



messing about in BOATS

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Special Features This Issue
Whisper Visits a Viking Regatta
More Boats - Fiberglassing Tools & Tricks

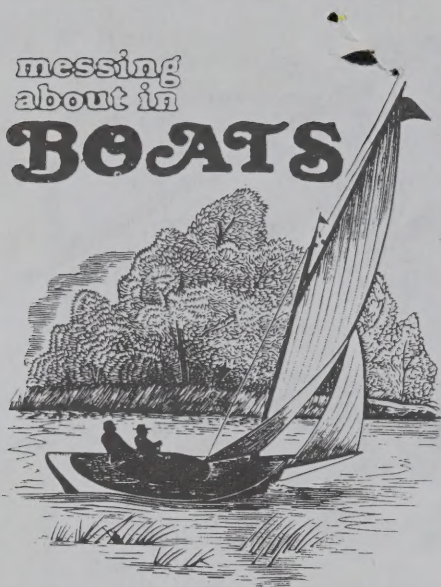
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August 1, 1998



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Volume 16 - Number 6
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In Our Next Issue...

I had planned to cover the Wooden Boat Show at St. Michaels but we didn't go when my 97 year old mother was hospitalized with a broken arm. She is okay but at that age one never knows.

So we'll have another bunch of adventure tales for you. Jim Thayer is back with his "Mojave Mission"; Dick Harrington returns with Part 1 of "Exploring Traverse Bay"; John Smolenski discusses being "On and In the Water"; Bill Perkins looks back to "Lightkeeper of the Past"; Rick Klepfer departs from Caribbean Mustique on a European junket in Part 1 of "Scandinavian Semester"; and Tom McGrath brings us the first of three new tales in "Endangered".

Mark Reveaux looks at boat buying in "Questions You Wish You'd Asked"; and Ron Magens wraps up his "Boatbuilding" series in "Rubens Nymph - Epilog".

James Delcamp reveals his design goals for his dreamboat in Part 1 of "Versatility...a Boat Proposal"; and Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" series looks at "Malibu Type Outriggers". Phil Bolger's next design feature has not been revealed to us at this writing.

On the Cover...

Viking ships have been sighted as far south as the coast of Florida, Ron Hoddinott reports on what they were doing there in this issue.

Commentary...

During June I got on the water a couple of times in my 21' Seda Tango double kayak. My paddling partner, Charlie Croteau, is a paraplegic, more exactly a quadruplegic with substantial use of his upper body. We did a 13 mile round trip to the head of navigation on the tidal Parker River in Newbury with the help of the tide, and a 10 mile outing in Essex Bay. Charlie had a great time and so did I, for we found we made a great team. We plan more outings this summer.

This new relationship is another of those occurrences in life that arise when one decides to get out of the mainstream of one's life and become involved in something different. I met Charlie because I became involved as a volunteer with a Boston group that takes people of various abilities and disabilities on outdoor adventures. My original contact with Outdoor Explorations five years ago came through my mountain bicycling activities, part of which involve trail maintenance projects. Outdoor Explorations includes in its scheduled activities service projects such as trail maintenance. Nothing at all to do with boats in all this initially.

As a volunteer I participated enough to become a leader, and one of the service projects I then undertook was a combination weekend of trail maintenance and canoeing. Boats had appeared in this new aspect of my life. The canoeing was to take place on a small lake and river in central Massachusetts in late April. While not a canoeist myself, I knew these boats were vulnerable to winds on open waters. Crewed in part by people with disabilities, both physical and cognitive, and with little or no experience in canoeing, on water that was not yet even up to 50 degrees, this adventure presented, in my view, serious safety prospects. My initial foray to express these concerns was rebutted with, "Oh, you'll all be wearing life vests."

Well, this was not from a cavalier attitude at all, OE is very conscientious about its responsibilities. It derived from their only prior canoeing experiences which were on summertime flatwater rivers where a capsized meant laughter and a swim to nearby shore for bailout and re-entry. On a cold and windy April lake things could be very different. This had not been recognized, so my intervention came as a surprise. We worked it out to my satisfaction, the trip took place on a mild windless day and our party had a great time. And I had also raised the awareness level of this organization about safety in its waterborne activities.

In 1997 OE undertook to add kayaking to its outdoor adventuring, on three small lakes in state parks nearby to Boston. Low end rotomolded open doubles were acquired and a training program of instructing the volunteers and leaders, most without prior kayaking experience, who would be staffing these outings was developed. I was again drawn into the boating as an instructor on kayaking techniques. While the one day sessions in a pool were of necessity just a beginning, they were adequate for the summer outings on the protected lakes.

For 1998 a new program director decided to broaden the kayaking program by taking it to the ocean, on the relatively protected waters of Essex Bay. Since this is an area I know quite well I again became involved, this time helping to deal with access problems. It had been assumed one could just go to Essex Bay with eight double kayaks and 16 people and put in at some public launch site. Not so.

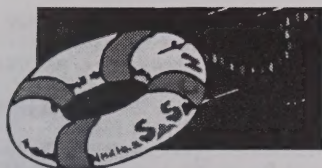
Like most of our seacoast towns, Essex restricts parking to local inhabitants, out of towners without stickers have to park in a municipal lot a quarter mile from the only public launch site, a ramp at the head of the tidal Essex River, which on a summer Sunday is a zoo of launching leading to a highway of speeding motorboats heading downriver to the bay. No other out of town access exists, save for a couple of little known street end sites with marginal parking at roadsides. And these had tide problems, at low tide they were mud for an hour or two either side of low.

I was able to introduce OE to a local land conservation trust that owned some good low tide access not open to the general public. Because of the altruistic non-profit nature of the OE program, the trust agreed to permit the use of a site normally only open to town licensed clambers. As they do not dig clams on Sundays it would be, in effect a private site. Perfect. At low tide the tidal channel leading out to the bay would be a mini-Grand Canyon experience 10 feet below the marsh level but still manageable.

Somehow my trail oriented outdoor explorations had segued into the on the water stuff that makes up my livelihood. While I do not lead any of the scheduled summer kayak outings as my commitment to this magazine often requires my weekends be spent elsewhere, I again was involved in more intense training of a larger group of new volunteer leaders and guides. This is where Charlie came into my life.

Charlie had come to OE as a person with a disability and soon became an advisor to them on wheelchair access issues, so I had met him earlier. But he had not kayaked, limited canoeing was all his on the water experience to date. At the pool sessions he demonstrated how a paraplegic gets from wheelchair into kayak cockpit. I was impressed. I asked him if he'd like to go paddling in my double and he was enthusiastic about it. And so this new relationship was born, one which both of us find enjoyable and rewarding.

Guess what. He also rides a handicap bicycle (trike) and so I inevitably had to go for a bike ride with him. Until you see someone riding a hand powered trike you cannot believe how well they get along. But I know about some far better trikes out there in recumbent bicycle land that will greatly enhance Charlie's bicycling pleasures, just as a better boat adds to our pleasures afloat. So here's a new challenge in my life, getting Charlie onto a better trike. Yes, so much can happen when you get out of the mainstream of your life.



Small Boat SAFETY

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

Bow Riding

There was a brisk southwest wind working against the tide and producing a significant chop. On that cool and sunny Sunday afternoon, the waterway was crowded with all sizes of recreational boats and their mingled wakes, added to the chop, made for a rather

rough ride in my 18' center console, even at my usual patrol speed of 6 knots.

Suddenly, just ahead was a sight I hate to see. A 22' twin outboard was heading north at high speed and, hanging over the bow holding on to the stainless steel rail were two young children. They were delighted with the thrill of that fast and bouncy ride and totally oblivious of the danger.

The problem of bow riding is that in the event of a slip, an extra hard bounce, the breaking of a rail or fixture, any of which could send the bow rider into the water, there is almost nothing the vessel operator can do to prevent major disaster. The boat and the churning propellers pass directly over the erstwhile rider. Death or serious injury is the inevitable result. The records show that one bow rider who survived had 324 cuts from the prop.

The crew of *Auxiliary 551* had only a few seconds to react. We turned on the red and yellow flashing safety light, waved and pointed. In view of the vessel traffic, it seemed to us that a 5-blast "danger signal" might cause

undue confusion. Fortunately, the skipper of that vessel got the message. He slowed at once and the children were brought back into the safety of the cockpit. I think he must have known that what he was letting those youngsters to do was basically dangerous.

It was a small incident in a very quiet safety patrol, but it left the crew of *Aux 551* talking about ways to educate the boating public to the severe dangers of bow riding.

Perhaps readers of *Boats* can help spread the word. At the least, when they see this extremely hazardous practice they can wave and point as we did. Perhaps offending skippers will get the message.

"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 Physical

One time I went to the new doctor in town. His father had been the doctor before him, but he was recently out of school and he'd come back to town when his father died. I hadn't been feeling too pert and figured it would be a good idea to let him have a whack at me.

It had been a while since I'd seen any doctor, and his father had left the records a mess, so he proposed to start me off as though I were a new patient. He began asking questions. Everything went smoothly until we got to questions about the family.

"How old was your father when he died?"

"Who says he's dead?" I asked.

"Well, you're a good 60 years old and I assumed..."

"Well, he's alive and healthy and still tends his row of lobster traps every day."

"Then how old was your grandfather when he died?"

"Who says he's dead?"

"Don't tell me he's still tending traps, too."

"No, he's slowed up some, but he is getting married next week."

"How old's the bride?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Now, why would he want to marry a 37-year-old woman?"

"Who says he wants to?"

The Body in the Surf

I was walking the shoreline the other day, just to see whether the tide had brought anything interesting. There, left by the retreating tide, was a body. It was dressed mighty like my friend, Thomas, who kept the lighthouse. It was face down and I did not want to touch it. I hadn't seen Thomas for a few days, though, so I went to the lighthouse to check things out. As soon as I knocked on the door, Thomas stuck his head out of a window.

"Hello."

"Am I glad to see you."

"Why?"

"A little while ago, I was walking the tide line and I saw a body washed ashore. It looked like it might be you."

"Was it wearing a yellow oilskin hat, tied on?"

"Yes."

"Did it have dark hair?"

"Yes."

"Did it have on red suspenders?"

"Yes."

"Was it wearing a plaid shirt?"

"Yes."

"Was it wearing dark grey herringbone pants?"

"Yes."

"Was it wearing low boots?"

"Yes."

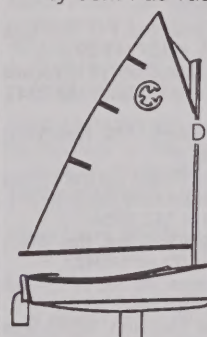
"Are you absolutely sure they were low boots and not high boots rolled down?"

"Now that you mention it, they may well have been low boots rolled down."

"Thank God, then, it ain't me."

The Picnic Cat

by Com-Pac Yachts



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ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.
Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.
Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (978) 281-4440.
N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.
Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400. (414) 634-2351.
Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Alder Creek Boatworks, 15011 Joslyn Rd., Remsen, NY 13438. (315) 831-5321.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.
Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.
Wooden Boat Workshop of Door County, 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209. (920) 868-3955.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

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

ELECTRIC BOATING

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

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331. (617) 934-7555.
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.

Activities & Events Organizers '98...

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

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

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

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

The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2007.
Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543. (508) 540-3954.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.
Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (978) 768-7541.
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (617) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.

Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.
Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (804) 596-2222.
Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Maritime & Yachting Museum, 9801 S. Ocean Dr., Jensen Beach, FL 34957. (407) 229-1025.
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315.
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (978) 745-9500.
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (908) 349-9209.
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.
Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, c/o Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 442-0097.
Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.
U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.
U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (617) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.
Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC. (919) 929-1946.
Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.
Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (804) 463-6895.
New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o David Akin, 40 Chase Ave., W. Dennis, MA 02670.

San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142.
West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcresst Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.
Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.
Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.
Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.
Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466.
New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.
New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.
Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.
Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202. (617) 727-1614 XT360.
Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.
Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.
Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, P.O. Box 255, Paul Smiths, NY 12970-0255, (518) 327-3259.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.
Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.
Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.
Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.
Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.
New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.
Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.
Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.
Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (978) 282-4580.
United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

SEA KAYAKING

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

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.
Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.

Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.
Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.

STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.
New England Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.
New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.
Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Midlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.
Steamship Historical Society of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.
Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.
Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.
Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.
Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.
Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Bill Lake, 7520 Russell Ct., St. Leonard, MD 20685.
Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.
Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Bob Tapp, 8209 200th St. SW, Edmonds, WA 98026-6734. (425) 775-4314. email: <morgantapp@worldnet.att.net> www: http://www.seanet.com/~jrweiss/tsc-puget
Sacramento TSCA, c/o Mike Fitz, 2831 Mattison Ln., Santa Cruz, CA 95065. (408) 476-2325.
South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.
Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.
Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950.
Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.
Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.
Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.
TSCA of West Michigan, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.
Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.

Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (617) 272-9658.
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Mill Rd., Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.
Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

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

WATER TRAILS

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

WOODEN BOATS

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

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Vireo Is Ideal

Last week I rowed from Providence to Newport in a Vireo rowboat I built this spring to Jim Michalak's plans. This 26 mile (land miles) trip took me 6 hours, 12 minutes on a beautiful, calm morning with a fair tide, without much effort at the oars.

The Vireo is almost ideal for this kind of rowing-cruising. The V-bottom design went together easily with taped seam construction. The plans are very clear, and this was about the simplest of several small boats I have built over the years. Construction took about 30 hours with workboat finish. The boat inspires confidence afloat, staying dry in a chop and tracking well. While its length of 12' does not allow a very high maximum speed, it slides along at 4mph or so with little exertion, feeling like a leisurely stroll rather than an athletic event. The weight of 57lb with hull of 6mm okoume plywood makes it very easy to handle off the water.

Frank M. Kahr, Providence, RI

Tin Boats for Transportation

My childhood chum from the 1,000 islands, Charlie Donevan, who was the co-conspirator in the re-creation of the tin boats in the islands after a 50 year absence, has told me the do-it-yourself tin boat concept is alive and well. They will be a featured event in the annual Festival of the Islands held every August in Gananoque, Ontario, Canada. Gananoque, quite rightly, has long proclaimed itself as the Gateway to the Thousand Islands. It's the heart of the islands on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence river.

The Gananoque Festival, one of the largest summer celebrations in eastern Ontario, runs from August 14 to 23. It boasts many events, the newest of which is the Tin Boat Regatta held on Confederation Pond August 17 in the center of town next to the town hall. Participants will be divided in two groups of up-to-8 years old and 9 years and older. Awards for best designed, best decorated, first to sink, last to sink, and the like will be included in addition to races across the pond.

Who knows? Tin boats may become the preferred mode of transportation for youngsters between islands, once again after 50 years.

J. Peter Hughes, Lake Bluff, IL

Spring Comes to Greenland

It is foggy here the last few days. Actually it can be clear for a few minutes and then the fog will come back in moments later. I went on the water but was especially careful to not get any distance from the island because it's all the same when it's foggy. There are also ice pans moving around here and there, you wouldn't believe how much these change things

The ferry service is having a terrible time this year because there is still so



much ice. They can just never tell where it is when they sail. I think for satellite pictures they have to have clear conditions. The ice usually comes in late November in a normal year and goes out in May. We're having a late year. Sometimes a wind from the south brings in a lot of ice and isolates this island to the north. Little by little the ice is going away. And now we are having lots of fog because of the contrasting temperatures of the air and water.

I was out in my kayak and it was great fun to watch the fog coming and going and to feel the air currents between the island on the outside where it is absolutely still and behind the island where the wind is blowing. This wind is just a circulation pattern of cold air from outside replacing warmer air inside this fiord system.

The wildest thing is to see a chunk of ice catch a strong current. It looks as if the ice had wheels, moving at I'd guess 7 knots, seemingly very fast while everything else just sort of sits around.

I took off in my kayak heading north around our island where I began to first notice that there was lots of fog and a little more ice than I felt safe dealing with. It was a combination of mostly pan ice and a few bergs. I went a ways down inside the ice and then I began to think about what am I doing here? Maybe this is not such a good idea. I decided to get back out before I might become trapped. I reversed direction, heading south because the ice seems to collect much less on that side where it's slightly sheltered both from wind and current. On the north side the ice runs both with the wind and currents to Upernavik Isfiord to the north.

I had a nice paddle along the west and south sides of the island. The fog was variable so I stuck to just paddling close to the island. I grabbed a few mussels where I could reach them but that water is just so cold that it was agony to grab any more than one here and there, I had to be very quick. Falling in that water is just instant death I can assure you.

Now that I am daring to do some kayaking I am using my reliable single Klepper. I have to be extremely careful of how I do this with my artificial hip. I figured out a launching method to completely stabilize the boat by attaching pontoons to the sides. Even though I could have made my own I decided not to take any chances and bought a set from Georgian Bay. These pontoons are designed to keep a swamped boat afloat. It's good to buy something that has been well thought out.

