing someone from another section of the ship, we would talk over the procedure, deciding who would do what, letting people know where problems might arise or any area that would need "extra persuasion".

Usually we'd start first thing in the morning or right after lunch. Two people would head downstairs to mix up the 20 gallons of resorcinol glue that would be used and the needed brushes, rollers, and putty knives. When they finished mixing, they also had the task of carrying the 5-gallon buckets of glue from the

mixing shed to the boat and then up the four flights of stairs to the 01 deck. The others would run the two cranes into position, if they weren't there already, while letting workers on the boat know the cranes would be tied up for a while. (The two cranes were badly needed back-savers used by all the trades on the boat.) Tools would be gathered; air hoses, electric cords, nutknockers (impact wrench), chain jacks, screw shooter, lags, bolts, clamps, wedges, etc..

Using brushes, rollers and putty knives, we'd smear glue on all the faying surfaces. Next was moving that wet, sticky, 75-foot-long plank into position. Using padeyes lagged into the plank, we had to pick the plank up and carry it into position with the cranes. The brackets attached to the hull during the dry-fit now guided the plank close to its final resting place. Pry-bars, chainjacks, and clamps ensured all the pre-drilled holes were aligned.

Using the aligning marks and the pre-drilled holes, four or five of us worked our butts off for the next three hours, positioning the plank, wedging, clamping, bolting, and screwing it into place, pulling it up tight, later wiping and scraping off the excess glue before it hardened. (That resorcinol formaldehyde glue would burn the hell out of your sinuses if you had to grind it off. I always tried to wear a respirator for such stuff.)

Usually we worked putting in fasteners from the bow and aft, being careful to not trap a "bubble" anywhere in the piece. As soon as possible, we removed the cranes so they could be used elsewhere on the boat. (I've often wondered why ships are called boats on the Lakes). When we glued up a scarf, boards were nailed across the tails and clamps or additional bolts were run through the joint to ensure it was pulled up as tight as possible.

Later the bolts were removed and the holes plugged with dowels.

There were six planks on each side of the boat, and it would take about a month's worth of work to hang all six.

The first MCM I worked on was Number Three in the fall of 1985. I was transferred there as the ARS (auxiliary rescue salvage) contract was winding down. I actually asked to be transferred to wood to get experience on those MCM's. Three was built in a building too low to place the deckhouse on while still inside. The deckhouse was built separately and set in place after the boat was pulled outside onto the dock where it would be launched.

The 01 deck (which the deckhouse sat upon) was only six feet or less below the overhead crane track and people had a tendency to hang onto the crane rails when standing on the deck. The crane had a loud buzzer that went off whenever it moved. After being on the deck, or being on the boat for that matter, any length of time, people tended to tune out any noise that they themselves weren't making, becoming complacent.

That was especially true if a person hadn't worked in the shipyard very long and didn't realize how much danger there was if they didn't stay alert. This guy, Steve Miller, was working with Tom Tice on the port side installing sheerplanks. Steve was on the 01 deck, his hand resting on the crane rail. He was only a few feet away from the trolley wheels. Someone used the crane, maybe someone below the deck, I don't remember. It moved forward and crushed one of Steve's fingers off, crushed so bad it couldn't be re-at-

tached. Steve dropped to his knees holding his hand. He didn't make a sound I remember how odd he looked. We called the EMT for the yard, they bandaged him up and took Steve to the hospital. We had a safety meeting the next morning and shields were installed in front of the trolley wheels to shove anything in the way off the track and safety switches would shut down the power. The danger is one negative about working in the shipyard. There was always something ready to hit you, bite you, or drop you in a hole. You couldn't fall asleep on your feet and daydream, you would get hurt.

I last worked on sheerplanks in January 1990, hull Number Nine. Although some details might not be exact, you get the general idea. The shipyard was a dirty, miserable, dangerous place to work, and where it wasn't always possible to do perfect work. I always feel proud, though, telling people I was a shipfitter and later a shipwright on the wooden MCMs. It was such a unique occupation. There were only two dozen of us who worked on all parts of the MCMs, from laying the keel to setting the mast.

At the time, the sweepers were the largest wooden boats being built anywhere in the world. The last, MCM 14, sailed away in the fall of 1994. PBI closed its shipbuilding division in December 1995. I heard on TV that Newport News in Virginia is doing some major downsizing, too. I wish those employees luck adjusting.

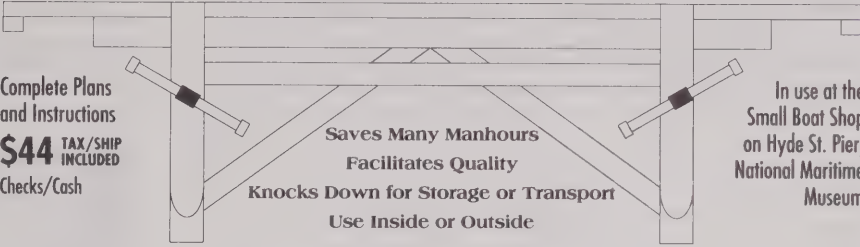
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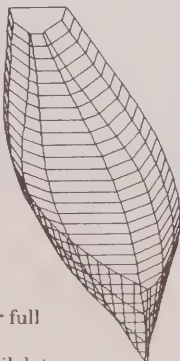
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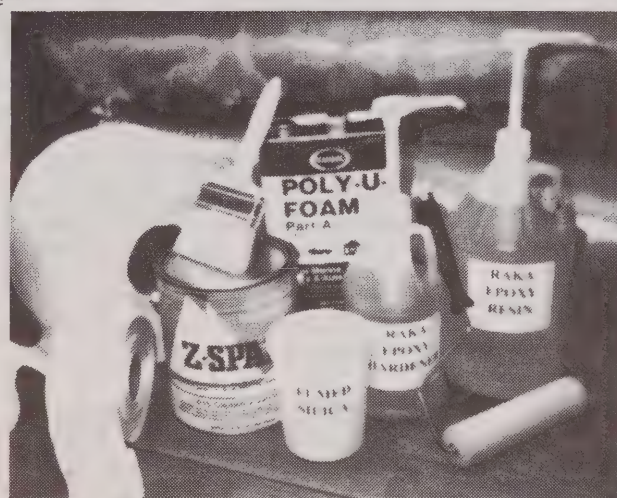
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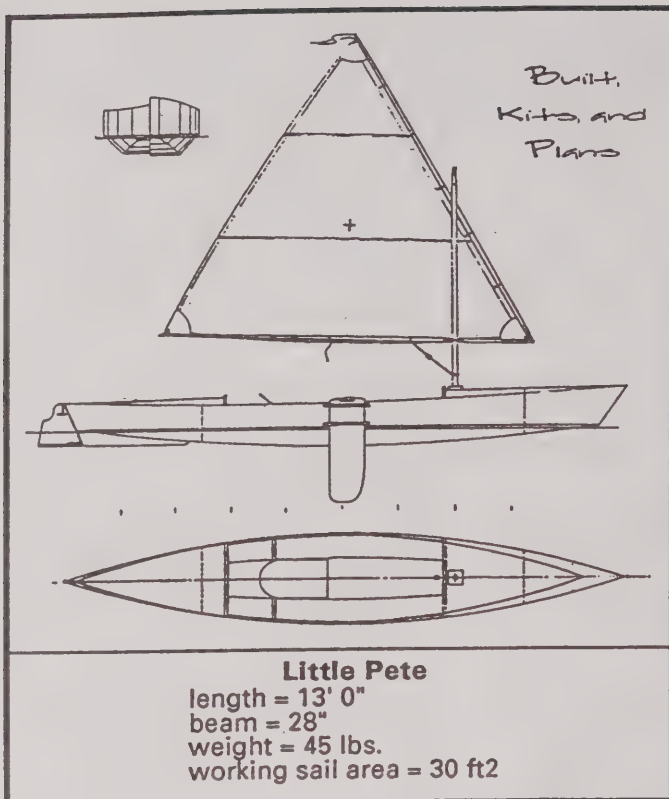
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## Little Pete 12

