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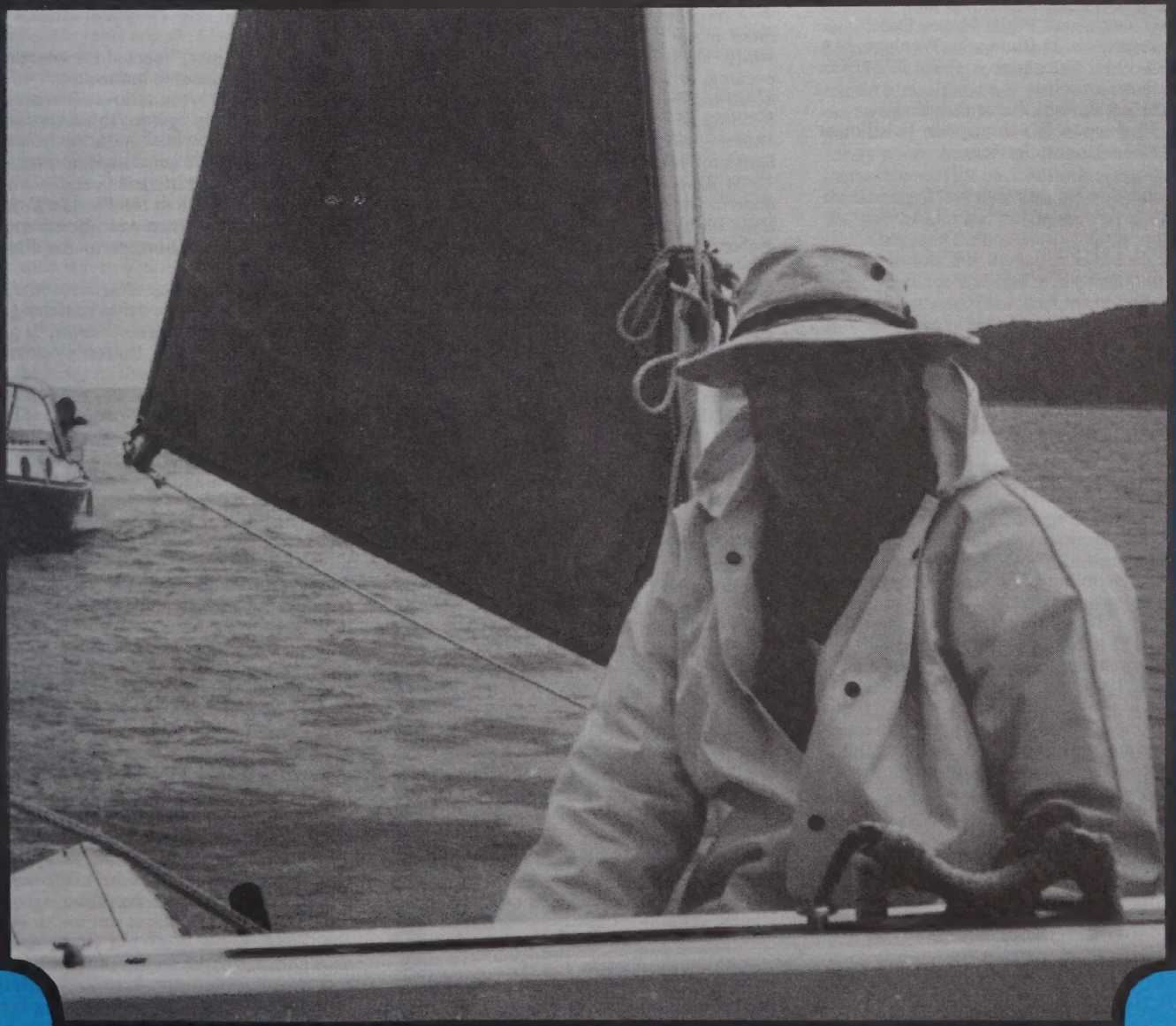
Special Features This Issue
A Good Chance for the Rosemary
The First Canoe - Pocket Cruiser Sinbad



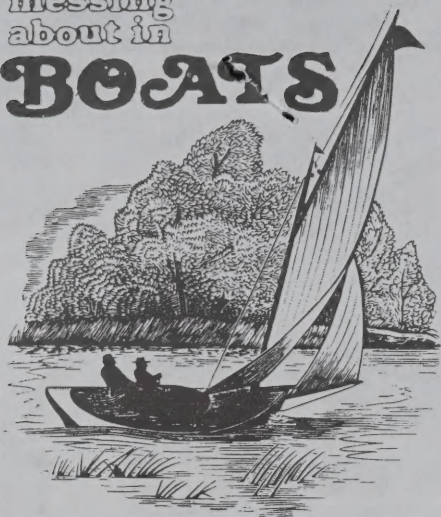
messing about in BOATS

Volume 16 - Number 2

June 1, 1998



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In Our Next Issue...

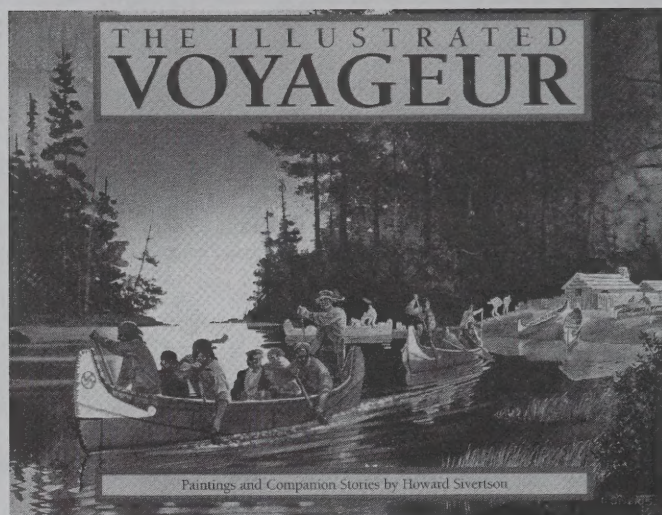
Harvey Gagnon reminisces about his youthful adventures in "Tarbaby Boat"; Rick Klepfer recalls a youthful adventure with his dad in "Doubling Cape May"; Charles Ludwig enjoys himself in "Princess Visits Shack"; Boyd Mefferd Comments on "Women, Men, Divorce & Boating"; and Lewis Freeman reaches the Trent Canal in Chapter 10 of "By Waterways to Gotham".

Kilburn Adams reports on building a "Cruising Outboard Dory"; several readers offer short notes on "What We Are Building"; and Ron Magen carries on in a fourth installment of "Boatbuilding".

Bill Mantis suggests "An Experimental Rig"; we take a look at Michael Porter's "60' Long Range Cruiser", Phil Bolger shows us "A One Man Liveaboard Concept"; and Richard Carsen continues his "Dreamboats" series with "The Company That Went Back to Sail".

On the Cover...

Sailing on the last weekend in October can have its charms as "Moby Nick" Scheuer tells us in this issue in "A Good Chance for the Rosemary".



Commentary...

Well, summer's about here. Anyone out there ready to do some reading? I mean while at some quiet anchorage of an evening, or when bad weather traps you on-board somewhere and you have to kill a day. Reading does seem to crop up in stories of cruising, even in small boats. I have some books for you if you are ready.

I always figure to get some reading done in winter, you know when the weather traps us indoors and short days and long nights encourage just sitting around waiting for spring. Sure. But it doesn't happen. I sit down about 8pm after the day's activities are done and by nine I fall asleep. So the pile of unread books grows. Mostly review copies of books the publishers think you might find of interest.

I do not solicit the majority of these books, they just turn up in the mail. A few I request the review copy offered in a mailing promotion as I really am interested in their subject matter. Seldom do I request a review copy on my own.

So now I have a fairly long list of books here that really ought to be read by someone who will then write up a brief (or lengthy if so moved) review for us to publish. That someone is unlikely to be me now that I am getting really busy, so how about you? In the past I farmed out a number of books for review and the reviews, just like the articles you send us, turned out to be pretty perceptive and informative. The deal is you get to keep the book, I get to publish your review.

Here's the list on hand. If you see any you are really interested in give me a call at (978) 774-0906, (before 9pm please!), or write me a note. Limit yourself to one book first time around, or list your choices in order in case your top choice has already been taken. If any are left after a while we'll do another offering.

Atlantic Coast Guide, continuous coverage Maine to Florida

Build Serenity, the Slowest Boat Afloat, "the ideal shantyboat."

Building the Weekend Skiff, "detailed plans and instructions for building a simple boat at low cost."

Catch the Spirit, "a real life humorous

journey boating the Thousand Islands waterways."

Cheap Power, "manual for conversion of air-cooled engines to marine use."

Classic Northeastern Whitewater Guide, "the only guide to northeastern whitewater."

Clean Sweet Wind, "a lyrical evocation of Caribbean island life and boats."

Cruising Guide to the Florida Keys, "a great, colorfully written educational and informative tool for boaters in the Florida Keys."

Cruising Sailboat Kinetics, "the art, science and magic of cruising boat design."

Exploring the Hidden Charles, "a guide to outdoor activities on Boston's celebrated river."

Hot Showers, "Maine coast lodgings for kayakers and sailors."

Of Yachts and Men, famed William Atkins' warm, entertaining and informative reminiscences of a lifetime enjoying boats."

My Road Leads Me Seawards, "a life at sea in the Royal Navy and on liveaboard cruising boats."

Narrow Waters, "an artist's illustrated memoirs of sailing through sound, swamp, city, forest, marsh and glade along the ICW."

Reed's Nautical Companion, "the comprehensive shipboard reference."

Sailboat Chartering Just for the Fun of It, the complete international guide to sailboat chartering."

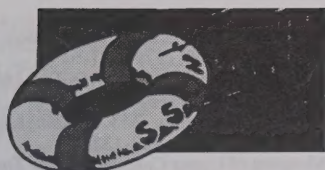
Sailors' Secrets, "mariners (ancient and otherwise) share their wisdom about sailing happily and well."

Seafood is Supreme, "inspired seafood recipes truly star studded and heaven sent."

The Illustrated Voyageur, "this pictorial hard cover book explores the wilderness canoe adventures of the colorful voyageurs of the 1700's."

The Last Navigator, "a young man, an ancient mariner, the secrets of the sea."

So there you are. I await your calls. And readers can anticipate learning something about these books. If this approach works as it did before we'll do another round probably in the fall. By then a crop of new titles will have turned up here.



Small Boat SAFETY

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

Environmental Progress

Those of us in the Coast Guard Auxiliary who use our own boats for safety, chart update, and pollution patrols are required to carry a great deal of extra equipment and are subject to annual inspection to make sure it is all aboard and in proper working condition. Not on the list of gear we must have is a long-handled net, but I have carried one for the past eight years and use it to pull trash from the water.

More properly, I used to use it. Just a few years ago it was a rare patrol that did not net a significant haul of plastic bags, burger cartons, and soda/beer cans. It is good to report that boaters are, at least in my section of southeast North Carolina, vastly more conscious of the marine environment. In 1997 I used that net approximately once in every three patrols (if you except July 4th and Labor Day), and when I did need it was almost always for a single item in marked contrast to earlier times.

I well remember a trip through Snow's Cut in 1992 when we collected debris from an entire meal starting with the outer wrapper from the burgers, through the plastic containers, and ending with the drink cups and straws.

The best part is that this true improvement has come about through education rather than law enforcement. Yes, it's illegal to throw plastics and other trash into the water. Realistically, chances are slim that you will get caught in the act and fined.

I suspect that a whole host of reasons are responsible for what is, I truly believe, a vast improvement. Public education through posters and brochures at marine dealers, radio and TV spots, Auxiliary "Boating Skills and Seamanship" classes, magazines like *Boats* and, perhaps more significantly than we realize, the education given in our elementary and junior high schools. Dad, who might have been pretty casual about tossing garbage over the side, now hesitates to do so when his son or daughter explains that this is a "bad thing."

Are the waterways in your boating area significantly cleaner than they were four or five years ago? If not, then get involved in making them so. Your attitude, your example, your conversations with others at your dock can make a difference.

Next we can tackle agricultural and industrial run-off and (in North Carolina) hog farms. My point, of course, is that we recreational boaters have a true obligation to turn over the waterways to our grandchildren not just in the shape that we found them, which was not very good, but much, much better.

And we can do it! Local experience in my corner of the world is a good illustration.

"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.



Getting the Best of Mother

Sailortown and its environs were never very safe for the sailor. A "friend" might hail him into a tavern, and the next thing he would be aware of would be a mate's boot and orders to get on deck. Even the "good" boarding masters were dangerous friends. They would run a house and let the sailor run a tab between trips but, sooner or later, the sailor was expected to ship out and let the boarding master collect his advance money.

The concept of advance money is very similar to the way that employment agencies work today, except that usually it consisted of the first month's salary. A "packet rat" sailing back and forth across the Atlantic might never see any money, jumping ship in New York or Liverpool and being sent to another ship when his credit was used up or when there was enough demand for sailors for the boarding master to hustle him aboard.

Many of these boarding masters had waterfront establishments, with docks leading out into the river and fast rowing boats tied up, ready to go as soon as a ship was sighted entering New York Harbor. The first boarding master or his runner aboard would get the privilege of dealing with the captain, both in getting rid of his old crew without paying them off and in recruiting a new crew for the trip going the other way. The most unscrupulous of these masters could have the crew drunk or drugged and on an outward bounder without ever touching shore. This was especially true when there was a shortage of sailors.

The mate of the ship *Matthew Arnold* was the only man I ever met who got the advantage of "Mother" Green, one of the cruelest of them all. Somehow he had let himself get drugged and taken off into Mother Green's house. For some reason, he had accepted some of the whiskey offered him by Mother Green's runner.

When he came to himself, he was on the floor of the bunk room along with the rest of the crew. Mother and her oldest son were going around and giving drinks to those sailors she was able to rouse. The mate pretended to be out when they reached him. As they left the room, the son asked whether this batch would be for the China Clipper leaving next morning. He was answered in the affirmative.

Not wanting to take a long trip, the mate roused himself and was able to get three sailors awake. The others were out. They tried to get one or two out of the house but could barely move themselves. Somehow, they got themselves out the back of the house and onto the landing. There they took the whitehall boat that was tied up and got away.

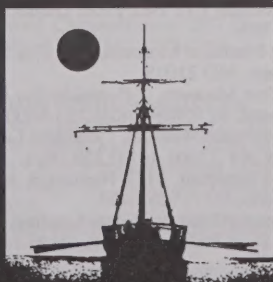
They sold the boat further upstream. The price was low but the buyer asked no questions. All of them signed on the first ship they could and avoided New York for several years. Mother Green's thirst for revenge was notorious. Even so, my friend was still healthy the last time we met.



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ANTIQUÉ & 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. (978) 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.
Wooden Boat Workshop of Door County, 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209. (920) 868-3955.

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.
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.

Activities & Events Organizers '98...

The new season is now here, so it seems that it's time that many of us will be thinking about what we might want to be doing as we get back on the water.

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.

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, (978) 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. (978) 768-7541.
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (617) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.
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, (978) 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.
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. (978) 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.
Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, c/o Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 442-0097.
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, 2210 Finland Rd., 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.

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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.
Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.
Hulbert Outdoor Center, RRI 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, (978) 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.
Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.
Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Pike Messenger, 32 Boston St., Middleton, MA 01948. (978) 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. (978) 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

Barneget 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.
Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Bob Tapp, 8209 200th St. SW, Edmonds, WA 98026-6734. (425) 775-4314. email: <morgantapp@worldnet.att.net> www: http://www.seanet.com/~jrweiss/tsca-puget
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 Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950.
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, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 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. (978) 356-3065.
Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

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

WATER TRAILS

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

WOODEN BOATS

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

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A Knucklebuster

I want to tell you how much I am enjoying reading "Musings From Mustique" and "By Waterways to Gotham". There is nothing like travelling in print. In the latter I noted the somewhat blurred photo of Mr. Freeman's outboard. It appeared to be the original Elto "Knucklebuster", our name for my father's first outboard.

Lambert Peterson, Navarre Beach, FL.

Editor Comments: Yes, and Ole Evinrude saw Lewis Freeman off on his trip in an earlier installment, and joined for part of a day enroute to see how the outboard was doing.

Wouldn't Really Sell

A neighbor told me a story that I may have embellished some, I'm not sure but here it is for what it's worth:

His grandfather or father, I forget which, name of Waterman, made outboard motors long ago, maybe as many as a thousand or more, and wondered if he should go into it in a big way. He hired a knowledgeable marketing expert to study the question. The recommendation turned out to be that there just weren't enough people living near the water for the idea to really sell, so he decided to get rid of the company. As I recollect it he sold to a gentleman named Ole Evinrude Jr.

Steve Dupont, Osprey, FL

Model Sailing Popular

Sailing of model sailing craft is very popular in New Zealand, with increasing interest in classic looking schooners, ketches and sloops. The photograph shows a fleet from the Quiet Little Windle Club on a leisurely amble at Onepoto lake, which is a part seawater, part freshwater sailing venue for models. Included is a Friendship sloop (extreme right). Windling is a term created to differentiate the use of model sailing vessels for fun and relaxation, as opposed to those who race seriously in Marblehead and 1 Metre classes.

Mark Steele, 42 Trinidad Rd., Forest Hill, Auckland, New Zealand

Editor Comments: Mark publishes *Windling World* for those interested in model sailing, inquire at address on his letter.

The Meaning Of "No-Octane"

By the Adirondack Museum

"No-Octane" means powered by human muscle, will and ingenuity; powered by wind; operated without the use of petroleum products and internal combustion engines.

"No-Octane Regatta for Wooden Boats" is a program of boat races launched in 1991 to celebrate the opening of Adirondack Museum exhibit "Boats and Boating in the Adirondacks", for boats primarily of wood or wood fiber. It is a spirited gathering of boat owners, builders, restorers and spectators who love to use, look at, talk about, marvel at, learn about and experience the skills, talents, materials and traditions associated with wooden and mostly-wooden boats.

"No-Octane Races" are the heart of "No-Octane Regatta Weekend", on Saturday, June 13, from 10am to 3:30pm.. They include the following:

Classic Gunningell: One person per boat stands on the gunwales and propels canoe by pumping it up and down.

Gunnel Paddling: Two people per boat, paddling from gunwale-standing position.

War Canoe Race: 25' and 35' canoes with crews of eight or more compete on three-quarter mile course.

Bateaux Race: Local school students compete in reproduction French and Indian War inspired bateaux, student-built as part of a winter program offered by the Adirondack Museum.

Hurry Scurry Race: One person per boat dashes 50 yards to the water, swims to boat, climbs in and paddles or rows to finish.

Guideboat Races: One and two-person races around a two-mile course.

Father's Day Special: Dad's chance to shine! Two people per boat, with one under 14 years old.

Classic Canoe Races: One and two person teams competing in 200 yard sprints.

Sailing Race: For sailing canoes and other sailing craft, around a triangular course.

Canoe Jousting: The splash of comic relief. Two people per boat, one jousts feudally, one navigates futilely.

Grand Parade Of Boats: One hundred or more no-octane wooden boats on parade, with shoreline narration including boat descriptions and other information of note.

"No-Octane Regatta" events take place on Blue Mountain Lake Town Beach and the beach at Curry's Cottages, both on Route 28. Other weekend events are hosted by the Adirondack Museum, other organizations and businesses in Blue Mountain Lake, and nearby communities. The "No-Octane Regatta Weekend" is organized by the Adirondack Museum. If you have any questions, please call the museum offices at (518) 352-7311, ext. 130 during regular business hours.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboats Regatta

The fifteenth annual Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society Regatta, held in Sandusky, Ohio, last August was a success, despite much threatening weather. About forty boats attended, from 7' to 45'; many designs and rigs.

An eight mile race, an optional part of the regatta, was won by *Viking*, a 1938 Alden Malabar, Jr. sloop. The Bristol Fashion award went to *Trade Wind*, a 1955 Hannah Tahiti ketch. The oldest yacht was *Corinthian-One*, a 1912 Alden sloop. The yacht coming furthest distance was *Quest*, a 28' Hallberg sloop, sailing in over 100 miles, from Pt. Bruce, Ontario.

Also in attendance were three 38' "R" sloops: *Arlette*, *Puffin*, and *Fifi*, originals from 1924 and 1925. Yachts in attendance came from the design boards of Alden, Atkin, Bolger, Concordia, Crocker, Hannah, Herreshoff, Mason, Mower, Nevins, and Rhodes.

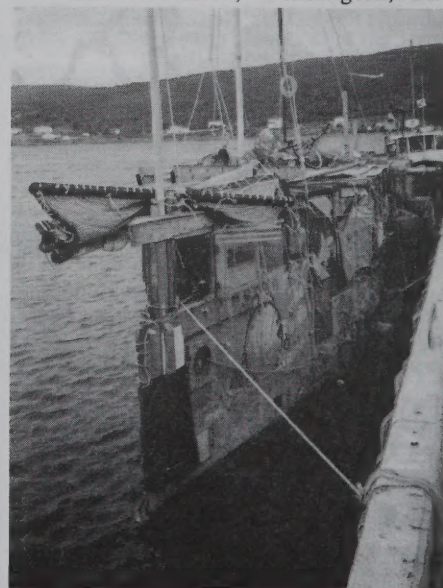
The Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society invites you to attend the 16th Annual Regatta/Rendezvous, at Battery Park Marina, Sandusky, Ohio, all owners of wooden craft and visitors are welcome.