The Greenland National Museum in Nuuk has an especially interesting 16th century kayak on display under glass, imported from Holland a few years ago. I never have seen such a fine example of an especially fast kayak as that one. The only other traditional Inuit kayak with a hull speed that might be close to that kayak is in Iqaluit, a caribou kayak. I think that members of the Amateur Yacht Research Society would be delighted to be able to study the lines of that 16th century kayak.

Unfortunately there seems to be no set of lines for that kayak. I can tell you that when I saw that kayak my eyes just fell out. It is definitely a fast kayak. The stem looks as though its volume is so low that it probably submerges during sprints. I just can imagine that boat on the water and I bet it takes half the harbor to turn it around. That was exciting to see.

Our kayaks in this area are a hybrid between Thule and Ilulissat kayaks. They are beamier than kayaks built south of here. I don't know if they rolled this type of beamy kayak as much as kayaks built south of here. I suspect that the paddlers here in Upernavik were likely to have been more conservative about rolling. Just to the north of here in Innaarsuit is a special design with the stern deck being wide and flat specifically designed for carrying seals rather than towing. The Thule kayaks are like Baffin kayaks and are not rolled.

Gail Ferris, POB 63, 3962 Upernavik, Greenland

Small Craft Festival at Clayton

The Antique Boat Museum is hosting a Small Craft Festival in Clayton, New York in the Thousand Islands area on August 22. Presenters and boatbuilders are invited to participate at no cost. The day from 9am to 5pm will be devoted to demonstrations and tryouts, with land displays and workshops also.

St. Lawrence Skiff events, rowing and sailing, canoe races and a kayak presentation are scheduled. A small craft crossing cruise to Grindstone Island for dinner is planned.

Call for details if this interests you.

Antique Boat Museum, Clayton, NY,
(315) 686-4104

Cans & Dogs

A chance to work on one's sailing skills, outside of a commitment to a formal sort of ordeal, is rare, but there is just such an opportunity for anyone living within an hour's drive of the lower Connecticut River. It merits attention.

It's called Cans and Dogs, and it's the work of one Arthur Langely, an avid sailor and racer who likes to pass sailing skills along in a minimally structured manner. The event is basic: A chance to sail around a marked course for a couple hours every Thursday night, any boat will do, plus five bucks a person. The five bucks buys you a hotdog at the end of things, near dark or the disappearance of wind. And, depending on Arthurs's thinking, a critique, a most reasonable and gentle one that's loaded with knowledge, of the evening's sailing.

This can be some really nice sailing, and it goes on in a blustery 25 knot breeze or the gentle zephyrs of a late summer afternoon. Arthur and a cohort or two watch things carefully from a big old Whaler that's anchored near the course's start, and all boats are considered equal under his watchful eye. Each boat is encouraged, tricks that will get more out of a boat are suggested as the sailing goes on.

There is an open spirit to things. And there's a lot that can be learned. The river-thereabouts has a good combination of the sort of things any sailor can enjoy learning more about; how to sail upstream, or against the tide, just what's possible and what's not, and so on. And Arthur knows. It's a chance to improve a variety of sailing skills in an interesting format.

And there's a nice mix of boats. A Sailfish, a Beetle catboat or two, sailing dinghies under ten feet, and current racing types like the JY 15's. And everybody gets along.

There's a ramp right there, it's easy access and an evening's fun on the water and every night something's learned. It starts at six on Thursday nights, it's worth it. Getting there around 5:30 gives time to get the boat in the water and rigged.

The trick is finding the place. It is on River Road, a road that runs between Essex and Deep River, the town above Essex. If you get on River Road at Essex, you wend along the river's edge a couple of miles. There will be a very, very small sign nailed to a tree on your right. I think it says "Pettipaug Sailing Academy", maybe "Pettipaug Yacht Club".

In any event a sharp right turn down towards the river will bring one to a small sailing club at the river's edge. That's it.

Tim Weaver, Rocky Hill, CT

Pond Yacht Exhibition

An exhibition of Pond Yachts will take place during July and August at the Port Washington, New York, Public Library. The exhibition is presented in celebration of the Port Washington Mill Pond Model Yacht Club's 100th anniversary, and will feature boats of all popular racing classes.

"A" Class boats up to 6' in length will be included as will the Marblehead "M" class, which is 50" long with 800 square inches of sail. Memorabilia, artifacts and examples of steering and sail control systems, old and new, will be shown.

Queen of the show is a gaff-rigged sloop built in the early 1900s, which was recently rescued from a Port Washington attic and restored to pristine condition. Other boats will show how boat design, steering and sail control, space-age materials and remote radio control have evolved over the years.

The Mill Pond Model Yacht Club was founded in 1898 by Port residents Charles Dodge, John Erickson, Fred Farmer and Harold McKee. Improvements were made to the pond in the early 1930s, and in 1933 the Mill Pond Model Yacht Club was reorganized. Pond Yacht racing has taken place on summer weekends ever since.

The present clubhouse was originally a small waterfront shop which, after the 1938 hurricane, was moved to Smull Place and later to its current location at the head of the Mill Pond.

The library is located at 1 Library Drive in Port Washington. Hours are 9 to 9 Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday; 11 to 9 on Wednesdays; and 9 to 1 on Saturdays. Mill Pond is located on Mill Pond Road, off of Shore Road in Port Washington. This exhibition is sponsored by the library's Art and Nautical Advisory Councils, and Port Washington's Mill Pond Model Yacht Club.

Mill Pond Model Yacht Club, Port Washington, NY

Projects...

Adventure's Progress

Because of the tremendous support of many people, *Adventure* has been brought back from the brink of ruin. But, there is still much work to be done to achieve our admittedly ambitious goal: Full restoration and recertification of *Adventure* by the year 2000. Help is vital for the ultimate success of this community-based, volunteer effort to save the last of the Gloucester fishing schooners.

In July 1998, we will have completed a major, half-million dollar restoration of *Adventure's* starboard side. The quality of the restoration has been nothing less than incredible. Master shipwright Hermann Hinrichsen has literally sculpted, futtock by futtock and plank by plank, a renewed starboard side. Furthermore, with the support of the City of Gloucester, we have submitted a \$750,000 Intermodal Surface

Transportation Enhancement Act grant application which, if funded, would complete the restoration of *Adventure's* hull. A number of other major grants have been applied for as well, with more on the way.

Public support for *Adventure* has increased dramatically in the past two years. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has contributed \$250,000! The City of Gloucester has contributed \$100,000! The National Park Service has contributed \$12,500! Nevertheless, for the *Adventure* project to continue with an accelerated growth, we must increase the level of support we receive from individual supporters.

Funds are urgently needed to match public grants and pledges on a 1:1 basis. Right now, we must raise \$127,500 to match grants already awarded or pledged! Matching these gifts will enable us to haul out *Adventure* next fall for the next phase of the rebuild. Hopefully, new awards will be forthcoming as well. But we must have the 1:1 cash match or we will lose these awards. Every dollar contributed will help.

Adventure is in the midst of an exciting renaissance. We are making major strides toward returning *Adventure* to sail. We hope you'll join hundreds of other *Adventure* supporters in making a generous gift to the Restoration Fund. Together, we will sail *Adventure* into the next millennium.

Martin Krugman, Ph.D., President,
P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01931,
(978) 281-8079.

Useful Information...

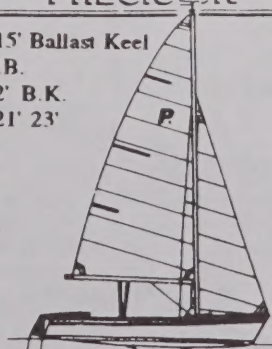
Pflugar Motor Info Wanted

I am looking for information on an old electric motor, a Pflugar Phantom, 6 or 12 volt, Model M-2, Serial #112919. I want to learn its age, and maybe get a photocopy of an owners' manual. It is operating usefully on an 8' dinghy.

Jack Moore, 1595 Los Osos Valley Rd. #25A, Los Osos, CA 93402, (805) 528-2586.

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Close racing on the downwind leg.

Whisper Visits a Viking Boat Regatta

By Ron Hoddinott

I was returning *Whisper* to her boatyard home at the end of the Mother's Day weekend. Driving past the lake, I noticed an unusual sight by the boat ramp. On a trailer was a long narrow double ended Viking ship! I

didn't see anyone around, so I started to leave a note on the windshield of the tow vehicle. Phil Nelson, a tall Nordic-looking man approached and introduced himself.

Phil explained that he and his crew had

been practicing for the annual Viking Boat Regatta to be held the next weekend. I couldn't believe my ears, but when they produced the brochure for the event, I was delighted. The Sons of Norway, Suncoast Lodge, was hosting the 17th Annual Viking Boat Regatta at Phillippi Park in Safety Harbor at the north end of Tampa Bay, right where I'd been sailing that day!

All week I had something great to look forward to. Tac Cooney agreed to go along with me and handle the boat while I took pictures. Steve Morrill, another Sea Pearl owner from Tampa, planned to meet us at the event. Everything was set.

The winds were light southeasterly on the morning of the regatta. We were greeted at the ramp by Phil Nelson, who had just put *Solkyst* (Suncoast) into the water. We set up *Whisper* and prepared to launch just as Steve Morrill arrived. We sailed south to a point of beach right below the Indian mounds at the park. *Solkyst* was on the beach there. A large shelter house is located right on the top of the Indian mound. Carol Nelson, Phil's wife, and several other distaff members of the Sons of Norway were selling t-shirts of the event and other Norwegian goods.

We were introduced to Ed Manston, the Commodore of the Regatta, George Lynch, the boat chairman, and Ann Morgan, the publicity chairperson. George gave us some details on the boats and the history of the event. It seems that about 11 years ago a member of the Sons of Norway located a "Fjord boat" in a Norwegian barn. It was reputed to be about 150 years old. It was not in the best of condition, but they petitioned the King of Norway for permission to remove the vessel to the United States.

It was taken to South Florida where two brothers in the fiberglass business made a mold of the old craft and made 11 hulls. Eleven chapters of the Son's of Norway, mostly in Florida, made Viking Ships of the hulls by adding masts, sails, oar locks, and imaginative dragon-like figureheads to their boats. A tradition of rowing and sailing races began 7 years ago. Every year, the regatta is hosted by a different Lodge.

As we stood on the beach, the Viking boats began to appear on the horizon and were rowed by their crews to the staging area. Finally, the time for the first race arrived. The races were held in heats, with the winners from



Close-up of *Hagar*.

Valhalla rowing to the finish.



each heat competing in the final race.

Steve Morrill, in *Black Pearl*, took Ed Manston out while Tac and I took Ann Morgan out to the starting line to observe the race. The crowds on the shoreline had grandstand seats for the race. The first leg was under oars, right along the shore. At the weather mark, the boats raised their square sails and headed downwind, running and then reaching to the leeward mark where they dropped their sails and rowed back to the start/finish line.

The crew from Orlando, aboard the *Valhalla*, have been the champions for the past few years. It was obvious looking at their preparations and their boat, that they had come to win. Their oars were balanced and hand-made with spoon blades, and they sported a new red sail. During the first heat, however, they were severely challenged by *Falkon* and took second. This finish was enough to get them into the finals, however. I wondered if they were pacing themselves.

The local boat, *Solkyst*, was entered in the second heat against *Hagar* from Jacksonville. *Hagar* had a wonderful green dragon figurehead. *Solkyst*'s figurehead was dragon-like, but was actually an alligator! *Solkyst* ran away from *Hagar* in the second heat and qualified for the finals against *Valhalla* and *Falkon*.

The finals turned out to be a race for second place, with the crew of the *Valhalla* turning in a stunning performance, leaving the other two boats fighting it out for second. *Falkon* took the second place honors with *Solkyst* right on her stern.

The luncheon that followed the boat races was catered by the Scandia Restaurant. It consisted of "poise, frikadiller, potato salad, red



Old meets new? *Hagar* and *Whisper*.

cabbage, cake and tea." The menu was confusing for a "non-Norwegian," but the first two items turned out to be wonderfully delicious sausage and meat loaf. The crowd at the luncheon was close to 200 Scandinavian souls, and everyone enjoyed their meals.

As the trophy presentations weren't going to be made until the evening at the Clearwater Country Club, Steve, Tac and I decided it was *Sea Pearl* time, and we entertained ourselves by sailing across the bay to explore the distant shore. Steve entertained Tac and I by sailing the *Black Pearl* to wind-

ward with no leeboard down, and then by sailing without touching the helm. He was sitting forward in the center cockpit and steering by trimming the sails and body English. At one point he was standing forward of the main mast, a sort of Sea Pearl "hang ten" event. Maybe we need a no-hands race the next time we get together.

Too soon it was time to head back to the launching ramp. Of course we arrived at the ramp at exactly the same time as the afternoon sea breeze. Oh well, there's always next weekend!

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When I graduated from the University of Virginia in June 1941, a mechanical engineer could be assured of finding employment in almost any area of the country he desired. Because I wanted to stay near the Chesapeake Bay, I applied for a job with the Glenn L. Martin Company, a large manufacturer of airplanes whose main plant was located on Middle River just north of Baltimore. I was acceptable to the Martin Company and was told to report immediately after graduation.

My mother's close friend and distant cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Erdman, owned a summer cottage on Middle River, and she generously allowed one of my classmates and me

Racing an "R" Boat to Cedar Point - 1941

By A. Bennett Wilson, Jr.

to live in the unheated guest cottage during the summer and early fall.

Ironically, we were required to attend an orientation course held in a building near the Pratt Street Wharf in the Inner Harbor, where I had been many times with my grandfather delivering cargoes of watermelons to the wholesale market there. So, instead of being

five minutes away from our work, we had to drive through traffic 15 miles to Baltimore and work in the heat of the city without benefit of air conditioning.

However after a few weeks of training in the "Martin way," we were transferred to the Middle River plant where I soon met Robert Gaston, a very talented draftsman, a native of Baltimore, and a recent graduate of the Baltimore Polytechnic High School. Because Bob lived with his parents in Baltimore, his day-to-day expenses were small, and during the previous year he had been able to save enough to have available the \$1000 needed to buy the "R" boat, *Chances*, from her young owner when he was drafted into the Army in the spring of 1941.

Because Bob had had very little sailing experience when he acquired *Chances*, he was eager to find someone who was willing and had the time to accompany him on weekends. My experience was limited to sailing one summer in a 21' daysailer that a friend and I built, but that was considerably more than Bob had. "R" boats were designed under the Universal Rule wholly for racing. The Universal Rule, developed by Nathaniel Herreshoff about 1900 for the New York Yacht Club, consists of a formula that requires compromises between sail area, water line length, overall length, beam, and other factors, and thus each boat is slightly different than the others.

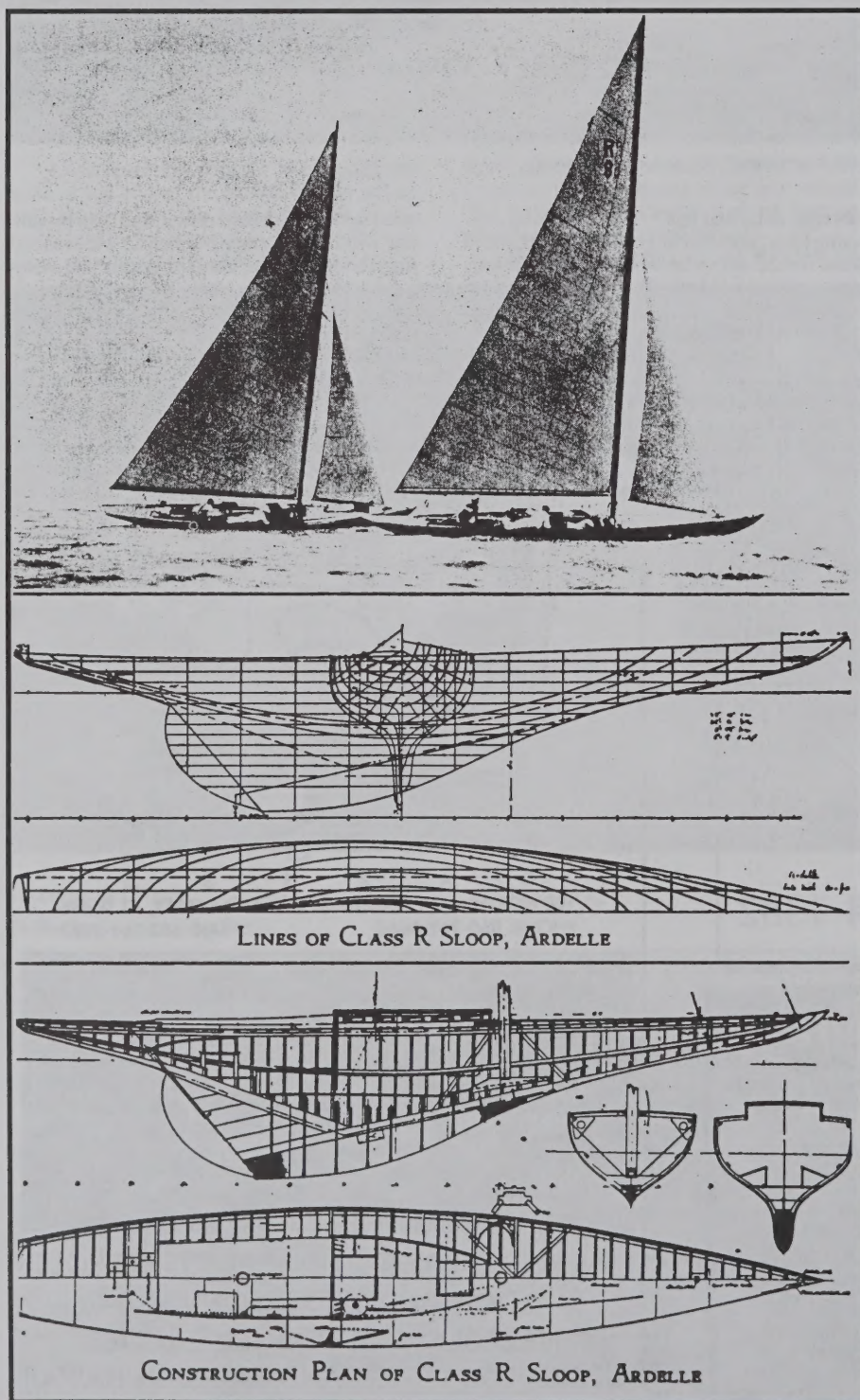
In general, "R" boats were about 40 feet long with a beam of 7' to 8'. Long, overhanging bows and narrow wineglass sterns give "R" boats an unusually graceful appearance. They were very popular among wealthy yachtsmen on both coasts and the Great Lakes from the early 1900s until the beginning of World War II.