Our most popular John Bull design, this stitch-and-tape sailing canoe is inexpensive, easy to build, and a delight to paddle and sail. Its name was inspired by a favourite book of John Bull's children in which the main character would come back from his adventures and say, "That was another fine day!"

Intended as a solo canoe into which a second person can be squeezed in a pinch, it has decks and watertight bulkheads that provide about 150lbs of reserve buoyancy in each end. It can be easily paddled using either double or single-bladed paddles.

Available built, as a kit, or as a plan set, the Little Pete makes an ideal project for the amateur builder using 4 mm marine plywood. The kit includes detailed building instructions and requires about 40 hours to build, and comes complete with rudder and daggerboard components and hardware. The plans include a fully illustrated set of simple building instructions. We are actively promoting class racing so get some friends together and talk to us about fleet pricing!

## Peterboat 16

A stretch version of the Little Pete, this stitch-and-tape sailing canoe will accommodate two people comfortably. Decks and watertight bulkheads provide more than 150lbs of reserve buoyancy at each end, as well as providing a dry, safe place for gear.

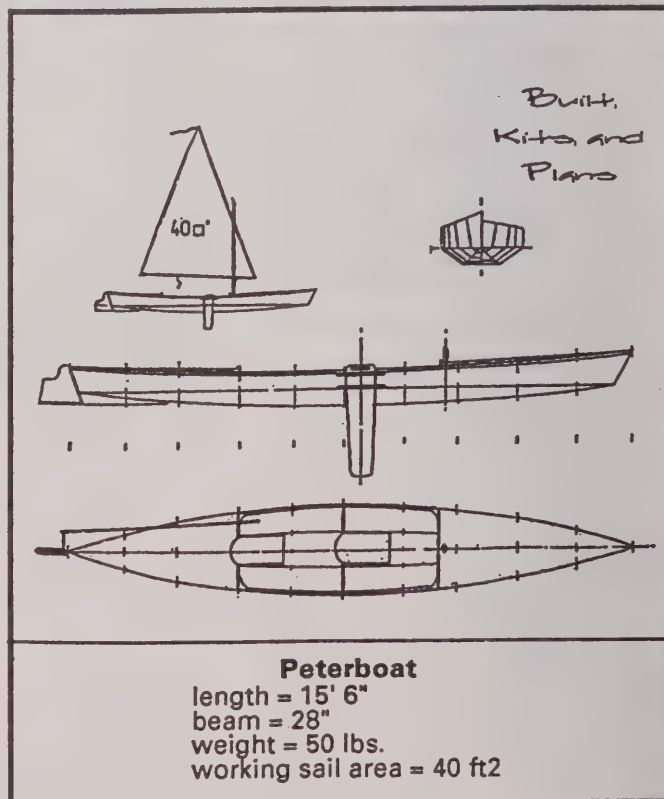
Available built, as a kit, or plan set, the Peterboat makes an ideal project for the amateur builder using 4 mm marine plywood. Plans include a fully illustrated set of simple building instructions, and the kit comes complete with rudder and daggerboard and requires about 40 hours to build.

The Voyager 40 rig was designed for this hull and serves very well. There are also John Bull outriggers available as a kit or plan set, with several variations and arrangements if you wish to experiment. In a tandem sailing canoe the forward person generally gets the steering footpedals, but several other steering systems can also be used including conventional tillers and extensions, push-pull tillers, and tiller bars. Fleet pricing available.

## Lost in the Woods Boatworks

By John Hupfield

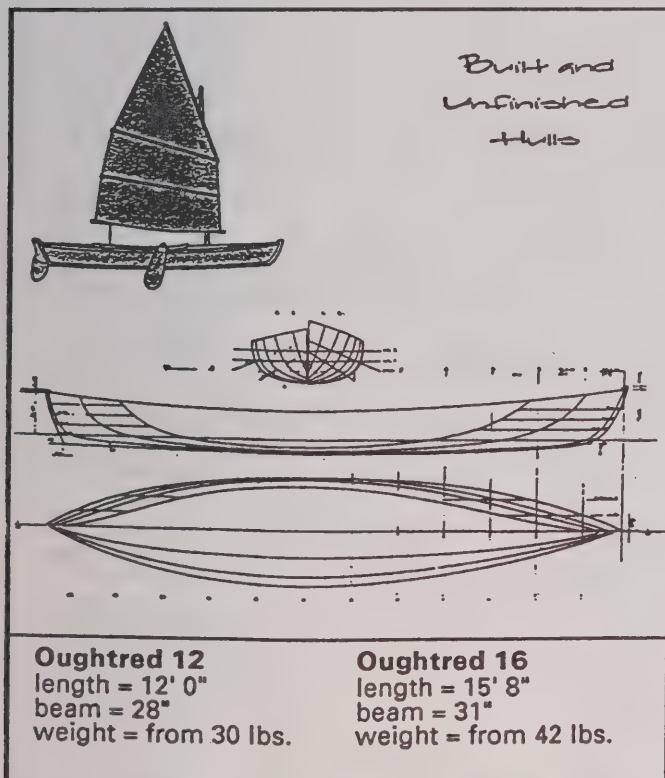
For the past six years we have been busy building and restoring small wooden boats (up to 24'), masterfully isolated here in the bush by Georgian Bay, Ontario. We have great water, great sailing and great camping in this neck of the woods. We have recently been expanding our product line and now have these four basic designs that might be of some interest to your readers.



## Oughtred 12 &16

Undecked lapstrake canoes from the drafting table of Iain Oughtred, these classic designs are our lightest hulls and are ideal for cartopping and exploring protected waters. The Oughtred 12 is intended as a solo canoe but a second person can squeeze in, and it can be built as light as 30lbs! The Oughtred 16 will accommodate two or even three with ease. Each features sweet lines that are both fast and very seaworthy, coping well with waves and powerboat wakes.