Ruthie Goetz, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (440) 871-8194.

Shantyboat Came to Town

Last fall this shantyboat arrived at a local harbor near St. Johns, Newfoundland and created quite a stir of curiosity. My nephew thought I'd get a charge out of seeing it and sent on this photo. I thought perhaps readers might also get a charge from it.

Charlie Ballou, Wilmington, MA



Opinions...

About Those Multihulls... I Can Tell You How Much Fun

I eagerly await the biweekly appearance of *Messing About in Boats* as I find that I am exposed to a wide range of ideas and experiences. Sometimes the writing is less than expert, but this only adds to the street level feel of the pulse of small boating.

Usually, I'm a passive observer, but comments in the April 1st issue by Robb White of Thomasville, Georgia brought on a strong urge to rebut the opinions he voiced on multihulls.

For several years I was a Sea Pearl sailor. Their light air and all-weather sailing capabilities on all points of sail are legendary among enthusiasts. Last year I purchased a converted Sea Pearl Trimaran. This fine boat uses the slender and slippery hull of the original Pearl and applies wing decks and folding akas with 16' amas outboard. The trailering width is 8' with a 21' length overall. The sailing width is 14'. The spars are rotating, carbon fiber, bendy 21' masts with a generous full batten cat-ketch sail plan.

The idea, which Ron Johnson of Marine Concepts, the designer of the Pearl obtained from a customer; was to provide a steady platform for those who, for whatever reason, found the original Pearl a bit tippy. On this he piled a generous sail plan with very efficient sails for a fast and stable ride.

At first, I too was skeptical. How can you improve on perfection? Let me now assure readers that this boat, in most airs and points of sail, is significantly faster and much easier to sail. In very light airs, 5-8 knots, it maintains a very respectable 3.5 to 5 knots. In most cases it outpoints its monohull sisterships and outruns them. I'm virtually never tempted to start the engine.

I often outrun boats in the 25' to 30' range going to windward with my autopilot steering. I can tell you how much fun it is to sit up on the 2.5' x 8' windward bridge deck with the auto-pilot steering, and whip a 25 footer on a windward run. The only boat of my size that has bested me to windward to date is a J22 in full racing sails with a crew. This with the dreaded leeboards (Mr. Ruel Parker take note), and no head sail. On a beam reach there is no catching it.

I can also tell you how my companions onboard enjoy the two lawn chairs in the 5' x 8' forward cockpit and I enjoy the huge accommodations under the pop-up cabin. I also enjoy not having to reef under 20 knots of wind. I enjoy leisurely sail adjustments and whatever with my nose safely pointed into the wind. I most of all enjoy one of the safest and easiest to sail boats out there. I've gone trimaran. And my auxiliary motor is a 2.5hp Nissan that moves us along at 5.5 to 6 knots while just sipping gas.

Larry Whited, 4846 Candlewood Ln., Stone Mountain, GA 30088, email: <lwhited@mindspring.com>

About Those Multihulls.... At First I Giggled

At first I giggled, a small chuckle followed, and by the time my wife cautiously approached, bourbon and coke were spraying out of my nose and I was sprawled on

the floor. In response to her questioning smile I could only point to the April 1st copy of *Messing About in Boats* lying open to Robb White's "About That Multihull Business" on page 7.

What a masterful specimen of dark humor. The thought of old Charlie Morgan's 30 footer consistently beating a well sailed multihull of any configuration would make my Don Karmin 35' Cobra shake her docklines in laughter. Perhaps Robb ment to achieve this response?

Lee Martin, Port Alto, TX

About Those Multihulls...I'd Never Go Back

There is room for all kinds of boats in this world. Robb White's views suggest that multihulls are very poor sailers which, if this were so, would mean there'd be few of them out on the water. A number of conditions can affect how any boat sails, not the least the skills of the skippers.

Multihulls don't carry all that lead ballast, don't have to push all that water out of their way, have less underwater surface area drag (especially if marine growth is present), and sail flatter. I have owned several monohulls in years past but now sail trimarans and would never go back.

Ken Currie, Ft. Wayne, IN

Welcome to the Results of Public Education

Mac McCarthy discussed a while back his experiences teaching people how to build his boats, in person or through his book, about how they take half his advice, use portions of his system, say they've read his book when incomprehensible phone calls indicate to him that they obviously hadn't read, or understood, what he wrote.

Well, Mac, welcome to the results from today's world of public education. I taught public secondary school English for 15 years and I understand. These people who don't get it themselves are now sending off their kids to the same schools, kids who won't read, won't take instruction, won't listen. Basically unteachable.

After I retired to the north shore of Lake Michigan I contacted several local high schools and offered to teach a boatbuilding course. I had in mind some of Bolger's simple designs that could be built in a semester. I discovered there was no way I could convince any administrator that a simple hull could be put together in a few workdays. Their knowledge, if any, was limited to lapstrake, steam bending and varnishing.

Ron LaViolette, St. Ignace, MI

Price Shoudn't Be a Factor

I want to agree with Mac McCarthy's suggestion in the March 15th issue that "Pnce shouldn't be a factor in choosing which epoxy to use." And this is coming from a real cheapskate. I have now used 50+ gallons of an epoxy other than Gougeon's WEST in building a Bolger AS39/Loose Moose. I have learned a lot from building this boat.

While there is a lot to like about the epoxy I used (e.g. a sensible 2:1 ratio, sensible names for the components instead of hard-to-remember numbers...), I mostly liked it for its pnce.

But the more I used it the more I found that technical support was thinner than Gougeon's, the epoxy hardened into something softer and gummier than the WEST system (how much sandpaper do you want to use, taking how much time?), and when it came time to varnish the epoxy-coated spars one varnish failed by far to set as rapidly as it had on WEST-coated spars. The supplier's line was that they couldn't test all paints and varnishes, you should buy their own formulations.

Gougeon, on the other hand, tests and tests and tests, and disseminates the results. Look at their *Epoxyworks* magazine! It's worth paying for, though I would still, naturally, like to find it at the best price.

Gregg Shaddock, Minneapolis, MN

Needs...

Black Skimmer Info

After missing out on an Oldshoe offered for sale in one of your classifieds last winter near me, I discovered a Black Skimmer over in Racine, went down and bought it. I am now seeking information on this boat. Anyone with knowledge who might share it with me would be appreciated.

William Dreps, 1417 Indiana Ave., Sheboygan, WI 53081

This Magazine...

Photo Quality - 1

Congratulations on a fine magazine. A suggestion would be to reduce the amount of text and increase the number of photos and improve the photo reproduction. Many of the photos are of awful quality, out of focus, grainy and poorly composed. Despite this I feel you fill a big gap between *WoodenBoat* and the consumer boating magazines.

Ian Colquhoun, Ottawa, ON

Photo Quality - 2

The reproduction of black and white photos such as those on pages 20-21 of the March 15th issue could be improved immensely by rather simple manipulations. Why don't you ask for suggestions from your readers, surely someone can help.

John owen, Auburn, NY

Editor Comments: Virtually all photos we receive and use are color prints (not black and white) submitted by readers. They range widely in quality and often present some difficulties to the printer's cameraman making halftones from them. Those specifically noted from Jim Thayer were all rather dark (underexposed) but we figured they'd do considering the subjects we wanted to show you. Were we to require professional quality black and white prints, or today's digitized computer renderings, we'd not have much to show you.

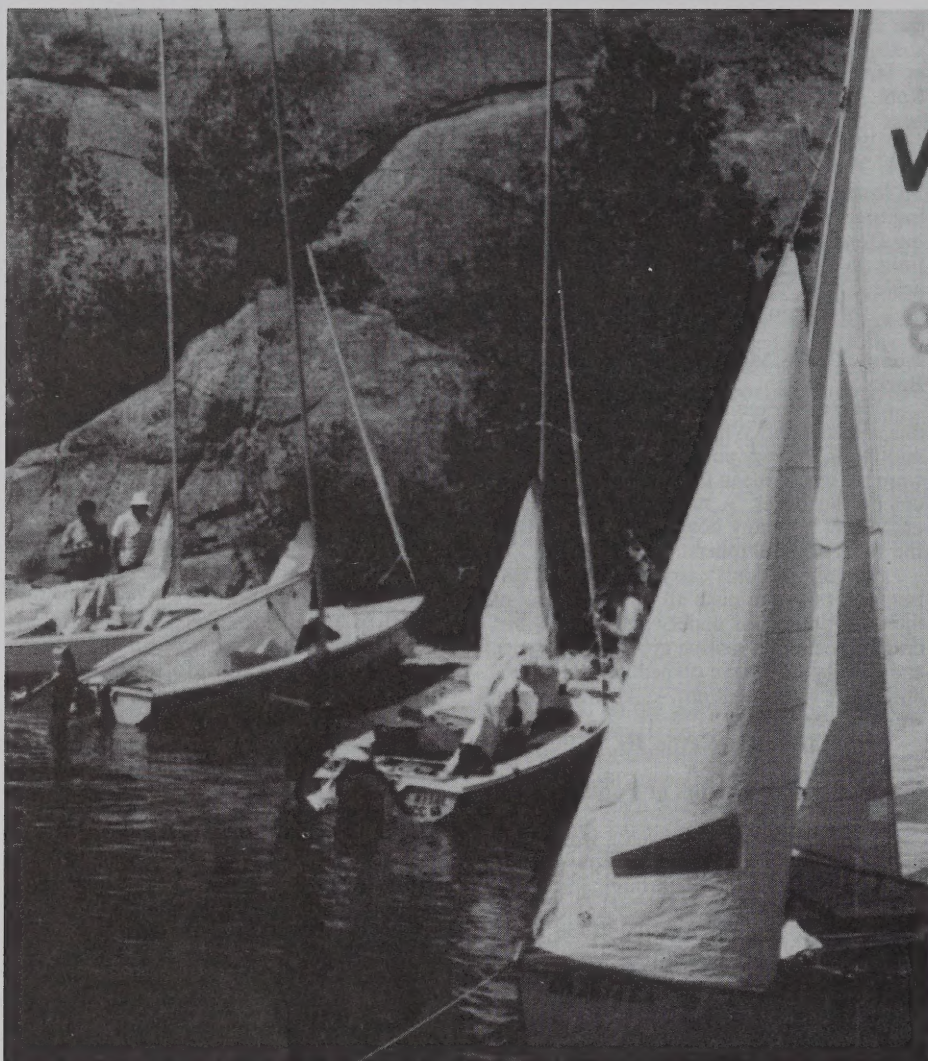
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We landed at a gorgeous, secluded cove on South Benjamin Island, surrounded on two sides by towering pink granite walls, that was just large enough for the four Wayfarers.

One of the North Channel Crown Jewels, the Benjamin Islands

Day 4, Friday, August 8, 1997. We licked our wounds from the night before, yet remained in great spirits. There was a clear blue sky and a great breeze blowing out of the west. We were seasoned cruisers now, and for most of us it was just a short sail north to our next stop, a small cove on South Benjamin Island. Doug and Al, however, having made other commitments, say good-bye and head off on their own for McGregor Bay. We will see them once again, just briefly on Monday, at Baie Fine.

If the North Channel were the South Pacific, then the Benjamin Islands would be coral-ringed islands with white sandy beaches and coconut palms bending in the breeze. But in real life, this small group of islands is very special in their own way. Made up of high, "pink granite" rock, worn round and smooth through the ages, they are fringed with dark green pines and abound with seemingly endless rocky coves, occasionally with a sandy beach, that defy any passing sailor not to stop and explore.

We landed at a gorgeous, secluded cove on South Benjamin Island, surrounded on two sides by towering pink granite walls, that was just large enough for the four Wayfarers. At

North Channel Affair Part 2

By Dick Harrington

the head of our cove was a beach of coarse, white sand. Tall grass and large shady trees covered a gentle slope behind the beach. It was a perfect place for the boats, as well as a great campsite. Originally intended only as an intermediate stopping point, it was soon decided we would just stay there and spend the day exploring this beautiful, picturesque island. Could paradise possibly marvel this?

Everyone got to do some of the things they had been waiting for. Glenn and David did some snorkeling, I got to try some fishing (unsuccessfully), Tim and Alan explored the area further from *Wind Breaker*, Judy and Bill got in some relaxing reading. Most importantly, everyone did a lot of rock climbing to see the marvelous views, taking many pictures.

A Record Sail to Baie Fine (Bay Fin)

Day 5, Saturday, August 9, 1997. The consequence of Friday's decision to stay at

South Benjamin Island was that we now had to forego any further exploration of the North Shore. We were running out of time, and with the weather forecast for Sunday being unfavorable, we needed to make some distance back toward Killarney. The weather radio was predicting southwest winds at 30 km/hr (~18 knots). This was a great wind and we, the leaders, felt we should take maximum advantage of it. We would head for Baie Fine.

We got off early, with the Burtons and Glenn Fox leaving first. Everyone was back on their usual boats. Not wanting to sail over the same ground, our return route was to the north of the Amendroz, Bedford, and East Rous Islands, then south to Little Current once more. Coming up we had sailed the southern passage. Sailing on a broad reach most of the way, we made fantastic time to Little Current, getting there early enough for an enjoyable lunch of fish and chips.

Sitting in the restaurant, we watched a large, two-masted, cat-rigged schooner heeling to her scuppers as she sailed close hauled up the channel. The wind was continuing to build and was definitely pushing the predicted 18 knots. Not surprisingly, the wind gusts were indeed challenging as we left Little Current and headed east through the bridge. However, once out of the narrow channel things settled down to an exhilarating, planing broad reach, with lots of spray and only an occasional overpowering puff. My honest opinion is that we were averaging better than 6 knots for several hours.

Once more the unspeakable was happening, it was a race. But this time it was Tim and David vs. Alan and me. Alan and David had switched boats at Little Current. They had gained a small, but significant lead on us and, try as we would, we couldn't catch them. An hour went by and we were still desperately hanging on, then finally, turning north into Frazer Bay and now on a run, we gained the advantage. We had a whisker pole for the jib and they didn't. As Trudy Davis says, cruisers are just racers in disguise!

It couldn't have been much past 5 PM. We had already shot the gap between Frazer and McGregor Points, the entrance, and were making our way up majestic Baie Fine, a very long, narrow, fjord-like bay with high, mountainous hills on both sides. Again, the cameras were out taking photos, this time of beautiful snowy white quartz bluffs to our left and the bold, pink granite, outcropping on the even higher hills to our right. In this one day we had sailed a distance of 34 statute miles.

Keeping Busy on a Rainy Day

Day 6, Sunday, August 10, 1997. With the closing of the "lodge" and all its facilities, for many a long time favorite stopping place at Baie Fine, the cove behind Mary Anne Island (where we had planned to go) was jam-packed with cruising boats of every description. However, after some reconnaissance, Tim turned up a nook in the steep rocky shore, just a little ways past Mary Anne Island, that was suitable for the Wayfarers, was protected, and was still close enough to pick up the trail to Frazer Hill, which actually is more of mountain than a hill. We were glad to be snugly tucked in shore when we awoke the next morning to heavy clouds and what was surely a strong wind on the outside and the imminent threat of rain. The decision to stay put was a no brainer.

With the rain still holding off, after breakfast all but Judy (she knew something we didn't), headed up the trail to the summit of gorgeous Frazer Hill, our backpacks containing a light lunch and rain gear. This trail is a very lovely, easy climb that leads over a variety of interesting terrain. It includes quiet, softly padded paths through mature forest, as well as long, narrow, rocky passages that require some negotiating and where each rock is a stair step leading up.

Nearing the top it traverses over flatter, more rounded craggy faces of granite outcropping with rock cairns along the way marking the trail. Every so often an overlook is encountered, which with each higher elevation provides increasingly spectacular views, to the north, of beautiful Baie Fine and the white quartz rock hills of McGregor Point and Blue Ridge, part of the South La Cloche Range; and beyond that, even on a gloomy, hazy day, the shimmering, island choked waters of expansive McGregor Bay.

Luckily we took some photos on the way up, because just when we reached the top the clouds descended and it poured. The most spectacular views of all, to the north as well as the south, were denied to us. On the other hand, I got some really great shots of a bunch of guys standing on the rocky face of a mountain in rain and fog. In spite of this bit of bad luck, we still couldn't have picked a better place to be stuck on a rainy day.

Some sailors tend to get real antsy when holed up. It was late in the afternoon and Alan, David, and Tim were bored! I was happy fishing in the rain, even though I never caught anything big enough to keep. Glenn Fox and the Burtons were in their respective tents keeping dry, each in the company of a good book. None of us yet believe that the old sieve of a tent Glenn borrowed from Tim kept the rain out. But Glenn swears he was dry!

The next thing I saw was the three of them headed east, up toward the head of Baie Fine, in *Wind Breaker*. Then, just about the time they reached the middle of the bay, the clouds opened up for the umpteenth time and it poured real hard. "Well, nothing to be concerned about there," I said to myself, "they won't stay out in that very long!" Wrong again!

At 7 PM the light was beginning to fade, even though some brightening of the western sky indicated that the rain was about over. The wind, which had just about died during the heaviest rains, was back but didn't seem to be as strong. "Where are those guys," I grouched to myself. The large pot of soup I made up had been done for a while. Again, I looked out of the tent opening to see if there was a sail rounding the point. "Nothing!" I called over to the Burtons, who had a better vantage point for seeing down the bay. "See any sign of them?" "No sign," was their reply. I still didn't believe it, Tim wouldn't have sailed all the way to the Pool (at the end of Baie Fine), a distance of nearly 10 miles. But that is just what they did and have the tale to tell about it.

Glenn motored out and shortly found the three not far away. Soon thereafter they made it back, very cold and exhausted from the difficult beat all the way back down the bay. Meanwhile, the Burtons and I had prepared lots of hot food ready to eat the minute the three set foot on shore, for which they were very grateful. "Oh! It was all worth it!" David exclaimed. "The scenery was splendid and the pool was spectacular!" Tim and Alan



After some reconnaissance Tim turned up a nook in the steep rocky shore, just a little ways past Mary Anne Island, that was suitable for the Wayfarers. (Drying out following a rainy day at Baie Fine.)

agreed, although I thought I detected a little less enthusiasm, and that was after a couple of belts of Scotch.

Sadly the End Draws Near

Day 7, Monday, August 11, 1997. "Would you like oatmeal with maple sugar, or Cream of Wheat with apple and cinnamon?" The question was meant for David Sleightholm, but I could have just as well addressed myself. After a week of the same old thing, breakfast no longer sounded appetizing to me, and I was sure it didn't to David either. I made a silent vow next time to do something different.

On the other hand, Tim's generous helping of freeze-dried scrambled eggs this morning weren't winning any rave reviews either. Nobody was sure what Glenn ate because he would always get an early start and be done by the time we were just beginning. But why was it that Bill and Judy always seemed to have great meals? I would need to find out their secret. My food compartment was now looking pretty barren, and I imagine everyone else's was too.

This was the final day for Bill and Judy Burton. The CL-16 had developed a leak somewhere between the inner and outer hulls and was taking in a lot of water in this space. Since we would be sailing past Killarney, Bill had decided it was time for them to head home. Glenn Fox would leave also, going with the Burtons to be on hand in case they had trouble. He would use the extra day to pay a visit to his father. That left just the last two boats to finish the cruise on Tuesday, in effect a post script to an already memorable cruise.

Under a bright blue sky with puffy clouds, we were pushed along from behind by a friendly north wind as we crossed Frazer Bay with the Burtons in the lead. Then it was through the "Hole in the Wall," the narrow gap between Badgeley Point and Creek Island, a turn northeast in the direction of Killarney and

a beat up Landsdowne Channel, past the big stone quarry on Badgeley Island. In the vicinity of Portage Cove, Tim and I still disagree about our exact location, we went ashore at a beautiful sandy beach for lunch and our last farewells. It was a pretty sad parting. We would miss very much the friendly smiles and wonderful hospitality of the Burtons, and life would not be the same without Glenn's ever jovial manner and constant stream of one-liners.

With the others headed for the west entrance to the Killarney Channel, Tim, David, Alan and myself circled south of George Island and then east into Georgian Bay. That night we camped on pretty Thomas Bay, just west of the entrance to Collins Inlet. As we stood on shore in the quiet of the evening, we were surprised to hear faint sounds of guitar music and youthful voices singing camp songs come drifting across the bay.

The next day we learned that a group of 30 church youths, traveling in canoes, were camped nearby. It was reassuring to know that there are still people willing to spend the effort to take youths on a trip (possibly much like the one we had just made) to experience the wonders of this marvelous region. It was a nice way to finish our cruise as we headed back to Killarney that Tuesday morning. "Huh? What is that David?" Oh, yes! We all enjoyed another one of those delectable Killarney fish and chip dinners before heading home.

