



messing about in BOATS

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Special Features This Issue
Custom Classic Cruising Outboard
Tar Baby Boat - An Experimental Rig

Volume 16 - Number 3

June 15, 1998



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Volume 16 - Number 3
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In Our Next Issue...

I should have a first hand report on the AYRS New England Region Symposium at Newport.

Barry Donahue offers some photos of "Spring Rowing on Pleasant Bay"; Joe Spaulding tells us about "The Great Plank Boat Regatta"; Robb White reports on "The Canned Ham Incident"; and for Lewis Freeman in "By Waterways to Gotham", it's "Down the St. Lawrence".

Jim Hodges and Bill Zeitler bring us up to date on "Delaware's *Kalmar Nyckel* Historic Replica Project"; Chris Finch reveals "What's Become of *Jingo*?" and Ron Magen continues his series, "Boatbuilding - Part 4".

We'll have a look at Bruce Gray's "Freedom Dinghys" and the Wooden Boat Shop's "Pass Lake Pram"; Richard Carsen continues his "Dreamboats" with "Submergibles & A Boat that Barely Floats", and Phil Bolger presents "A Moderate Speed Power Launch Concept".

On the Cover...

Kilburn Adams has found happiness with his modified Sturdee Dory outboard cruiser and tells us all about it in this issue.



Commentary...

The water level in the vernal pond down behind the barn, which I mentioned in a recent issue, was unusually high this spring and it floated an old boat out from the bushes into view. That's it above. It's old only in my own life in boats, for I built it in 1978, my very first boatbuilding project, one undertaken to learn how to do lapstrake boatbuilding, for at that time I had in mind that I really wanted to build a Swampscott dory. John Gardner was responsible for this, that is his book *The Dory Book* was.

Twenty years ago opportunities to take a boatbuilding course were far fewer than today. I happened to see a classified ad in *National Fisherman*, which I was then an avid reader of for its small boat content, especially John Gardner's "Comments From Here & There" column. An Ed Davis of West Tremont, Maine, on the non-touristy western shore of Mount Desert Island, offered to teach wannabee builders how to build a lapstrake skiff over a two week period (weekend in between off) for \$100. Jane and I drove up earlier in the summer to scout the scene and determine if this was a genuine opportunity before I committed the \$100 and two weeks of my time to it. Ed favorably impressed us and so I signed on and spent the two weeks, along with four others, building 10' pine planked lapstrake skiffs.

The hulls were finished by the end of the two weeks and we all trailered them home to be finished off. I had in mind using mine as a tender for a 23' keel sloop (my first boat) I then had moored in Salem harbor (Marblehead West Shore). So I lavished a lot of attention on mahogany thwarts, rubrails, etc. and painted her up nicely. I was really into the building part of messing about in boats. But, it wasn't a very good boat. It would carry one okay but not two without serious trim problems, and adding gear made it really unhandy. So the first boat I built sorta got marginalized as I went on with other things.

I no longer recall how or when or why this original object of my small boat enthusiasm ended up at the edge of the field down behind the barn where it thereafter reposed, annually filling with leaves, slowly embedding itself into the earth, and gradually disappearing underneath the encroaching underbrush. I would note it there every summer as I mowed the field, with a bit of a tug at the heartstrings over my callous abandon-

ment of this boat I had created. But I did nothing about it and Jane had already vowed to never plant geraniums in my first built boat.

Now twenty years later it had risen from the dead, so to speak, actually floating out from under the brush onto the pond and drifting hither and yon in the breeze. The duck couple which takes up residence each spring in the pond while it is here began using the gunwales for a roost. I had a look at it from the shore, it was full of matted down leaf mold and the side planking was rotted clear through in places. The finish was long gone, it was a derelict now, but miraculously afloat.

I have no desire whatever to try to resurrect it for old time's sake. I almost towed it out of the pond and across the field with my truck to our annual brush burning, thinking to immolate it in a funeral pyre and finish with it. But I didn't do that either, and now with the pond gone it is alongside the bushes again, but now in full view and in the way of the mowing. I suppose I'll have to drag it down into our woodlot to await the 1999 burning.

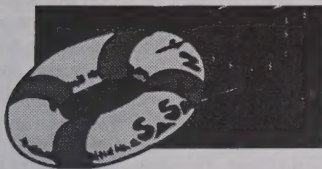
Yes it was a failure as a boat but rewarding as a building/learning exercise. More importantly, it was another catalyst in the creation of this magazine. I had been so enthused about Ed Davis' funky school in an abandoned old barn and the boat I had built myself that I wrote it up and sent it off to *National Fisherman*. No reply. Then a year later the "premier issue" of *Small Boat Journal* turned up in my mail and there in it was my story! My first ever boat writing published.

I went on to have a number of my articles published in the early *SBJ*, but when it was sold to Vermont, the new owners were not so down home in their requirements for articles. Without this market for my writing, and with my retirement from my motorcycle publications becoming imminent, what else could I do but start my own boat magazine so I could see my writing published once again.

So I see this old boat with such hindsight and am reminded once again how everything one undertakes to do that gets out of one's routine carries within it the seeds of new adventures in life. I undertook to build it to fulfill a desire to learn something about boatbuilding, and look where it led.

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Small Boat SAFETY

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

Notice to Mariners

I monitored Channel 16 the other night, running the battery of my hand-held VHF all the way down so I could then give it a full charge. It was a quiet night, so when Coast Guard Group Ft. Macon advised me to switch marine information, I dutifully moved the dial. What followed had no immediate bearing on my life but, had I been aboard a vessel attempting to traverse New River Inlet, it could have saved me from a grounding or worse. Due to

the strong on-shore winds and spring tides of the past several days, no less than four lighted buoys had been relocated, and an additional buoy had been added to mark a newly forming shoal.

As one who conscientiously updates his charts with every "Local Notice To Mariners" (available free of charge from each Coast Guard District), I would have been confident that I had accurate information. I would have been wrong! Things had changed since the mailing of the last "Notice."

The VHF broadcast triggered three thoughts: 1) ALWAYS have your radio tuned to Channel 16 underway (as legally you should). 2) If advised to switch to 22 (or whatever the channel in your area), have a pencil and paper ready to hand. 3) Consider adding "differential" GPS to your boat's electronics. It is not (yet?) inexpensive, but the increased accuracy could save your boat or your life.

At the grave risk of sounding a "political" note in *MAIB*, I must record my appreciation of quality of free boating information provided by our government, including NOAA weather broadcasts. All we recreational boaters have to do is receive, record, and react appropriately.



he identified. "There's Frankie Drake and Ann Bonney and Martin Frobisher, and that's Nelson and Thigh over there. Most of the famous ones got in on their reputations."

As they got near the end, Noel saw a large man sitting on a pile of gold and jewels and wearing a crown. He extended a trident toward him like a scepter and spoke. "Who are you, and why are you here among the dead men?"

"I'm Noel Madison, Able Seaman. I've been six times round the earth and seen the inside of every jail in every port in the seven seas. I am told I'm dead. And who are you?"

"What kind of shellback are you not to recognize your king? Davey, get the log and read me this fool's record. I recognize him, but there is something wrong about him."

Davey Jones said. "Yes, Your Majesty. Let's see now. Madison, Noel, born December 25, 1892, that you?"

"Yes, sir, it is." Noel finally began to realize that there was something serious going on here and got polite.

"Let's see what's on record, then," said Davey Jones and began to read. As he proceeded down the list of sins and crimes, Noel felt the approval of those seated at the tables. "Pretty average, so don't get stuck on yourself, Madison. Let's continue." The page was turned and the reading continued. About halfway down the second page came this item: "At age 27, while in the Indian Ocean, dove over the side to rescue a little girl, a passenger who had fallen over the side, in shark infested waters. Both came aboard alive."

At this, Noel could feel the whole room get colder. Neptune glared at him "I knew he didn't seem right. Let Heaven dispose of him." At that, the room disappeared from around him.

When he opened his eyes, he was in a city such as he had never seen in life. Everything was clean and shining, including the inhabitants. As he started down the street, he was greeted by a girl, a veritable angel, who greeted him, saying, "Welcome to Heaven, Noel." He looked and realized it was the girl he had saved.

Being who he was, he replied, "If I hadn't saved you, I'd be in Fiddler's Green, drinking rum with the other sailors and having a fine time."

Suddenly, a still, small voice was heard. "If Heaven is not good enough for you, you can go to Hell."

Away he went, and there was no rum there, either, of that you can be sure.

"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.

The Man Who Could Not be Satisfied

I was talking to a man the other day who told me that he was not afraid of the sea. Now such a man has either made peace with himself, or he is an ignorant fool. This man was not the peaceful type. His ego greatly outstripped his abilities. He had no respect for anything, believing that, by being a natural athlete, he could handle any situation that came his way. He is the sort of person who, should anyone be fool enough to let him lead them, gets people drowned. The only hope is that he might drown himself before he hurts someone else. In short, this is the sort of person the sage had in mind when he said that "there are old sailors and there are bold sailors, but there are few old, bold sailors."

One such sailor had lived for many years in the days of deep water sail. He had seen the insides of jails all around the world and had done many things we should be glad we have not heard of. Still, despite his many misadventures, he had come through nearly unscathed. He was not evil, merely arrogant.

It was thus truly a surprise when he found himself dead. He had no reason to expect death. He was healthy one instant and a marlin spike dropped from aloft through his skull the next. Because he became unconscious instantly, as he had on numerous earlier occa-

sions, his spirit woke without surprise when his body jostled on the bottom of the sea. He awakened suffering from a terrible headache.

The first thing he noticed was there was a green cast to everything. The next was the wild looking old man calling "Noel Madison, come forth" over and over again. The old man, whoever he was, had the name right, but he and Noel had never met before. "My name is indeed Noel Madison, but who are you and from what should I come forth?"

"Who am I? Have you never heard of Davey Jones? I am the keeper of Neptune's treasure and his ledgers, where every shellback's deeds are written for good or ill. If you won't come with me, go back and stay in your body until it rots to dust."

Getting the idea, Noel followed the old man to a sunken vessel such as he had never seen in life. Noises came from below. As they got closer, the noises became shouting and the sounds of games of chance, dice, checkers, cards, and other seafaring games. As they came into the hold, the sounds died away and the ghostly sailors went to mess tables furnished with bottles of rum and plenty of good food ready at hand for each of the denizens.

Noel and the old man continued past thousands of these specters, some of whom

You write to us about..

Activities and Adventures...

Old Favorites Will Be Here

We're doing it again! The 16th Annual Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival is July 11th & 12th at Marina Bay, Quincy, Massachusetts. We expect 50 classic beauties to be on display to the public, ranging from 1910-1930 era mahogany runabouts and cabin cruisers to the sail flotilla, sloops, sharpies, yawls and schooners.

Old favorites will be here: *Joe Nichols II*, a replica 1890's fantail steam launch; *Old Glory*, a 1918 Lawley canoe stern cruiser; *Barefoot*, a 1961 International 600 yawl, will be joined by vessels we haven't seen before. A small flotilla is sailing from Portland Maine, a 1942 former USCG patrol cutter from the Cape and a gaff-rigged schooner is coming.

We're looking for an antique tug (1948 and before) to join us. Readers who would like to bring their classic boats can call me at (617) 666-8530. Those who don't have a classic boat can come and admire them!

Pat Wells, Somerville, MA

Smallest-Ever Sailboat Crossing

Englishman Tom McNally and his 3' 11" sailboat, *Vera Hugh II*, have completed the first leg across the North Atlantic to challenge the world record crossing in 1993 of Hugo Vihlen and his 5' 4" *Father's Day*.

Veteran micro-soloist McNally sailed his tiny craft 700 miles in 20 days from Cape Espartel, Tangier, to Los Palmas in the Canary Islands. Running in gale-force winds and high seas, the self-styled small boat survival specialist said he was pleased to maintain an average of 2-1/2 knots for the voyage.

This is the 54-year-old McNally's eighth boat, designed and built by himself in a Liverpool, England, garden shed. *Vera Hugh II* has a square rig mainsail with a mast that turns. The smaller-than-a-bathtub cabin has no cockpit, only a hatch that opens so that the soloist can stand to stretch his legs in good weather. In foul weather, the 5' 11" McNally can crouch or sleep in a foetal position.

To aid ventilation, a problem that plagued Vihlen when high seas turned his tiny craft into a submarine, McNally has high snorkel tubes atop his cabin. These brought fresh air below even when waves overran the cabin in heavy weather sailing.

McNally carries no engine to attempt a pure windship crossing. The second stage of his voyage will be from the Canaries to Puerto Rico, and, from there, to Florida and then up the east coast of the U.S.

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Useful Information

Can This Be a Chinese Lug Rig?

Tim Weaver's MASCF article in the January 15 issue has a picture of me in my Bolger Windsprint, *Otter*, with the caption, "Can this be a Chinese lug rig?" In answer: I don't think so. It is fully battened, and it is a balanced lug, but the battens are much more flexible than those on a traditional Chinese rig, and there are none of the control lines leading from the battens. It is a handsome sail, though, made for me by Brent Benson of Coopersburg, PA. Readers who would like to see more pictures of *Otter* (the blue boat with the yellow mast) can visit the web page <http://members.aol.com/PWCrockett>.

Patrick Crockett, Durham, NC

Calling All Webheads

I've just finished putting together a website for WindHorse Marine, which turned out to be much like building a boat. You start with some sketchy plans and end up changing everything. Anyway, she's in the water now and floating rightside-up. It's also a place to show some of my favorite photos.

Now, I'm trying to expand my links page. One of the great features of the web is the ability to link to anybody else in the world who's interested in the same kind of things. So this is an open call to all you webheads out there. If you've got a working website (with a stable address) that relates to messing about in small sailing boats, I would love to hear from you so I can include links from my site to yours.

The easy way is to visit my site and click on the e-mail link. Give me the address of your site, especially if you've got any good pictures (love them pictures)! Check me out at www.windhorse1.com (that's a numeral "1" jammed right on the end of windhorse).

As long as you've got your browsers in gear, surf on over to *Messing About in Boats Online* - (say what?) at: <http://mims.com/maib/> You'll be amazed.

Dan Leonard, WindHorse Marine:
dan_leonard@m5.sprynet.com

I Just Can't Breathe...

Rob McAdams' experience with western red cedar sawdust is not unusual, one in twenty people are allergic to it. For this reason OSHA set the eight hour exposure limit to western red cedar dust at 2.5mg/cubic meter, while the limit for other wood dusts is twice as high. But even 5mg/cubic meter is not much dust. In a 20'x 20'x 10' high shop it would take only a half teaspoon of dust uniformly distributed to produce that concentration.

Lauan dust affects some people also. Dynamite Payson wrote me, "I just can't breathe any of the dust without half choking." When Sandy Mitchell was sanding lauan ply for a fiberglass duckboat in Nelson Silva's shop over a dozen years ago he developed a severe rash all over his body with an accompanying fever.

Over 300 varieties of wood are known to cause dermatitis. Heartwoods are worse than sapwoods, perhaps because of the natural poisons they contain that make them more decay resistant. It isn't just synthetics, natural products are full of poisons.

Paracelsus got it right back about the time of Columbus. He said, "Everything is a poison. It is just a matter of the dose."

David Carnell, Wilmington, NC

Cockleshell Plans Available

Yes, Cockleshell plans are still available. My moving from university to university to pursue my new degree has made it quite difficult for people to find me to buy these plans. Now that I'll be hunkered down for a while doing my graduate studies I'll be less of a moving target.

Last June I brought my two personal Cockleshells to the WoodenBoat Show and was thrilled to meet many who had bought plans in the past. Those now wishing to reach me can be assured they will be able to do so at this address.

Eric Risch, 38 Hayden Point Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858, (401) 782-6760, email: eris7405@uriacc.uri.edu

Handbook for a Cheap Boat Derby

I bet there have been many articles along the lines of "a boat from a sheet of plywood" over the years in *Messing About in Boats*. What would it take to throw them all together for a kind of handbook for the cheap boat derby? Or perhaps an invitation/competition for some new designs? I'm sure all you need is another project!

David Beede, Gainesville, FL

Editor Comments: Putting together a compendium of bygone articles from 350 back issues is a project I indeed do not need, and no staff exists to carry out such a research/production effort.

Shapely Lugsail Rigging

After reading Reed Smith's article, "The Shapely Lugsail", I'd like to pass on a suggestion I found helpful to me. As my rig is a standing lug, not his balanced lug, it may not work for him.

Run a small line from where the halyard ties onto the top spar around the starboard side of the mast, then back to the halyard from the port side of the mast, through a small block at the halyard, and back to the starboard side of the mast to a cleat on that side.

What this does is pull the top spar against the mast and hold it there whether reefed or not. I adopted this from the sail plan for a North Atlantic 29.

Tom Arnold, 2617 Roosevelt, San Antonio, TX 78214

Determining Distance...Followup

Under the heading "Useful Information..." in the April 15th issue, a reader suggests a formula for determining distance of a light, when height (above water) of light and eye are known, giving the factor 1.22 (to be multiplied by the combined square roots of the height of eye and of light).

It should be noted that the correct factor (for nautical miles) is 1.144. For statute miles the factor is 1.317. I quote these from *Bowditch, American Practical Navigator*. In his example using 9' for eye, 100' for light,

the reader's factor 1.22 renders 15.9 (nautical?) miles. Using Bowditch's factors, we get 14.8nm, or 17.2sm. The table "Distance of the Horizon" in Bowditch saves the calculation. The difference of at least a mile is in theory enough to put you on a reef.

The method is only useful if the light is first observed when it is on the horizon. Then, by changing the height of eye slightly up or down to prove the case, you can know your distance from the light. This is called bobbing the light.

The question was originally raised by Rick Klepfer in "Musings From Mustique", in the January 15th issue, who observed fishing boat lights when they were hull down, only showing a light when on a wave crest. In that circumstance, if he knew the height above water of the fishing boat lights, he could indeed have worked out their distance away.

Stu Hopkins, Wicomico Church, VA

Ultralite Amphibian Hulls

Re Ron LaViolette's recent inquiry in the May 1st issue about a hull design for an ultralite amphibian, the magazine *Kit Planes* has an annual on ultralight builders, numbering about 540 at last review. Possibly he could find some design already in being and tested.

The FAA's regulation Part 103 limits ultralite empty weights to 254lbs, however with amphibians it goes up to 312lbs. Bare bones snowmobile Kawasaki engines go for about \$329 new.

A number of us are interested in upgrading the infamous Mignet Flying Flea (Pou du Ciel) and one knowledgeable enthusiast advertises a ground-effect flying boat, or Surface Skimmer. He is a practical man, Michel Descatha, 315 Kings Hwy. # 4, Brownsville, TX. 78521-4228. Info \$4. This should be a tandem wing VW powered ZO. You exchange accountability from the FAA to the USCG.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

I Didn't Do Very Well As A Bookseller.

Now that I am old and feeble and find it hard to read, I decided to give away what's left of the Sea Heritage Foundation collection to individuals. This delightful & frequently valuable collection was built up in the heyday of the Foundation's newspaper, *The Sea Heritage News*. I gave away many at the New York Boat Show. But, now the giveaway business has slowed down. I am amazed at the lack of enthusiasm for the free books. Has everybody gone on-line?

Here's one of the books for you (*The Raft Book*, "How to find your way to land without instruments and without previous experience in navigation." Editor).

If your readers will send me self addressed stamped envelopes, I will send them a list of available free marine books and they can choose one.

Commodore Bernie Klay, Sea Heritage, 1265 Egret's Landing, Unit 101, Naples FL 34108.

This Magazine

Small Boat Comparison Testing

There are many new kayak style boats that you sit on now on the market, even made by manufacturers such as Old Town. Is there a way your magazine could "road test" some of these new craft to do a comparison of strengths and weaknesses?

Since the demise of *Small Boat Journal*, there is no one letting the public know about new products in the small boat world.

Ted Sojka, Decorah, IA.

Editor Comments: *Small Boat Journal* was published six times yearly by an editorial staff of four. I do 24 issues yearly myself. So I have no time nor opportunity to do comparison product testing.