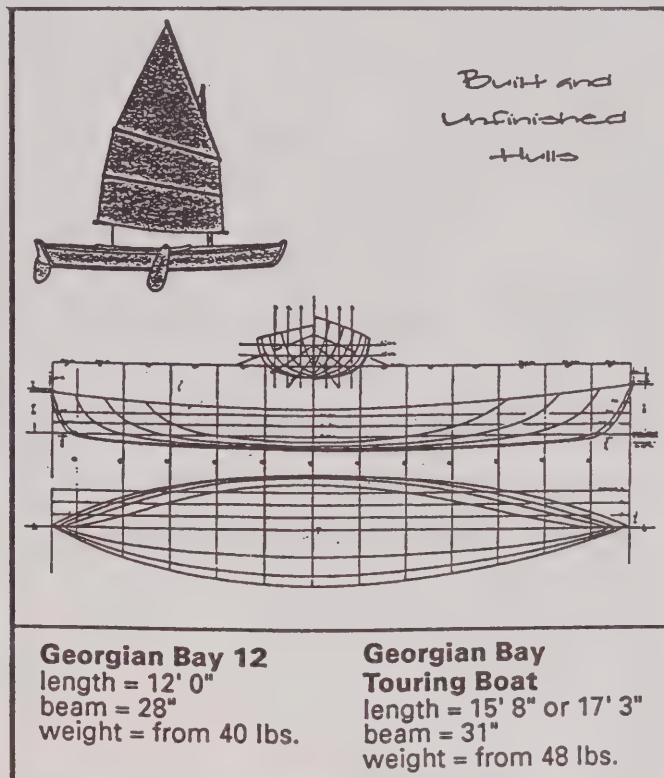
Our lapstrake designs include adequate rocker for response and manoeuvrability, yet track extremely well for extended touring, a pleasing compromise. The small skeg and low profile contribute to outstanding control in crosswinds, but the decked Georgian Bays may be a better bet for sailing and better spray protection in waves. Available finished, or unvarnished so you can complete it yourself to reduce cost.



## Georgian Bay 12 &16

Decked lapstrake canoes, these are Oughtred hulls modified for the more extreme conditions of Georgian Bay and include cockpit coamings and watertight bulkheads below decks. This provides several hundred pounds of reserve buoyancy at both ends of the canoe and, when combined with the hull's outstanding wavehandling capabilities, make for an extremely seaworthy craft that will take you anywhere your skills permit. The watertight compartments provide a safe dry storage area too.

With its decks and bulkheads, the Georgian Bay 12 is a solo canoe, although a child or dog and your gear will also fit. The capabilities and carrying capacity of the 16 inspired its name, the Georgian Bay Touring Boat. It can carry two paddlers and their gear in comfort, and a 17'3" stretch version can also be built if desired. As with the Oughtred 12 and 16, the Georgian Bays are available finished or unfinished.



Editor Comments: I welcome this sort of interesting information from designers and builders. Publication depends on my receiving the information from those designers and builders who wish to let us all know what they have to offer.





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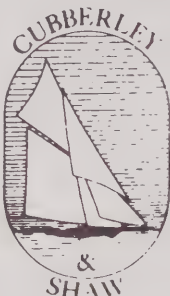
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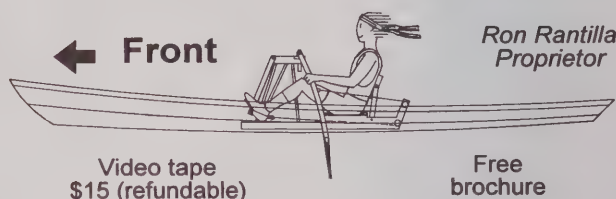
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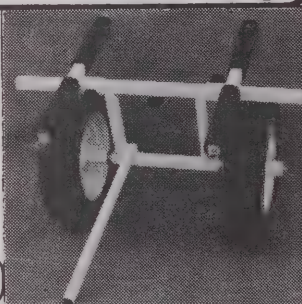


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Rigid plastic foam needs to be cut to fit in boats as reserve flotation and for building floating docks and boarding rafts. It is difficult to get smooth cuts using conventional woodworking tools on foam, and they produce electrostatically-charged crumbs and dust that can be hazardous to breathe and a nuisance to clean up. The neatest way to cut rigid foam is with a hot wire. You can buy or rig up a hot wire for occasional trimming work, or you can easily build one that will handle big jobs.

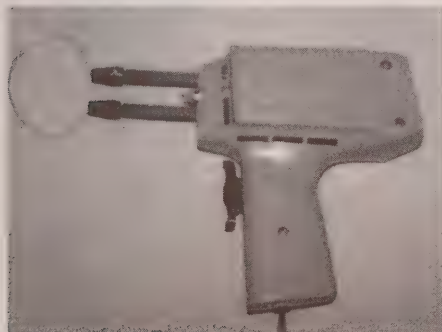
**Cautions:** A hot wire uses electricity to make a wire hot enough to burn flesh. Electricity can cause fires and present a shock hazard. If you are not familiar with the practices associated with safe electrical wiring, you should not attempt to build or use the cutters described without consulting someone who is. Always turn off and unplug electrical devices when they are being adjusted or are not in use. Cutting foam with a hot wire will produce some fumes and occasional wisps of smoke, which you should avoid breathing. Always cut foam outdoors or in a well-ventilated area. In either case also use an electric fan to blow fumes away from you.

FloraCraft makes a small foam cutter that uses two flashlight batteries. Sold for \$9 at hobby and craft stores that cater to wreath-makers, this device will make a cut 2-1/2" wide, and it has a 5-1/2" throat.

If you have an electric soldering gun rated at 230 watts or more, the kind that holds the soldering tip by two prongs, you can rig up a similar cutter yourself. Cut a 9" length of #24 AWG uninsulated solid copper wire (Radio Shack, \$2 per roll). At each end bend back a half-inch of wire and twist to make a pigtail. Insert one pigtail end of the wire into each prong of the gun, where the soldering tip usually attaches. Snip 3/4" long sections off the attachment ends of a soldering tip (the tip can still be used for soldering). Insert a snipped section into each gun prong with its wire pigtail and tighten the tip screws.

You can shape the wire to fit the task. A curved wire can be used to scoop a trench in a slab of foam so it can clear a protrusion or a filleted junction. The wire can be bent into a straight section for trimming edges. Straight cuts can be made by clamping or otherwise temporarily attaching straight edges to both sides of a piece of foam and running the hot wire along the edges. A complex shape can be created by running the wire along the edges of templates cut from sheet metal, thin plywood, masonite or even cardboard.

Soldering gun with wire loop cutter.



## Cutting Rigid Plastic Foam

By Sam Overman

A more elaborate version of the soldering gun can also be used for making cuts away from the edges of the foam. Two support arms are shaped from two 18" lengths of #6 AWG solid uninsulated copper wire (household ground wire from home center, 50 cents a foot). Two ends are filed down until they fit into the gun prongs. The other ends of the support arms are filed to chisel points and drilled to accept the ends of the cutting wire. A 5-1/2" length of the same #24 copper wire is attached to the chisel ends, with 1/4" of wire through each hole, and soldered in place.