For additional information contact either: Dick Harrington, 101 East 196th St., Euclid, OH 44119, (216) 481-3183, or Tim France, 21 Westminster Ave., Guelph, Ontario N1E 4B9, (519) 823-2117.

It was one of those hazy, muggy August mornings when we slipped our docklines and powered out into the Delaware River at Philadelphia. My wife and I were starting out on a loosely planned cruise down to Delaware Bay and perhaps out to sea when we got to Lewes, Delaware. Being loath to drive a sailboat under power, we quickly sweated up the main and genoa on our little 6-ton cutter and found that there was just enough wind to keep her going and that with the falling tide we could make our sluggish way down river.

Progress was dead slow, but we had an open schedule and were happy just to be on the water and enjoying the warm sunshine. But by mid-afternoon, when the tide turned against us and a bend in the river brought us onto a beat, we found that we were making only the merest of speed over the ground. Reluctantly, we took in all sail and got the old, reliable Sabb to work on our behalf. This also gave us the opportunity to rig a large awning that covered the entire cockpit as well as the house, a welcome respite from the now blistering sun.

Downstream we chugged, taking in the meager sights that the stretch of the river affords between the port of Wilmington and the entrance to the C & D Canal. Another sailboat could be seen, far behind us, but

Cruising the Cohansey

By Rick Klepfer

gaining slowly. As the afternoon progressed and shortly after we passed Pea Patch island, we could make out, through the glasses, that the sailboat was the sloop *Location* belonging to our friend Jim. After a few hours, he managed to draw up even with us and we spoke each other. He shouted that he was bound for the Cohansey River (actually a large creek that flows through south Jersey and into the Delaware Bay) where he was going to spend the night. Since the day was now waning, we decided to follow him in and take advantage of this unusual place in which we had never sailed but that looked on the chart like the only secure anchorage for many miles.

It was soon after this encounter that we noticed that the underside of our awning was becoming covered with greenhead flies. These flies are the bane of existence in this part of the country; providing you with a painful bite if they choose to. We became more careful in our movements around the cockpit; trying not to disturb them and incite their wrath. Perhaps we should have taken this as a sign of what the Cohansey had to offer us.

Presently, *Location* turned and headed towards the eastern shore of the bay; we called Jim on the radio and he advised that the entrance would not appear to be navigable, but that we should just follow him in and we would be fine. This isn't the way that I like to navigate, but I switched on the depth sounder and watched Jim to see if he got in OK.

As we closed with the shore, we were indeed baffled as to where we might find an entrance, even though there was a light and a day beacon to show the way. On we went until Jim's boat was swallowed up by the high coastal grasses, leaving only his mast to show his progress. We entered after him and found that the entrance was narrow but deep.

Once inside we discovered that the river had not a straight piece to it, but was a twisting, serpentine course which rarely allowed a view ahead to what you might be sailing into. Being so narrow, I paid close attention to the depth sounder and found to my surprise that the stream was 60' deep or better on the outsides of the curves while shoaling on the insides; all this in a width of perhaps 100'. This was apparently due to the scouring action of the river water as it has to travel faster on the outside of a curve; it made for an interesting trip up-river.

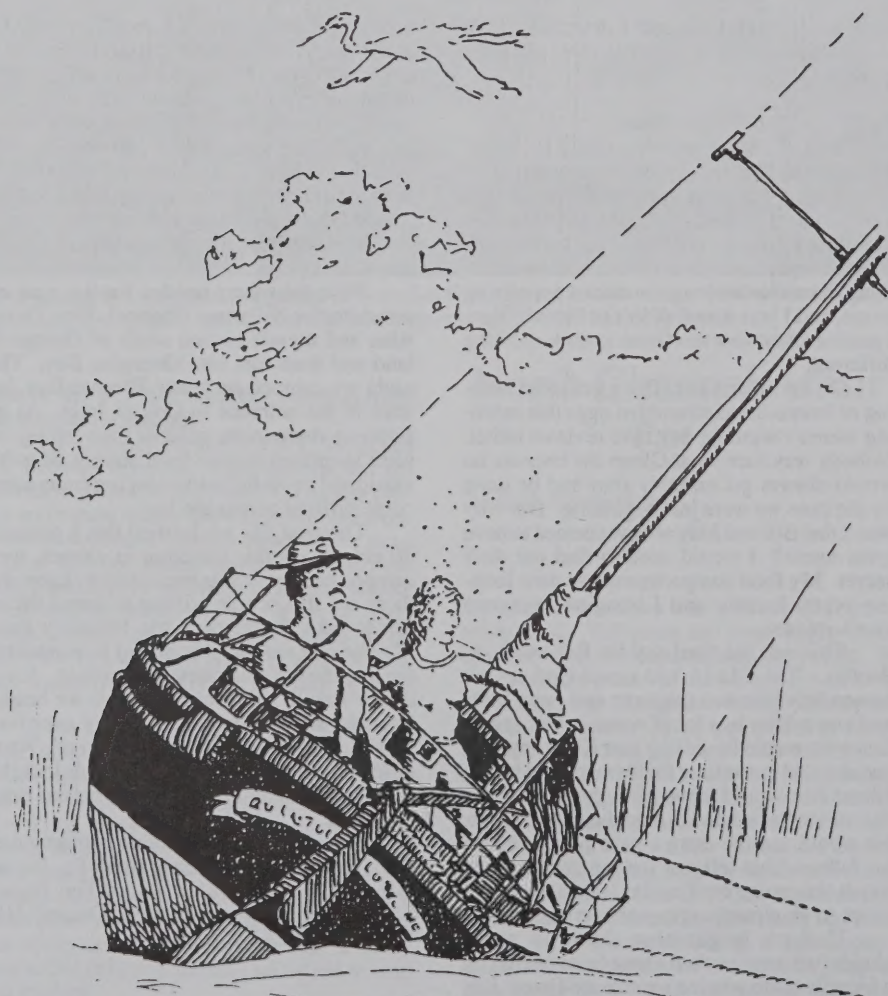
We were fortunate in that the tide was just starting its ebb when we came up and was not a hindrance. I don't know if Jim had planned it out this way, but for us, it was just dumb luck. The river is really quite pleasant, from a visual standpoint; the muddy shores give way to marshes filled with high grasses, while in the distance, sizable forests can be seen. Here, wildlife is plentiful and the works of man scarce; a pleasing relationship in my view.

Although the twisting waterway demanded much of our attentions, we could not fail to feel a great peace and affection for the pastoral scene that we were but intruders to. Water birds and fish hawks could be seen fishing along the shores and, although we could not see much, we were sure that the marshes abounded with thriving wildlife of every description.

After innumerable twists and turns, we came to the town of Greenwich, which the locals pronounce as if it were a variety of Halloween apparition. A few more gyrations and we came to a widening of the river that looked as if it were a good place to anchor; particularly since the daylight was fading. I cut the throttle and coasted to a stop in mid stream; I was concerned about getting too close to the banks since they were overgrown with trees and would either be too deep or too shallow to anchor.

After setting our faithful Bruce anchor on about 75' of chain, we relaxed in the cockpit and had a few warm ales. Soon it dawned on us that the current was ever increasing and the anchor chain was fairly humming from the rush of water. I began to visualize what was going to happen when the tide turned in the middle of the night and we would be swung violently around; possibly hitting the bank or perhaps wrenching out the anchor and having too much speed for it to reset.

Earlier, I had taken a short trip in the dink, up the hundred yards or so to where Jim's boat was anchored, but was quickly called back by my wife who was becoming



concerned about the severity of the current and the resulting worrisome movements that the boat was making. It was good that she had voiced this concern, for it was soon obvious that we were in for a battle with the waters of the Cohansey.

After some discussion, I decided to put out a stern anchor. I got out our kedge anchor and rowed it downstream in the dinghy to set it. This seemed to work fine, although the strains on it were pretty high since the cutter was yawing quite a bit, regardless of where we lashed the tiller. All went well though and we had Jim and his crew aboard for more ales and some dinner.

Late in the evening, after the tide had changed, we took a row in the dinghy and got a taste of rowing against the Cohansey; I think that the current must have been running at nearly 5 knots about then.

We turned in late, but I slept fitfully since I couldn't shake the vision of anchors pulling out and us careening against the river banks; tearing out our rigging in the trees as we went. The water was gurgling along the outside of the hull, just as if we were underway. Along about 4am, I heard shouting from two boats anchored upstream of us and tried to see what was going on; it didn't sound too good. I hailed them and got a mostly unintelligible response, although I could see a lot of flashlight activity.

Jumping into the dinghy, I flew with the current to Jim's boat and found that a third boat had dragged anchor when the tide had changed and had managed to run its anchor rode under Jim's boat and wrap it around his spade rudder. The force of the rushing water was holding the two boats together and it was only a matter of time before Jim's anchor would yield to the immense forces imposed by the two boats. It took the better part of an hour for us to get the two of them apart and out of danger. When this was finally accomplished, I had the uphill row back to our boat where I wearily pulled myself aboard.

Sleep at this early hour was out of the question; I was too keyed up and worried about what the current would do next to do anything but sit there and listen to the rushing water. At least there were no more greenheads!

As the sun rose, I decided that it would not be a good idea to wait until the tide changed to find our way out of there. The current at its peak was about equal to what the cutter could do at full throttle. If we left immediately, we could go out on the last of the ebb and wouldn't have to wait too long to get off if we had the misfortune of going aground.

This is where my thinking got a little fuzzy. The boat was lying to its stern anchor with its nylon rode, while the bow was slack, but was all chain. I knew that there was no way to release the bow anchor without losing it, since any buoy would be sucked under by the current. This meant that I had to slack off the stern rode until the boat swung around and the bow took the load.

With great trepidation, I started to pay out the stern line; all went well until the boat had turned nearly broadside and the current had an opportunity to get working on the 5' depth of our full keel. By this time I was sweating profusely since the force of the water was trying to capsize the boat; the port

side deck was nearly awash. My wife told me later that I was covered in greenhead flies; but I didn't notice them, so intent was I on getting out of the present difficulties.

I was desperately trying to figure out how to complete the turning maneuver when three things happened in quick succession: The anchor line jumped out of the chock and lurched to the stern pulpit, my arm, which was holding the line, lurched out of the shoulder socket, and the line found a sharp corner and parted. Actually, there was a fourth action, my arm going back into its socket; but I never felt this since we were now freely swinging around, threatening to hit the bank, rip out the bow anchor, or both!

Fortunately, the boat took care of itself, since we were unable to react fast enough to do anything for her. She ranged up on her chain and sat there waiting for us to make the next move. Seeing that the stern anchor was history, we got the bow in and made tracks down river before anything else could happen; like fouling the prop on the 100' remains of our stern rode which was down there somewhere in the swirling, black waters.

It was a quick trip down with the last of the ebb, but the greenheads were back in force and they had no trouble keeping up with us, a sort of moveable breakfast for them. We retreated back up river to Delaware City and set the hook in a little anchorage which lies just out of the shipping channel that runs up to the Getty refinery. It commenced to rain for three days. On the second day, the wind and seas got up and our only neighbor, a untended work barge, broke her moorings and went ashore with a

loud thump; we were just as glad to not have gotten down to the bay proper in this blow.

I ended up spending most of this time feeling very poorly as a result of my shoulder injury, the greenheads, and just plain anxiety. It is experiences like this that make me wonder why I keep sailing.

In hindsight, it would have been more prudent to wait until slack water to try to get the cutter out of the river; but when you have it set in your mind to go, this sometimes overrides good judgment. A lot of uncomfortable boating incidents are caused by the bull-headed desire to stick with a time plan instead of reacting to the natural rhythms of nature. Even though we hadn't made hard plans for this trip, we still injected too much rigidity when a little flexibility was called for. I am reminded of this every time I look at our new kedge anchor and recall the original one that is yet lying in the tortured mud at the bottom of the Cohansey.

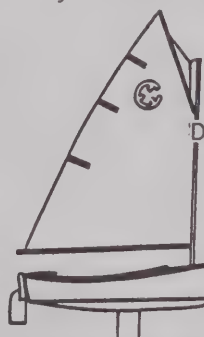
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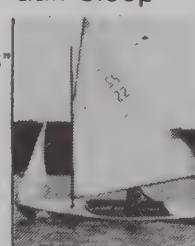
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The windshield wipers flicked away a trace of snow as we headed south, way south, out of Rockford, Illinois, at dawn Thursday, and shoved aside a howling snowstorm on our return midnight Sunday. But in between, the crew in the *Rosemary* had a howling good time cruising Kentucky Lake, down the west shore of Land Between The Lakes. Lake Barkley and Kentucky Lake, which bracket Land Between The Lakes, are administered by the Tennessee Valley Authority, and have been high on my dream list of cruising venues for years. I'd hate to say how many years, but hey, if you haven't got a dream, then how ya' gonna make a dream come true? I just don't recall the last weekend in October ever being part of that dream.

Three boats from the Rockford Yacht Club comprised this flotilla, *Thebote*, a McGregor 26 sailed by long-time club stalwart Allen Penticoff, the *Sea Hawk*, a Skimmer 25 gaff-rigged sloop belonging to another old-timer, Steve "Salty Dog" Kreitlow, and the *Rosemary*, my Shearwater yawl. Joining me as crew were hearty club members Harley Johnson and Bob Davis.

I should explain something here. The Rockford Yacht Club (RYC) is not what the name may imply to those acquainted with REAL yacht clubs. I remember wearing a windbreaker emblazoned with a club patch when meeting a business associate at the Dallas airport, and he said, "What's with the jacket, Nick, I know there's no water anywhere near Rockford!" Well, so what? (He forgot the Rock River.) That's why we have trailers! We meet one night each month in a community center provided free by a local township government. Not all members have boats.

A handful moor large vessels over at various ports on Lake Michigan. One member has a 45' steel schooner at Racine. The rest of us keep our boats on trailers and tow them all over the Midwest. Most winters a small group will charter a bare boat somewhere warm, like the Bahamas. In addition to Christmas parties, or any other excuse for a party, the RYC also does some community volunteer work. The RYC is good people and good friends.

The drive down the full length of Illinois and on into northwest Kentucky is a bit daunting for a weekend cruise, but newly repaired trailer brakes, along with the recently over-

A Good Chance for the *Rosemary*

By Moby Nick

hauled front suspension on my Chevy pickup, reduced the strain. Relief at the wheel from both Harley and Bob was very welcome, a luxury to which I'm not accustomed!

Lighthouse Landing Marina in Grand Rivers, Kentucky, was the rendezvous, and we could see that *Thebote* had already launched when we arrived mid-afternoon Thursday. But when I inquired about the length of concrete ramp remaining under an obviously low and murky water level, I was informed that a trailer had backed off the end the day before and it had been a project to retrieve. They suggested we try Kentucky Lake Marina across the way.

Driving west across the dam, we passed "Salty Dog" heading east. When we asked two guys who appeared they might possess local knowledge about fees and ramp length, they said it was free and that I could back down until the water was over the hood of my truck and there would still be concrete behind my trailer. My kind of ramp, for sure! When the *Rosemary* can be floated off, I can launch and retrieve single-handed, not a common feat with a 28-footer. However, this time I just sat in the cockpit with the Yammerhammer (10 hp Yamaha long-shaft) while Bob and Harley handled the truck and trailer. Talk about luxury to which I'm not accustomed!

As we organized gear in the boat at a nearby pier, the *Sea Hawk* joined the line of bass boats waiting to launch. Steve said that he took one look at the steep ramp at Lighthouse Landing and decided that there had been a good reason I hadn't used it. Since his boat sits almost a foot higher on its trailer than mine, he doubled back in hope that we were onto something better.

It was well after dusk by the time we motored east across the lake to rendezvous with *Thebote*. I throttled down to half-ahead so I could keep *Sea Hawk* in view astern. "Salty Dog" doesn't stint on gear, but he still pushes his 3000-pound Skimmer around with the same four-tap Honda that he used in his

old Bay Hen. The reason is his motor mount. My Shearwater is one of only a few boats in the RYC that are towed over the road with the engine clamped right on the transom.

Many have those not-quite-rigid two-position brackets for mounts, and so they like lightweight motors which they can easily put in their vehicles. Others find that an outboard and fuel on the boat makes their trailers tail-heavy. I remember David Davignon at Edey & Duff, builders of Dovekie, Shearwater, Stone Horse, Doughdish, and other distinctive designs, once saying about Dovekie, before I ordered the old *Pilgrim Pelican*, our first cruiser, "The whole boat is built like a brick shithouse." Also true for Shearwater. I like having a big engine.

We had an interesting encounter in the dark along the way. A mass of lights moving down river toward us appeared that it might be a towboat, though we could not see a tow. As it drew nearer, we could make out maybe four low-lying barges, but no running lights. About that time it also became apparent that the tow's relative position to starboard had not changed, a classic indication of a collision course. Immediately I turned right 90 degrees, changing our display from green to red, indicating to him a pronounced change of course on our part. As we passed port-to-port at perhaps 200 yards we could see running lights close to the water on the tow.

For Christmas, after this cruise, I got a 25-watt VHF marine radio, so next time we'll probably be able to chat with the towboat skipper. A good thing, I think, though I've always liked to sail with my own thoughts and those of the crew, instead of jabbering over a radio transmitter or answering someone who does.

After securing the *Rosemary* in a vacant slip, we found Allen and he led us to a restaurant/boutique called Patti's, where thick cuts of pork are the specialty. Worth a trip back.

It rained late Thursday night and on into Friday morning, so after breakfast all hands just toured the piers looking at sailboats of every sort, like an in-water boat show. There was a nice Flicka priced to sell at \$16,000. But for me, a 34' pilothouse sloop, the *New Chance*, stood out from all the rest. Wind vane steering and cockpit spray canvas were just two features that indicated a serious cruising vessel. I sure would take advantage of a chance to meet the owner.

About mid-morning I spotted someone from the *New Chance* spreading gear out on the pier. Was this my chance? Since he was closer in than the *Rosemary*, I could pretend to be headed for the latrine and compliment his boat as I went by. "Nice boat! It's been

Al and Rhoda Cawthorne in the *New Chance*.



awhile since I've seen a vessel quite as well outfitted for the ocean."

"You're welcome to come aboard, but I'm afraid it's quite (some British expression for messy) below. Yours is the one with the boards on each side and the masts all raked back, isn't it?"

"Yes, the leeboards and raked spars are common in Phil Bolger's designs. I'm Nick Scheuer from Rockford, Illinois, up by Wisconsin. We've got three boats from our sailing club down here this weekend."

"Very pleased to meet you. Al Cawthorne. We've an acquaintance in England cruising a boat having leeboards like yours, also designed by Bolger."

A woman appeared in the companionway. They exchanged glances and she nodded agreement when he suggested, "Why don't you come 'round in an hour and perhaps we can find something to drink?"

"May I bring along a few of us?"

"Certainly! I believe I met one of the others yesterday."

Ashore I ran into "Salty Dog" and began spreading the word. Salty's crew, Mike Olsen said he had a loaf of home-baked bread to bring to the party.

A bit over an hour passed before we could gather up most of our RYC contingent and mosey on over to the *New Chance*. Al invited everyone into the pilothouse salon, introduced his wife Rhoda, and offered beer from around the world; Becks, Foster, Budweiser, even some stout from their homeland. Rhoda found a can of nuts to pass around. We were all struck by their gracious welcome.

The *New Chance* is the second boat they've owned which was built by Vancouver. They are in their second year of a cruise which started with a crossing from Cowes, Isle Of Wight, their home, to the Bahamas. After a thorough tour of those islands, they sailed up the east coast of the U.S. and up the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes and Chicago, then down the Illinois and Mississippi, and up the Ohio to Kentucky Lake. Their immediate plan was to continue through the Tom-Bigbee Waterway to the Gulf.

The leeboard yawl they knew at home turned out to be the *Alert of Boston*, owned by Jim Melcher. The photos revealed another trait shared by several Bolger designs, upswept stern quarters which elevates the transom rail above the bow rail, not at all ungraceful.

Other friends whose vessels filled the Cawthorne's photo albums included Don Street and Miles Smeeton, people who've written books we've all read.

On the trip down from Rockford, Harley Johnson had entertained Bob Davis and I with a sailing adventure from his U.S. Navy service in Hawaii. Since it involved a cruising vessel of considerable fame, one whose original owners might also be friends of the Cawthornes, I suggested that Harley might share it again. Harley told of a passage between two islands of the Hawaiian Archipelago in the *Wanderer II*, second of five *Wanderers* cruised all over the world by Eric and Susan Hiscock. Harley had crewed for one of the subsequent owners of the *Wanderer II* on an all-night passage with the lee rail awash in 12' seas, which evidently was pretty routine until the topsail sheet blew out and they had to haul the whole mess down. I can't vouch for the Cawthornes, but I certainly was impressed.

Al Cawthorne countered with an anecdote



Rhoda Cawthorne and Moby Nick in "shallow" discussion, "Right now she's drawing only six inches."

dote concerning Susan Hiscock, now 80 or so, having recently sailed a small open boat across the English Channel simply because it was the most direct way to attend a party in France.