Chances was built by Luders in 1927. She was 39'6" from stem to stern, 26' on the load waterline, with a beam of 7'10", and a draft of 6'. She carried 550 square feet of sail on a mast that was more than 50 feet high. The view from its top was a bit awesome and made the hull look quite small. The only auxiliary power consisted of two long oars, but there were no oarlocks.

Accommodations were few and sparse, consisting mainly of four pipe berths, as befitting a serious racing boat, but quite satisfactory for four young fellows who were more concerned with sailing than with creature comforts.

Chances was kept at the Potapsacut Sailing Club on one of the creeks off the south shore of the Patapsco near its mouth, and we sailed from there most weekends and some weekday evenings until the first of September. Two of Bob's friends from high school days usually accompanied us, and we felt that we had developed into a smoothly working crew when it became time to register for the Gibson Island-Cedar Point overnight race, an annual affair sponsored by the Gibson Island Yacht Squadron each Labor Day Weekend. That none of us had had any experience in formal sailboat racing did not daunt us from entering the Racing Division of this classic affair.

During the weekend prior to the Labor Day weekend, we sailed down to Gibson Island and moored *Chances* in the Yacht Squadron harbor to make sure that we would be present for the midday start the following Saturday.



LINES OF CLASS R SLOOP, ARDELLE

CONSTRUCTION PLAN OF CLASS R SLOOP, ARDELLE

I don't remember how many boats were on hand to participate in the race, but there must have been at least 50 behind the starting line. The account of the race in the November, 1941 issue of *Yachting* states that it was the largest fleet to participate in the Cedar Point Race up to that time, but fails to give a number. Both *Vamarie*, a beautiful schooner with a wishbone rig, and *Highland Light*, a large sloop, represented the Naval Academy in Class "A," which consisted of the largest boats. Also among the starters was an exquisite yawl that belonged to a well-known radio broadcaster whose name I have forgotten.

The day of the start, Saturday, came clear, and before the midday start the wind had settled to a steady 15-20 knots from the south. A trip to the Enoch Pratt Library to study the rules of racing and something about tactics had given me very little knowledge and even less confidence in my ability to avoid trouble in trying to make a fast start, and we were among the last, if not the last, boat over the starting line.

The course required a series of long tacks down the Bay, and the various entries soon became scattered all over the Bay south of Gibson Island. Because *Chances* was inherently faster than many of the other entries, we gradually overhauled and passed several boats in the next few hours, and we began to feel comfortable and confident in the mad dash down the Bay.

While on a starboard tack headed for a spot below Love Point on the Eastern Shore opposite Annapolis, I suggested that someone go below, brew a pot of coffee, and prepare for the long night ahead. While everyone was below and I was gloating over the fact that we were overtaking still another boat, I was startled by a resounding "craaack," and before I could react in any way most of the mast lay in the water on the port side with a splintered section about 12-15 feet long left standing in the mast step through the deck.

My heart sank, but this was not the time to contemplate the past, but to get ourselves out of further trouble. We soon discovered that the bolts that held the starboard chain plates to the hull had become crystallized and given way under the loads imposed by sailing to windward against a 20 knot breeze.

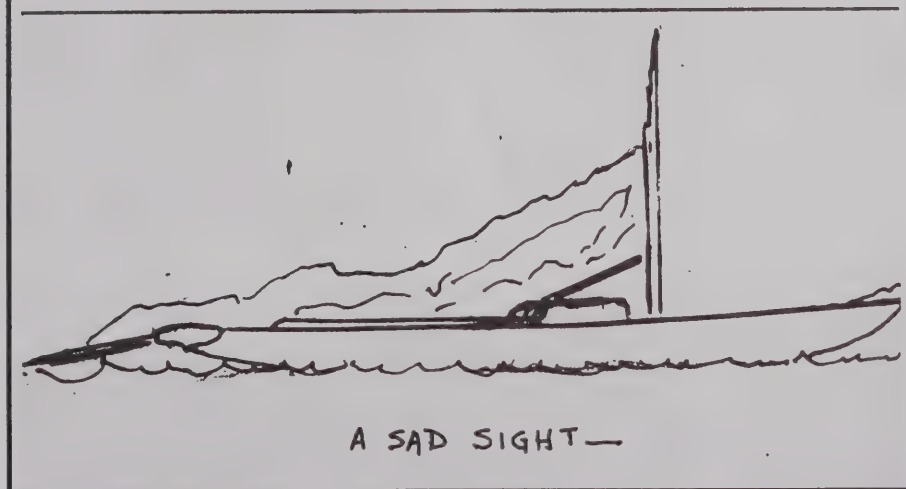
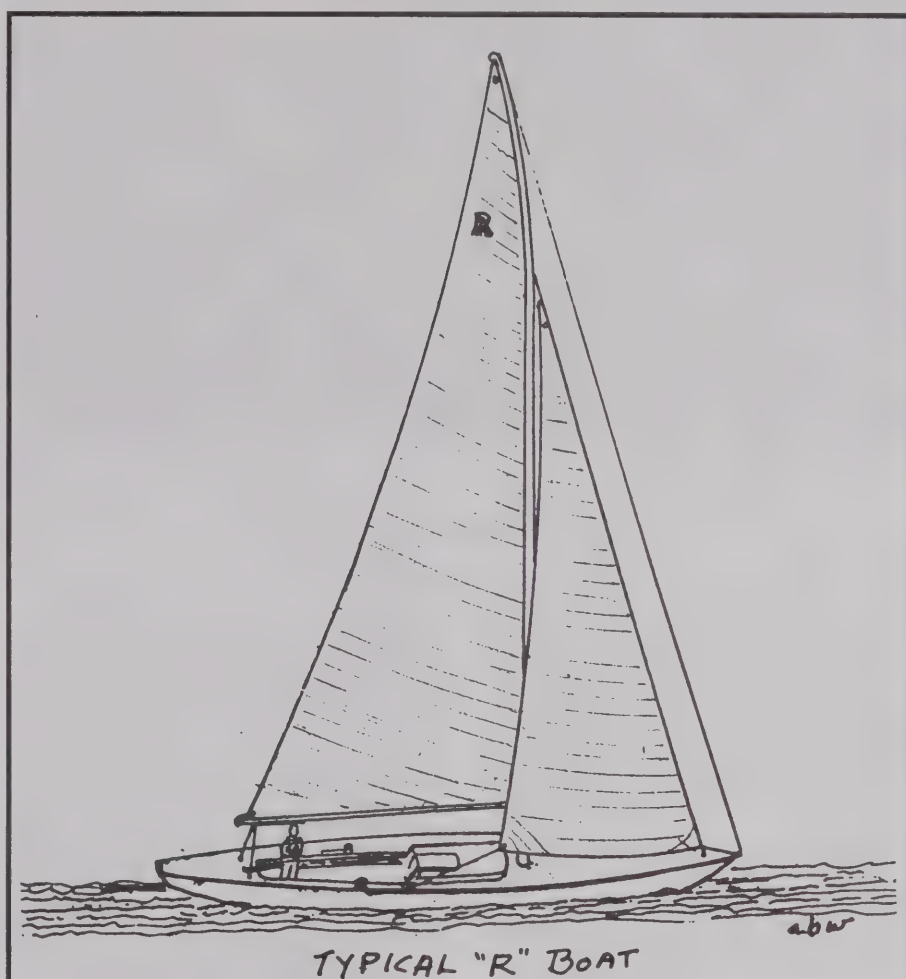
As we were sorting out the tangle of wires, lines, and splintered wood in an effort to keep the broken mast from damaging the hull, a kind yachtsman in a large cabin cruiser that hailed from Philadelphia appeared and offered to tow us to Annapolis. We accepted his help with much gratitude and eventually anchored in the Severn River near the Naval Academy late in the afternoon. Annapolis, then as now, was the center of sailing activity in the Upper Bay, but was home to a much smaller fleet than is the case today.

We spent the night on the boat, but waited until early the next morning before assembling a jury rig in an attempt to return home unassisted. We lashed the boom to the stump of the mast and got underway using one of the jibs. The wind was light from the southeast, and as we tried to enter the Bay we ran aground off Greenbury Point. We managed to refloat her by jumping overboard and pushing her into deeper water, but by the time we had accomplished this feat the wind had lessened, and we decided to leave *Chances* anchored in the harbor and have her towed back to the Potapsacut later. I never go by Greenbury Point

without being reminded of that occasion.

I don't recall how we got back to Gibson Island where we had left our station wagon,

but I do remember that the dismasting did not discourage us from attending and thoroughly enjoying the awards dinner at the Club the next night.



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Rowing shells on the beach in Baja.

Reprinted from *Scuzbuns News*.

Cool Boat Places Bahia de la Ventana

On the last day of February, I scanned the Spring '98 issue of *The Catch*, the quarterly newsletter of the Alden Ocean Shell Association, published in Maine. The Alden Ocean Shell is a popular recreational rowing shell which has such devoted owners that thousands of them belong to a worldwide owners' club. I was struck by the stark contrast between the content of the newsletter and my surroundings that day.

The Catch featured stories about a big rowers' meeting in a hotel, a winter survival hike in the New Hampshire mountains, and a New Hampshire rower who traveled to Australia to find suitable weather and rowing partners last November. I guess it's hard to find rowing news in midwinter in Maine. I felt a wave of sympathy for my fellow rowers confined by winter, and marveled at the patience and faith of folks from Maine (Main-ers? Mainians? Mainiacs?).

At the time I was pleasantly tired from the morning's rowing workout, wearing t-shirt, shorts, and sandals, sitting in the shade, avoiding the intense midday sun, with a view of the turquoise ranging to sapphire blue waters of

the Sea of Cortez, Baja California Sur. I was the guest of Larry and Cheri Loneragan on part of their three-week tour of prime recreational rowing spots along Baja's east coast. Larry and Cheri are the Alden dealers for southern California. Larry has made a number of winter rowing trips to Baja since 1989, this year bringing four open water rowing shells.

Were it not for its breathtaking coastline, Baja would be as popular with tourists as the Sahara desert which it otherwise roughly resembles. The magical contrast between rugged desert mountains and the clear, warm, turquoise-colored Sea of Cortez produces fanatic devotees who return year after year.

While there are a few lavish resort areas in Baja, barely distinguishable from other tropical resorts around the world, its special appeal lies in its ample unspoiled, unmanaged emptiness. Organized ecotourism is developing, but unfettered individual camping, cruising, and exploring remains possible and is favored by many.

We were camped next to the beach in the village of La Ventana (The Window) almost at the southern end of Baja, approximately at

the same latitude as Great Exuma Island in the Bahamas, except that you can drive here in a few days from San Diego. La Ventana and its companion village of El Sargento have no hotels, no restaurants, no streetlights, and two grocery stores, each literally the size of a bedroom. The road to town was first paved only a few years ago. I slept in a tent, but enjoyed two essential, civilized amenities: hot showers and great sit-down meals emanating from Cheri's kitchen in the RV.

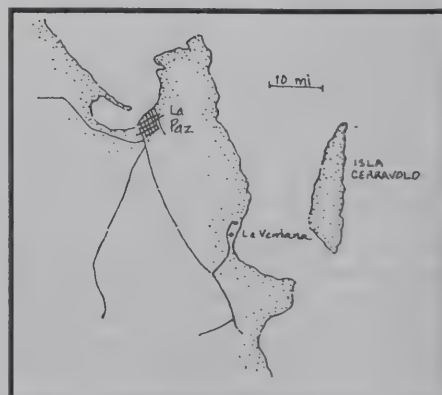
The Sea of Cortez has all kinds of weather, but is usually as placid as a big pond. The water is nearly as clear and warm as the Caribbean. Conditions are usually perfect for open water rowing. During my stay we had a spell of El Norte, the occasional north wind, which rendered Bahia de la Ventana (Window Bay) too choppy for rowing except for those who love punishment. Early morning hours were good, however, so we got accustomed to seeing the sun rise while on the water, just like crew jocks.

In addition to a good workout in beautiful surroundings, rowing here has unfamiliar rewards, like cruising slowly over shallows and reefs to observe plentiful starfish, eels, stingrays, and other exotic sea life in the clear, subtropical waters. Rowing in such clear water is oddly exhilarating. The sensation of speed is enhanced. There's a kind of magic carpet ride effect as the view of the bottom glides by, and your shadow keeps pace over sand and rocks below. "We're not in Kansas anymore, Toto."

I did go out in rough conditions enough to test my skills, half expecting to take a swim. I was reminded of why the Alden Ocean Shell is justly famous for its rough water ability. It's simply amazing how well such a small light craft can cope with conditions that appear ready to swamp it. I also tried an Alden Star (a long, lean, open water racing shell) in similar conditions, and while it was remarkably stable and responsive, it was, of course, wet. In the short chop it was like rowing a submarine with only the conning tower (me) sticking out.

Larry has served as informal host, guide, and rowing coach to a number of guests on this and previous trips over the years. Like the commercial kayak touring outfitters already popular in Baja, Larry is ready to offer a similar service in Fall '98 or Spring '99, tailored to the interests of recreational rowers. Larry would provide the boats and logistical support as needed for guests. Daily airline flights are available from U.S. cities to several locations in Baja, close to prime rowing territory, or, for the "total Baja experience," drive down from San Diego.

Rowing in the Sea of Cortez.



Above Ticonderoga the lake narrowed and shoaled rapidly, the channel for the last few miles to the entrance of the Champlain Canal at Whitehall being dredged through a continuous marsh. Sounding my horn at the canal inlet, I was told by the lock master that a pass from the superintendent would be necessary before he could put me through.

Running back to a mooring place out of the way of traffic, I tied up my boat and walked half a mile through the town to the administration building. The latter, a fine modern structure of reinforced concrete, appeared to be closed for the day at the unaccountably early hour of 3:00 in the afternoon. Inquiry and search finally discovered a man admitting to be from the canal office pitching horseshoes in a nearby vacant lot.

The official appeared not a little peeved at being called away from a game at which he undeniably had a considerable natural aptitude, and peevishness gave way to a real flood of indignation when I stated that my boat was powered only by an outboard motor. Fifteen minutes of thumbing through a book of regulations finally did discover a rule which seemed to hold that only craft with installed motors should be permitted to pass through the canal. In vain did I cite specific instances of outboard powered boats having been passed through the locks of the Panama Canal.

Sitting back with thumbs in waistcoat armholes and twirling fingers, the guardian of the gates assured me that the Panama Canal was not the New York State Barge Canal. Equally vain was my plea for a permit on the strength of the fact that I had been given my turn with the ocean-going steamers in the canals of the St. Lawrence. "Them wan't the New York State Barge Canal neether."

Yet it was a little notation on the back of the St. Lawrence pass to the effect that the bearer was a journalist that finally turned the trick.

"Write fer the papers, do yu? Hem, hum... Wal, seein' you've kum so fer, reckon I may as well let yu go on. Allus glad to help reporters."

And so, after meeting with nothing but kindness and courtesy in traversing some hundreds of miles of Canadian canals, I finally won this grudging permission to use the limited stretch of the only one of my own country's canals through which it was necessary to pass to reach the end of my voyage as planned. Save for an officious roustabout at one of the locks, the rest of those with whom I came in contact in passing through the Champlain Canal were friendly and courteous. Doubtless the political appointee is found only in the administrative offices.