Consider Outboarding

If you're looking for new small boating aspects, consider a separate outboard motor category. As a sometime mechanic I found new worlds in motorsailing. Sailing purists with auxiliary motors do more powering/motorsailing than they care to admit to. In my Aquarius 23 centerboarder, the 4-hour windward slog to Catalina got too discouraging. Attempts at motorsailing failed as even at lowest settings the 7hp Evinrude overran the sails. Thru research, I found that Michigan had an odd-pitched prop for \$7. It would propel the A-23 with engine set on Start running quietly under load. I could keep up with the 30' keel boats using their strapped-down genoas. Add conditions such as no-wind or wrong directions or storms, and motorsailing opens up immense new boating vista.

I would like to submit an article, "Exercise Before Exorcise", on non-invasive restoration of inoperable small outboards. For instance, make up a socket for your 3/8" electric drill to spin-test versus rope-pulling, and flush with a proper solvent before attacking with screwdriver and wrench. This risks snapped off bolts heads (steel fastenings into aluminum alloys), broken castings, and need for rare gaskets.

Norman S. Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

Learning Something New

The issue on multi-hulls was superb. I am always intrigued to learn about something I know nothing about. When we were kids we made some model multi-hulls from sticks, etc., and they always sailed faster than the models of traditional boats. We should have learned then, perhaps.

John Stilgoe, Norwell, MA

Mother-in-Law Knows Best

The other day I got a renewal notice for my mother-in-law's subscription, one of several gift subscriptions I give annually. She lives in Arizona and summers in Rockport, Massachusetts. It is her birthday this month and I have been giving her *Messing About in Boats* for some time.

In the same mail with your renewal form I also received an advanced sale ticket for a small movie theatre in Rockport, one of these deals where if you pay in advance you get a couple of movies free. I thought I should give my mother-in-law the choice between the two. I called and asked, and in a New York second she said, "*Messing About in Boats*" of course.

Geoffrey Richon, Rockport, MA

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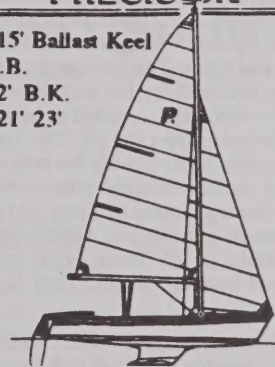
PRECISION

New 15' Ballast Keel

15' C.B.

16-1/2' B.K.

18' - 21' 23'

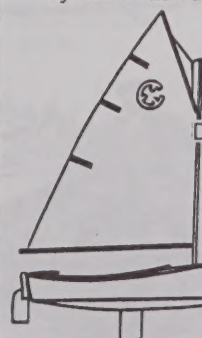


FERNALD'S MARINE

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by Com-Pac Yachts



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6'6" beam

draft:6" board up

32" board down

Displacement 500lbs

109 sq ft sail area

COMPAC

16'-19'-23'

SUNFISH - ZUMA

FERNALD'S MARINE

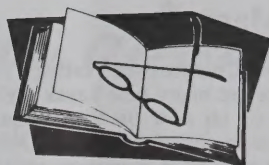
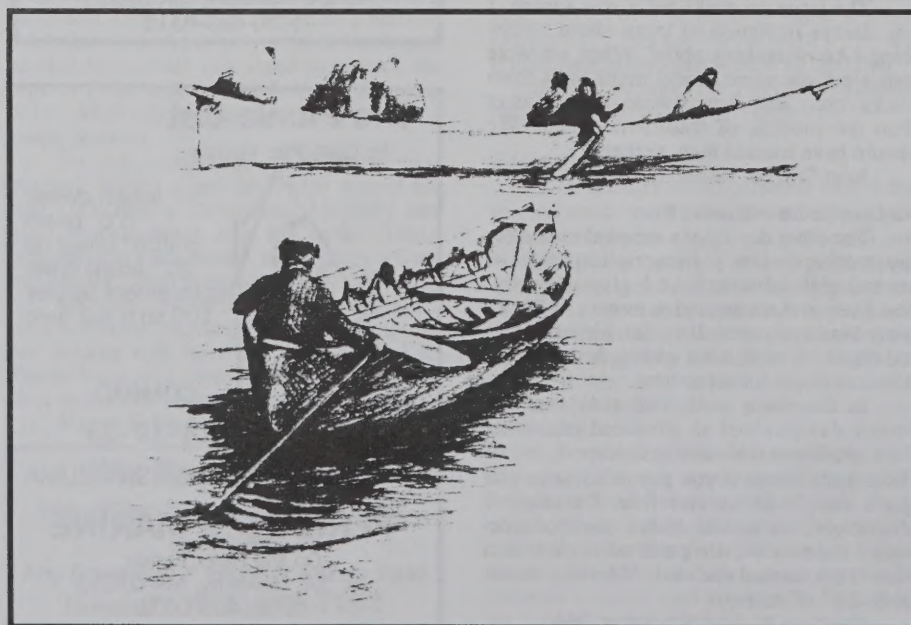
On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

Skip Snaith's book is an important work on a craft that played a key role in early migrations of Indians and Eskimos to the island chains and shores of the Pacific Northwest. The Umiak is a skin boat that originated about 10,000 years ago. It was built with a flat bottom. The ribs came from what wood could be found. Some of the parts were of bone. Most fastenings were of sinu, tied in specific patterns where the framing and longitudinals meet. The skin was normally from seals and walruses, replaced periodically. Modern Umiaks use fiberglass cloth saturated with polyurethane resin, hypalon, or other flexible waterproof coating. If you're going to build one, you may want to contact the author for advice on where to obtain the coatings.

Skip Snaith observed the similarities between the Umiak and the dory. Both evolved in parts of the world far removed from each other with the differences being mainly in available materials. Skip calls the flat-bottomed Umiak the "pre-contact" style that was in use before European influence created the round-bottomed bent rib boat sometime after 1850. They needed to mass produce the boats for cargo and hunting. The round hull was said to be stronger and more seaworthy, but this wasn't universally true. Flat-bottomed Umiaks (some with a shallow "V") had crossed some of the most dangerous waters of the Pacific Northwest.

The flat-bottomed style also had the advantage of lying level when pulled up on a shore, whereas the round-bottomed boats rolled to one side or the other. Both styles were in use side-by-side throughout the 1900s and are still in use today. The Europeans also used dories very successfully, but they were a strain on the crew when they needed to be dragged for long distances over the ice. The Umiak is a much lighter boat, having its hull of skin rather than strakes of solid pine or cedar. It also had a flexing motion that was said to have advantages in certain sea conditions. The larger Umiaks of 25' transported extended families and hunting parties. They had vari-

A round-bottomed umiak (with handlining paddler) approaches a flat-bottomed type with possible engine trouble. Study sketch from archival photo. (Rasmuson Library, University of Alaska, Fairbanks.)



Reviews

Umiak, An Illustrated Guide By Skip Snaith Illustrated by Tina Rose

Walrose & Hyde, 1997

P.O. Box 992

Eastsound, WA 98245

185 pages of excellent reference material and outstanding sketches

Review by Mark Reveaux

ous types of sailing rigs and the later models had outboard motor wells. Many of them had spray covers that extended two feet above the gunwales. Skip's book has a photo showing one boat so overloaded that the water is within inches of the spray cover. When pulled up on the ice after a day's run, they were propped up on their sides and used for shelters.

The reader is brought from the historical origins of the boat to its evolution through to the present time, and on to showing us how it's built. He and his illustrator, Tina Rose, show us step-by-step methods of building the flat-bottom and round-bottom boats. I liked Tina Rose's style of drawing. They're much better than photographs. In sketch form, they show us parts and how they go together, almost as through we were standing there and

watching it being done. She's also shown the boats being built in various construction stages by the Eskimos themselves, using the tools they had at the time.

When you look at her sketches, there's almost a living quality about them, as though Tina captured a motion in time in a way no camera could duplicate. If we actually had been there and saw two Eskimos helping each other fitting a walrus skin to the frame, we would remember the scene much in the same way as Tina sketched them. I hope she goes on to more of this work. In this book she's done all of us an important service. Thank you, Tina, for being so skilled and having the ability to portray things in such real life ways. Skip's writing is so clear that, combined with Tina's sketches, the book is a valuable resource for anyone with an interest in small craft, even if they don't plan to build the boat.

For someone who thinks they may consider building an Umiak, this book could almost be used as a guide. Although I bought both the flat-bottomed and bent rib plans from Skip, I have no question that if I floated up on an island from a shipwreck with nothing more than Skip's book and a jack knife, that I could build one of these boats on the beach. Should you plan to go ahead with this project I would, of course, recommend that you do get the prints, because they provide expanded views and details you'll want to have.

When I became interested in the baidarka and Umiak, I spent a week at Corey Freedman's school in Anacortes, Washington, where he showed me various Umiaks under construction. Corey does a great job with these boats and, I would have built one there had it not been so expensive to ship the boat back to the East Coast. Corey also built a variation of the Umiak with a lattice-work bottom covered with fiberglass cloth. The sides are sponsons, much like an Avon Navy rescue boat.

With a 40 hp outboard, we cruised 70 miles of the San Juan islands at high speed over very rough water. The boat flexed over conditions that any hard-shell boat would have had trouble with to say nothing of the crew. The flexing also creates a cushion effect that's easier on one's bottom while at the wheel. I paid close attention to the bottom as we skipped from one wave top to the next, and saw the flexing and working of the hull as it twisted, racked, and torqued in a variety of stresses encountered only in a seaway.

What impressed me was how the lashings held, even under such continuous pounding, slamming and twisting on the choppy seas. Not even a sign of loosening anywhere. It's as though the hull were speaking to the waves, saying: "You can work me any way you want, but I'll spring back no matter what you do." After our day on the water it became clear that if an Umiak-style hull can withstand continuous heavy pounding at 20 mph, the same hull loafing along at 5 knots can stay out there forever.

But when we talk of speed, the Umiak is not a slow boat and often exceeds its designed hull speed. A neighbor friend of Corey Freedman, who built a 16' Umiak with a mast step, told me that when he sailed out into one of the island groups recently, "we swept along at a very brisk rate and got to our island in no time." And when at your destination, you simply take the mast out and store it. Many use the sprit sail, a simple and easy rig that gets packed away in minutes.

The Umiak's advantages are evident as a utility craft in the Pacific Northwest environment. The boats are light, flexible, carry a tremendous amount of cargo for their size, using every cubic inch of inside space, they can be rowed, paddled, and sailed efficiently, can be pulled up on shores without difficulty, propped up to serve as overnight shelters, and serve as floating base camps for kayak hunting parties. The framing can last more or less forever, with occasional replacement of lashings here and there. The skin is another question. Ultraviolet light is the biggest enemy of most resins, and constant exposure to the sun can deteriorate it. There are ultraviolet inhibitors, but I have to learn how effective they are when the resin and cloth combination are so thin and transparent.

I understand that a typical Umiak can survive several years of being outdoors before suffering any appreciable ultraviolet damage, and when it comes time to replace the skin, it can be done more or less in a day with the help of a couple of friends. So this problem is not necessarily a major one, nor an important factor in deciding whether or not to own the boat.

The other consideration is where you'll be beaching the boat. I live in the Thimble Islands (12 miles East of New Haven, Connecticut). We have clam and oyster beds everywhere. I've never seen anything sharper than oyster shells when trying to drag the bottom of a boat over them. They're like jagged razors. The boats normally used here are the flat-bottomed boats with heavy flat skegs to protect the bottoms from the oyster shells, and even these need to be replaced from time to time.

An Umiak, with its thin skin, may not survive our conditions here all that well, although you can build the boat with an external flat skeg running the whole length of the bottom, which would afford quite a lot of protection. This flat keel also helps in tracking. While this isn't enough of a concern to prevent you from owning the boat, it's something to be kept in mind.

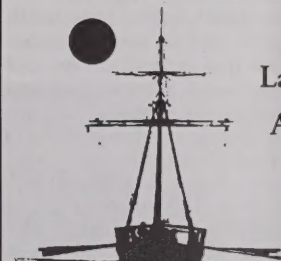
Launching is another issue. A heavier wooden boat would be launched off its trailer, immersed in water. The Umiak could be carried into the water by four people. It could also be lowered into the water off a sea wall from a light gantry crane, of the type I built (originally for launching my Old Town canoe).

The Umiak is a wonderful boat that deserves a closer look by those of us thinking about building a dory-type boat, but who may not have the facilities or time for such an undertaking. Once you've built the Umiak, you might find that it's not a major compromise over having a dory, and it could serve you very well, as it has for the past 10,000 years to the Pacific Northwest Eskimos and Indians.

If you do plan to build the boat, one of the quickest ways would be to get a group of other interested builders together. Two people can build two boats faster than one person can build one boat. A team of four could put four boats together in two weeks or less. Part-time after work, four boats could be ready for launching within two months, and this accounts for the at least one of the members having to drop out from time to time because of family commitments. The cost for a 17-footer would be under \$1,000. With four boats, the cost might be under \$700 each. That's a lot of bang for your buck.

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Tarbaby Boat Or Boys' Adventure

By Harvey Gagnon



Lake Van, Noah grounded out nearby.

Tarbaby expedition about to set out.



Our boat is so small, Lake Van is so big!



After Noah grounded his ark on Mt. Ararat and the water had gone down for a week or two, he would have been able to see Lake Van in the eastern corner of Turkey, where today Iran and Iraq meet.

Lake Van is approximately kidney-shaped, 75 miles by 25 miles. A mile above sea level and over 5,000 feet deep, it has no outlet, so is saline and sodaline since it is in a volcanic area and fed by springs ranging from sulfurous to sweet cold soda. I have read that Lake Van is the source of both the Tigris and Euphrates rivers via underground streams.

Because the water is so mineral laden, fish congregate only in spring-fed areas and goats and sheep will only drink at these fresh water sources. There were two boats on the south shore in 1966, the government passenger ferry and a 15' water taxi to take tourists to see the ruins of a 12th century church on Aktamar Island.

During the '60s my younger brother and our parents lived in Eastern Turkey, where Dad was managing the equipment being used to join the Turkish and Iranian railways. In the town of Tat Van there was not a lot of trouble you could get into that wasn't of your own making. So while there on a summer visit from college, Bro and I decided to build a boat and explore the lake.

Rounding up the materials didn't take long since we knew where to get packing crates and road tar, and Mom donated some old bed sheets to the cause.

Days 1-3: Our vessel measured 8' x 3-1/2', flat-bottomed, with a modified pram bow, and was built in three days. Of course, we could have built it in two days if we hadn't had to rip the boards out of packing crates and re-use old bent nails. We nailed battens over the inside seams of the boards, reinforced the corners, and then tacked and tarred the faded blue bedsheet to the outside of the hull. While we were tarring the overturned boat next to a fire and a smoking vat of road tar, we noticed several devout Muslims stop on the road and hold their hands in their open-palmed gesture of prayer. It dawned on us that from the road it looked like we were readying someone for burial! In the next few days we would have cause to appreciate those kind words!

Day 4: Shakedown cruise was Day 4. With a 3hp outboard, borrowed on the strength of Dad's word that it would be returned intact, we pattered out on the bay. Safety equipment included two oars made out of shaped boards, 50 feet of line, three inflated truck inner tubes, one of which our father insisted be tied to the outboard. So successful was the shakedown, we named it *Tarbaby* and planned to safari off the next day.

Day 5: The first half of the day was spent in frenzied victualling. This was more difficult than it sounds in a town that periodically experienced shortages of staples such as tea, flour, and sugar, where coffee, canned goods, and toilet paper were never available! We set off around noon, literally loaded to the gunnels with blanket bed rolls wrapped in a tarp, mutton shish kebabs marinating in our mother's precious Tupperware, sourdough bread, fruit, feta style cheese, bitter black olives, charcoal, and the safety equipment. Since we were not as smart as the local goats and didn't know where, precisely, to drink out of this vast inland sea, plastic water jugs further reduced our freeboard. Since the train had not come in yet that week, there was no beer in

the town. However, we did manage to relieve Dad's drinks cupboard of half a bottle of best Turkish vodka. We also carried five gallons of gasoline in the tank and two more gallons tied to the transom. We also had a borrowed flashlight and small tool kit, but no gun.

Our father had strictly forbade us from taking the .22 rifle, reasoning that if we were going to be robbed by Kurdish "hi-doots" who were, and are, heavily armed, he did not want us issuing or returning any challenges.

Even a burly mustachioed Turk like our neighbor, Teoman Bey, who was known to fire his revolver in the air to get the attention of truck drivers who would not give way and let him overtake on the mountainous dirt two-lane roads, even he had been held up at a roadblock and sent back driving his pickup in his white boxer shorts. In Tat Van, this passed as high entertainment and was recounted with high glee in all the tea houses, but not in his presence.

Once underway, we conveniently forgot our parents' instructions to hug the shore and set off across the two to three mile bay. We were so elated to be motoring off on our great adventure, and still afloat, that I mixed us a vodka orangeade. If I remember correctly, we patted ourselves on the back quite a bit. Shortly we had cause to regret forgetting the sailor's oldest tradition, that of flicking a drop of spirits to the Gods of wind and wave.

At 2:00 the Poyras kicked in. This was an afternoon event, 0-40 knot winds in seconds from the northeast which quickly stirred up three foot waves on our port beam. Simultaneously, our little engine started slowing down and losing power. We turned into the waves and this is where the modified pram bow design really paid off! I bailed furiously while Bro tweaked the choke to keep the engine running and our bow into it.

Since we were still within binocular range of our parents' apartment on the hill, we were more nervous about the dressing down we would get at home than we were fearful of drowning. By late afternoon we made it crabwise to shore where a small, dry creek bed ended in the lake. There was no beach, but it was punctuated by one scrawny tree which the goats had not managed to strip completely.

After unloading our gear, my brother decided to go ahead and scout out around the point to see if there was a better camping place, as the ground we were on sloped 30 degrees toward the lake. The only level ground was a 10" wide goat trail which traversed the slope. I located the leaks in *Tarbaby* and patched them by the expedient of pouring gasoline in my hand and rubbing the tar. I guess you could fairly say we were insensitive to our environment in the '60s.

Due to the messy nature of the above repair procedure, I had removed all of my clothes with the exception of my new leather hat. While drying out in the sunshine, I saw him around the headland on his way back and decided to play a joke on him. Leaping to my feet and gesticulating wildly, I indicated with broad "pointing-gun" gestures and "clothes-flying-away" motions and a unique Turkish gesture meaning "they-went-that-a-way, and real fast too!" My brother froze in his tracks and his jaw dropped. Even at that distance I could see that he was stunned. It was a very successful prank! We laughed over that one as we had our vodka ration and made a tiny campfire with the paper and charcoal that we

had brought with us. The shish kebob was excellent.

The night was absolutely miserable. The desert wind reversed itself and blew down the mountains onto the lake. Wrapped in our blankets on the sloping tarp with our heels dug into the goat track, it was hard to remember to dig your toes in to the goat track when turning over. Sleeping on your side resulted in sliding off the canvas closer to the water. During the night mysterious pebbles kept trickling down on our heads from higher up the mountain, and since we were sleeping on what amounted to a virtual thoroughfare, we never knew between which nap we might be prodded awake with a rifle barrel.

Day 6: The morning sun seemed forever in coming. We managed to brew some tea, powdered milk, and sugar, and things brightened a bit as we discovered we still had all our gear and *Tarbaby* was miraculously afloat, still secured with a rope and a rock. Our sense of adventure rekindled with the morning sun, and we set out again on our Great Southern Circumnavigation. The engine ran flawlessly as we rounded the point into the main body of the lake. The northeast facing cliffs were scoured clean of soil and vegetation 40 feet from the waters edge. This gave us pause as the shore was composed of two-story size boulders.

Learning our lesson from yesterday's experience, we decided to do our boating in the morning and our camping in the afternoon. By noon we entered a volcano whose side had blown out and allowed the lake to invade it. Its waterside border was maybe two miles in diameter and the cliffs rose 1-2000 feet sheer. The water was crystal clear and we could see long leafy green algae growing up from springs at the bottom. In the bowl of the crater were poplar trees growing near the water's edge, two houses built of adobe each with one window and one door, and on the northeast side of the crater were some walled-in caves where the Kurds kept their goats and fodder.

As we chugged in, 10 or more children ran shrieking to the houses and the women covered their faces with their scarves and ran indoors. This is understandable I guess since, other than the ferry boat passing their crater door, they had never seen a boat, let alone one up close with two "Unbelievers" in it! An ancient crone came running out to warn us off. She spoke a variety of Turkish and informed us that the men were all off robbing travelers or cutting grass for the goats! Anyway, we were not invited to land for tea!