For me this was cruisers' heaven! I used to imagine what it would be like sharing yarns such as these in the salon of a world-class cruising vessel, and here we were, actually doing it on a lake in Kentucky!

When the beer stores ran low, Al offered a bottle of wine. Knowing that he wanted to have a close look at my boat, I suggested that they had been quite generous enough and that perhaps we ought to go down the pier to the *Rosemary* where a large bottle of California Merlot reposed in the ice box.

Ten minutes later the party resumed with the Cawthornes trying the pair of sumptuous (semi-reclining) seats port and starboard, midship in the salon, one or two RYC compatriots forward on the berths, me seated on the

porta-potty by the companionway passing wine and whatever fore and aft, and the remainder of our band in the cockpit, ten souls in all, and none of them small. What a great idea it had been to install a ballcock in the cockpit drain line, otherwise those aft would have been up to their ankles in water!

When the wine and cheese stores had depleted, the RWC band were all ready to get out and do some sailing. After a long round of farewells, Al asked that we all sound our horns as we passed the *New Chance* on our way out.

It is ceremonial occasions such as this where I like having a pair of conches, along with a bovine horn, each with a hole drilled through the end, things to sound off with in style. Pressurized gas in cans is so, well, let's just say they lack everything but noise.

Our late afternoon sail south to Duncan Bay was accomplished in light quartering wind. Both of the other boats would go faster

Moby Nick at the helm of the *Rosemary* as *Sea Hawk* draws alongside to trade crew.



than mine. My crew was surprised at my seeming lack of concern when the leeboard scraped bottom several times. "What? Me worry? Pull the leeboard up a bit, would you Harley?"

The *Rosemary* is currently sailing with just one leeboard and the bow centerboard, along with the rudder, for lateral plane. The starboard leeboard fractured right across about 10 inches below the pivot while working in 6' seas and a fresh breeze off the Chicago lakefront last August. Enough fiberglass remains connected for the leeboard to hinge freely in and out at the break line, yet is sufficiently rigid fore'n'aft for the lanyard to keep it all up. I've got a design for a new pair to be made of wood that will be stouter as well as enhance performance. Nice of Edey & Duff to provide a pair and a spare, so to speak, in the lateral plane department!

The three boats stayed rafted all night. Wild tales of Dan Medler's snoring were substantiated. He usually volunteers to berth in the cockpit of *Thebote*, which only makes it more likely that anyone nearby will be awakened by the racket. First time I heard him, I thought it was a sputtering motor on a fishing skiff passing our raft in the dark. Actually, there were a lot of "motors" sputtering that night.

Speaking of motor racket, while still in our berths at dawn, a thundering herd of fast outboards zoomed by out on the lake. Was every boat in Kentucky headed south for some reason maybe we ought to know about? Of course, it's the opening of the bass tournament!

Skippers often like to brag how they've got the best anchor for securing a raft-up, and Duncan Bay was no exception. When we arrived, both of the other skippers boasted about what they on the other ends of their rodes. Of course the *Rosemary*'s Bruce was truly the best all-round anchor in the flotilla, because nobody else was using a Bruce, but believing three anchors to be gross over-kill, I had refrained from insisting that we use it. The payoff came when I was ready to get underway. It took all of 30 seconds to cast off bow, stern, and spring lines and be off, while *Thebote* and *Sea Hawk* spent another half hour untangling their rodes, which had become thoroughly entwined through the windless night.

Saturday's wind was more to our liking, and being first away put us in a good position, but it wasn't long before *Thebote* and *Sea Hawk* were showing us their transoms. We were able to cover *Sea Hawk* a couple of times and forge ahead briefly. I am definitely going to re-rig the *Rosemary* as a cat-yawl or put up some sort of damn tops'l. Maybe I should try a quadrilateral spritsail on our short mast.

Just south of the Eggnor Ferry Bridge, we stopped at the KenLake State Resort for lunch in a restaurant. RYC people seem to favor restaurants over their own galleys. Not that I don't enjoy them too, it's just that I prefer the itinerary one might expect when cruising in company with Peter and Maggie Duff and other friends in Dovekies and Shearwaters, a lunch stop where one can pull the bow up on some quiet shore and commune with flora and fauna, maybe take a swim in lieu of a shower, or just gam with the other crews in one's company while sharing the larder we've brought along. Of course in order to do that habitually, one requires a vessel able to slither across sand bars and mud flats covered by only a few inches of water. As she draws only six inches, boards and rudder raised, Shearwater can do that. A lot of cruisers cannot.

After lunch, we sailed back north to Moss Creek under gray overcast, though with a steady moderate wind. At the raft-up that evening, "It doesn't get any better than this!" was overheard, in spite of the less-than-perfect weather. There was no argument.

Sunday dawned with a clearing sky along with the best wind of the weekend. We had a good healthy breakfast in the *Rosemary*, though I was mindful of, "Oatmeal? We must be cruising," a traditional inside joke from *Pil-Pel* days. Then we jumped over to the *Sea Hawk* to sample their coffee. The talk tacked toward tanbark sails.

Salty Dog had switched places with Harley Johnson for an hour the day before so he could sail a Shearwater without leaving his cousin Mike single-handed. Salty and I have similar tastes in boats. His former Bay Hen and present Skimmer parallel my old Dovekie and now Shearwater for their tanbark sails. I think Skimmers are fine looking boats, and their large mainsail moves them well, but the accommodations lack elbow room, and the helmsperson sits by a low transom that might be a wet place in following seas.

Skimmers do have tanbark sails, top-quality finish, buff-painted spars, brass and teak trim, a big dodger, and a great foredeck. Where Steve and I differ is his appreciation of gaff rigs. I much prefer the subtle simplicity of leg-o-mutton sprit sails. I do think it's nice that he's willing to expend so much energy keeping the gaff rig alive. He didn't come by the name "Salty Dog" for no reason. Skimmers certainly are "character" boats, they just do not have the touch of eccentricity, the *je ne sais quoi* which we who sail Dovekies and Shearwaters love so very much.

I actually met Salty eight or nine years prior to moving to Rockford and joining the "yacht" club. I had towed *Pil-Pel* over from Indiana to stage a sailing demo on pond at one of Chicago's Arboretums for a half-dozen Dovekie prospects in Illinois whose names had been given to me by Edey & Duff. Steve was one of them. After the demo, Steve had attended the big Chicago Boat Show and bought the Bay Hen on exhibit there. He once said that in the 10 years he owned the Hen, he never spent a night aboard! Good thing he never bought the Dovekie. If you don't sleep in them while concealed in marsh grass like a duck blind, it's a terrible waste of good boat.

As we sat around drinking a couple of pots of coffee in the *Sea Hawk*, we noticed that the freshening breeze was slowly pushing a pair of rafted motor cruisers, which had originally been anchored 400 yards away, backwards toward a nearby gravel beach. Allen shouted a warning and they were able to fire up their multiple diesels just in time to avoid grounding their rudders and props!

I wanted to run onto the beach on purpose to stretch our legs with a bit of rock and driftwood collecting, so we cast off our lines first and did so. I love the way Shearwater can be run up onto shore just like an aluminum fishing skiff. After lashing down a light load of driftwood on the foredeck, a habit of long-standing, we fired up the Yammerhamer and headed out toward open water.

Once out, a reef looked like a good idea, which made for a very rewarding sail up the west, fairly shallow, but smoother side of the lake to the launch point. Wouldn't you know it! *Thebote* motored back to their launch point, which was two miles closer than ours! And

wouldn't you know it even worse, the *Sea Hawk* motored back too, because they elected to lower their mast and lash down their gaff rig at the anchorage! I say, to the *Rosemary* goes the moral victory! She tends to be slow in any wind which doesn't require a reef, then the others fail to hoist any canvas! Go figure!

As we retrieved the boat, a bass fisherman said that we'd returned just in time, that in another 30 minutes there would be 40 or 50 bass tournament boats angling for ramp space instead of the half-dozen sharing the ramp with us. Those bass guys don't mess around getting their boats off or onto a trailer. They never seem to be solo, so one guy drives the truck while the other drives the boat, whose 150 hp can put it right up to the rubber stop without benefit of winch. This particular ramp was wide enough to handle six rigs abreast.

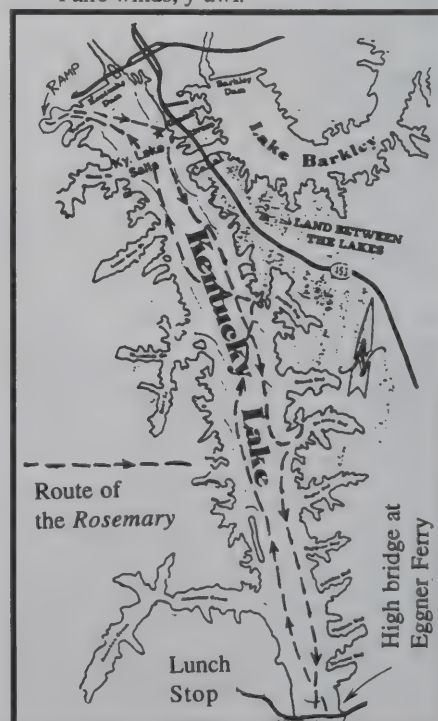
About the time we got everything secured for the road, the *Sea Hawk* motored in, surrounded by a horde of bass fishing boats. Salty was heading for St. Louis to drop off his cousin, so we didn't hang around to see how long it took them to get a turn at the ramp.

The marina folks said that if we drove over to a nearby state park campground, we might find good shower facilities. We did, and we did, and they were free, too!

The westerly wind really screamed on the way home, at one point blowing the *Rosemary*'s forehatch right off its hinges. It had been secured inside with a bungee loop. If the noise it made tumbling aft and over the side hadn't made me glance in the rearview mirror, I would've lost it. As it happened, we stopped, retrieved it from a ditch, and lashed it down with duct tape, that miracle "fix-all" that experienced cruisers always have at hand.

About two-thirds of the way home we found ourselves slowing to 20 mph through thick wet snow that put a few vehicles into the ditches. Later, half an hour away from Rockford, the plows had done their stuff and we rolled along at 40-plus, all smiles as we reflected on a fine cruise that would be the last chance for the *Rosemary* in 1997.

Faire winds, y'awl.



Sleeping on a divan kindly turned over to me in the office of the Trotter dock where I replenished my gasoline, I pushed off from Little Current at daybreak the following morning, that of July 3rd. Helped by the steady set of easterly current (the drainage of North Channel) which gives the picturesque little town its name, I was quickly out of the river-like strait and heading across the opener waters of Manitowaning Bay. The steamer course ran somewhat circuitously to the south of Heywood Island here, but by threading the shoals to the north, I managed to save a mile or two of distance. This brought me abreast of the double lights at the south end of Badgely Island, with the open waters of Georgian Bay shimmering like a sheet of gray satin under its cloak of thinning silver mist.

My most direct course from here would have been a point or two south of east to the protecting bank of "The Thirty Thousand Islands," which buffers the eastern shore of Georgian Bay from end to end. After my experiences of the two previous days in the way of thunder squalls with a small boat, however, I was reluctant to put so many miles of unknown water between myself and land. Also, I had been assured that a glimpse of Killarney in passing would be well worth the slight detour reaching it involved, and Killarney was located on an inlet at the extreme northern point of the bay.

The little town of Killarney, I had been told in Little Current, was unique in a number of respects. Although actually on the mainland, it was connected with the rest of the world neither by railway, highway, telephone, nor telegraph. Not even was there an automobile in local use. The spaces left for roads were merely grassy lanes between the houses and small patches of cultivation. Every one of the several hundred people was either Irish or French-Canadian. There was but a single non-Catholic in the community, and he was a recent backslider who had fallen victim to a "holy-roller" evangelist.

And such was Killarney as I found it, only infinitely more restful and alluring than the bald description reads. Heading northeasterly and skirting the shoal called Kokanongwi Shingle, I coasted George Island until I came to a little toy lighthouse which showed the way into a deep, narrow passage, walled with a weather-polished reddish rock which had the look of porphyry. A mile of winding among slender peninsulas and tiny islets brought me to a straight reach of channel lined on either side with white and green cottages perched picturesquely among the rocks.

With verdure surging down to the water's edge, and the blue-green summits of the Cloche Mountains notching the distant skyline, the lovely strait with its sparkingly clean village might well have been an arm of the famous Irish lake from which it took its name. A bare-armed, bare-headed girl with a mane of red hair, pulling a skiff in the bow of which a pert yellow Irish terrier was planted like a figurehead, lent the culminating Hibernian touch.

One could have lingered long in Killarney, with profit to one's town-frayed nerves if nothing else. But with the daily bank of thunderclouds already beginning to mass for their matutinal maneuvers, there was nothing to do but content myself with a half hour's stroll along the grassy lanes before pushing off to make what way I could while the sun

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 X - Part I Georgian Bay & Trent Canal

shone. The friendly grocer at whose dock I tied up told me of a cabin on an island "right along the way" where I could take shelter if the weather turned bad. I never found it. With thirty thousand islands "right along the way," looking for something on one of them was comparable to searching for the proverbial needle in the haystack.

The chart showed that, by coasting eastward from Killarney, I could follow a completely land-locked passage called Collin's Inlet, which ran to the northward of Philip Edward Island for many miles. As this would carry me far off the direct course, I decided to keep to the open water a few miles off the main mass of the coastal islands, running to the latter for shelter only in case of necessity.

Reefs and shallowly submerged rocks swarmed even in the open lake but, with clear water and a bright sky overhead, these were easily seen and avoided. Running steadily without even shutting off the engine for lunch, I made rapid progress until the regular afternoon thunderstorms began to unlimber their artillery along toward 2:00. Weathering two squalls with no more than a wetting, I was quick to turn and run for shelter when a bituminous funnel of cloud came boring down with the apparent intention of blowing me out into the middle of the bay.

The chart showed two masses of small islands immediately to landward, one called "Sly Boots" and the other "The Chickens." Rather fancying the latter as a roosting place, I headed in to where they nestled in brown silhouette against the loftier looming forests of the mainland. At first it looked as though I was running in to ram an unbroken wall of bare rock. As I drove nearer, however, narrow openings began to appear, these resolving themselves presently into winding channels separating hundreds of tiny low islands.

Bumping into the main pillar of the squall while still in open water, the wind-whipped waves were piling into the boat at a rate that would have filled her in a few minutes had it been maintained. Then I scudded like a frightened rabbit between the first outreaching fingers of rock, and almost instantly the weight of the waves was broken. By the time two or three lines of "Chickens" had been passed, only the wind and rain told that the squall continued, and I was safely berthed against anything short of a cyclone. Indeed, the protection from the seas pounding outside was so

complete that there was no real need of stopping at all. Tilting the engine to protect the propeller from the rocks, I worked the boat along under oars until the squall had passed and it was quiet enough to run outside again.

The red-brown rocks of "The Chickens" showed unmistakable evidences of glacial "scratches". Doubtless, in fact, all of "The Thirty Thousand Islands" were scoured out from the mother rock during the glacial movements of the Ice Age.

The name "Voyageur Channel" on the chart at a point which I came abreast of an hour after coming out from the refuge of "The Chickens" called my attention to the fact that I was now off the sprawling estuaries of historic French River, and therefore in water which had been plowed by the keels of the boats of practically all of the early explorers and travelers. In order to avoid the rapids of the St. Lawrence and Niagara and the circuitous route by Ontario, Erie, and main Lake Huron, it was long the practice to work up the Ottawa from Montreal and reach Georgian Bay and the sheltered North Channel by way of Lake Nipissing and the French River. This was the main route to Superior, Michigan and, by Fox River and the Wisconsin, on to the Mississippi, for many years.

At 5:00 some brilliantly white spots which came up and sat upon the sunlit waters of the bay to the east turned out to be the Bustard Rocks Range Lights. As the north was threatening storm again, I was glad to take advantage of the shelter until the next flight of squalls blew over. Running into the harbor afforded by the passage between two tiny islands, I found the old lighthouse keeper and his wife awaiting me on the landing.

With them was an officious personage in sporting togs, who promptly boarded and began to search the boat to the accompaniment of a running fire of questions as to whence I had come, what I had been doing, and where I was going. At the end of 20 minutes he ceased his pawings among my outfit, stepped over into a smart little launch and pushed off without any explanation. He was evidently considerably put out about something.

As soon as the launch was out of the passage, the lighthouse keeper explained that the man was the Fish and Game Warden. Hearing my engine popping and certain that it was a boat which contained Americans fishing without a license, he had laid in ambush at the lighthouse station to make a seizure. He had fairly danced a jig, the old man said, chucklingly, when he found that I was heading in, running right into the jaws of his trap. His disappointment at finding no evidences of fish or fishing was due, the old man explained, to the fact that the penalty for aliens caught poaching is an especially heavy one, and that a very sizable cut goes to the warden making the arrest.

As the weather looked far from settled, I was glad to accept the warm invitation of the good old couple to remain with them for the night. It was not until I started carrying part of my outfit up to the boathouse that I discovered that the keeper was almost totally blind, so that he felt his way with a stick. With the aid of his wife, the station had been run and maintained according to the best traditions of the service, however, and he had been kept there from year to year in spite of his rapidly failing sight. But he realized that the present summer must be about his last, and was turning over in his mind some plan by which to

carry on. He had thought a bit about trapping, in fact, had already had considerable success with mink. Perhaps he could trap some fur-bearing foxes and stock an island with them.

Courageous old souls! Both of them were over sixty, and one of them blind. Yet, as we sat around the fire after supper that night, they told me of their plans and ambitions with all the enthusiasm of a pair of young immigrants just out from England. But what a spirit the fine old chap had I did not appreciate until I received a letter from him a few months later. Thanking me for a number of photographs of the station and islands I had sent, the pencil-scribbled note (evidently dictated to his wife) continued: "Well, we had a very rough Fall. I could not get over to the Bustard Islands very much, and so set a few traps round near the light-house and caught 4 fine mink."

Well, we were picked up on Dec. 9 to go to mainland for winter. That night it got dark and foggy and raining. Could not see the range lights and so ran the steamer on the Burton Rocks N.W. of Byng Inlet. At 9 we took to the lifeboats and got off all right—a little wet but not suffering. We laid on the floor in the light-house 3 nights with 22 of a crew. My little motor-boat and all our clothing and bedding and all we own was lost. The steamer will remain on the rocks all winter as the wrecking crew cannot get her off.

Well, we go East to my old home for Xmas and expect to have a fine time with lots of cider and good things to eat. Then I will come back and trap. I will write you later about my fur farm.

Yours truly, Mr. and Mrs. David Mountnay.

And that's the stuff they make lighthouse keepers of in Georgian Bay.

The next day being the Fourth of July, I resolved to celebrate by attempting to put up a new record for a daily run. About 90 miles was the best I had made so far, but on no day had I run continuously from daylight to dark. Bad weather and rough water had most frequently intervened to drive me to shelter, but with a protected passage inside of the islands now available, there was no reason for not keeping going as long as I cared to.

A thick blanket of fog clapped down on the Bustards during the night, but this had thinned enough to give a couple of hundred yards of visibility by the time-early breakfast with my lighthouse friends was over and I had pulled out into open water. As it was still too thick to navigate among the islands, I kept outside, steering by compass and the wail of the Byng Inlet Fog whistle. At 9:00 the fog began lifting, revealing the "silver and gray of spit and bay" of the outer island fringe meeting the "steel-backed tide" of the lake.

The fog was gone at 10:00, leaving behind it the cobalt vault of the first unclouded sky I had seen for many days. With the whistling southwest breeze which had licked up the last of the mist kicking a head sea that threatened a material slowing down of my progress in open water, I took the first occasion to head in to the sheltered passage behind the islands. This was at Port au Baril. Filling up all of my gasoline cans at a water-side service station, I pushed off and steered southward into the interminable maze of island channels.

The buoyed channel was easy to follow if one kept an eye closely on the marks. Know-

ing this channel was for boats of comparatively deep draught, however, I constantly found myself yielding to the temptation to save time by taking one or another of countless passages opening to left and right. The game was a fascinating one and I kept it up for several hours until, indeed, a few simple calculations revealed that my erratic navigation was costing me about three times the time and distance it was gaining. That kept me to the marked channel for a couple of hours, or until an especially alluring cut-off took me into a nest of shallows among which an aspiring tip of rock poked up to strike the propeller and shear the first pin I had lost on the voyage.

Early in the afternoon I shut off the engine to drift for a few minutes alongside a canoe, the heavy load of which indicated it was starting on a long voyage. The sunburned paddlers proved to be Prof. and Mrs. Ingraham of the University of Wisconsin. Without any power save that of their own stout arms, they were just off for several hundred miles of paddling on a route which would carry them through "The Thirty Thousand Islands," French River, and the Muskoka Lakes. It was a glorious prospect, though slightly dimmed at the moment by the aches and pains of first-week sunburn, blisters, and paddle muscles.