The real source of the New York State Barge Canal is, of course, Albany, which would account for the fact that rather more politics than shipping passes through its channels.

Returning to my boat, I found the motor a near wreck as a consequence of having been started up by a predatory gang of street gamins a few minutes previous to my arrival. After the outraged little craft had tried vainly to shake off its tormentors by climbing the bank, it had attempted to defeat their end by tangling the tiller lines in the flywheel and stalling the motor. The ambitious young pirates were busily engaged in prying loose the strangle hold of the braking rope when I landed in their midst from the wall above.

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 XII - Part 2 To the Hudson by the Old "Grand Pass"

My timely appearance probably saved a chase after my glasses and cameras, all of which had been extracted from their cases. More important still, it had prevented further jackknife surgery on the motor. An operation already under way considerably altered the action of the timer, which was never quite its former peppy, energetic little self again. A hurried inventory not only disclosed nothing of any kind to be missing, but that, on the contrary, I was ahead one knife, two hats, a bag of all-day-suckers and the back of a shirt retained in my fist after a well-meant grab at a diving fugitive.

Coming on top of my not unannoying visit to the canal office, I was rather more inclined to think of the raid of this little gang of youthful Yankees in the light of the many times my boat had remained unmolested along a thousand miles of Canadian waterways. My "Homecoming Week" was making a far from auspicious start. It is only fair to add, however, that, on the score of human contacts, this was the only unsatisfactory day of the whole voyage. Whitehall is an industrial town, silk-mills, and there isn't really much to choose between the street gamins of manufacturing centers the world over.

Locked up through a 15' lift, I ran through the heart of the town and out into a rich and beautiful farming country. A lift of 12 feet at Comstock, with one of 16 feet at Smith's Basin, brought me to the crest of the divide between Champlain and the Hudson. Camping for the night on the grassy canal bank, I pushed off early and ran through to Schuylerville by mid-forenoon. That gave me time for a climb to the splendid scenic vantage of the General Schuyler monument and a drive to the historic points associated with Burgoyne's surrender.

On the New York State Barge Canal.

Many locks made slow going in the afternoon, and the day was well advanced before I came out of the last of those of the Champlain system at Waterford and ran on down past the entrance of the Erie Canal and the mouth of the Mohawk. There still remained the great government lock at Troy, and an hour was lost here while a long tow of barges from Buffalo went in and out ahead of me. Tailing on to the last of these while the water sunk, I learned from the resident family that, as a consequence of trouble with the engine of the towing barge, they had been several weeks passing through the Erie Canal.

I spent the night on a narrow gravel island immediately opposite the heart of Troy. The steeply sloping bank was saturated some distance above the level at which I landed, but it was not until my grounded boat had floated free several times that the reason for it came home to me. There is a rise and fall of tide of a number of feet right at the foot of the Troy dam, which brings home the interesting fact that the Hudson, the lordly Hudson of song and story, is really not a full-grown river at all, but rather only a sizable creek with an extremely long and narrow estuary.

The tides run up and down the 150-mile-long arm of the sea as the impulses undulate along a shaken rope. Thus it may, for instance, be high tide at Troy at the same time it is low tide at New York.

Yet the Hudson is not any the less beautiful, because the best known and most admired part of it is really no more than an attenuated tidal reach. Of all the great rivers of the world which I can recall offhand, only the Columbia, and possibly the Min in central China, comes to the sea in a more impressive scenic setting.

The tide turned some time after midnight and, shoving off in the first flush of the dawn, I drifted down to Albany on the ebb. I had known of Troy in a vague sort of way as the center of the American collar and shirt trade, but how great an industrial concentration this really was I did not realize until, magnified by the morning mists, I discovered looming great buildings which were marked as being Plants Number Six and Seven, and so on up to somewhere in the teens, of a certain well-known manufacturer of linen wear. How far specialization in neckwear has been carried at Troy may be judged from the fact that the sign on one big plant revealed that it was devoted exclusively to the making of horse collars!

Discovering it was Sunday on arrival at Albany, I found I would have to wait until the express office opened the following morning to get a bag which had been shipped there with my civilized togs. The watchman at the Albany Yacht Club found a berth for the boat,



which left me free for a drive around the city and through a very beautiful countryside to Schenectady. That dispensed by the Albany Yacht Club comes nearer to literally wide open hospitality than anything of that brand I have ever encountered.

Not only are motorboats and motor cruisers extended the privileges of mooring room and the clubhouse without the formality of being put up by a member, but even canoeists are made equally at home. A dozen of these had slept on the clubhouse porch the night previous to my arrival. One's craft appears to be one's card at this hospitable club, the privileges of the island home of which are all the more welcome because there are no practicable moorings anywhere else along the waterfront.

A strong adverse tide and wind made slow and sloppy going when I resumed my voyage on Monday, July 28th. By the time the tide finally turned in my favor, the upstream wind had increased to a force which more than offset the advantage. What with the buffeting of head waves and frequent stops for bailing, I had made but little over 40 miles for the day when I landed in the deepening twilight where the log river wall of an old icehouse offered a safe mooring for the night.

A fisherman who strolled over for a yarn while I was cooking supper revealed the interesting fact that I had made camp on the Hudson frontage of the old Bigelow homestead, an estate which had been in the hands of that distinguished family since Revolutionary days. Poultney Bigelow, the present owner, who had been entertaining a house party of friends from New York and Boston, had cut his foot with an ax the previous day and was now confined to his bed.

Sharing many friends on both sides of the Atlantic with the "Sage of Malden," I could not let the occasion pass without at least leaving a message of condolence at the door. That led to a yarn at the bedside of Mr. Bigelow (whose cloven toe did not prevent his treading in fancy with me ends-of-the-earth pathways we had known in China, Borneo and New Guinea), followed by an invitation to hang on for a day or two with the house party.

Compromising on cafe-an-lait and raspberries and cream on the verandah at 7:00 in the morning, a forenoon among the Bigelow books and pictures and an early lunch, I pushed off in the afternoon of the following day with a favoring tide. Passing Kingston, Poughkeepsie, and Newburgh, I ran in through a driving rainstorm to Chelsea, mooring for the night to the float of the little waterfront park.

The spray from breaking waves routed me out of my bed on the sea wall before daylight, but only to face a tedious wait of a couple of hours until my stranded boat was floated by the rising tide. The remainder of the day was a ding-dong fight against one of the heaviest blows I had encountered since the big storm on the north shore of Lake Michigan.

This did not trouble me seriously while I banged down the comparatively narrow reaches past West Point, Peekskill, and Haverstraw, but when I entered the broad lake-like expanse below the rusting lines of the moored ships of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, I soon found the boat, even with the motor at half speed, was taking more water than I could comfortably get rid of.

Running in toward the eastern shore to make landing easier in case of swamping, a

huge gray building which I took to be a factory appeared out of the mists. The name of the place on the map, Ossining, meant nothing to me, until some men with guns on their shoulders rushed down to disperse some other men in striped clothes who were crowding against a high iron fence to watch my approach. Both guards and guarded appeared to scent a possible jail delivery.

Tarrytown was my immediate objective, and the sentry who waved me off had shouted, in reply to my query, that Tarrytown light was six miles farther down. With heavy seas crashing against my starboard beam, I lost ground steadily with my bailing all the way, though without serious worry on account of the nearness of the shore. Suddenly the wind shifted to the southeast, creating a wild wallow of cross seas which brought water over impartially from either side. There was a crazy mob of waves rioting off the point above Tarrytown, and running through the shallows inside the light avoided only the worst of them.

With Tarrytown breakwater and the anchored fleet off the boat club in sight, the wind hauled back eight points to the southwest and settled down to a blustering blow of from 40 to 50 miles an hour. Ten minutes of such a gale in mid-river would have meant certain swamping, and even as it was there was a bit of doubt as to whether or not the boat would fill before I reached more sheltered water. The last 300 yards was a real monkey show. The waves thrown off from the river wall in front of the Chevrolet works, colliding with the in-rushing rollers driven before the wind, formed tossing fountains of water that shot straight up into the air and then tumbled back on themselves.

With several hundred potential lifesavers from the big motor factory lining the wall to see the fun, it really didn't matter a lot if the boat did swamp, and so I kept plugging ahead with the gunwales setting lower at every wave. By the time I had rounded the breakwater, my freeboard was reduced to just about that of a floating plank. Yet in spite of the indignant sputtering and spitting induced by being buried almost to the cylinders, my game little motor still rattled merrily on. With the water swirling about my knees, it took a nice bit of balancing to keep the boat on a sufficiently even keel to steer, but this was managed sufficiently well to bring it in alongside the clubhouse landing.

Dodging through the anchored boats, I could see that several of them were dragging their moorings, while one motorboat and several skiffs were already on the beach. As landing on the plunging float was out of the question without help, I worked on shoreward under oars and finally contrived a temporary mooring in the partly sheltered water in the lee of the piling supporting the clubhouse.

A telephone call to the Commodore of the boat club at his place of business, the local Standard Oil station, brought him down at once to give me a hand. With the help of the steward of the club and a hundred feet of heavy line, we contrived a mooring which promised to weather the blow. The engine was detached and the canvas hood extended all the way back over the stern. Held by half-inch bow and sternlines, it looked as though nothing short of being run down by a drifting motor-cruiser from the outer anchorage could cause trouble.

Some time in the night, however, when the gale was at its height, the bow-line must

have chafed through. Just what happened I never learned, but it is quite probable that the near derelict rode out the night at the end of her stern line. Then some good soul, whom I have never had the opportunity to identify and thank, moored her all over again. She was lying snug and uninjured when I came back to finish my voyage 36 hours later, with only a few inches of water in her bilge to show for the experience.

That night, for only the second time on my voyage, I slept between sheets again. The previous evening I had inflated my rubber mattress on a stone riverwall, to be drenched before morning with the windblown tops of breaking combers. Now I rolled into a canopied four-poster that my good friends, the Gino Speranzas of Irvington, had recently bought in Italy at one of the recurrent bankrupt sales of Gabriele d'Annunzio. I slept well enough on both occasions.

The only difference was that the d'Annunzian draperies cut down the supply of oxygen from my hitherto wind-fanned lungs to such an extent that I contracted prematurely the returning to civilization cold that every homecoming camper learns to expect as a matter of routine.

The gale had blown itself out by the time I took the river again at midday of August 1st. The day was hot, windless, and sultry, with afternoon thunder squalls in the offing. I made fast time running down the Hudson with the ebb, but on entering the Harlem at Spuyten Duyvil, this favoring flow became a head tide. I fought a current of six or seven knots in breasting the broken water under the railway trestles at the mouth of the river, and an average of more than half of that all the way through to Mott Haven.

A wild howling from a baseball park which I took to be the new Yankee Stadium told of a home run to the bleachers, or possibly a brilliant catch retiring the hated visiting team. Then a violent thunder shower, breaking at almost the same moment I nosed into a foul reach stiff with floating street sweepings, created the momentary illusion that it was really raining the cats and dogs among which I bumped. Then the sun came out again and I found myself presented with the choice of two channels leading into the broad expanse of open water separating the Bronx and Long Island.

Choosing the nearer and narrower of the passages because it was the shorter, I found myself bucking a current which, in midstream I could barely hold my own against with the motor wide open. Dodging up through the eddies along the banks, I made much better time, passing several launches that had moored to await the turn of the tide.

Landing at a boathouse where the waters began to broaden and the current to slacken, I learned that I had just come through the narrower, and therefore swifter, channel of Hell Gate. The boathouse people said they had never heard of the full force of the tide having been successfully breasted before by an outboard motor. As they seemed considerably impressed, I thought it just as well not to spoil things by explaining how simple it really is to work up against a fast current by keeping to the swirls and eddies.

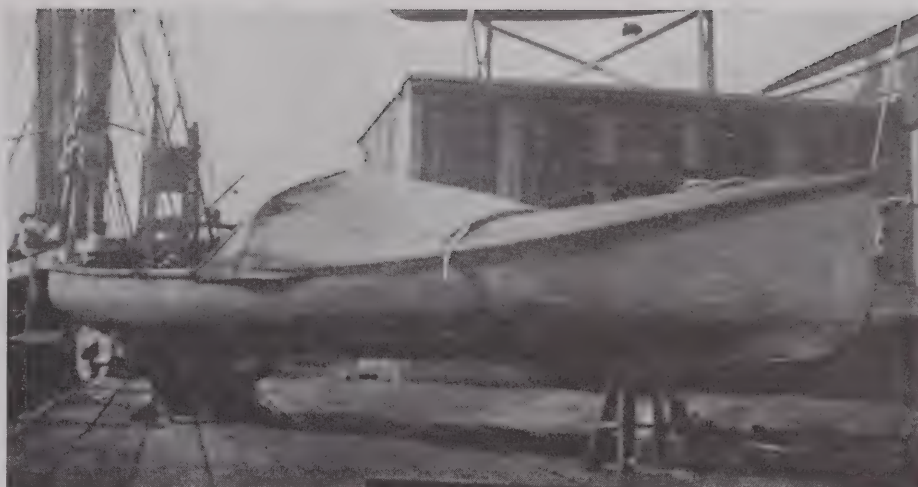
The previous day I had arranged by telephone to have my outfit stored and cared for at the boathouse of Bruno Beckhard at Flushing. With the course all the way into Flushing

Bay opening up straight ahead, I did not wait for the launch which was to have come to the Harlem to pilot me in. Beckhard was waiting for me at his landing below the bridge that closes the end of the shallow arm running in from the bay.

"I've been anxious for you to come," he said with a grin, "so that I could borrow your Elto for a demonstration run. All of my own are in use this afternoon. Hope you won't mind."

It was rather a mean trick to play on a poor little kicker that had just finished driving 1500 pounds or more of boat and outfit through almost 2000 miles of not always tranquil waters, but if there was any bitterness in its game spirit, there was no trace of it in the snappy rat-a-rat with which it responded to the first spin of its bright flywheel. Five minutes later the red canoe it was driving had disappeared in the direction of the Sound.

I had packed up and taken the train for New York before the demonstration run was over, and so never had a chance to tell that astonishing little bundle of energy to its face just how I felt about the way it had served me, especially on those three or four occasions on which its failure would have meant the bring-



My boat finally at rest, the trip over.

ing to an end of more than my voyage. As so many flattering things were said to and about it at the January Motor Boat Show in New York, it will perhaps be just as well if I refrain from expressing myself until I see it again. But

replying to many hundreds who have written me about it, I will only say that that a 2000-mile run without a single replacement should speak for itself.

(Conclusion)

As I lie here recuperating from surgery, reminiscing about childhood, the wonderful days of rowing come to mind. So far, all the stories I have written were about sailing. I never mentioned that long before getting involved with sailing, one of my favorite sports was rowing. It goes back to my early childhood in China when my sister, myself, and a few friends would spend a whole day rowing on the lakes surrounding Beijing. The lake at the Summer Palace was one of our favorites. We would row to isolated banks and coves, explore, have picnics, etc. The best part was that we were never chaperoned by adults.

If I feel insecure at times while sailing, rowing is definitely deeply rooted in me, and I am at ease.

So, to come back to the present, about a month ago my girlfriend expressed the wish to learn kayaking. Beside the sailboats, we also own two double-seater kayaks. I accepted with enthusiasm. I knew that just as my husband is my instructor in sailing, I could be quite a good teacher in paddling. Or so I hoped.

So, on a set day, and in order to make the trip more complete, I packed a semi-waterproof case with little treats, a bag of peanuts, chocolates, juice, cigarettes (unfortunately), a few dollars, etc.

The weather was moderately windy and sunny. Once my girlfriend figured out how to get in without flipping over, we paddled out of the marina. I sat in front so that we could harmonize our paddling. She was a quick learner, mastering the art very soon with many exclamations about how wonderful it felt. We enjoyed the harmonious rhythm of the paddles against the water and the swift gliding of the kayak. We admired the beauty on the shore and the ocean. We were happily paddling away, caught up in conversation, discussing among other things the advantages of kayaking over the new craze of jet-skis.

A First Lesson

By Smiljka Fitzgerald

Since the current was with us, when we finally looked back we were about five miles away from the marina and a mile-and-a-half offshore. In the meantime, the wind had picked up and, since we were coming close to a point, the currents were ripping in turmoil. Coming about took some effort. Now we were paddling against the current and against the strong wind. However, our spirits were high and my girlfriend, what with trusting me and with a lack of bad experiences with the ocean, felt thrilled and secure.

Rain clouds started covering the southeastern end of the sky. It looked like a small storm could be on the way. However, my girlfriend wished to take a break and land on the nearby picturesque shore. I did not know the shore at that spot, but we could see some fishing boats and a few houses, a small fishermen's colony. So we estimated that the odds of a reefless sandy shore were good.