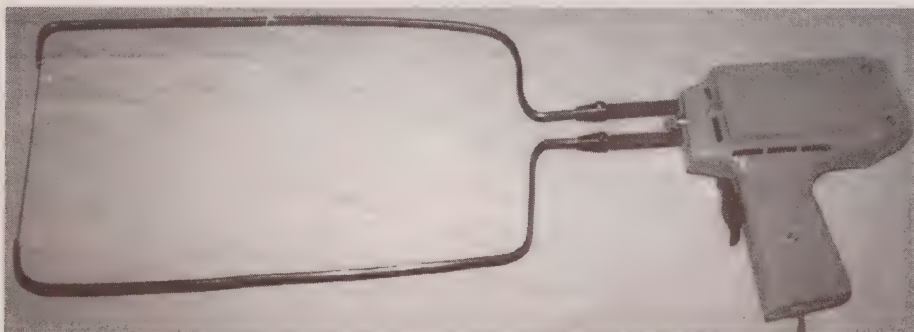
The support arms are shaped such that when the assembly is attached to the gun, the cutting wire is pulled taut. As with all hot wire cutters, the inch or so of wire at each end will not cut foam, because the attachment points draw away heat. The support arms do not get hot except at the wire attachments. A soldering gun can deliver high current, but there is less than one volt between its tip prongs. Cutting with the gun presents no greater electrical hazard than using it for soldering.

If you need to cut foam often and to make large cuts, you may want to build a hand-held foam cutter like mine and even a table-mounted cutter. My hand-held version cuts 18" wide and has a throat of 12". The same design can be made with more throat by simply elongating the side arms. Both use a length of nichrome (nickel-chromium) wire under tension.

It takes about six volts per foot of wire to cause this wire to reach foam-cutting temperature. I use about twelve volts and a 22" working length wire, along with a voltage controller. Twelve volts at just over two amperes current is commonly available, and I can vary the wire temperature to fit the job. A hot wire can be powered directly from a car battery or from a modest battery (not trickle) charger. Even when I use a battery charger, I prefer to plug it into a homemade motor speed controller so I can vary the wire temperature.

The hand-held cutter shown is powered directly from a household outlet. A controller varies the voltage through a transformer whose secondary is connected to copper contacts that support the hot wire. Wire tension is supplied by a turnbuckle and braided nylon cord. The table

Soldering gun with extended cutting wire.



version, which I built first, has an overhead arm supported by a post, and the wire tension is supplied by a spring. Movable grooved steel wire guides, one at the end of the arm and another under the table top, can be moved and locked in place to make the wire perpendicular to the table top. A movable fence on the table allows me to make long straight cuts from foam billets, and the fence can be cocked to make angle cuts.

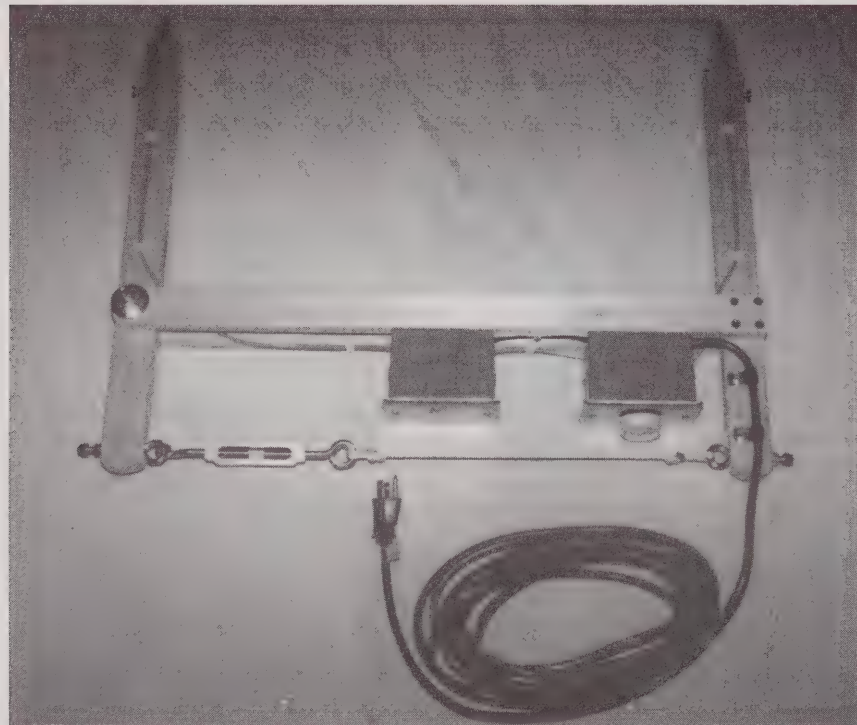
If I had it to do again, I would make the overhead arm stronger and make it pivot, with tension supplied as in the hand-held version. I would also use the same copper contacts, one in the end of the overhead arm and one a couple of inches under the table top at right angles. With the cutting wire tension relieved, the contacts could be adjusted in their mounting holes then locked to make the cutting wire perpendicular to the table.

To make the hand-held cutter, refer to accompanying photos and drawings. Cut out and drill the wooden pieces, round off some of their ends and smooth their edges. Join the two spreaders to the fixed arm using glue and four drywall screws while clamping the pieces at right angles. Join the pivoting arm with the 1/2" bolt with one washer just under the bolt head and one just under the nut. Drill and mount the electrical boxes to the spreaders. The transformer box should be centered to balance its weight, and the control box should be mounted so the control knob may be reached with the thumb of the operator's hand. Install eye bolts, washers and nuts and tighten the nuts until the eyes sink into wood about 1/8 inch, then install cap nuts.

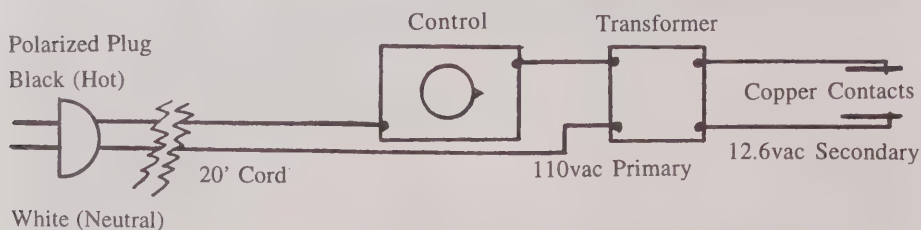
Drill cover of control electrical box to pass control knob shaft. Snip off or bend ends of control's mounting plate so it will fit in box, then attach control to inside of cover, install knob. If transformer has a center tap, cut that wire off short and insulate the end with tape or a wire nut. The transformer may have to be turned upside down in order for it to fit into a single outlet plastic electrical box. Dress all electrical connections, with their wire nuts, inside the plastic boxes.