Taking our cue from this, and not wishing to be there when one of the aforementioned hi-doots returned home, we ate our lunch afloat, completed our circuit of the crater, and motored back out into the lake after the afternoon winds subsided. We found a campsite a little further along, only slightly more level than the night before.

That night we reconsidered our float plan. In view of the Poyras, the awesome height of the wave scour, our balky outboard, the total lack of beaches, and our lousy fuel mileage due to the "gas patches" we had to apply daily to *Tarbaby*, I prevailed in my argument to turn back.

Day 7: Next morning we headed back, skirting the inhospitable crater. Then we saw the caves, high above the lake shore, which had been inhabited by Christian hermits in the 11th and 12th centuries. They were about 100

feet above the shore line which was dotted with apartment building-size boulders at the base of the cliffs. What if one of these caves had remained unvisited since early history?! What if hi-doots had used them as a treasure caches?! Apart from the natural attraction of boys and caves, the treasure magnet was too strong to resist. Since the water was flat calm and the engine purring nicely we decided to go for it.

Approaching the boulders, which were covered with slime under the water, we hammered screwdrivers into the cracks of the boulders and tied *Tarbaby* off fore and aft. If the waves had come up, we would have been mountain climbing home.

Coiling our rope, we landed gingerly on the slimy boulders. Climbing toward the line of soil and bushes, we were stopped 25 feet or so above the water, but still 15 feet short of the bushes which would be our next handhold. Standing on a knife-edge ridge of crumbly rock that sloped 60 degrees up to the line of soil and bushes, we peered down at the boulders, we swore brotherly oaths. I believe in today's jargon this is referred to as "getting pumped!"

I dug foot holds into each side of the narrow ridge and lay against it. My brother was able to clamber onto my back and stand on my shoulders. Still too short. We were still a few feet shy of the first bush that could possibly serve as a handhold. I leaned into the mountain and pushed my brother further up the slope with his feet in my hands. The bushes were only inches away now. With a jump and mad scramble he managed to grab the first of the bushes, which immediately gave way and Bro, bushes, and dirt rained down on me. As he hurtled toward me I jumped on him, we both clawed the mountain and slid back to my original footholds which to our great good fortune held. I hope never to see fingernail marks in rocks again.

Not wishing to lose the adrenaline, and our courage, in discussion we soon managed to get a line around another bush and sent my brother up again, he being lighter than I was. After he shinnied up the rope and secured the line around several bushes, I was able to join him.

Unfortunately, we had dropped the water jug and were feeling a bit thirsty after our exertions. Popping pebbles in our mouth to combat the thirst, we recoiled the line and starting climbing for the treasure caves.

The caves faced northeast with sheltering "S" shaped entrances carved in the tufa, a soft stone made up of compressed volcanic ash. The first ones we explored had layers of odiferous evidence to generations of occupation by sheep and goats and the Christian symbols carved in the walls had been defaced. The rest of the caves we explored could only be reached by me belaying Bro on the line and swinging him across the slope to the cave entrance as the pathways had been eroded. Although there was no treasure, these caves, according to my brother, did have intact carvings of Jonah and the whale and other Bible stories.

We were late getting back to *Tarbaby* in reverse order of our ascent. After some quick gasoline "patches" to the tar work, we motored off for home, engine purring nicely.

It was late afternoon and we thought the Poyras had failed that day and again decided to cut across the bay, only to be met by the treacherous wind. This time the waves beset

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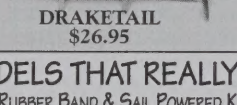
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us on the starboard quarter which was not *Tarbaby's* best point of motoring. The now empty fuel tanks clanged aboard with every wave. I bailed and Bro choked the engine. For the better part of an hour we plotted the trajectory of where we might drift to, clinging to our truck inner tube and towing the unwilling engine on its inner tube should the bailing and choking prove insufficient.

The engine coughed to a halt. I rowed furiously with the homemade oars, Bro bailed with my leather hat shouting that it held more water than his! One of my oars snapped at the rope oarlock and we spun downwind. With

part of each wave coming over the stern and the now empty fuel tanks clanging aboard to add to the confusion, we were bailing with both hats when we drifted up on the only pebbly beach shore we had seen in three days, thus proving once again that God takes care of fools and sailors.

In my father's letter some months later, he explained the mystery of the unwilling engine had been discovered to be caused by a wad of cotton waste in the fuel tank which occasionally, especially in rough water, would plug the fuel intake line.

A Princess Visits "Shack"

By Charles "Chick" Ludwig

It is a cool summer evening as I lay in the cockpit of my seventeen foot catboat, *Princess*, watching the masthead scribing fanciful figures across the evening sky. A flight of pelicans glides overhead like a squadron of WWII bombers setting off across the English Channel on a nighttime raid, while nearby a group of seagulls dog-fight over some shapeless morsel. A short time ago, a loggerhead turtle surfaced several times nearby, looking for all the world like some pre-historic creature from the deep. We are anchored for the night behind a wooded section of Shackleford Island, one of a chain of three islands on the North Carolina coast set aside as a national park.

On shore is a panorama that must look much like it did before the white man came to inhabit these islands. Even today, with a crowded mainland so near, it is hard to understand why more sailors do not visit here. The only sailboat I have seen all day is a Sea Pearl 21 that was about a mile down the beach.

Not far down the island, a small herd of wild horses graze across the salt marsh, while shore birds wade through the shallows and flap lazily in salt-stunted trees. The horses probably came ashore from ship wrecks as early as the sixteenth century. They have been here so long that they have developed into their own sub-species. Their bodies have adapted to the salt water environment and they can no longer live without it.

Every now and then, the Park Service has a round-up to thin the herd so that the horses that are left have a better chance for survival. Those that are taken to the mainland are supposed to be offered for adoption, but somehow they usually wind up being euthanized. There is a great controversy about this between the Animal Rights Activists and the Park Service. I will not try to criticize the infinite wisdom of our government in this issue, but it does seem that there should be a better way. Perhaps a good start would be for the different sides to work together to find an answer, before the next round-up.

But, enough of this! Let us get back to the scenery around us. Far to the west, the sun is about to extinguish itself in the ocean behind Atlantic Beach. I once read that just as the red face of the sun disappears below the horizon, by some trick of nature, a green flash appears for a split second. I will watch carefully and see if it happens.

A lonely powerboat goes by on its way home from a day spent fishing and swimming further up the coast. My baby sways gently to the rhythm of the wake as it rolls under her belly.

It has been many years since I have spent an idyllic evening like this in paradise. *Princess* brought me back to the dream after the doldrums of ten years spent in the Carolina mountains. I admit that it is beautiful up there, but to an "Old Florida Boy" like me, with salt in his veins, nothing can compete with the ocean, or more accurately, the narrow strip separating land and sea.

The current prevails on *Princess* to turn so that Miss Wind can send her cooling breeze around to the back door and through the companionway into the cabin. It is going to be a comfortable night for sleeping.

Mr. Sun is about to do his disappearing act at the end of a sparkling runway stretching all the way from his bedroom to mine. Going...going...gone! Beautiful, but no green flash. God's host of heavenly lights begin to come on in the sky. Twinkling points of light appear on the distant shore of Harker's Island. Funny thing, but the stars seem to be closer than the lights nearer by.

But now it is time for me and my girl to perform our nightly ablutions as the voice of Garrison Keillor drones softly out of the radio about a day in Lake Wobegone. What a fitting end to a day spent sailing the pristine waters of Core Sound. *Princess* gently reminds me that it is getting too dark to write any longer, so, goodnight for now. And may God bless.

Turning eastward where the channel ran in to Port McNicoll, I followed a devious line of buoys through constantly shoaling water to reach the mouth of the Severn and the beginning of the Trent Canal half an hour before dark. In spite of the late hour, an obliging lock master volunteered to put me through into Gloucester Pool so that I could make an early start in the morning. The little old style lock was extremely rough when the water was turned in, and I had a lively time working with ineffectual oars to keep my tilted motor from banging against the sides. I resolved to use mooring lines like the larger craft in later lockings, but more spacious locks and less violent flows of water made this unnecessary.

The route of what is now called the Trent Canal follows a connected series of lakes and rivers that formed an early Canadian waterway scarcely less historic than the one I have already described as using the Ottawa, Lake Nipissing, and French River. Both routes saved time and distance on the westward voyage, and both avoided the open waters of Ontario, Erie, and Huron. Champlain was the first European to use the Trent-Severn route, and it was followed in one direction or the other by voyageurs right down to the time of the railway and steamer.

The first official suggestion for constructing a canal from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron came, interestingly enough, from the Duke of Wellington. Pointing out, in a memorandum written but a few years after his victory at Waterloo, that the control of Lake Ontario would almost certainly be in the hands of the Americans in the event of another war with Canada (as had been the case in 1812-15), the "Iron Duke" recommended the construction of a waterway far enough back from the frontier to be comparatively safe from enemy attack. The tentative route sketched for such a waterway included most of that followed today by the Trent Canal.

The first work to be done on the proposed Ontario-Huron Canal was in the form of a lock at Bobcaygeon, begun in 1833 and finished two years later. Locks at Glen Ross, Peterboro, Hastings, and Lindsay were started between 1837 and 1840, but were left in an incomplete state for many years. When locks were completed at Young's Point and Rosedale between 1869 and 1872, five unconnected reaches of navigation, totaling 172 miles in length, were available, though only 137 miles formed a portion of the present through route. From 1888 to 1887, locks built

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 II Georgia Bay and Trent Canal

at Burleigh, Lovesick, Buckhorn, and Fenelon connected longer existing reaches of navigation, but still left it divided into three parts.

Work on the Peterboro-Lakefield Division and the Balsom-Simcoe Division from 1905 to 1907 opened a continuous stretch of inland navigation of 167 miles. Between 1907 and 1918, the construction of the Ontario-Rice Lake Division, 36 miles in length, gave through water communication from Lake Ontario to Washago. The locks of the Severn Division, from Washago to Georgian Bay, are still incomplete, but that stretch (mostly following the River Severn) is at present available for craft not exceeding 56' in length by the use of two marine railways.

The plan of completing the Trent Canal as a waterway whose principal *raison d'être* would be its safety from American attack in event of war ceased to have force many decades ago. The construction of the '60s and '70s was calculated to assist lumbering and promote colonization, while that of the next 25 or 30 years was launched on the theory that a through water route from Huron to Ontario could be utilized by the grain and iron carriers. The rapid increase in the size of the latter, with the incident improvement of the Welland Canal around Niagara to handle them, put an end to the hope of developing this traffic or any other interlake trade of commercial importance.

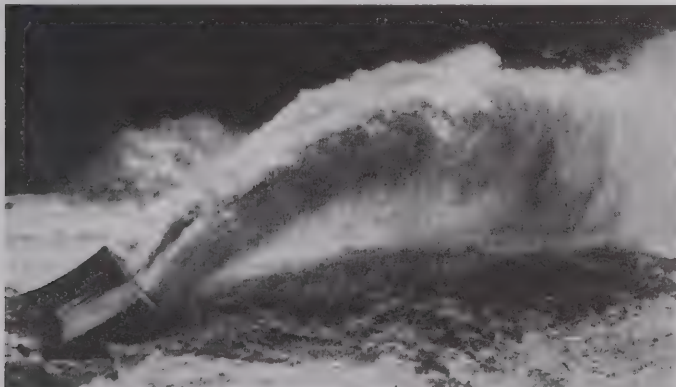
Present construction on the Trent Canal is confined almost exclusively to hydroelectric development and the improvement of facilities for the passage of pleasure craft. In these respects it is having a success which promises more than to compensate for the failure of the commercial waterway dream. The water power already developed is probably worth more than the total expenditures on the project from the inception of work nearly a century ago, while there still remains much potential power to be harnessed. As a waterway for pleasure craft, the 240 miles of connected river and lake of the Trent Canal knows no near rival on the North American continent, nor anywhere else in the world, for that matter.

My own reasons for routing by the practically completed Trent Canal of today were very similar to those which turned Champlain and the early voyageurs to that traverse two and three centuries ago, the desire to save time and distance, and especially the avoidance of the open waters of Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario. I would, it is true, still have to coast the lower end of Ontario for some distance, but this would be largely inside the islands forming the Bay of Quinte, with exposure to the winds and seas of the main lake at only two or three points. Of open water I already had had quite my fill for one voyage.

Spending the night of July 5th on the boathouse landing just above the first lock, I tumbled out at daylight to start my first day's run through the Trent Canal. Intending to cook breakfast on my little "canned-heat" stove while underway, I had hardly pushed off when a hail from the bank brought an invitation to have a "real square" with a party of fishermen up for the weekend from Toronto. A fry of bass which had taken the hook but a few minutes previously more than compensated for the loss of time.

The first few miles up Gloucester Pool were a devious series of windings among the stumps of the trees which had died when the water was backed up behind the dam. Then the lake narrowed and buoys led up to where the Severn entered between sheer rocky cliffs. Danger signs here warned of the threat of the swift current, and log booms had been placed to fend passing craft from collision with the rough walls. Possibly a motor cruiser of 40' or 50' might have run some risk of bumping

Below: The spillway at Swift Rapids, Trent Canal.
Right: The Marine Railroad, Trent Canal.



here if carelessly handled, for a small boat the warning was superfluous. In the completed project, this short reach of fast water would be wiped out by a dam and passed by a lock. It is called Little Chute. Before the waters of Gloucester Pool backed up below it, there must have been a real rapid there.

At Big Chute, which is also to be passed by locks now under construction, my boat was taken onto the car of a marine railway and hauled by a cable up a steep incline and deposited in the still water above the dam of the hydroelectric plant.

A marine railway is faster to operate than locks, but is also more expensive. Its worst handicap, however, is the restriction of the size of the boats to be handled to conform to the limiting size of the cars. For instance, boats of a length of 117' and of 22' beam can be taken through the Trent Canal from Lake Ontario to Lake Simcoe. From Simcoe to Georgian Bay, the largest craft that can be taken through the canal is limited to a length of 56' and a beam of 13'5" by the size of the marine railway cars at Swift Rapids and Big Chute. No date has yet been set for the completion of the locks which will permit the navigation of the larger size boats all the way from Ontario to Huron.

While I lingered for a yarn with the engineers of the hydroelectric plant who had come down to the landing, another little craft was brought up the marine railway. The fine lines of what turned out to be a 16' canoe had a familiar look to me, and presently a huge sprit sail, furled and lashed along one of the gunwales, identified beyond doubt the bit of a craft which, flying like a witch on a broomstick, had crossed my bows the evening before just outside of Port Severn. And one of that mad crew now turned out to be a woman!

The skipper of the canoe, a tall, bronzed muscular chap with a mane of gray hair as tousled and unruly as the famous mop of Mark Twain, came over and introduced himself as George Douglas. He had a home and a camp or two scattered along the lakes midway of the canal, and was just returning with his wife from an all-too-hurried canoe jaunt to Georgian Bay. As our respective commands appeared to be of about equal speed, it occurred to him that I might care to make a party of it as far as Lakefield. There were two or three points where the markings were a bit confusing, and it would probably save me some time to have a guide who knew the waters.

Having been unable to obtain any charts of Trent Canal other than the Canadian Geological Survey sheets, I fell in with the plan at once. The occasion appeared to be one of the very rare exceptions to Kipling's rule that, "Down to Gehenna, or up to the Throne, He travels the fastest who travels alone."

It was not until later that I learned that Douglas had a distinguished record as a mining engineer and Arctic explorer, and was also rated as one of the first authorities in Canada on canoes and canoe construction. So it appeared that there was probably less madness and more method than I had anticipated in the driving of his canoe into the teeth of those Georgian Bay squalls.

Saying that there was every indication of the breaking within 24 hours of a storm of several days' duration, Douglas suggested that it would be advisable to start at once and run steadily in an endeavor to reach the farther shore of Lake Simcoe before dark. It would be out of the question crossing that broad ex-

ppanse of open water in a violent wind, while weather on the smaller lakes beyond was a matter of small import, if one didn't mind a wetting and the occasional pushing ashore of a swamped canoe, that is.

Running in a narrowing lake of quiet water over what must have originally been the bed of the tumbling Severn, we made the nine and a half miles to the foot of the marine railway at Swift Rapids in an hour and a quarter. As Douglas had surmised, our two crafts teamed together very nicely. My heavier boat and outfit weighed enough more than his to bring down the speed of my 3hp Elto almost to that of his 2hp Johnston. A bit of practice soon proved just how many notches I had to shut down to "keep station" astern of the guiding canoe. Thereafter, as long as Douglas ran wide open, I could hold my place for miles without touching my motor. With a headwind and a rough sea, of course, my extra horsepower was more at a premium, so that I had to shut down still further to keep my place.

The lift of the marine railway at Swift Rapids was 47 feet, 11 less than that at Big Chute. Sixteen miles more up the quiet Severn, part of it through Sparrow Lake, brought us to Washago and to Lock 42, the farthest west of those of the completed project. Here a lift of 20 feet carried us to the level of Lake Couchiching, lying just beyond. There, at a total elevation of 140 feet above Georgian Bay, we finished climbing for the day and concentrated our energies on the long unbroken run of 25 miles up Couchiching and across Simcoe.

Narrow and friendly Lake Couchiching was gay with the boats of Sunday holiday tourists, but once through the narrow passage to Simcoe unbroken water met our eyes to south and east. The forest along the shore for which we headed was a barely discernible line of blue haze low down on the horizon. The afternoon was clear and quiet, with only a sinister murkiness far to the south indicating the change of weather promised by the barometers.

Douglas shot too close in passing a small island just after we had entered Simcoe, forcing a half hour's stop for repairs to his propeller. Then we headed right out into the lake and ran for two hours with only the single stop each craft made to refill gasoline. Not a breath of air was stirring. The water had a shimmer of golden silk in the light of the declining sun. I ran for miles without touching the tiller lines, swaying slightly from side to side now and then to correct the course. That was the last good weather I had on the voyage. I do not recall another day on which there was not more wind than I would have liked, and most of it abeam or dead ahead.

Heading for a pair of outreaching concrete jetties which beckoned welcome from the nearing easterly shore of the lake, Douglas ran under a bridge and entered a long stretch of stone-banked artificial canal. Landing at the first place which offered a chance to secure the boats, we pitched camp upon the grassy bank above.

The trio of us made a very effective division of labor when it came to camp work. Douglas chopped wood and pitched his family tent, I fried potatoes and bacon, while Mrs. Douglas contrived a salad and dessert from various things in cans. That done, she went foraging among the nearby farmhouses, to return just after dark with milk, cream, strawberries, and fresh eggs for the morrow's break-

fast. Notwithstanding all argument to the contrary, a woman is really very useful around camp in doing the interminable odds and ends of things the average man feels just a bit above doing. No man could have made such camp dainties as did Mrs. Douglas, nor yet cajole such stores of fresh provender out of farmers. I was highly jubilant over the way my newly-formed partnership was working out and promptly began laying plans for perpetuating it all the way to New York.

There was a heavy wind roaring through the treetops the next morning, but that it was approaching the force of a gale did not become evident until we had been lifted through the Gamebridge Lock and come out upon an opener stretch of canal. It was a lively dance from there on, but rarely with enough open water to give the wind sufficient sweep to kick up troublesome seas. Five locks, with a total lift of 74 feet, brought us up to the level of Cranberry Lake, near the head of which we stopped for lunch. Here the wind was so violent that it dislodged the Douglas canoe, dragged it halfway out of the water, cast it adrift, and blew it to the opposite side of the narrow arm of the lake. Fortunately the derelict did not upset, and I was able to follow in my own boat and retrieve it with little difficulty.

Running through a deep cut in the rock, the sides of which were so thickly tapestried with wild strawberries that we filled several cups from our craft, we came to the foot of the great Kirkfield Hydraulic Lift Lock. Here the boats, with the basin of water which floated them, were raised 50 feet at a speed about equal to that of the hydraulic elevators in old-type buildings. The movable parts of the lift are balanced in weight, so that the letting in from above of a column of water slightly higher than that in which the boat to be raised is floating below does the work.

A hydraulic lift lock works with much less water and at much faster speed than a lock of the ordinary type. As the initial cost is much greater, however, as well as the expense of operation, it is resorted to only where limiting topography makes it necessary to have a high lift at one point. With the exception of a single lock of this type in Belgium, the hydraulic lifts at Kirkfield and Peterborough, both on the Trent Canal, are said to be the highest in the world.