We rode a wave right to the shore. We pulled in the kayak, took our bag of goodies, seated ourselves comfortably under a tropical almond tree and continued chatting, munching peanuts, and enjoying the picturesque spot.

However, in the back of my mind I was observing the clouds gathering and the wind building up. The tide was rising and the surf was coming up. I knew that this ocean could be far more difficult than the peaceful lakes in China. I got restless. It was time for us to wake from our reverie, time to head back.

The tide had risen and the waves were about three feet. I explained that in order to get out, we would have to try and paddle out

between the sets. Then the ordeal began. We threw our stuff on board and made the first attempt. Just as I yelled that everything was under control, my girlfriend was unstable getting in, and the kayak flipped over, a wave crashing on top of us. All our belongings were floating around. While we were trying to save our stuff, the waves were mercilessly sending the kayak towards the rocks. My girlfriend, who is more muscular and stronger, grabbed it in the last moment and pulled it out.

While all this was happening, about a hundred feet away, two men were sitting under a tree, drinking their beers, and watching in amusement. We did not know whether to laugh or cry, but we were determined to succeed. A second unsuccessful effort was made. A wave tipped us over once again, the kayak smacking us on our calves. At that point I felt quite humiliated. After all my sea adventures, here I was trying unsuccessfully to get a kayak back into the water, seemingly a simple thing.

A terrifying thought flashed through my mind. What if we had to end up calling our men for help? Then I noticed a spot further down the beach where the angle of the sand and the water was not so steep. The waves seemed a little smaller as well. We pulled the kayak to that spot, waited for a set of waves to pass, and made a go for it. "Paddle out! Paddle out!" I yelled. Finally, at the third lucky try, we paddled out successfully. My friend let out one victorious "Yes!" We were paddling back in a downpour, but our seemingly insignificant success gave us a good adrenaline rush and we finally paddled back into the marina, excited and victorious.

It was basically a good first lesson. My friend realized that certain caution has to be present. The ocean is a moody creature. Of course, the experience brought us closer together, and we parted with vows to go kayaking again.



My New Boat (I Mean MINE!)

By Robb White

El Nino ain't got me yet, been hitting all around us though. Here is a picture of my new boat. I mean MINE. Well, it belongs to my wife Jane and the grandchildren. It has been a long time since we had a new skiff. As near as I can figure, our old skiff was built in the early '80s and just got too little to haul us all back and forth to the house all the time.

The new boat is 16'2" by 5'3" by 155 pounds. It is just a regular RW&S "tumblehome skiff," eyeball built by the usual method, all tulip poplar except for the longleaf pine keel and beech chafing gear for the outboard, planks pre-formed and sheathed with epoxy and fiberglass on both sides before being glued on the boat, frames sawed from natural crooks.

One unusual thing about it is that my son Wes and I dug the log that it was built from up out of the ground with the skidder. It had been lying there from when I was a child. My sisters and I played on it and so did my own children. We called it the "coon tree" because of the excremental evidence that they left. My grandchildren would have joined those coons, too, but it had become almost buried by time they came along.

We had to cut big roots off of other trees that were holding it down. The sapwood had long since rotted off, but the heartwood still looked good. We sawed it into pretty lumber, but I was always afraid to put it into a customer's boat. We'll see how it turns out. The suspicious lumber will give me an excuse to keep the boat in case some impatient person comes by with an offer that I can't refuse, like has happened to most of the other boats we built for us.

Another unusual thing about it is that the homemade hardware is all stainless steel instead of bronze as usual. I did that for two reasons. First, we salvaged about 40 feet of 3/4" half-oval off the bottom at Riding Rock on our way back from Andros last time. Second, I was hoping to get a little longer life out of the outboard. Maybe all the bronze in the water on the boat contributes to the electrolysis of the foot of the engine, even though we carefully tip it up every second it isn't running.

A smart man told me once that it costs 10¢ a minute to keep an outboard tipped down,

and that was a long time ago. I think it costs a quarter now. Under normal use, almost every day for us most of the year, an outboard will last five or six years in its original state. From then on, it is like George Washington's axe, a second-hand foot, then another head, and so on until finally I have to do it.

That's the last unusual thing. That big-headed looking engine on there is one of them new four-cycle Evinrudes. Lately, we have been feeling bad about all the oil we have put in the water all these years out of these two-cycle engines. We have noticed the sheen on the bays in South Florida here lately. It even seems like the Gulf side of the Keys has a slick a lot of the time. I wish I could get to where I didn't have to fool with engines at all, but until then we'll try this.

I like the engine. It weighs about 20 pounds more than the 9.9s that we are used to (this one is a 15, but there ain't no difference in the weight) and it looks a hell of a lot big-

ger. I noticed that you have to pull the rope a little harder and a little further out and, most of the time, twice, but it runs real smooth and very quiet. The best thing is that it seems to only burn about half the gas of a two-cycle 9.9. I haven't tried out my whole collection of 9.9 propellers yet (they fit), but it will do better than 20 knots on the GPS with the 10" pitch wheel that came with it, and that is too fast for us.

The best speed is a little over 12, engine is smooth and quiet, boat on a hard, flat plane with a good load, and the fuel consumption is just a little over half a gallon an hour. That's around 20 mpg. Our Bahamian friends will be interested in that.

About the old boat that this one replaced. I tried to find a photograph of it to send you, but we all rummaged everywhere and couldn't find a single picture of it that was taken on purpose. The old skiff is a little unusual, the last plywood boat I built. I had gone to lap-



strake years before, but I built a bunch of plywood skiffs when I first started. I decided to build a take-apart nesting dinghy to fit on the cabin top of our sailboat, and couldn't think of anyway to do it except plywood so I fell back on the old design. It worked good.

The bow section fits tight on the cabin top with a gasket over the companionway and the stern section nests over it, transom to the mast. Instead of being put together at a pair of bulkheads in the middle, there are just two frames that bolt together with a cork gasket between. That leaves an opening over the door when it is stowed so Jane can pass saline crackers out to me when it is rough. The skiff sort of makes a dodger arrangement up there on top of the house, low enough to pass the

boom at the lowest position, firmly attached, don't look even look too ridiculous for a 14' planing skiff on top of a 30' fiberglass junkpile. The boat has enough foam flotation in the double bottom so we can throw the sections over the side and then get in to bolt them together. The whole operation takes about 10 minutes, nothing to it.

Know what though? We ain't ever done it in all these years on a cruise, just never got around to it. That old skiff has made no telling how many miles under tow back and forth across the Gulf Stream and across the Gulf of Mexico. I showed its unusual construction to a Bahamian boatbuilder in Andros. He said, "That's a good feature, you point that out when you go to Nassau and you won't have to worry,

nobody will steal that boat." It is 14' by 57". It is made out of good, if you can say that about any plywood, old-stock 1/4" fir marine plywood fiberglassed on both sides with epoxy, even inside the double bottom with the foam.

That's the only reason it has lasted this long in continuous service like it has. It weighs well over 200 pounds. It has outlasted one 9.9 and is working on the dying quivers of a Japanese 8. It takes every one of those eight horses to get 12 knots with two people, and the 9.9 wasn't much better. The old boat is still in good shape and will continue in service. Hell, I might put a new gasket in it this summer even though the old one hasn't leaked a drop in all these years.



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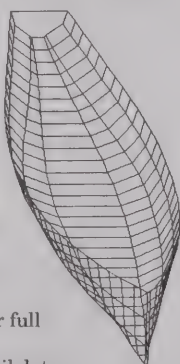
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Here are two new boats in my one dollar catalog.

Scram Pram

The prototype Scram Pram was built by Wil Gordon of Houston, Texas. A second Scram was built to the prototype drawings by Ulric Roberts of Savannah, Georgia. The photo shown here is Wil's boat.

I designed Scram on Wil's request as an enlargement of a stock design I did a while back called IMB. There is an IMB being built in the Houston area at this time. An IMB was completed a few years ago in Ohio, but someone bought the project from the builder prior to launching or any photographs.

Scram is 16' long and 6' wide where IMB was 14' long and 5' wide. Both boats have a multi-chine pram shape that I used on my own 11' Piccup Pram. That shape gives lots and lots of volume in a short hull that is good in rough water and is fast and handy. Scram displaces 1100 pounds at 7" draft.

The sides of the Scram are built up into a Birdwatcher-type cabin, something invented about 15 years ago by Phil Bolger for his Birdwatcher boat. The entire crew sits low inside the boat watching the world through tinted Plexiglas windows, much like sitting in an automobile. Scram's one-room cabin is 8-1/2' long, 6' wide, and 44" deep.

The bulkheads to the bow and stern are open to allow dry storage under the bow and stern decks. There is a 2' wide open walkway on centerline. You can stand up along the center and walk around as in an open boat, or sit in the shady sides as in a closed boat. These are cool boats provided the top is painted white. If the walkway is left open while sailing, downdraft from the sail cascades through the cabin. The walkway is covered with a snap-on cloth in bad weather or storage.

Scram



More New Boats

By Jim Michalak

This cabin type has many advantages. All boat and sail handling and rigging are done from inside the cabin. There is never need to go on deck. For boating with children I would think it has no equal since the kids are always corralled in the cabin. This cabin also provides the boat with a much wider range of stability than that of a normal unballasted open sailboat. In a knockdown this boat has high sides, decked over roof, and has its crew weight on the boat's bottom, all factors increasing righting ability. In most light weather sailing photos of these boats you will see the crew standing or sitting on the back porch, but in heavy weather they would sit down in the cabin and steer from there. By the way, the tiller runs under the aft deck into the cabin with no fancy linkage.

Wil wanted a very large sail rig, 173 square feet of balanced lug shown here. He and his wife sewed it up to the instructions given in the plans and they did an excellent job. It's a striped opus that must be seen in color to be appreciated. I always encourage my builders to sew their own sails, but I must admit that one of this size might do you in. Some of the seams in the Scram sail are over 20' long, so when you feed them through the sewing machine you need an awful lot of floor space. Wil sent a neat photo of the operation in his house, sewing machine in the hallway, room doors open on all ends of the hallway to accept the growing sail. I doubted that Scram needed so much sail, but others have told me that in Houston's summer it will all get used.

To balance all that sail and provide steadiness, Scram has ballast tanks that hold about 300 pounds of water. They form a double bottom with a slot down the center for your feet. Filling and emptying are done with simple drain plugs with deck plates directly above the plugs, all done from inside the hull. The tops of the tanks form flats on which to sit. The Georgia Scram has benches instead with no ballast. Sail area is 150 square feet on that boat. Wil is experimenting with small valved standpipes set into the tops of the tanks. The idea is to float the boat with the plugs out of the bottoms of the tanks, opening the standpipe valves to allow the air to rush out and the water to rush in. When the tanks are full, you seal the valves and there you have it, full ballast tanks automatically. I'm not sure if the water will stay there, it might dribble out slowly if you were on a long tack. Testing will show if it works. It's a simple and cheap system.

Scram has a kick-up rudder and pivoting leeboard. I think Wil ballasted the leeboard with lead to keep it down and then attached a pennant to lift it up. I've never ballasted the boards on my own boats. I've found they like to stay all the way down or all the way up, not much in between. Nor is there much reason to sail with the board in between. So, with an unballasted board, the only line I run is aft from the eye you see on the top of the board, and that line is used to yank the board down after it hits something. Ulric is using an unballasted board with a shock cord to hold it down. Karl James on his Jewelbox used an unballasted board with two lanyards to the board's top,

one to lift up and one to pull down. I hesitate to advise a "best" way.

There is a small motor well in the stern and another open well in the bow for anchors and such.

Construction is taped seam plywood, the bill using five sheets of 1/4" plywood and nine sheets of 3/8" plywood. Only one sheet of tinted Plexiglas is needed for the cabin. It's expensive stuff. I thought the boat would weigh about 500 pounds empty, although I suspect the prototype weighs more than that. No jigs or lofting required.

Blueprints for Scram are \$35.

AF4

AF4 is the fourth in a series of simple cuddy sharpies that started with Alison's Fiddle a few years ago. The first three were sailing boats with this same styling.

But the AF4 is a straight power boat, the first power boat I've ever owned. It was an interesting decision process. Last year I had tinkered with an old and small Clinton outboard to the point where I could use it on my Birdwatcher. The breakthrough with that motor came when I took it to a lawnmower repair man instead of an outboard shop. Although tired, worn and corroded, the Clinton pushed the 24' Birdwatcher at about 6 mph. My Birdwatcher has the original smaller rig and that sail/motor combo made for a very handy and useful boat. I found the long Birdwatcher could take the full power of the Clinton (probably about 2hp max), but smaller lighter boats like Jinni or my Twixt could not. Their sailboat and rowing sterns did not have enough buoyancy aft to prevent the bow from pointing skyward.

About the same time, Kilburn Adams of St. Louis put together a Sturdee Dory with a 10hp 4-stroke Yamaha and a cuddy cabin. He brought it to our messabouts and the potential of a small horsepower cuddy boat was clear. For me here is the message. Almost any boat more than 16' long will end up with a motor. Once it has the motor, the owner will use the motor all the time and any sailing or rowing plans become diversions that can be expensive and in the way. Design for power from scratch and many benefits will be apparent.

But, you might say, "I don't want that scene, weight, consumption, speed." That's how the big manufacturers have done it, but it doesn't have to be that way. A 30-year-old 2hp motor will push my 24' Birdwatcher faster than it will sail. Kilburn's dory planes easily with 10hp and gets 20 mpg at 12 mph. For those of us coming from rowing and sailing boats, there is another step in power boating that is cheaper and easier than the sail/motor combos that we usually develop. It's not so much a step to meet our dreams about boats as a step that deals with how we really use our boats.

So I went back to my Alison's Fiddle sailing sharpie design and tweaked it into a straight power boat. AF4 is 18' long and 5' wide with a simple flat bottom. The first 2' is open anchor well. The next 8' is cuddy cabin, about 40" deep and 54" wide on the floor. It's quite nice for one person, but it could take two in a pinch. I can sit up and read in there on a folding chaise lounge. Like the Scram and the Birdwatcher, AF4's cabin has a full length 2' wide slot top. Cover it over with a cloth in bad weather or with a net in good weather.

Behind the cabin is a 6-1/2' open cockpit. I built no seating into mine, using a nor-

mal folding chair instead. A raised seating platform across the back for the helmsman might be appropriate, but it would attract everyone to sit there and I didn't want that. I've found that two adults in the cockpit, each with his own folding chair, has worked very well. I haven't added a bimini shade yet but I'm certain it will add a lot this summer, and it is on the "to do" list.

Behind the cockpit is a raised, self-draining motor well. The motor itself is clamped to the stern. Under the well floor is a small bit of storage accessible from the cockpit, although I've found that anything stored there is instantly removed by wind currents while trailering.

I built the AF4 prototype myself, my first boat in a few years, and I had forgotten how much I enjoy building boats. I tried to keep weight down both in hopes of trailering behind a two liter car and to get performance with small engines. The project took five sheets of 1/4" plywood and four sheets of 3/8" plywood with no jigs or lofting. I bought from the local lumberyard as much as possible. I spent about \$500 on AF4, not counting motor, the rough breakdown being \$200 on the plywood, \$100 for general lumber, \$100 for glue, glass and epoxy, and less than \$100 for paint. Building is straight out of Harold Payson's original *Instant Boats*, although I used latex paint and I used epoxy to glue fiberglass tape to the chines. A boat built this way from lumberyard materials will last decades if stored under cover.

One thing I learned about building this power boat is that it goes together a lot quicker than a similar sized sail boat. Perhaps there are half as many parts to make. I had about 120 hours of work in the boat.

The prototype AF4 weighed 300 pounds without motor. I suspect it will gain another 50 pounds in junk for its normal outings. I



AF4

haven't tried towing it with the little car yet. The car can pull that weight, but the hull's volume is actually bigger than that of the car.

I have three motors available to me and have done limited testing with all three. The Clinton (\$50) is rated at 3.5hp, but the results of all the boating I've done with four different boats suggest it really peaks at 2hp. The AF4 with the Clinton runs 7.5 mph at full throttle and 5.7 mph at half throttle. No fuel economy runs yet with the Clinton.

I have a Sears motor (\$50) rated at 7.5hp. Like the Clinton, it is an old air cooled single cylinder motor. Runs on Twixt last year suggested the motor really peaks at 5hp. The AF4 planes cleanly with the Sears motor at 12 mph. Fuel economy at about 10 mph is about 14 mpg. The "speed" photo shows the AF4 with the Sears at full throttle.

I got an old Johnson 10 for \$75, which turned out to be 42 years old but in good shape. The Johnson pushes the AF4 at 17 mph, as fast as anyone used to rowing or sailing would ever want to go. Half throttle gives about 12 mph and the boat seems quite happy. I would say 10hp is the maximum I would recommend for AF4. I'm thinking perhaps the best motor for AF4 might be a 4 cycle 6 or 8hp if you

could afford one. The Johnson seems to burn more fuel than the Sears motor at similar speeds. Haven't figured that one out yet. Getting accurate fuel consumption numbers is difficult. You need to know exactly how far you've gone and exactly how much fuel you used, neither measurement is easy to get.