Put the control and transformer temporarily in place and make connections to the power cord. Cut lengths of hookup wire extra long for the other needed connections. Solder the ends of the hookup wires to their copper contacts about 3/4" from their grooved ends. Insert the copper contacts to the bottoms of their arm mounting holes, align their grooves and tighten the modified

Dimensions in inches



## Wiring Diagram



To operate the cutter, ensure that the wire is under tension then plug in the power cord and turn the control knob clockwise from its "off" detent. The wire temperature will be lowest when the knob is in its farthest clockwise position. Test the wire by cutting a small piece off a scrap of foam. If the scrap sticks to the wire, the wire needs to be hotter. If the wire is too hot, the foam will melt back from the wire as you cut and produce smoke. After making a cut, plastic residue on the wire may smoke a bit. You can clean the wire, while it is hot, by repeatedly running along its length a wooden popsicle stick that has a small "V" groove cut into one edge near its tip.



Copper Contacts: (2) 4-1/2" long, made from #4 AWG solid uninsulated copper wire. Home Center, 50 cents per foot.



Table cutter and moveable fence.



Table cutter fence set for angle cut.

**Control:** (1) Lutron continuously variable paddle fan speed control. Home Center, \$9. Clockwise rotation of knob reduces cutting wire temperature

**Transformer:** (1) 110vac primary, 12.6vac secondary at 2.5 amps. Radio Shack or any electronics repair shop, mail order from Allied or Pioneer, \$15. Cut off and insulate end of center tap wire, if any.

**Drywall Screws:** (4) #6 by 2" long.

**Wood Glue:** For joint made with four drywall screws.

**Plastic Electric Junction Box and Covers:** (2) Single-outlet box will hold control, but larger box may be needed for transformer. Test for fit.

**Nichrome Wire:** 30", #26 AWG; McMaster-Carr Supply Co, Box 440, New Brunswick, NJ 08903-0440, order by phone at (908) 329-3200. \$17 for 1/4lb roll 315 feet. Item Number 8880 K 24.

**Sheet Metal Screws:** (2) #12 by 1" long; secures copper contacts. Screw into pilot hole, remove from hole and grind off sharp point, then reinsert into pilot hole. (10) #10 by 1/2" long, two hold ends of cutting wire, eight attach plastic electrical boxes to wood spreaders.

**Crimp Lugs:** (2) Solderless electrical terminal for wire size #22 to #18, stud size #10. Hardware store or auto parts store.

**Polarized Electrical Plug:** (1).

**Electric Cord:** (20') two-conductor #16 AWG stranded lamp cord.

**Hookup Wire:** (6') #16 insulated stranded wire. Lamp cord may be used.

**Wire Nuts:** (5) suitable for pigtail joints made with two pieces #16 lamp cord. **Cable Clamps** and #10 1/2" Long Sheet Metal Screws, or Insulated Staples: (10) For securing wire runs to wooden parts.



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When Dynamite Payson asked us for a kayak design, we cast around for some concept that wasn't available in a production boat. This unusually stable and buoyant craft, with space for serious camping gear, or for a dog, resulted. The long length is partly due to the cosmetic needle tips of the bow and stern which could be blunted a few

## Bolger on Design Cruising Kayak

inches at each end if there was an issue of length.

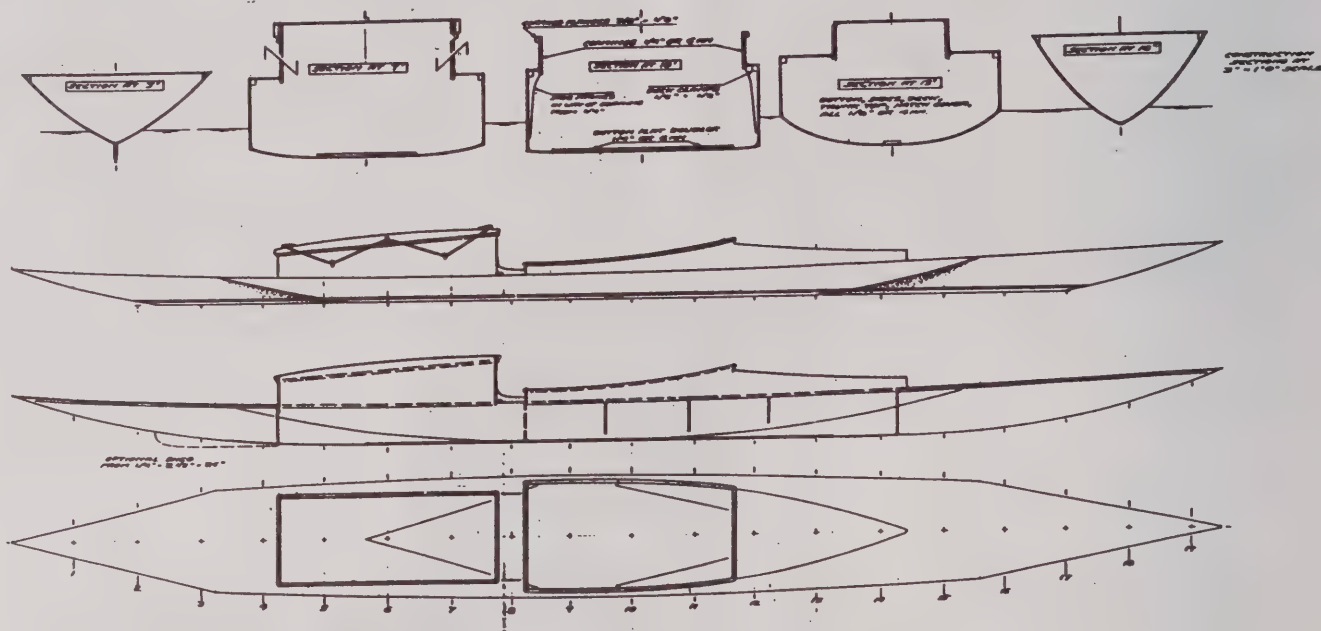
The projection method allows getting the bottom and ends of the hull out of one sheet of 4'x 8' 4mm plywood without torturing. Dynamite tested it with a model. We have not heard of anybody who built a full sized boat to the design so we have no trial of how the near-flat sides will affect the action of the boat.

In such a slender boat we think the eddymaking won't be very noticeable either in

paddling effort or directional stability. Carrying the deck breadth well out fore and aft certainly makes for a more stable boat; the sections show how powerful the shape is.

This is not a suitable shape for doing the Greenland roll, but we've never been enthusiastic about that for most people, having seen an expert having to be embarrassingly rescued while demonstrating it. He accomplished it neatly three or four times in succession, then was trapped head-down on the next one. We've been told that this happens even to expert Inuit.

With the flat sides bright, or otherwise contrasting, this would at a messabout or in the Blackburn Challenge.



