

10 15.505
m585

Special Features This Issue
"Is There An ED in Your Future?"
"Downeast All the Way" - "My Father's Bateau"



messing about in BOATS

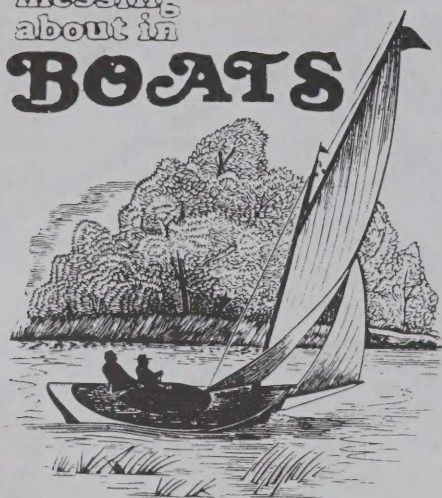
Volume 15 - Number 22

April 1, 1998



messing
about in

BOATS



Published twice a month, 24 times a year. U.S. subscription price is \$24 for 24 issues. Canadian and overseas subscription price is \$36 US funds drawn on a US bank or by International Postal Money Order

Address is 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943. Telephone is (978) 774-0906, there is no machine.

Editor & Publisher is Bob Hicks.

Production & Subscription Fulfillment by Office Support Services.

Volume 15 - Number 22
April 1, 1998

In Our Next Issue...

I will have a story on the year's first event around here, the Snow Row.

Hugh Horton invites you to "Consider Cedar Key"; Dick Harrington reports on dinghy cruising the Great Lakes in "North Channel Affair"; Rick Klepfer winds up "Musings From Mustique"; and Lewis Freeman's "By Waterways to Gotham" motors on.

Ron Magen undertakes a new serial on "Boatbuilding"; John Thomson also launches a serial on "Boat Design"; Davie Moore describes his "Unsinkable Survival Craft"; Bernie Wolford introduces his "New Northwest Kits"; and Richard Carson continues his "Dream Boats" with "Chris Colomb". Yes, Phil Bolger will have his next design, I know not what at this writing.

On the Cover...

Dr. Reinhard Zollitsch has paddled his canoe down east from Boston to Eastport, Maine, and in this issue gives us a report on the Boston to Yarmouth section, which he thought was more demanding than the way down east portion he had paddled the previous year.

2

Commentary...

As the new season on the water is about to arrive I received the following announcement from reader Charles Hall that bears directly on the subject of coming activities afloat:

Small Boat Activities Calendar Goes Online

By Charles Hall

A while back the Editor lamented that *Messing About in Boats* received so many event announcements that he could no longer print them all. Somehow that stuck in mind, so when I was looking for content to build an internet web site (without much luck), I suddenly realized that Bob must have a whole pile of material just going to waste! My first thought was to have him forward me the letters he received announcing various nautical events. Not only did he send me stuff, but he gently pointed out that the addresses of all these organizations were printed in the magazine and I could actually send off for my OWN copies.

Bingo! Suddenly I had a plan. I sent letters to every organization he listed, all 150 of them (this is more work than it sounds like, by the way). Thirty-eight responded promptly; several even had email or web sites of their own. About half-a-dozen were long gone and no longer had mail forwarded. The rest have yet to respond. I bet they'll all write me at once when Spring comes around.

I found 172 boating events in the literature I received. Take the North House Folk School for example. From somewhere in Minnesota they teach a busy schedule of courses like "Building an Inuit Kayak" in April and "Building a Birchbark Canoe" in July. They have sixteen courses scheduled for 1998.

In contrast, the Adirondack Museum has only one boating event, the "No Octane Regatta" in June. The rest of their busy calendar consists of antique shows, "community days" and "Cabin-Fever Sundays" where various entertainments are performed. Interesting, but not very nautical!

Some organizations, like Sail Newport and Steamboating, don't sponsor too many events but serve as a central listing point for events put on by others. Did you know that 26 steamboat events are scheduled for this year? Most are in the US, but there are five in Australia and one being planned in Holland.

In my own back yard, the N.C. Maritime Museum listed 13 events from Sept.-December of 1997. About half are directly related to boat-building, with the remainder having to do with birds, whales, pirates and shipwrecks. Very salty doings. I can't wait to get their 1998 calendar.

If you'd like to see for yourself what activities are coming up on the small boat calendar, visit the NSBC web site at: <http://www.by-the-sea.com/events.html>

David Watson at "By-the-Sea" was intrigued enough to place a link to my web page in a prominent place on his site. There are lots of other goodies there, including of course, a free sample of *Messing About in Boats* itself. If you haven't surfed the web yet, I encourage you to visit your local library and see if they have public access terminals. After you've visited "By-the-

Sea", ask a librarian to show you how to search the internet for information on other topics. It's just amazing how much strange and useful stuff is out there.

If you have a boat-related event you'd like to see listed in the NSBC database, you can email me at chall@totalsports.net, or write me at:

NSBC, c/o Charles Hall, 7005 Jeffrey Dr., Raleigh, NC 27603

Well, here is a partial solution to the dilemma I had faced that Charles mentioned, when the flood of planned activities just overwhelmed my ability to run announcements about them for readers who might wish to take in any of them. As Charles suggests, if you cannot get on the www at home try your library to see the wealth of opportunities that are out there for sharing whatever your messing about in boats passion is with like minded people.

As additional illustration, look over this 1998 calendar of activities from the Delaware River Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association. Were I local to Philadelphia I'd surely want to take part in a number of these. And this is but one of the approximately 150 organizations listed on pages 4 and 5.

Goings-On on the Delaware

The Delaware River TSCA has a busy season of activities planned and we thought readers might find it of some interest to see how much a local group like ours can undertake to provide its members. Here's a summary of our season:

April 7, Oar and Paddle Making: A multimedia program about the jigs and tricks employed to create lightweight oars, paddles that are better than anything you can buy off the shelf.

May 5, Pond Yacht Racing: An evening of pleasure sailing model boats. We will have a one design race on the waterfront where, of course, side betting will be encouraged. A trophy will be awarded to the winner. Everyone will need to build their own Ducker for the race. Patterns and plans will be provided free of charge.

May 16, Petty's Island Race: This annual classic's start time will be announced once the tides are calculated.

May 29-31, Nantucket Island Row: A Memorial Day Weekend waterfront event on Nantucket. Boats and bikes can be carried onto the ferry.

June 2, Red Dragon Canoe Club: Boats and dinner on the waterfront.

June 5-7, Small Craft Festival at Mystic Seaport, Mystic, CT: We will get a group campsite, or stay on the Tall Ship.

June 20, Berkley Island Messabout: A camping and sailing event.

June 26-28, WoodenBoat Show: Held in St. Michaels, MD. We are planning a group camping event.

July 4-5, Small Craft Festival, Reedville, VA: Group camping nearby.

July 7, Composite Construction for Small Craft: A program on the new how-to in wood/epoxy boat building.

July 18, Tom's River Small Craft Show: We will have a flotilla to the boat show.

August 4, Computerized Boat Design for Small craft: A program on the use of the PC in boat designing with software obtained free from the internet.

1015, 305
m585

August 22-23, Elk Neck Weekend Messabout: A weekend of unstructured family fun on the water. Camping sites will be shared as in past years.

September 1, Planning our Annual Messabout: A row and sail will precede this prep session for the Annual Family Event.

September 12, The Annual Messabout: At the Union Lake Sailing Club in Millville, NJ. The club offers a great beach, docks and club house, calm waters, great views and good winds. Three launch facilities are available on the lake.

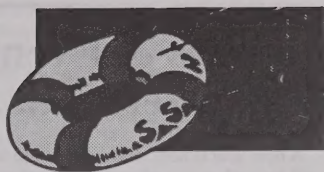
October 6, Movie Night: Watching the small screen, the President will be selecting the films.

October 17, Fall Row in the Pine Barrens: The Pines are one of the largest natural watersheds in the world and the creeks and rivers running through them are just beautiful in the fall. We will cruise down the Bastow River.

November 3, Museum Night: A private evening at the Independence Seaport Museum.

December 1, Holiday Dinner Party: At the Harbour League Club overlooking the Delaware River' Camden, NJ, a great place, filled with original maritime artwork and rich wood panelling.

Andy Wolfe, Secretary, The Delaware River TSCA, 343 Pitman Ave., Pitman, NJ 08071



Small Boat SAFETY

By Tom Shaw, U.S.C.G.A.

Did You Ever Take a Course?

As a retired clergyman, I am all too familiar with "preaching to the converted," and I suspect that writing to urge readers of *MAIB*, most of whom are experienced boaters, about boating safety courses is exactly that.

Nevertheless, the statistics are impressive. Eighty percent (four out of every five) of recreational boating accidents involve boaters who have had no formal boating instruction. Surely that conveys a message.

When I joined the Coast Guard Auxiliary some eight years ago, the first require-

ment was that I take the Boating Skills and Seamanship Course. I was, initially, pretty casual about this as I have been messing about in boats since my pre-teens. The first discovery was how much the course covered that I had forgotten over the years. The second discovery was how much the course covered that I had never known!

The moral is clear.

The third (and happy) discovery was that my boat insurance was reduced because I could show a certificate that I had passed "BS & S." Ten percent a year over nine years made that series of classes a profitable investment above and beyond the knowledge and fellowship I shared.

Granted all boating courses, those offered by the Auxiliary, the U.S. Power Squadron, and commercial boating/sailing schools, will cover some basic information that all of us who have messed about for a time already know, the fact remains that things have changed over the years and, while we may hate to admit it, our information may be out of date.

If you have recently passed the Coast Guard's Captain's License exam, forget this, but otherwise, I urge you all to take either the Auxiliary or the Power Squadron's boating skills course.

I promise you it will be time well spent.

Source: USCG/ Boating Safety Circular # 79 April, 1997.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



Readers wishing to contribute stories to the *Old Ed Stories* can send them to me at 2664 E. 18th St., Apt. 3F, Brooklyn, NY 11235. Those accepted will be cited in print and will receive a copy of the book when published.

Off the Edge

Charts are still essential tools for getting around on the water. The latest "innovation" is the Chartbook, or any one of several similar product names. They all go pretty far back though, to at least the time of William the Conqueror. Even then, a pilot or navigator was expected to be able to be able to find himself with little hesitation. If he were dropped near shore on a stormy night in a small vessel, he was supposed to be able to consult his memory or his rutter, and say, "We are here."

A rutter was a marine atlas. There were usually two kinds. A pilot kept sketches of every place he had been or, if he were headed for a place he had never been before, he got the information from another pilot. These rutters were secret and valuable. Not only were they personal charts, they were naval information and, in an era where navigation was still completely unscientific, a good rutter gave a significant advantage over the enemy.

Today's charts are much more accurate

and cheaper than their ancestors. The least expensive and most common is still the annual Eldridge Tide Table, which gives simple charts of harbors as well as tide and current information in an easy to understand form.

Once I was sailing a deckload of lumber up to Boston. In coastal New England, directions are upside down. As you go up the coast, you go downwind or down east. Proceeding down the coast to Boston, you work your way upwind against the prevailing winds. A fog had come down, making us work with the lead, compass, and tide book to make any progress. Willie and I were the only people aboard. We had to steer, sound the bottom, ring the bell, and keep track of where we were. With only the two of us aboard, this got arduous after a while. Just as we were getting a bit peaked, I heard some singing coming from the shore.

We hailed the party ashore to verify our location, as the bouyage was not very good. One of the party told us we were off Cutler

Harbor and that we should come ashore for the party, as the whole coast was socked in. Not needing a second invitation, we anchored. We lowered the staysail, but did not bother with the fore or main as they were too heavy for Willie and me alone. Then we rowed ashore.

It was one of the pleasantest parties I have ever enjoyed. Someone, I never did figure out who, was getting married and the whole town was celebrating. We celebrated with the rest of them. Willie and I rowed back out to the schooner just before the turn of the tide. We hoisted the staysail and got out the tide book. As we opened to the Cutler Harbor page, a gust carried the page away. Willie looked at me and asked what we were going to do.

"Easy," I said, "we'll just keep sailing until we reach the next page."

And that's what we did.

New from Compass Classic Yachts

14' CLASSIC CAT

- * Good looks
- * Easy handling
- * Speed
- * Versatility
- * Forgiveness
- * LOA 14'
- * Beam 7'
- * Draft 10"

- * Seats
- * Cockpit room
- * Comfort
- * Stability
- * Low Maintenance
- * Affordable price
- * SA 130 sq ft
- * Displacement 600#

Fiberglass construction * Varnished wood trim



DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Compass Classic Yachts, Inc.,
Box 143, South Orleans, MA 02662
Shop 80 Rayber Rd. Orleans, MA
(508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032

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.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
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

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331. (617) 934-7555.
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.

Activities & Events Organizers '98...

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.

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.
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 Point 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 Marine 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, I 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.
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.

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 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

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.
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.
New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.
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.
Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, P.O. Box 255, Paul Smiths, NY 12970-0255, (518) 327-3259.

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 Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.
New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.
Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Midlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.
Steamship 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 Bill Lake, 7520 Russell Ct., St. Leonard, MD 20685.
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.
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

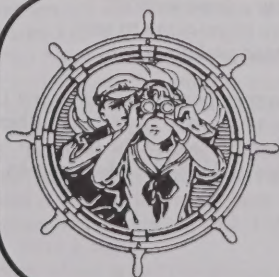
Association of Wooden Boatbuilders, 31806 NE 15th St., Washougal, WA 98671.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 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.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL ACTIVITY ORGANIZERS

Anyone wishing to present detailed specific information about their events or activities should contact us about advertising. It's inexpensive (as little as \$6 per issue to reach 4,500+ subscribers) and you get all the space you wish to buy.

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.

By asking you to pay a modest sum for the space you need, we will be able to pay for the added pages that will come to be necessary to provide this service, something we cannot afford to do at no cost.



The National Small Boat Calendar

An on-line database of organizations and events of interest to the nautically-minded.

<http://www.by-the-sea.com/events.html>

You write to us about..

Your Activities & Experiences

Cedar Key is Coming Up

The 14th Annual Cedar Key Small Boat Meet will be May 2nd & 3rd. The meet is unsanctioned & informal, no planned events, just tide & weather. The Cedar Keys, still largely isolated, form a cape on Florida's Gulf Coast, 100 miles north of Tampa, seven miles south of the mouth of the Suwannee River. Around the cape & shallows of Cedar Key's Gulf islands, tide-moved waters gain oxygen and flush the Suwannee's nutrients through oyster-edged channels and salt-marsh. Life flourishes. Fishing and birding are superb. All shallow craft are invited from canoes & kayaks to multihulls, catboats, & sharpies. Campsites or other accommodations are available. For information call the Cedar Key Chamber of Commerce, (352) 543-5600; Mac McCarthy, (941) 355-6736; or me, (810) 468-6456.

Hugh Horton, Mt. Clemens, MI

Draketail Skippering

One of my current ventures is skippering a reproduction Hooper Island Draketail work boat. It's the last one built of traditional means on the Chesapeake (1992) and is in service at a small school as a bay research vessel. We hope to get to St. Michaels for the boat show in June.

Garry Cerrone, Baltimore, MD



Missing Joe Dobler

Reading about the death of Joseph Dobler in the February 1, issue gave me an unpleasant shock. I knew Mr. Dobler was up in years. His good friend, Bob Young, had written that he was ill.

I got to know Joe in 1991 when he learned somehow that the Marietta Rowing & Cycling Club was to sponsor a boatbuilding workshop which would build a simple boat suitable for construction in school shop classes. He wrote and we exchanged ideas. He came up with a design for a 23-1/2' flat bottomed boat for four oarsmen and a coxswain. He dubbed it "The Marietta Yawl". We built it in 1992 and christened it in his honor, *Joseph C. Dobler*. I tried to convince local school shop teachers up and down the Muskingum and Ohio rivers that this would be a fun project for all hands. Even offered some financial support from the club. No takers. That has to be one of my greatest disappointments but we had nine inquiries from out of state.

In the course of building, Joe would even call our shop and discuss any problems. He was most helpful and encouraging. His boats are beautiful and monuments to tack and tape construction. We will miss him.

James L. Stephens, Marietta, OH

Your Needs...

Rules of the Road in Verse

Shortly after Tom Shaw's letter about "Rules of the Road in Verse" appeared in a recent issue, I ran across a copy of *Mechanics Illustrated's The Boat Book* in a local used book store. The book is a nice collection of designs for home building, as well as advice on many boating matters, but all very dated. In it, I found a version of the "Rules of the Road in Verse". It was priced at a hefty \$25, so instead of buying it, I copied it out (I did buy a copy of Richard Bissell's *High Water*, a Mississippi river towboat tale, but that's another story).

Rules of the Road in Verse

Meeting boats, do not dread
When you see three lights ahead!
Port your helm and show your red.

For boats a-passing you should try
To keep this maxim in your eye.
Green to green or red to red
Perfect safety - go ahead

If to starboard red appear,
'Tis your duty to keep clear;
Act as judgment says is proper
Port or starboard, back, or stop her!

But when on your port is seen
A steamer with a light of green
There's not so much for you to do
The green light must keep clear of you.

Both in safety and in doubt
Always keep a good lookout;
Should there be no room to turn,
Stop your boat and go astern.

Tom remembered some lines not in this version, so there may have been other versions in other editions of the book.

Wallace S. Venable, Morgantown WV

New Boaters' Guidebook

My 30 page book, *I Hear You Bought a Boat*, is designed to help the many new boaters (and therefore help us also) be safer on our waters. It's available at my cost (\$3 including postage) to readers of this magazine.

Tom Shaw, 3915 Appleton Way,
Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867.

Your Opinions...

About Rondout Creek

Rich SantaColoma's "On the Hudson Again" (Feb 1), delighted us by being as much about our beloved Rondout Creek as about the mighty Hudson. Having messed about on the Roundout for many years in quite a variety of boats, (20' Grumman aluminum canoe, 19' Wellcraft cuddy, Lowell Atlantic rowing skiff, '57 Albright double cockpit plywood speedboat, 22' deep-vee cuddy of indeterminate heritage, and a '61 chrome-embellished runabout), we think of the creek as our home waters. It therefore behooves us to amend a few critical particulars.

We can't figure out how he happened to tie up at the town dock without taking note (or making note) of the Hudson River Maritime Museum adjacent to that public dock. Perhaps he was so rattled by the roar of the cigarette boats that he failed to notice the massive *Mathilda*, a deep-draft behemoth of a tug which is part of the museum's permanent exhibition of historic Hudson River vessels.

Not unrelated to the above, we must take issue with Mr. SantaColoma's implication that his was the only "traditional" or "classic" craft to be spotted on the "oily" waters of the Rondout. Every time we're out messing about on the creek, we see a fine sampling of boats of all descriptions, which is one of the "funnest" features of a day (or night) on the Rondout. In fact, we took note of the cute double-ender *Bivalve* this past summer.

About those "oily" waters and that forbidding "murky" bottom, we've been cooling off in the Rondout for years, and the depth at the head of the creek near the bridge is at least eight feet at low tide. Perhaps if Mr. SantaColoma had seen the usual bunch of local teenagers diving off the low bridge he wouldn't have been so concerned about brushing a "rusty boiler".

We would like readers to know that the Kingston waterfront is evolving into one of the most interesting and exciting destinations on the lower Hudson. Besides the aforementioned museum, the "Strand" (as the area is also known) offers galleries, antique shops, sculpture gardens and some of the best food in the Hudson Valley.

Eileen & Ed Sikora, Warwick, NY

Rich Responds

My article about my trip on the Hudson was not intended to be a travelogue, it was a mood piece. I did notice the tug *Mathilda*, I am familiar with the Hudson River Maritime Museum, having visited it several times, and consider it a wonderful place. I am also well aware of the *Teal*, the Mary P. Restaurant, the art and antique stores and the great deli up the street. But I wasn't writing a travelogue.

There was no implication on my part that my Elver was the only traditional craft on the river (I don't think of her as traditional anyway what with the epoxy strip hull and ply bottom). My failure to mention other boat types was based on the fact that I was pretty much alone on Rondout because of the stormy weather. I have seen it abuzz on sunnier days.

I do love the historic aura presented by old wharves and rusting machinery, which is why I visit places like the Rondout. But I don't have the courage to swim around that stuff without local knowledge. The amount of historic iron and wood visible on a trip up the Rondout is daunting to the uninitiated.

Next trip I promise to jump off that bridge, now that the depth has been pointed out to me. Perhaps my so doing will help to erase the stigma I seem to have engendered from my story of being an angst ridden purist.

Rich SantaColoma, Putnam Valley, NY.

Defending The Garvey

First a word or two of explanation. I was born and raised in Michigan, the state with the most boats per capita in the nation. Here, as on the coast, it seems that boaters are divided into two groups, sail and power. I learned on power boats.

Now I belong to the Middle of Mitten Boat Builders Club, where there are people into paddling and sail, with one power boater, me! Most of the conversation is about sails, and building sailboats, and paddle boats. Interesting but not my thing. I find myself defending the power boats that I design and build. After several years, thinking about this, I figured it was time to put my reasons for the love I feel for garveys on paper and why this east coast transplant is very well suited to Michigan's waters.

Do not misunderstand me; my garveys are not big water boats. The inland seas (Great Lakes) can be, and are, very big water, as many salt water sailors have found, to their grief. Anyone who does not believe this should read *Great Lakes Shipwrecks and Survivals*, by William Ratigan.

What it boils down to is this; we need more than one boat here, a very seaworthy boat of at least 18', as well as something smaller and lighter for the lakes and rivers which dot the landscape. I frequently use my garveys on the big lakes and in the sheltered coves and bays, but you must pay attention to the weather and how far you are from a safe port! Here it is hard to find a twenty mile stretch that does not have some water in it.

Most of the time I spend on the water, I am either fishing or hunting. It is rare to go boating just to be boating. With this in mind I designed my first garvey. 16' in length, 38" wide at the chine, 48" wide at the sheer with 5" of rocker to make her easy to pole and paddle, and powered with a 15hp outboard. The hull is made of 1/2" lauan plywood and is encapsulated in epoxy and painted camouflage. She has 17 cubic feet of flotation with two dry storage lockers under the front and back seats. The center seat is a hamper that lifts out and is waterproof. The bow has a small casting platform. We use this boat mostly for duck hunting and river fishing.

This design works so well that we have lofted and begun building a twenty-footer. She should be finished in 1998.

Maybe my best argument for the garvey is that you get the most boat per foot of length I have ever seen and while most are broad of beam, this is not always the case. There are even some sailboat designs out there if you look for them and a boat builder with a minimum of experience can do a good job of building one.

The resulting boat is stable and very tough. For the past two years mine has been used to break through at least 1/2" of ice at the end of the duck season and she does not have a mark on her yet. The biggest drawback I can see is that the garveys are usually mistaken for the aluminum jon boats that are popular here in Michigan. Although these boats look similar, the performance is very different. The jon boats seem to move sideways with the wind as easily as they do forward and poling is an adventure in frustration with paddling nearly as bad. It is amazing to me how the subtle differences in boat hulls can effect the way they handle.

When we built our sixteen-footer, *Queequeg's Coffin*, we wanted five inches of rocker and a good planing step. The compromise was the 5" rocker and a flat line from the stern to 6' forward. This has worked out quite well. Poling this boat, even in a two knot current, is very easy. It makes picking up duck decoys, at twenty degrees, almost fun. Well, maybe not fun but, at least bearable. As a fishing boat she is well suited to rivers and small lakes; very stable and only draws about 14" with the motor down. She is a fairly fast rig with only 15hp and will make somewhere around 16mph with two large men on board with at least 80lbs of gear.

Someone suggested to me that I should explain the boat name *Queequeg's Coffin*; well, if you remember in *Moby Dick*, when the whale finished attacking, the only thing left afloat for Ishmael to save himself on was the coffin. All else, the ship, the whale boats and everything with them, had sunk. Ever since I read the book at ten years of age, I have wanted to name a boat in honor of this story and now I have.

If you want to get to know more about garveys I can recommend two books, *Building Classic Small Craft* Volume 2 by John Gardner and *Boats To Go* by Thomas Firth Jones.