We were now at the summit level of the Trent Canal, nearly 600 feet above that of Lake Ontario, the descent to which would be made by 35 locks in a distance of 166 miles. Crossing a small lake, six miles of canal carried us to the western shore of Balsam Lake and the first point where we were really exposed to a clean sweep of the wind.

Taking it for granted that Douglas would not risk his overloaded canoe in water which was rather rougher than I was happy to face in my much larger and stancher craft, I was heading in for a sheltered landing when a hail from my companions indicated they wanted me to run up alongside them. Both were busy shifting cargo, but Mrs. Douglas paused long enough to ask me if I would mind running on outside and seeing what the water was like while they finished re-trimming their load for the run across. Waiting for the wind to go down seemed never to have entered their heads.

The wild wallow of cross-waves tossed back and forth between the walls of the concrete jetties gave me a rough tousling and sev-

eral inches of water in the bottom of the boat. Outside, where the seas ran a bit more rhythmically, it was better and I found that I could make very fair weather of it by not driving too hard. Quite convinced, however, that the canoe had not one chance in a hundred of living in the cross-waves between the jetties, I shut off my motor and, holding the boat's head up with the oars, started drifting back to the shelter of the inner canal. Glancing shoreward to get a bearing, my astonished eyes fell upon that blessed little canoe tossing in the heart of the welter of foam and up-ended waves and apparently very near to swamping.

Running in under power to pick up the survivors, I found that the canoe, while partly full of water as I had anticipated, was still very much under the control of its ecstatically grinning crew. Shouting through a megaphone improvised from the soup dish and frying pan with which she was bailing with either hand, Mrs. Douglas informed me that, if I would stand by in case of trouble, "George would like to try it under a slow engine." And so round I came again, and up we went.

It did not occur to me until afterward to take Mrs. Douglas and a part of the drenched load of the canoe under the spray-hood of my own craft. It would have saved her an hour's soaking, but it would have ruined an hour's fun. Also, I am inclined to think that the canoe would never have avoided swamping in the cross-waves between the jetties without her

vigorous two-handed bailing. At any rate, Douglas took the precarious little shallop out just as she was, and won his way over with her. Something worked loose in his engine before we were halfway across, but he made the lee of Grand Island and effected emergency repairs without difficulty. With the eastern shore of the lake forming an increasingly effectual barrier to the wind, the remainder of the run to the outlet was comparatively quiet.

Our first drop in the long descent to Lake Ontario was a small one of four feet at Rosedale, not far below the outlet of Balsam Lake. This let us down to the level of Cameron Lake, after which we locked through a double flight at beautiful Fenelon Falls, 23 feet in all, and found ourselves at the head of Sturgeon Lake. Running halfway down this narrow, L-shaped body of water, we landed on a grassy point where much driftwood and a grove of fragrant, close-growing cedars to break the wind made an ideal camping-site.

The roughness of our passage of the comparatively small Balsam Lake made us realize our good fortune in having put the broad expanse of Simcoe behind us when we did. The next Toronto paper to come to our hands told of the upsetting of several boats on that lake the day after we crossed it, with a number of drownings. The only survivor of one party was a girl of sixteen, found four days later where the capsized boat had drifted ashore at a remote part of the lake.

Pushing on down Sturgeon Lake after an early start on the morning of July 9th, we passed, at Bobcaygeon, the historic lock with which work on the Trent Canal was inaugurated nearly a century ago. This let us down to the level of sprawling Pigeon Lake, out of which we passed without locking to thread the marshy mazes of Buckhorn Lake. At Buckhorn Lock we were dropped 11 feet to Lovesick Lake level, from which a drop of four feet in the lock of the same name took us to the double flight at Burleigh Falls. Here a descent of 24 feet left us among the islands at the head of Stony Lake, perhaps the loveliest of all the lovely lakes along the Canal.

At Lovesick a puffing fat lady, who said she was from Rochester, scrambled up to the lock to shake hands with me because I had come "all the way from the States." There was nothing to indicate that the soft and sentimental name of the place had gone to the poor dear's head, but that she was at least *homesick* there was every reason to believe.

Halfway down Stony Lake, Douglas ran in alongside a boathouse landing and announced that we were "home for the night." It was his Wee Island lodge, a perfect little gem of a place, with nothing but the cabin to break the illusion of primeval wildness. That was my first night between sheets since leaving the shores of Wisconsin.

(To Be Continued)

Our camp on Sturgeon Lake.



Tied up at the Douglas boathouse.



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Doubling Cape May

By Rick Klepper

Sometime around the summer of 1959, my Dad told me to get my things together and prepare for a trip from our home near Philadelphia to New Jersey where we were to look at a boat that was for sale. This was complete news to me, and when we got to Barnegat Bay, New Jersey, I found out that things had progressed a lot further than he had let on. It seems that he had already had a good look at the boat and had made a deal on it, contingent upon inspection by someone more knowledgeable than he about small boats, and a sea trial. The more knowledgeable person was Marzette, a workmate of my father's and an idol to me as a result of his endless stories about life in the Coast Guard of the early '50s, including tales of his time on the *Eagle*.

After some preliminary tire kicking and related gesturing on the part of Marzette and my Dad, the boat, a 17' plywood workboat with a Graymarine inboard gasoline engine was picked up by a crane and put into the water. The engine was started and seemed to work all right. My Dad and Marzette untied the boat and left the dock for a spin, leaving me exasperated at the dock, unable to comprehend why I was not included in this activity.

After a few short maneuvers, the boat came back alongside and I was thrilled to be asked aboard and to help with the taking on of stores, since it was explained to me that the

boat was now ours and, since it had no trailer and our Buick would probably not be able to pull the additional weight anyway, we were going to sail home to Philadelphia by following the intracoastal around Cape May and up Delaware Bay. This was more like it!

It was with great excitement that the three of us powered away from the dock that day, the sun was warm and the waters of Barnegat Bay clear and calm. Adventure beckoned. I now had a chance to look around the boat. It was obvious that it had seen better days, the faded gray paint of the interior was peeling and all of the varnish work on the mahogany thwarts and windshield frame was blistered and yellowed. There was a small foredeck, a forward thwart from which the boat was steered, an aft thwart, and an engine box which took up most of the 'midships area, but which made a handy table and seat.

Although conversation above the growl of the Graymarine was difficult, I could see by the look on my Dad's face that he was having the time of his life. After all, this was his first real boat. We took turns at the helm, each trying a few timid maneuvers to get the feel of her. I then took to exploring the inside of the forepeak that made up the forward quarter of the boat. In here were all manner of corroded and curious artifacts, including the remnants of a canvas top and its wooden frame, all reeking of mildew and bilgewater.

After a few hours of running at full throttle, we came to a bridge and Marzette, who was at the helm, cut the engine to an idle. Immediately the bow took a nose dive and didn't recover until the bay water was nearly up to the windshield. The look on my father's face made a 180-degree turn as he spurted out that "the darn thing's sinking!"

This, as it turns out was an overstatement, although I was perfectly willing to believe it at the moment. In actuality, it was merely that the boat had been filling slowly through the seams, which had apparently dried out during the boat's long tenure in the boatyard and opened with this first use that it had seen in many months. The leaks went undetected, filling up the after end of the boat beneath the plywood deck. When the throttle was cut, this mass of water rushed forward, driving down the bow and creating a very believable rendition of a foundering boat.

It was then that we decided to see if the ancient bronze bilge pump worked, it didn't, and we went to work with a bucket, emptying the forepeak of its clutter and passing out bucketful after bucketful to be thrown over the side. My carefree confidence in our new boat dissipated, and I began to wonder what other surprises it might have waiting to spring upon us.

After getting the water out, we proceeded more cautiously while Marzette dismantled the pump and, with the lubrication of the leathers, clearing of the strum box, and a tightening of a few screws, got it going again. I felt better for having a working pump, but it was short-lived appreciation since we now had to pump many strokes each hour to keep the bilges dry.

Although I had no concept of how long a trip we had undertaken, it soon became obvious that it was going to be more than one day since the sun was setting in the west and we had yet to turn north. I'm not sure that my Dad had a very good idea either, since when we pulled into the dock at Cape May, well after dark, he told me that we would be spending the night aboard. At first this seemed adventurous, to sleep on the aft thwart with a piece of canvas for a bedroll, but as soon as the mosquitoes found us, any romance about this idea quickly faded.

After a fitful night and a greasy breakfast at the local fisherman's restaurant, we got the boat fueled and wended our bleary-eyed way through the fishing boats and towards the mouth of the Cape May Canal. I was surprised to see the fishing boats still asleep in their berths, until I realized that the sun would not be up for quite awhile. I figured out that Dad wanted to get an early start to avoid another night of donating blood to the mosquitoes.

As we motored through the canal, it became obvious that the sun was not really going to make an appearance that morning and, in fact, we were going to have to contend with the leftover slop from a tropical storm that had passed through these parts the week before. Delaware Bay can be a formidable body of water when it gets its back up. As we exited the canal, we felt the first of many lumpy swells to pass under the keel that day, what a change from the previous day!

Rough water, I soon found out, meant more pumping, and since one of our crew was navigating and one was manning the helm, there was little question of who that pumper would be. My first go at the pump was a fast

and wild attempt to get all the water out as quickly as possible. This effort had me worn out in about two minutes, and Marzette then embarrassed me into realizing that slow and steady is a lot better way to make friends with a hand pump. Over the course of the day I would come to despise that hand-blistering pump.

The original plan for our transit of Delaware Bay was to lay a direct course from the Cape May Canal to the Delaware River, the mid-point of which would likely be out of sight of land, but the rough conditions had us change our minds and take the near-shore route that was a lot longer, but a lot less scary. I was all for it, although it meant more pumping, the leaking at the seams had not abated one bit, and the rougher mid-bay waters might just open them further. The longer course also meant higher fuel consumption than figured on, and so we decided to call at Fortescue for gas.

Our fuel tank was making empty noises when tapped on the side by the time we reached what used to be the town pier, the recent storm had ripped off all of the ladders and a good bit of the decking. Even though there was a fuel pump on the pier, we had no way to get to it and were beginning to feel a bit desperate when a hail from shore got us to understand where to find a creek entrance. We motored in on the last fumes in the tank and were relieved to see a fuel pump close at hand. We filled the tank and a spare can as well, had a stretch and took off again for the Bay.

Our outlook on the day greatly improved, the sun was making an attempt to shine and the swells were less now that we were getting

closer to the river. Soon we were in the close quarters of the river itself and feeling very insignificant in comparison to the huge commercial ships that would steam by us and leave us rolling in their wakes. This was fascinating stuff to a young fellow like myself, and I was happily immersed in the bustle of river life when the engine sputtered a few times, gasped, and expired! A quick sounding of the tank revealed that it was dry, and so we put in the contents of our spare can and with a few squirts of ether, got the old Graymarine going again. I suspect that both my shipmates were doing mental calculations as to how far this can of gas was going to get us against the rapidly ebbing tide, but if they were, I was blissfully unaware.

We continued upriver and up current for an hour or so, until the inevitable last gasp of the engine got our attention again. This time we had no reserves to save us and we were sitting in the middle of the shipping channel. The first bright idea was to throw out the anchor and see if we couldn't kedge ourselves to shore. The line was coiled, the anchor thrown, and we watched it plunge into the black river water, straight down, but it never hit bottom! Our line must have been shorter than the 60 feet or so depth of the channel.

Having no oars, we hit upon the idea of assembling the pieces of the frame for the canvas top and making them into oars, despite their diminutive dimensions they did work after a fashion, and we made mighty slow progress to the Pennsylvania shore at Marcus Hook, where we nosed into the oily rocks and Dad went ashore to call Mom, who drove down to save us as the sunset faded to black.

I can still recall the feeling of discovering that I had acquired sea legs on the trip and, upon finally getting ashore, was surprised to find that I would now have to get some "land legs!"

Unfortunately, this was about all the adventure that the old boat ever had at our hands. We spent more time fixing the endless things that needed fixing than we ever did sailing the thing. Of course, the Delaware River wasn't exactly the best cruising grounds back in those days when pollution control would have been laughed at by the hundreds of filth producing industries that lined the river's shores.

My Dad bought a trailer for the boat and we took it to the Chesapeake Bay for a vacation the next year. Unfortunately, he decided to spend the first few days of our trip putting fiberglass on the hull to stop the still persistent leaks. At the end of our vacation, the old man was still fighting the learning curve on applying fiberglass, overhead, with the boat still on the trailer. The boat touched only rain-water that trip, and my visions of water skiing evaporated along with the resin vapors as they wafted out from under the boat, accompanied by Dad's muttering.

The old boat spent more and more time in the yard as the years passed, finally it was dragged to our backyard with the thought of getting more work done on it since it would be right there. But an old wooden boat can make work faster than you can fix it, if it has a mind to, and I think this one had a mind to. Eventually, my father gave the old derelict away to a friend, so perhaps it sailed again. But I think that it is more likely that this fellow might be still trying to shorten the "to do" list!

The Old Geezers are going north again in August. I missed it last year but this year I already have a crew member signed on to drive up. He can only stay ten days. Once the boat is in big water I hope to stay longer.

I only sailed one day last season. Isn't that a bummer? The Compac 23 was growing long green maidenhair streamers off the stern quarters at the end of the '96 season. A bottom coat seemed in order. Jacking up one end at a time cleared the trailer bunks enough to smear the paint. When it all got done along with making a bi-pod to raise and lower the mast solo, installing a boom kicker and vang, installing a CDI furler after having converted the jib, well, the summer sailing season was gone with the fall winds.

Two major projects await this season. Sew up a 140 genoa from a Sailrite kit and install a Yacht Saver inflation system. Three blow-up bags, at the yank of a lanyard arise from their slumber beneath the bunks, port, starboard and in the V berth footwell, turning the interior of the boat into its own liferaft. Since Neptune has not informed us of repealing Murphy's law, the many floating logs in the Ohio river make me nervous! At a little less cost than a true liferaft, this solution is not cheap. But, less expensive than one hour's helicopter rescue time, and clearly cheaper than a three day stay in the hospital recovering from a few snoot's full of H₂O. We won't talk about a one way trip to Seabrooks Funeral parlor in our historic old river town of New Albany.

Spring looks like busy boating. Tom Grimes put together a West Wight Potter Messabout at the Muncie Reservoir for May 16th & 17th. About a dozen Potter putters

Old Geezer Dreams

By Larry

planned to pot about the 1 x 3 mile bathtub. Jim Michalak's Rend Lake Messabout is on the 13th & 14th of June. Five hours hard drive will deliver Chicken-black beans and brown rice for the Saturday night pitch-in dinner. Thanks to a dash of KC master barbecue the dish was quite a success at the Lake Monroe Messabout. Its worth repeating at Rend Lake.

I'm hoping Paul Cormican, the oldest of the Geezers, can come down to help sew up the genoa. His help feeding the vast sheets of stiff sail panels through the throat of the sewing machine would be invaluable. His sensitive guidance straightened the stitch lines on a jib leach tape repair. Working solo, the seam lines wandered a bit on the Sail Rite full batten kit. But who can see stitch lines from hailing distance? After a couple of days of concentrated sail making, slipping over to Rend Lake for the Messabout will be a nice change for both of us.

Of the four Old Geezers, one is spouse-less, the rest of us have wives who are Waterphobic. There seems to be no cure for "poor-crew-wife" syndrome. Universities near blue water must have courses for this serious impairing malady but not around the rivers and lakes of the midwest.

To recount our rambling plans, Old Geezer dreams include: Island hopping the Florida Keys, a shakedown cruise to the Dry Tortugas, and a crossing to the Bahamas at the turn of the century. Land of the Lakes,

Minnesota sounds like a mini Georgian Bay cruising ground, according to Frank Kibbe, the YachtSaver inventor. He discovered the area while installing his blow up inflation system in vans, yes vans, for a tourist lodge which caters to ice fisherman.

Can't you see it? As the ice cracks occupants tumble into the freezing water, as the van sinks toward the depths, upon exit someone has yanked the rip cord, the van slowly rises in its jagged hole in the ice, floating serenely in a pool of dark water. Don't you think the *Titanic* could have used this system? The inflated bag idea must be to save the occupants but how could you extract a floating van from the icy water? It can't exactly shinny onto the solid ice, splaying it's waterlogged wheels out flat to scotch on its belly.

Anyway, he said Land of the Lakes has wonderful islands and isolated anchorages. Since three of us old Geezers have boats in the 20' range, perhaps there is some serious trailer sailing beyond the yearly Old Geezers Go North trip.

With all these ramblings comes my hopes for a more literal boating season for all of us. Like the tucked away, in progress projects waiting patiently in the rambling buildings you have chronicled in you Commentary, I join you in a tongue in cheek struggle to keep the dream alive in spite of the less important details of life. Like the bumper sticker says "Stuff Happens," and Roar II hasn't gotten built. But, just wait until classes are over, grass is seeded, borders pasted on the bathroom walls, out back is cleaned up, the garage is cleaned out so we can get the car in, on and on...

Custom Classic Cruising Outboard Dory

By Kilburn Adams



This cruising dory was developed using a 16' Amesbury Dory from Stur-Dee Boat Co. of Tiverton, Rhode Island. This custom conversion was a result of many years of thinking of what I wanted my next boat to be. Some of those requirements were the following: classic good looks, lapstrake, flat bottom, shallow draft, good performance with low horsepower 4-stroke outboard, remote steering, able to sleep two, long range, good sea keeping ability, straight tracking, easily trailered, can be rowed for exercise or necessity, good protection from sun, windshield (folding out of way), and comfortable for long hours of cruising.

I had originally planned to build a boat of my own design and have built a 1/6-scale radio controlled exact scale model of that proposed 22" boat. I have tested, photographed, and video taped this boat for many enjoyable hours of operation. As other projects intervened and my retirement loomed closer, the need to get a boat ready for cruising became more urgent. As luck would have it, I discovered that the Amesbury Dory was still being produced by Stur-Dee Boat, and it was celebrating its 50th year building these boats. The originals were wood and the new ones are of cored fiberglass construction.

After checking on the critical specifications, it was apparent that I could use this for the starting point of the project and that I could meet all of my design requirements. This realization came just prior to a vacation in February 1997 to the Florida Keys. During the vacation my mind was active with all the neat things I could do in converting this boat. Wide awake at 3 AM was not unusual as I worked out the details in my mind. On returning home, I sat down to the drawing board and put it all down on paper. Shortly thereafter, I placed the order for my dory and prepared to drive from St. Louis to Rhode Island to take delivery of the boat in April 1997.

Upon visiting the factory, I learned that Stur-Dee Boat is comprised of Ernie Gavin, his daughter Heidi, and Ernie's brother. Theirs is a love of doing what they enjoy, building boats. Heidi has worked at Stur-Dee since she was 17 years old, building boats, bookkeeping, taxes, correspondence, etc., and talking with her one quickly learns how much she enjoys working with her dad. I am told that Ernie can usually be found at the shop seven days a week. They also build the Stur-Dee Cat sailboat, and an acquaintance has owned one and cruised it extensively with his children over a number of years.

During my trip home with boat in tow, I received many questions and favorable comments on "that pretty boat." After returning home, I mounted my 9.9 Yamaha 4-stroke outboard and began using the boat in its factory configuration with trips on the local rivers and lakes. Performance was noted and speeds accurately measured. All was well. This was going to be fun. Work progressed, parts were ordered, and the conversion was progressing nicely with emphasis on keeping it light though strong. A long time friend and co-worker donated the pretty teak wheel, and I continued to use the boat when construction did not interfere.

With completion close at hand, I can give the following summary of what has been created. The comments from passing boaters and others at marinas, filling stations, and launch ramps have confirmed that this has turned out to be a very pretty boat. Most think it is all

wood. The 9.9 Yamaha 4-stroke pushes it along with two people aboard at a top speed of 15 mph, slightly faster if waves are just right. Rough water is faster than flat water. Cruising at 10-12 mph gives a fuel consumption of about 1/2-gallon per hour. As an active sailor most of my life, it has been these wonderful, quite, economical 4-strokes that have attracted me to power cruising. They are many times more reliable than the wind and yet can give you a 15 mph cooling breeze on those hot windless days, and it is great to fold the windshield up under the bimini when one needs a refreshing breeze.