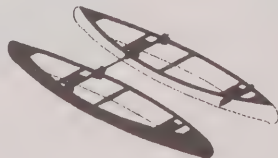
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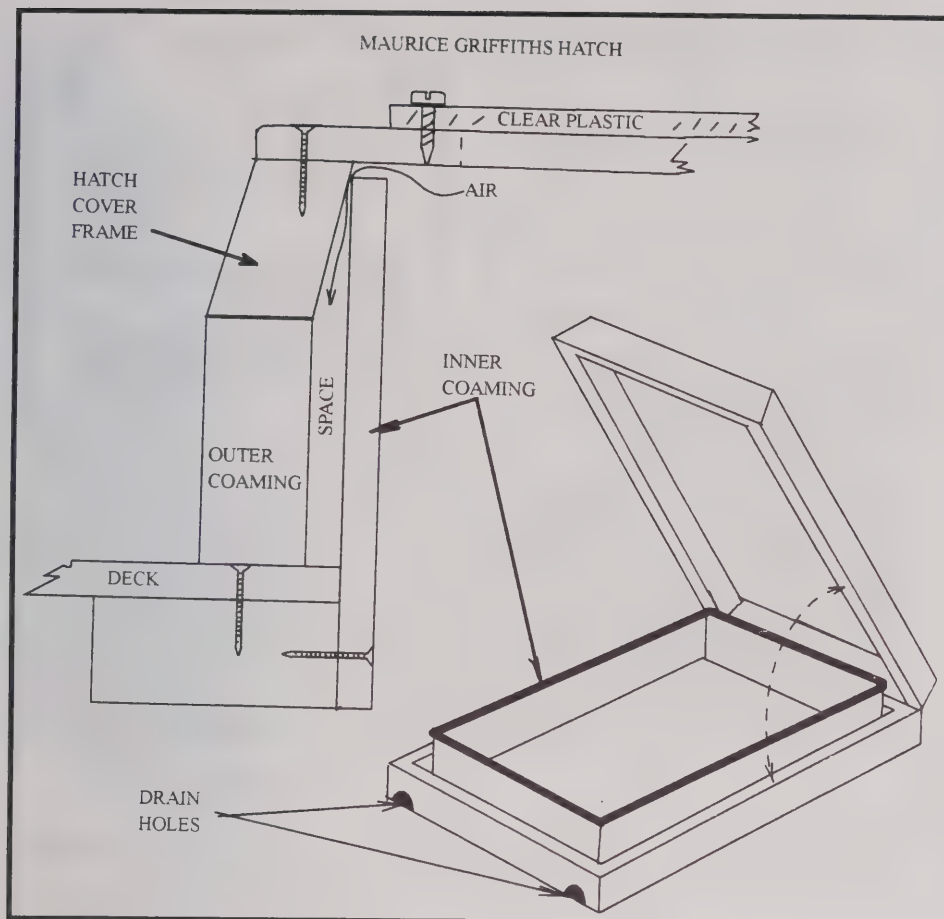


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## The Griffiths Hatch for Dinghies

By Derek Van Loan

Maurice Griffiths, an Englishman, has cruised and written about pleasure boating since the 1920's. He is also an accomplished and innovative designer, who developed what I believe to be the best hatch for yachts of all sizes. Eric Hiscock and Donald Street both recommend his hatch system in their comprehensive books, *Cruising Under Sail* and *The Ocean Sailing Yacht*.

After having seen a number of these hatches on ocean cruisers whose owners extolled them, I decided to incorporate one into my 8-ft. cruising dinghy, *Sleeper*. *Sleeper* is fully decked and has room below for two (non-claustrophobic) people, so there is a sizable opening in the deck. Bedding, clothes, camera, and electronic equipment are commonly thrown below, so water-tightness is crucial. Furthermore, *Sleeper's* hatch is right forward and vulnerable.

On San Francisco Bay, and on other West Coast waters, my Griffiths dinghy hatches are occasionally swept by green water, and yet have never allowed a drop of water below. The Griffiths hatch does not depend upon sealing, but is a baffle system, similar to the Dorade ventilator, and so there are no gaskets to deteriorate, stick or leak, and precision fitting is unnecessary. A simple hasp is all that is required to secure it. No "dogs" or other hardware are needed to hold it down. Dogging a hatch is time consuming and incompatible with the pace of events aboard a sailing dinghy.

A dinghy hatch faces a tough job. Low to the water, it must withstand more "heavy weather" than hatches on its larger cousins. With a conventional hatch, keeping a watertight seal can be problem since the coaming may warp, especially when it is located in the vicinity of the mast.

The Griffiths hatch features two coamings; an inner one, solidly attached to the deck, and an outer one, about half the height of the inner one. The forward and after outer coamings are pierced with drain holes at deck level. These drains are in the corners so water drains at any state of vessel trim. A narrow space separates the inner and outer coamings. The hatch cover's framework is built to the dimensions of the outer coamings and, when closed, their edges simply meet without sealing. Any water that enters through the meeting crack or drain holes would have to fill the area between the coamings to the top of the inner coaming before water would actually enter the boat.

Deck water sweeping the hatch and entering the space between the coamings from one side immediately runs out the drains on the other side. The drains and the crack between the outer coamings are restrictive so that a passing wave that completely buries the hatch doesn't have enough time to fill the inner coaming space, too. While this could happen, I've never known it to.

Moreover, in order for water to enter the vessel, air must be displaced. A small boat

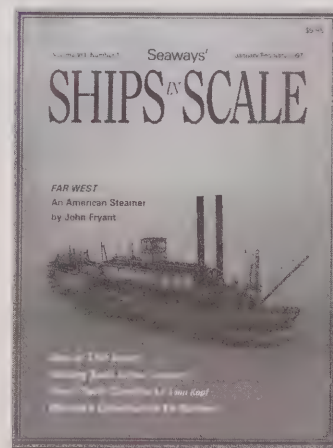
entering rough water is likely to have any other ventilators closed, so it behaves like an uncorked bottle thrust, open end down, into the water. Little is likely to penetrate because of the unyielding pocket of air within. As I mentioned above, the Griffiths hatch also functions like a Dorade ventilator, air enters freely between the top of the inner coaming and the inside surface of the hatch cover, providing ventilation even when other ventilators are secured.

On *Sleeper* the 1-1/2" high deck grabrails also serve as the outer side coamings. The outer forward and after coamings are likewise of 1-1/2" stock. The inner coamings are 3" above deck level and are separated from the outer ones by a 1/4" gap. The hatch cover's framework, which when closed lies against the outer coamings, is made tall enough so that the hatch cover just clears the inner coamings, leaving space for ventilation. The side frames of the hatch cover slant in to meet the inner coamings at their tops. This provides thwartships location when the hatch cover is closed. Fore and aft location is provided by the piano hinge attached to the forward outer coaming and the forward hatch cover frame.

The inner coamings are 1/4" plywood, glued and nailed to the carlins with annular threaded, silicone bronze nails. A fillet of auto body putty and a strip of fiberglass cloth, laid in polyester resin, ensure a strong, leak free connection. The inside corners of the inner coamings are gusseted with thin triangular strips and these corners are glassed outside.

Aboard *Sleeper* I've had ample opportunity to observe the Maurice Griffiths hatch in varying conditions. Sometimes I go below to relax and watch the foamy water wash over the hatch skylight of my leakproof hatch, content to let the watch on deck carry on.