Camps and cottages appeared to occur in patches. At points there would be one or the other on every island, usually with a hotel and general store making a sort of community center. Then I would run for several miles without seeing any signs of civilization, save the occasional marking buoy. Most of the camps were occupied or in process of being opened. Many of the lodges were large and rambling, but few were pretentious. The gimcrack palaces which so mar the natural beauty of "The Thousand Islands" in the St. Lawrence have not, heaven be praised, overflowed to Georgian Bay.

All afternoon I waved reluctant regrets to shouted and signaled invitations to land at this camp or that for a yarn or even a more palpable proffer of cheer. But along toward evening the sight of what, judging from the American and Canadian flags in evidence, was an international Fourth of July celebration offered temptation too strong to resist. The rambling log lodge proved to be occupied by a Detroit family, which was giving a house party for some of its Canadian neighbors. Surmising from what their glasses revealed, that I was a hungry, and possibly a thirsty, American, they sent off one of their guides in a motorboat to tell me that they were just sitting down to dinner and that there was an extra place for me.

Fortunately, it was not one of those accidentally "thirteen" parties, where an extra guest had to be found willy-nilly. With two hours of daylight still remaining, stopping for dinner and the night would have put an end to what promised to be the best day's run of the voyage. So, explaining this, I compromised by joining in toasts to the King, the President, Mr. Volstead, the prosperous finish of my voyage, "good fishing," and the healths of the several members of the party. Then, sped by a booming chorus, I pushed off into a gorgeous, a very gorgeous, sunset.

The guides at the lodge had told me of a passage which would save several miles in distance if only I could find the entrance to it. I found the entrance to a passage without difficulty, but it must have been the wrong one. Devious windings ended in rocky shallows

from which I had to extricate the boat with oars. That diversion cost half an hour, which might much better have been spent with my jovial friends at the international Fourth of July party.

Hardly had I worked back to the buoyed channel than I was hailed by a pair of wildly paddling canoeists who begged that I give them a tow so that they could catch the steamer at Sans Souci Landing, a mile ahead. After tangling up their painter in the fly-wheel of my engine and nearly winding in the canoe over the stern, the paddlers suggested that I take their passenger aboard and make a dash for the already overdue steamer without them. This I was glad to do.

Lifting what proved to be a somewhat hysterically flustered girl over the side, I started the motor and headed up toward where the steamer lights were just beginning to glide across those of the landing. There appeared to be some shouting and gesticulating in the canoe as we left it astern, but my passenger would not hear of shutting off the engine to learn what it signified. She was to be a bridesmaid at a wedding in Hamilton, she said, and this steamer would connect with the last train that would get her there in time. wouldn't I please, *please*, step on my engine and get her to the boat!

The steamer was backing away from the landing while we were still a couple of hundred yards away, but by running alongside I managed to deliver my passenger into the extended arms of a waiting deckhand without putting the nose of my boat into a churning side-wheel. Running back to the landing to make inquiries as to a camping place, I encountered the canoe just coming in. One of the paddlers, at imminent risk of an upset, was standing up and waving a plethoric bag from the bow. His sister had forgotten it on leaving the canoe, he explained, and, as it contained both her bridal dress and a mess of trout wrapped up in ice, she would be particularly annoyed.

As I pushed off they were trying to charter a speed-boat in which to overtake the steamer at the next landing. As the bag was already dripping water which smelt of fish, I have often wondered in just what condition that bridesmaid's gown was delivered.

The seventh filling of gasoline was just at an end when I landed for the night on the rocky point of a little island a mile beyond Sans Souci. There was no way of accurately logging the distance covered in my windings but, at the rate of 15 miles to the gallon, it would have been something over a hundred for the day. By the direct course down the bay outside of the islands, the distance would have been much less.

Gathering what wood I could lay hands on in the darkness, I made a fire on the rocks in preparation for a hearty camp supper. When I opened my grub box, however, it transpired that my late passenger was not the only one who had been guilty of forgetfulness. Having neglected to replenish provisions at Port au Baril, I found my larder reduced to a can of jam and a small hunk of bacon, hardly what could be called a balanced diet at the best.

I was awakened in the morning by the crowing of a rooster and the cackling of geese. The rest of the island was occupied by a hunting lodge, and the caretaker had evidently made provision against the days that nothing fell to the guns. I had made my Fourth of July

dinner on bacon and jam within 40 yards of a chicken coop!

After getting lost twice the next morning, once having to do 14 miles of extra distance by running more than halfway into the deeply indented Twelve-Mile Bay, I decided that inside navigation was too slow except as a last resort in case of bad weather. Pushing westerly, therefore, through the outer fringe of islands, I headed down in deep and fairly open water toward the end of Georgian Bay. Passing east of Giant's Tomb Island, with the striking monolithic crown of rock which gives it the name, I ran to the west of Beausoleil Island and opened up the broad, shallow bay which had its head at Port Severn, where I expected to enter the Trent Canal.

The transition from the wilds of "The Thirty Thousand Islands" to the civilization of the head of the bay was almost startling in its suddenness. Several towns, chief of which were Midland and Port McNicoll, broke the encircling shoreline with roads and rectangles of regular cultivation running back over rounded hills from which the forests had long been cleared. The funnels and masts of steamers were silhouetted against the towering cylinders of grain elevators, horizontal jets of mingling white smoke and black marked the course of trains.

As the direct course to Port Severn appeared from the chart to be thickly beset with shoals, I landed at a little wooded island near the mouth of the bay to learn, if possible, if it would be necessary to follow the circuitous track of buoys by way of Port McNicoll. Scarcely had I moored my boat than the brisk northerly breeze which had been driving me along all afternoon increased to a strength which turned even the partly sheltered waters of the bay white with breaking waves. This gave me time to study a large-scale chart and to have early supper with the friendly old couple who had caretakers of the lodge on the island for many years.

The water of most of the east side of the bay was so shallow, I learned, that it would be safest to take the long way round by Port McNicoll on the probability that it would be the shortest way out.

Shoving off at 6:00, I found, as soon as I was clear of the lee of the island, that there was still more wind and sea than I would have preferred for the crossing of six or seven miles of open water. But the menace to my own stanch and well-powered little boat was nothing to the threat to a thin sliver of a canoe which went scudding across my bows just as I began to have recourse to the bailing bucket. With an unreefed sail large enough for a small

sloop, the audacious little craft went banging on into the breaking seas, while her active but apparently otherwise unconcerned crew of two sat on the weather gunwale to keep her from being hove flat.

"Those chaps are either plumb crazy, or else they are past masters of canoe sailing and have a lot of nerve on top of it," I said to myself, wiping the spray out of my eyes and turning again to the bailing bucket.

Just how much that pair knew about canoes, as well as something of the amount of nerve they had, I was to have an illuminative example a couple of days later.

(To Be Continued)



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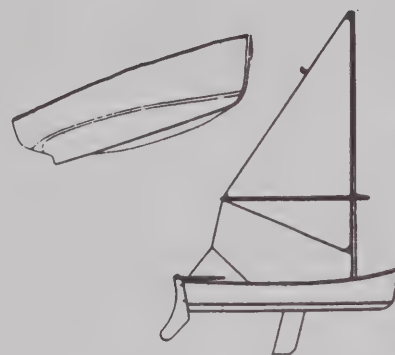
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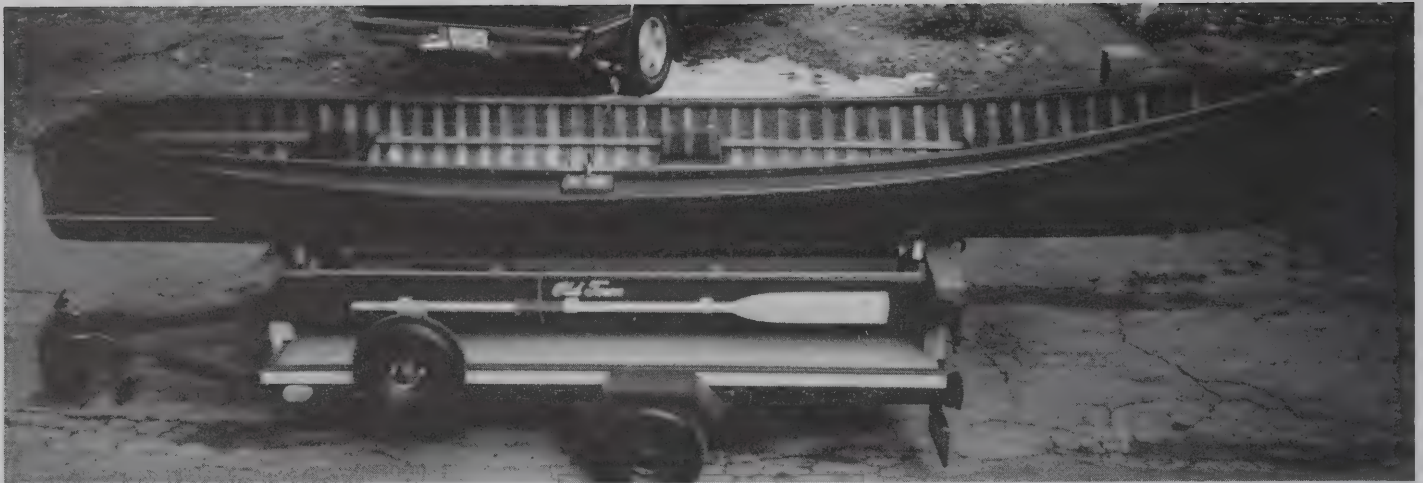
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Risen from the ashes!

The First Canoe

By Pete Cartier

"So what's your latest boat project?" a casual friend asked me after I hadn't seen him in quite a while.

"Well," said I, "actually, I'm sort of between projects. I finished up a 23' IO utility and I'm sort of looking around for a canoe. I've never done one and I thought it might make an interesting project."

Said he, "Gee, my father-in-law has an old canoe sitting in a shed up on the lake. He hasn't worked on it in a long time and he might be interested in getting rid of it. Are you interested in looking at it? You might not want it though. Its got an odd square stern."

I had been thinking about a square stern canoe, one I could hang a little 1956 3hp Johnson I had, the first motor I ever got, but I kept that to myself for the moment. So began my first involvement with wooden canoes. I'd had an 18' aluminum Michicraft and I liked it a lot, but there was something indefinable missing when I used it.

First inspection of the canoe revealed it in undressed form with all the seats, inwales, outwales, and whatever else, including a pair of sponsons, collected into a pile. I recognized most of the parts, but not all. Some half ribs had been replaced, three of them had the bevel on the downside of the rib, some of the planking was bad, and the original rib tops were nail sick in places, but this was certainly a horse of a different color with those sponsons and bronze oarlocks. I was intrigued and well beyond just interested.

"Do you have any idea what your father-in-law wants for it?"

"Well, if you're interested in it, I can get in touch with him to find out."

"OK, why don't you call me when you know and we'll talk about it."

On the way home I had the usual boat buying discussion with myself.

"Do you really want to do a canoe? That seems like its in pretty tough shape. Besides, you've never done a canoe before. It seems like pretty fragile stuff. You're used to working with wood of much larger dimension, not this little stuff that breaks so easily. It looks pretty dried out, too. There are some big gaps between some of the planking. Yeah, but you ARE looking for a square stern and you've never let not knowing how to do something

stop you before have you? That's true. Well, what kind of price are you going to accept? I don't have any ideas what that thing is worth in its present shape. I don't want to insult the owner, but then again you're on a tight budget for this fun stuff. Well, I suppose \$100 might be a fair offer. Yeah, but if it IS rare and you really want it, maybe you ought to offer more."

By the time I arrived home I'd negotiated MYSELF up to \$300.

The phone call came about two weeks later.

"My father-in-law said if you wanted it, you can have it for what he's got into it, \$50. How's that sound?"

Gulp. "That sounds fair to me. When can I pick it up?"

It came home in pieces, the proverbial basket case. It was pleasant trying to figure out where everything went and whether or not it was all there. It had two seats and I assumed there had been at least three. What looked like a pair of drawer slides were part of the collection of bits and pieces. The only logical place for a drawer was under a seat, but neither of the seats showed evidence of having had a drawer suspended from them. Ah, the missing seat perhaps? I decided fairly quickly that since this was my first attempt at rehabbing a canoe, I wasn't going to be pristine about returning it to its original configuration. It would be the canoe I learned on without destroying it in the process.

Where to begin? Since some of the half ribs had been put in with the bevel edges facing out instead of in, it seemed reasonable to start here by removing the offending ribs. I tend to make mistakes early on in a project, and here was my first one. I removed ribs adjacent to each other instead of just removing every other rib and replacing them before removing others in order to maintain hull shape.

I never realized that it was a mistake to remove adjacent ribs until much later on and, in hindsight, realized that this was the reason that a portion of the hull was misshapen when I got it. A dozen or so adjoining ribs had apparently been taken out all at once, and no attempt was made to restore the hull shape before replacing those ribs. Hence a "dent," if you will, was introduced into the hull; not a large one, but noticeable if you knew where

to look for it. It was at this point that I realized I was in over my head, even after having read Rollin Thurlow and Jerry Stelmok's book, *The Wood And Canvas Canoe*, so I decided to stop before I destroyed what could end up being a usable, pleasing to the eye canoe. The project was put on hold while I saved up coinage of the realm to invest in a week at the Woodenboat School in Brooklin, Maine, where I could take their canoe restoration course and work on my own canoe there.

Time passed, about six years worth to be specific. Events conspired to let me get to Maine. I retired and a monetary gift as a result put me over the top. Off to Maine. It's hard to put into words what the Woodenboat School is like. I have a definite aversion to gurus and those who profess to have all the answers, and I had concerns that I was traveling to a place where both might exist in large quantity.

To say I was wrong is putting it mildly and, you read it here first, I really should apologize to the staff at the Woodenboat School for my impure thoughts. It went by so fast it was the best day I ever had spending a week doing boat stuff. Summer camp for adults doesn't describe it. It's more like getting to be a kid again, doing exactly what you want to be doing in a highly supportive, caring atmosphere where you get to meet new people who become lifelong friends, and learn skills from people who are more than willing to give much of their time answering questions and staying out of your way when it's appropriate. Rollin Thurlow was the instructor for the course, and his knowledge of canoe building is impressive indeed.

Much too soon, I was home again with a canoe in canvas after having replaced ribs and planking, all done in 12 to 14-hour days working (playing?) at the school until 10:00 or 11:00 at night, only to collapse into a cold beer and hope that morning would come quickly.

The rest of the summer and fall was taken with building a small, winterized workshop in which I could fit the canoe and be able to work on it through my first winter of retirement. Again, the canoe found itself in hiatus while that was completed. It is a very patient patient.

Finally, the time for being outdoors came to an end in the north country as cold and snow

drove everyone inside, not to be seen again until the return of civilized weather. How like bears we are at times. But this meant I could return to working on the canoe, which I did, sometimes in great long bursts of energy and at other times with hardly a glance in its direction.

Canoes, all boats I think, develop a new personality as they are restored. This one appeared to be quietly resigned to going for long stretches without human contact, perhaps in realization that its time was slowly coming and once more it would be returned to the water, this collection of white cedar from the Maine woods, this cotton from warm rich soils, and mahogany from some long away tropical forest all held together by a mix of copper, zinc, and tin mined from who knows where, this soul wrapped by wood and cotton, fastened by alloys and colored with coatings.

So, in the dead center of winter, the canoe was at last finished at a time when the nearby lakes are unusable for craft needing water in its liquid form, painted a proper green as it should be, and much too heavy for Sue and I to load onto a roofrack as we had originally planned. How to move it about? Since it was the end of January, there was certainly no rush to get it anywhere but out of the workshop, and even more certainly no money left in the budget to purchase a wheeled conveyance befitting a relatively fragile 50-year old Old Town.

Ah, but down in the wayback yard sat a little 4x8 utility trailer, whose current and past use was to take up space in the wayback yard. Perhaps its use might be converted to serving as the needed conveyance. One does not easily move a trailer mired in two feet of snow 200 feet away from the workshop unless one has a kindly neighbor with a four wheel drive tractor that was put to good use. The trailer was in the shop in short order and proved to be in blessedly disgraceful condition. I say blessedly because its condition meant that it too, like the canoe, would have to be worked on to put into useful condition, as it had sat exposed to the elements (and compounds) for about ten years.

So, time waiting to use the canoe could be passed by working this trailer over and building a rack for it to support the canoe. I got it done in four days. Rats! Now what? Well, you could write an article about the process. Good idea! Two hours tops and done. I give up. I think I need to take a lesson from the



Condition at time of purchase.

Ready for surgery at WoodenBoat School.



canoe. It has waited patiently for some 15 or so years to be returned to the water. Surely it, and I, can wait a few more months to wet its keel again.

It is the perfect canoe? Not by a long shot. I specialize in 100 feet away boats; that is, they look wonderful from 100 feet away, but as you

get closer, flaws begin to emerge. I'm getting better though. This a 50 feet away boat, but it doesn't matter because you see it's a canoe, and it's my canoe, my first *real* canoe, and we are about to begin in the spring and summer of 1998, a long pleasant relationship where, I hope, we will grow on each other.

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December, 1996: (Notes were compiled; 12/96 to 4/97; choice has been made to build Rubens Nymph)

1) The layout and cutting were no problem. Follow plans, check dimensions carefully and twice or more. Also "look with logic".

2) If going to make more boats, make the cut-out a hardboard template. Multiple steps at this point, but it's easier to cut the hardboard by itself, then use-it to layout the ply.

3) Sides are mirror images. Both sides can be cut out at the same time. Lay sheet goods "face-to-face". Lay template on top and either trace then cut, or clamp template in place and route out the sides using a 1/2" pattern bit.

4) With clamps attach one side to midframe. To get a fair curve you have to move things around. I used 1/2" material for frames. Even with that the nails would pull out; there is a lot of pressure here. Using hot melt glue is a good trick; messy if you have to move it, or slip. Screwed some scrap pieces to the frame. Used the pieces as "clamp to" points.

5) Using same technique, positioned transoms (3/4" ply). Used drywall screws to fasten the sides to the transoms.

6) Attached a piece of "1 by" material (batten) from the centerpoint of the aft transom, across and attached to the centerline of the midframe, and attached to the midpoint of the forward transom (remember the boat is upside down at this point). Used clamps, then 2" drywall screws after alignment.

Payson recommends a "Spanish windlass" to help. This technique and inexpensive pipe clamps are more comfortable for me. If working alone, this can be done from the side, then the centerline, then the opposite side. This is especially helpful if you're also using the rather floppy 1/4" material for frames and transoms, and working in a tight space like a packed garage.

The floor and supports do count. Working on a floor that is thin paneling over wood pallets I know what "shaky" is. Skewing problems that occurred later can be attributed to this.

7) Now place and secure intermediate frames. By using clamps the frames can be shifted fore and aft to achieve a fair curve. Then they can be "tacked" in place with wire nails, hot melt glue, or drywall screws. Station lines are not an absolute. Also note that the plans indicate that the frames are not centered on the station lines. If using thicker than 1/4" material, bevels will help fair the curve.

Keep the following in mind: Make sure the frames are flat. Lay out frames full size for cutting; if possible make full size templates. If using halfsize template be sure to "flip" the template so there is a right and left side; both the same surface.

8) The curve of the side panels may be severe enough to put a good deal of outward pressure on the ends (attached to the transoms). Good reason to for drywall screws to hold them in place. They are available in stainless steel and silicon bronze if you want to leave them in place. Do not seal stainless steel away from oxygen sources, otherwise it will degrade. If not, use 20

Boatbuilding - 3

On to the Building

By Ron Magens

regular screws and pull them, that's the joy of working with epoxy and wood flour.

9) When you "torture" plywood there is a lot of tension involved. Stability and support are important. The further along you get in the building process, never mind the material costs, the more "sweat equity" you have invested. Thus the more fatal a mistake can be, especially with epoxy.

The "old timers" didn't use epoxy. Hence the "moaning chair" that Dynamite Payson mentions as a fixture in New England boat shops. Typically, you finally get up, unfasten or remove the part, make a new one and continue. However, if you skew the frames, which can skew the sheer and the bottom and epoxy everything together, then turn the boat over and find your error, well, now you have this huge, solid plastic, piece of junk!

That "old boat shop" had a wood floor. Heavy blocks, or the building frame itself, could be fastened directly to the floor during the assembly process. If you are like me, and don't have that luxury, a cheap solution is a temporary floor of wafer board. Make some stable sawhorses or work supports, shim them level and screw them down.

Believe me, it is better to spend the time in prep work, and use heavier fastenings, and fill small holes, then to regret it later. I had to really pull things into place. The centerline batten was a 1"x 2" x 8' and helped a lot. I did it as an error correction measure and it was really under pressure.

10) The use of 3/4" ply for the aft transom helps when it's time to put the bottom on. The more rocker the more it helps (remember to bevel the edges to the curve), also the long screws.

If you've chosen the 1/4" material route, this is where a 1"x 2" cleat along the bottom edge of the transom would come in handy. Bending the bottom across the frames, even with wetting it down, creates a lot of tension.