Launching and retrieving is quick and easy with the bimini folded flat on the cabin top with windshield flat for trailering. As you unfold the bimini, the windshield goes up with it. The walk-through cabin with its forward entrance/exit through the bow is really handy for launching single handed from a trailer. You back the trailer into water until the boat starts to float. The boat can then be pushed farther back on trailer bunks and then entered from the trailer, walking to the stern, starting the motor (manual start), then backing the boat off the trailer under power and moving to the dock or shore. Exit the boat, go park the vehicle with the trailer, re-enter the boat and go cruising. All quick and easy.

The swiveling padded seats with backs are very comfortable and, with the shade of the bimini, a day of cruising leaves everyone feeling relaxed and rested. The sun can be brutally tiring without shade. I have standing headroom under the bimini and that helps avoid the stiffness one sometimes gets driving an automobile. The walk-through cabin will have a snap-on Sunbrella canvas cover, and the bimini will have zip-on side curtains with windows, screens, and doors with roomy



accommodations for two. The walk-through cabin is a wonderful place to stand and cast a favorite lure.

I have had requests for plans to recreate this boat, and a long-time boater living on Cape Cod is currently building the second example of this custom conversion. It is hoped that this will work out any bugs on the instructions or plans. My web site is <http://home.stlnet.com/~altojazz/kilburn.html>, and we will keep it updated as to progress and availability of plans and instructions. Those wishing to contact me by mail and wish a response, may send a S.A.S.E. to Kilburn Adams, 9223 Lemona Dr., Affton, MO 63123. It is also expected that the builder on the Cape will write of his experi-

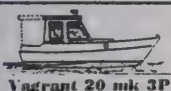
ence with the conversion and his evaluation of the boat for his needs and provide an article for *MAIB*. This will be his 25th boat, and at one time he owned and operated a boat dealership which kept up to 200 boats in stock. He is very excited about this project, and we'll see what he thinks of the project on its completion.

The boat was used in a variety of conditions last summer and has exceeded my expectations. We have run on the big Mississippi River and on very windy days on our shallow Midwest lakes. They can get rough and choppy in a hurry. As my friend Jim Michalak says, "This boat just laughs at rough water." I am looking forward to this summer's cruises.

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1/3/97: Cut the fore and aft thwart and applied the dye. Filled the surface knot holes in the bottom side with Dap Fast-n-Final spackle. Added some of the dye powder to it, bad looking yellow. Aged over several days to a nice red mahogany color. Applied after it had aged. Varnish or paint will seal it after drying and sanding.

When I flipped the hull over I found a terrific amount of leak through of the fillet-ing material. Typical assembly sequence: Hull built upside, temporary masking of exterior seams, flip & fillet inside seams, flip again & do exterior seams. Another indicator of error on my part: Over-aggressive application, actually forcing the material through the seams and gaps; fillet mixture not stiff enough; too much material used.

Next time I'll add more filler to thicken and silica to stiffen, and apply with a round tool. Possibly use a slower formulation for the interior seams as well.

The Klingspore 50 grit disk in the 4-1/2" grinder made short but dusty work. After a gross amount of fairing with the grinder it was time to fill and tape the exterior hull seams. Because of the different seam errors and this being a production prototype I decided to use a multi-layer method.

Also another tool, an artist's pallet knife. Simple, small, and flexible enough to be very precise. Made a slightly soft wood flour and silica filleting mixture and pallet knifed it into the deeper gaps & crevasses. Left it about 1/8" below flush. This is a structural fillet material. After it set up I troweled in a cosmetic fillet of glass microspheres with a small amount of silica. Glass tape was set into this mixture. Unthickened epoxy was used to complete the wet-out of the cloth.

Your own definitions will determine the consistency of your mixtures. Since the mixtures are based on volume, try to standardize your transfer devices and mixing containers. Plastic measuring spoons and ladles are available at dollar stores and flea markets.

It's also nice to have a supply of plastic syringes and zip lock sandwich bags handy to inject material into that odd corner or angle. Cut one of the corners from the bag and use it like a pastry or cake decorating bag. Very nice with Q-cell & talc mixes.

1/8/97: The plan for sheathing the bottom is going to be a semi-dry technique using a 6:1 hot mix. I laid out the cloth on the dry hull bottom, cut it to shape, leaving 2" extra all around. At this point cut any notches or darts to allow it to lay flat. Then I rolled it up onto an old cardboard tube.

1/9/97: Cold, and snow forecast. Cleaning up and getting prepared.

1/10/97: Still cold, snowed & iced last night. Used the small kerosene heater, but temps only apparently raised 5 degrees F, to 40 degrees F. Of course the outside temp is 40 degrees F with sunlight. The exterior seams were still a bit tacky, but was due to amine blush. Wiped them down with a damp rag and scrubbed with a wire brush.

A 5:1 based mixture (epoxy, wood flour, silica, glass beads) was injected into deep crevassed seams. The epoxy was warmed as individual components. Everything seemed to set up rapidly. This is a faulty indicator. The material stiffens up because it's cooling; the ambient temperature

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Boatbuilding - Part 4 On Into '97

By Ron Magen

in my case was 40 degrees F. Chemically the epoxy sets-up or gels/cures partially due to exothermic reaction. That is, the reaction generates its own heat; ambient temperature either accelerates or retards the reaction.

1300 hours (1:00pm): Epoxy experiment underway. Old resin and new hardener at 6:1. Made a small 35cc sample, divided it in half, mixed silica and 3-M beads with one half, other unthickened. Left containers on garage workbench.

Lesson learned: From reading and observation, even small fillets are strong. Also filleting may be done in steps. A small, rough structural fillet, when set up followed by one or more cosmetic or easily sanded fillets. If it's an interior one, and will be painted, may not need glass tape overlay.

Although I used structural fillets for exterior seams, this may be overkill for glass cloth sheathed Nymph. In this case the bottom is 34" at the beamiest point; the 38" cloth will cover the bottom with a 2" overlap at the chine. The overlap from the side sheathing gives another layer. Combined with the chine tapes that's three external layers and one interior for a total of four cloth/epoxy layers at the bottom/chine junction.

1500 hours: Samples not set up yet. Thickened but not hard. 100 watt drop light for heat source warmed the large plastic jugs, but not as warm as the smaller metal cans. Even so, good pump flow.

Made up a 7oz. batch of talc, glass beads, and silica fillers. Also added a bit of wood flour. Smooth and went on well. Made second batch with no wood flour. Seemed to set-up and stiffen. Still a slow run/drip. Note, when heat applied via heat gun to help set, actually got more fluid. Much as I don't want to (it will make for harder sanding), I'll have to add more silica or wood flour, thixotropic agents. Wrong! Add more talc or Q-cell. Also try induction time before application.

1/11/97: The samples have set-up, after I'd moved them into the basement, a 60 degree F environment. Now to check the boat seams. The visible problem with the slow curing is the flow or creep. Some of this could be solved by making the mixtures more stiff or adding more thixotropic agents.

1400 hours: Garage temperatures now 32 degrees F. Seams hard to the touch; barely fingernail dentable. Some cake frosting runs. Chipped off a few. When warmed by fingers became consistency of stiff putty but not tacky. Brought sample, and mixing residue, into the house. Will compare set-up time with garage kept samples.

1630 hours: The sample has hardened up considerably. Temperature or patience; take your choice.

Reading Payson's book again (*Build the New Instant Boats*) and his use of tongue depressors gives more indication that my fillets are very much oversized.

1/14/97: The continuing article on "Building Paradox" in this magazine also points out the overkill of my fillets; wasteful of epoxy as well.

Calculated the volume of epoxy for sheathing the hull. Comes out to 33oz. For wet out.

1700 hours: Checked boat in garage, obviously no more dripping! Chipped off a few runs. Needed substantial force to pull them off. Had to weight down the boat so not to knock it off the leveling blocks.

Point proved, the fillets will set-up at freezing temperatures. Do not try it with sheathing on vertical or sloped surfaces.

1/15/97: Supplies getting and price checking day.

1/16/97: Surformed, ground, and sanded the chines. Surform plane cut well but boat kept moving due to the effort. Even had a hundred pounds of shot on top of the hull but still moved out of alignment. Must realign before sheathing hull.

The difficulty & mess sanding off the fillets will be a good reminder; get to it just after the initial gel stage, easily surformed then. The cold temperatures make timing tricky.

The temperature was warm this afternoon, in the 40's. I was sweating! It's supposed to get only into the high teens tomorrow. I'll try the small kero heater with an aluminum plate as a diffuser, if necessary.

Thinking about the fore & aft thwart. Marked off 6' length and rounded off one end. The other, forward end, will be cut square and beveled to the approximate angle of the forward transom.

Cut, sanded, and routed edges of long thwart. Stained with aniline dye. Screws will attach it to the frames and a contact pad with silicone caulk on the forward end. I'll be using the two part seat method; leaving a space between the parts so occupants can step directly onto the bottom for a stable entry. For the stern portion either a short fore & aft piece (identical to the long piece), or a traditional crosswise thwart, or a curved stern sheet, I'm not sure yet.

Based on the plans there is one 3/4" thick central skeg. Have been giving some thought to using two skegs as bilge keels. This shouldn't interfere with carry, aid tracking, and possibly alleviate the necessity of the leeboard if a sailing rig is added. A short gaff cat rig would be nice. I'll make a template for the rudder even if I don't use it. The keels would be 3/4" material, placed at the lower chine juncture.

1/17/97: Between 12 and 19 degrees F today. Sunny and 12 knots of wind. Garage temp 20 degrees F! With the wind blowing it feels relative warm in the garage. I don't think there will be any epoxy work today.

1/20/97: Not today.

1/21/97: Not today either!

1/23/97: To some extent made up for lost time today. Taped the chines and transom seams, and sheathed the transoms. Also pre-coated the bottom and bilge panels with unthickened epoxy. I know I'm using the correct mixture, but I don't want a starved cloth. A slotted roller helps. Pre-coated the transoms as well. This helps the wet-out by filling the pores of the raw wood. Get the dry application effect by letting the coating go just beyond the tacky point. Keeping the components warm and working quickly with a roller helps. Garage temp was 60 degrees F; and still 40 degrees F when I shut down this afternoon.

Left a sample in the warming box and it set up solid, proved the mixture.

The slotted matt roller did feel good, even with just the single layer of cloth. You can see the difference between it, and the dabbing with a stiff brush. Also using the squeegees at a low angle on the cloth, over the pre-coated areas, gives a smooth, thin application with no starved areas.

Note: Be careful of floating the cloth. In cold weather the epoxy thickens quickly due to the low temps and can be confused with setting-up. This also hinders the wetting out. Floating will allow the cloth to shift and will use more expensive epoxy.

Putting cloth on vertical or steeply sloped surfaces, in cold weather, is another

world of techniques. Placing the cloth on dry and then trying to pour epoxy on it leads to runs, waste, and expensive floor puddles. While dry, mark centers of cloth and surface for alignment. Wet out the cloth on a separate flat surface. Transfer, align, and roll into place. (I really don't want to even think about overhead surfaces!).

1/25/97: The stickiness was about gone last night when I closed the garage.

1/26/97: Rinsed the bottom with warm water and a clean rag. Still a bit slick/sticky but I didn't use a lot of water or any detergent. Warmer today, but forecast to be cold for the next several.

1/28/97: Cold again, not supposed to get above 39 degrees F. Patience, let the

epoxy react.

1300 hours: Still cloudy and cold, it's 32 degrees F in the garage! But the sheathing has set-up. No stickiness. The puddle of epoxy on the floor and the places on the bilge panel that were filled and sanded are s-m-o-o-t-h. It is cold though.

1/29/97: Next several days are supposed to be in the 30's and I don't want to chance a large epoxy job at these temps. Epoxy creep and cloth starvation are what I'm worried about.

1/31/97: Finished up the pair of short sawhorses; by 1030 hours. It's still too cold to work outside.

(To Be Continued)



Some Recent Projects

This Simmons Sea Skiff pictured appeared in the April 1995 issue. It was built of 1/4" plywood (no bulkheads). This construction is now shown in the plans you get from Cape Fear Museum as advertised in this magazine. I have been using this boat for three years, and it is kept in the water on the Delaware River. The boat is self-bailing except for the foot well! Since it is not covered, the sun is taking its toll.

I am very pleased with the performance and durability of this lightweight boat (375lbs without the motor). I intend to trailer the boat to St Michaels in June for the WoodenBoat Show. It will be on display if they give me dock space.

The model pictured is an 18' Handy Billy modified with cabin and no cover over the motor. Construction will be similar to the Simmons, 1/4" plywood. Sides will be lapped, bottom will be battened like plans, but planking will be 1/4" plywood and battens will be 1/2" ply. Handy Billy appeared in this magazine (as well as in *WoodenBoat*), plans are available from Harry Bryan, who advertises in the classifieds.

The third picture shows a 14' sailing peapod, with the addition of a 2hp motor mounted to rudder fittings, used in vacation in Maine.

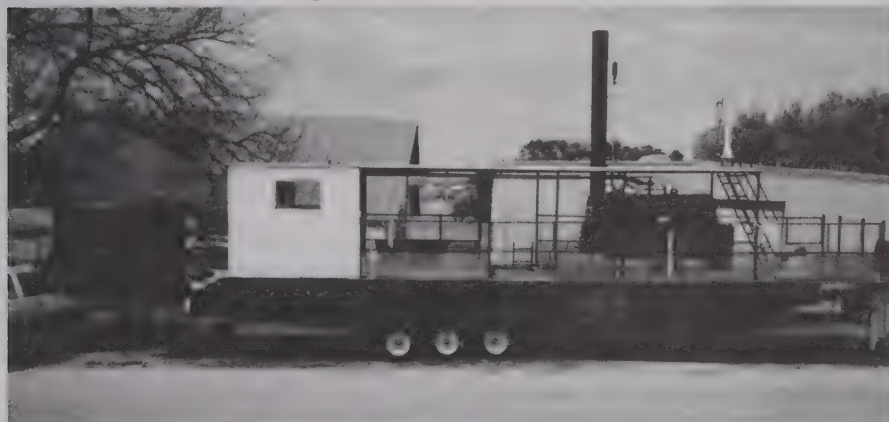
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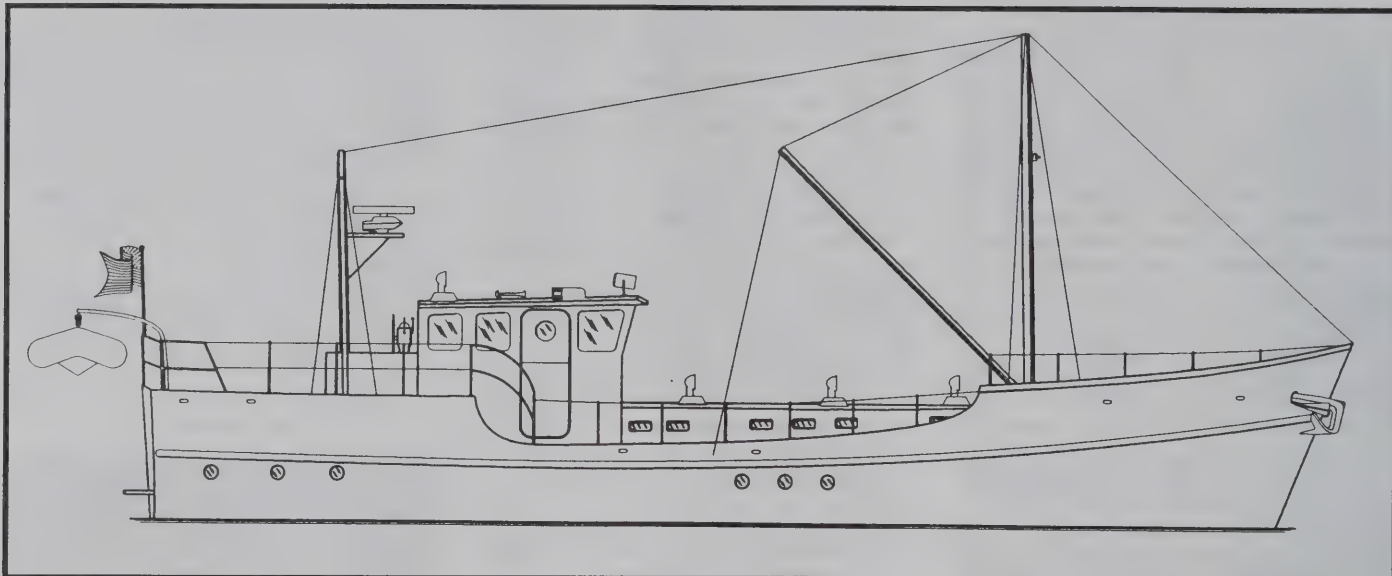
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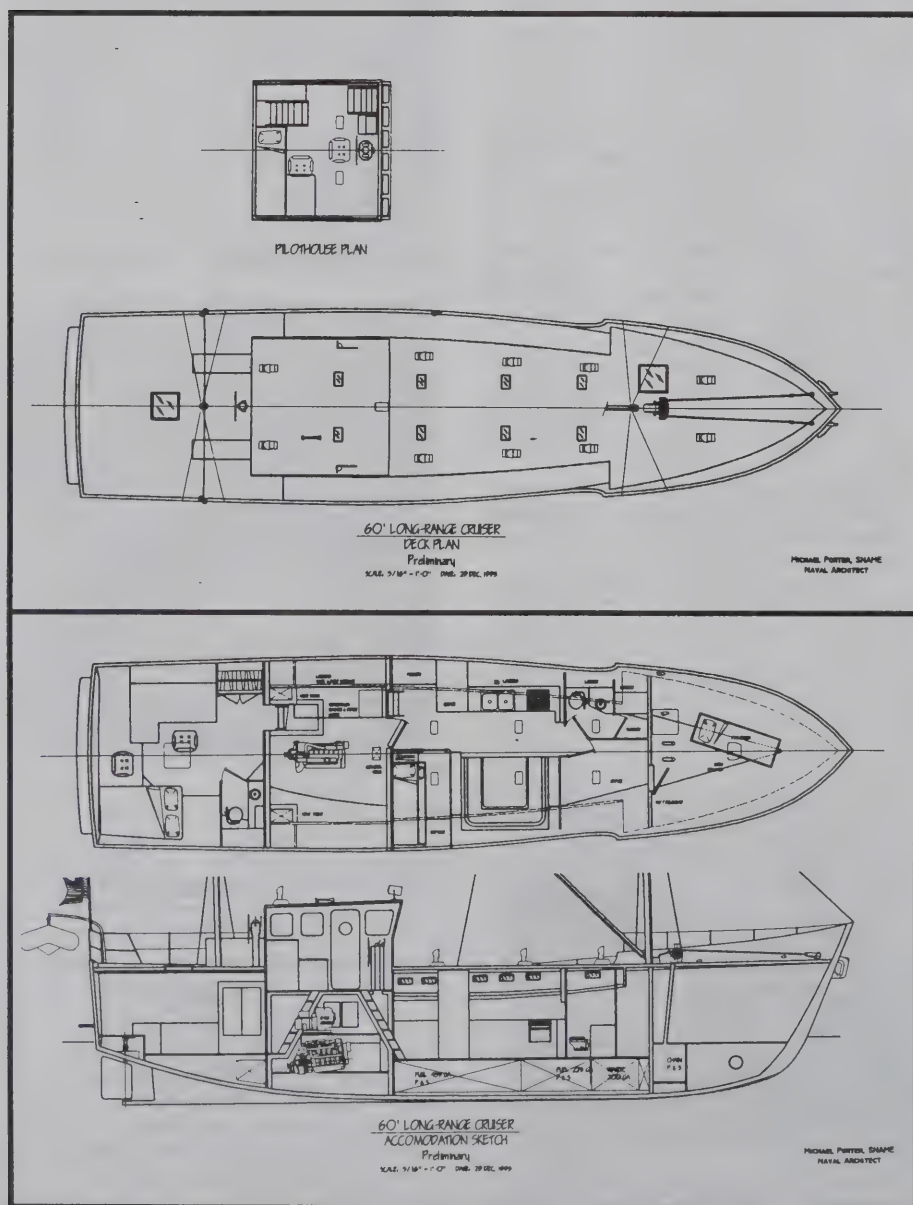
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By Michael Porter, N.A.