Actually, I was very pleasantly surprised by the performance with the old motors. The usual rule I had read was that to plane one needed a horse for every 50 pounds of weight. I noticed in Dave Getchell's book that he says motor makers recommend a horse for each 25 pounds. So my AF4, which has a minimum weight with crew of about 550 pounds, should need about 11hp to plane. But it planed easily with about 5. I'm thinking now that a boat with a simple straight flat bottom is going to plane with maybe a horse for every 100 pounds. But I'd add that the shape and light weight that makes AF4 plane so easily also will keep it in the "protected water" category.

Blueprints for AF4 are \$30.

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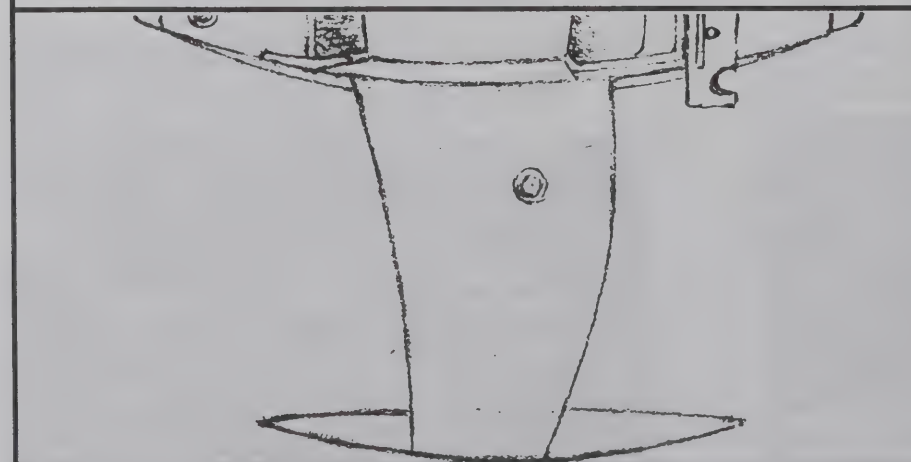
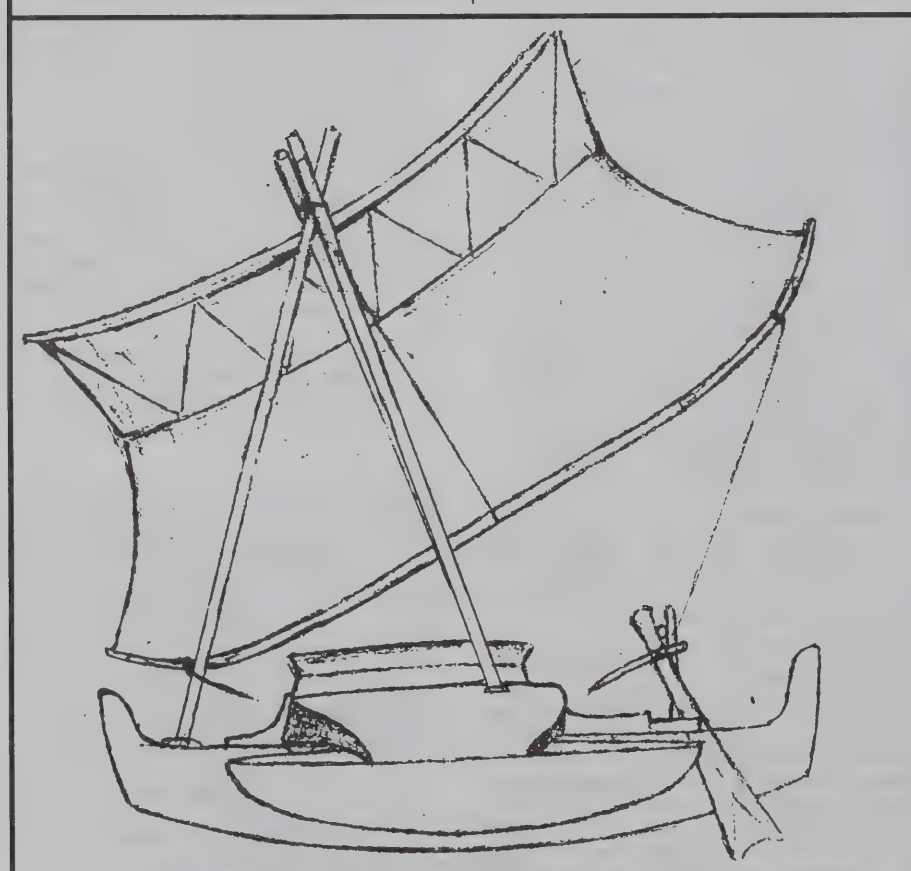
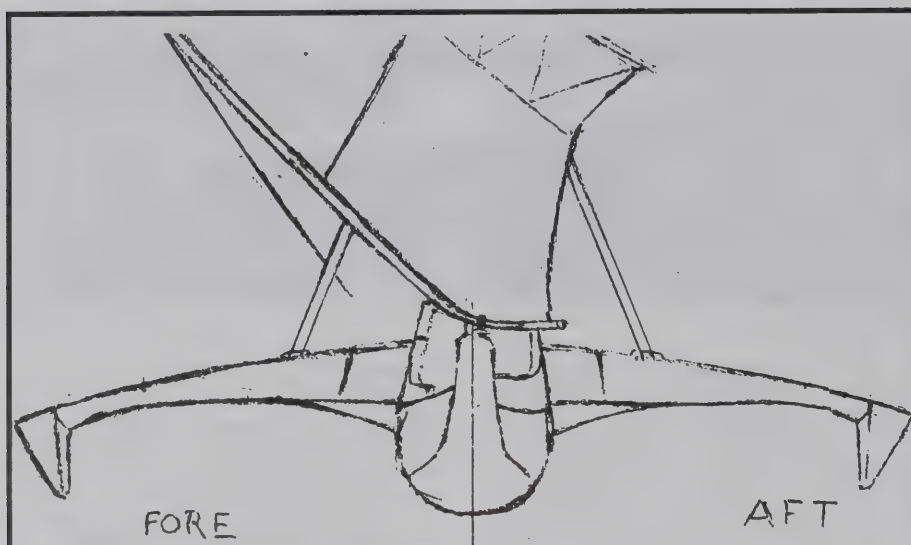
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Dreamboats

Egyptian Flying Wing

By Richard Carsen



This boat was thought to be for long distance travel for two people with supplies for at least two months, water, food, gear. It wasn't that there wasn't enough displacement to carry the load, with the sail area as originally designed, about half of what you see, she would have been the proverbial slow boat to China. What surprised me was what the wing would weigh, seemingly totally out of proportion to the rest of the craft. If it were built as shown, the wing would have to be of the lightest structure possible and covered maybe with doorskin or even airplane canvas, such as they used to cover the older planes with.

I now fully see the reasoning behind *Olympic Photo*, which won one of the Route du Rum races from France to the Caribbean, it may have been the first one.

Olympic Photo was simple as simple can be. I understand that the skipper/builder had sought and gotten advice from some of the foremost trimaran builders, builders of racers, of the time. What he wrought was a rectangular box set upon a long slender hull, accompanied by two amas. The point I would like to make here is that the amas were connected with the box, not by any kind of wing structure, but by two open metal trusses on each side. Far from having the snazzy look of some of the better-known racing tris, it was an uncompromising, maybe even ugly look.

Yet he arrived at the target harbor just behind an enormous schooner that had beaten everybody else by a large margin. However, the tiny tri, taking advantage of its shallow draft, overtook the lumbering giant in the final run to port by cutting across shallows the big one had to circumnavigate. I am told that, because of the easier motion of the tri, the skipper wasn't half as worn out as the skipper of the schooner. Just another instance of David beating Goliath, something all of us like to see happen. I realize that this country's axiom is "bigger is better," but I was raised in a culture that regarded anything outsize with the deepest suspicion.

The sail is one that is still used today by a people called the Lau. There are gypsy people in India still called this. I once went to a performance by them, they sing and dance in the streets for a living. These other Lau are gypsies too, sea gypsies. They live on their small double outriggers by making them into floating tents. They used to live entirely on the water, although recently efforts have been made to get them to settle on land. Part of their survival depended on piracy, and their tris were among the fastest in the area, Ambon in Indonesia and the Philippines. Now if that sail reminds you of the ancient Egyptian, you may be right to see a connection.

According to some modern research, the Egyptians did reach Indonesia. But who influenced who? The Egyptian sail of this type did appear rather suddenly, with no known transition from the sail, high, tall and narrow, used before.

To me the operation of this rig is fascinating. As I may have mentioned before, I

think that the Egyptians used double boats, catamarans, for their long distance trips. From the worldwide research by Prof. Fell (America BC, f.i.) we not only know that the Egyptians traveled both oceans, a stele found at the headwaters of the Mississippi matches one found in New Guinea, but that they officered crews consisting of Spanish Celts and "Libyans" (not those of today, but descendants of the "sea-people" that once attacked Egypt). The stele at the headwaters of the Mississippi is in three languages: Neo-Egyptian, Spanish Celt, and Libyan.

From Prof. Hapgood's research of the famous Piri Reis map over a period of 25 years, we know this map was set up much like a modern map, probably with something akin to a mercator projection. It shows the Med, Africa, the east coast of America, some of Antarctica, and, I understand, more recent finds of other parts of this map even show China.

What is interesting is that both latitude and longitude are very accurate, considering the age of the maps, shrinking, and other misforming through climatological changes and what-have-you, and that these maps themselves must already have been copies of older maps. In these maps the zero meridian runs over Egypt. How did they do the longitude determination? By a method called biotelecommunication, which has been shown to work in our time.

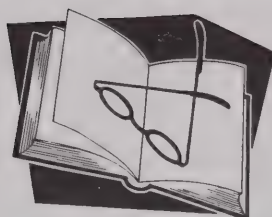
They had very accurate water clocks. These would not work aboard a heaving ship, but could be filled and calibrated again upon arrival. There is plenty of evidence that they used this method from artifacts depicted in drawings. From this it is easy to conclude that the object depicted on the aforementioned stela which was connected with the spring equinox, the djed festival, was such an instrument.

The Egyptians could tack with their sails by slightly tilting the mast forward. In many depictions, and also in models, we often see the crew pulling on the back stays. Why? They are pulling the mast upright upon making port. The Lau went a step further; instead of a mast, they used a tripod. This is done on other craft in that area. How does it work?

Basically, the middle of the sail is attached to the top of the tripod and hangs down the single forward leg. Now, when you pull the sail to starboard, it will slant and you can pull it in with the starboard sheet (as shown). With the port sheet you hold the boom tight against the center pole, it acts as a parrel. You can now tack to port.

To change tack, you let go of the starboard sheet and allow the sail to swing into the central position. You then repeat the former maneuver at the port side, pulling the port sheet aft and using the starboard sheet as the parrel. As the sail is always resting on the slanting poles of the tripod, the sail has good lifting qualities.

The triangles at the top of the sail are filled in with color and may be purely decorative. However, these may be formed by brailing lines. There seems to be a line at each end of the yard. Maybe by pulling these you can brail up that part of the sail to reef. But the tripod does do away with the cumbersome moving of the single mast. The turned boom ends on the Egyptian sail were not to keep them out of the water when the ship was rolling in a sea, it was done to do just that: tacking.



Book Review

Cruising Guide to the Florida Keys

Capt. Frank Papy
108 Fox Island Road
Bluffton, SC 29910
(803) 521-9150

Reviewed by Jerry Kessler

Ol' Bob in his Commentary describes Frank Papy's *Cruising Guide to the Florida Keys* as "a great, colorfully written educational and informative tool for boaters in the Florida Keys." It's exactly that.

Papy (may I call you Frank?) takes the reader on a guided tour from Miami down to Key West and then some, with all the spots in between. I was especially interested in the guide, having done some cruising out of Marathon several years ago. Frank takes us step by step with charts, tables, and color photos through all the major marinas and restaurants, as well as most of the smaller ones, for the full 223 miles from Miami to the Dry Tortugas then northward up the Gulf coast up to the Tampa-St. Pete area.

There is a wealth of articles of interest to the sailor such as "How to Go Through Bridges with Style," (drawbridges that is), "How to Catch Blue Crabs" (the kind that you eat, not scratch), "Weather in the Keys," "GPS Navigation," and on and on. Included is Frank's evaluation of the best diving spots, as well as other types of dives and much, much more, as the vacation brochures say.

On top of all of this, we get a complete set of tide tables for the area, although the tide tables for Lake Okeechobee were missing.

This little guidebook has me really hankering to go back down to the Keys. I recall a little restaurant at a spot somewhere along

US-1 that served up the best conch chowder and hot home-baked bread in the entire known universe.

One geographic mystery to me is the disappearance from all of the Keys maps, including Frank's maps, of a tiny key called Sunshine Key where a buddy and I camped a couple of days. It was only about a foot above sea level and narrow enough to throw a Democrat/Republican (chose one or both) across. What happened to Sunshine Key? Did it disappear beneath the waves like ancient Atlantis?

From the way that Frank describes the various restaurants and rum punches that he has sampled, it is obvious that he is a connoisseur of the finer things in life, a real gastronome as well as having a way with the pen. I was hoping that the guide would have some information regarding shoal water charters in Florida Bay, but maybe there aren't any more. The last one I know of went out of business a few years ago.

Summing up, *Cruising Guide to the Florida Keys* is not factory outlet priced yet neither is it overpriced. At \$19.95 and 256 pages, to me it's worth it.

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Jeanne and I decided to go for a sail out of Oceanside Harbor. We were several miles off the coast in our gaff-rigged cat boat *Gatito*. Seas were calm and a steady 8-knot breeze was blowing. Jeanne was relaxing on the foredeck. I was sitting to leeward, and the boat was in perfect trim. We had worked around the sterns of several larger sailboats. Unconsciously I sheeted in the main and headed the bow hard into the wind. I have a habit of working the boat up into the wind, constantly testing the limits of performance. I carefully watch the sail for the slightest sign of backwinding of the luff.

I noticed a 14' Laser in my wake. As he overtook us, I recognized the skipper as one of the better racing sailors in Oceanside Harbor. He hailed us as he passed, "Randy, I knew you were at the helm by the way you're getting that rig to go to weather." He seemed shocked that any gaff rig could sail so close to the wind. It never occurred to me that I was doing anything unusual.

Gaff rigs have a terrible reputation for not being close-winded. The primary difference in a gaff rig is that the sail has four sides. Most modern boats have sails with three sides, called Bermuda-rigged. I once had serious reservations myself about purchasing a boat with a traditional gaff rig. However, after owning a gaff-rigged mini schooner, and now *Gatito*, I have difficulty finding any disadvantages of the gaff rig, and there are many advantages.

Most smaller gaff rigs are unstayed. I enjoy having no stays or wires holding up the mast. Stepping the mast is accomplished simply by stabbing it into a hole in the deck. The top third of the mast is the gaff spar. This al-

Gaff Rigs on the Wind

By Randy Ames

lows setting a very large sail without complex tensioning wires (shrouds, jumper stays, diamond stays on modern rigs). The mast is much stiffer than the smaller, more flexible gaff spar. The flexible gaff spar allows the shape of the sail to be adjusted to its optimum shape under varying wind conditions.

There are several ways to get better performance from the traditional gaff rig. The first step is to secure the sail properly to the spars. The edges of a gaff sail are not straight. If laid out flat, you can see a subtle bulge or curve on every edge. Modern catamarans have an extreme bulge or "roach" on the leech, or trailing edge of the sail, to increase sail area. On a gaff sail, it is this curve along the edges that gives the sail its working shape. The nautical term for attaching sails to a spar is "bending on sails." The curved edges are literally bent onto the straight spar.

It is important to finely secure the sail to the gaff spar and boom. On *Gatito's* relatively small rig, the best method is to lash each sail grommet to the spar using 1/8" cord. I like to use a long piece of cord and wrap it around the spar several times. The sail must set close against the spar. Secure the top of the luff (throat) so that no significant gap exists between sail and mast when the sail is hoisted.