At this point the curve didn't look right. I had made a 4" error in the layout of the midframe. My turn in the "moaning chair". At least I hadn't epoxied the bottom into place or sheathed it. I made a 4" spacer and through the miracle of epoxy, perfection! Who says you can't work with epoxy at 40 degrees? Know your materials.

11) Removed the alignment batten. The long drywall screws are holding the aft end of the bottom panel down. A 25lb bag of shot holds the midsection down. Aligned the centerlines, checking for even contact, and screwed down the forward end. Ran another screw through the centerpoint at each frame/bottom contact to hold the alignment (remember to bevel for the curve of the bottom). Perfection not necessarily desirable; some gap will allow filleting material to contact the raw edges of the plywood (transoms and frames).

12) Subterfuge: I love the look of varnished dark red mahogany. But who can afford a couple of 2'x 4' by 3/4" pieces? As I mentioned earlier about knowing your ma-

terials, when your building dreams that will be used you also want to know "trompe l'oeil" (French "fool the eye"). \$200 worth of exotic wood, 15 coats of premium varnish, and 120 hours of labor; then comes one ten-cent rusty nail in a slip piling. When you use 3/4" a-c ply, a bit of aniline dye, a bit of varnish, and the epoxy & cloth you were going to use anyway, it hurts but isn't as fatal.

The aniline dye was chosen, even though it was a touch expensive (\$9 for 2oz of powder), because of comparability with the other materials and its translucence. It would be used under the epoxy, hence the desire for an alcohol soluble colorant. No clogging or swelling of the wood pores. No conflict with the epoxy (or so I thought). The color was beautiful. Note: The dispersant colors soluble in resins are too opaque, and not available in more than a few primary colors.

A cautionary note: Let the dyed part "age" for a few days before applying the epoxy. I found out, later on another piece, that there is a dramatic color change with the contact of dye and liquid or fresh epoxy. In this case the red of the mahogany turned a bright yellow.

It's a slow acting chemical reaction. The same thing happened when I tried to make a mahogany putty with the dye powder and some lightweight spackle. In this case as the mixture aged over several days the color changed and darkened until the spackle set hard.

December 25, 1996: The "repair" turned out perfectly (the 4" error in the midframe layout); perhaps because it was cut to shape in place. The bottom now looks correct; fair curve, "rocker". The bilge panels look tortured into place (dummy, beveled the bottom but forgot the sides of the fore transom), "standing off" on some frames (bending of plywood, especially in two planes at once when not steamed, is difficult). This is where continuous reading and learning comes in. There is nothing wrong with combining techniques. This is the area that the "Boatshop" TV show "wired" the panels together. In other areas he was using the hot glue technique.

At this point, from Joanne, "It really looks like a boat!" (As opposed to what? A pile of scraps and sawdust).

The following is my "experiment" with large scale filleting. Read, laugh, cry and learn.

For the sake of economy and because I like to re-cycle, and "wood is good", I decided to try sawdust as a filler material. There were some fairly large gaps between the side and bilge panels in the forward section and also at the unbeveled juncture between these panels and the forward transom.

Made a filleting mixture from sawdust, wood flour, silica, and 1/4" glass fibers. Very rough, very hairy. Kept adding wood flour. 1/4" fiber an error. The idea is good; the application not so good. Use for very large gaps or holes which will have multiple layers of fill. Otherwise use milled fiber (1/32") and a higher percentage of wood flour.

A semi-rough surface is okay, but if going to "tape over", the tape has to be set in tightly with a roller, or some other method,

to force out air bubbles.

The filleted areas have set up hard (you got it; 5:1 mix does work at 40 degrees F), and do seem to have amine blush film on some of the flat areas. The use of the heat gun (an inexpensive one, like a super hair dryer), and the epoxy warming box are doing the job keeping the components warm for mixing, and both pre-warm and post-warm the application areas for flow-out. Not surprised at the amine blush; the cold extended the gel/set-up allowing the reaction. Warm water and a drop of detergent will take care of it.

December 31, 1996: "Finished" the interior seams last night. Used a mixture of 5:1 hardener (moderately fast) and 2:1 slow to extend the pot life. At these temperatures it is a very long pot time. However with the 5:1 components kept at 90 degrees F for good pump flow, the combined mixture gets a good "kick start". The one ounce capacity pumps are sluggish at even 60 degrees F. Set up a larger box for the one gallon resin and half gallon hardener jugs. An old styrofoam cooler, inverted, made a good high top. Two drop lights, 75 & 100w, give good, fast warm up and control, and prevent accidental contact with the plastic jugs.

The 3/4" transoms and 1/2" frames (as opposed to the 1/4" material called for in the plans) give large gaps to be filleted; by their nature and my failure to bevel them. Some gap is desirable to accept some of the filleting material; both as an adhesive and to seal the end grain.

Next time, use 3/4" for aft transom, 1/2" inch for forward transom, 3/8" for frames. Also remember to bevel edges. Use two-step filleting; first layer slightly thickened epoxy, second layer "peanut butter" stiff.

The fillets of straight slow hardener took about 48 hours to finally set up; night temperatures went below 32 degrees F. When a thick filleting mixture is used (which won't flow away from a vertical crevice), the only problem is a requirement for patience. The long open time is handy for long runs and where you want to manipulate the material.

Do not use it unthickened for cloth on vertical or sloping surfaces. It tends to drain away from the cloth and leave thin or white areas that can later lift. If possible do parts in the flat or a warmer location (your basement?).

Another point about low ratio (1:1, 2:1, 3:1) or slow formulations; as a general rule they tend to be relatively softer and more water permeable than the high ratio (5:1, 6:1) formulations. The drawback of high ratio is the supposed (again relative), brittleness and more likely amine blush. A little water and soap takes care of the blush, and the relative brittleness can be ignored in this application; it will be over a wood substrate and integrated into the cloth or filler. I would always use high ratio for exterior hull & bottom sheathing.

Next Issue: "Onward Into 1997"

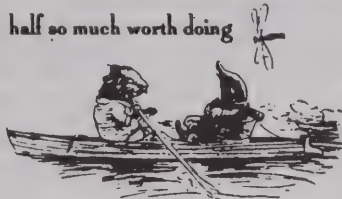


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General Information

Sinbad is a small sailing boat with accommodation for two people. The wide-bodied hull provides ample room for lengthy coastal trips in some comfort. Locker volume for a boat of this size is reasonably large and allows storage of substantial amounts of supplies.

Draft with the centerboard up is 12". The boat is equipped with a shallow-winged rudder allowing operation of the boat in about 15" of water. Standard rig is Bermudian sloop rig on a single spreader mast in tabernacle.

The hull is a plywood/fiberglass composite hull constructed with extensive use of fiberglass taped joinery.

The design is based on a Chesapeake sloop recorded by Howard Chapelle in 1940, which, according to the information he gathered in the area, was used for carrying produce along the shores, crabbing, and oystering. These were slow when heavily loaded, but responsive and reliable boats.

Principal dimensions of the boat are as follows:

LOA = 17'6" / 535 cm

LWL = 14'9" / 450 cm

B max = 6'8" / 203 cm

Draft = 1'0" / 30 cm

2'10" / 86 cm

Displacement = 1400 lbs / 635 kg

Sail area = 160 sq ft / 14.85 sq m

D/L = 210

Ws/SA = 18

Cp = 0.52

Pocket Cruiser *Sinbad* Shoal Draft Sailing Boat

It will require about 280 pounds (127 kg) to sink the hull one inch (25 mm) below the DWL.

Arrangement

The cabin on *Sinbad* is 8' long with two storage spaces, one aft some 2' deep and one forward over 2' in depth. There is sitting height in the cabin in most of the hull width. Some 13' of the hull length is accessible from the inside. The usable cabin area is about 45 square feet (over 4 square meters).

The basic arrangement includes a full size V-berth forward and a collapsible galley and small settee aft. The V-berth is easily converted into a double bed by simply shifting the mattresses.

During the day some of the berth top panels are used as the cabin sole. Part of the space under the bridge deck is designated for wet locker/boots locker.

All available space under the berth is storage space, supplemented by the forward locker and nettings above the berth along the sheer.

All cooking gear is stored inside the collapsible galley unit. This is an oblong container which slides in and out from under the cockpit seat. If needed, the whole unit can be lifted out of its sliders and taken ashore. The unit is

big enough to store a portable two-burner cooker, basic cooking and serving gear, and some small tins or packages.

There are six windows in the cabin, all circular and fixed. Ventilation is provided by the forward hatch opening and self-draining vent slits.

Deck Plan

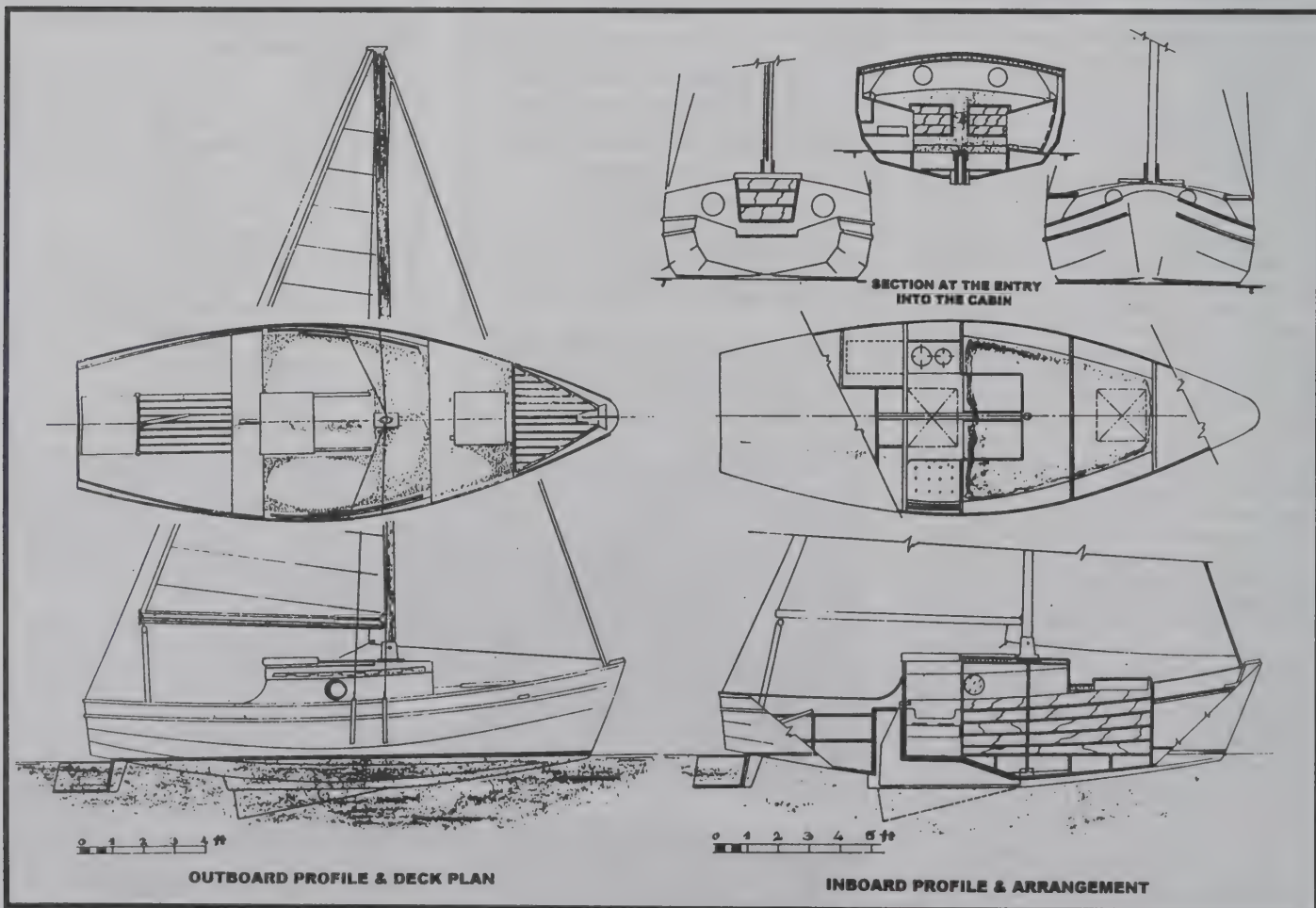
The deck is divided into three major parts: cockpit, raised deck over the main cabin, and foredeck with a bow well (sunken deck). The cockpit is 6' long and it is hull wide. A foot-wide bridge deck adds volume to the cabin below and supports the top of the centerboard trunk.

The spaces under the side seats are partly devoted to inboard storage and partly to deck storage. The sail locker and fuel tank compartment are accessible from the cockpit.

The cockpit is drained through two scuttles in the transom panel which, when kept clean, will ensure a relatively dry cockpit. A tent over the boom turns it into a big addition to the cabin.

Transom is easily accessible from the cockpit and raked enough for mounting a small outboard engine directly on the transom.

The raised deck over the main cabin has toe rails and is finished with a non-slip paint. Foredeck ends at the bow with a triangular in plan bow well some 3'5" wide and 3' long. Forward hatch opening is 20" x 20" and allows instant access to the bow from inside the boat. The bow well is basically for stowing the anchor and mooring gear.





Sailing tests for the scale model of *Sinbad*.

Construction

The Hull: The hull is a multichine shoal draft hull designed to be built in plywood and fiberglass. All framing is plywood framing. There are six major transverse frames and several secondary frames formed inside the hull. There are two major longitudinal frames running from transom towards the bow. All framing elements are notched and taped together, thus eliminating labor intensive traditional joinery.

The planking is plywood panels fastened on to stringers. Joints between panels are finished from the outside with thickened epoxy and tape. All the exterior, regardless of the quality of plywood used, is to be fiberglassed with at least 30-oz. fiberglass on the keel plank with 6" overlap on to the next panel.

The hull is constructed on a jig consisting of all major transverse frames with some temporary molds, stem and transom, and stringers.

An optional feature is the installation of thermal insulation under the deck. This 1" thick rigid insulation is glued to the underside of the deck and covered with 1/8" plywood. This will reduce the headroom in the cabin by slightly over 1", but will help to keep the interior temperature at reasonable levels in hot and cold weathers.

Rudder and Centerboard: The rudder is installed on a skeg. The rudder blade is provided with a trapezoidal horizontal plate at the bottom to counterbalance its low aspect.

The centerboard is an L-shaped metal and plywood element rotating on a pin installed on the outside of the hull. The board is operated directly from the cockpit. The trunk cuts through the keel plank. The interface here consists of the keel plank sandwiched between an interior and an exterior trunk log. The trunk is supported by the major and secondary transverse framing. The inside of the trunk is fiberglassed with heavy weight fiberglass.

Rigging

The standard rig is Bermudian sloop. Plans provide drawings for a hollow spruce mast and solid spruce boom. Today it is probably more feasible to have an aluminum mast and boom manufactured by a sparmaker, but the information for the traditionalist is in the plans.

Materials

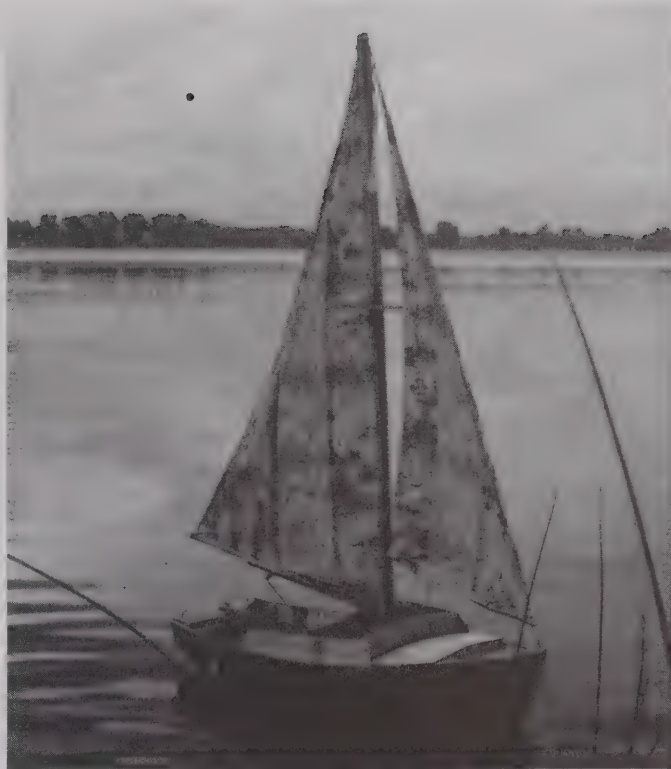
The basic construction materials are marine grade plywood of 3/8" and 1/2" thicknesses and fiberglass. All required thicknesses of various plywood elements are manufactured from the two basic plywoods. Use of solid wood is limited to finishing components like parts of trim and rubrail, tiller, and toe rails. All fasteners are stainless steel fasteners. All bedding compound is marine grade bedding compound. All adhesive is epoxy based marine grade adhesive.

All main structures, i.e., transverse and longitudinal framing and planking, are glued and screwed together. On the outside, all the joints are finished similar to those in stitch and glue method of construction, i.e., thickened epoxy and glass tape. Construction drawings provide true shape patterns for the planking panels.

It is recommended that all the exterior is sheathed in fiberglass in order to simplify the maintenance and strengthen the hull. Particular attention should be given to the installation of heavy duty fiberglass on the bottom to allow for wear and tear when beaching the boat.

Closing remarks

Sinbad is a small cruising sailboat designed to be built by a home builder with modest skills and an average tool chest. All the work can be completed with hand-held power tools, some of which can be simply rented instead of buying an expensive piece of equip-



ment. The hull form is very simple, and it is closely related to New England coastal fishing boats. The planking process is an easy operation, even for somebody working alone. There are no complex turns and twists requiring extra force and endless clamping. The hull can be built as a stitch and glue hull, but the plans call for chine stringers. This is to ensure the strength of joints and eliminate possible errors in installations. The stringers are 2" x 1" (25mm x 50mm) plywood strips notched into frames. Basic hull panels are computer generated panels and, when carefully cut, will require minimum work to join them together.

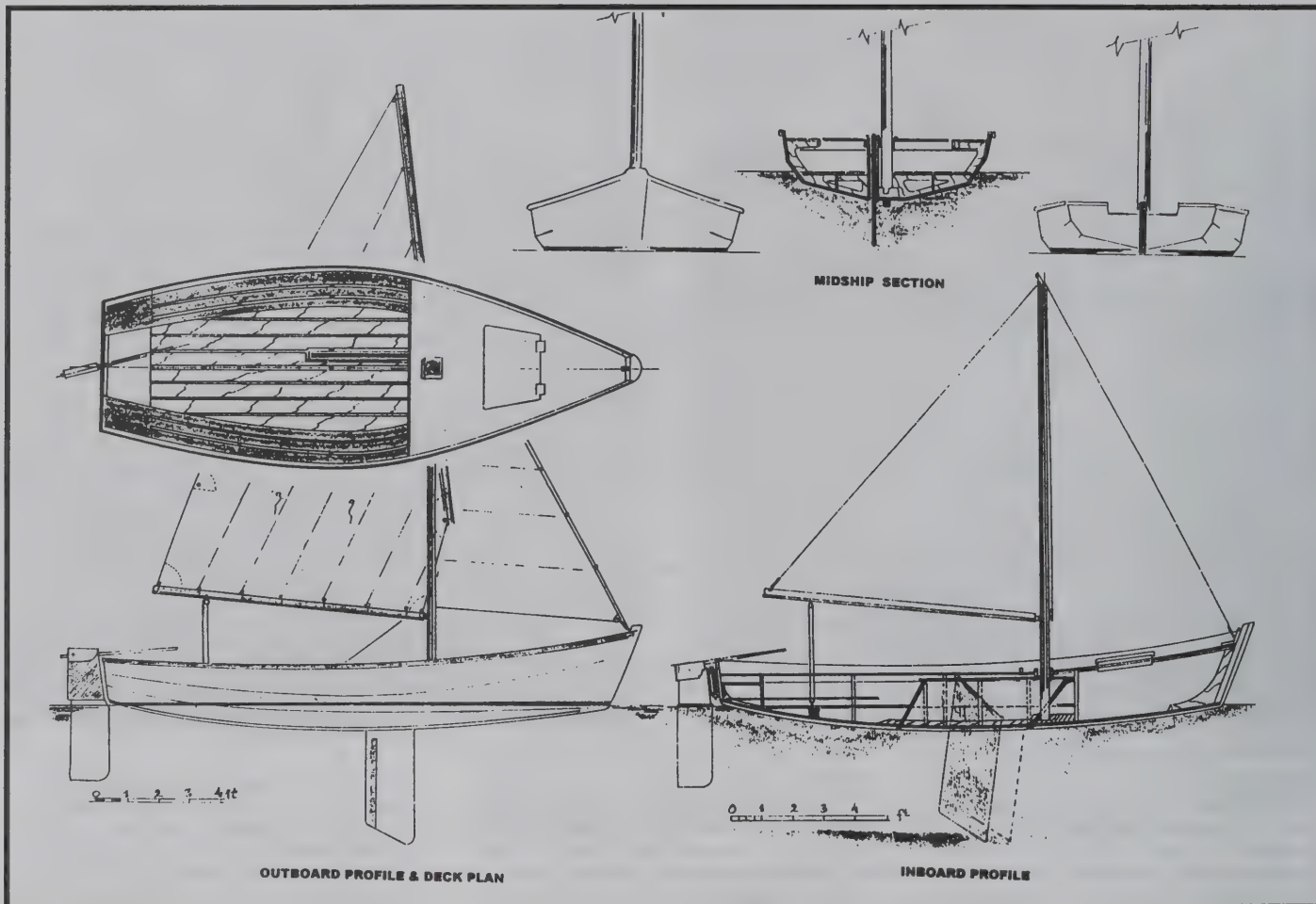
Sea trials of the boat model in scale 1:4 indicate that in light to moderate winds the boat will be under control with the centerboard up. Properly trimmed and fully rigged, the boat will require very little rudder work to keep her on course. If overloaded, the hull retains its good handling characteristics without dragging the transom in the water.