60' Long-Range Cruiser



This boat is intended to allow two people to live and work almost anywhere one can go by water, getting there with reasonable dispatch and with a reasonable degree of comfort and safety, and living there in a relatively uncompromised lifestyle. Although she accepts passage limitations related to time of year, she is seaworthy enough to keep the sea in any conditions that can be expected on a normal ocean passage.

In addition, her draft, beam, and height above water are restricted to fit the standard dimensions of French canals (the smallest in Europe), allowing her to operate throughout the extensive European inland waterway system, a whole new cruising ground generally unavailable to ocean-going vessels. A reverse osmosis watermaker and ample generator and inverter capacity serve to make her independent of shore support for long periods of time. Sophisticated noise and vibration control and engine room ventilation systems assure that living aboard her will be a pleasure.

The prototype was designed with separate working spaces for two people (two desks, two computers, two technical libraries, separate filing spaces), and has good accommodations for two, a guest cabin for two more, and some overflow sleeping space. She also has two heads, an adequate galley, a walk-in engine room where all mechanical systems are concentrated, and a pilot house where all navigation, communication, and control functions are centered. Obviously, many other arrangements are possible, depending on the owner's requirements. She is arranged and equipped so that she can be comfortably operated by one person.

For economy and ease of maintenance, she is designed with a simple finish throughout, like well-maintained fishing or commercial vessels, but again, this is left to the owner's discretion and can range from a high quality painted finish to teak decks and lots of varnish.

Hull material may be wood (traditional or cold-molded), fiberglass, aluminum, or steel, all of which have their advantages. She is specified to the standards of the American Bureau of Shipping.

She has a range of 2500 nautical miles at 8 knots, with a maximum speed of 12 knots for coastal cruising where range is not a major factor. While there is no such thing as "comfort" during a storm at sea, her three watertight bulkheads, her low area-above-water / area-below-water ratio, and her lead outside ballast (approximately 5000 lbs.) all contribute mightily to her ocean-going seaworthiness and help to ensure that she will survive. Unlike the majority of production power boats, she is not designed purely for speed, but for comfort and economy. She will appeal to the discerning owner and stand out in any anchorage.

A Little Background

Growing up around fishermen, in the "fish house" culture now almost vanished from our shores where the older men still told stories that went back to before the Civil War, of fishing under sail or moving huge blocks of granite, I learned early that a boat is in some ways like a well-loved tool. When "we were coming in from New Ledge in a northeast snowstorm," there just was not room for a boat that did not act as she was supposed to.

Now the role of boats on our coasts has changed. It is still true that every boat in the harbor is intended to fulfill her owner's dreams, but those dreams have changed, to winning races, escaping to quiet cruising grounds, or just spending relaxing time on the water. What has *not* changed, however, is the ocean itself, in our case the North Atlantic. If

the owners' dreams are not to end in disaster, *someone* has to take the "tool" aspect of boats seriously. There are two issues here: adequate seaworthiness and fitness for the intended purpose (a working lobster boat, quite seaworthy, would not be a good boat for someone whose vision included cocktail parties on the after deck); and the boat must carry out the dream of a specific client, for no two dreams are ever exactly alike, and this is where the designer comes in.

Although I have almost always owned at least one boat, I have not spent my entire professional life in any related field. I spent some time as a design draftsman with a firm that designed the insides of theaters then, at my family's urging, followed an academic course, with a Ph.D. in Comparative Literature from Cornell followed by 10 years of teaching, mostly in German departments, and published widely in that field, usually on the poetry of the early 20th century. At the same time, however, I took a correspondence course in design from the Yacht Design Institute, then run personally by Ted Brewer, and continued to spend summers in Maine, on Chebeague, exploring the various ways it is possible to get into trouble with an inadequate and underfunded boat.

In 1977, I decided that enough was enough and moved to Chebeague permanently to build wooden boats. I built first to other people's designs, then increasingly to my own, developing from simple skiffs to the Pocahontas Class 35' steam yacht. In addition,

I did repairs, re-designed systems, and made a few delivery trips, always paying attention to what worked and what did not, always trying to improve on what was there, seeing how even what was standard practice could be improved on. I did some work on Dodge Morgan's *American Promise*, first simply picking up all the loose ends that sea trials revealed, then re-designing her autopilot and steering systems when they failed at sea.

In the process, reaching back to the abilities that got me the Ph.D., I consolidated my knowledge of electronic circuitry and taught myself pipe fitting, hydraulics, and structural and mechanical engineering. This is vital because, in the end, it is not enough that a boat have a lovely hull, or that she move easily through the water, her structure and systems must be adequate to her job if the boat herself is to be a success, and her owner's dreams are to be fulfilled.

Michael Porter, N.A., 573A Soule Rd., Chebeague Island, ME 04017, Tel: (207)846-3145, Fax: (207)846-3145, e-mail: 72561.1363@compuserve.com.

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I would like to extend an invitation to *Boats* readers to react to the hypothetical rig described below. Please feel free to adopt it as is, experiment with or elaborate on it, even demean or ridicule it. Since I stole it from others, I will neither make any proprietary claims, nor be the least bit sensitive to criticism. The theoretical basis or inspiration was stolen largely from Phil Bolger's *100 Small Boat Rigs*. This was something of a piecemeal process, since other customers of the St. Paul Public Library have adopted the annoying practice of checking out this wonderful reference tome with complete disregard as to whether or not I might need to consult it on an emergency basis.

Other unknowing, and doubtless equally unwilling, contributors to the effort have included Dr. Frederick Ljungstrom, who designed the Ljungstrom rig, Dick Newick, Aqua-Cat catamarans, Walker Wing Sails, the ancient Phoenicians or Egyptians who originally developed the lateen rig or who may have stolen it, in turn, from South Pacific Island traders encountered in the South China Sea. Thus, if any one individual feels wronged, he is, at least, in good company.

In its most simple essence, the rig is nothing more than a boomless, doubled-over lateen sail with its head cut off and its foot shortened. It has been scaled out for a 15' hull, mainly because its workability in smaller sizes should be established before a full-fledged circumnavigation with a large-scale version is contemplated. The yard is 20' in length, a nice manageable size, and although the rig appears to be extraordinarily tall and thin, in fact, the aspect ratio is a modest 3:1, quite low by today's high performance standards.

The center of sail area, therefore, is also low, some 9' above the deck. The tendency to heel the boat over is kept moderate. At only twice the size of a typical windsurfer sail, the 103 square foot sail area might appear diminutive, but it is hoped that the rig's efficiencies will compensate for its size. (See sail plan profile.) The hull, too, will need to be kept light.

An Experimental Rig

By Bill Mantis

It must readily be conceded that the proposed distinctions or differences from other rigs are subtle. Given that, do we have any reason to expect *major* improvements in performance? Probably not. But it needs to be remembered that sails are not a very effective means of delivering drive, so that minor improvements may yield measurable, if not dramatic, results. The emphasis here has been on eliminating inefficiencies rather than seeking a breakthrough in design efficiency.

What our hypothetical rig does *not* have is in some ways more noteworthy than what it *does* have. There are no extremely acute angles in the sail, no areas that do not carry their own weight in contributing to drive. There are no stays with their accompanying wind resistance. The mast is short and enveloped in the sail. If the mast can be prevented from deforming the sail, it should contribute no additional wind resistance. Since a mast standing in front of a sail can increase drag by as much as 20%, having it "enclosed" should represent a considerable efficiency. That is, of course, unless the 20' yard more than compensates.

But there are two reasons for concluding (or maybe hoping) that the yard will create only minimal drag. 1) With the sail coming off either side of the yard, no wind shadow or turbulence is created by the yard itself. 2) The yard could and should be of minimal diameter. One of the virtues of the traditional lateen sail (with its traditionally flexible yard) is that it "spills the wind" during a sudden gust. For that reason, a small diameter, flexible spar should work very nicely.

In addition, the proposed rig eliminates a large clew area, that segment of a sail which has often been suspected of adding drag only and no lift whatever. This is particularly applicable to boomless sail, which, unless it is sheeted quite hard, allows its clew to curl up

into the wind, creating wind resistance instead of forward thrust. Some years ago, in the last two America's Cup races before the war, a concerted effort was made to reduce this source of drag. The clews of the jibs were simply cut away.

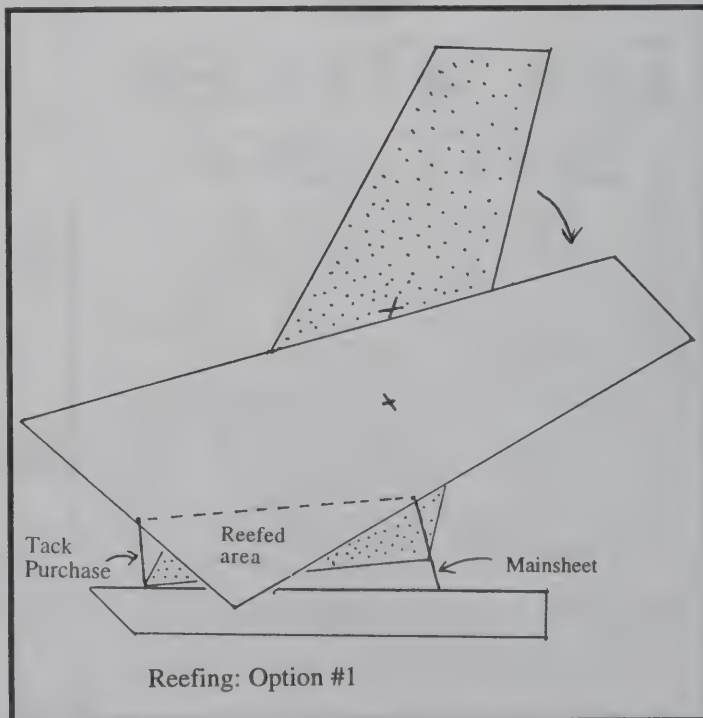
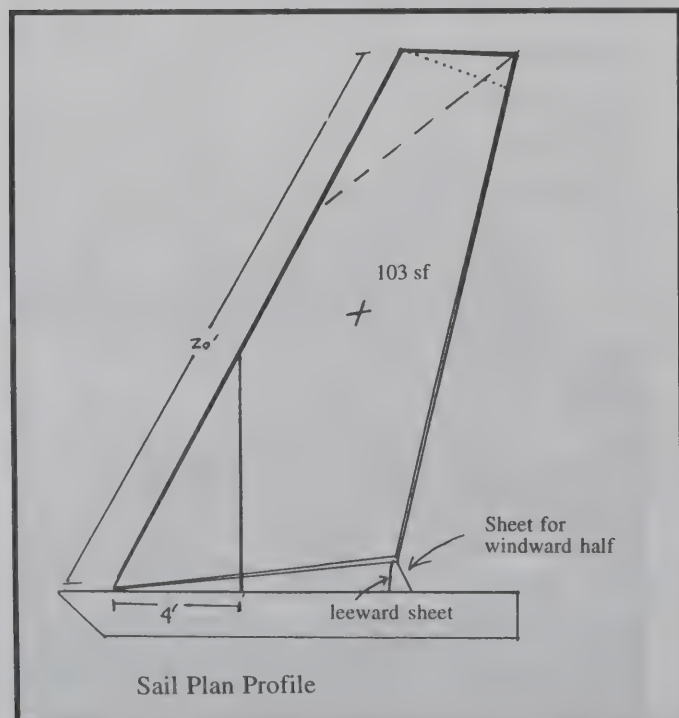
Thus instead of being triangular, the jibs became four-sided. (See quadrilateral jib diagram.) At one point, Francis Herreshoff, in his *Common Sense of Yacht Design*, declared these quadrilateral jibs the wave of the future but was obviously mistaken as they never caught on. Certainly the reason for their failure to become popular was their unwieldiness. Four jib sheets, not two, were required to achieve proper trim. And it must have been difficult to locate fairleads for the upper pair of jib sheets.

These sheets must have been led back to the mainsail boom or to the rail somewhere near the transom; a lengthy, snarl-prone path for jib sheets to follow. The notion that excessive drag was being created by (or in) the clew of the jib may well have been valid, but eliminating that drag by eliminating the clew proved impractical. Our new and improved rig, by contrast, eliminates all of these problems and diseconomies simply by having a short foot.

One major advance promised by this rig design is the prospect of its describing a true airfoil shape. By sheeting the windward half of the sail harder than the leeward, a wing-like cross-section is achieved. The windward half is held flat, at a 12-degree angle to the wind when beating, and the leeward half is allowed its optimal fullness. Studies have suggested that an ideal airfoil can expect to provide 20% more thrust when tacking up wind than an efficient mainsail of equal size.

This percentage drops down to roughly 13% when reaching, and becomes zero when running directly downwind when only the size of the sail is important and the shape is irrelevant. But in sailing, it is, of course, the upwind performance where the goats are separated from the ewes, if such a politically incorrect metaphor is still permitted.

Another major advantage of this rig,



which cannot be considered an advance since it has been done a number of times previously, is the option of doubling the sail area when on a downwind tack. Half of the sail can be sheeted to starboard while the other half is jibed to port. A stable, easily managed spinaker is instantly created, enlisting, very probably, the aid of a lightweight whisker pole which would pass from one clew to the other. Since the typical sailboat will suffer as much as a 25% reduction in speed as it turns downwind from a broad reach to a run, by doubling our sail area off the wind we will expect to avoid such a reduction.

A third theoretical advantage of this sail plan is its diagonally ascending luff. A typical mainsail has its luff (and mast) vertical. In contrast, the luff of a lateen (or a jib) is diagonal. In theory, part of the force of the wind is therefore converted into upward pressure, and consequently lateens, like jibs and, to a lesser degree, lug sails have all been considered "lifting" sails. There is, in fact, empirical evidence to support this view, at least in tank tests. It has been demonstrated that on a square foot basis, a jib (and presumably a lateen, too) will deliver more forward thrust with a lesser heeling component than a mainsail.

So much for the theory. The devil, as usual, is in the details. A number of unpleasant realities crop up.

It would be desirable to be able to hold the tack of the sail (or the heel of the yard) in place on or near the deck. There are two standard methods of achieving this: 1) a traveler or horse mechanism, or 2) a blocks and purchase mechanism. Regarding the first option, since the heel of the yard will want to travel through an arc with a radius of 4 feet, we will be forced to provide it with an 8' diameter curved traveler. So if we want the heel to be able to pass through a full 180-degree arc, the beam of our boat will have to be at least 8 feet. This, in turn, dictates that our craft be a multihull of some form.

If, however, we are satisfied with only a 90-degree arc (at the expense of some performance on a broad reach or a quartering wind) we will be able to get away with a beamy (say 6-1/2') monohull. Now, there is no reason that our tack traveler would *have* to be curved, but if it were straight, our mainsheet leads would have to be adjustable fore and aft as well as athwartship. By simplifying one, we complicate the other. (See traveler options diagram.)

The second alternative presents its own set of difficulties. If a typical mainsheet purchase configuration is employed to hold the tack in place, a great deal of tension will need to be applied in order to keep the tack of our sail anywhere near the deck. We do not want to have to install heavy duty winches to handle a 100 square foot sail.

Given the undesirable complications of either alternative, a combination of the two might offer the best prospect of resolving the dilemma, a block on a short, straight traveler which sits well forward, a double block on the heel of the yard, and turning blocks at either end of the arc through which the heel travels. (See tack purchase diagram.)

A further complication emerges when trying to design the sheeting arrangement. One *might* hope that by making our tack location adjustable, we might be allowed to bring our sheets back to the same point, whether running, reaching, or close hauled. It appears one hopes in vain, it will be necessary to be able

to vary the sheeting leads athwartships. On top of this, it will probably be necessary to provide two travelers for the sheets, the traveler for the windward half of the sail located somewhere aft of the traveler for the leeward half.

This will be necessary if we want the leeches of both halves to converge for their full lengths. If both halves were sheeted to the same point, slacking the leeward sheet would allow that leech to billow away from its twin, fatally compromising the ideal airfoil shape. Even more complicating, when coming about, it will be necessary to exchange windward and leeward sheets and travelers. In sailing as in life, it is necessary to suffer to be beautiful.

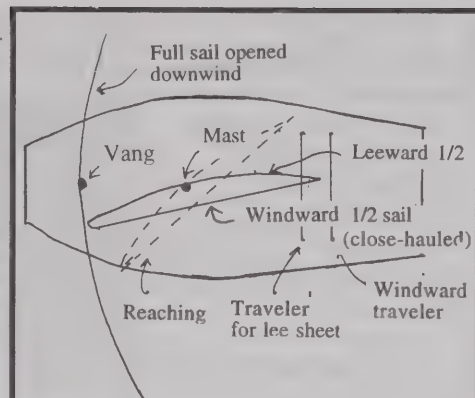
None of the foregoing should lead anyone to the conclusion that the proposed shape or dimensions of the sail are ideal, magical, or even particularly well-thought-out. They are the product of a seat-of-the-pants engineering process. There is no reason, for example, that the mast could not be even shorter. There is no reason that the yard could not be held more nearly vertical. Indeed, a couple of problems would be solved by doing either or both of these. But other problems are created. The further the mast is from the center of the yard, the longer the lever arm becomes above the mast. Greater forces would consequently be applied to the heel of the yard so that greater force would then be required to control it.

The peak of the sail can also be expected to pose some problems. In order to be held aloft, it will need to be supported by a strut, sprit, or batten. But this may not be sufficient, for the same reason that tall narrow gaff rigs were not found to work very well, there was no way to prevent the peaks from twisting away from the wind. The boom might be held at the optimum 12-degree angle to the wind, but the gaff, with nothing to hold it in place, would act like a weathervane and tend to approach an angle of 0 degrees. Under these circumstances, the upper aft section of a gaff sail would add nothing to forward thrust. So if our rig hopes to avoid such an eventuality, it will be necessary to run the batten from the peak to a point well down on the yard (see dashed line, sail plan profile).

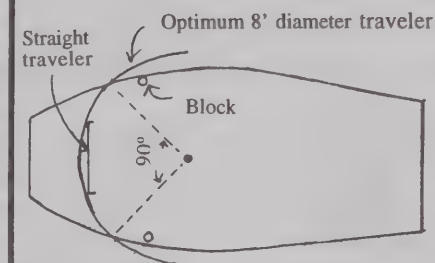
If that is done, then increasing the tension on the sheet should prevent twist in the upper part of the sail. If this proves insufficient, it might be necessary to shave some area off of the peak (see dotted line). And if all of these prove insufficient, it will be necessary to hold the peak in place with a vang to the windward quarter. At that juncture, the sailor/experimenter would be well-advised to throw the whole rig in the trash and go with some other design.

The gravest problem posed by this rig has yet to be broached, an unfortunate use of the term, perhaps, and that is in the area of reefing. Reefing, or more generally coping with heavy winds, could be accomplished in one of four ways, none is particularly easy or convenient and each has its own drawbacks. Option #1: The yard would be raked further aft (see diagram). The sheets would be led to a point higher up the leech. The block at the tack would be attached at a point further aft on the foot.

And what had been the clew would be rolled up and tied off. We would then have a sail that looks like a cross between a short, wide lug sail and a quadrilateral jib. The center of sail area would have been lowered and the heeling moment reduced accordingly. Un-



Sail Plan From Above



Tack Traveler Options

fortunately, what looks good on paper in two dimensions would, in all likelihood, prove to be a disaster in the real, live three-dimensional world. The mast would almost certainly distort the windward half of the sail so badly that the boat might not be able to move upwind at all.

Option #2: One half of the sail could be jibed over so that both halves were to the lee of the mast. The lines holding the tack to the deck would be eased and the yard would become more nearly horizontal. If the sheet were then also eased, we would have a sail that looked like a cross between a traditional lateen and the wing of a hang glider. In theory, it is probably possible to eliminate heeling moment altogether with the sail acting in a horizontal plane rather than vertically. The theory, unfortunately, does not tell us how to change tacks with such a rig.

Coming about or jibing would be hell. In high winds, if required to change tacks, it would probably be necessary to treat the sail we *now* have created (that is, with both halves to the leeward of the mast) as a dipping lug, the yard would need to be dropped to the deck, the clew disconnected from its leads, the yard brought around to the other side of the mast, the clew re-connected, and the yard re-hoisted.

Option #3: Forget about reefing and carry a smaller heavy weather sail. The difficulty inherent in this strategy is that we are then left with a 20' appendage lashed to our deck. With all of its sprits, battens, struts, or whatnots, would be no simple chore to dismantle this rig, then to roll up and bag the sail.