Ron Mamerow, Owosso, MI

About That Multihull Business

I got to take issue with you about that multi-hull business a little bit. With light planing sailboats small enough so that the weight of a single sailor can offset the heeling force of a good little piece of wind, catamarans are no competition in winds under fifteen knots. Our own little old boat will only fall behind all those catamarans down at the coast when the wind is enough to lift the weather hull almost out of the water and then only when the cat is very capably sailed. There is one twenty some-odd foot trimaran down there that looks like a rocket ship and it won't outrun our boat under any conditions and ours is only 14' (14'2" x 42-1/2" x 78lbs x 58sf).

One of my sons is twitching to build an extra-light outrigger boat. Since the ama is

so small, its immersion so easy to manipulate, we believe that such a boat is the trick to outrun any sailboat under any conditions. A small catamaran ain't much boat unless there is plenty of wind and around here, about the only time that happens is in the winter and that little net thing they got that you have to sit on.....

I'm not sure about big multihulls, but I will give you this from my experience. Our wives are schoolteachers (that's how we get to stay in the boatbuilding business). When summer comes, we cut and run for the south Bahamas in our old '60's era ragged sailboats (Morgan 30 and Cape Dory 25). That way we don't get to spend any money or lose any money building boats.

One time, on the way down there in the Gulf, we kept coming up on this pretty good sized catamaran going in the same direction. There aren't too many anchorages along that coast, so we kept seeing them. They were kind of aloof acting and we were in a hurry so we would jump on the land breeze as soon as it got up and stay with the sea breeze as long as we could and never got to socialize with them. They left the Keys the morning of the same day we did (we left at night, out channel five below lower Matecumbe) and we never saw them again until we got ready to come back at the beginning of August.. still in a hurry.

We came in at Stuart, put the propeller on, and motored through the Okeechobee waterway right behind them. We anchored in the same little holes along the waterway and found out the story. They were schoolteachers too and, like us, were about broke by then. Turns out that they had two Evinrude 9.9's on there and they had burned nine hundred bucks worth of gas on the trip. Had to sell one of the outboards to get gas enough to get through Okeechobee.

When we got to Pine Island Sound, I jumped in the water and took the propeller back off and they tilted up the remaining 9.9 and we sailed off and left them for good. Of course, they weren't "state of the art" but neither are we. That happens all the time when we go sailing. The only time a catamaran or trimaran will average well enough to stay with us is when they run the engine. It might be a different story in the trade winds or winter time or spring but, most of the time, the East Coast in the summertime just ain't multi-hull weather.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

It Couldn't Possibly Work

It is revealing to realize, based upon the explanation of Mississippi Bob Brown, in "Shorter Strokes" on page 4 of the February 15 issue that a propeller on a boat or an airplane couldn't possibly work because it would be pushing the water or air crosswise to, rather than along with, the direction of boat or airplane travel. A bird couldn't fly forwards, only up or down because his wings move only up and down. And transom notch sculling wouldn't work because the oar moves sideways.

I suggest a test: Take two Alden Ocean Shells with Oarmaster rowing rigs installed. Limit the stroke of one set of oars by tying snubbing ropes from the oar tip to the boat. Then have a race.

Stephen duPont, FL

To a Maine boater, Down East starts with Petit Manan, that long bar extending far into the ocean, ending in a small barren island topped with one of the tallest lighthouses along the entire Atlantic coast.

To most other Mainers and out-of-staters, Down East starts in Portland with Casco Bay and all the others and the myriad of islands. Down East is granite shores and spruce-clad islands, lots of them, lobsters, sailing, vacationing, you add your own concept. Most of you know exactly what I mean, you have been there.

I bought that definition in 1996, maybe also out of convenience, since the Maine Island Trail Association already had a course laid out from Portland to Machias with proper, i.e., legal and beautifully maintained island stopovers. A real peace of mind for any boater venturing into new territory, especially since I planned to do the trip solo in my old 1981 16' open Jensen whitewater racing canoe, majorly modified, of course, with an Olympic kayak rudder, foot and hip braces, a 3' deck, extra flotation, and, of course, everything in waterproof bags, neatly tied in, compass and stopwatch mounted on the thwart in front of me, all courses and alternate routes worked out in advance on nautical charts in tied down map cases.



Putting in at Revere Beach just outside of Boston.

Drying out on Salisbury Beach, last stop in Massachusetts.



Down East All The Way

By Dr. Reinhard Zollitsch

I had read up on as much as I could, had gone the 120 miles around Moosehead Lake in Maine as a practice run and various stints along the shore, I WAS READY.

And then I did it that August, 300 miles in 13 days, averaging about 23 miles a day and having the time of my life (see April issue of *Down East* magazine).

But then over the long winter months, the concept of Down East widened and suddenly started in Boston. Of course, you Bostonians would say. It was derived from the Boston schooner men sailing down wind in a northeasterly direction towards Maine, the former colony of Massachusetts.

So on last August 11th, I decided to find out, and paddled the 150 (statute) miles from Boston/Revere Beach to Portland/Yarmouth. It took me and my new 17'2" semi-covered Verlen Kruger ocean canoe six fun-filled, wavy days. At times I wished MITA was there with advice on where to land and where not to. But here is what I found.

Putting in in downtown Boston is near impossible. Revere Beach still qualifies as Boston, is very accessible, and challenging enough with big Nahant Island sticking way out into the bay like a sore thumb. The shore to Gloucester is quite exposed in a southwest wind, and getting into Marblehead in an ebb tide is quite challenging. Crow Island was very welcome as my first overnight stop.

In Gloucester I did accept the favor of the Annisquam River, which lets you avoid the truly exposed trip around Cape Ann. The tidal estuary of the Annisquam is quite extensive and the shortcut nicely spits you out on the long, merciless, but pretty and straight beach to Salisbury Beach.

This stretch is quite different from the MIT north, where one can almost always duck behind an island or run into a bay. You are out there for miles of surf-filled beaches, surf which can extend far out into the ocean because it is so shallow along this shore. Be cautious at the occasional inlets like Essex Bay, Salisbury, and Hampton Beach. At ebb tide, the large estuaries or rivers empty into the spots at ebb tide to test me, but I have developed a healthy respect for places like the mouth of the Kennebec, while sailing the Maine coast, so that I know what to look out for, anticipate, and avoid getting into trouble rather than trying to fight my way through them.

It will be dicey enough crossing at the old lighthouse at Fort Point. Suddenly the shoreline changes to rugged rocks, with significant ledges extending like long fingers into the sea. Brave Boat Harbor seemed like the perfect next stop, another 25 miles for the day, but it is hard to find with all the ledges around it. But then there it is suddenly, a hole in the wall, you aim your boat, check the surf, and mail yourself through that slot into the absolute calm inside. You are surrounded by another tidal estuary, a nature preserve, right behind the thin line of ledges along the Atlantic shore. So it was another Plan B for the night, I slept on the rocks just inside the harbor next to a big patch of poison ivy.

A bit stiff and wet from the torrential rains that night, I pushed on the next morning, only to see the fog lift ever so slowly on my way around Cape Neddick (watch out for the strong tidal flow) to Cape Porpoise. What a place and how different at high and low tide! A great overnight stop with many possibilities. On the way up, Perkins Cove was a welcome granola bar/water stop. It is one of the only natural harbors along this stretch of the Maine/New Hampshire coast.

The white drawbridge spanning the harbor reminds me of Holland and van Gogh paintings. It is very picturesque and Old World, but believe me, Ogunquit beachcombers have found it. So move on, stay off the major crescent beaches. They look much better from a half-mile offshore where you cannot hear the screams of the young bathers anyway.

More beaches the next day, then more and more ledges and hard shore, granite, all the way to Cape Elizabeth. The sandy beaches are gone. That night I shared with a flock of gulls and cormorants on a small island off Cape Elizabeth, catching my breath before the last hitch along the foreboding-looking shore towards Portland Head Light and into Casco Bay. Just before sundown, the gulls suddenly appeared and settled all around me, some as

ocean like a fire hose. Do not even think of crossing them at the mouth, instead, work yourself up the inlet and cross over on the smooth tongue far enough up so you will not end up in the first set of big haystacks. These are trip-enders, if not more. Going around these tidal inlets way offshore did not even enter my mind as a possibility.

Salisbury Beach was a welcome second spot, even though it is overrun with tourists and campers, but the pristine beaches of Plum Island are off limits, being a nature preserve, and it's hard to get out and in again on an exposed beach anyway.

Rye Harbor is the first pretty little harbor I came to. It is nestled behind breakwaters like most of the harbors "down south." Crossing the Piscataqua and the state line between New Hampshire and Maine can be quite a challenge at ebb tide. I seemed to hit all the interesting close as four feet away from my tent, initially complaining about the intruder, but after a short while accepting me in my green Timberline.

Crossing the toothy Richmond Island bar with just enough water to carry me across on the nape of a breaking wave, I rounded Cape Elizabeth. Big waves came rolling in from the southeast, breaking at the ledgy outcroppings. Needless to say, I had my eyes on the waves and did not see much of Cape Elizabeth, I barely noticed the lighthouse. A sudden thunderstorm with lightning was a bit unnerving near Portland Head Light, what a sight, but no free hand to snap a picture.

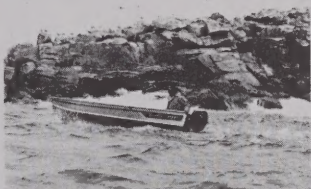
Getting into Portland and up to Falmouth, where I had put in last year on my trip to Machias, was anti climactic. But how nice to find someone home willing to pick me up as soon as possible, thank you, Nancy. So the trip ended two hours later up the Royal River in Yarmouth near I-95, since I could not see myself wasting two hours waiting for a ride, doing nothing.

But what a trip to have done. If any of you out there are planning to do this stretch, be prepared and be prudent. It is quite different and more unforgiving than the Portland to Machias stretch. Enjoy and be safe.

We did it! Take out at Yarmouth, Maine.



Become a Better Outboard Skipper



Here is a brand-new, no-nonsense book for the outboard skipper, whether novice or veteran. It goes far beyond speed and glitter to cover the realities of everyday life aboard the exciting class of motorboats under 20 feet in length. Learn from many experts about towing, rough-water handling, running inlets, docking, surveying, choosing a hull, cruising, anchoring, and much more.

Edited by David R. Getchell, Sr., founding editor of the *Small Boat Journal* and co-founder of the Maine Island Trail.

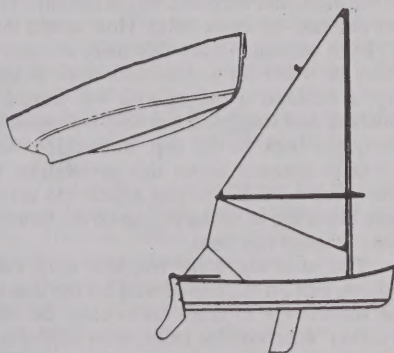
Order your signed copy by sending \$24 including s&h to:

The Outboard Boater's Handbook

56 Pease Town Rd.

Appleton, ME 04862-6455

KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing
Two Rowing Stations
Row & Sail Models

BAY of MAINE BOATS

Gooch's Beach, P.O. Box 631
Kennebunkport, ME 04046
(207) 967-4461

ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

Now in Our 6th Year!

Would you like to read more, lots more, about sea kayaking?

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker will bring you 40 pages monthly all about sea kayaking, 10 times a year (March through December).

Accounts of Paddling
Adventures
Expedition Reports
Paddling & Rescue Techniques
Wildlife Appreciation
Kayaking People
Equipment Evaluation
Reflection & Insights
Access to the Sea
Kayaks You Build
History & Culture
Events Reports
Places to Paddle

All this for only \$20 (10 issues)!

Like to see a sample issue? Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

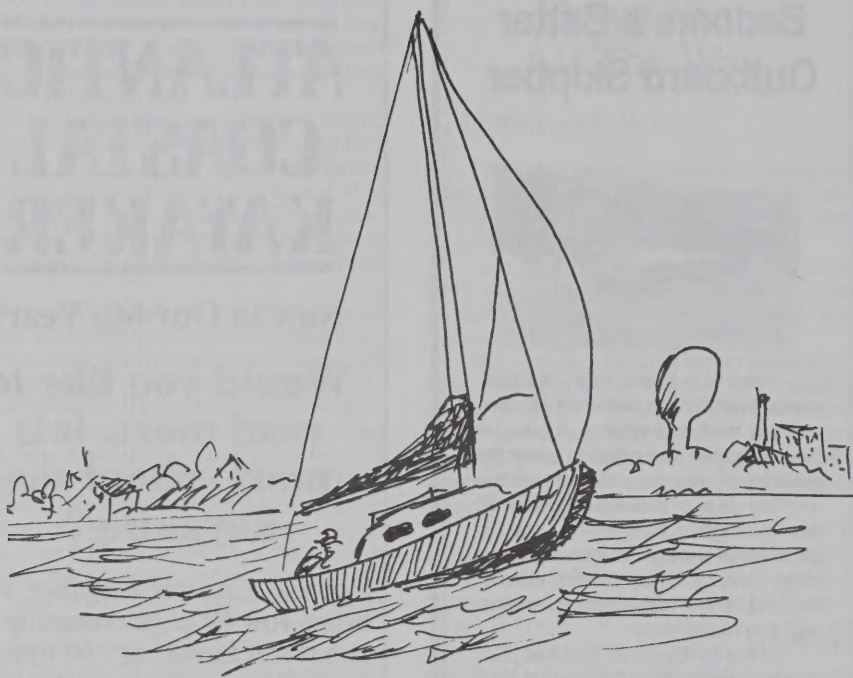
Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ ZIP: _____

Send Check for \$20 Payable to:
Atlantic Coastal Kayaker
P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938
(508) 356-6112 (Phone & Fax)



As the gold-topped methane towers of the Backriver sewage plant came into view along the beltway, I followed my usual routine of turning on the weather radio and checking the tide in the marsh next to the road. At 1500 hours the water was already low, and ebb wasn't for almost two more hours. The cold front was bringing northwest winds and possible thunderstorms. Northwest winds meant two things, water from the western shore creeks of the Chesapeake would be blown down bay, and that the trip south to Annapolis tonight might be a sleigh ride. I wasn't too worried about the prospects of either, since my Kittiwake was a proven sailor and drew only three feet. Plus my crew mate for the run to home base Annapolis was a navigator in whose skill and judgment I have great trust. Yet I must admit that I wasn't without a little case of the nerves.

As usual, I was early and Tim was late (it's our *modus operandi*). As I walked out onto C dock, I couldn't help admiring, once again, the classic look of the Carl Alberg style design. The graceful sheer line of the Kittiwake is just so attractive in its sweep and proportion. And now, after a two-week haul-out and paint job, *Chasse-Mare'e* looked shiny new and not at all like her twenty some years. As I swung aboard, my glance strayed across Jones Creek toward the Bethlehem Steel Plant at Sparrows Point, and I realized that the darkening sky to the west was not the usual pall of pollution but, in fact, the leading edge of the predicted thunderstorms. The tide had now ebbed and turned.

We Buy Canoes

Wood/Canvas * Wood/Fiberglass
Birchbark

Any Condition * Highest Prices Paid
Howard's (508) 768-7282

Headin' Home

By Garry Cerrone

Tim arrived with his well-traveled and tastefully aged canvas sea bag filled to the brim with all the worldly goods that he would need for the next six hours, plus a little libation to help ease my now rising case of nerves. The storm drew a little closer, but it didn't look too bad, and besides we've handled worse.

Let's go! I fired up the engine, Tim cast off the lines, and we eased out of the slip. Ten feet out and we stuck solid. How could this be? Even with such a low tide there should be plenty of water for a three foot draft at this slip. I lassoed a piling and we warped, winched, and struggled, but only managed to barely get back in the slip. Something was seriously unusual about this grounding. It didn't feel right. It was just a little too solid, more like a log or piling laying on the bottom than the usual bay mud.

For now we were trapped with two choices, call off the trip or wait for the tide to rise sufficiently to allow us to clear the obstruction. We chose the latter, went below, ate some dinner, smoked a cigar, and waited. The squall line arrived, rained, and passed, but the wind behind the front was now building, it was gonna blow. At 1730 hours I found a phone and called home. "Hi honey, we got stuck but we're giving it another try, pick us up an hour later than we planned in Annapolis."

We shoved off again, only to hit again but this time it was not so hard. As I pondered what to do, Trustworthy Tim pulled a costume di bagno from his magic sea bag, donned it and went overboard. Feeling around with his feet, he found the submerged beam and guided me around the end. Tim swung aboard and we were finally off.

At the end of the finger piers we came into the full force of the building wind. I goosed the Johnson and headed out of Jones

Creek and into Old Road Bay.

Old Road Bay is a famous place that deserves more recognition. During the War of 1812, this body of water was the rendezvous and anchorage from which the British foolishly hoped to teach those Baltimore shipbuilders and privateers a lesson. From the north western edge of Old Road Bay, Francis Scott Key watched the bombardment of Fort McHenry and subsequently wrote a poem that became the anthem to our flag.

At the juncture of Old Road Bay and the Brewerton Channel, I was engaged in my own battle of sorts. It was time to set sail and kill the motor. Dutifully I went below to get the working jib. I opened the hatch and threw the bag on the deck. The bag and sail promptly went swimming. In the two foot chop and 15 knot winds, it took us three passes to get the sail back on board. To add insult to injury, no sooner had I set the jib when a rogue wave washed over the bow and soaked me. Maybe it was British revenge.

We turned and started running downwind while the jib, small as she was, was drawing nicely. We needed no more sail. Setting a southeasterly course to cross the shipping channel and to clear Bodkin shoals, we surfed the three foot waves and settled into the rhythms of the boat and bay. As the sleigh ride began, it was beginning to be a little fun. It was also time for a shot of java.

The winds continued to build and to push 20 knots, so there was little traffic on the bay, even though it was Friday of the 4th of July weekend. We, on the other hand, were clipping along with the wind fine on the starboard stern. Judging time against known distances, we estimated that we were doing close to hull speed with the just a working jib.

Once we were clear of Bodkin, we came a little to starboard to take advantage of the more moderate water in the land shadow of Gibson Island. But we knew that the fetch down the Magothy River could play hell with us. At the mouth of the Magothy is Baltimore Light, and here the wind pouring down the river really began to kick up some waves at the shoaly juncture with the bay. A long fetch over shallow water seems to do that every time. But right in the center of this choppy river mouth sat a Jon boat, anchored, with three fisherman in their t-shirts just bobbing like a styrofoam cup in the waning light. It always amazes me what some people can fun.

In the fading light, the silhouette of the Bay Bridge, with its glowing fixed navigational lights and racing vehicle headlights, became the dominant landscape feature. Once under her steel we would be in home waters, just one hour from the Eastport Bridge and my Spa Creek berth. We reached the span at 2045 hours, having made the 14-mile run in just under three hours. Not too bad for a 23' boat using only the working jib. Just south of the bridge, I got on the horn and a radio telephone operator placed a call home for me. "Hi, hon, everything's all right but we made such good time that we are now back on the original time schedule, see you in about an hour."

It was 9:00 on the Friday of the 4th of July weekend, and we had safely arrived in home waters with a newly gussied boat. The sun was just an afterglow over Annapolis when, as if right on cue to celebrate our successful return, sparkling flashes of fireworks sprung up at three different locations around us.



Leaving the museum parking lot.

Roads Worrier

By Jeff Hillier

Buying the sloop was the easy part. Ad in a small boat journal. A few phone calls and a drive from coastal New Hampshire to southern Connecticut. Hull needs some work, but has new sails and mast. "An older gentleman had begun to restore it for his grandchildren, but he died before getting much done. His widow donated it to our boating museum to be sold, with the profits to support our programs. We only ask that you send us a picture when it's finished." Not only all of the old fittings and original plans, but quite a pedigree of paperwork have accompanied hull #192 over the past 49 years. I'm six years older, I wish my parts were as solid and someone thought I was such a bargain.

"Best way is to come down through Providence. Leave there by 7:00 and you'll be here around 11:00." Why not avoid Boston and head for Worcester, taking 390 south, I wondered?

Route 128, 7:45 AM. Those WBZ traffic 'copter references to "parking lots" and "crawl and bawl" become stunningly real for a Granite Stater who considers three cars at a stop sign to be a major traffic jam. It's amazing how many of these folks seem to know each other, guess they get together at this time most mornings, sort of like the guys in the coffee shop back home. Folks reading the paper, doing their make-up, chatting on the phone. They must know I'm a foreigner, they don't seem to be cutting off each other. When I'm near Boston I wish I had a set of Mass plates I could tape over my trusty "Live Free or Die" plates.

Surprisingly, it was only a few minutes after 11:00 when I pull into the museum's riverfront parking lot. Crushed blue stones. It's not Mystic, but it must be a ritzy place. Maybe so, but everyone was most pleasant. My host greeted me and we walked toward a handful of boats tucked in a corner of the lot. I spied a promising 14' hull and went for it. "No, Jeff, it's this one under the blue tarp." A struggle with the water-filled tarp revealed an

old but impressive plywood hull. The chine logs and that black exterior demanded attention. Otherwise, solid.

I should have noted the trailer.

My host's battered but seaworthy old wagon took us to the storage containing all of the parts except the mast. Concerned that it be stored properly, my host had gone to great pains and lashed the mast vertically in his garage. Back to the hull.

Like most of us, I've hauled my share of toys on questionable trailers. But I like to think I am very safety oriented. Tie-downs are always secure. Trips are short and speeds kept low. Daytime only. Hand signals compensate for problem lights. No registration? "It's only a mile to the ramp." I read those safety articles in every *MAIB*. Risk-taking sailors often don't get to the lee side of the mid-century mark.

"The trailer's a little rough, but it should get you home." That jump-started my worries. Then he added, a bit tentatively, "Did you bring some plates with you?" Nope....

Before leaving town, I stopped for gas. One trailer tire seemed a bit low, so I gave it little more pressure, "sidewalls are kind of cracked, maybe this will lessen flexing and keep the heat down." My conscience was beginning to work overtime, so I inquired about fixing the lights. "Naw, we don't have time for that stuff, but a guy in the body shop across the tracks will probably fix you up."

The body shop guy was impressed at my skill in turning around with a trailer in his long narrow lot. I felt in good hands. It was probably a half-hour job, but interruptions stretched it to more than two. The only work stoppage worth noting was the body guy's first mate, a boat show model with beautifully faired hull and a rather ornate transom placed amidships, no indication of any seams or fittings. Later I heard the body guy talking of a new seat cover fabric.

"Forty dollars, and here's a red rag for your mast. I got an extra trailer light, you can

have that, too." I guess he hadn't noticed my New Hampshire plates.

On the highway. Finally. Reading billboards about the gambling casinos in the area, trying not to listen to the road noise from the rear. Worriers rarely enjoy trips because they're always listening for something to sound wrong. Not today. I'm relaxed, and I'm cool. Tires firm. Great boat. Clear weather. I even have trailer lights. Headed north to New Hampshire! It's just that matter of license plates.

Within 15 miles the rumble had become a roar. Pulling over, I reassured myself, "it's probably just a line vibrating against the hull." Vibrating line my foot, shredded trailer tire.

Guess it didn't appreciate the TLC rendered by the air hose. After unhooking the trailer, I headed off, feeling as if I were deserting a new family member in an hour of need. Somehow I knew it would be more than an hour.

Luckily, a large service station was located at the next exit. "My wrecker is out now, but I can take of you as soon as it comes back." He then radioed the police, "Maureen, tell the captain not to worry about that boat just south of me. I'll get it out of there."

Turning back to me, "I didn't want them checking your trailer. You'd get a hefty fine for no plate." A personable guy in his forties, he seemed to have time to chat. Getting over my initial anxieties, I asked about the casinos. "Great for business, but I got to tell you I get real weary of their war stories about losses, 'Can you give me a break buddy, I'll remember you next time I come by.' One guy even had money falling out of his shoe! It's nice doing business with someone like you. I like boat people. I have a big boat myself."

Twenty minutes later I'm in the wrecker, one of those long tilting ramp types, listening to the enthusiasm of the young driver in his first months on the job. "Yeah, I like this work. Always interesting. You never know what's coming next. But I sure could use some overtime. Boss said he'd try to get me a longer trip this week, you know, haul someone all the way home or something." The kid did a nice job of winching the boat and trailer up on his rig.