Lug sail is proposed for the daysailer version of the boat. The daysailer was tested with this rig and proved powerful. It requires a shorter mast with very simple standing and running rigging. Mast and spars can be stored inside the hull.

The Daysailer

The daysailer version of the boat uses the basic hull form of the cruising boat. The sail area is slightly reduced, and the rig is an unstayed mast with lug mainsail and a small jib.

Hull is stitch and glue hull reinforced with several light transverse frames and two longitudinal frames. The boat has a long cockpit some 10' in length ending at the transom. Forward between the mast and the stem is a watertight hold accessed through a large



hatch.

Foredeck and cockpit seats are slightly below the sheer line and are one structural unit strengthening the hull at the sheer.

Spaces under the cockpit sole are for storage and rigid flotation foam. The centerboard is a loose board sliding along the top of the trunk to help balance the boat when underway.

The trunk is off center, which allows the mast to be stepped on the keel plank. The rudder is a kick-up rudder mounted on the transom.

The construction process is very simple and the boat can be built quickly. Three molds are used as a cradle help to form the initial shape of the hull. Next the frames are glassed in and the hull is finished.

Plans

Plans for both boats include lines and offsets, exterior/interior profiles and plans, sail plan and rigging, construction profile and sections, true shape hull panels and details.

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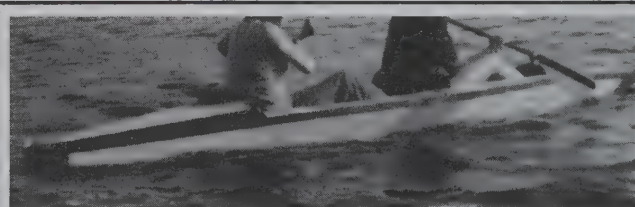
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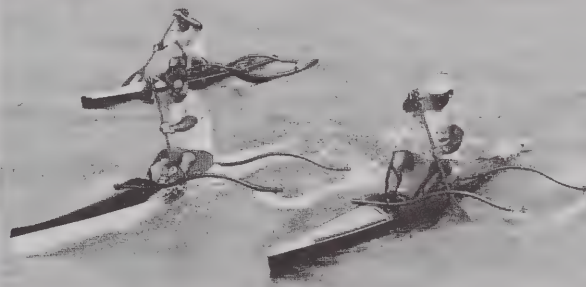
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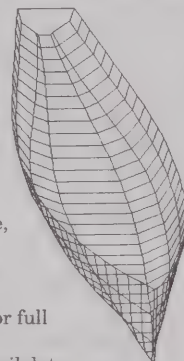
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BOAT DESIGN

4. Very Basic Naval Architecture

What I want to do here is to give a minimal compilation of all you need to know about hull forms and rigs to design a basic boat, like 95% of those found in these pages. For a lot of you, this will border on the simplistic, but my aim is to encourage someone with limited experience to give a shot at turning nautical dreams into reality.

I'm an industrial designer, not a naval architect, but I've designed a lot of small boats, and I've built a half dozen or so of them, and compared them to a lot of other small boats. They have performed beautifully, so I can't be too far off. I'm also pretty sure that throughout history, most boat designers didn't know any more than is presented here. Often a lot less.

Often more. People have *always* learned the real gut level important facts from experience, sometimes scary, sometimes fatal! When green water comes over the gunnel, and when the gaff rig is gooswinded in a gale, you learn something fundamental that you can't learn from reading. (you also gain vivid insight as to why sailors have, since pre-history, had such salty language. Why d'you suppose it's called salty?)

My interest has always been in comfort, stability, and practicality, rather than in the more conventional measures of performance like speed and pointing ability, but it's been my experience (first hand) that unless you're out to design a dedicated racing machine, you don't sacrifice noticeable performance to achieve these goals.

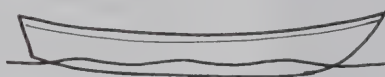
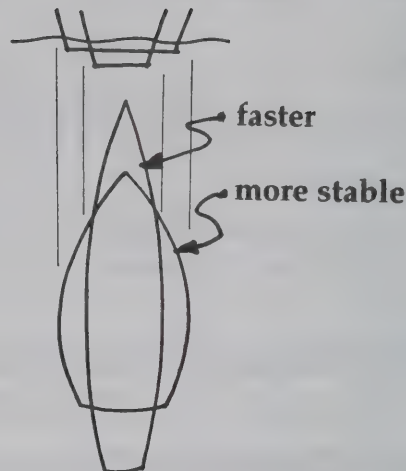
If you want to design racers or larger cruisers, you *do* have to know more than the basics, and subtleties *do* noticeably effect performance. I don't pretend to be an expert, so I hope that readers will send me additions and corrections so that I can do an improved version of this compendium, maybe in some future issue of *Messing*.

The Basics:

1. Water can drown you.
2. Water can drown you.
3. Water doesn't like to flow around corners so shapes should have as few bumps and corners as possible. *ie*, shapes should be fair.
4. Water doesn't like to drag along surfaces, so the less wet surface the better.
5. Keep it simple.

For hulls of the same size, the longer, narrower shape will be faster, and the wider will be more stable. But the stability of the wide hull will allow it to carry more sail, which can compensate for it's greater wetted surface and shorter water line.

The wide hull is stable because of it's shape, while a narrow hull will be more likely to need ballast or a heavy keel for stability.



A raked bow gives reserve bouyency. When it hits a wave, a lot of volume is submerged lifting the bow up over the wave rather than ploughing through it. The raked stem also gives more flair to the sides helping to keep the spray down, making for a drier boat.



A vertical bow (plumb stem) gives the maximum waterline, and the longer the waterline, the faster the boat.

Rocker is the curve of the bottom in profile. A more curved rocker makes a boat more maneuverable, and come about more readily. A straighter rocker makes a boat track (go straight) better.

Except for double enders, the stern should always clear the water. Otherwise you tend to drag the whole lake behind you.



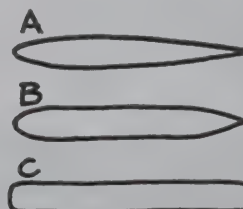
flat
most stable
shallow draft
easy to build
pounds in a chop

multi chine
compromise between
round and flat

round
most efficient
minimum wetted surface
rolls like crazy
harder to build

I don't think the flat bottom, with it's greater wetted surface is as much slower as you might think, (there are a lot of fast flat bottomed boats) and it's much more stable and easy to build.

Fins and rudders should have rounded leading edges and sharp trailing edges. There isn't much difference between an ideal section (A) and a compromise (B), but a big difference between B and a plank (C).



For a sail to work well, it has to be set at the correct angle to the wind, but sails tend to twist so that only a small area can be at the correct angle. Some rigs employ vang, powerful pulley systems which pull the boom down, flattening the sail so that a greater proportion of the area is set at the correct angle to the wind.

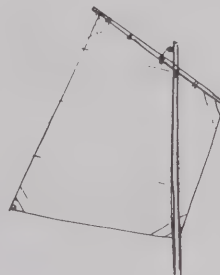
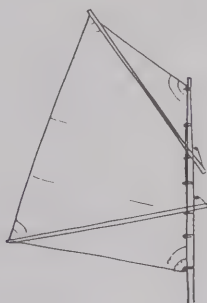
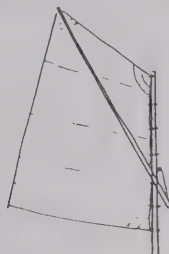
With the sprit rig (my favorite) the sail area below the sprit doesn't allow the sprit to lift, keeping the sail flat.

The center of effort (CE) is the point at which the whole force generated by the sail can be considered to be concentrated. This is (unless you're designing olympic sails) the same as the

center of area.

Tall narrow sails are more efficient, but require longer, heavier spars, and have a higher center of effort.

A high CE, all other things being equal, will heel the boat more. This, (among other bad things like capsizing), reduces the effective sail area.



Sprit

Efficient because the sail sets very flat.
Needs a tall mast.
With larger sails, the sprit can get too large to be handled safely.

Sprit

Low center of effort
Convenient because of it's short sticks,
Sheet placement is critical for good sail set.
Doesn't set too well downwind.

Double Sprit

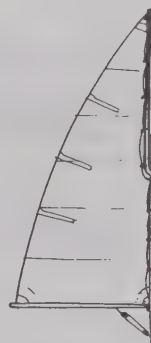
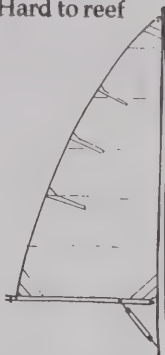
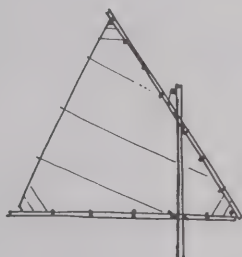
Very efficient.
Low center of effort
Sets flat
Short sticks
Hard to reef

Standing Lug

low center of effort
convenient
short sticks

Balanced lug

Sets flat.
Good downwind, as the area out to one side is partially balanced by area on the other.



Junk

a balanced lug with full battens
very efficient, but complex as there are sheets to each of the battens

Lateen

Inefficient
very convenient

Marconi, Bermuda, or Leg o Mutton

Efficient with a vang, but needs a tall, strong (heavy) mast.
By far the most common small boat rig.

Gunter

short spars
easy to strike and reef

Gaff

Hard to control downwind and has too many strings for a rig that is set up and taken down often as on a boat that is trailered.
Good for large sails

Balance of Hull and Rig

A sailboat should be balanced so that it has a slight weather helm. That means that if you let go of the tiller, the boat will round up into the wind (weather) and luff. With a lee helm, the boat will fall off away from the wind and jibe, which can be dangerous.

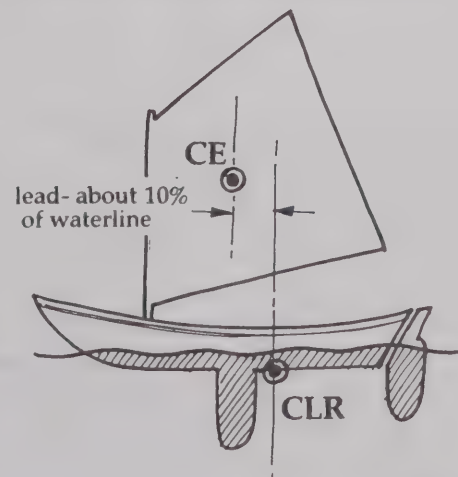
Balance is the relationship between the CE (center of effort) of the sail, and CLR (center of lateral resistance - the center of area of the underwater part of the boat) Generally the CE should be ahead of the CLR by around 10% of the waterline length, if you include the rudder in the calculation.

An easy way to find the CLA is to cut the underwater area out of light

cardboard, or whatever, and balance it across an edge of some sort. The CE can be found by geometry. I've read several discussions of the subject, and all seem to agree that it's a mystery. There is even disagreement as to whether to include the rudder in the calculations. The best discussion of balance I've seen is an article by John Gardner in the Sept. 92 issue of *Wooden Boat Magazine*.

A good approach is to make as good a calculation as you can, and then build the boat so that you can move the centerboard and/or mast to produce a modest weather helm.

John Thomson
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190

271

M7

73

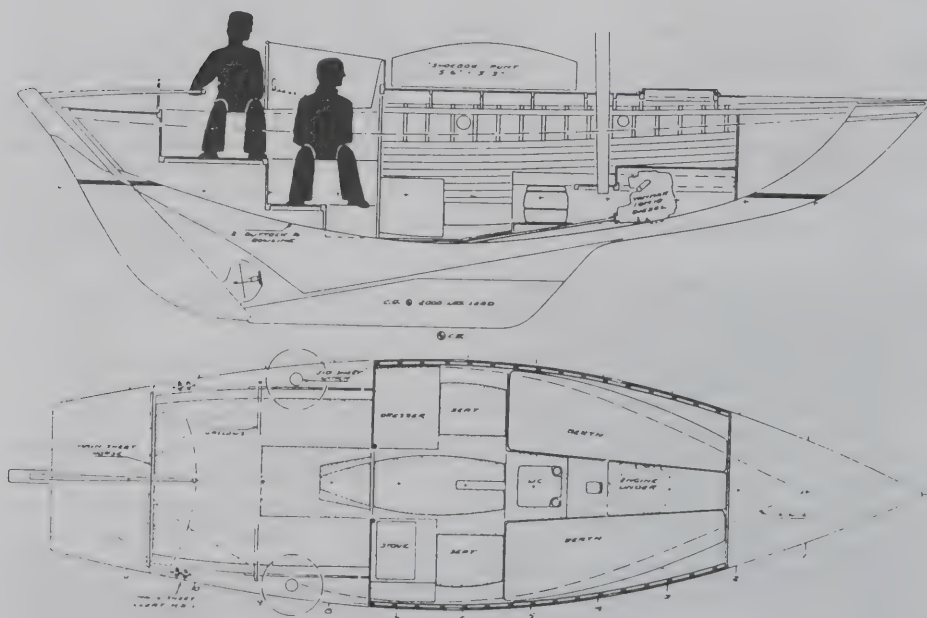
WATERLINE 19'11"

DECK 25'0"

25'8" length on deck
19'11" waterline length
7'3" breadth
3'11" draft
5600 pounds displacement 2000
pounds of outside ballast

We showed a Crocker-style raised deck to get more reserve buoyancy and stability, to simplify wooden construction, and to improve the ergonomics of the cuddy a lot. The forward engine installation freed space for the deep, sheltered cockpit with windshield and tight spray hood. In a seagoing version, this could be a permanent doghouse with inside controls. For coastal work, the open cockpit is more flexible in use and not much hazard with a good-sized pump drawing out of her low bilge.

She's a much more powerful shape to carry sail than the Folkboat, but with lighter afterquarters and her hard bilge carried high at the stern. She would be faster than a Folkboat but would slam harder driving into a head sea. Painted to make the best of the raised deck, this would be a very handsome boat. However, there's not very much point in designing more boats like this, as there are plenty of good designs for such boats available, starting with the Folkboat itself. Kim Holman's Stella Class design is an extremely nice boat of this kind, and there are two or three Sam Crocker designs that are hard to improve on in their class. What is needed is more development of shallow-draft boats that can exploit anchorages closed to boats as deep as the Folkboat. Only fashion (certainly not tradition) denies most people boats with rigs that can be quickly struck down for low bridges and high winds. There is less and less excuse for making new boat designs with vulnerable, high maintenance, high drag, fixed propellers. The small cruising boats of the 21st century will be very different from the Folkboat, as well as from the present fleet of rule-cheater-derived craft.





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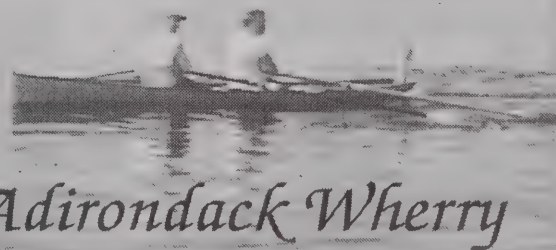


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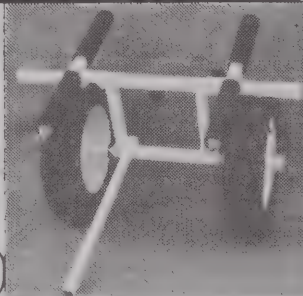


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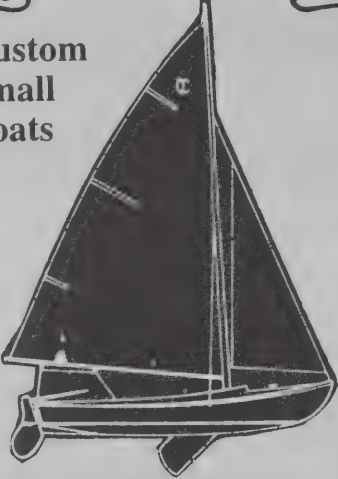
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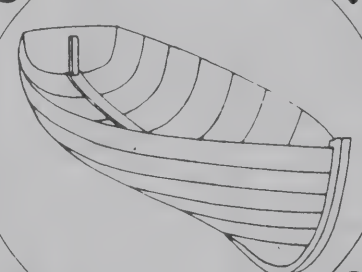
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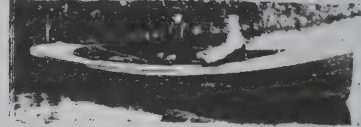
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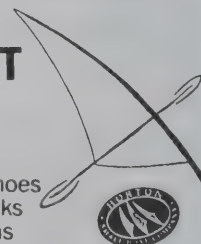
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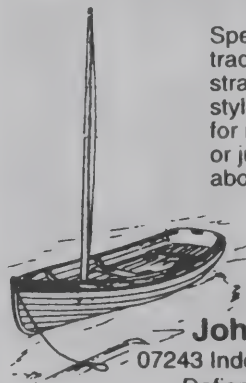
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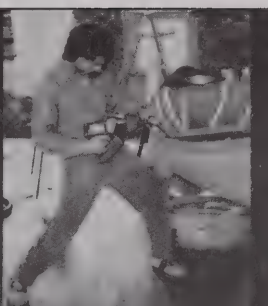
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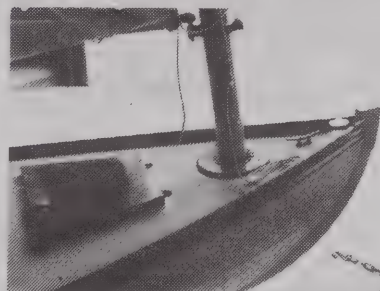
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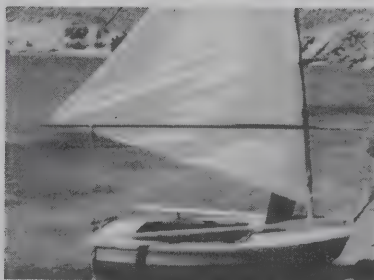