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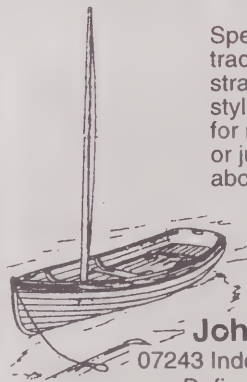
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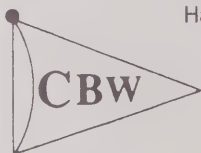
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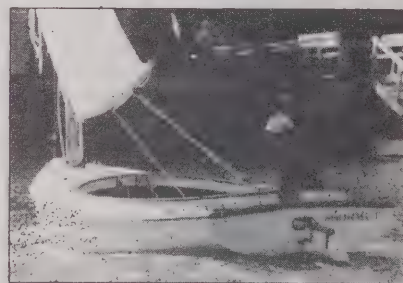
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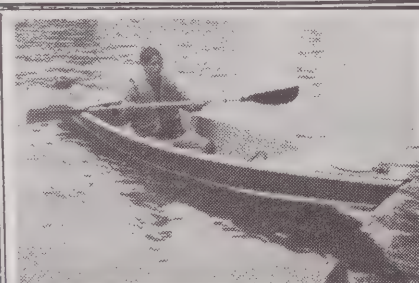
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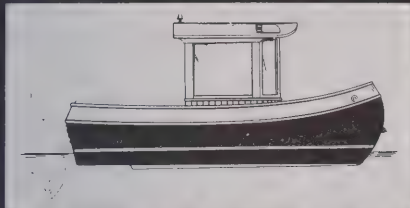
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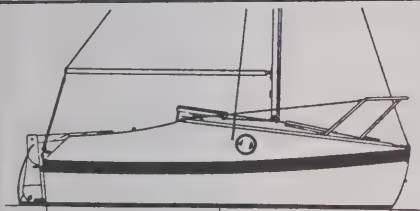
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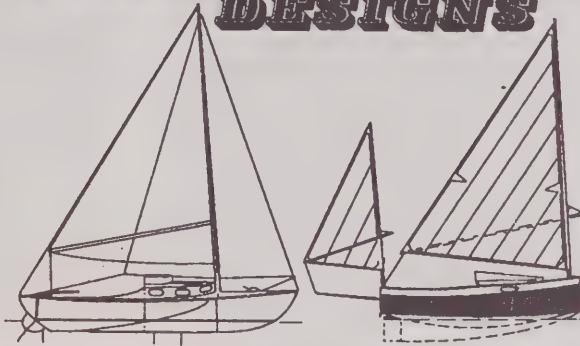
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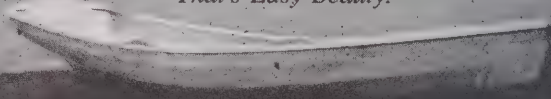
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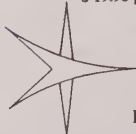
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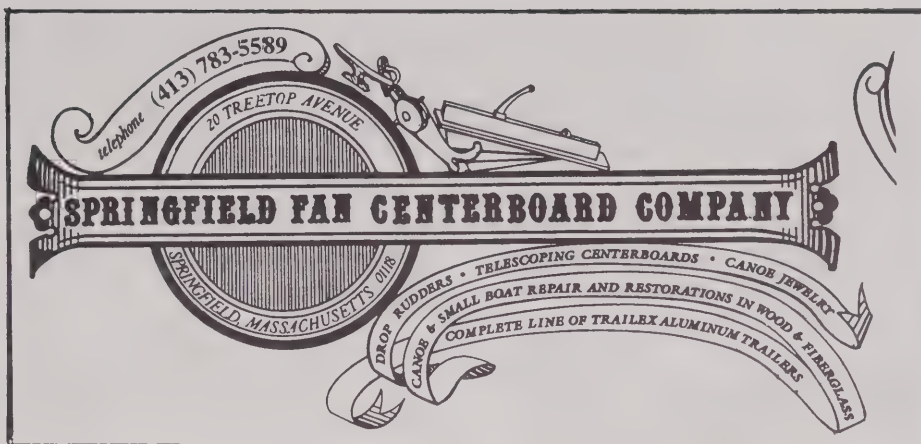


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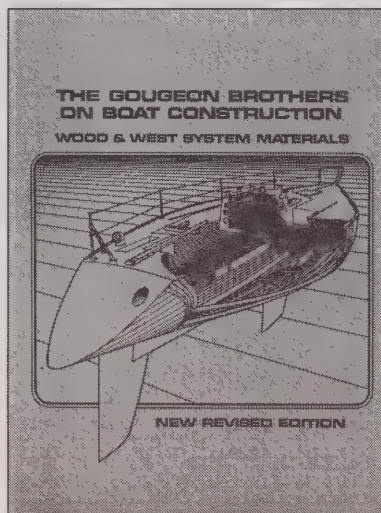
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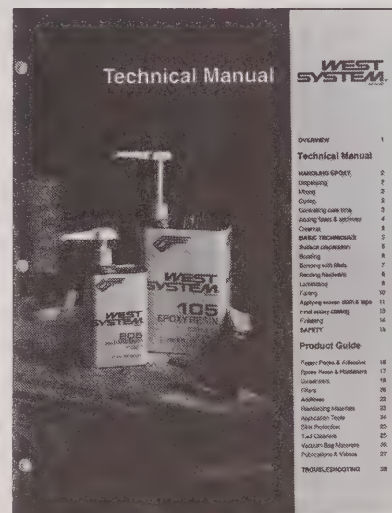
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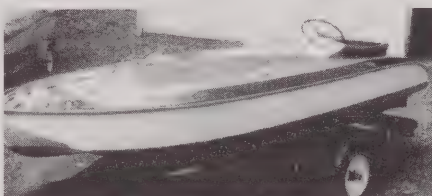
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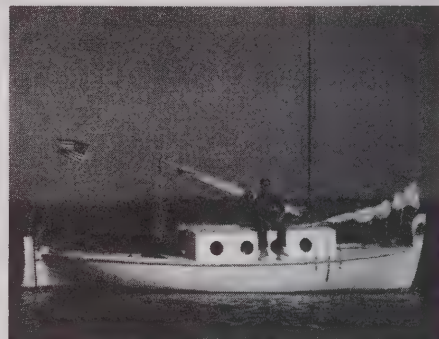
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**85hp Force OB**, '89, gd running cond. \$1,800. **25' Trailrite Boat Trlr**, surge brakes, dual axles, 7,000lbs GVW. \$1,500.00.  
DENNIS LEAHY, Fairhaven, MA, (508) 997-9970. (10)

**Four (4) Johnson OB's**, 4hp twin cylinder long shafts. \$250 ea.  
DOUG MAASS, Sleepy Hollow, NY, (914) 631-7541 before 9pm. (11)

**Teak, Ash, Oak, Poplar**.  
JOSH HAINES, Boaz, KY, (502) 554-8570. (10P)

**'93 Evinrude 40hp OB**, tiller steering, electr start, oil injection. Vy low hrs, exc cond. \$2,200 OBO.  
GENE HICKEY, Glastonbury, CT, (860) 633-8157. (10)

**Acadia Two Cycle Engine**, in orig shipping crate, shaft, prop & box of accessories. \$1,800.  
RON LEWIS, St. Michaels, MD, (717) 523-8053. (12P)