Back at the garage, the rubber starts to meet the road. "Geez, I don't know what we can do for you. No way of getting a new tire for that little thing until Monday. And you gotta get it registered, you know how Connecticut is. How do you suppose those bearings are? Naw, I got no place to store it here. You say you want to drive to New Hampshire and bring back another trailer tomorrow? What are you going to do with the old one? Just getting it here has already cost you \$100."

Stretched out by interruptions, these considerations took up another hour. I kept hoping another boat show type would sail in to brighten the atmosphere, but I guess all of the fancy transoms were moored over at the casinos.

The young driver was still around. And the boss' son sauntered in. And then they pulled the plug: "Tell you what, we can take you all the way home, \$350, cash."

Three months later I look at it this way, even with the unexpected \$390, the boat is still a bargain. Hiking out on this beauty next summer will be a blast! And the hull will not be black.



**Simmons
Sea Skiff
Renovations
& Repairs**

Yacht Quality Simmons Sea Skiff Reproductions

By Michael Hubbard

Send \$1 for Information Packet
Live Oak Boatworks, Inc.
1700 Canady Rd.
Wilmington, NC 28405



KAYAKS

Wilderness Systems - Old Town

CANOES

Allagash - Old Town
Mansfield - Alumacraft

Hundreds on Display

FERNALD'S

On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

There is nothing— absolutely nothing—
half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Shirts featuring original
drawing and quotation from
The Wind in the Willows.

Heavyweight 100% cotton

Natural color T-shirts

Short sleeve T \$15.50

Long sleeve T-shirt \$21.00

50/50 Gray Sweatshirt \$25.50

Sizes M,L,XL - Shipping \$3.50

The Design Works

Dept. MA, P.O. Box 880
Silver Spring, MD 20918

Musings From Mustique

By Rick Klepfer

The jetty is the focal point of maritime activity on Mustique. Not only is there the jetty proper, but the dinghy dock and the beach where the fishermen pull their boats are close by. The jetty is a simple concrete structure set upon pilings; it's only articulations are a few cast steel bollards to tie the ships to and a few open slots formed into the deck to allow rain water to drain off. It stands in the clear, calm waters of the leeward side of the island, where old tires, lengths of re-bar and the odd oil drum can be seen lying scattered on the sea bed; remnants of carelessness and the unthinking supposition that the sea can absorb endless offerings of detritus.

There are no cargo handling facilities available on the jetty and so all ships must provide cranes or have a ramp for the discharging of their cargoes. Lacking these, the ships are off-loaded the time honored way of day laborers making seemingly endless trips with cement bags, or the like, balanced upon their heads. On a fairly regular basis, a huge gravel barge, pulled by an old tug whose previous life was in the bayous of Louisiana, comes to discharge its load. The barge is secured with its bow to the end of the jetty by long warps that are run out to shore and a large front-end loader drives on. Then, day and night, for the next two days, all living on the leeward side will listen to its growl as it nibbles away at the mountains of gravel.

Frequently, small and handsome little ships come to Mustique; these are the modern-day version of tramp steamers and still retain that elusive quality of tropical decay, complete with scruffy ex-pat crew members to which a questionable past and a dependency upon alcohol could be easily be attributed. All of these ships are retired out of respectable service in some other part of the world and are living out their last days with wheezing engines and rust streaked topsides; invariably displaying a new identity, painted over the old, welded letters of her original name. Their hand-me-down gear rarely performs to expectations and it is common to see a pair of grease-encrusted coverall legs protruding out from the underside of a deck crane for the better part of a day; trying to coax the jury-rigged machinery back from the dead one more time. The remainder of the crew, a large part of which might be livestock, spends the meanwhile lounging on the deck, fishing, gambling with friends and perhaps doing a little black market dealing that lends itself so well to this mode of transportation.

The real excitement of the jetty comes twice a week when the supply boat comes from St. Vincent. This vessel is the life blood of the island since every commodity including: groceries, drinking water and even potted plants must come this way. Automobiles, still dripping with sea water, are wrestled through the narrow side ramp and onto the jetty and a tidal wave of humanity swarms over the sides of the

boat to claim their parcels.

The first step in getting your groceries off the boat is to climb up a twisted and irregular ladder to the upper deck where a policeman sits, ruffling through papers in a briefcase. Here one hopes that the manifest will appear that advises how many boxes one should expect. This is an important document since the boat has been loaded in the most haphazard manner and boxes that started the journey together might now be lying at opposite ends of the boat.

The boat is equipped with a set of large chest freezers, but as an expedient to a quick discharge at Mustique, the two hour trip from St. Vincent is frequently spent taking all the frozen goods out of the freezer and stacking them in piles on the hot deck. This argues for a prompt arrival at the jetty when the boat is seen steaming in, but to do this means that you must wrestle your way through a cacophony of humanity and horn-blowing vehicles to even reach the boat.

Once aboard, the activity level quickens and the ears are assailed by the throaty yells of men trying to connect themselves with their packages. Having located your goods, you must grab as much as you can to minimize the number of trips and force your way back to the rail of the boat where accurate timing is required to keep you and your load from being knocked into the space between boat and jetty; it is easily seen why getting the groceries is not a task that your wife should be sent to take care of.

Strange things happen on the jetty from time to time; once a large pavement roller was to be off-loaded and, despite instructions to wait for an experienced man to come after it, the crew decided that it was no big deal to get off. They succeeded in getting the front end of it onto the jetty, but then the boat moved outward and the roller fell into the widening gap. The driver, disbelieving what was happening to him, rode the roller all the way to the bottom before letting go and surfacing. A crane was brought to the jetty, a diver connected cables to the roller and an attempt to resurrect it was made, only to find that the cables were improperly attached and the machine broke in half on the way up. Believe it or not, the two halves were welded back together, the engine purged of sea water and the roller placed into service on the island!

In the eastern Caribbean, the trade winds blow, strong and steady, out of nearly the same quarter for most of the year. Occasionally though, some peculiarity in global weather patterns alters this and creates some interesting local effects. This sort of anomaly occurred here recently when the trade winds ceased altogether for some days and then began to blow weakly from the opposite, or southwest direction. Since all ports and anchorages in the Grenadines are set up with the trades in mind, a wind coming opposite way around can cause some difficulties.

The first thing that we noticed was that the weak winds were insufficient for sailing yachts to make headway over the still considerable currents and all were

proceeding from island to island under power. It also was a curious thing to see the boats at anchor all facing the "wrong way" and to watch them rolling mercilessly in the swells that had now appeared on what was now a lee shore. This swell was breaking on the usually calm beach with a vengeance and threatening to destroy the small wooden dinghy dock; some waves even made it into the shore road.

After a night of higher than usual swells, we saw that the Boston Whaler used as a harbor launch had turned upside down and was being smashed by the waves. The boat was salvaged, but its one hour old outboard was perhaps a total loss since it had spent the better part of the night being driven into the beach by the inverted launch. Besides having most of the controls broken off, the motor's cylinders were full of sand and seawater.

A large coastal motorship was tied up at the jetty and I watched her for a long time as the swells passed under her and lifted her bulk against the mooring lines which would be snapped bar taut each time her bow rose. Her crew was out trying to figure a way to relieve the strain before something broke, but I was more thinking of the incredible forces that were being placed upon the jetty bollards which had been placed in the concrete by men who never contemplated these kinds of loads. One did start to work itself loose, but the remainder seemed to hold okay.

I wanted to take a fishing boat to Be-

quia to do some shopping and banking, but found to my surprise that a trip twice as far by plane costs half as much. This seemed to me to be an indication that the fishermen did not really want to do this sort of thing, and not wishing to force the issue, I booked myself onto the eight minute flight to St. Vincent.

Taking the standard thrill ride of a bus trip to Kingstown, I got off at the docks and went down to see what havoc the southerly winds were making here. The harbor was crowded with ships and boats, all bucking to the big swells and trying to load or discharge cargoes without damaging them. As on Mustique, the waves were crashing on the once peaceful beaches and sweeping up into the houses that line the shore.

A large merchant ship lay alongside the commercial pier which meant that she was broadside to the swells. This provided some interesting times for the stevedores who had to dodge the swaying pallets as they came ashore. The ship had its own huge derricks and the blocks on these, which must have weighed a ton each, were swinging malevolently through a huge arc at the end of their cables. The force of these could easily throw a loaded truck into the sea if the two were to meet.

At the ferry dock, two inter-island ferries were lying stern-to with anchors set off the bows and their stern ramps down. The two ton ramps were bouncing and grinding as the boats rode the swells and it was interesting to watch trucks and passengers as

they tried to gauge the erratic movements of the ramp and board without being crushed. The Mustique boat, *Robert, Jr.*, was laying alongside the wharf, hosing the remnants of a load of gravel off the deck with her sea water pumps.

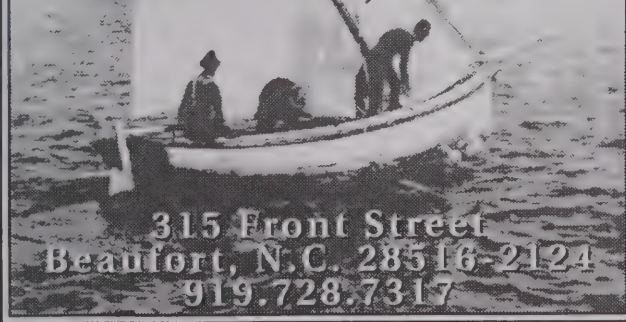
Out in the roadstead, a venerable old coaster lay at anchor, waiting for her owners to find her a cargo. Her dented topsides were proved to have more patches than original metal when observed closely. Beyond this the sleek and menacing form of a coast guard patrol boat could be seen; looking more like a marauding shark waiting for a hapless boat to break out of the school.

The docks were business as usual, despite the change in conditions. Toothless old flavored ice vendors pushed their carts among the bustling trucks, and the stevedores, who carry the whole country's imports and exports in their diminutive carts, could be seen alternately straining down the dock with a gargantuan load or snoozing, curled up in the cart with their hats over their eyes. Subsistence fishermen perched on bollards and cast their hand lines in an effort to catch enough to make their dinner and portly and toothless old ladies made their barefoot way through this chaos with oversized boxes or baskets balanced on their heads and their skirts pulled up about their calves to keep them out of the dirt. But the strangest experience was provided by the beefy prostitute who tried to solicit my business with the unlikely line that she was the reincarnation of Princess Diana!

NORTH CAROLINA MARITIME MUSEUM



**Wooden Boat Show
May 2nd, 1998
Beaufort, N.C.**



**315 Front Street
Beaufort, N.C. 28516-2124
919.728.7317**



Dedicated To Teaching Yacht Restoration Skills

*Enroll for one Course, a Semester or
as a Full Time Apprentice*

**Seasonal Lectures, Weekend Workshops &
Seamanship Classes Aboard Classics**

Visitors Welcome

Watch Shipwrights at Work

Enjoy our Historic Waterfront Facility

**International Yacht Restoration School
449 Thames Street, Box ND, Newport, RI 02840
TEL 401 848-5777 WWW.IYRS.COM**

Daybreak revealed the lake still rolling white to the ruffled line of a cold, gray southern horizon. The outer cover of my waterproof bed was soaked, but only from blown spray. Although the in-running waves had swirled up close to my feet in the night, they had not been driven far enough to roll all the way over the sand spit again. Water level held all morning at a point about two feet higher than it had been at the time of my landing, and it was not until a slight recession set in toward mid afternoon that I felt it would be safe to leave the boat while I went in search of someone who could tell me where I was.

With neither house, clearing, nor even smoke showing along any of the many miles of coastline visible through my glass, about the only thing left to do was to strike inland in a southeasterly direction on the chance that there was some kind of settlement on or near the bay that must lie beyond the jutting point to the south. The foreshore became rougher and more broken as I worked along toward the base of the point, and from the way the surf was breaking over half a mile out into the lake, it was evident that the waters were foul with barely submerged shoals.

It was into this treacherous, reef-beset water that I was so nearly lured the previous day by the prospect of reaching the protected lee of the little island a mile off the point. There was no question of the shelter offered by the island against a southerly blow, but in all but quiet weather the only practical approach to it would have to be from the east. The ruins of an ancient shack and some crazy, net-drying wheels, visible from my present vantage through the glass, proved that the inviting loop of bay had once been the site of a fishing outfit.

The going proved good underfoot in the forest, but the close-growing trees, birch, maple and scrubby oak, made it hard to push ahead in a straight line. Mosquitoes became increasingly attentive as the widening zone of buffering woods cut down the force of the wind that had driven them to cower in cover near the shore.

Gloved, booted, and netted to the nose in anticipation of having to wade through the ranks of the arch enemy, I suffered no great discomfort from the encounter, but a rabbit which I almost stepped upon was so busy pawing mosquitoes from his tortured ears and nose that he made several dabs even after I had scooped him up in my hands. Giving him a smear of mosquito dope on the forehead I left him wrinkling a querulous nose in the heart of a patch of buttercups. I have often wondered just what was that bunny's psychological reaction to the episode.

Certainly he never gave me sufficient credit for my charitable intentions. On the contrary, more likely, the smart of the pungent dope in his eyes probably convinced him that I was only a bigger mosquito with a new way of stinging.

At the end of an hour of zigzagging through the woods, the roar of the surf on the rocky shore I had left still surged strongly down the wind. Not a little concerned for fear that the storm was rising again to endanger my boat, I was on the point of turning back when a new sound from somewhere beyond the masking frondage ahead began to make itself heard above the thunder of the distant surf. This was also a roar, but more spasmodic than that from the steady grind of the mill of

By Waterways to Gotham

The account of a two thousand mile voyage by skiff and outboard motor from Milwaukee to New York, through the Great Lakes, Trent Canal, St. Lawrence, Richelieu, Champlain, and Hudson Rivers.

By Lewis R. Freeman

Chapter VII Naubinway to St. Ignace

the breakers. When volleys of shrill, higher-keyed notes began to slash through the salvos of deeper roars, I was reminded of the shrieks of the whistling blowholes of the Samoas, and this suggested that I was probably nearing a stretch of iron-bound coast honeycombed with great subterranean caves.

When these higher notes seemed to be resolving themselves into ululating cries like the keening of a banshee, I was puzzled again. Half a century earlier an Indian massacre would have accounted for the racket, but hardly in 1924. Fisherman or lumberjack beating his wife? That would have accounted for the quality of the shrieks, but the chastised wife would have had to be a harem to furnish the volume. Sirens? Possibly, yet sirens sang to allure and these wails were more calculated to repel.

I was still pondering sirens when a break in the wall of the woods revealed an open stretch of greensward, the farther side of which was half encircled with dancing human figures. Just as I came out into the open, there was a resounding and very familiar crack from the opposite side of the clearing and, as a very fat center-fielder chased an erratically bounding ball to my feet in a vain endeavor to keep a three-bagger from being stretched out into a home-run, the great swelling roar that had been puzzling me for so long broke forth again. When it died down the siren chorus had its turn, and this was the burden of its chant:

"When you're up, you're up, when you're down, you're down. But when you're up against Macmillan, you are upside-down! Whee-ee-ee!"

Macmillan, a town many miles away on the railroad, in coming to play a Sunday afternoon ball game with Naubinway, had brought its own girl rooting section, and it had been the vocal salvos of this highly trained squad that had bombarded me while I threaded the mazes of a mile of intervening woods. Bobbed hair and near-silk stockings, with lipsticks and powder pad to re-smear yell-spattered complexions! So sirens was the answer after all! But what a funny way and place to stumble onto them!

Melting inconspicuously into the mob along the sidelines, I discreetly waited until Naubinway had won the game by a spectacular ninth inning rally before venturing a discreet inquiry as to just where the home town

of the home team was. With neither house nor road breaking the solid wall of greenery on every side, the question seemed to me an entirely pertinent one. The reaction of the dispersing knot of multi-uniformed ball players to whom it was addressed was rather that of men who suspected they were being kidded by the flippant stranger. So, quite naturally, they countered with as good as they thought they were getting. Admitting that Naubinway wasn't the burg it had been 40 years since, they were still inclined to think that a guy who could drive his fliver down even what remained of Broadway without knowing he had been through a town ought to change his brand of bootleg.

My assertion that I had come through the woods on foot after landing with a boat on the beach at the base of the rocky point the previous afternoon was received with shouts of derision. My claim that it was an open boat apparently made the yarn all the more absurd. I couldn't peddle a fish story like that in Naubinway even if they were fishermen. What was an open boat doing out yesterday when their big 40' launches had to run for the harbor and leave thousands of pounds of white-fish and lake trout and sturgeon to tear themselves to pieces in the nets?

Why didn't I come right out and admit that I had a carload of stuff hidden out in the woods and be done with it? Now that was an article I could peddle to them every day of the week and twice on Sunday, 'specially if it was some of the real thing from over the line.

My attempt to lend verisimilitude to my story by a carefully charted account of my run in past the old wreck gave them their chance to nail the yarn for good. Each of them hammered away at a spike of his own, but the one which stilled my final flutter was a flat-footed assertion that the wreck was high and dry in ordinary weather, while with a gale from the south blowing no boat ever built could be kept from smashing up on rocks that were planted so thick that they would reduce a sturgeon to fish balls and caviar in the flip of an eel's tail. Dead fish were left stranded on the rocks after every storm, but always too much hashed to do for market.

I threw up my hands at that and told the now considerable mob of skeptics that I was going back to look after my boat and that if they didn't believe I had a boat they could come along and see her with their own eyes. The movement to adjourn to the western shore was carried by acclamation but with many knowing grins and winks indicating that it was booze rather than boat which was expected to materialize at the end of the pilgrimage. They were ready enough to believe that I had run the reefs of the Eighteenth Amendment, but not those of the Mille Coquins.

A grassy path to the mouth of the little river led back to the shore in half the distance I had traversed in working through the woods. The sight of my good little boat cocked up on the crest of the sand-spit changed a crowd of scoffers to a council of very practical and sympathetic friends. All of them fishermen, and therefore sapient of the ways of wind and water with small boats, they were not inclined to be censorious over my failure to locate and make the easier landing offered by the mouth of the little river.

They knew perfectly well that nothing but luck had brought me in through the rocks, but they also appreciated what a toilsome grind it

had been to keep the boat from burying in the sand and finally to work her out onto the beach. What they never did cease puzzling over, however, was the fact that so small an open boat had survived to run through and across the Mille Coquins in a blow that had been heavy enough to make them prefer to abandon many hundreds of dollars worth of fish rather than try to lift their nets while it lasted.

In the matter of getting my boat around to the shelter of Naubinway Bay, it appeared that I had the choice of two alternatives. One was to hang on where I was until the weather became normal, the other involved launching the boat just as soon as the sea was down enough to make it practicable. As the former, though palpably the more conservative plan, meant a wait of three or four days and the dragging of the boat across the hundred yards or more of sand that would be uncovered as the windblown tide receded, I plumped for the course that promised less suspense and more action.

The fishermen thought that conditions might be propitious for the attempt by the next morning. Two of them offered to come back to lend a hand with the launching, while another pair volunteered to run around with their launch to stand by in case of trouble. I thanked them all and said I would let them know if I was going to need their help. The mess was of my own making and I was anxious to get out of it by my own effort if at all possible.

The wind fell off materially in force all through the night, but there was still enough and to spare to keep the mosquitoes under cover. I slept like a log from an hour after sunset until daybreak, more than making up for my broken rest of the night before. The first light of another clear morning showed the water a foot or more below the level at the time of my landing, but with a dozen lines of breakers still running and whitecaps showing to the far horizons. Confident that the boat was equal to anything in the way of seas running in deep water once she was beyond the surf, I decided to try my luck at a launching without further delay.

With hard sand sloping all the way to the water's edge, it was no great task to lay skids and rollers and run the boat to the spent line of broken froth that marked the beginning of the surf. Leaving her grounded just enough to keep from swinging, I brought down my outfit, an armful at a time, and loaded up. Dragging her out as the draught increased, she was afloat and ready to push off when the load was all stowed and the Elto reclamped to its place.

After the deluge of water and sand it had received, I had little hope of getting the motor to start again without a general overhauling, and in any event not quickly enough to be of use in driving the boat out against the breakers. Even had I been sure of setting it spinning at a touch, I would have been reluctant to risk smashing it by running before I was clear of the shallows and the rocks. I felt fairly confident of being able to clear the surf with the oars, and in this I was not disappointed.

With the damaged sprayhood repaired and stretched again, the water thrown back as the bows were driven through the breakers was deflected so as to leave the boat comparatively dry. Good, sharp pulling to keep from being swept back and swung broadside to the rollers was about all that was necessary. Between waves I could take my time and maneuver to avoid the rocks.

Inside of ten minutes I was beyond the outermost of the lines of regularly breaking waves, but with solid white water showing in boiling patches at a number of points ahead, it remained to be seen whether a channel could be found inside of them. Twice or thrice after turning south to double the point, I was blocked by reef barriers and had to head back lakeward in search of deeper water. Finally a lane of heaving green broken only by whitecaps began to open up, offering a chance to try out the motor.

Sobs and snorts and strange gasoline-charged oaths of mechanical protest were all the responses the spun flywheel evoked until the last of the water was worked from the cylinders. With that off its chest, the old familiar pop resumed, sharp, staccato, pingingly purposeful, with never a pause or a skip. For a minute or two there was an obligato of grinding gravel running through the gasoline chorus, then the last of the swallowed sand was spat forth or pulverized to innocuousness. With all traces of indigestion over, my plucky little kicker was back on the job again with both cylinders.

It was lively going once I had turned far enough to bring the waves beam-on, yet dry almost to dustiness compared with what had happened to me when I wallowed in the troughs two days previously. Small patches of shoals and isolated rocks were the worst trouble, and on the very openest course I could pick, I had repeatedly to shut off and tilt the motor to save it from a collision. I could have avoided the worst of this danger by going a mile farther out but that would have taken me beyond the little island with its long tail of reef and into much rougher water.

I had all of this that I wanted once I was off the point, and from there on the bailing bucket was in steady use until I was inside of the crumbling breakwaters of old Naubinway Harbor. Running in past a row of fishing craft tied up along a rotting crib pier, I threw my mooring lines up into the welcoming delegation thronging the inner landing and came to rest with the bow burrowing deep into the ancient ooze of slabs and sawdust that formed the bottom of the bay.

A half land-locked bay looped in by a rocky tree-clad point, a row of weather-beaten shanties straggling along a grassy road, a gigantic sawmill in the last stages of dilapidation, that was all that was left of the glory that was Naubinway, once the banner town of the roaring lumbering days of the north coast. Nothing but blackened foundations remained of the First National Bank, the Thalia Opera

House, the big department store, and a score or so of saloons and dance halls. The present inhabitants were all fishermen living in rough but picturesque little shanties that had sprung, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of repeated conflagrations. With each rebuilding less pretentious and more make-shifty than its predecessor, most of the present structures nestled in the heart of diminishing squares and rectangles of former foundations.

The enormous tumble-down sawmill seemed to loom at the focus of every vista, both of reality and of fancy. It had been the Alpha and the Omega of Naubinway. Its building had marked the beginning as its ruin had marked the end. When King Lumber tottered from his throne on the Michigan peninsula, his viceroy, the sawmill, died of starvation.

With the lake still too rough to make it practicable for the fishermen to go out to lift their nets, it appeared probable that two or three days would elapse before navigational conditions would be favorable for the resumption of my voyage. Art Turner, fisherman, farmer, storekeeper, and boniface, came down to announce that a room had been prepared for me in his hotel, but a fishhouse on the jetty offered a refuge more convenient to the boat in case the wind hauled far enough easterly to begin to blow into the bay.

The French Canadian owner of the shack very kindly ditched a case of under-iced fish that had missed the last shipment before turning the place over to me. I could hardly have expected him to do the same with the keg of amber-colored fish-glue blubber and the two cans of sturgeon roe that would be worth five dollars a pound when it reached New York to be made into imported Russian caviar of the inimitable Aral Sea early spring vintage. With the fresh lake wind pouring through the cracks, the little shack was comparatively fresh and fragrant, as fish-houses go, that is.

There was no barometer in Naubinway, the place of that instrument as a forecaster of weather appearing to be largely supplied by the "feel-in-the-bones," especially those of the skeleton of a rheumatic French Canadian half-breed woman named Gabrielle. In giving advance news of major meteorological disturbances, the twinges of old Gaby's rheumatism had no near rival. For registering the intensity of a storm already raging, however, there was an alternative check.