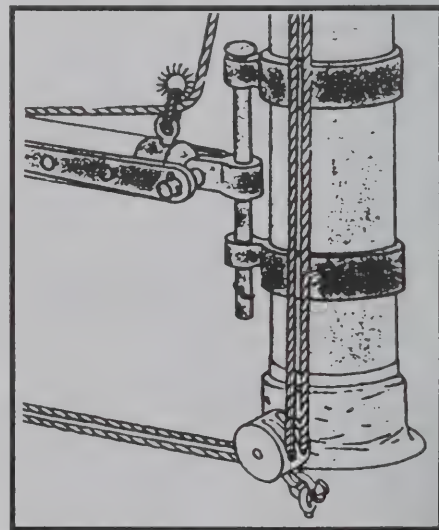
It is critical to lash the peak of the sail securely to the end of the gaff spar. Tension along the head of the sail gives the boat its windward ability. I have wrapped the outhaul on my gaff spar through the peak grommet and around the end of the spar again to add mechanical advantage. If you have correct tension along the top edge of the sail, you should notice an ugly pulling wrinkle parallel with the spar. When the sail fills with wind, the spar will bend and the wrinkle will disappear. Remember to tighten the outhaul from time to time as you sail to maintain proper tension. Repeat this method for securing the foot of the sail to the boom, including pre-tensioning with a wrinkle parallel to the boom.

Sail shape can also be adjusted using the halyards. A gaff sail has two halyards, called the throat halyard and peak halyard. The throat halyard hoists the front of the sail. The peak

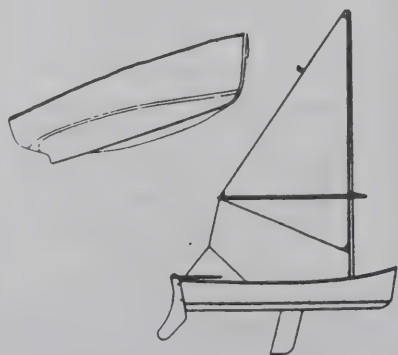
halyard hoists the back of the sail. A taut throat halyard gives tension to the luff of the sail. Once the throat halyard is secured, the peak halyard is tensioned. If there is any wind at all, the peak halyard should be adjusted to produce another ugly wrinkle, diagonally across the sail, from the peak to the tack. In very light wind, the peak halyard may be slackened slightly to allow more "belly" in the sail.

The object of these rigging adjustments is so that, as the sail fills, the wrinkles will flatten out and the sail will assume its aerodynamically proper shape. If there is a baggy spot under the gaff spar near the throat, the outhaul should be tightened. This spot under the throat halyard block is where a gaff sail first luffs, so it should be watched closely. I have taped "telltales," small pieces of yarn, to each side of the sail in this area. If I sail too close to the wind, the windward yarn points to the mast. If the yarn points aft without much movement, the sail is properly trimmed.

I hope this explains some of the mysteries of the gaff rig. The gaff rig is more dependent on rigging set-up and adjustment to achieve proper sail trim than the Bermudian rig. The conventional three-sided Bermudian sails seem to be more prone to stretching out of shape. Once overstretched, the three-sided sail must be recut by a sailmaker to restore the proper shape necessary for windward performance. The four-sided gaff rig, however, is able to compensate for stretch by adjustment of the peak halyard.



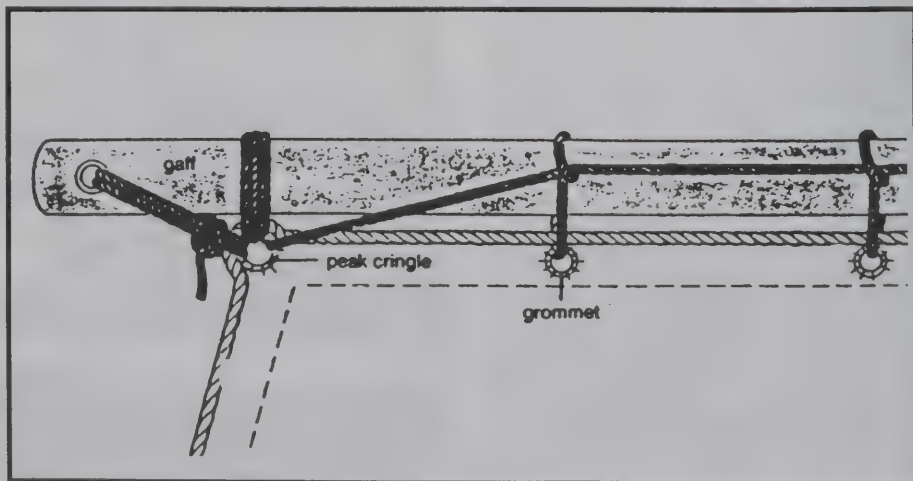
KITTERY POINT TENDER

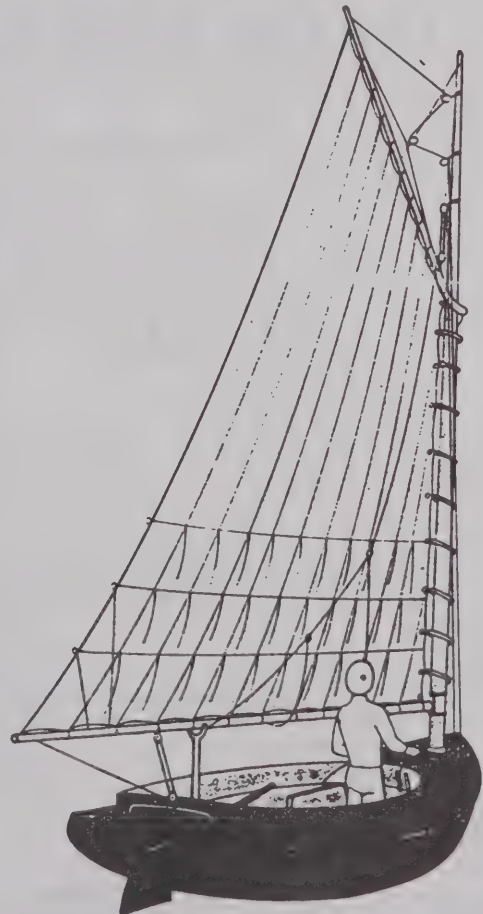
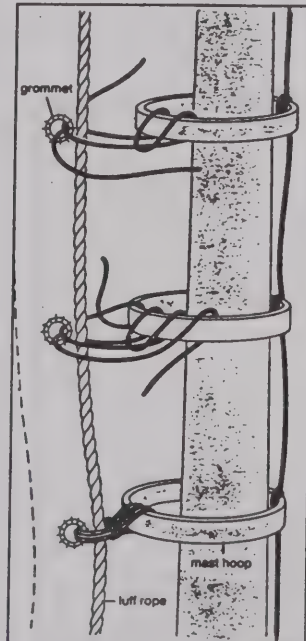
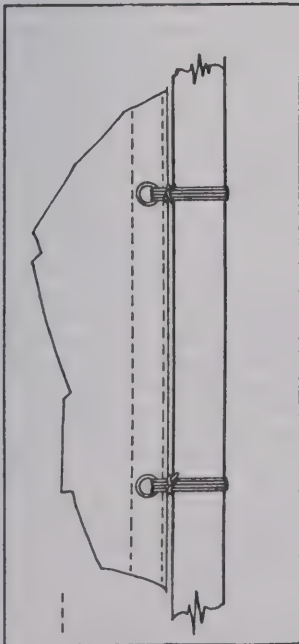
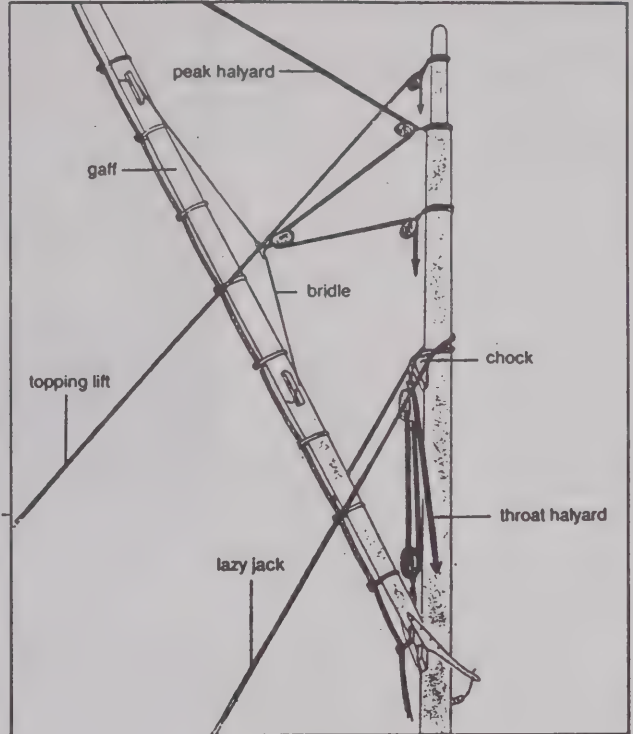
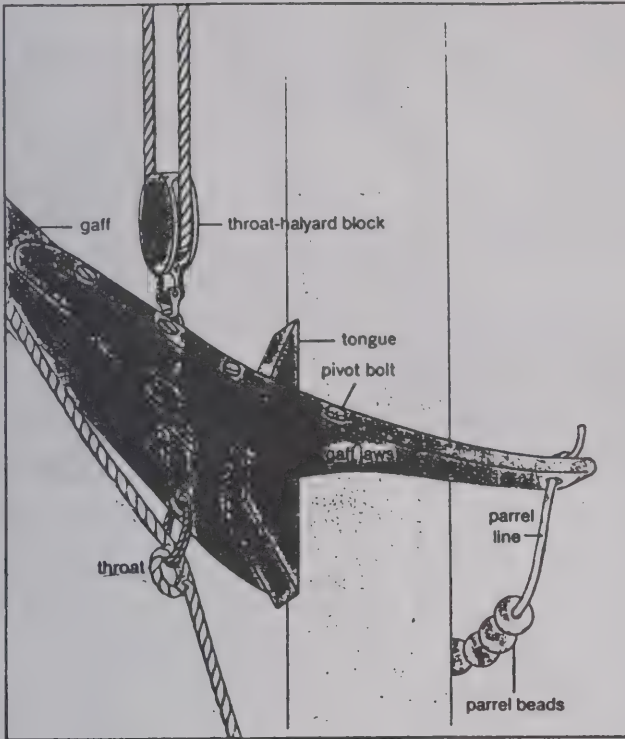


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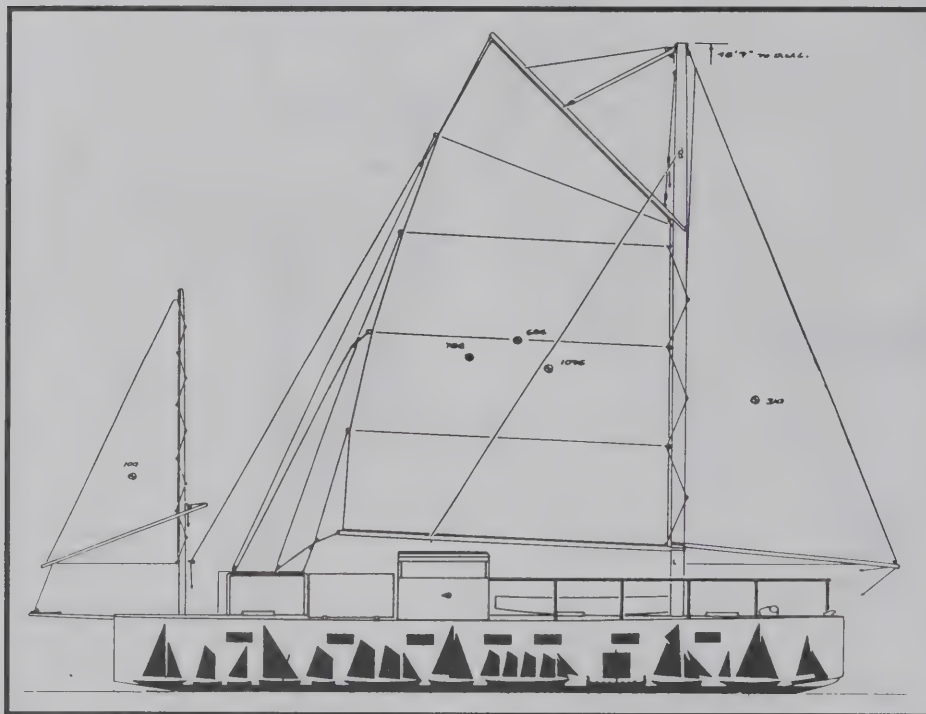




Bolger on Design

Keel Sharpie Family Live-On-Board Concept

55'0" long
9'6" breadth
3'0" draft



Don't worry about the bizarre decoration. We amused ourselves with an illustration of how one of these box-shaped hulls could be used as a canvas for murals, to get some pleasure out of the stark shape. A seascape would have been better, both less startling and pleasanter to look at.

The brief was a permanent home for a family of five with very limited resources, fit to make an open-sea passage occasionally. They had to build the boat themselves or they couldn't even dream of such a craft. They did have a good carpenter and enough space for assembly with, at the time, a benign climate for building in the open or with a sunshade.

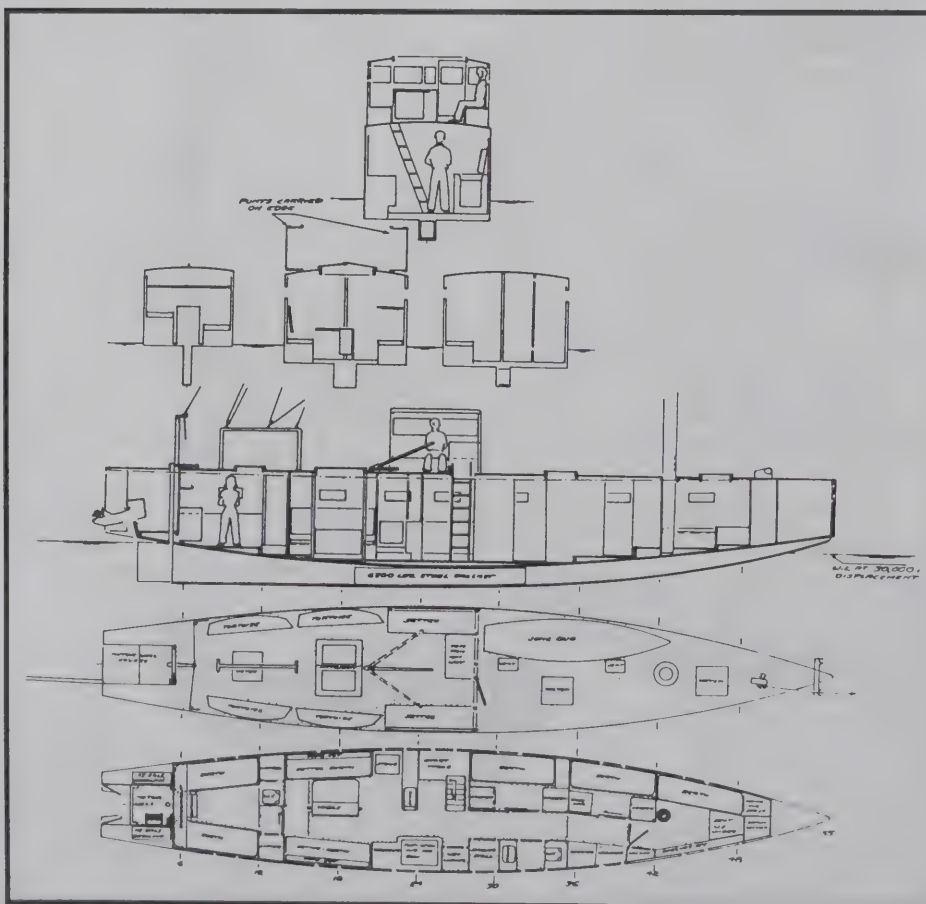
They laid her down in chalk to get a feel for the space available, setting up staffs for the heights, and they were enthusiastic about the idea. In the end nothing came of it except, we suppose, some pleasant hours discussing it. A similar design did work out quite well, at least long enough to get from Toronto to Miami where we last heard of her.

This below-decks layout was designed around the need for some privacy for the youngsters. The idea was that they would take the three staterooms in order of seniority, and when the eldest moved out in due course, the others would move up, or rather, aft. In a rough anchorage, boats like this are noisy up forward, though they can usually get into smooth water somewhere. Under sail they're not so bad.

Stowage space is just tolerable and there's room for large water and holding tank capacity in the thick box keel. A keel like this is not very efficient close-hauled, but its strength and simplicity made it the best choice in this case. The option was open to add leeboards later. She would also be slower in stays than is ideal in a sharpie, but a similar configuration has given no problems in several smaller boats.

The outboard motor gives adequate power for shifting berth, with better maneuvering than most auxiliaries. It was supposed to be a used one picked up as a bargain offered, and could be as little as 25hp. Used in conjunction with the sails, it would compensate for her small sail plan and limited keel effectiveness for a short beat in rough water. It does not produce much, if any, electricity, and the family could not have afforded the massive battery bank that a liveaboard ought to have. They intended to use kerosene lamps and a small portable generator on deck. People used to live that way, and many still do.