Option #4: Listen to weather radio, don't get caught out in heavy weather, and/or be able to rely on a tried and true auxiliary motor of

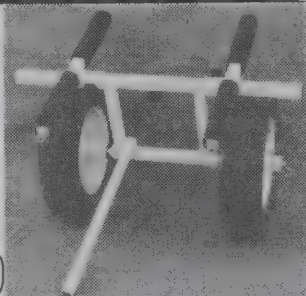
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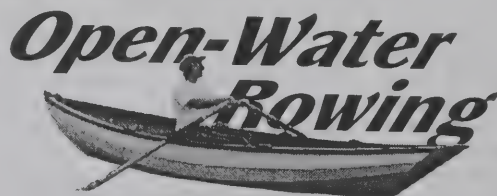
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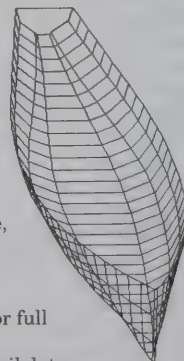
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sufficient horsepower. If perhaps the least elegant, option #4 is the most practical one at this stage of development of the rig.

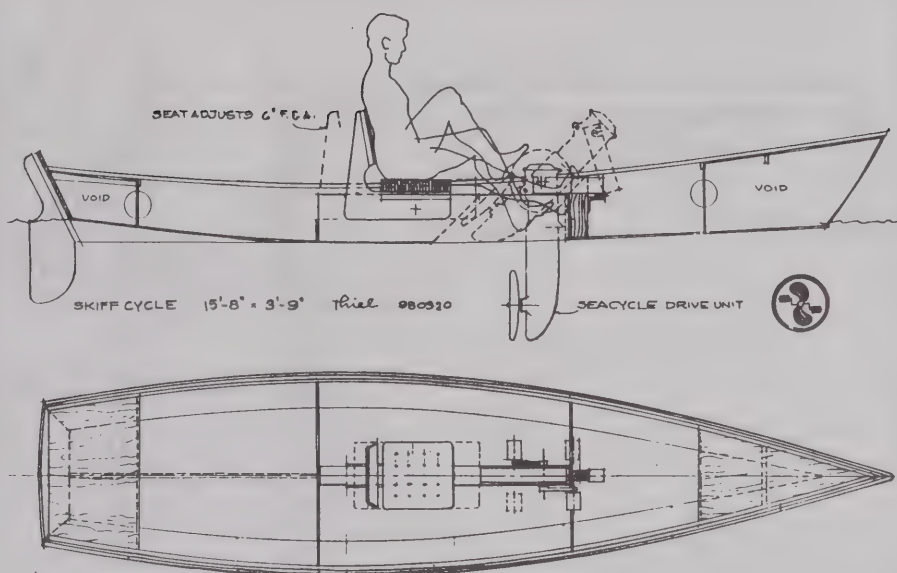
So, given the known drawbacks, and given the stipulation that other unanticipated ones might materialize, why would anybody want to serve as a guinea pig in his or her own experiment? Why seek aggravation in a realm of life that is supposed to be soothing and recreational, particularly when the supposed improvements might prove to be quite minor in actual practice?

In fact, people probably *should* not, but unarguably they *do*, often paying hefty sums for the privilege of participating in the experiment. The most notable recent example of this phenomenon is the Aero-rig which features some slight improvement in downwind performance, some slight improvement in convenience, major technical and structural alterations, and a massive price tag. A second example is the Walker Wing Sail, highly dependent on electronics and with no provision for reefing. A third example, not nearly so experimental but very nearly as expensive, is the unstayed mast of a Freedom yacht with its characteristic wishbone boom.

So go ahead. Give it a try. Give it a name even. The introductory price is right. If it works well, let us know. I will cheerfully claim my share of credit. On the other hand, any poison pen letters I receive because failures experienced will be cheerfully forwarded to my predecessor/collaborators.

c. 1998. Bill Mantis, 306 Irvine Avenue, St. Paul, MN 55102

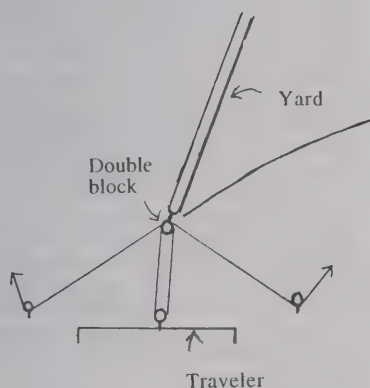
Pedal Power



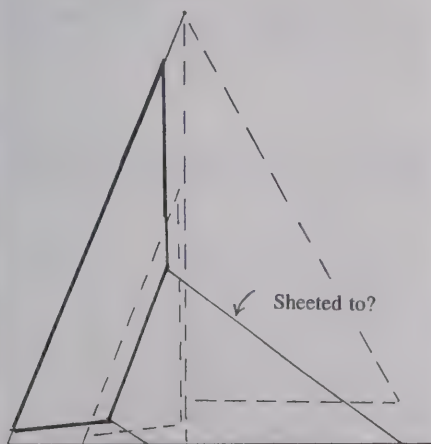
Here is a drawing of the Skiff-Cycle, a light weight pedal-powered boat designed for do-it-yourself construction. The prototype was shown at Seattle's Wooden Boat Festival last July 4th, and delighted all users. The commercially-produced drive unit re-

tracts within the hull for beaching, and may be removed for car topping and storage.

Plans are available from the designer. Philip Thiel, Naval / Civil Architect, 4720 7th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105.



Tack Purchase



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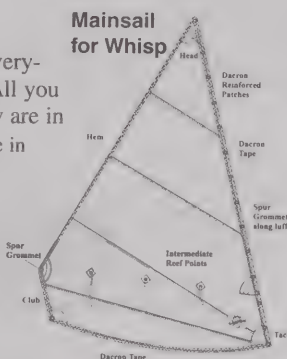
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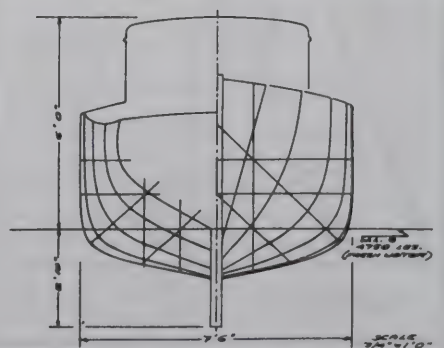


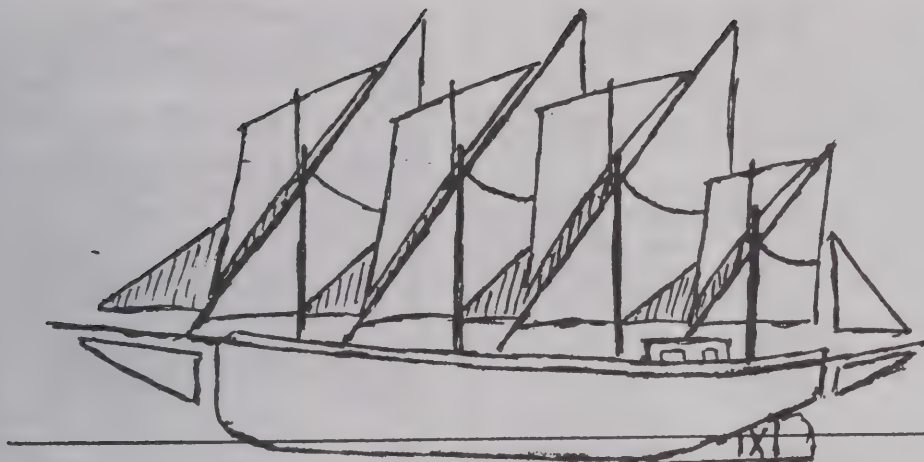
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Construction was intended to be glued strip. Plywood lapstrake would be an option. Most of the sides could be one broad sheet, with narrower strakes around the turn of the bilge.





Dreamboats The Company That Went Back to Sail

By Richard Carsen.

Indian Bulk Carrier

This ship is worthy of some attention. I found it in a book on dhows, though the hull is not a dhow hull, more like that of an ordinary sailing barge, and the sails are actually the Mediterranean lateen sail.

This company has a number of these barges, and they were originally engine powered. I suppose that they still have an auxiliary engine. When they returned to sail, these barges were turned into schooners. What I find interesting is not only that they went back to sail, but that they changed again, this time from schooner to this lateen rig.

According to an article some years ago in the *Smithsonian Magazine*, some small farmers are going back to the horse. For small farmers the expense for machinery is just too high and the difference in time is not of any great importance on a small operation. Besides, if you have a mare, replacements can be gotten at little extra cost, while you can grow your own fuel. With prices having gone out of sight, while remuneration for crops have been almost stagnant, compared with everything else, this (having a horse) is a wise economical decision.

The same is true here. The company ships mainly tile. While underway, the company pays no storage fees. This company operates

on the west coast of India. Gas for engine operation is pricey, often of very low quality, sometimes only available at a premium. Shipping tile is not a time sensitive operation.

But what about the rig? Bolger, in some of his books and articles, has sometimes pointed out all the extra rigging, higher mast, and sturdy shrouds are needed for the schooner rig to make it effective. His favored rig, the sprit rig with a vang on the sprit, can do with a low unstayed mast and a lot less in the way of sail and gaff hoists.

This four-masted lateen rigged set-up also does not need a tall mast, this being the cause of many shipwrecks (tall masts). The yards can be lowered to the deck in survival conditions. The rig allows for numerous combinations and additions, staysails and topsails can be added, the latter on small light sticks as is done in dhows. In the photo that accompanied the article, there were even sails under bowsprit and bumpkin, and the latter even supported some kind of "bezaan."

For those who protest that these sails are hard to tack, I would point out that on some craft in nearby Indonesia, the forward part of the lateen, the lower part, can be set loose from the yard and can be quickly hauled around the back of the mast and reset without

touching any other part of the rig. You have to realize that you are not dealing with a racer. Utmost sail effectiveness is not an issue.

One invaluable advantage of this rig is that all sail can be instantly brailled. Because of racing demands and the abundance of crew for such endeavors, brailing has become obsolete on cruisers. This is not a very seaman-like development. The ability to brail should be part of every seagoing rig.

As the yards are held by vangs at the front end, and sometimes even have a forward topping lift, they can be lowered by simply slacking off the halyard. In this set-up, you actually weigh only half the yard. Some Mediterranean rigs have the yard sitting right on deck. It seems that such rigs use halyard and parrel as shrouds, giving some lateral support in this manner. The topsails shown here, they were not in the original photo, are triangular topsails as carried by dhows, the foot of that sail attaches to the yard both at the top and bottom.

If there were 6 feet standing room underneath the deck, this would be a 50' (between perpendiculars) craft. The width would be around 12'. For a family who wanted to do extensive cruising, this craft and its sail set-up would offer great possibilities.

The Lewis H. Story

By Harold A. Burnham, Designer/Builder

I designed the *Lewis H. Story* as a flagship for the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in my home town of Essex, Massachusetts. At thirty two feet she was the biggest sawn frame vessel I thought I could build using only volunteer help in one winter. This is also the most practical size for the Museum to purchase, easiest for them to maintain and least intimidating for their membership to use.

I would like to thank Mr. Erik A. R. Ronnberg Jr. and many others as well who contributed consultation and advice concerning the historical authenticity of the design.

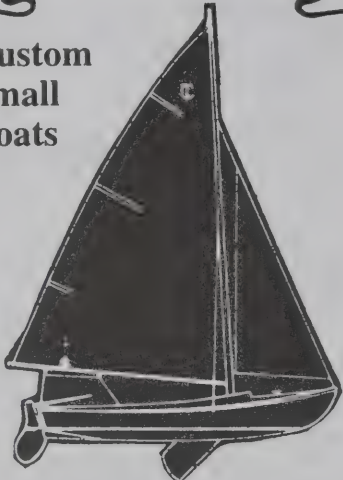
Chebacco boats, like Gloucester schooners and modern lobster boats, were developed over many years and varied not only in size but from boat to boat as well. It should be noted that as no detailed drawings, models or plans exist of early Chebacco boats that the *Lewis H. Story* was designed more as a representation of her type than a replica of any individual vessel.

Some features known to Chebacco boats which I have incorporated into the *Lewis H. Story* are her rams head stem, standing rooms, raised forecastle deck, low waistboard, pink stern and cat schooner rig.



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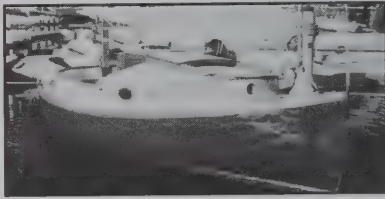
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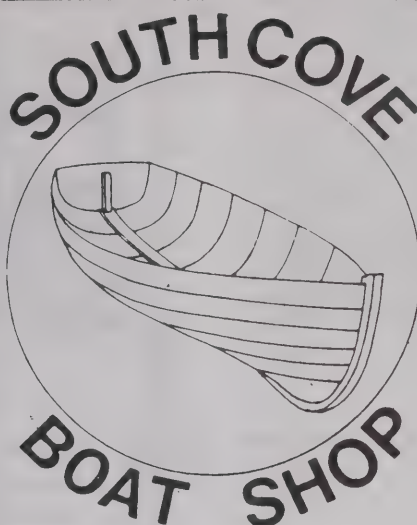
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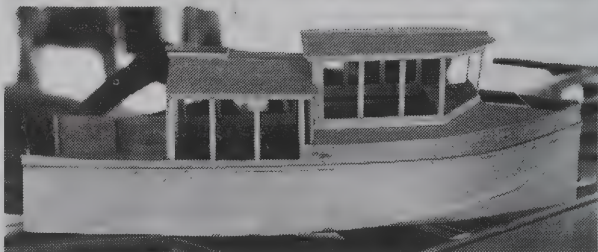


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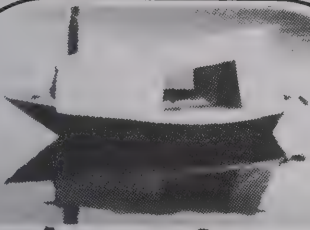
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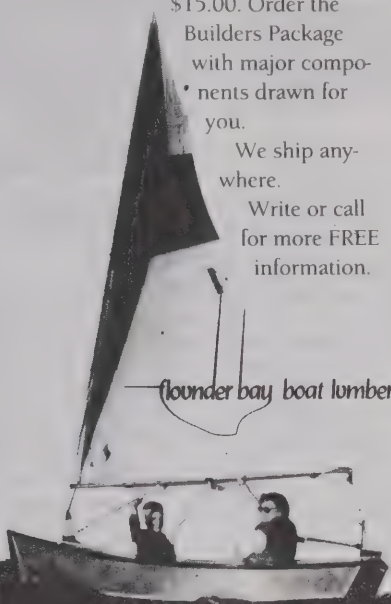
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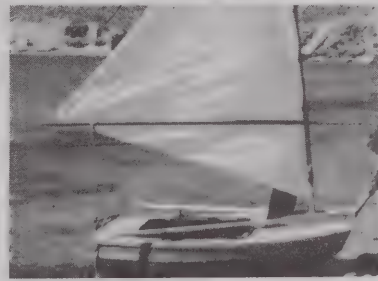
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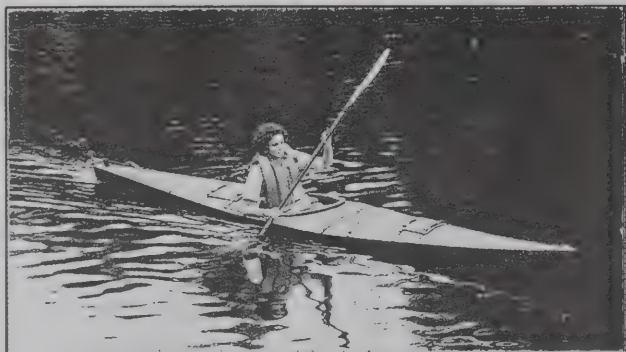
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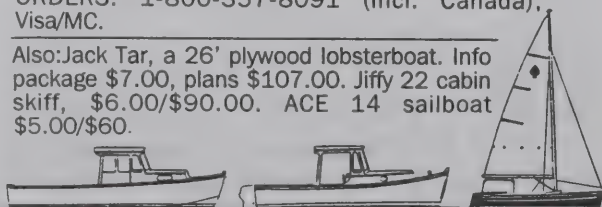
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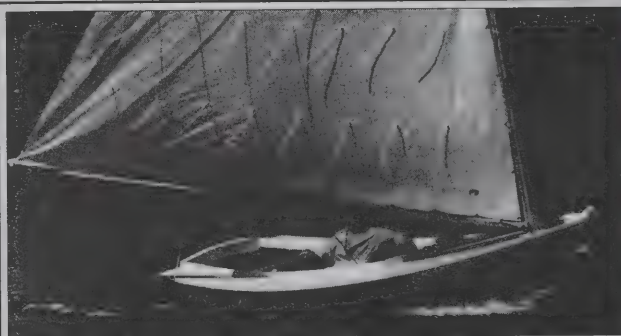
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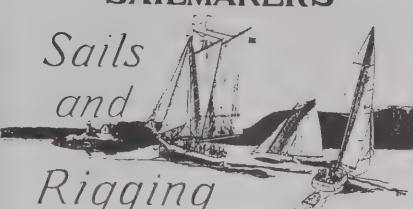
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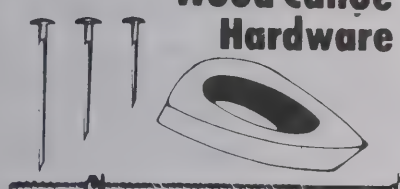
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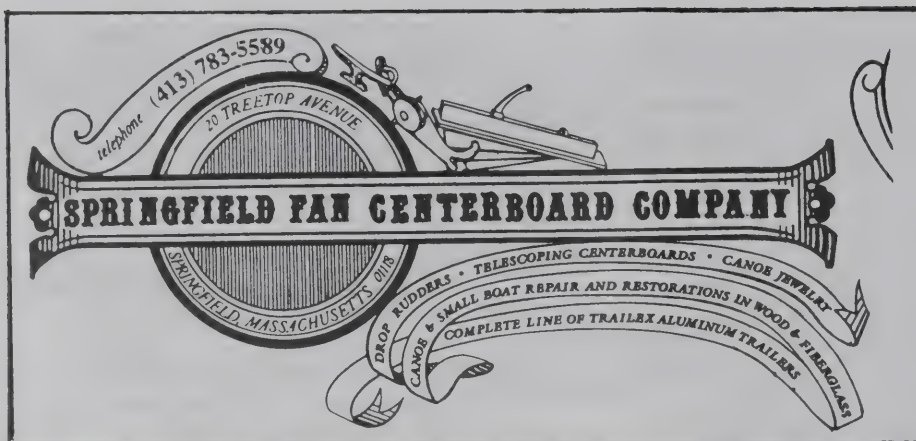


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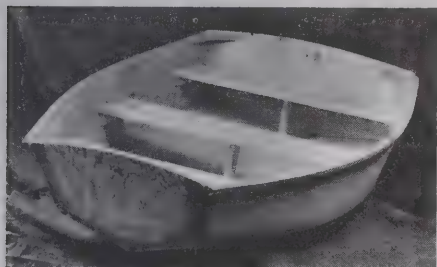
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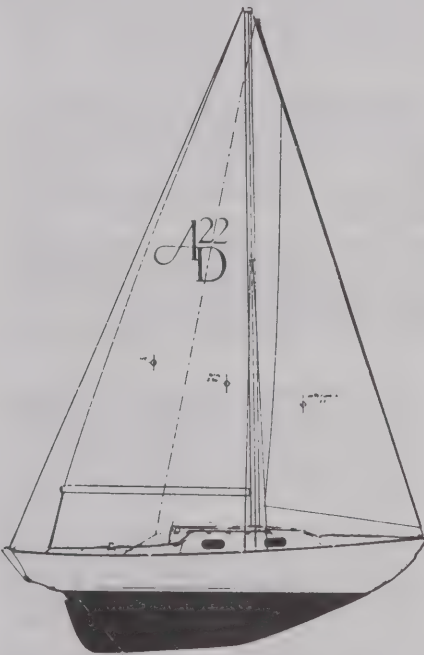
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24' Sharpie Sloop, Wm. Atkins design, blt '71, restored '96. 9.5hp OB. Asking \$5,500. Call for details. KAREN MITMAN, Wiscasset, ME, (207) 882-7693. (5P)