While the quiet waters of the sheltered inner harbor gave little idea of the force of the blow outside, it was claimed this was accurately indicated by the roar of the surf breaking on the rocky shore between the beach at

The old sawmill at Naubinway.



which I had landed and the end of the point. So long as this was louder than a distant mutter, it was deemed too rough to lift nets except to save them from destruction. This sound-of-the-surf test, my fishermen friends agreed, would be a safe touchstone by which to decide on a favorable time for my departure. While the two-mile-distant roar came throbbing through the woods, they said, I would be better off in port. When it died down completely, I would be quite safe in pushing on to Mackinac.

Most of the fishing boats remained at their moorings the day of my arrival at Naubinway. The two or three which ventured out returned to report badly damaged nets, with most of the fish that had not escaped either dead or too badly bruised to be marketable. Among the catch brought in was a young sturgeon, which Mrs. Art Turner promptly pounced upon to cook for my supper. It had a rich if somewhat strong flavor, though my unpiscatorially sapient palate failed to discover anything in the oily cutlets which would justify the high premium sturgeon brings in the New York and Chicago markets over whitefish and lake trout.

The counter of Art Turner's store had once been the bar of the saloon and dance hall called "The Lumber Jack's Luck." Not all lumber jacks were lucky there, however, as I learned in listening to the chatter of a garrulous old Frenchman called Bateese who had accepted my invitation to wolf a dish of Mrs. Turner's homemade strawberry ice cream across the scarred black walnut slab of hallowed memory. Bateese himself had had an ear chewed off while rolling in a rough-and-tumble in the sawdust of that very floor, but this was nothing, "pouf! a leetle bite of flea," to what happened to "Big Mouth" Flannigan the time he gave the great push-slide to Mimi, the dance-girl.

Mimi was the most loved siren of her day in the lumber camps of the north coast, partly because of her personal pulchritude, but principally on account of a number of ingratiating little ways and tricks she had which especially endeared her to the heart of the timber jack. The most famous of these was a literal form of "timber cruising," in which Mimi allowed the patrons of the house to slide her plump and pleasing anatomy on the polished bar. Distance was the essence of the competition, with the high men receiving a graduated number of kisses from Mimi's pink lips, while the low men paid for the drinks at a rate which allowed the girl a fat rake-off.

It appears that the French Canadians, for

whom the engaging little game had been originally invented, had always taken the greatest care to play in a way calculated to bruise to a minimum both the maidenly feelings and form of the gentle Mimi. Others were inclined to be less considerate and the most un-Bayard-like of the lot was the wild Irishman, "Big Mouth" Flannigan, the fighting bully of a nearby logging camp. Flannigan had gained his nickname from the fact that he had a spread of jaw wide enough to allow him to pick his teeth with a cant hook. Where an ordinary man in a rough-and-tumble had to content himself with nipping off no more than a nose or an ear, "Big Mouth" had simply to open up his cavernous jaws to be in a position to masticate the whole side of an antagonist's face.

Now that was all right in itself, according to the Frenchmen. Since all was fair in a lumber-jack's fight, if *le bon Dieu* had seen fit to provide one man with better weapons than those of his fellows, it was that man's fortune, not his fault. But where "Big Mouth" transgressed was in extending his caveman methods to the flower-like Mimi. They had no legitimate objections, they admitted, when the big Irishman shuffle-boarded Mimi the whole length of the bar and off onto the ice-box at the other end. That was all in the game.

Moreover, seeing that this particular push had broken all existing broad-slide records, they could not conscientiously hold that "Big Mouth" was guilty of serious dereliction in lingering overlong in the collection of his legitimate reward. Even Mimi herself was quite willing to pay double for so important a feat.

It was in forgetting that he was dealing with a lady rather than a log of spruce that "Big Mouth" stepped over the line of propriety with both feet and so laid himself liable to being set right on the finer points of etiquette. Not satisfied with having mopped the whole length of the bar with Mimi's abbreviated pink skirt, the elated log-roller needs must seek a broader field of activities on the barroom floor. Mimi, unfortunately, was not dressed to slide on the slivery surface of new-sawed pine. Her own fair form hurtled the whole length of the room under the impulse of "Big Mouth's" titanic heave, but her costume of pink silk and chiffon, not overly voluminous in the first place, mostly was impaled on slivers and left in her wake also not a little torn hair and shredded cuticle.

Much of this loss was replaced by small sharp particles of pine, in fact, Bateese assured me that Mimi was studded so thick with slivers that she looked like a cross between a wooden porcupine and the slab pile of the

shingle mill the day after a cyclone. Indeed, the unlucky girl lost so much hide, according to Bateese, that she "nevaire again can wear the gown cut d_collet_ to the knees!"

In view of the fact that the north coast of Lake Michigan has numerous spells of winter temperature in which the thermometer goes down to fifty and more below zero, perhaps it was just as well for Mimi that something happened to force her to cut her gowns a bit higher than that in the neck.

Bateese told with much gusto how "Big Mouth's" lesson in the way to treat a lady was taught by the gentle medium of the blades of a brace of double-bitted axes. Every few moments he would punctuate his descriptions with the exclamation, "An' the wondaire ware zat diable was not kilt." But although it was claimed that the smallest hole in Flannigan's head when that schooling session concluded was "hees beeg mouf," that there was still life and spirit left in the wild Irishman is attested by the sequel in which he led Mimi to the altar and married her by bell, book, and candle before his cloven lips could more than lisp, "I will." He was crushed to death trying to break a logjam a few years later, but Mimi lived to develop rheumatism and twinges in her bones that could foretell the coming of a storm a week ahead.

I made a brave endeavor to revive the spirit of *les vieux temps* by offering a gallon of ice cream to any one who could slide anyone else half the length of the historic bar. Several buxom fisher maidens came gigglingly forward to volunteer as slidees, but the well-meant plan went awry for want of sliders with sufficient energy. A half dozen gangling youths only grinned sheepishly and reckoned it would be too much work to hoist so much weight up to the bar without a derrick. Naubinway's physical decline has evidently been accompanied by a corresponding ebb of spirit.

There was no moaning of the bar when I awoke in the morning, the reason for which became plain when I found a thick fog blanketing the waters of the bay. A fresh southwest wind which cleared the air along toward 9:00 brought with it a resumption of the ominous mutter from beyond the point.

All of the fishermen put off to lift their long neglected nets as the visibility improved, but cautioned me to await their return with a report of the conditions outside. The first boat came back about noon. Her skipper said that while the weather was still unsettled and somewhat threatening, he could see no reason why I should not make a cautious run along the coast at least as far as Epoufette. After noting directions for reaching the lee of a couple of small islands in the event of another blow, I cast off and got under way at 1:00.

The seas were southwesterly with a long roll just breaking into whitecaps with the freshening breeze. As there was a suspicious similarity in these conditions to those preceding the big wind that had caught me so far offshore the day I left Manistique, I kept an eye lifting warily for possible shelter from the moment I had rounded Point Biddle. Although rocks showed near the surface every now and then, the coast proved by no means so badly beset with reefs as that to the west.

I had run to within three miles of the tip of the long finger of Point Epoufette when the wind hauled to the southeast and began blowing with a force that soon sent the spray flying back over the engine. The surf was break-

Boat on the beach at Epoufette.



ing noisily on Pelkie Reef as I came abreast of its shallowly submerged table, and for a half mile I found some protection from the mounting seas by running in its lee. A tongue of rocks, many of them barely awash, extended far into the lake from the end of the point. Rather than risk a swamping by heading out around them I shut off the motor and worked my way through with the oars. Then I turned north and ran for the shelter of the most easterly of the several indentations forming the deep Epoufette Bay.

A fishing launch occupied the only berth at the pier, but its owner came out to point me a way to a landing on the rocky beach. A dozen or more boys and girls, rushing down from a large house set back among the trees, lent practiced hands in dragging my boat up beyond the wash of a surf that was pushing landward before the rising wind. The youngsters said they were a portion of the Bellant family which farmed, fished, and lumbered around Epoufette Bay. Bellant père I found in the fish house at the end of the pier, also a black-robed figure whose bloody hands and arms suggested the priest officiating at some ancient sacrificial rite. He turned out to be only the district cure paying his weekly visit to the Bellants to celebrate family mass.

Being inordinately fond of fish livers, he was allowed to take his tithes by extracting his favorite tidbits as the morning's lift was cleaned for icing and shipment. With a gallon can almost full of livers and cracked ice, the good father was fairly licking his fat jowls in anticipation of the feast that would follow his return home. He was a genial chap but rather inclined to the flesh-fleshy, also, judging by a refulgent maroon beak, to spirituousness rather than spirituality.

After I had made the boat snug for the night, Bellant asked me over to take a photograph of his wife and the latest of her four or five pairs of twins.

When I suggested we include the whole family in the picture, the habitant grinned and opined that my camera was hardly large enough, even with the group unswelled by the three or four elder children who were working elsewhere. When I replied that my camera had already taken a picture of a whole regiment of infantry, he grinned again and said he would do what he could to chivvy the most available of his enfants together and see what could be done. The group had to be expanded several times to make way for latecomers straggling in just as I was ready to shoot. The bunch of something less than 20 was far from complete when I finally snapped my shutter to beat the fading light.

Monsieur and Madame Bellant told me more about their large, but still rapidly growing family, when I came over for a visit after supper. They were 40 and 38 years of age respectively, and their even two dozen of living children had come into the world in 22 years of married life. This splendid record had been put up in spite of the fact that their first child had died, while another season the baby crop, like that of anules, had been a complete failure. Both were a bit apologetic over these stumbles in the race, but still pointed with pride to the fact that the annual average had more than been maintained by the quartet of twins.

The children, young and old, were a robust, energetic brood, well-fed, well-washed, and neatly dressed. They were respectful to their elders and appeared thoroughly disci-

plined. Better still, they were good sports, as was conclusively demonstrated when I took advantage of the hard maple floor of the kitchen to revive the classic sliding game of "Beeg Mouf" and Mimi. The smooth planks were so thoroughly polished by grease and shuffling bare feet that Bellant and I repeatedly got too much distance with the older children, while the latter in turn had the same difficulty with the youngsters. Yet the only howls produced by a dozen or more bumped heads were purely those of ecstasy.

Julie, the 16-year-old daughter, was the gamest one of all. It was Bellant's turn to slide but, surveying an amplitude of latitudinal and longitudinal dimensions already beginning to vie with those of Madame, he shook his head and begged me to lend a hand. Between the two of us we mustered power for a mighty shove, but the dual control gave faulty direction. Julie shot off on an angling course that carried her to a stretch of floor temporarily patched with pine, and, like Mimi 40 years before, she was not dressed to slide on slivers.

Notwithstanding which the pretty minx displayed, among other things, both sang froid and savoir faire. Backing out of the room with a graceful curtsy, she said it was bedtime anyhow, and thanked her father and myself for what we had done in getting her so nearly ready for turning in. I have seen ladies of greater sophistication carry off a similar situation with less aplomb at the Bal Quatre Arts.

With perfect local weather conditions the next morning, I started early and ran hard and continuously to reach St. Ignace before the breaking of a storm which appeared to be working up from the south behind a rolling bank of thunderclouds. With but a light sea and few shoals to avoid, I made fast time to Point aux Chenes, beyond which the island of St. Helena and the converging Straits of Mackinac offered ample shelter from any wind that might blow. Passing Point la Barbe, I left the buoyed channel and cut in across the shallows to double Point St. Ignace and open up the well-protected bay beyond. With Mackinac Island abeam to starboard, distant four miles, I headed in toward the crescent of piers and docks built on or near the historic landing of Father Marquette.

Thor of the Thunders was still muttering in his beard off Lake Huron way but did not appear to be meditating any northward movement for the moment. Seeing the field clear of the lion for the nonce, a sneaking jackal of a "white squall" took the occasion to slink from its lair in the hills back of St. Ignace and start on a scavenging raid on the bay. Its coming was unheralded save by a sudden creaming of the surface of the water as it was kicked up into short almost perpendicular waves. I just had time to see a train ferry, its aim for a narrow slip spoiled by the sudden side wind, go crashing into the end of a pier, and a sloop, caught aback, blown flat when a half-solid wall

"Marquette's Lookout," St. Ignace.



French Canadian family helping to re-launch the boat.



of air and flying spray turned my attention to things nearer home.

That would have been a nasty bit of a blow to meet and fight with in the open lake, but with a sheltered lee a few hundred yards ahead, it was only a matter of weathering the first onslaught and then plugging along into the teeth of the squall under a slowed engine. A big fishing launch standing by to pick up the crew of the capsized sloop saved me the task of trying to work over to her with my beam presented to the slapping waves.

Five minutes of pounding through torn wavetops that exploded and flew yards astern as the bow crashed over them took me in to the quiet slip of an ancient boathouse, where a genial old Scot made fast my painter and bade me make the place my headquarters as long as I cared to "bide in auld Saint Ignus." He paid me the wholly undeserved compliment of saying that I appeared to be a glutton for dirty weather, and then went on to tell about a lad for whom he had built a sloop many years ago who liked nothing better than to crowd on

all sail and go out and play tag with the squalls in the Straits of Mackinac. The boy's name was Edward White, he said, and he had later moved off somewhere California-way. He wondered if I had ever heard of such a lad out in that section. It was a pleasure to assure the keen old sailor that Stewart Edward White had survived the squalls of Mackinac to win an enviable reputation as a writer and hunter, and that his name was the synonym of keen, clean sportsmanship over a very considerable part of the English-speaking world.

Free Catalog

Books, Art and Accessories
on the Sport of Rowing.



ROWER'S BOOKSHELF

1-800-626-1535

P.O. Box 368, Eliot, ME 03903

<http://www.rowonline.com/rowbooks/>

Row your boat the easy way...

facing forward and using your legs.

← Front



Free brochure

401-247-1482

Aquamotion Systems, Dept. mab
30 Cutler St., Warren, RI 02885

NOT FOR EVERYONE!

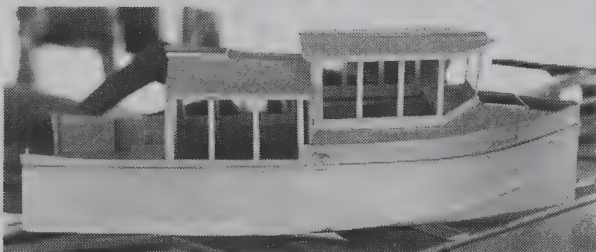


Photo: Peter Krupenye

RETRIEVER

22'-6" x 8'-0" x 2'-0"

- **COMFORTABLE** – Cruising accommodations for two for a weekend or a week on the water.
- **TRAILERABLE** – Light weight, compact size allows her to go over the road with ease.
- Designed by Phil Bolger and Friends, Inc.
- Now under construction in our shop for Spring, '98 delivery.
- Call us when it's time to build your dreamboat.



PENGUIN BOAT SHOP, INC.

Thomas Wells, Prop.

Westerly Marina, Ossining, NY 10562

914-318-7454

Devlin Designing Boatworks, Inc.
*has built over 390 boats using
wood/epoxy composites.*

*When Sam and crew
spent 4300 hours
building Sparque,
they didn't use
just any epoxy.
They used MAS Epoxies*



MAS EPOXIES

To find out why -1-888-627-3769 or
www.masepoxies.com

Photo by Callea Photo

Is There An ED* In Your Future?

By Glen L Marine Designs

Propelling a boat with an electric motor is hardly new. In the late 1800's electric powered boats, some as large as 60', were used to hold grand parties on the Thames River in England.

Electric boating was popularized in the United States when the Electric Launch Co. of New Jersey, or ELCO as it's commonly known today, built fifty-five 36' forty passenger electric launches for the 1893 Chicago Columbia Exposition. The boats used 4hp electric motors driven by three banks of twenty-two batteries each. When the banks were depleted, a switch was made to a fresh bank allowing the launches to travel more than fifty miles. In five and one half months, the electric boats carried more than one million people over 200,000 miles.

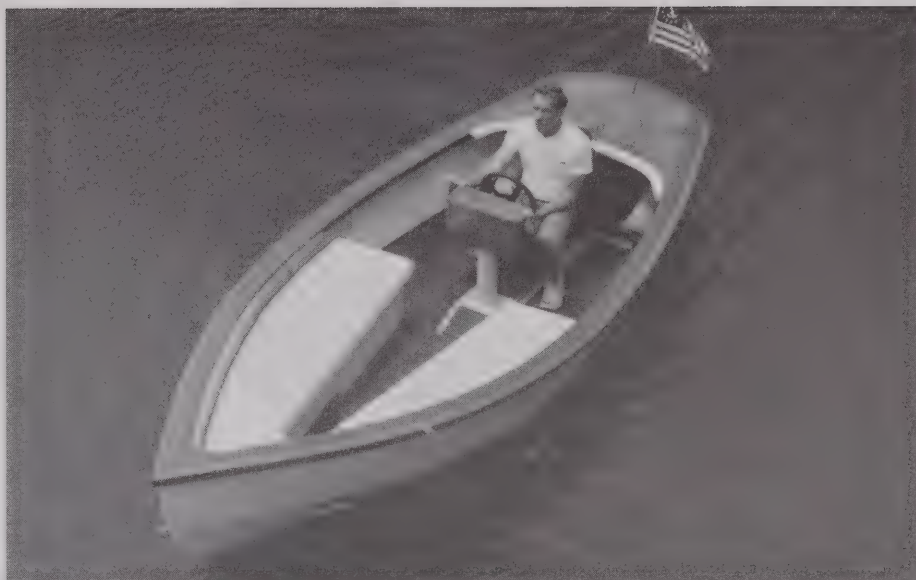
Electric powered boats were very popular until about 1910 when the power to weight ratio gave the internal combustion engine the edge. There has, however, been a resurgence of electric powered boats the past few years and the momentum appears to be gaining.

Electric powered boats have definite advantages. They are environmentally friendly and very quiet; they run with only a whisper of sound. Many waterways, especially small lakes, bar internal combustion motors because of the noise. Electric boats seem to become a part of the environment; wildlife are usually unafraid of these ghost craft.

Our Glen-L Electric Drive, or ED, is a propulsion system that can be retrofitted or built into most boats and was developed to make full use of electric power. The drive utilizes a portion of the lower unit of a used outboard motor with other readily available components, assembled on a plywood mount. The lower unit of the drive projects through the bottom of the boat and pivots for steering; a rudder is not required. The DC electric motor is attached to the mount and drives the prop shaft with vee belts.

ED is best suited for boats of about 20' or less, and can be fitted to most any craft with modifications. The lower unit of the outboard motor can be obtained from local outboard dealers, who ordinarily have motors with unusable power heads. The lower unit from almost any horsepower motor can be used; our prototype was one salvaged from a 35hp Evinrude. The size, make, and age is unimportant as long as parts are still readily available. Hopefully, the main components of the lower unit are in good shape, however, seals, gaskets etc. will need to be replaced. An outboard lower unit that uses a 10"-12" diameter prop is satisfactory for most boats. Small lightweight canoes, pirogues, or similar craft that go through the water with minimal resistance can use smaller prop diameters. Conversely, larger, heavier boats will be more efficient with larger diameter props.

We have developed ED and now have complete plans and instructions with patterns for many of the components. A 15'



launch, *Lo Voltage*, shown in an accompanying photo, was also designed and built especially to accommodate ED and acted as a testing boat.

How ED Is Built: The plywood base or mount of ED is made from exterior or marine plywood. The parts are cut from patterns and assembled with glue and screws. In final assembly, the wooden mount will be permanently epoxied to the inside of the bottom of the boat.

A fiberglass tube is made using a length of 1-1/2" standard pipe wrapped with plastic film as a mandrel. Multiple layers of fiberglass, saturated with epoxy, are wrapped over the pipe/mandrel. After overnight cure, the fiberglass tube is removed from the mandrel, inserted through a pre-drilled hole in the plywood mount, and epoxy filleted and fiberglass laminated in place.

The lower unit of the outboard is sawn off just above the cavitation plate and the top surface machined or ground flat. A steel flange is welded perpendicular to the centerline of the pipe used for the mandrel, and the base machined or ground flat. This pipe/flange assembly slips over the out-drive shaft and bolts to the lower unit cavitation plate.

The lower unit/piece/flange assembly will eventually slip into the fiberglass tube in the completed motor mount. Since the pipe was used as a mandrel to make the tube, the fit is close enough to prevent side movement and yet allow the pipe to rotate freely inside the tube.

The top of the lower unit drive shaft is held atop the motor mount by a self-aligning shaft bearing. The bearing locks to the drive shaft and prevents up and down movement of the lower unit, and absorbs the side pull of the drive pulleys. The electric motor pivots to adjust and maintain belt tension between the motor and drive shaft pulleys.

The fiberglass tube is bonded into the plywood mount and extends through the boat bottom. The pipe assembly with lower unit attached slips up from the bottom through the tube and is held at the top by a flange bearing bolted to the wooden

mount. The drive shaft rotates freely inside the pipe, and the pipe inside the tube. Steering is provided by a tiller bolted atop the pipe/flange assembly. Although the lower unit could rotate full circle, the travel is limited to provide a practical turning arc. Reverse is provided by changing the direction of the motor rotation, a simple task with a DC electric motor.

The electric motor turns the drive shaft with dual pulleys and vee belts. The prototype motor was salvaged from a golf cart. Running on 36 volts this motor develops to about 3 hp, usually at 3,000rpm. The gear ratio of the typical outboard lower unit reduces the drive to prop shaft speed 50%. The size of the vee belt sheaves were used to further reduce the speed at the prop shaft to under 1,000rpm. However, the prop rpm will vary depending on the motor, and the size and type of hull.

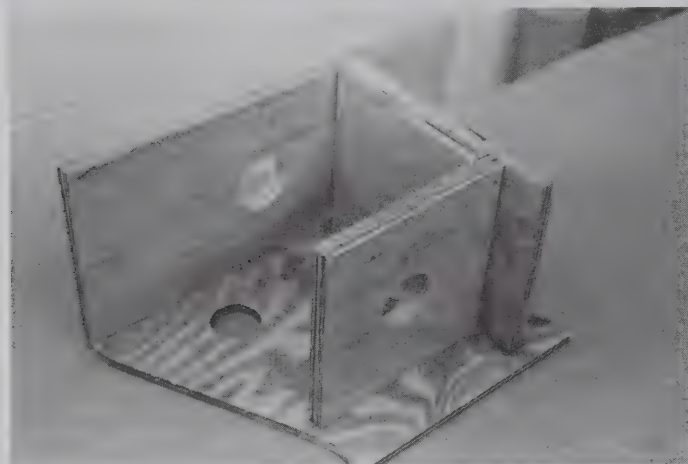
Other types of DC electric motors that are used in industrial applications can also be used to power ED. The permanent magnet type is lighter and smaller and is common for motors under 3hp. Series wound motors can develop more horsepower and are used when more power is needed.

Plans, patterns, and detailed instructions are available for building the Electric Drive or ED from us, Glen-L Marine Designs, 9152 Rosecrans Ave., Bellflower, CA 90706. The price is \$30 sent postpaid anywhere in the US. Send an extra \$5 for our huge 176 page catalog illustrating more than 240 designs especially prepared for the amateur. You can phone us at (562) 630-6258 or visit our web site at www.glen-l.com for further details on ED or our launch *Lo Voltage*.

*Electric Drive



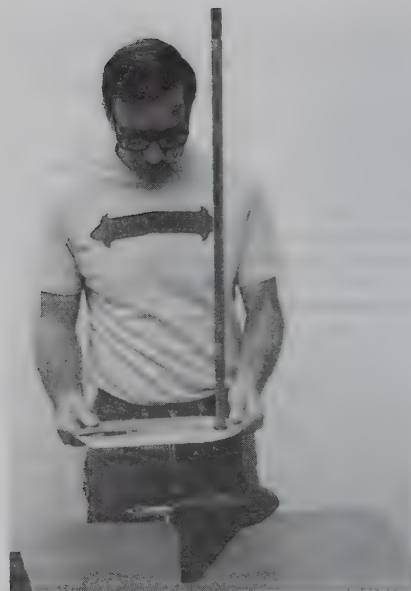
The plywood parts for the mount are laid out from patterns, sawn to shape, and holes pre-drilled as indicated.