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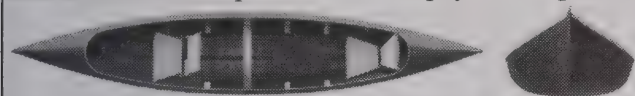
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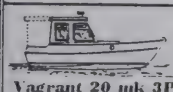
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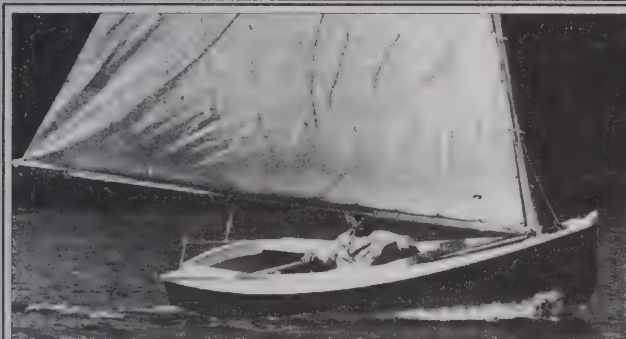
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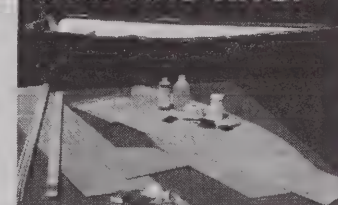
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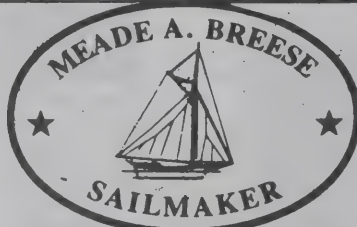
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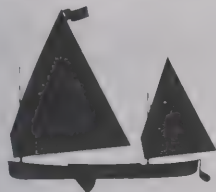
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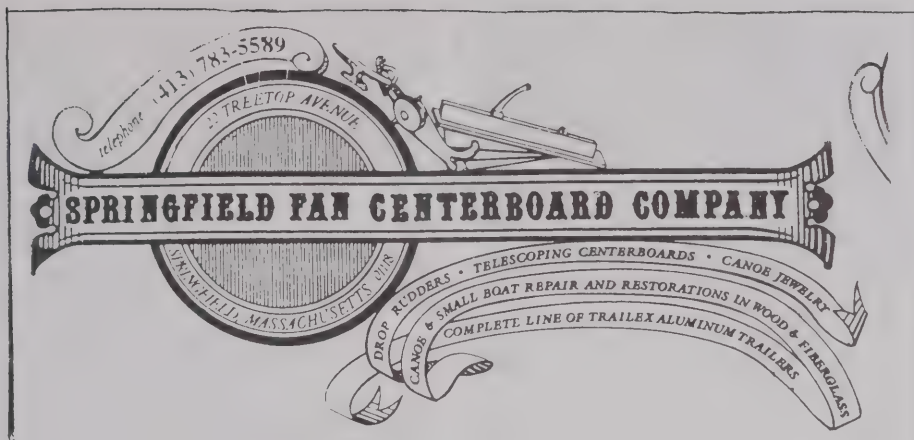
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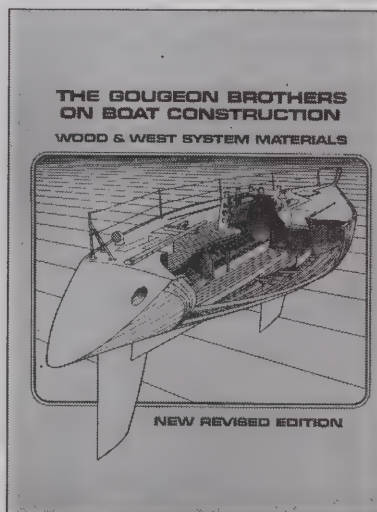
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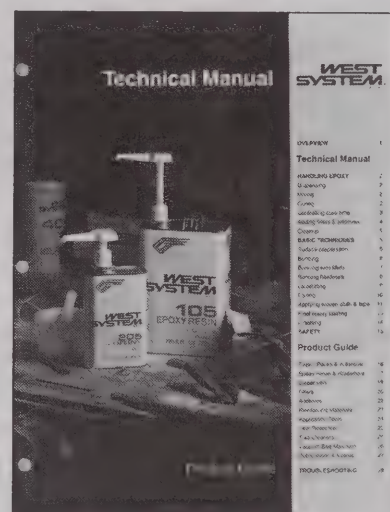
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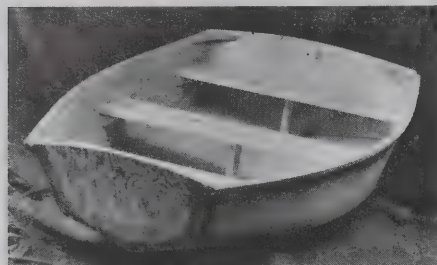
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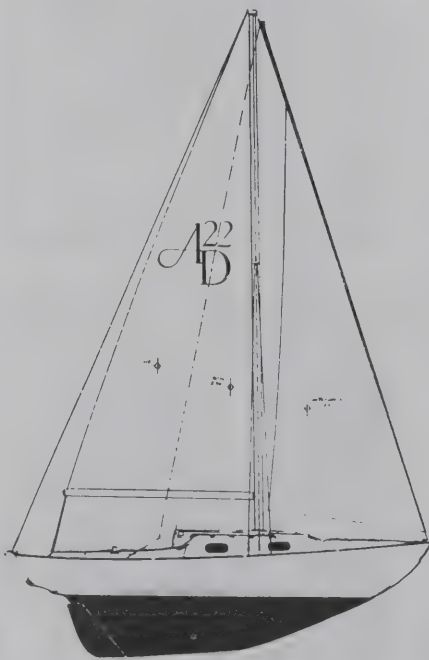
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Point Jude Gallilee 15, early '80's, real gd sails, roller furling jib, simple trlr. Always stored inside, looks almost new. Comfortable roomy daysailer w/ surprising turn of speed. Used vy little. \$1,800.

Star Class, '76 #5995 Buchan A mold, vy gd sails, stored inside, nds scrubbing & little else. On like new galv HD trlr w/gear boxes. \$1,600. **DC14 Catamaran**, FG hulls, plywood topsides in vy gd cond. Nds scrubbing & paint. Gd mainsail, mast & rigging, nds jib & trampoline. On trlr. \$650. Delivery of above possible in NE.

Alden Barnacle Sloop, '34', '46. Lots of sails, pulpits, anchor lines & misc gear. Engine seized. Photo album documents repairs. Structurally vy sound, mostly cosmetics & elbow grease needed. \$1,500 reflects my transport cost & inside storage. Lovely boat looking for a gd home. THOMAS PICHERI, Clarksville, NH, (603) 246-3489. (3)

Stone Horse, Edey & Duff '76, Sam Crocker classic flush deck full keel cutter. Like new UK sails (no wishbones), Westerbeke diesel 7hp FWC. Spars recently refinished w/white Imron. Radio & full equipment for coastal cruising. A wonderfully handy & lively boat. \$10,000 OBO.

MALCOLM KERSTEIN, Clearwater Beach, FL, (813) 417-0880. (3)

8' Nutshell Pram, beautifully blt, natural finish. Seams epoxied. Exc cond. \$1,000.

ROGER HATCH, Newbury, MA, (978) 465-2005. (3)

12-1/2' Avon Rower, rolls up, rated to 20hp. \$1,000 firm. **Klepper Aerius I Expedition**, finest folding sea kayak, w/carry bags & canvas cover. \$2,500 firm.

FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314. (3)

15' Mercury FG Sloop, keel model by Cape Cod Shipbuilding. M,J,S, boom tent, teak flrlds, cradle. A roomy fast & stable daysailer in vy gd cond. \$1,100.

ROBERTERLICH, Plainville, CT, (860) 747-0262. (3)

8'6" Puffin Dinghy, blt Frankfort, ME '95. FG, white, fully equipped. \$350.

DICK BUTTERWORTH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-2924. (3)



13'3" Rowboat, Bufflehead model, 4'4" beam, graceful sheer, long skeg, wineglass transom, white FG hull w/mahogany trim, 2 rowing stations. Seaworthy, pretty & fast. \$600.

BILL COOGAN, Portland, ME, (207) 780-4195. (3)



"Chick" Rudder Design Dinghy, okoume marine plywood, Spanish cedar thwarts & trim. Fast & stable. Exc cond. \$1,500. **10' Classic Yacht Tender**, round bottom, compl restored, new keel, frames & floors, cedar planking, teak trim. \$1,500. DOUGLAS HIGHAM, Vineyard Haven, MA, (508) 693-1854. (3)

14' Inflatable, vy gd cond, 45hp rating. Sale or trade for small wooden rowing/sailing boat. GEORGE HOWELL, 14 E. Wantana Blvd, Hilton, NY 14468, (716) 392-5665. (3)

20' Rowley Skiff, w/cuddy from Winninghoff Boats, w/85hp Johnson w/spare lower unit & EZ Loader trlr. \$3,500. **28' '72 Winner Flybridge Cruiser**, repowered '85. \$7,500. RICHARD DUDEK, Waterford, CT, (860) 277-2858, (860) 437-7622. (3)

Dovekie, Hull #126 beachable 21' sailboat, terra cotta (dark red) hull, tanbark sail, 4hp long shaft OB, custom trlr, all the usual stuff plus lots of extras. In vy fine cond ready to cruise. Priced to sell at \$6,200. Located in Kentucky. STEVERN SLYTER, Louisville, KY, (502) 451-3525, work (502) 637-7744, e-mail: <sasqdx@mindspringcom> (3)

15' HMS Potter, 5hp Seagull OB, trlr w/spare. Oak trim & rudder, oak inside, cloth headliner, new windows, extras. Exc cond. \$1,795 OBO. GREG PAPROCKI, 25701 W. Loomis Rd., Wind Lake, WI 53185, (414) 895-6989. (3)

28' E-Scow, cedar over oak frames, finished bright. Blt '39. Sails, rig, trlr incl. \$1,495. D. CARTER, Portland, ME, (207) 926-4540. (3)

Bolger/Payson Bobcat, beautifully blt, tilt trlr, sail & cockpit covers. \$1,500. MIKE SACEK, Ringoes, NJ, (908) 806-6131. (5)

Two Keowee II's, 1 yr old, like new, \$400 each. Boats at Pier 26 in NYC. JIM WETTEROTH, New York, NY, (212) 966-1852. (3)

Friendship Sloop, 30' lod, 24' lwl, 9'6" beam, 5'3" draft. *Easting*, #13 FSS blt by C.A. Morse in '20, rblt '77. 4 bunks, enclosed head, full galley, Atomic 4, full safety & cruising equipment. Mahogany strip planked/Vectra/epoxy, internal lead ballast, rewired & reinstrumented '97. \$15,000. ART TONCRE, Rockland Harbor, ME, (207) 596-5514. (5)

San Francisco Pelican, #2158 (pictured in 12/1/89 issue pg 13) by Smith Boat Shop '72. Vy nice boat w/galv trlr. \$2,250. EARLE CADWELL, Roswell, GA, (770) 640-6553. (3)



Custom Blt Power Dory, 18'3"x 6'6", ltwt, vy strong constr. W/older 35hp Johnson in exc cond & restored trlr in grt shape. \$4,900. Boat only \$3,500. PETER KRUPENYE, 9 Quebec Rd., Patterson, NY 12563, (914) 279-6297. (3)

Bolger Advanced Sharpie 29, 29'6"x 7'10"x 1'6", plan & photo in *Boats With An Open Mind*, p.373. Professionally blt '90, w/Shoebox Punt, Yamaha 9.9 & full cruise equipment. \$12,000. DANIEL FARMER, Media, PA, (610) 565-4291. (2P)

Edey & Duff Fatty Knees Tender, new, w/oars & full sail set. Selling for less than 1/2 price of new. Asking \$1,500. TOM BALDWIN, New Hope, PA, (212) 837-7112. (2)

Pat Moore Reverie Solo Canoe, w/ash trim, 2 saddles (small & medium), kneeling pad, Moore paddle & fleece paddle bag, thwart bag. \$750. EDWARD FEINBERG, 25 Winthrop Rd., Brookline, MA 02146, (617) 734-6507. (3)

12' Old Town Sportboat, '54, cedar & canvas, fully restored. 4' beam w/63 Evinrude 6hp OB, trlr. \$2,000. BROOKS ROBBINS, Hingham, MA, (781) 749-1312 eves. (3)

17' Islands Daysailer, FG, all spars, MJG, trlr. Sailed only 3 seasons. \$1,600. **17' Mohawk (Ranger) Canoe**, FG, Class C sailing rig. \$750. PAUL LUBARSKI, P.O. Box 813, Severna Park, MD 21146, (410) 647-4708. (2)

14' Jawbone Kayak, shallow vee bottom, semi-decked, stable, seaworthy, 1 or 2 people, wood frame canvas covered (quiet). About 50lbs, w/2 dbl paddles, cushions. \$150. DOCK SHUTER, Glasco, NY, (914) 247-0508. (3)

Grampian 31 Classic, '67 Hull # 47. Full keel FG masthead sloop, 31' loa, 8'4" beam, 4'6" draft, 9,900lbs displ, 6'2" headroom in cabin. New full batten main, roller furling 130% genoa & jib. Atomic 4 auxiliary, tiller helm & auto pilot. Full marine head & holding tank, pressure water system, propane stove. Many recent refurbishments & upgrades. Asking \$17,500. Will consider trade of smaller sailboat. Located in Brunswick, ME. JACK DICE, PO Box 232, Stonington, ME 04681, (207) 729-7152, lv message. (3)



15' West Coast Style Sailing Dory, 68" beam amidships, 97sf spritsail, mast hoops & belaying pins, daggerboard, rudder, oars, anchor w/100' rode. Sails really well. \$2,200. BOB SEVIGNY, Scituate, MA, (781) 545-4929. (3)

22' Tanzer, fin keel sloop. 4 bunks, Origo stove, Mercury Sailpower, head w/holding tank. \$5,600. MICHAEL FARRELL, 31 Garrity Rd., Lee, NH 03824. (2)

12-1/2' Avon, '93 Mariner 15hp OB, gd cond. \$2,500 firm, no offers! FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314. (2)

13' Spindrift Sloop, similar to Bluejay, FG, exc cond. Cox galv trlr, 3hp Tanaka OB. \$1,150. ED HAMMER, Newbury, MA, (978) 465-0736. (2)

Sea Pearl 21, '90, numerous extras, vy gd cond. \$4,000. STEPHEN PAGE, 372 Gov. Chitt. Rd., Williston, VT 05495, (802) 878-6529. (2)

BOATS WANTED

Used Stuart Mariner 19 Catboat, (not O'Day), w/spinnaker preferably. reasonable, realistic. FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314. (2)

Drascombe Lugger, earlier production. HAROLD BERJOHN, Peoria, IL, (309) 692-4250. (2)

Beetle Cat, gd to great cond. JIM MURRAY, Peekskill, NY, (212) 477-6606 days, (914) 446-5560 eves. (3)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Wood Mast, Boom, & SS Rigging, for Cape Cod Knockabout. \$300. ANDREW G. CAMPBELL, 13 Bell Rd., Bourne, MA 02532-5404, (508) 759-3723. (2)

Windmill Rig, mast, boom, daggerboard, rudder, old mainsail. \$100. Beater hull free. TONY DIAS, 193 Tillson Lake Rd., Wallkill, NY 12589, (914) 895-9165. (2)

Jenny for Hunter 25, slight stains, but vy gd cond. \$150. PETER KICK, Saugerties, NY, (914) 246-9454, (914) 691-6441 lv message. (2)

Klepper Kayak S-4 Sail Rig, leeboards, etc. Compl, exc cond. \$375. JIM ALEXANDER, Merion Station, PA, (610) 667-5961. (3)

Aluminum Mast & Boom, 15-1/2' mast, 8' boom, probably from an old O'Day Widgeon. SS stays attached. FRANK MILES, Cape Elizabeth, ME, (207) 767-1031. (3)

SALES & RIGGING WANTED

Bolger Brick Sail, size 59sf. Foot 163", luff 171", leach 108". CHUCK RUEL, 341 Willow Springs, Detroit Lakes, MN 56501, (218) 847-3860. (3)

9' Dyer Dhow Sail, any color will do, nd not be new. LIZA CHANDLER, 388 Royal Rd., N. Yarmouth, ME 04097, (207) 846-9432. (3)

GEAR FOR SALE

'97 Honda 8hp OB, less than 3 hrs., New \$2,250, sell \$1,500 firm. **'93 Nissan 15hp OB**, short shaft, just dlr serviced. \$1,500. FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314. (3)

BMW D12 Diesels, sell both or components, blocks, injectors, pumps, Hurth trans, manifold, panel, harness, manuals, gd spares. MORRIS MARINE REPAIR, New Bern, NC, (919) 637-5475. (3)

Volvo Penta MD2B, 2 cyl 25hp. Nds rebl'd. Will deliver. BO or trade.
ROBIN TEITEL, Melville, NY, (516) 423-8320. (3)

Shipmate #112 Coal/Wood Stove, new set of fire-box bricks & coal grate. \$50.
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TONY DIAZS, 193 Tilson Lakwe Rd., Walkill, NY 12589, (914)895-9165. (2)



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WATERMARK, Suite 402, Lafayette Ctr., Kennebunk, ME 04043. (TFP)

Lyman Underwater Running Gear, compl incl stuffing box, shaft, coupling, rudder, steering arm, skeg, prop. Mounted on display rack, highly polished. \$1,000.
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DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. (TFP)

Universal Fisherman Model WMG, 8hp, 4-cycle, trans, manual. Runs fine. \$550.
ARNOLD W. AVERY, 6 Smith Ct., Noank, CT 06340, (860) 536-2182. (2)

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. (2)

Sailboat Trlr, '95 Performance, galv tandem wheels, surge brakes, gross weight 5,500lbs. Never in saltwater. \$1,800.
NICK FIEDLER, Marion, NC, (704) 738-3188, lv message. (2)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.
DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

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CUBBERLEY & SHAW, Box 607AB, Groton, MA 01450-0607. (8P)

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Cockleshell Kayak Plans, 12', 23lbs, bld in 3 wknds. \$35pp.
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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)

Pocket Cruising Sailboat Info, known as *Sparrow*. Basic info: 12'x 5'8" x 1'8"; 350lbs disp, small cuddy cabin. Would like to find a knowledgeable owner.
KEN PAGANS, 13721 cayo gorda, Corpus Christi, TX 78418, (512) 949-9386, email grove777@aol.conm. (2)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

Wooden Boat Workshop of Door County offers boat bldng shop space, advice & assistance. \$250/wk plus plans & materials. 2 person teams encouraged, second person half price. Bld to design of your choice.

WOODEN BOAT WORKSHOP OF DOOR COUNTY, 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209, (920) 868-3955. (2P)

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)

Sail a Catboat in Cape Breton This Summer, bareboat charters, guided flotilla cruises and learn-to-sail vacations on Nova Scotia's Bras d'Or Lakes. Custom-built cold-molded Withholz 17' and 20' catboats. For charter booking or boat building info: CAPE BRETON LAKE CHARTERS, Tel (902) 828-2476, Fax (902) 828-3065, e-mail: pat.nelder@ns.sympatico.ca (TFP)

Mooring For Rent, on Chesapeake; Galeseville, MD on the West River; 200lb mushroom w/5'16 hi-test chain; used 3 yrs for 5,500lb sailboat; rent for \$600/ year or I would consider selling;
STEVE LUKACZER, Washington DC, (202) 332-4303, email: Lukaczer@edp.hoc.c0.mo.md.us (2)

Waterfront Property, 94' on Connecticut River in Portland, CT. 2.3 acres w/1,100sf Cape, zoned for marine use. Live on river or bld marina. Deepwater w/gentle slope to river. \$109,000.
RICHARD DUDEK, Waterford, CT, (860) 277-2858, (860) 437-7622. (3)

Cape Cod Rental, 3 BR cottage on salt water pond connecting to Waquoit Bay & the National Estuarine Sanctuary. Rowing, sailing, kayaking, birding. Shallow draft boats, mooring. Available June, July & Sept. \$600-\$800/week.
DEB WILLIAMS, PO Box 1031, Norwich VT 05055, (802) 649-2204 eves. (9P)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS WANTED

Boatbuilding Space, I am building a Wharram Tiki 30' catamaran and need space to assemble the boat near to my home in Stonington, CT.
DAVID SOMMER, 7 Hillcrest Dr., Stonington, CT 06378. (3)

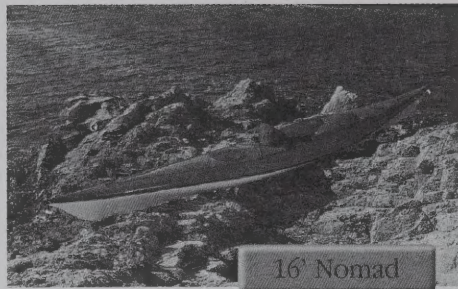


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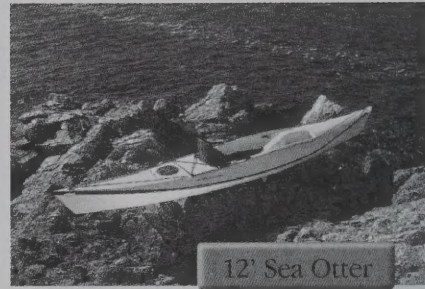
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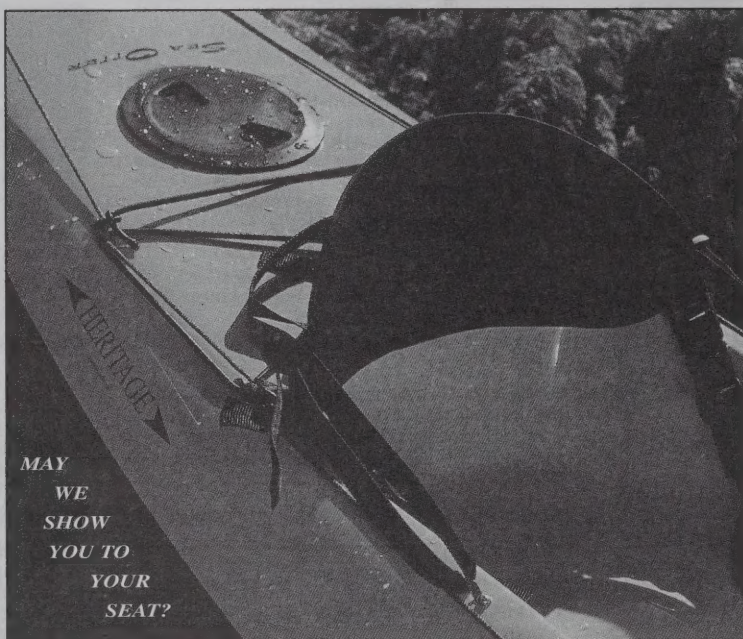
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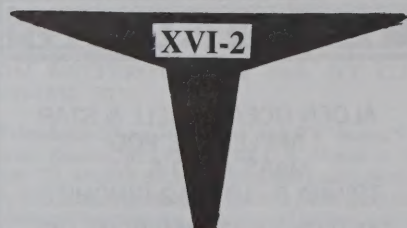
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