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

9'6" Nutshell Dinghy, sailing version wo/sail rig. Best materials, vy gd cond. \$750 firm. DAVID VIRTUE, Kittery Pt., ME, (207) 439-8005. (3)

Klepper Folding Kayak, 17' Aeriis II double, full S-4 sail rig & all accessories. Older unit, gd cond. \$975. Will sell sail rig separately. JIM ALEXANDER, Merion Station, PA, (610) 667-5961. (3)



20' Double Ender, FG, 7-1/2hp Honda, bimini, galv trlr, new lights & spare tire. \$3,400 OBO. NICK FIEDLER, Marion, NC, (704) 738-3188. (4)



'82 Dovekie, updated w/bow CB. New trlr, canvas, anchors, line, fenders, cushions, porta-potti. '88 4hp Mercury OB, new compass, camper top. \$5,000. SCOTT LAMSON, Old Saybrook, CT, (860) 388-4471 eves. (4)



16' Crawford Swampscott Sailing Dory, traditional design w/molded lapstrake FG hull, teak rubrail & trim. All-round boat, sails, rows, motors. 100sf spritsail rig, CB draft 3', motor well. Tohatsu 3.5hp OB, galv Load Rite trlr. All in vy gd cond. \$4,399 for all. JAY HOLTZMAN, Jamestown, RI, (401) 431-1177 days, (401) 423-0477 eves. (4)

ComPac 16, cruise equipped. 2 jibs & main; 2hp Suzuki OB; porta-potti. Totally overhauled & in exc cond, ready to sail. Trailer also overhauled w/new galv wheels, tires, Bearing Buddies, lights, winch, winch strap, spare wheel, & tongue jack. Asking \$3,600. **Bolger Car Topper**, w/sailing rig, leathered oars, bronze oarlocks & fittings, almost brand new 1.7hp Neptune OB. Blt by experienced builder, in exc cond. Asking \$850. CONBERT BENNECK, Glastonbury, CT, (860) 633-5351. (4)

14' Westerly, sloop rigged, twin keel, custom trlr. Nds rear stay & minor hull repair. W/2hp Johnson. \$1,200. GERALD QUIGLEY, Orleans, MA, (508) 255-6079, email: gquigley@capecod.net (4)

Beetle Cat, blt '64, properly restored '97. Refastened, reframed, some new deck structure, all cosmetics. New coaming, rails, canvas. Lightly used sail. Asking \$3,500, taking offers. You won't be disappointed. New 11'6" Wee Lassie, strip planked half decked, from Mac McCarthy patterns. Varnished deck, mahogany & cherry trim. Asking \$1,175, taking offers. Both blt by long standing professional, Stephen Smith, Eastham, MA. S.N. SMITH, Eastham, MA, (508) 255-8226. (4)



Sliding Seat Rowing Gig, newly refinished, FG covered Spanish cedar. Compl redone w/modern fittings. \$1,500 w/oars.
GENE LOVELESS, Yonkers, NY, (914) 963-2626
xt35 days, (914) 793-1274 eves. (3) 42

Steal This Sea Pearl, 21' leeboard cat ketch outfitted w/two biminis & water ballast. Grt sailer, extremely manageable rig, 9" draft. Trlr incl. \$4,600. See this beauty at the Jersey Shore. Awlgripped Fantail Whitehall, this head turning, one-of-a-kind red awlgripped rowing boat was built from Jim Thayer's original plug. 15-1/2' long, it rows beautifully & has room for the whole family.
LYNN HOFFMAN, Philadelphia, PA, (215) 848-4230. (3)

8'6" Puffin Dinghy, blt Frankfort, ME '95. FG, white, fully equipped. \$350.
DICK BUTTERWORTH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-2924. (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)

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)

20' Double Kayak, hull strip planked sheathed w/biaxial FG. Lg 3' long stowage (abt 6cf) fwd of aft cockpit. Easy conversion to sail. \$950 w/trlr, \$750 w/o trlr.
BILL WELTE, Gales Ferry, CT, (860) 464-7807. (4)

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)



Mullins Launch, ca '08, blt in Salem, OH by Mullins Boat Co. Stamped steel hull, wood/canvas decks, wood interior, 19" loa, 52" beam, torpedo stern, original Eagle 1-cyl engine in vy gd cond. A rare find. Total restoration required. Beautiful lines, asking \$2,500.
Vi Beaudreau, Hartford, CT, (860) 547-6303 wkdays, (860) 658-0869 eves & wknds, email: <vbeaudreau@thehartford.com> (3)

Pacific Catamaran, 19' loa, vy fast boat (comparable to Tornado). Rigging, sails, hrdwre in vy gd shape, hull sound but nds some minor work. Located LI, NY. Moving, must sell soon. \$500/offer. Will deliver reasonable distance.
PHIL RAPP, Massapequa, NY, (703) 960-7445. (3)

16' Wayfarer, '83, FG, alum spars, vy gd sails, nds new flrlds. Grt day sailer & proven camp cruiser. Boat only \$3,700.
JIM MURRAY, Peekskill, NY (914) 446-5560 eves, (212) 477-6606 days. (3)

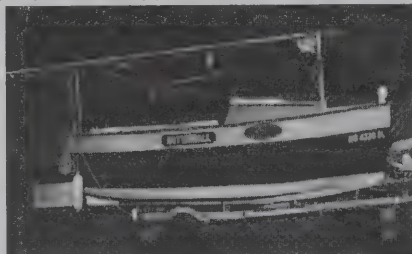
20' Classic Chesapeake Fantail Launch, '85, pine on oak, 6hp antique gas engine, hand start w/transmission & magneto, custom trlr. \$2,000 firm.
15' Bolger/Payson Windsprint, standing lugsail, kickup rudder etc. All in gd shape \$600.
JAY HOAGLAND, Rockport, ME, (207) 596-0786. (3)

Kayak by Perception, used '98. \$354. **Walden**, w/skirt & bag. \$399. **Used Canoes: Old Town Tripper**, \$495. **17' Browning**, \$325. **13' Mansfield**, \$300.
FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01950, (978) 465-0312. (3)

Bolger Micro, nicely finished in marine ply & System Three epoxy, Bohndell sails, mahogany interior trim, 4.5 OB & trlr, sails as well as you have heard, located Ithaca, NY. \$3,500,
BILL LANGE, Ithaca, NY, (607) 277-2619 eves. (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)

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)



14' Peep Hen Micro-Cruiser, '87, FG, gaff rigged, mast tabernacle, 4hp OB, cuddy cabin, bimini & camper top, I/O cushions, trlr, slps 2, fully equipped. Sail a different boat for \$4,500.
JAMES N. LESTER, 83 Wood Dr., Essex, MA 01929, (978) 768-3278 home, (978) 750-1605 work. (3)



25' Bayfield Sloop, 8hp Yanmar diesel, low hrs, VHF, AM/FM cassette, depth finder, autohelm, Hood roller furling w/150% Starcruiser genoa, working jib & storm jib. Slps 4, Origo stove, full screens, many other extras. Vy clean. Incl slip rental through 9/30 Baltimore Inner Harbor. \$12,900.
PAUL BREEDING, Mt. Airy, MD, (410) 876-6828, lv message. (5)

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)

8' Nutshell Pram, beautifully blt, natural finish. Seams epoxied. Exc cond. \$1,000.
ROGER HATCH, Newbury, MA, (978) 465-2005. (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.
ROBERT ERLICH, Plainville, CT, (860) 747-0262. (3)

2 Seater Folboat, 2nd owner, bt from kit, wood frame, seat back cushions, no paddles, nds 2 patches on deck. Extremely stable fun boat for paddling on Penobscot Bay or the Concord River. \$250 OBO. **'84 Achilles SPD 4-DX, 9'6" Inflatable**, inflatable keel, solid wooden floor, wood transom takes up to 9.9hp (not incl). Exc cond, fast & stable. Inflatable seat, foot pump, spray dodger, 2 attached paddles incl. No longer needed as tender. \$800 OBO.
JOHN BROWNE, Stow, MA (978)-897-8629 eveS, (978) 897-5221 days. (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@mindspring.com> (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)

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)

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)

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)



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)



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)

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)

15'+ Bolger Gypsy, graceful, everything lk new, for sailing, rowing, motoring. Plywood/WEST epoxy composite construction according to Dynamite Payson's instructions. Bronze oarlocks. Bldng plans & articles on this classic boat, incl John Garber's odyssey along the Maine coast in *SBJ*. Gambell & Hunter tanbark leg-o-mutton sail. A beautiful head turner. Only lightly used as we learned my wife does not care for sailing. Asking \$1,300 w/trlr. For sale until June 5.

LARRY JONES, Raleigh, NC, (919) 851-4586, email: <larry_jones@ncsu.edu> (4)

16' Herreshoff "12-1/2 footer", authentic reproduction in FG, Airtex & teak. 2 suits sails, spinnaker, gaff rigged, trlr, lots of added equipment. Just rig, launch & sail away. Nds nothing. DAVE MC ALLEN, 717 Main Rd., Islesboro, ME 04848. (4)

27-1/2' AR True Rocket, '68 wood hull, autopilot, Loran C, 9.5 Yamaha OB, 250lb mushroom w/new chain set in Nahant, custom trlr, all sails, anchor, fenders, life jackets. Everything goes w/it. \$6,000 OBO. HUGH FORREST, 18 Rockdale Ave., Salem, MA 01970, (978) 922-5610 days, (978) 741-2816 eves. (4)

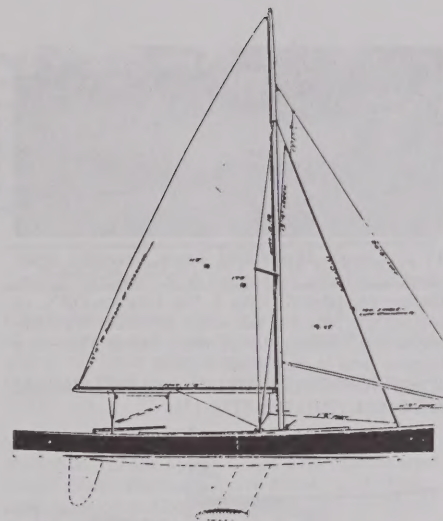
23' Two-Masted Schooner, daysailer w/trlr, OB. Exc. FG/Iroko trim. \$6,500. **19' Lippincott Lightning**, '72, #12127. Beautiful, w/trlr to match. \$3,700. PETER BROWN, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163. (4P)

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. (4)

Cape Dory 10 Sailing Dinghy, Hull #1158. FG, aluminum spars, dacron sail, FG daggerboard, mahogany trim & thwarts. Wood nds refinishing, hull exc. Rudder & tiller missing, have templates. Trailax trlr. \$600. BOB GROESCHNER, Norwalk, CT, (203) 847-8726 (lv message). (4)



Little Wing, 19' ply/epoxy cat yawl, similar to Bolger's Long Micro. Launched '97. Incl 5hp British Seagull & trlr. Must sell. Wife made me get bigger boat.. \$3,200. JOHN CHURCHILL, 621 River Strand, Chesapeake, VA 23320, (757) 625-4878 work, (757) 547-7714 home. (4)



24' Fast Daysailer, Bolger designed. 4' beam, 4' draft, handy, weatherly, lots of fun. Nds only paint. Asking \$2,200. BRAD STORY, Essex, MA, (978) 768-7858 eves, (978) 768-6291 days. (4)

Single Racing Scull, 27' long, FISA, Elite hull, suitable for 160-190lbs person. Privately owned, in exc cond. \$1,550. MIKE MCGILL, Exeter, NH, (603) 964-6089. (4)

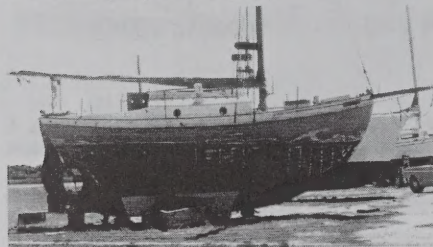
Swampscott Sailing Dory, sprit rigged, 16' loa, 6' beam, 3' draft CB, 99sf sail, 9' white pine oars, 11" inbd transom for motor, FG hull w/teak trim, oak seats, cockpit & tiller. Almost new cond. W/trlr. \$5,500. RON DENBOER, King of Prussia, PA (suburban Philadelphia), (610) 265-8333. (4)



Nimble 20 Yawl, tropical version '89. Ted Brewer traditional design. 20'11"loa, 7'9" beam, 11" shoal draft, 4'3" draft w/CB down. Weighs approx 2,200 lbs. Foam core FG hull w/full flotation. 5 opening ports w/screens, oversized Herreshoff cleats, hrdwre & winches (all bronze). SS bowsprit/anchor roller, anchor & rode. Generous teak topsides, teak drs w/ ports, teak interior & teak/holly sole. Cream colored topsides, dk green hull, painted alum spars & UK tanbark sails (207sf). 12vdc system w/gel-cell battery, 110vac 30a shore power, 5,000 btu air cond. High power cassette deck w/Pioneer 6x9 3-way spkrs. Smoke & CO2 detectors, fire extinguisher, fresh water tank, galley flat w/sink. Slps 5 friendly people tightly or use oversized quarter berths for 2-3 people in comfort. Dp cockpit, '89 6hp Johnson Sailmaster in cockpit well. Incl '88 trlr & West Marine polyethylene Watertender 9' dinghy. This is a beautiful fresh water boat. Asking \$9,995. For more Nimble info see their website at: <http://www.nimbleboat.com> ROB MAJEWSKI, 1102 Wedgewood Way, Atlanta, GA 30350, (770) 640-8085 home, (770) 956-2128 work. (4)



17'2" Classic Wood Old Town, lapstrake cedar planked, ash ribs, mahogany deck, gunwales & ventilating windshield. 30hp & 4hp Johnson OB's, vy few hrs use. Never in salt water. Shoreline trlr, electric winch. Mooring cover, many extras. Once in a lifetime boat in mint cond. \$9,900.
JOHN SCHMIDLIN, RFD#1 Box 351, Machias, ME 04654, (207) 255-3778. (3)



'30's Classic Cruising Sloop, 24' lwl, 25' lod, 32' loa. Gaff rig, new main & standing rigging. Cypress & cedar on white oak. Fine solidly bld boat nds work. TOD SELBY, Morehead City, NC, (919) 726-1919. (4)

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. (3)
EARLE CADWELL, Roswell, GA, (770) 640-6553.

14' Cosine Wherry, strip planked juniper encapsulated w/FG & epoxy. Wht topsides w/bright inside finish. 9' Culler oars. Will pull 3-4 people w/ease. 125lbs. Stable, sound & in exc cond. \$1,000.
LEN WOLEK, Pleasant Valley, NY, (914) 635-1727, (V-Mail) 298-3883. (4)

Dovekie #23, classic wooden boards & spars, blue hull, gd canvas, tanbark sail, motor mount, oars, on flatbed auto trlr. Exc cond. Reduced drastically to \$3,500.
PETER KICK, Saugerties, NY, (914) 246-9454, (914) 691-6441. (4)

Used Kayaks, choice of 7 from \$225 to \$595.
FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (4s)

16' Herreshoff Sailing Dinghy, bld by Cartpenter's Boatshop, Pemaquid, ME. Oars, spritsail, galv trlr, 5hp Mariner OB. Beautiful classic wooden boat, everything exc. \$3,500.
JIM HUTTEN, Woodstock Valley, CT, (860) 974-2518. (4P)

Chestnut Canoe, wood/canvas '69, has tear in canvas. \$500 OBO.
OAKES PLIMPTON, Arlington, MA, (781) 648-5117. (6P)

12' Bart Hawthaw Canoe, custom FG w/wood trim. \$450. Might deliver partway.
ROB BRYAN, Harpswell, ME, (207) 725-8942. (5P)

'57 Hampton One Design, bld by Hampton Boat Works, Newport News. Cedar hull, spruce spars, mast & boom bright. Main & jib in gd shape, rigging in gd shape. 95% ready to sail, a nice classic. On a pretty crappy trlr, take it or leave. \$1,200.
JOSH MAYO, St. Louis, MO, (314) 644-6680. (4)

BOATS WANTED

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

Cat Boat, FG, 12'-16', west of Rockies.
DOUG MCFALL, 905 Monroe St., Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-2019. (4)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

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)

Sail Track, bronze 11/16"x 63' in various lengths, screws & slides. \$50. **Goosenecks**, 2 bronze for rect spars. \$25 ea.
ROBERT KUGLER, Bridgeport, CT, (203) 259-3049. (4)

15' Windsurfer Sail, w/mast. \$50. **12 Sail Battens**. \$10. **20' Aluminum Mast**, w/stays. \$35. **Wire Stays & Shrouds**, 3/16" & 5/32". **Tiller Ext.** \$15.
RICHARD DOWNES, Mashpee, MA, (508) 539-3944. (4)

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)

Main, Jib or Jenny, for 22' sloop, in gd shape. Will pay cash or trade tree pruning, dismantling.
PETER KICK, Saugerties, NY, (914) 246-9454, (914) 691-6441. (4)

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)



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

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)

Old Town Oarlocks, brass. \$25.
ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (3P)

Sail Track, 3 pieces; 10'0", 8'4", 6'10" of 5/8" track. \$45 for all. Removable OB Bracket, 2-pc aluminum. 1 piece is fastened to transom, the second is removable together w/OB. Made by Bremer Mfg. Original on ComPac 16. \$15.
CONBERT BENNECK, Glastonbury, CT, (860) 633-5351. (4)

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



as simply messing about in boats.

SHIRTS FEATURING ILLUSTRATION & QUOTATION from *The Wind in the Willows*. 100% cotton, natural color. Short Sleeve \$16.50. Long Sleeve \$21. 50/50 gray Sweatshirt \$26. M,L,XL. Shipping \$4. Visa/MC. (301) 589-9391, info@designworks.com
DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. (TFP)

Volvo Penta MD2B, 2 cyl 25hp. Nds rebld. 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.
BOB SEVIGNY, Scituate, MA, (781) 545-4929. (3)

GEAR WANTED

Your Old Atomic 4, not blown up. You've repowered & have no use for it, but I do. Especially interested in old style engine w/no thermostat on the front, top of the engine, only a crossover tube about 1" diameter. I will pay you & pickup.
BIL LEVIN, Marshfield, MA (781) 837-0932. (4)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

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

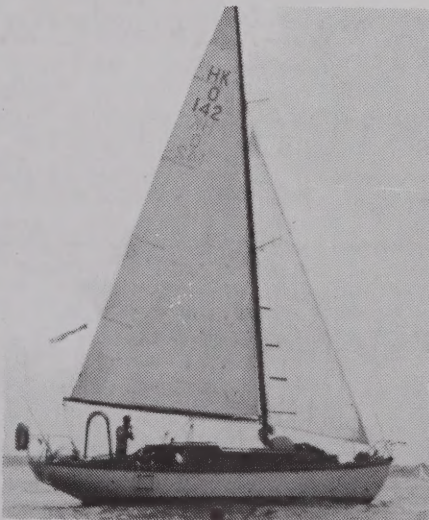
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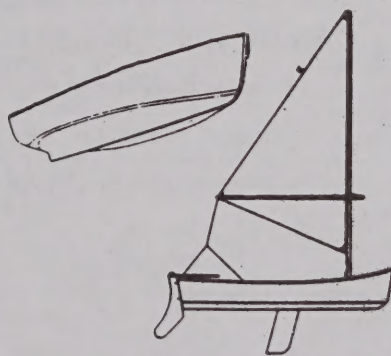
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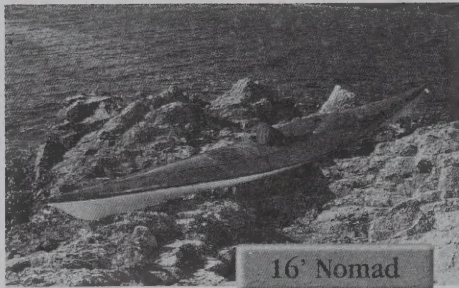
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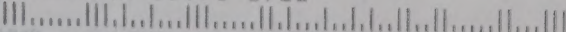
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