The plywood mount is glued and screw fastened at junctions. One side is left off for better access when installing other components.



A fiberglass tube, made over a pipe mandrel, is epoxied to the wooden mount.



The salvaged lower unit from an outboard motor is sawn off flush with the top of the cavitation plate.



These are the metal parts that are cut to shape from steel from the patterned parts. The central sub-assembly is a pipe welded to a flange that in turn will bolt to the lower unit drive shaft. The tiller arm, to the right, will bolt atop the pipe/flange assembly.



The various components of ED; belts, pulleys, assembled plywood mount with fiberglass tube, bearing collars, tiller arm, pipe/flange assembly, prop, and a portion of an outboard lower unit.

By-The-Sea

The Internet Boating Journal

Boat Builders	Boats For Sale	Surveying Help
Plans & Kits	Gear Exchange	Boat Reviews
Oars & Paddles	Boat Brokers	Nautical Books

<http://www.by-the-sea.com>

Tel 508-240-2533 | Fax 508-240-2677 | info@by-the-sea.com



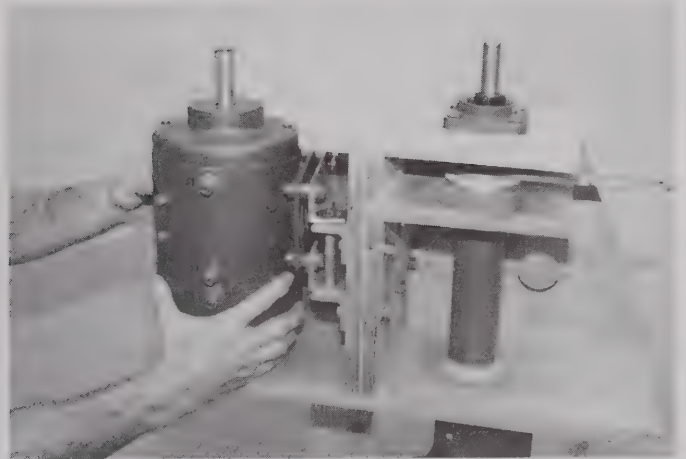
The pipe/flange assembly bolts atop the flattened cavitation plate of the outboard lower unit.



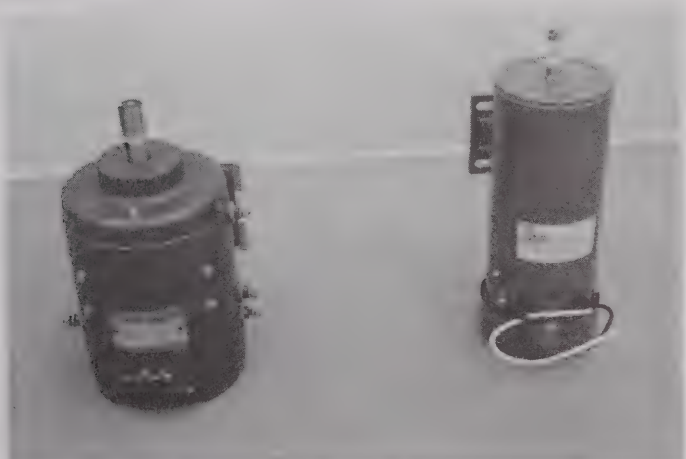
The pipe/flange assembly with lower unit bolted to it slides inside the fiberglass tube in the plywood mount.



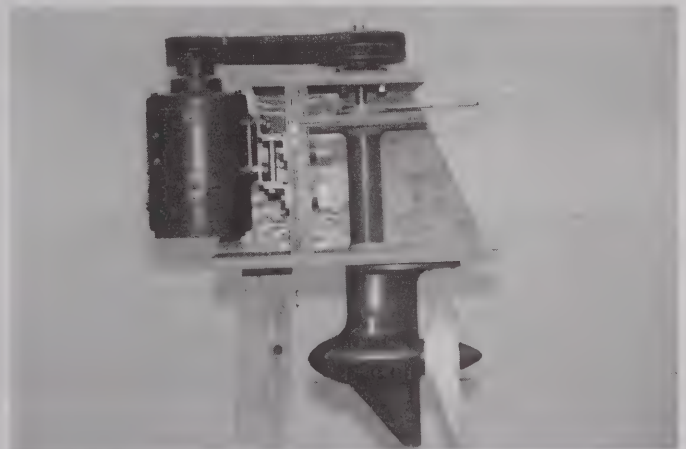
The tiller arm bolts atop the tube/flange assembly riding on washers. The drive shaft is held atop the mount by a self-aligning shaft bearing.



The electric motor pivots on a bracket made from angle iron to adjust the belt tension.



Left: The golf cart series wound electric DC motor used on the prototype is readily available. Right: A permanent magnet DC electric motor, inexpensive and effective to a maximum of about 3 hp.



The mocked up ED with one side of the mount omitted to better show the inner workings. When assembling to the boat, the lower unit is dropped out, the mount permanently fastened to the inside of the boat bottom, and the lower unit reinstalled.

Flatner

By Tony James



In the winter of 1995 I found a Victorian picture postcard in a west of England junk shop. It showed a boat sailing on a sepia sea towards the Bristol Channel resort of Burnham.

At first sight it looked like a 20' North American dory that someone had seriously messed around with, a canoe stern replaced the traditional transom, the bottom had a 2" lateral camber as well as the usual 6" rocker, and the rig was a tiny replica of that found on a Thames spritsail barge.

A boathook doubling as a 3' bowsprit for a flying jib provided a further eccentric touch.

Two years later the boat on the postcard, a Bristol Channel Flatner, claimed as a possible ancestor of the Newfoundland dory, and extinct as a working boat in the UK for almost 100 years, is making a dramatic real-life comeback. The first of a new generation of sailing flatners is already in commission, and two more are currently being lofted out.

An intriguing North American connection is emerging, too. A Bristol University history research project is investigating a claim that flatners were carried as flatpack deck cargo to Cape Breton Island by Cabot in the *Mathew* in 1497. And the Nova Scotia Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic recently acquired a set of plans from us and is interested in comparing flatner and traditional dory performance.

The first building project, inspired by the postcard and by a rotting hulk found in Somerset's River Parrett, was begun by retired Rolls Royce engineer Derek Vivian and myself in a former broad gauge locomotive shed in the tiny Somerset port of Watchet in the spring of 1996.

We had no plans, no specifications, and no one was alive who knew how to build or handle a flatner. We didn't even know if it would be safe to sail. All we knew was that before the First World War, Bristol Channel stake-net and sprat fishermen fished the Channel in the hundreds in the flatners they had built themselves. As it turned out, evolution rather than design, has by happy chance created the perfect craft for today's small boat sailor, stable and easily handled, but a lively performer, handy enough to trail, floating in only six inches of water but stiff in a blow. And she's virtually indestructible, her massive construction would normally be found in a boat twice her size.

The basic and unusual rig, a rectangular 40 sq. ft. mainsail with a 14' sprit (like a tiny Thames barge) on a 12' unstayed mast, and a 14 sq. ft. jib set on the boathook-cum-bow-sprit, is simplicity to set and handle. When it's time to go home, lift out the mast, roll up the sail, stow it beneath the thwarts, and row up the beach!

A narrow 6'6" rudder hangs from the sharply-angled stern post and leeway is handled by a 4' daggerboard housed abaft the mast. Rudder and board were originally heavy oak, but in the replica are laminated for lightness and strength. Steering is by an extraordinarily long Oregon pine tiller reaching almost amidships.

It wasn't long before we realized that building a flatner was the ideal project for someone who thinks he can't build a boat! Indeed, anyone who can build a wardrobe could probably build a flatner.

Most of the wood for the replica came finished from a local sawmill, and construction, although painstaking, was simple, and, as a matter of principle, mostly by hand. But a jigsaw, electric plane, and a selection of drill-powered abrasive wheels were a boon for finishing and shaping.

Of course, in traditional boatbuilding, frames and bulkheads are notched into the keel and the framework is then planked and caulked. But a flatner's dished bottom is made first, and the rest of the boat built on it. The only seam vulnerable to the water is the chine where the sides meet the bottom.

Although weight was traditionally regarded as essential for bad weather fishing in the estuary's short, vicious seas, a calculated gamble was taken to reduce the replica to under half a ton for trailer sailing.

The biggest weight saver was making the sides of 9mm WBP exterior ply instead of solid elm, two 10'x5' sheets were cut in half and scarfed to make two 20' lengths.

Instead of fitting heavy grown oak knees to support sides and bottom, 12 knees were laminated from 3"x3/4" in pine strips sandwiched between 9mm ply. Trimming and fitting them to the hull was the last major construction job.

With no sailing flatner builders around to consult, the problem of how to bend five 14' 1-1/2"x9" Scandinavian red pine planks to form the dished bottom was a major headache.

Everyone told us something different, from building the boat in a low shed and bending the planks with props from the roof, to weighting the planks with 40 gallons of water and leaving them for a year. Another alternative was heating one side of the wood and dousing the other with cold water.

Eventually it was decided to construct a 20' long 3' high scaffolding frame and build the boat on top of it, pulling down the bottom planks to the required bend with lengths of threaded 3/8" studding. The flatner remained in tension on the frame until all major building was complete.

The strain was so great that it twisted the scaffolding several inches. We were frequently adjusting the studding to keep the correct bend.

Next, the floors, 3-1/4"x 2-1/2" crossmembers, were secured to the bottom timbers with galvanized coach bolts hidden under wooden dowels. The shape of the bottom was marked out and roughly cut, and Somerset oak stem and stern posts bolted on at 35 degrees.

The two 20'3"x11" gunwale stringers, which form the top edge of the boat and provide its bold, highly distinctive sheer, were carefully bent around from bow to stern with a Spanish windlass, guided by a series of plywood shadows tacked to the floors.

Fitting the port side stringer was the most tiresome operation of the build, expensive kiln-dried Columbian pine broke three times during fitting despite being immersed for a week in a nearby stream. Eventually it was replaced by a piece of cheap white pine, scarfed in the middle, which bent perfectly.

Further shadows were necessary to hold the gunwale stringers in an exact curve when the plywood sides were fitted, glued, and fas-

tened with stainless 1-3/4" screws and bronze gpfasts.

The 12 knees were then fitted, screwed, and glued to the hull and attached to the sides of the floors with galvanized nails.

Only when the daggerboard case, thwarts, aft bulkhead, and mast step were in place were the restraining bolts removed from the jig. It was feared there would be some terrible wood-working version of brewer's droop, but nothing moved when the tension came off.

After sanding and finishing, interior and exterior were treated with high penetration WEST System epoxy resin and an ultraviolet inhibitor. Decoration is traditional Watchet blue with a red rubbing strake emphasizing the attractive sheer.

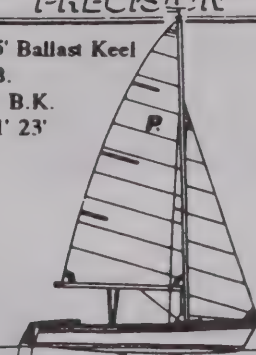
If I was doing it again, I would pre-bend the bottom planks by soaking and heating. The boat was under tremendous strain throughout the build, and it made things a lot more difficult.

If you'd like to know more, blueprints and cutting list of the Bristol Channel flatner are available from the Friends of the Flatner, P.O. Box 6, Watchet, Somerset, TA 23 0BT UK.



PRECISION

New 15' Ballast Keel
15' C.B.
16-1/2' B.K.
18' - 21' 23'



FERNALD'S MARINE
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

How She Handles

Despite being nearly 1,000 pounds lighter than the original, the new flatner is surprisingly stiff and dry to windward and quick in stays, particularly when the tack of the working jib is extended about 12" outboard on the bowsprit.

A total of 54 sq. ft. working sail may sound a bit meager, but it fits the traditional equation of 100 sq. ft. per ton and drives the boat well. A 25 sq. ft., full cut jib set flying from a grommet is used for light airs.

Six knots was logged on a 4-plus broad reach with the plate half up. There was virtually no bow wave. To windward in a short sea there is some slamming when single-handed, but little effect on performance.

Removing the sprit converts the main into a trysail, but this has not been necessary in winds of up to 5-plus.

The flatner sails best with two. Steered from amidships with the crew forward keeping the bow down, performance improves to windward by at least 20%.

Old fishermen say they were tricky to handle until you got used to them, wet to windward but quick in stays and making surprisingly little leeway. Running broken water in a blow, it was said that flatners trailed a fish basket to prevent broaching. We're hoping that's just a fisherman's tale.

SHOESTRING SHIPYARD

"everyone needs a little dinghy..."

We are designers, builders, and purveyors of wooden boats, plans, kits, and other good nautical stuff including:

- The Sagamore Tender
- Boat Brokerage
- Boat Surveying
- Custom Design & Building
- Cape Kayak Rentals

"everyone needs a little dinghy..." Shoestring Shipyard
Tees 100% cotton, short-sleeve, pigment dyed tees in Chambray, Lt. Orchid, Salmon, and Moss.
 L, XL = \$15; XXL = \$17; \$3 Shipping.

PO Box 117 - Dept. MB
 Sagamore Beach, MA 02562
 PH: 508-888-7960

www.shoestringshipyard.com



On the water.



Half hull model and 3D model.



Launching day.



My Father's Bateau

By James Flint

I began my father's bateau about ten years ago. Newly bitten by the wooden boat bug, struggling with a 50-year old 30' wooden sailboat, I was reading everything I could find on boats. In one of John Gardner's books I found the plans and description of a 18' Maine bateau, a very simple, symmetrical, double-ended plywood rowing boat. From the table of offsets I first made a half hull model of yellow pine, mounted it on a board, and presented it to my father with the comment that whoever gets a model gets a boat. Turning the table of offsets into scale drawings of 12"=1' was real fun, the first of this type of work that I had done in a long time, and gave me working drawings for the next phase of construction.

Which was the construction of a 3D model and the development of a cutting plan. This phase didn't happen for another five years, lots always seemed to get in the way. I built the model out of plywood tea boxes. Tea was shipped in plywood boxes from India and China, and if you work in a tea factory, as I was at the time, a lot of these boxes, or at least their lids, come your way. Good plywood, but small pieces.

I cut them to scale 4' x 8' to duplicate the expected scarfs. I used both the plans I had drawn and the half hull model to develop the shape of the three major pieces of the boat. The model was built upside down on a strongback, using hot melt glue and epoxy. The model turned out to be invaluable in determining the cutting plan and planning the strongback for the full-sized boat.

Construction of the full-sized boat didn't start until 1995. I had to finish my shop, which involved excavating rock from our basement, and I had to renovate the garage, new roof, electricity, the whole catastrophe. The garage was too short by about three feet, but I used a tarp over the end and the weather cooperated, mostly. I started by scarfing two pieces of 4" plywood together to make one piece 10' x 2'.

On this I lofted one quarter of the boat full-size. This gave the actual dimensions for the ribs, the bow and stern sections. I was unable to get a shape of the side panels or the bottom panel from the lofting: I suspect that I would have had to have loft the entire boat full-sized to do that. So I made guesses based upon the shapes of the models.

Those guesses came later. I first built my Swamp Yankee canoe, and used the leftovers to assemble the bow and stern sections. Gardner's plans called for timber stems with triangular bulkheads and decks over foam flotation. I didn't use the timber stems, replacing them with triangular stem boards glued to the bulkheads and forming strong pyramidal sections at bow and stern. This allowed me to use off-cuts from the Swamp Yankee and leftover epoxy from her construction, building these pieces concurrently with the canoe.

The shapes of the bow/stern pieces were taken directly from the lines and assembled on 2x4s that would later form the ladder frame. I next made the ribs. Their shapes and bevels were also taken directly off of the lines. In fact, the ribs were assembled over the lines themselves. Each half-breadth where a rib would

fall was expanded to include both sides of the boat. The ribs and floors were made of 3/4" white ash, leftovers from the new deck beams that I had installed on the 30-footer. The ribs and floors were first run through the router to round the inner sides.

The bevels were taken off of the lines, and limbers were carved in the floors with the router. Two by four braces that would become part of the ladder frame were screwed down to the lines. Then the ribs were attached to this brace directly over their respective marks on the line drawings. The floors were then attached to the ribs, using plywood gussets and epoxy. Spring clamps held it all together. The plans called for a frame every foot, but I only put in five, at the seats and in between them.

After the bow and stern sections and all the ribs were assembled, I made a ladder frame. This was 12'x1', made of 2x4s, and fastened with sheetrock screws. This ladder frame is now our firewood rack. Before supporting this on four short sawhorses, I used the open floor of the garage to scarf up two sheets of 1/4" plywood. From this I cut out a rough outline of the bottom. Another two pieces were scarfed together into one piece 18'x1-1/2' for one side, and the cutoffs from that piece were added to the remainder from the bottom to form the other side. These were put aside while the ladder frame was assembled, the ribs and bow/stern sections were attached and everything trued up.

The sides were hung first. To get the long

floppy side pieces up onto the frame, I enlisted the help of my daughter Samantha. I had miscalculated here and there and had to use small graving pieces to make the sides large enough to hit the lines. The ends were wired down to the bow and stern pieces and glued at this time. Screws were added to the ribs to back up the glue there. When all this had set, I planed the sides down to the chine. The bottom piece was offered up to the frame, marked, taken off and cut, then reinstalled with glue and screws. The outer edges of the bottom were then planed to meet the sides, then all the edges were sealed with epoxy and/or filled before sanding.

The boat was then removed from the ladder frame and turned over. This was accomplished by unscrewing the ends of the ribs from the braces or unscrewing the braces from the ladder frame. Two of the braces were left in place to keep the boat's shape. The chines were filleted, as were the insides of the bow and stern sections.

The next chore was to add foam flotation to the interiors of the bow and stern sections. The best way to cut foam blocks is to use a two-person crosscut saw, the flat wide blade bends and binds less than a thinner blade, and the two people can better control the development of the bevels. I used closed-cell styrofoam, which is a natural resource on our river.

Gunwales were added next. I was unable to afford 18' long pieces of wood, so I laminated the gunwales out of 3/4" stock. They

turned out a little lumpy but strong enough. The bulkheads at bow and stern were trimmed to a curve and 1/4" plywood decks were glued and screwed to them, and the gunwales over the previously installed foam blocks.

After painting the interior, I installed the seat carlins and the seats, painting them before installation. I installed three seats, two rowing stations, and a stern seat. Trials on the Saugatuck River showed that the seats were too high, making the boat, now named *Margaret Helen* after my grandmother, too tippy and uncomfortable. I temporarily solved this by moving the seats to the underside of the carlins, but I have since then replaced those first pine carlins with ash, lowering them at that time.

No provisions were made for bow and stern painters, and this type of construction makes the addition of hardware very difficult, no solid stems to screw into. That problem I am still working on.

With the seats fixed, *Margaret Helen* shows an amazing turn of speed, invoking laughter from my brothers, all used to thrashing about with a johnboat. Rowed solo she is fast, with two rowers very fast. I'm thinking of a steering oar for a coxswain, but hate the idea of adding the weight and have yet to persuade my daughter that steering might be fun. The boat paddles well canoe fashion, and I have plans to try a downwind sail in her, the top of an old cotton spinnaker from the old thirty-footer. Stay tuned.



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day U.P.S. shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday, but calls are welcome seven days a week until 10pm. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA, INC.

41 No Congress Ave. #8B, Delray Beach, FL 33445
Ph. (561) 279-8929 - Fax (561) 279-2539
www.raka.com

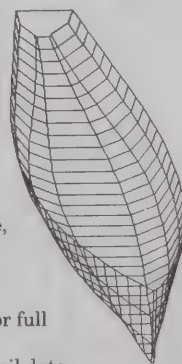
PLYBOATS® 2.01

Software for the design of small boats
State of the Art Timesaver for Professional or Amateur

Complete Unit Flexibility

Metric, Decimal Inches or Feet-Inch-Eighths

- Fast Sketch technique utilizes the equations of bent draftsman's splines. Curves are always precisely fair. No fairing procedures required.
- Calculates Displacement, heeling-righting moments. Displaced area centroid analysis provides insight into hull drag.
- Develop Sail Plan using two masts, 20 sail types and jib. Shows Plan center of effort. Sail lead of Sail Center of effort vs. Hull Lateral area.
- Flat panel layout for plywood stitch and glue, welded steel or aluminum.
- Isometric views, with vanishing point, wire frame and solid views.
- Model scaling: Provides all detail for model or full scale building.
- Print out all graphics, offsets, design table, sail data, coefficients, etc.
- Export to CAD; 2D views, 3D view, sail plan and/or plywood layout.
- 116 page 8 1/2" x 11" bound manual; over 80 example designs on disk.



RAY CLARK ENTERPRISES

7071 Warner Ave., #F, Huntington Beach, CA 92647
Fax or phone (714) 840-7284 • E-mail plyboats@ido.net
More detail at Website: <http://www.plyboats.com>
VISA, MASTERCARD, AMERICAN EXPRESS
\$145.00 plus S&H (CA residents include tax)
S&H: US \$5.50, Canada \$8.00, others \$12.00

But there was ample evidence of AYRS ingenuity at Speed Week last October. Look at *Gama Pacemaker* and *Jacob's Ladder III*, for example. And look at the little yellow inflatable catamaran, propelled over the water at five knots by a bicycle-to-propeller drive. She makes a land-fall, the pontoons are deflated and, along with various bits of aluminum tube, are strapped to the bike, astride which the free spirit takes off for new horizons. Or, as happened at Portland, he parks his bike ashore, flies a kite giving him maybe 150 pounds of motive power, and sets off down the course in search of 40 knots and



Wild Ideas... Worthwhile Goals (Conclusion)

10,000 English pounds. Not a world-shattering invention, admittedly, but a seed that could grow to something way out of proportion to its simple origins as a weekend project in an AYRS member's garage.

Gama and *J.L. III* had been the subjects of a lot of high-grade engineering effort prior to the "Week," but they both failed when the time came. Part of the blame for this must be the imperfect wind conditions, but perhaps more important is the fact that they both had minimal trials prior to arriving at Chesil Beach, and will have to go back to the drawing board. But if it's a revolutionary concept in the quest for more speed you're after, these two contrivances have got it. When I first saw *Gama* at rest on the beach, I simply could not conceive of how she could be a sailing machine. What I saw was a pair of floats joined by a J-shaped crossbeam, with a regular airplane wing lying horizontally along it, hinged at its stub end to the longer of the floats. There was a projection sticking down about one-third of the way back from the port bow, which I later learned was the rudder. *Gama's* skipper, a stylish, pepper-and-salt-bearded retired owner of a special effects film company ("Superman"), is an AYRS founding member called Roy Pace. He describes his boat as a one-way Atlantic proa, "one way because she only goes on the starboard tack, propelled by the hinged airplane wing which rises to the optimum angle of incidence as the boat gains speed and the apparent wind draws ahead. The pod (cockpit) is to starboard (windward)." "We chose starboard because it's the right-of-way tack. We could just as easily have chosen port. But the specific conditions of this event only require you to sail one way," Pace told me.

Explaining the function of the wing/sail, Roy went on, "It's a flying wing, you see. It doesn't have a strut, because that would increase weight. The center of effort of the sail area is balanced against the center of effort of the foil, and the foil is angled to keep those two in parallel. And we've got it right, the whole boat is in equilibrium and going at 40 knots." Having told me that "ace" designer Adrian Thompson predicted 40 knots (and the big prize) for *Gama* in 28 knots of wind, Roy went on to say that at 41 knots she expected to pitchpole, "which is why I took a parachute course several weeks ago."