**Johnson 15hp OB**, ca '56. Clean, rust-free, gd running cond. Incl gd pressurized tank. \$150.  
LARRY TYTLA, Waterford, CT, (860) 444-2538. (11)

**Palmer Model 27 Engine**, 1 cyl w/reverse gear, shaft, prop & misc parts. Compl but not running. \$500.  
RON LEWIS, St. Michaels, MD, (717) 523-8053. (12P)

**Honda OB**, 2hp, new 4 cycle. \$670 value, sell \$500 or swap for small boat.  
E. HALL, 129 Fort Hill Rd., Standish, ME 04084, (207) 642-4791. (11)

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DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. (TFP)

**St. Lawrence River Skiff Rowing Gear**, 7'6" spruce oars, leathers, gd cond. 2pr @ \$100/pr. Oar pins, nickel plated bronze originals. \$150/pr. Foot stretchers & misc hrdwre. Call for prices. R. NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY, (516) 757-3087. (11)

#### GEAR WANTED

**Trailer**, for 13' OB runabout. One that came w/boat not good enough. Anyone want it? CRAIG WILSON, Groveland, CA, (209) 962-6273. (10)

#### BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

**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, SR., 56 Pease Town Rd., Appleton, ME 04862-6455. (TF)

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W.F. SARGENT, 636 N. River Rd., Auburn, ME 04210-9472. (TF)

**From My Old Boat Shop**, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 +\$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)

**Pelican Building Plans**, for all sizes (12', 16', 18' & Chinese junk variation) are still available. MURIEL SHORT, San Francisco Pelican Boats, 203 Hawthorne Ave., Larkspur, CA, (415) 924-0685, email: pelicansailboat@webtv.net (11)

**"Sleeper"**, 7' 10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.

EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)



**Building Plans: "Fiddlehead"**, 10-1/2' decked canoe. \$39. **Thistle**, 12' fin powered pedal boat. \$50. Traditional constr, full sized patterns, extensive bldg manuals. Send for details

H. BRYAN BOATBUILDING, RR4, St. George, NB E0G 2Y0, Canada. (97P)

**\$200 Sailboat**, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28405. (TF)

**Cheap Power Today!** Run your boat w/economical air cooled Briggs & Stratton type engines. *Marine Conversion Manual* incl methods for forward-neutral-reverse gearing from cheap, easy to find local parts. Only \$10.95!

CAPT. WOODIE OWEN, P.O. Box 32172-M, Charleston, SC 29417. (EOI14P)

**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.

NANCY C. JEROME, 160 Godfrey Rd., E. Thetford, VT 05043. (TF)

**Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar**, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.

NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

**Out Your Backdoor #8**, is finallyn out with the boatiest bunch of boating (many from MAIB), biking, skiing, exercising, fishing, tree planting, poetic, & other unbestseller tales. 64 stunning pages, legible layouts. "I just discovered OYB. Where have I been?" Living in a cave? \$8 for 4 issue sub.

OYB, 4686 Meridian Rd. Williamston, MI 48895. (TF)

**Voyages of the Damn Foole**, Tom McGrath's first "officially" published book will be on sale in book stores and gift shops that carry International Marine/Ragged Mountain Press books, by St. Patrick's Day, "if the luck of the Irish is with us", reports Tom's #1 fan and landlubbing daughter Erin. Inquiries for ordering of *Voyages of the Damn Foole* should be addressed to the following:

MC GRAW HILL, Inc., Customer Service Dept., P.O. Box 547, Blacklick, OH 43004. Retail customers may call 1-800-262-4729; bookstores may call 1-800-233-4726. (TF)



**"Bliss"**, the quick & easy canoe; plans & instructions \$26. Illustrated Design Leaflet \$2.

DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford, Devon EX39 1TB, England. (4/98EOIEP)

**Tom McGrath's Short Tales**, boxful found during recent cross country move. Readers of Tom's bygone series of adventures with his Townie and the *Damn Foole* in this magazine interested in purchasing one of these amusingly illustrated 8-1/2"x 11" bound books, may do so by sending check for \$12 payable to the undersigned (Tom's daughter). Proceeds will help fund Tom's next adventure at sea. ERIN RUOCCO, 5066 W. Kingbird St., Tucson, AZ 85742. (TF)

**The Wee Lassie**, a quarterly newsletter devoted to the open double paddle canoe. 8 yrs of publication. \$5 for 1 yr trial subscription.

MAC MC CARTHY, 1705 Andrea Pl., Sarasota, FL 34235. (TF)

#### BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

**Mini-Max & Mini-Most Plans & Patterns**, '60's designs possibly by William D. Jackson. May have appeared in *Boatbuilder* magazine.

EDWARD JOY, S. Windham, ME, (207) 854-0037, 5-8pm. (10)

**Old Town Canoe Catalogs**.

LEROY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19977, (302) 653-9487 or (302) 653-2628. (19P)

**Lugworm Books**, *Lugworm Island Hopping*, *Lugworm on the Loose*, *Lugworm Homeward Bound*. RAY VAILLANCOURT, 64 Jason's Ln., Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 420-3263. (11)

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BILL KIRK, Captain's Delivery Service, 19 Argyle Pl., N. Arlington, NJ 07031, (201) 991-6894, fax (201) 460-0011. (TF)

**December Workshop**, building baidarkas and umiaks. Interested parties please contact me.

MARK REVEAUX, 4 Prospect Hill, Stony Creek, CT 06405, (203) 488-1914, email: mreveaux@snet.net (11)

**Maine Coast Rental**, Spruce Head. 2BR on tidal cove. Views, deck, FP, mooring, sail/row dinghy. Avail 6 & 9/97 @ \$575/wk & 6/28-7/19 @ \$675/wk. Row, sail or paddle Seal Harbor & Penobscot Bay. 3 MITA islands nrby.

FRANK O'BRIEN, Roslindale, MA, (617) 323-4759. (TF)

**Summer Rental**, house on Swans Island, Maine, nr Acadia National Park. 3br, bath, kitchen. View of harbor, hiking on ppty, & many other places on island. Fresh water swimming in nearby quarry, grocery store on isl. Two sand beaches, launching sites for small boats. Access to island by ferry 6 times daily. \$575/wk, Sat.-Sat.

IVER LOFVING, After April 10, Box. 366, Swans Is. Me., 04685 (207)526-4121, or (207)773-9505. (TF)

#### MARINE RELATED ITEMS WANTED

**Nautical/Marine Business**, any location, any type. Examples: mail order hardware items, boat rebuilding, small engine repair, small boat yard, small marina, newspaper or magazine.

ART CONSOLI, 5456 N 78th St., Scottsdale, AZ 85252, (602) 949-7125 phone & fax. (10)



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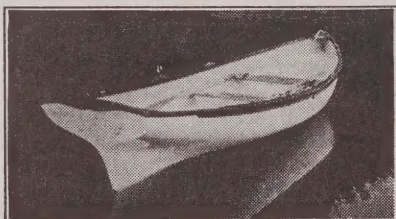
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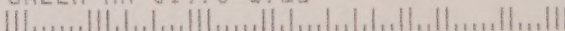
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