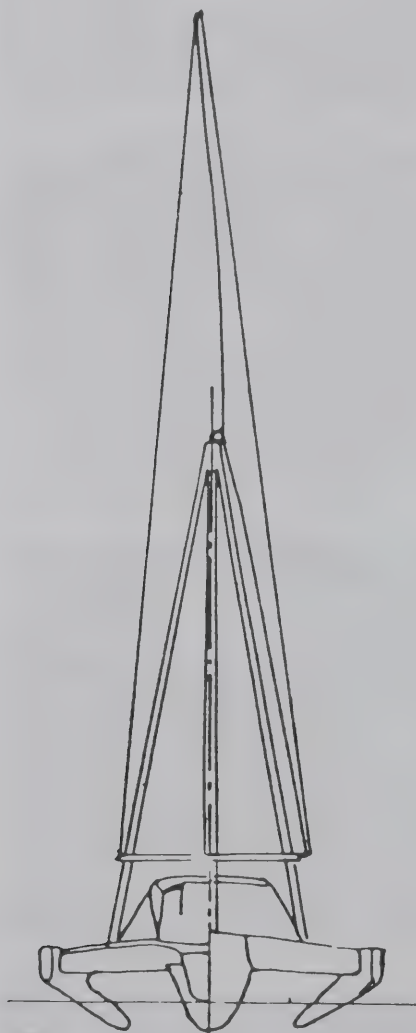
If *Gama* may not be everybody's dream of a handy little daysailer, then the

33' x 42" kite powered, foil stabilized canard monohull *Jacob's Ladder III* definitely wouldn't be. The wizard behind this machine is 30-year-old computer systems designer Ian Day, aided by his teammate Martin Rayment. They've been doing these things for seven years, and currently hold the Class "C" record of 25.03 knots, set in 1983 in *Jacob's Ladder II*, a Tornado hull, also kite powered. The original idea was to fly a parachute running before a hurricane, and break speed records that way, "but we very quickly decided that that wasn't terribly practical, it's very difficult to practice."

Describing their early days with kites, Ian told me how they demonstrated that a kite boat could go to windward by just sailing round and round the course. "People didn't want to believe it," he said. "In fact, in one of the magazine write-ups of that year, they had us down as apparently sailing to windward. I mean, they didn't believe it even though they'd seen it with their own eyes." Ian admitted to being "among the pioneers" of kite-boating, but hastened to add that one Samuel Cody crossed the English Channel in a kite boat in 1904. In *Jacob's Ladder II*, they modified the Tornado hull to the extent that she was "really quite a seaworthy boat. I mean we sailed her in 60-70 knots of wind, and in six-to-eight foot seas. Anyway, we convinced ourselves that hydrofoils and kites could be made to go together successfully, so we went away in the winter and designed this."

"This" has a crossbeam 15' long, supporting at each end what Ian calls "a fairly notional float to give it some static stability." He continues: "There is also a leg (at each end), which carries a fully submerged foil. The roll stability of the boat is derived from the differential incidence control we have. We can vary the incidence of the two foils, increasing on one side and decreasing on the other with a hydraulic control system consisting of a tiny little double-acting slave ram in the bottom of each leg with pipe work led back to a master ram, which the helmsman controls. There's a fair amount of intricate mechanical engineering," Ian conceded, "to build the hydraulic system small enough to fit into the space available in the bottom of the leg, which is basically a one-inch tube." The system hadn't given any trouble, he said, but that might have had something to do with the fact that the boat had only been completed three weeks before Speed Week.

There was no doubt he was telling the truth when he casually mentioned romping up and down the 1980 course under kites in the earlier boat during a 79-knot hurricane, as registered by the local Navy Yard. Why would a man whose boat has accelerated to 30 knots in just two boat lengths, after kite power was nimbly applied, want to lie about a little thing like that? "The kite rig," Ian explained, "is basically a ladder of individual elements of about 20 square feet each, so that our full "C" class rig is fifteen kites or 300 square feet. To reef we just reduce the number of kites we put up. The kites are ram-air inflated and have to be launched from the beach. They're double-surfaced with gauze across the leading



It may not look very pretty," writes William Baur of Michigan in AYRS publication #33 of his plans for a new rig for his trimaran, "but it has some absolutely beautiful potentials." The sail is an "oscillating airfoil" which, in tacking, rotates

around a horizontal axis. The A-frame mast sits above the cabin, allowing for more room inside and "eliminating interior structure support problems." Baur anticipated the only disadvantage to be the weight of the rig, but this, he says, is compensated for by the "buoyancy of the buoyant foils."

edge, which allows the air to inflate them. If you try to launch them from the boat, they go in the drink and become ram-water inflated. So you launch them from the shore and transfer them to the boat which, in a moderate breeze, is not too difficult to do. But in 50-60 knots of breeze, the forces that are generated by the rig are absolutely enormous. We can quite easily produce 1,500 pounds of pull from 300 feet of sail."

I asked the obvious question, "Well, then, how do you transfer it?"

He answered, "Well, one of the basic design concepts of this boat is that the main hull is essentially unloaded from all the rig forces. The legs for the lifting foils are mounted on the ends of the main crossbeam, and the take-off point for the kites is fastened to the middle of the crossbeam. So then all of the side force generated on the water which is required to resist the rig is taken on the crossbeam and so the hull isn't connected with the principal sailing forces. So we're able to build a very lightweight hull. The big pulley fastened in the middle of the crossbeam is the main kite take-off point."

This response doesn't quite answer the question. What happens is that the kite line is secured to a strong point on the beach with a quick release cleat, the line continuing to the "big pulley fastened on the middle of the crossbeam". When the line is released from the cleat, acceleration is rapid. In fact, astonishing.

Ian then explained how he steers the kite rig from the center cockpit, and how Martin steers the boat from aft with a footbar. At the same time, Martin is responsible for the roll control. The stuffed penguin which is a permanent crew member has no operational duties. At speed, the boat rises up onto what could best be described as the tips of the foils. A total triangular area of 16 square inches is therefore all the contact the boat has with the water. "Flying" along is not too fanciful a description of her progress.

The best compromise height at which the kites should be flown, Ian has decided, is at 300 feet. You get better windward ability if they're lower, because the line drag is minimized. But you get a lot more power if they're higher. You also get into a bit of trouble with the local Naval Air Base chopper squadron.

On the course in '84, *Jacob's Ladder III* achieved only 15.32 knots. She didn't get up on her foils, threw an unacceptable amount of spray, filled the aft cockpit with water, and capsized. There are still some bugs to be worked on. But when they get it right, who knows what she might achieve?

I asked Ian why he and his team seemed to be the only defenders of the kite-sail faith, here in Portland at least. "It's been a source of some amazement to us over the years, that nobody else seems to have picked the idea up. What I think may have happened is that we may well have frightened people off," he chuckled, "because we have had a series of fairly well-publicized disasters in the course of the speed trials."

He told me how in '81, having weathered the 79-knot winds of the year before, and having very nearly broken the C Class

record, the day dawned with a 50-knot wind. "Great, right, we're going to go for it today," we said; and so we put the whole 300 square feet up and got the rig transferred quite successfully to the boat. But then the lift became rather greater than the weight of the boat, and the boat was still anchored, and it, well, it had nowhere to go but up. We were still putting the rudders down and that sort of thing, and a bigger gust came through and we went up to about 60 degrees from the horizontal. Martin decided he'd had enough and jumped off. So, free of his weight, the boat and me just went up into the air. It stood on end absolutely vertically and went up. We got to about six feet clear of the water, suspended between the kites and the anchor, and then the anchor rode parted and the boat was just catapulted away downwind with the stored energy which was in the system, and the acceleration threw me off. The photographers on the beach recorded the thing reaching a height of about 30', and doing one mighty bound of about 150' downwind and going about 30 knots when she hit the water."

Frequent AYRS contributor and speed-sailing experimenter, Commander George Chapman, O.B.E., answered my question about whether or not he foresaw any significant development accruing to the benefit of mankind as a result of these speed sailing weeks. He gave me an immediate example.

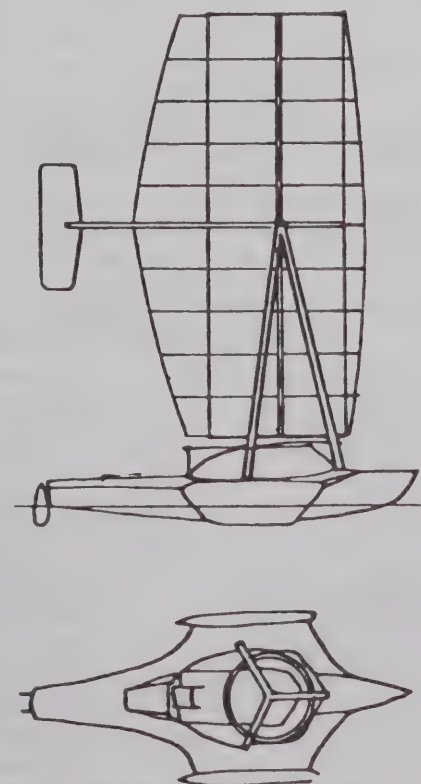
"Take the sailboards," he said. "What they have contributed to sailing-boat design is the realization that designers are going to have to come to terms with the inclined sail, where you get the lift component directly from the sail itself. You don't transmit it from the sail, through the structure to foils, or whatever, to the water. You get it direct from the sail itself. Last year's *Gama*," he went on, "is only the second boat that I can recollect at Portland which has genuinely exploited the inclined sail and made it work. And the fact that, on only its second run last year, *Gama* did 25.5 knots and took the A Class non-surfboard speed up by 3.5 knots in one fell swoop, does indicate that with practice and the right conditions she could conceivably go a great deal faster."

Gama's Roy Pace was less specific in answering the same question, but positive nonetheless. "I think the boating industry would scarcely recognize this event," he began. "They'd dismiss it as quirky and queer. But, of course, so they did with Sir Alan Cobham in the twenties and thirties and the flying circuses and all that. But without them, we wouldn't be flying in jets. I mean you have nutty people like Whittle, and nutty things like gaspipe engines, and there you're transporting exty people exty times a year all around the world in great safety with immense economy. Basically, it starts here. The boards, of course, are the greatest breakthrough in ten years, brilliant job, absolutely marvelous. But this event is a vital one. I think it's absolutely marvelous that anyone can come down here on a public beach, put their ideas into action, make total fools of themselves, or be hailed as brilliant. It's free enterprise at its best. It doesn't require a fortune; you can play at

whatever level you wish to come in at. You can come down here, as some do, and pose about all week, and never hit the water. But there's a touch of magic about it that you don't get, in my view, in IOR or Olympic sailing, where you're restricted in terms of ideas. That is, you're restricted by the class rules and regulations. Here, you're looking for tiny margins of improvement. I mean the investment in 12-Meter sailing to get those tiny margins is simply gigantic, perhaps obscene. But down here, on the beach, stumbling about all over everybody else's boats, you can have an idea tonight and tomorrow morning put it in the water and have a crack. And so it sinks. What the hell."

We had got off the point, slightly, but I had long since ceased to be objective about AYRS inspired or related doings. I wasn't about to call a halt to this small eulogy to the AYRS and its Speed Week. "But you see," Roy went on, "you liken the people here to Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines, and that's where the jets came from. Where else? Nobody suddenly invented a jet aeroplane." He paused, not caring to compete with a low-flying Royal Navy helicopter and a vociferous passing puppy. Then, when he knew he would be heard, he announced, "I think the world owes John Morwood an immense accolade."

Jacob's Ladder III and *Gama*, according to the Speed Week sponsor's press releases, are important because they "try out new ideas. If you look at advanced offshore multihulls, such as *Elf Aquitaine*, *Charles Heidsieck* and *FormulaTag*, you will see that they are all developments of ideas first seen at Speed Weeks in the past."

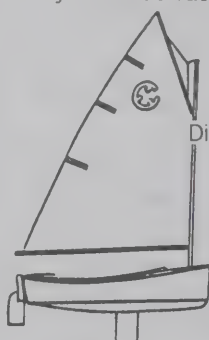




ALDEN OCEAN SHELL & STAR
APPLEDORE POD
MAAS AERO & 24
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
EASTERN 18 COMMERCIAL OB
BRIDGES POINT 24
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave. Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930

The Picnic Cat

by Com-Pac Yachts



14' length overall
6'6" beam
draft: 6" board up
32" board down
Displacement 500lbs
109 sq ft sail area

COMPAC

16'-19'-23'

SUNFISH - ZUMA

FERNALD'S MARINE

On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

CUSTOM BOATS & YACHTS

Since 1970
Wood/Epoxy Construction to 55'
Damian McLaughlin Jr. Corp.
North Falmouth, MA 02556
(508) 563-3075

Thanks to the sponsor's generosity, the quartzclock timing system in '84 was backed up by a video-recording system. Results were calculated and presented by computer and, on a single day with the course open from 1100 to 1600 only, 850 speed runs were timed and recorded. Over the whole four and a half sailing days, 2,862 runs were recorded.

Driving away from Portland in the direction of the airport from which I was to fly back to that other Portland, in Maine, U.S.A., my head was whirling with so many thoughts prompted by what I had heard and seen during Speed Week.

To the backdrop, in my mind's eye, of *Jacob's Ladder* III's bank of flexifoil kites weaving and dipping in the sky like a crazed venetian blind, I remembered Mike Ellison extracting from AYRS files some data on the winged ballast keel of the Bristol III cruiser/racer. ("Probably too advanced a concept for the average boat owner back then in 1963.") I thought, too, of another facet of this dedicated character, revealed when he confided his dependence on psychological warfare for winning races. "In the first Round Britain Race," Ellison told me "we got in front of the fleet and they were all following our stern light. So every ten minutes we'd turn the oil down a bit. When they arrived in after us, they all said, 'We don't know what you were doing, but despite everything we tried we couldn't catch you.' And, of course, the more they played with their sheets the slower they went, while we appeared to be getting further and further away."



**COLUMBIA
TRADING
COMPANY**

NAUTICAL BOOKS

New, Used Free Catalog
& Out-of-Print Subscription

(508) 778-2929

FAX (508) 778-2922 Major Credit Cards

1 Barnstable Road, Hyannis
Cape Cod, MA 02601 U.S.A.

I wondered whether, by 1985, the rules for Portland Speed Week would have been changed to allow for a separate Board class, leaving the experimental 10 Square Meter boats to fight it out among themselves and not in hopeless competition with the vastly faster sailboards. And I thought back, in light of Roy Pace's dismissal of the possibility of any professional interest in the AYRS or its Week, to Meade Gougeon's words in 1976, where he said, "I've been a professional builder for the last nine years, and have subscribed to the AYRS over the last 15. I've gotten a tremendous input of ideas and information from this magazine. I can say that the seeds for my ideas have come from articles printed by the AYRS."

Then I considered the incredible performance of *Formule Tag* in the Quebec/St.-Malo race, where in a single 24-hour period an Argos satellite tracked her over 520 miles. To have achieved this 21.83-knot average, she must at times have exceeded 30 knots, and in bursts of considerably more than 500 meters. What specifically, I wondered, was the contribution (or inspiration) from previous Speed Weeks in this?

I was on my way home to put all this down on paper, where I was to come across another Morwood editorial, reading: "I think it is not out of place here to record our thanks to the editors of the many yachting journals throughout the world who have so kindly helped to put the AYRS on its feet by bringing the Society to the notice of their readers. Indeed, there is hardly a yachting journal written either in English or in any other language which has not helped us in this way. We owe a debt of gratitude to the rugged race of yachting editors which I hope we will continue to pay by our efforts in advancing yachting."

And in his foreword to the second edition of the *Self-Steering* book, Morwood wrote: "If you are interested in joining us, the subscription is small and the pleasure great. You will not just find out what yachting is now, but what it is going to be in ten years' time. There are no qualifications for membership. Just write to the address shown." That was written in 1970. The same applies today.

Editor's Comments: The Amateur Yacht Research Society today has members everywhere in the world where sailing is a sport. Membership is open to anyone interested in the improvement of yachts and equipment, and the Society welcomes new members and new ideas. Readers who wish learn more about the AYRS or to join up, should contact:



Tom Blevins
178 Boothbay Rd.
Edgecomb, ME 04556
(207) 882-6396
Fax (207) 882-9826
email: tjblevins@clinic.net

FIBERGLASS REPLICA CLASSIC SAILBOATS

RAINBOW

12' Cape Cod Catboat

LOA - 12'4"
Beam - 6'2"
SA - 100sf
Displ. 440lbs

Construction

Fiberglass Hull & Deck
Varnished Oak Trim
Bronze Hardware
Wooden Spars

NEW!

Compass

CLASSIC CAT

14' Classic Half-Decked Catboat
Dealer Inquiries Invited

COMPASS CLASSIC YACHTS, INC.

Box 143, S. Orleans, MA 02662 * (508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032
(Shop @ 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA)

BAYBIRD

18' Gaff Sloop

LOA 18'0"
Beam - 5'6"
SA - 145sf
LWL - 16'
Draft 0'8"



Bolger on Design

Low Power Outboard Cruiser

Design #450
23'x6'x10" 15hp

The wish list was for an easily trailerable, low powered outboard cruiser that would be fit and pleasant to cruise in northern water (the Gulf of St. Lawrence was mentioned) in late fall and early spring.

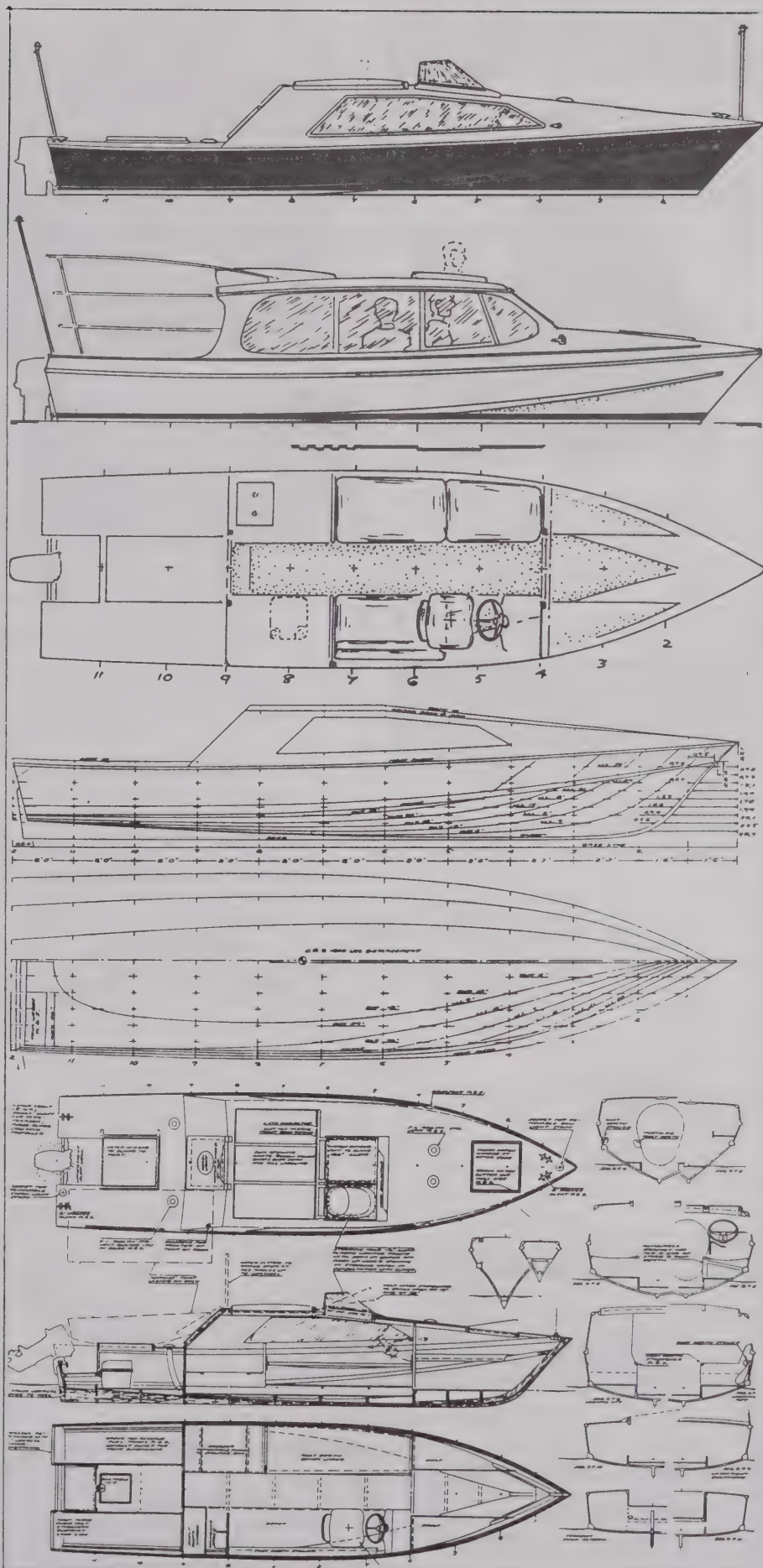
We proposed a glass cabin launch (this was the genesis of such craft that we developed later, Champlain and others). The client decided that he did not need such comfortable accommodations and preferred something more modern-looking. This design was the result. It was supposed to cruise at 7 or 8 mph with a 15hp motor, a two-stroke at the time, it would certainly be a four-stroke now. The hull shape was optimized for such speed, much faster than a sailboat ordinarily makes, but well below full planing. The streamlined effect was justified as minimizing resistance in strong, cold winds. We would do the control "blister" differently now, hoods like the one shown tend to have a fogging problem from the trapped breathing air.

It amuses us to look at this design as a machine age canoe yawl. Most of the 19th century Humber Yawls had smaller and less comfortable cuddles on similar overall dimensions. They made less than half the speed the 15hp motor would produce and, in constant money, their sailing rigs cost more than this motor. With a four-stroke operated at its most efficient torque, fuel cost might not be much more than depreciation on sails and running rigging.

For open water use, this boat compares favorably with a low sided, half-decked canoe yawl. Albert Strange's close call on the Blakeney Bar on the North Sea (a nasty place indeed, we've been there) would have been less strenuous and probably less scary in this boat. As for the romance, there would at any rate be more leisure to look at the scenery and wildlife than in the sailing cruiser. Anywhere the sailing boat can go this one can go beyond, fuel supply permitting, admittedly.

Our feeling about this design is that it's unnecessarily austere. Higher freeboard to allow more comfortable sitting would not cost much (the idea, as designed, was that the off-watch crewman would recline on the port side, feet up and facing forward to see out diagonally through the side windows). We've sketched her with a higher house for more all-around comfort and a better view. If this house was built reasonably watertight, it would also give her more reserve buoyancy and stability. The layout has been left about as it was, except that the added headroom allowed bringing the portable toilet inside, certainly an amenity!

Construction was to have been relatively heavy, 3/4" glued strip planking on the bottom to stand skim sea ice and rough beaching. The rest of her was sheet plywood for reasonably economical one-off construction in a small shop. Nowadays, client's prejudice allowing, we could make it still cheaper and quicker to build with little or no performance or behavioral sacrifice.



Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

Custom Small Boats



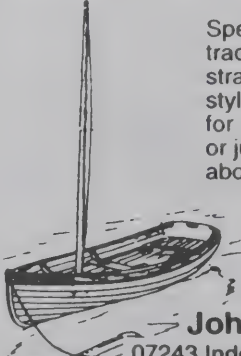
Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(508) 462-7409

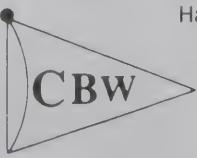
Independence Boatworks
Builders of Small Wooden Boats



Specializing in traditional lapstrake or clinker style hulls for rowing, sailing or just puttering about.

John Bresnan
07243 Independence Rd.
Defiance, OH 43512
(419) 782-2876

CLUBHOUSE BOATWORKS
217 S. River Clubhouse Rd.
Harwood, MD 20776
(410) 798-5356



BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM WOOD
skiffs, prams, lapstrakes and rowing boats. Dinghy repair and restoration, inlays, line splicing, varnishing, wood-working and model building.

Builders & Restorers

Reproduction of Charles Lawton 10' Yacht Tender

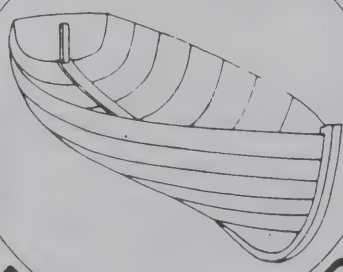
Cedar on Oak
Designed by Charles Lawton of Marblehead, MA, ca 1890. Built: C. Stickney, Boatbuilders Ltd. 1997



C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.
P.O. Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857
(207) 372-8543
email: stickney@midcoast.com
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

(607) 547-2658
Tom Krieg's Boat Shop
(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
COOPERSTOWN, NY 13326
Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

**SOUTH COVE
BOAT SHOP**



**TRADITIONAL WOODEN
BOATBUILDING
REPAIRS & RESTORATIONS**

ROB BARKER
615 Moyers Ln., Easton, PA 18042
Phone/Fax (610) 253-9210

**SUTHERLAND
BOAT & COACH**
4th Generation Boat Builder
Builds & Restores
Wooden Sail/Row Boats
Motor Launches & "Woodie" Wagons



416-1/2 W. Lake Rd.
Hammondsport, NY 14840-9603
(607) 868-3993

SOLID COMFORT BOATS

Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampans



HUGH HORTON SMALL BOATS
29474 Old North River Rd.
Mt. Clemens, MI 48045
(810) 468-6456

AREY'S POND
Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1945

**Proud Builders Of
Arey's Pond Catboats**



"LYNX"

**Built in Your Choice
Wood or Fiberglass**
12' Kitten - 14' Cat
16' Lynx - 20' Cruising Cat
WOODEN BOATS
Built, repaired, restored by boatbuilders
using traditional methods.

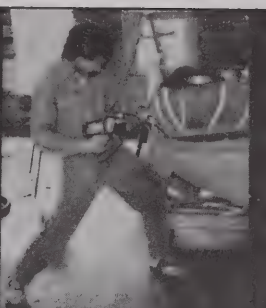
Expanded Used Sailboat Department

Box 222, 43 Arey's Ln. (Off Rt. 28)
So. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
http://www.by-the-sea.com/areyspondboatyard
E-mail: catboat@cape.com

ADIRONDACK GUIDE BOAT



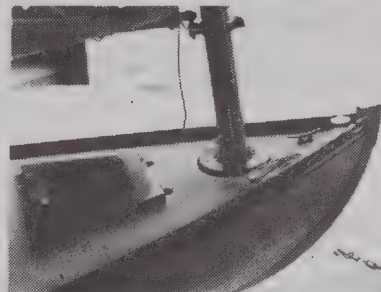
Steve Kishback, Master Boatbuilder, offering wooden guideboats (13-19 feet), Kevlar or fiberglass guideboats (15 feet), Ultra-light pack boats, (10-12 feet), Outrigger canoes, and hardware. Workshops and restorations. Wood boat kits and supplies. Call or write for information on prices, show and class schedule. Shipments welcome nationwide.



P.O. Box 144
Charlotte, Vermont
05445
(802) 425-3926

O'CONNELL'S

NEW BOAT CONSTRUCTION
WOODEN BOAT REPAIR
VENEER OVERLAYS
SPAR CONSTRUCTION



*Dedicated to the Creation
and Preservation of
Vintage Wooden Watercraft,
on the eastern shore of the
Chesapeake Bay.*

O'CONNELL'S WOODEN BOAT SHOP

Marc Barto • 12319 Coopers Lane
P.O. Box 611 • Chestertown, MD 21620
(410) 778-3213 FAX (410) 778-8138



Non-Plywood Clinker

Custom Best Quality
Small Craft Since 1961

Robb White & Sons

P.O. Box 561
Thomasville, GA 31799

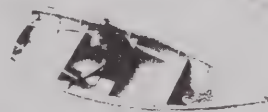
ROBERT STEVENS BOATBUILDERS, INC.

Wooden Boat Building
Repair and Restoration



Small Point Harbor, HC 32 Box 301, Phippsburg, ME 04562 • (207) 389-1794

PARKER RIVER BOAT WORKS



21 Newman Rd, Newbury, MA 01951
NEW CONSTRUCTION and REPAIRS

Douglas Scott

508-465-4095



We build traditional rowing,
sailing or power skiffs and
dories, wooden kayaks and
other designs as per customer
demand.



Maintenance
Repair

(508) 255-8226

Restoration
Custom Building

P.O. Box 724

• Eastham, MA

• 02642

Beetle Cat Restoration & Replication A Specialty

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS

WOODEN POND MODEL KITS



MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL

RUBBER BAND & SAIL POWERED KITS

PRE-SHAPED & DRILLED PARTS

BRASS, COPPER & STAINLESS HARDWARE

GREAT FUN IN POOL POND OR SEA • ORDER YOURS TODAY

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted

Other Kits & Plans Available, Catalog \$1.00

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS

Dept. M, P.O. Box 2863

Prince Frederick, MD 20678, USA

Visit our Home Page at: <http://www.azinet.com/seaw.html>

Capt. Pete Culler's Plans

George B. Kelley

20 Lookout Ln., Hyannis, MA 02601

Tel. (508) 775-2679

One hundred and one traditional designs from a 9' pram to a 125' Tern schooner. Send \$1 for Price List.

OYSTERCATCHER

15'6" Flatiron Skiff

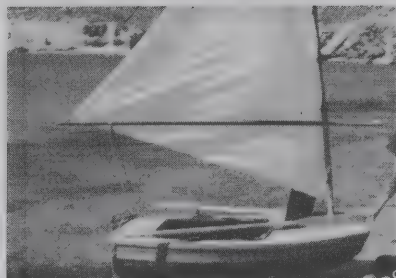
For daysailing & camping. Plans for home building. Easy construction from sheet ply without jigs or lofting. Roomy & versatile, with various possibilities for sailing rigs.



Study Plans \$1 from:
CONRAD NATZIO, The Old School
Brundish Rd., Raveningham,
Norwich NR14 6NT, UK
Phone +44 1506 548675

Plans & Kits

WEE PUNKIN



"Wee Punkin" has traditional good looks, is fun to build from inexpensive materials, and her performance will delight you. Innovative foam core deck and ample flotation make her extra safe and comfortable. She is ideal for children if they can get her away from dad. Truly a breakthrough in small boat design. Hit of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. No lofting. Plans with full size station patterns and detailed instructions \$36. SASE for more info.

GRAND MESA BOATWORKS

Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624

S WAMP YANKEE BOATS



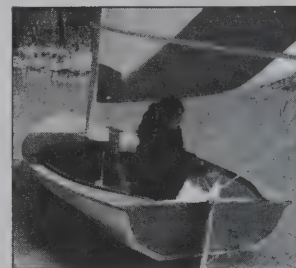
I specialize in building just one boat with today's technologies. A stitch & glue version of Rusthon's "Wee Lassie" double paddle canoe. LOA 11', Beam 28", Weight 25lbs. Plans available \$15.

Robert W. Sparks

36 Soundview Hts., Branford, CT 06405
(203) 488-5932



SWIFTY 12



A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$975. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Two-hour demonstration video, \$23.

SHELL BOATS

RD 2, Box 289C • St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645



It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip,
Performance, Sea Kayaks

Kits, Plans & Finished Boats

Send \$2 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
Apt. M, 10 Ash Swamp Rd.
Glastonbury, Ct. 06033
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.guillemot-kayaks.com/>



CANOE/KAYAK KITS ROWING/SAILING BOATS

Cove & Bead Cedar Strips • Books • Plans



Info Kit / Study Plans
Package \$3⁰⁰

the NEWFOUND
WOODWORKS inc.

(603) 744-6872

fax (603) 744-6892

We Ship
Anywhere

RFD #2 Box 850 • Bristol, NH 03222
Web Page: <http://www.newfound.com>
E-Mail: sales@newfound.com



Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$5.95
Large Scale Lines Drawings

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95
70 Minutes Of Latest Techniques

Monfort Associates

50 Haskell Rd MA, Westport, ME 04578 •
(207) 882-5504

Why Build A Box ?

True Canoe shape from four plywood panels



Free catalog
Canoes & Kayaks

STILLWATER

A NEW CONCEPT IN BOAT BUILDING BOATS

1st Place "Elegance & Simplicity" 1997 Wooden Boat Show

Plans

1st Place MASC Festival XIV

Kits

New easy method for building rounded bilge boats

www.by-the-sea.com/stillwaterboats

e-mail: stillboats@earthlink.net

16701 M Norwood RD Sandy Spring, MD 20860 Ph 301 774-5737 Fax 301 774-6189

EASY BEAUTY

The world's most complex multi-chine kit boat.
She can be "stitched" together in 15 hours.
That's Easy Beauty!



Ultra-light 14', 95 lbs., 6-chine rowing skiff, our Wineglass Wherry
is the ultimate in computer-produced kit technology.

Send \$2 for information packet to:

PYGMY BOAT CO.

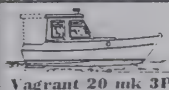
P.O. Box 1529 • Dept 2 • Port Townsend, WA 98368 • (360) 385-6143

TOTO



13'x30" DOUBLE PADDLE CANOE
TAPED SEAM PLYWOOD
NO JIGS - NO LOFTING
\$15 PLANS
\$1 INFO ON 18 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK
118. E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254

DESIGNS FOR HOME BUILDERS Cruising watercraft Sail & Power



Study drawings \$5/set

List of designs \$1

Vagrant 20 mk 3P

Adam Zielinski P.O.Box 356
Wellington CANADA K0K 3L0



Design and Build Your Own Boat ... By Computer!

- o Create and fair full 3D hull shapes interactively
- o Use state-of-the-art surface modeling techniques
- o Any hull shape allowed - round or chine hull
- o No lines drawing experience required
- o Eliminate lofting by hand
- o Plot lines drawing automatically
- o Plot full-size frame and plate shapes
- o 30+ calculated values - disp, LCB, stability
- o Stretch, shrink, or modify existing hull shapes
- o Low cost professional software **JUST \$395.**
- o *Call, write, or Fax for our free literature*



60 knot commuter

New Wave Systems, Inc.

79 Narragansett Ave., Jamestown, Rhode Island 02835
Tel: (401) 423-1852 Fax: (401) 423-1810

WESTON FARMER BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
18970 AZURE ROAD, WAYZATA, MN 55391

(612) 473-2360



Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

Designer Phil Bolger and builder Harold Payson have developed a tack-and-tape multi-chine version of the classic catboat that puts the charm and performance of this famous type within the reach of home builders with a minimum investment in time and money.

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ Complete construction plans and instructions for \$40.00 ☐ Study plan packet for Bobcat and 36 other easy-to-build Instant Boats for \$5.00

BOOKS: ☐ Instant Boats, \$16.00 ☐ Build the New Instant Boats, \$19.95
☐ Go Build Your Own Boat, \$20.00 ☐ Build the Instant Catboat, \$12.95
☐ How to Build the Gloucester Light Dory, \$7.95 ☐ Keeping a Cutting Edge: Saw Filing, \$7.95 ☐ Boat Modeling with Dynamite Payson, \$19.95
☐ Bolger's 100 Small Boat Rigs, \$19.95
☐ Boat Modeling the Easy Way, \$19.95 Add \$1.00 S&H.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Harold H. Payson & Co.

Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Road • South Thomaston, ME 04858
207-594-7587

COMMON SENSE DESIGNS



Dedicated to providing the best plans and service
to amateur boat builders.

You can build a better boat than you can buy!

Catalog of 11 easy to build boats, \$5.90.

Add \$2.00 for priority mail. All credit cards welcome.



6140 SE 111th Ave., Portland, OR 97266
Phone (503) 761-2464 - Fax (503) 762-3092

Email: bernie@common-sense-designs.com
<http://www.common-sense-designs.com/boats/Index.html>



- Marine Plywoods
- Western Red Cedar Canoe Strips
- Boat Lumber
- Canoe Gunwales, Seats, etc.
- Epoxies & Fasteners
- Boat Building & Repair Supplies
- Bear Mountain Canoe Plans

noahs

Buffalo & Toronto
Phone (416) 259-7555
Fax (800) 894-1783

Visit Our Web Site At:
<http://www.noahsmarine.com>

Free Catalogue Available!

We ship anywhere!

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Flitches 4/4, 5/4, 6/4 thick to 16' long. Some other sizes and grades available. Limited quantity, all rough sawn. Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

HCR Box 337, Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

Simple 2:1 mix ratio • Available in 1.5 qt-15 gal units
Fast, med, slow hardeners for use in temperatures as low as 35°F

3 Gal. Unit \$138.00 (postage paid in cont U.S.)

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KNITS

- **REICHOLD** Polyester Resins (gals, pails, drums)
- **NESTE** GelCoats
- **Sikaflex** Urethane Sealants 
- Gloucester Marine Paints (40-50% discount)
- 2 part Urethane Pour Foam

Microballoons • Silica Powder • Wood Flour • Pigments
Milled & Chop Fibers • Squeegees • Syringes • Brushes
Rollers • Paper Pots • Gloves • Coveralls • And More

LOW PRICES ON: Silicon Bronze Wood Screws
Nails & Stainless Fasteners

Top Quality Products • Competitive Prices • Fast Knowledgeable Service
All items in stock and ready for immediate shipment.

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

SUPPLYING QUALITY MATERIALS TO BOAT OWNERS,
HULL FINISHERS AND BOATYARDS FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

P.O. Box 399 • E. Longmeadow, MA 01028
Fax: 413-736-3182

Free Catalog! 800-333-0314

Supplies

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS

Sails and Rigging

16 Limerock St. Camden, Maine 04843
(207) 236-3561

OKOUME • SAPELE • TEAK

MARINE PLYWOOD

Hardwood Plywood
Hardwood Lumber

1 (800) 899-1664

We Ship Anywhere!



MAINE COAST LUMBER

35 Birch Hill Road
York, ME 03909

TEAK & HOLLY • LAUAN

SIPO • KHAYA • FIR



Traditional Hand Finished Sails
Sail Repair ★ Canvas Work
Wire and Rope Splicing

(410) 639-2646

P.O. Box 546 Rock Hall, MD 21661

PADDLES & OARS



Maine Craftsmanship at its finest. Surprisingly affordable.
Most shipped UPS. Write for free catalog.

SHAW & TENNEY
Box 213MB
ORONO, ME 04473
(207) 866-4867

TOUGH TARPS



Forget those cheap "blue" tarps that rip and rot! Our premium tarps are made of rugged truck-tarp fabric (18 oz. vinyl-coated polyester) that lasts for years. Custom made to your size.

Affordable quality!

800 789-8143

D.S. SEWING INC.

Wood Canoe Hardware



CANOE HARDWARE

1/2", 11/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16" Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear White Cedar. Price List Available.

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP

336 Range Rd.
Atkinson, ME 04426

QUIK-N-EASY

CAR TOP CARRIER SYSTEMS

Geoffrey H. Richon Co.

19 Duncan Street, Gloucester, MA 01930
Tel: 978.283.6063 • Fax: 978.283.7598

CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS

We have the old Atlas Co. machines. Pure half hard hand drawn copper. Just the thing for lapstrake canoes, skiffs, dories. 3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8" 11 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8".

Send \$3 for Sample Packet & Info.

STRAWBERRY BANKE, INC.

P.O.B. 300MB, Portsmouth, NH 03802

• Specializing in aerodynamic designs for small craft -

• Gaff, gunter, lug, lateen, leg-o-mutton, sprit, square, etc.

• Tanbark, white, or Egyptian Dacron

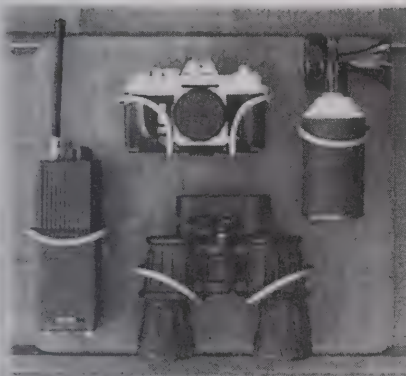


Stuart K. Hopkins

P.O. Box 235

Wicomico Ch., VA 22579

(804) 580-8723



*OSTA CRADLES

allow secure stowage, yet quick access to important safety gear when mounted near the companionway or in a lazaret.

Very sturdy and non-corrosive, they come with all mounting hardware for less than ten bucks each. Made of 1/4" roll-formed aluminum rod, they are lighter, more compact and a lot less expensive than teak or molded plastic boxes.

Each cradle (binocular, handheld, airhorn or camera—specify make and model) is \$9.50 plus \$2.00 S&H. Sets of any three or more are shipped free.

*OSTA PRODUCTS

3798 Dunecrest Drive
Muskegon, MI 49441
(616) 780-1167

*One Sailor To Another

Telephone (413) 783-5589

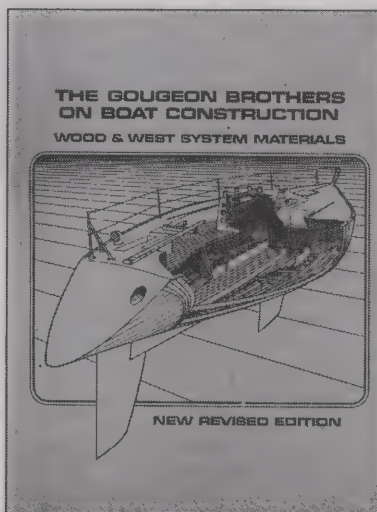
20 TREETOP AVENUE

SPRINGFIELD PAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS 01108

DROP AUDDERS • TELESOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

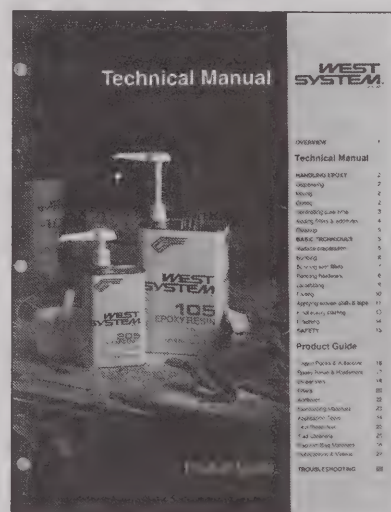
Don't start your project without these!



The Gougeon Brothers On Boat Construction

A 297 page book on lofting, safety, tools and construction methods for building boats with wood and WEST SYSTEM Brand Epoxy. Includes hundreds of detailed illustrations and photographs.

Hardcover, \$27.50



The WEST SYSTEM Technical Manual

A great way to get familiar with WEST SYSTEM, the universally trusted boat building and repair products. Everything you need to know for bonding, laminating, fairing, coating and finishing your project.

29 pages, illustrated, FREE

WEST SYSTEM

BRAND

Gougeon Brothers, Inc., Dept. 77, P.O. Box 908, Bay City, MI 48708, Ph. 517-684-7286



**ORR'S ISLAND
BOAT WORKS**
Authorized Dealer
9-170hp Diesels

Full Parts Inventory
Expert Technical Assistance

RFD 1, Box 731, Rt. 24 (800) 339-6777
Orr's Island ME 04066 (207) 833-5852
E-mail: oibw@biddeford.com



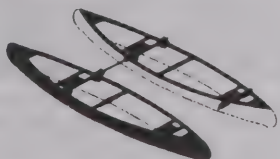
CataCanoe®

wheel system (not a dolly) lets you easily portage, launch, and land your fully loaded canoe by yourself with no lifting or scuffing. Same hull bracket joins any 2 or 3 canoes for stability and safe motor, sail, or paddling fun.

Brochure: Call 1-800-309-0105

Catacanoe, Inc.

711 First Parish Road
Scituate, MA 02066-3123



Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE

Too Many Canoes: 16'9" Blackhawk, "Waters Meet", ivory FG w/white ash & black walnut. \$1,200. **14'2" Blackhawk**, "Zephyr", green turquoise kevlar layup, white ash, black walnut. \$1,200. **11'8" Blackhawk**, "Shadow", green turquoise FG, white ash. \$800. **20' Old Town, Guide**, '34, w/canvas, spruce gunwales. \$500. TOM HELD, Racine, WI, (414) 634-1272. (TF)

19' Cape Dory Typhoon, weekender model (with cabin). This was Tom's boat in his later tales we published. I bought it from him when he upsized to a liveaboard, thinking I'd rehab it and go sailing. Now I see this isn't going to happen. It's all there as it was when Tom sailed in it, with no major problems, but needs dozens of small to middling fixings up that Tom never bothered with. It's on a tandem aluminum trailer. \$2,000 firm. Plan on a lot of backyard detailing, but not much \$\$ expense. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906. (TF)

Beetle Cat, blt '64, properly restored '97. Refastened, reframed, some new deck structure, all cosmetics. New coaming, rails, canvas. Lightly used sail. Asking \$3,500, taking offers. You won't be disappointed. **New 11'6" Wee Lassie**, strip planked half decked, from Mac McCarthy patterns. Var-nished deck, mahogany & cherry trim. Asking \$1,375, taking offers. Both blt by long standing professional, Stephen Smith, Eastham, MA. S.N. SMITH, Eastham, MA, (508) 255-8226. (23)

Crawford Melonseed Skiff, green w/tan deck, oars, flr bds, tanbark sail. Garage kept. \$3,200. Trlr available. PAUL ROSSMANN, Charleston, SC, (803) 723-3213. (23)

Dovekie, the shoal draft champion! 22', sprit rig. Hull #23, wooden leeboards, gd canvas, new 6hp Evinrude, tanbark sail, flatbed trlr, all exc. Blue, ready to go. \$5,500. (Rocco, please call again, message was cutoff). PETER KICK, Saugerties, NY, (914) 246-9454 days, (914) 671-6441 message. (23)

15'x 7' Marsh Cat Catboat, '89. *Wooden Boat* design by Joel White. Cold molded w/4 layers of Honduran mahogany, covered in 6oz cloth & epoxy in '97. A wooden boat made for dry sailing, ready on a '95 Calkins trlr. New flr bds. Spruce spars & sail in vy gd cond. Will incl electric trolling motor, 12v battery & chrgr. A classic in exc shape. \$6,500 OBO. RUS O'CONNELL, 533 W. Lemon St., Lancaster, PA 17603, (717) 299-1663, email: R_OConnell@acad.fandm.edu (22)



10' Wooden Chaisson Tender, 4' beam. Oak stem, frames & cleats; mahogany transom, sheer, seats; sideboards are marine plywood; bottom & garboards are fiberglassed. Blt to last 40 yrs. '88 grad of Whittier VoTech boat school, Haverhill, MA. Price \$1,995. GALVIN'S BOAT SHOP, 3 Westford St., Saugus, MA 01906, (781) 231-5490. (1P)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to use of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.

Undine Is For Sale, Thayer blt hull. Lightweight New York Whitehall, Fig. 72 *American Small Sailing Craft*. Compl sailing gear, gaff or sprit rig, your choice of sails & spars. Oars extra. Flotation tanks blt in. She's debugged so it's time to get a new boat (another Thayer blt bare hull). \$1,600. This is a go anywhere & be classy boat. ERIC RUSSELL, Brooklyn, NY, (718) 646-1224. (22)

12' Old Town Sportboat, '54, cedar & canvas, recently restored. 4' beam w/'63 Evinrude 6hp OB, trlr. \$3,000. BROOKS ROBBINS, Hingham, MA, (781) 749-1312 eves. (22)

15' Bristol Pilot Launch, unusual small harbor launch designed by Ray Hunt and blt in FRP by Gull Marine, Padanaram, MA in '72. Powered by Palmer 4cyl IB w/recent overhaul & many spares, tiller steering. Topsides Awlgripped & hrdwre rebbed. Ready to go w/trlr. \$4,500. DON WIGGIN, Belmont, MA, (617) 484-6982. (22)

11-1/2' Beverly Sailboat, w/trlr. Fully equipped, vy gd cond. \$1,200. JOHN LITFIN, Landing, NJ, (973) 398-1954, email: W2JCM@Juno.com (22)

Canoes: Mad River tandem flatwater racing canoe. \$300. Wenona kevlar tandem flatwater racing canoe. \$600. Old Town OTCA, nds canvas. \$200. CLIFF WELCH, Raynham, MA, (508) 880-0467. (22)

Crestliner Kodiak 18, welded alum skiff, '96. Bow rail, lights, Karavan trlr '96, jack, spare, raised lights. All in exc cond. Asking \$3,850. GENE HICKEY, Glastonbury, CT, (860) 633-8157. (22)

12-1/2' Dyer Sailing Dinghy, '76 w/'81 Johnson 4.5hp OB. \$2,500. ROBERT IZZO, N. Kingstown, RI, (401) 294-3567. (22)

Pat Moore Reverie Solo Canoe, w/ash trim, 2 saddles (small & medium), kneeling pad, Moore paddle & fleece paddle bag, thwart bag. \$700 OBO. EDWARD FEINBERG, 25 Winthrop Rd., Brookline, MA 02146, (617) 734-6507. (22)

Simmons Sea Skiff 18', by Nelson Silva. Kit, FG & marine ply untouched. Incl galv trlr, instruction manul, etc. You buy, you complete, you enjoy! Bargain at \$1,750. PHILIP WOOTEN, Martinsburg, WV, (304) 264-0845. (22)



16' Custom Sea Skiff, (sistership shown), plywood, epoxy saturated w/all FG exterior set in epoxy. Rug-ged traditional looks w/low maintenance. \$1,350 ready for paint. BILL GREENOUGH, Berlin, CT, (860) 828-0425 eves. (22)

25' Tancook Whaler, Nimbus designed by Peter Van Dine & seen in *Fourth Book of Good Boats* by Roger C. Taylor. Sound glass hull on custom trlr. No deck, spars or cabin. Have sails & rigging. \$800. DOUG HARTLEY, Columbia, SC, (803) 256-7226. (22)

10'6" Inflatable, by U.S. Marine. Full flr bds, inflatable keel, can handle up to 15hp. \$700. TOM MANRODT, Baltimore, MD, (410) 254-1881. (23)

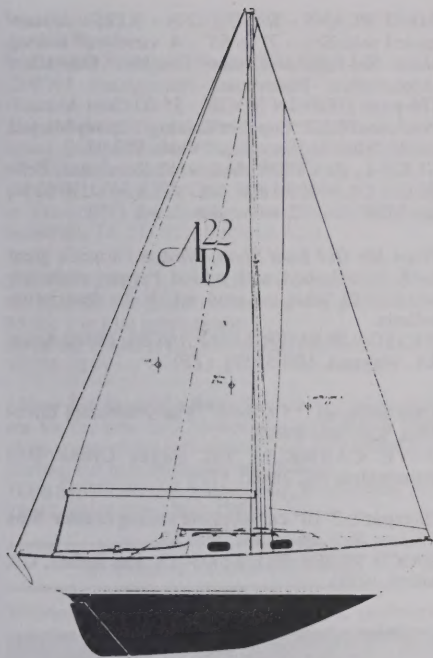
20' Rival Masthead Sloop, FG twin keel, Lloyds certificate. Extra jibs, spinnaker & gear. Trlr. In mast-up storage in Marina del Ray, CA. Sailboat free, 6hp EvinrudeOB \$400. ROLLIN DAL PIAZ, Culver City, CA, (310) 641-5523, 6-9pm PST. (22)



15'6" Gloucester Gull Dory, professionally blt '95. Rows, tracks, carries beautifully. Yacht green hull, light buff interior. Cetol on seats, breasthook & gunwale. Like new cond, bronze fittings, dynel bottom. Must sell. Asking \$875. BERNARD POWER, Mystic, CT, (860) 445-4522 days, (860) 536-8637 eves, email: bkp@snet.net (22)



14' FG Sloop, 6' beam, w/3.5hp long shaft Nissan OB w/fwd & neutral & separate gas tank. Wood mast, boom & CB. Trlr. Gd stable daysailer. \$1,500. RICHARD NICOLL, Guilford, CT, (203) 453-4230. (22)



Pristine '79 Alberg 22, full keel pocket cruiser w/4 bunks. Awlgripped navy blue. Brightwork redone & beautiful. Compl inventory Ulmer Kolius sails. '96 8hp Yamaha w/6amp alternator. 250lb mushroom & chain. Origo stove & Horizon Eclipse VHF w/mast antenna. Fully equipped. Exc sailaway cond. Located Glen Cove, NY. \$9,800.
LEE TRACHTENBERG, Glen Cove, NY, (516) 676-4752. (22)

'73 Bristol 26, w/remote 9.9 Yamaha 4-stroke; dark green, all gear; sailaway, exc cond. Slps 5, full hdrm, bimini. \$6,200 OBO. **'68 Columbia Challenger 24'**, flush deck, slps 4; grt family pocket cruiser w/custom cradle; vy clean; compl, sailaway. \$1,950 OBO. **'39 Morton Johnson K/CB Sloop 38'**, hull sound, compl gear, some minor storm damage. \$3,500 OBO.
AL FITTIPALDI, Newtown, PA, (215) 579-9103. (22)

8' Prams, several of these newly constructed dinghies are now available painted or unfinished. Marine plywood on mahogany constr w/FG taped seams & SS fastenings. \$350.
JIM DONOVAN, Harwich, MA, (508) 430-2155. (5P)

17' Mad River Minstrel Touring Canoe, tan FG, ash trim, sliding bow seat. Rare exc bottom model, stable & fast, exc cond. \$600 OBO. **12' Lapstrake Solo Canoe**, ash & cherry trim, dbl paddle. New, little used. \$800 OBO.
WILFRED BRYAN, E. Falmouth, MA, (508) 540-0719. (23)

Klepper Double Folding Kayak, rudder, sailrig main & jib, leebeds, cockpit cover, spray skirts. 6 yrs old, exc cond. \$2,800.
SUSAN SCHMIDT, Brevard College Box 5876, Brevard, NC 28712, (704) 877-5592. email: schmidt@brevard.edu (23)

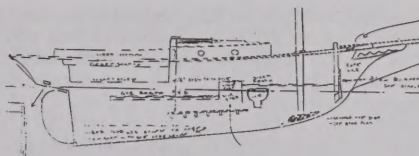
Ensenada 20 FG Sloop, '73, 20'LOA, 8' beam, drop keel, roller furling genoa, self draining cockpit. Slps 4. Stable & responsive, comfortable, easy to single hand. Custom trlr nds polishing. Must sell due to health reasons. \$3,800.
MEL ROSS, PO Box 774, Verplanck, NY 10596-0774, (914) 739-3710. (23)

14' Cosine Wherry Rowboat, absolutely gorgeous! Professionally blt '97 of best materials. Hand caned seats, canvas cover. \$3,000. Call for particulars.
HERB STONE, Pompano Beach, FL, (954) 782-5829. (22)

'91 Martha Jane, ready to go maxi trlr sailer w/ tandem trlr & 9.5 OB. \$3,250. **Tred Avon Double Kayak**. \$450. **17' Chesapeake Bay Kayak**. \$400. **Lapstrake Baby Cradle**. \$400.
MARC LINDGREN, Bagley, MN, (218) 694-6139, email: lindmarc@bagley.means.net (23)

Pen Yan Cartopper, '40's vintage in unrestored orig cond, canvas over wooden ribs & planks. Will float but may nd new canvas to be totally restored. Own this piece of boating history for \$450. Located south-west MI.
TOM TIMMONS, Birch Run, MI, (517) 652-4458 lv message. (23)

17' Alden Appledore Cape Horn, 2 nesting piece (9' & 7') peapod w/or wo Onboard sliding feet rigger & oars, navy blue FG w/wood trim, flotation. Nds cosmetic wOrk. \$700 compl. \$500 boat only. RICK MULLER, New York, NY, (212) 254-1338. (22P)



Friendship Sloop, 23' beautiful classic lines, unfinished hull. \$1,500 firm.
SIGMUND EVANKOW, Lyme, CT, (860) 434-2737. (23)



Bolger Loose Moose, professionally blt. See *Boats With An Open Mind*. Grt liveaboard boat w/lots of space. Proven coastal cruiser as well as ocean passage maker. Original boat blt in Europe, cruised canals, now in Virgins having sailed there on own bottom by way of Med, Canaries & Martinique. This boat, *Wizard*, is in FL. Over \$100,000 invested; will take \$.75 on \$1. Serious buyers only please.
BOB ARCHIBALD, Steinhatchie, FL, (352) 498-2111. (23)

17' Allagash Canoe, FG, vy stable, w/2 wood paddles. Super cond. \$475.
KEVIN DURKIN, Salem, NH, (603) 890-3625. (23)

O'Day Daysailer, w/trlr, nice cond. \$2,500. New Port 16', slps 2, w/new trlr. \$1,995.
FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (22)

11' Culler Sampan, sprit rig sailboat incl oars, sail & hrdwre. \$500.
JAY OKER, Salem, MA, (978) 744-6992. (23)

BOATS WANTED

Alden Appledore Pod, or equivalent rowing skiff.
DON WIGGIN, Belmont, MA, (617) 484-6982. (22)

16' Whitehall Design, 2 oarsman pulling rowboat.
HARVEY PERRY, Westerly, RI, (401) 596-3339. (22)

Old Town Molitor Canoe, price should be equal to cond.
GEORGE KEITH, Hightstown, NJ, (609) 448-1644. (22)

Duck Boat, strip planked or FG, 50" wide or more. Shorter the length the better. Light weight. Buy outright or trade Old Town canoe in Bristol cond.
AL MORAN, Enterprise, AL, (334) 393-2584 eves. (23)

16' Wood Whitehall.
J.R. STILGOE, 161 Central St., Norwell, MA 02061, (781) 659-2090. (22)

'50's Runabouts, Cadillac Sea Lark, Lonestar Meteor, or Switzer Shooting Star. Any cond, anywhere.
DON THOMAS, Beaufort, SC, (803) 846-8383. (23)

Alden Star, when you graduate to an Alden 26 I hope you will let me buy your Alden Star.
DICK WHEELER, Box 3176, Wareham, MA 02571, (508) 291-1319. (23)

Sailing Canoe, any cond.
BOB FALES, PO Box 418, Damariscotta, ME 04543, (207) 563-8883. (23)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Gaff Main & Foresail, for 26' schooner, 300sf total sail area. Many other small mains & jibs at reasonable prices. Wooden spars, masts & booms.
HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (22)

New Gambell & Hunter Tanbark Sail, should fit many small Bolger boats. Luff 166", foot 106", leach 158". \$75 incl UPS.
BOB BROWN, 12936 Glaxie Ave., Apple Valley, MN 55124. (22)

Complete Suit Sails From 24' Bristol, #1, #2 & #3 jibs, main w/2 reefs, cruising spinnaker. I went tanbark.
JIM TOMKINS, Grand Island, NY, (716) 773-5268, fax (716) 284-7645. (22)

SALES & RIGGING WANTED

Main & Jib, for S.F. Bay Pelican.
AL FITTIPALDI, Newtown, PA, (215) 579-9103. (22)

Used Sails, for Cape Dory Typhoon, main & jib.
ERIC RISCH, 38 Hayden Pt. Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858, email: eris7405@uriacc.uri.edu (22)

GEAR FOR SALE

Harken Unit 2 Furling Drum, w/halyard swivel, \$500. **Danforth 40S**, \$100. **Danforth 35 Plow**, \$150. **Danforth Style Anchor**, approx 35lbs. \$75. **Lifting OB Motor Bracket**, \$50. **Alum Boom**, 9'6"x 2-1/4"x 3-3/4", \$100. **Bomar Hatch**, 27-1/2"x 23-1/2", \$200. **Drill Press**, floor model, 16 speed, \$150. Call, make offer.
THE RIGGING LOCKER, Port Washington, NY, (516) 883-3756. (23P)

There is nothing— absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

T-SHIRTS featuring illustration & quotation from *The Wind in the Willows*. Heavyweight 100% cotton, natural color. Short sleeve \$15.50. Long sleeve \$21.00. 50/50 gray sweatshirt \$25.50. M,L,XL. Shipping \$3.50.
DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. (TFF)

British Sea Gull, 5.5hp Silver Century Plus, long shaft w/clutch, extra tank, parts & manual. A grt motor. \$350.
JIM CASNER, Canton, OH, (330) 499-3164. (22)

Fin Bulb Keels, 2 cast iron, 900lbs (Star boat) & 400lbs.
HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (22)

British Seagull OB Motors (2), released from service. 5-1/2hp long shaft, fwd-neutral-rev w/alternator ('80's) & 5hp long shaft fwd-neutral ('70's). Grt looking reliable engines but too hard to pull start for my young kids. I don't have time to put them back into Bristol cond so I've reluctantly decided to replace them w/something more modern. Both rugged legendary OB's were used last season, both start & run well, both nd some attention. Orig manuals, some parts, contact for additional parts incl. \$250 for the 5-1/2 alternator, \$200 for the 5hp, \$425 or BO for both.
DAN EDSON, 11 Salem St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-0123, email" varney@seacoast.com (22)



New Workboat Canvas Products! Multi-Use Workboat Bucket, heavy canvas, top & bottom handles for bailing, 13"x 11". \$18. Workboat Rigger's Bag, 30 pockets, triple bottom, U.S. made, 14"x 11". \$36. Workboat Dory Bag, dble bottom, heavy canvas, made in Maine, 16"x 17". \$44. S&H only \$4.75 when you mention *Messing About in Boats*. Order toll free 1.800.985.4421, fax 207.985.7633 or email watermark@ime.net. Full color catalog \$2 free w/your order.
WATERMARK, Suite 402, Lafayette Ctr., Kennebunk, ME 04043. (TFP)

Carlisle Kayak Paddles, new, 2 knockdown 2 position yellow, no drip collars. Both for \$25.
PAUL MOGAN, PO Box 460, N. Scituate, MA 02060, (781) 545-9087. (23)

Evinrude 3hp OB. \$175.
BOB O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (22P)

Alden Ocean Shell & Oarmaster Parts, box of nuts, bolts, 2 sets seat wheels, 2 wrenches, pair foot straps, misc SS/alum pcs, 3 oarlocks, outrigger stiffener kit, rail tape, butt pads. X-Oarcliser rowing kit (worth several hundred \$\$'s) attaches to Oarmaster for indr rowing. 2 pr oar buttons, 1 grip, 3 pr pogies (hand covers). Splash guard for Alden dbl. All for \$150.
PAUL MOGAN, PO Box 460, N. Scituate, MA 02060, (781) 545-9087. (23)

Volvo Penta MD-5A, single cyl 15hp IB. Runs well, recently rblt. many extra parts incl 2nd block & starter. \$1,200.
PHIL CARLING, Hingham, MA, (781)-749-3637. (23)

Origo Alcohol Stove, 1 burner, used twice, as new. First \$75.
PAUL ROSSMANN, Charleston, SC, (803) 723-3213. (23)

'97 Yamaha 20hp OB, longshaft, 10 hrs use. \$2,475. **'92 Evinrude 6hp OB**, longshaft, 20 hrs use. \$750.
GENE HICKEY, Glastonbury, CT, (860) 633-8157. (23)

38

GEAR WANTED

Trailer, for Corinthian keelboat, similar to Cape Dory/Typhoon.
TOM PICHIERRI, PO Box 95, Pittsburgh, NH 03592. (23)

Small Steamer, for bending ribs & stems.
BOB FALES, PO Box 418, Damariscotta, ME 04543, (207) 563-8883. (23)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Steamboating, read the latest issue, an annual journal containing how-to information about acquiring, building, operating, maintaining & enjoying a steam powered boat. \$25 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.
W. MUELLER, POB 100, Nobleton, FL 34661, (352) 568-1300. (3EOIP)

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 RUOCO, 5066 W. Kingbird St., Tucson, AZ 85742. (TF)



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)



A \$400 Touring kayak For \$85? Yes! Just spend an easy 10 hours & you'll have Li'l Beauty, a nationally advertised 39lb 2-person, perfect for camping, fishing or just exploring. Send \$2 for exciting photo-info brochures or \$16 for the compl bldg manual.
HOBBYCRAFTS, Box 158-E, Vilas, NC 28692. (TFP)

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 \$24 incl s&h.
D.R. GETCHELL SR., 56 Pease Town Rd., Appleton, ME 04862-6455 (TF)

Chart Your Course, through New England's maritime heritage. Send for your FREE copy of *Maritime Museum News*.
CUBBERLEY & SHAW, Box 607AB, Groton, MA 01450-0607. (8P)

Windling World, 3 times yearly model sailing boat magazine for those who sail for fun & relaxation. Annual subscription US\$18.
MARK STEELE, 42 Trinidad Rd., Forest Hill, Auckland, NZ (22P)

Cockleshell Kayak Plans, 12', 23lbs, bld in 3 wknds. \$35pp.
ERIC RISCH, 38 Hayden Pt. Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858, (401) 782-6760, email: eris7405@uriacc.uri.edu (4P)

BOAT PLANS - PATTERNS - KITS - Unsurpassed selection - 7' to 55' - A variety of rowing boats - Sea kayaks - Dories - Dinghies - Daysailers - Motorsailers - Powerboats - Fishingboats - MORE. **176-page DESIGN BOOK** - \$5.00 (Sent Airmail) - Includes FREE "Supplies Catalog". Epoxy Manual \$2.00. "How to Fiberglass" Video \$32.95.
GLEN-L, Box 1804/MA8, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804. MC/VISA 562/630 6258, fax 562/630 6280, www.glen-l.com. (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)

\$200 Sailboat, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE.
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28405. (TF)

"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slips 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.
EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)



"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)

'50's OB Motor Book, '50's marine supply catalogs, Martin OB manuals.
DON THOMAS, Beaufort, SC, (803) 846-8383. (20)

Books I Intend To Sell, some old, some new. "OLB" means "Old Library Book". After 50,000 Miles, Hal Roth, '77, good. \$6. *American Merchant Seaman's Manual*, Cornell Press, '42, ok. \$10. *As the Sailor Loves the Sea*, Ballard Hadman, '51, OLB. \$2. *Away From It All*, Sloan Wilson, '69, OLB. \$2. *Blue Jacket Manual*, US Navy, '60, some stains. \$10. *Boat Building Manual*, Robert Steward, '94, new. \$20. *British Sea Fishermen*, Anson, '44, OLB. \$1. *Canoes and Canoeing*, Blandford, '68, OLB. \$1. *Friendship Sloops*, Roger Duncan, '85, new. \$15. *Frugal Yachting*, Larry Brewer, '94, new. \$9. *Meander to Alaska*, Irving Petite, '60, OLB. \$1. *Modern Marine Pipefitting*, Cornell Press, '42, jacket torn. \$10. *Return to the Sea*, William A. Robinson, '72, good. \$10. *Self Steering*, A.Y.R.S., '67, OLB. \$1. *Steel Boatbuilding*, Thomas Colvin, '92, new. \$15. *The Walkabouts-A Family at Sea*, Mike Saunders, '75, OLB. \$2. *The Thousand Dollar Yacht*, Anthony Bailey, '68, ok. \$5. *The White Voyage*, John Christopher, '75. \$1. *The Last Sailors*, Hollender & Mertz, '84, new. \$10. *The Care and Feeding of Sailing Crew 2nd Ed.*, Pardey, '95, new. \$12. *The Distant Shore*, Jan De Hartog, '52, jacket ok. \$2. *The Voyage of the MIR-EL-LAH*, Lorenzo Richardi, '80, good. \$10. *The Little Ark*, Jan De Hartog, OLB. \$1. *The Rigger's Locker*, Brion Toss, '92, new. \$12. *Two Around Cape Horn*, Hal Roth, '78, good. \$7. Prices do not include shipping.
DON REXER, 6518 Allwood Dr., North Little Rock, AR 72118, (501) 758-3888 aft 7pm CST. (23)

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)

WoodenBoat, 25 issues, #86, #90 - #113. All in exc cond. \$75ppd.

RICHARD KNIGHT, Naples, FL, (207) 642-4051. (23)

The Bristol Channel Flatner, (see article in this issue). Blueprints & cutting list of the Bristol Channel "Flatie" are available for \$45US.

RALPH TOWNLEY, Box 516, Marion, MA 02738 or Friends of the Flatner, PO Box 6, Watchet, Somerset, TA 23 0BT, England. (23)

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)

I Hear You Bought a Boat, Tom Shaw's book written for the new boat owner, though veterans may glean some useful info. Give a copy to a friend just starting out in boating. \$3 incl mailing.

TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Wanted Books & Plans: Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder*, *Motor Boating*; *Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.

THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (508) 462-2072. (TFP)

Sailboat Sales Brochures, before '90. Pearson, Hans Christian, O'Day, Baba, etc. Pay "top dollar"! Also back issues of *Nautical Quarterly*, *Practical Sailor*, & annual boat and equipment guides.

DON THOMAS, 130 Bay Pines Rd., Beaufort, SC 29902, (803) 846-8383, (803) 521-9097. (23)

Info, Brochures, Etc., from Gull Marine of Padanaram, MA, particularly on 15' Bristol Pilot Launch model.

DON WIGGIN, Belmont, MA, (617) 484-6982. (22)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

Picture of Your Boat Cheap, aspiring, unrecognized, unappreciated and undiscovered marine artist looking for work. Oil or acrylic on stretched canvas. If you don't like the picture you don't pay. No money down, no risk. Tentative prices: 9x12 - \$50, 18x24 - \$100, 24x36 - \$200. Delivery in 30 days. Call to discuss what you would like.

SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040, (305) 294-3168. (TF)

Summer Rental, house on Swan's Island, ME nr Acadia national park. 3br, bath, kitchen. View of harbor, hiking on property & many other places on island. Fresh water swimming in nrby quarry, grocery store on island. 2 sand beaches, launching sites for small boats. Access to island by ferry 6 times daily. \$575/wk, Sat-Sat.

IVER LOFVING, after May 10, Box 366, Swan's Island, ME 04685, (207) 526-4121, (207) 773-9505. (TF)

Atomic 4 Workshop, a workshop on the Universal Atomic 4 motor will be held in Salem, MA on Saturday March 14, '98. Contact:

DAVE BUTLER, The Trolley Depot, (978) 745-3003, www.trolleydepot.com/event (22P)



Row for life

Aldén Ocean Shells

CATALOG

800-626-1535

Web: <http://www.rowalden.com>

America's Favorite Chandlery



THE WOODEN BOAT SHOP

Plans & Kits ~ Boatbuilding
Workshops ~ Fine Hand Tools
Boaters' Bookstore ~ Lumber &
Marine Plywood ~ Copper, Bronze
Fastenings ~ Paints, Varnishes,
Resins ~ Canvas, Mast Hoops, Deck
Hardware ~ Everything You Want From
a Chandlery, Shipped Daily

~ FREE CATALOG ~

1007 Northeast Boat Street, Seattle, WA 98105

Toll-free 1-800-933-3600; 206-634-3600

E-mail wbs@halcyon.com

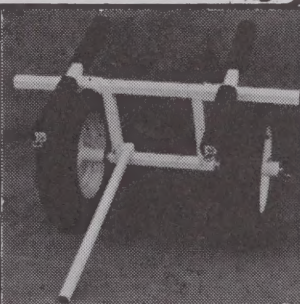
All Terrain Boat Dolly

- Try it free for 30 days
- 16" Balloon Tires
- Narrow Track
- Super Sturdy
- Guaranteed
- Packs Flat
- Built to Last

MC/Visa
\$149.95
Plus S&H

Call for Info **1-800-466-3131**

A & B Industries, Inc. 9233 N. 12th Ave. Phoenix, Az. 85021



Adirondack Wherry



ADIRONDACK ROWING

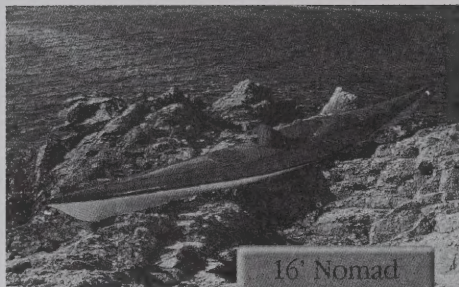
306 Lake George Ave.

Ticonderoga, NY 12883

(518) 585-7870



18'2" Shearwater



16' Nomad



12' Sea Otter

◀ HERITAGE KAYAKS ▶

ALL MODELS

Have
self-bailing
open cockpits

BENCHMARK STABILITY

Patented hull designs—
safe, seaworthy, fast...
and beautiful!

CAPSIZING—NOW RECOVERY IS EASY

Without assistance,
without knowing how to
“roll”, and without special
rescue devices



WWW.HERITAGEKAYAKS.COM

For brochures, call
800-430-0998
24 hours, 7 days

Truly,

THE BETTER WAY...

redefining the

A-B-C's of

comfortable,

safe kayak

touring.

(781) 237-1114

40 GROVE STREET
WELLESLEY, MA 02181

POSTMASTER: ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

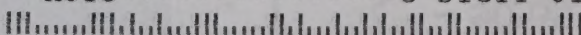
XV-22

messing
about in
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984-1943

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMIT #148

AUTO***5-DIGIT 01970



S1 P7

PHILLIPS LIBRARY

PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM

161 E INDIA SQUARE MALL

SALEM MA 01970-3722