The deck is quite nice, with an individual small boat for each member of the crew, lots of space left over, and the roomy sheltered bridge with a good view all around and fast access forward and aft. The sail plan was an early example of our "Chinese gaffer" rig. The big single-luff spinnaker was another item that could be postponed if the money ran out. She would certainly have been a very fast boat reaching and running, given the right amount of wind. The sail plan is small for the boat, though not as much so as it looks. Seven hundred and eighty-six square feet sounds tiny for a 55-footer, not quite so much so for a 9-1/2' beam.





Boatbuilding Part 7

By Ron Magen

5/1/97: Warm & sunny yesterday. The stern seat had it's third coat of varnish and three days to dry; four counting today. It still felt slightly tacky after two days, but that may have been due to the rain on - rain off weather and closed garage. A bit of sun and breeze seemed to make a big difference.

Gave the stern seat support block a coat of beige.

The only exterior item left is to sand and re-touch the side panels under the gunnels. There are a couple of interior spots that have been filled; only need a touch of sanding and a touch of paint.

5/2/97: Some of the areas (the chines & bilge panels) that I painted (actually wiped the brush and used up left over paint) with the white alkyd have yellowed. I'm not sure if it was from using a contaminated brush (from dirty thinner and not cleaned properly) or from the Penetrol. If it is the Penetrol, I either used too much or it shouldn't be used with white paint.

Sanded the side panels with palm sander and 80 grit. Well sanded, but some of the discoloration I thought was from the teak oil wouldn't come off even though the paint did.

After dusting, wiped the area with mineral spirits. Painted side panels with the alkyd white. Went on well and smooth. Good coverage but not perfect. Will need at least one more coat. I also painted over, without sanding, most of the yellowed area. Hopefully this will do the job.

So far the only thing this points out is the need for alkyd based primer.

5/4/97: Rained the night of the 2nd and a good part of yesterday. Went out, after sun was up for a bit, to sand and give second coat to sides. Although dry/hard to touch, wound up peeling the paint off with sanding. After wiping mineral spirits paint puckered. Let it dry a bit and sanded again. Rained a bit last night, too.

Opened the garage at noon. Side panels felt dry. Gave a bit more hand sanding with 100 grit; special attention to the yellowed areas. Paper didn't gum up much. Still thinking about random orbit sanding the yellowed areas, though the hand sand did a fairly good job.

With this one day dry - one day rainy weather pattern I just need patience. The garage captures humidity/coolness and makes for longer drying times.

The fore and aft transoms, and the chine areas I re-coated have not yellowed.

It may seem to cost a few more dollars, but number of coats and appearance even out; the paint to use is alkyd. Both primer and finish.

5/5/97: Opened the garage at noon. Bright sun but supposed to rain tonight. And tomorrow.

Sanded the side panels with the B&D 1/4 sheet sander; Joanne's "jitterbug", and 80 grit. Brushed off and lightly wiped with mineral spirits. Keep the sander moving. Noticed that there was some warm stickiness at the edges where the pad rubbed the gunnel. Friction heating melting the paint (I ran across this phenomenon before when finishing shotgun stocks, but I thought it would only occur with the surface speed of a belt sander). Light pressure and kept it moving fairly quickly, resanding, looked better.

Gave a coat of alkyd white. Had sanded through to base so coverage was spotty. With rain expected, this has to dry for at least 48 hours.

5/6/97: 0530 hours. Rain. Forecast on and off, all day today. Tomorrow clear, then showers again Thursday and Friday. What a week. Now is when it would be nice to have a good sized shop in which to have another

boat in process where the humidity wouldn't have any impact. It's not even a coffee day.

Now is when I've got to use self control. I've learned the hard way you can't rush the drying time of the alkyd paint. When it rains that time doubles, or even triples.

I may go out this afternoon and sand off interior filled areas and touch-up with the beige. Those few spots won't matter and the base paint is quite hard.

5/7/97: Dry, cool, windy and sunny. Opened the garage about 1000 hours. Rubbed-out both side panels with medium 3-M pad. Very light scuffing, didn't seem to even scuff or dull the surface; did show color pick-up on pad. The side (port) that had the puckering I also lightly sanded with 220 grit. Nice scuff. Lightly wiped with mineral spirits. Painted with second coat of alkyd with fresh foam brush.

At the same time I also scratched off the white paint errors on the transoms. Feather sanded them with 220 grit and re-touched with spar varnish. Not perfect but from five feet, looks good.

Supposed to rain again tomorrow. I'll let it set till Friday (5/9). Because the alkyd is thick at the juncture of the side panel and underside of the gunnel (where the tape is), I'll run a utility blade through it before pulling the tape. Patience.

5/10/97: The paint was still a bit tacky at the juncture of the side and gunnel. It was thick and the weather had been rainy and cool (and no solar heating in the garage). Cut and pulled the tape anyway. There was some paint leaks under the tape. This time I'm going to ignore them. If the underside was painted (the gunnel), this wouldn't be a concern.

Attached thwarts. My luck; ran into voids in the plywood frames. The plans didn't really show it, and with 1/2" inch frames and 3/4" thwarts I thought attachment cleats wouldn't be needed. The holes are already drilled in the thwart so it's a case of make-do; epoxy & filler to the rescue. Next time cleats, hardwood, not pine.

Bright sun. Moved her outside on two padded sawhorses. Finished. Took the official pictures for *Messing About In Boats* and *WoodenBoat* magazines.

She looks so nice in the sunlight. I'd like to have a high stool so I could sit and look at her as I write.

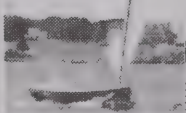
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I recently needed to fiberglass some male boat hull molds carved from styrofoam stiffened with thin plywood using a method I call Foamboat (November 1, 1997 issue). I had not done any serious fiberglassing for decades, so I first reviewed the brochures and newsletters produced by companies that make epoxy, some boatbuilding books, and Don Elliott's series of articles in these pages called "Building Paradox." I found enough information to enable me to do a good job on my hulls, and along the way I developed tools and methods that I have not yet seen described in print. Some may be peculiar to my particular method of building up a thick fiberglass and epoxy crust over the molds, but others may be more universally applicable.

The one hint that helped me the most was Don Elliott's suggestion to use waterless hand cleaner (which I will also call Goop, a brand name, though I actually use generic house brands sold in auto parts chain stores) for cleaning uncured epoxy from tools. I had put off my fiberglassing project for some time because I did not want to tangle with the harsh chemicals usually recommended for this task. I use the version that does not include pumice, and it is effective, inexpensive, and relatively benign.

My method differs from Don's, but I also am careful to reserve a tub of the cleaner for use on tools only, and I use a different tub for hand cleaning. Before beginning a fiberglassing session, I generously paint the inside bottom of a shallow rectangular plastic bucket with Goop. I use a throwaway paint brush that has coarse nylon bristles, but in this application the brush is infinitely reusable. As I finish with a tool, or as the epoxy begins to thicken, I wipe off excess epoxy with a paper towel, toss the brush in the bucket and brush Goop all over it.

If I have more work to do with that kind of tool, I use a fresh one to finish the job. I work in a hooded Tyvek coverall, and I prefer sturdy rubber gloves, the kind intended for industrial dishwashing, to thin disposable ones. When the task is complete, I take the bucket of tools to a sink and scrub the tools, the bucket, and the outsides of my gloves, while I am still wearing them, with a long-handle brush having stiff bristles and the Goop. I rinse everything with hot water, wash

Fiberglassing Tools and Tricks

By Sam Overman

everything with soapy hot water, rinse again with hot water, and dry with a clean cloth.

If the epoxy begins to thicken before the Goop is applied, a second scrubbing with Goop may be needed to remove all the stickiness and the epoxy may come off in the wash water as a sticky film. A light wipe with acetone or other solvent may be needed to remove all traces of stickiness in that case. My recent projects required me to build up a lot of layers of glass, so I repeated this process many times. The tools, which include rubber and plastic squeegees, metal scissors, and the gloves, all look as clean and new now as when I bought them.

There have been some questions directed to this publication and others about cleaning epoxy from the skin. My earlier attempts at fiberglassing and cleaning up with harsh solvents has made my skin hypersensitive. As the epoxy manufacturers suggest, I make a concerted effort to not make contact with the chemicals in the first place. Success depends on getting the proper gear and planning the task carefully. I choreograph each job before I mix the chemicals, and I try to prepare for things that can go wrong. I place squares of wax paper around the project so I can drop a gooey tool on it and pick it up again for further use without contamination.

I slather Glove Cote on my face, neck, hands, and forearms. I wear eye protection and an OSHA-qualified filtered breathing mask in addition to my Tyvek bunny suit. Heat and perspiration can build up in this suit, so I slapped matching reinforcing tabs of UCM (Universal Clamping Medium, which some people inexplicably refer to as duct tape) on the inside and outside of the upper back, then cut ventilation slits through the tabs.

Care must be taken when removing the suit to not transfer epoxy drips from the outside of the suit to the skin. I keep on my gloves, cleaned as described above, while removing the suit, then clean the outsides of the gloves

again if necessary. I use just about the same precautions whenever I sand cured epoxy and fiberglass, except I wear a pair of really heavy duty rubber gloves with cotton gloves inside to absorb perspiration. My suit is a testament to its effectiveness. It has a crunchy epoxy coating all over its front and sleeves, and yet I have not gotten a drop on my skin or clothing.

Fiskars item 9911 scissors (Wal-Mart, \$14) are great for cutting dry cloth on a long table and for trimming wet cloth overhang while wearing gloves. They have oversize cushion grips, the blades are angled to allow close cutting, and there is no tiring thumb hole. The blades are closed by squeezing a palm bar, and they are opened by a return spring. A plastic slide allows the blades to be latched closed, but I snap it off to make cleaning easier. I also wind a few turns of plastic wrap around each grip to facilitate cleaning.

If cured epoxy will not easily snap off of a plastic tool or roller pan, try sealing the item in a plastic bag and putting it in the freezer overnight. Next day plunge the item under a stream of hottest tap water, and the difference in expansion rates will usually cause the epoxy to pop loose.

The sticks usually sold for mixing epoxy provide only a tiring fingertip grip. I use the wooden sticks offered at paint stores. They are too wide for stirring small batches, so I split each with a sharp knife then sand off any splinters. You can use your entire fist to grip them, and they can be reused many times, just scrape off the hard epoxy buildup now and then.

Plastic spreaders and rubber squeegees can be very difficult to grip when you have wet epoxy on your gloves. I added handles to mine, and they are a great improvement. Plastic handles for the spreaders were scavenged from used-up foam brushes.

I found two handy items for rapidly making epoxy fillets on inside corners. To apply a consistent bead of the filled epoxy mixture on small jobs, I use a cake decorator. Specialty shops sell Wilton plastic adapters and metal tips that attach to cone-shaped disposable plastic bags (EKCO item 00854, Wal-Mart, \$2 per dozen). I bought straight and angled plastic adapters and a #12 metal nozzle that has a 1/4" round exit hole which can be enlarged by grinding off the end of the conical tube. Each of these Wilton items, plus a special conical brush for cleaning the nozzles, can be bought for pocket change (MJ Designs).

The parts and the bag are assembled and the bag filled the same way as for cake decorating. When the fillets are complete, the bag is removed and discarded, and the other parts are given the Goop treatment. The other neat gadget I use is a disposable plastic picnic spoon for smoothing fillets. The back of the tip works for small fillets, and the back of the bowl will make large ones.

The angle at which the spoon is held can be adapted to make a wide range of fillet sizes. If large fillets are to be made, the tip of the spoon can be snipped off so the smoother will better fit into three-way junctions. In close quarters the spoon handle may need to be cut short or completely off. These spoons, available by the box in supermarkets in several basic sizes, are so cheap that they can be tossed rather than cleaned after use.

I use epoxy and hardener from gallon jugs fitted with metering pumps, but I found a way to accurately mix very small batches from these large containers for occasional bonding

Attached handles improve the grip for squeegee and spreaders.



tasks. My method does not require costly measuring cups and does not suffer from the inaccuracies inherent in pouring small amounts of thick liquids from measuring cups into a mixing cup. I keep sleeves of several sizes of translucent white or clear plastic cups bought from the grocery store. I do not use waxed paper cups because I am afraid that the stirring stick or heat of reaction will mix wax into the epoxy.

Plastic cups are often not recommended because a batch of epoxy can create enough heat to melt through the cup and create a real mess. However, I am careful to use each mixed batch immediately, to not sit the cup where it may cause damage should it melt, and to pour leftover epoxy mix out of the plastic cup and into my general trash bin. I choose the size cup that will just hold the epoxy mixture and still have room for thorough stirring.

For each of my plastic cup sizes I create a calibration half cup that will work only for that brand, style and size cup, and I store it along with that sleeve of cups. This trick will not work for cups that have a hollow space underneath the bottom, such as is the case with most waxed paper cups. A mix ratio is chosen, such as two parts resin to one part hardener, and the calibration cup is boldly marked "2:1".

For a chosen estimated small batch size, the level of the amount of hardener is estimated, and a fine horizontal line is drawn on the outside of a cup identical to my calibration cup. Water is carefully poured into this cup up to the mark, then all that water is poured into the calibration cup and it gets a mark on the outside at the water level, with the mark boldly labeled "H." Water is run into the companion cup up to the mark, is again poured into the calibration cup with the previously poured water remaining in it, then the procedure is repeated yet again.

The final level in the calibration cup is marked on the outside and labeled "R + H." Another smaller or larger estimated batch size may be chosen and the entire procedure repeated, with the final marks for the second batch size made on the calibration cup diametrically opposite from the first set. The calibration cup is then cut roughly in half in a vertical direction, with the cuts made down through the calibration marks. The remaining rolled lip and about 1/8" of the top edge of the calibration half cup are cut off.

When I want to mix a small batch, I choose a clean cup that will hold what I will need to mix. I take the appropriate calibration half cup and place it onto the outside of my mix cup, being sure to rotate the cups until any protrusions around the base of the cups nest perfectly. I transfer the "H" and "R + H" marks to the outside of my mix cup and put the calibration cup away. I slowly pump hardener into the mix cup up to the "H" mark, then add resin up to the corresponding "R + H" mark. The resulting 2:1 mix is well within the allowable ratio tolerance.

It is hard to dip filled epoxy out of a mixing cup with a broad plastic spreader, so I have modified some reusable 2-1/2-quart graduated plastic tubs sold in the paint sections of home centers. I cut away half of one side of the tub, leaving a straight half-rim about 2" high above the bottom of the tub. I made a curved cut in each of the two vertical edges of the remaining original side of the tub to accept my thumb and middle finger for a positive grip with slip-

pery rubber gloves. I mix the epoxy in a mixing cup then drain it into my modified tub, then I stir in the thickeners. A broad spreader can dip the epoxy from all corners of the bottom of the tub, and the spreader can be scraped clean on the cut low rim.

My long narrow hull molds have sharp angles, and I wanted to use heavy cloth, two layers of 12-oz. double bias fabric under one layer of 10-oz. woven cloth, to quickly build up a thick crust. I also wanted the overhang from the hull bottom to wrap tightly over onto the deck and vice versa. All the literature I could find, and my own limited experience, suggested that the cloth would not conform to the sharp angles without vacuum bagging.

I chose not to gear up for vacuum bagging because I intended to make only a few hulls, and I was afraid of what might happen if I pulled a vacuum on all that styrofoam. Instead, I wet out each layer of cloth over the bottom or the flat deck, then cover it with a strip cut from one mil clear plastic painter's tarp. Over this I unroll a blanket of 1" thick upholstery foam rubber longer than the mold and wide enough to wrap around the hull bot-

tom with a few inches of overhang.

Next I squeeze the foam tightly around the mold, beginning in the middle and working toward the mold ends, using side-by-side precut strips of 5" wide "sill seal" whose ends are joined with UCM. Sill seal is tough but slightly stretchy thin foam sold in rolls at home centers and is intended to be used between the masonry foundation of a house and the wooden sill plate. It is not costly, and I precut strips to the proper length and label them for sequence for each particular hull design.

Once the epoxy has set, everything is peeled off and prepared for use again for the next layer except that the tarp plastic is discarded. This method is a bit cumbersome, but it works very well for one or two custom hulls, the glass conforms perfectly to the mold shape and the overhang wraps tightly onto the intersecting surface. I used the same materials to bond one layer of 10-oz. woven cloth onto the deck and wrap its edges over onto the rim of the hull bottom.

Any air bubbles trapped under the clear plastic will produce pock marks in the epoxy surface. They should be squeezed or rolled out



Foam rubber wrap presses fiberglass tightly to the mold surface.

First layer of 12-oz. fabric, including double overlap at ends of mold, conforms so tightly that it is barely visible even before excess is trimmed.



from under the film or punctured and deflated before the foam rubber is applied. Punctures need to be covered with a tab of plastic tape to keep epoxy from oozing out into the foam rubber blanket. Any surviving pock marks can eventually be packed with filled epoxy.

I use a similar technique, with and without the foam blanket, to make the heavy cloth conform to a sharp bow around which it is folded and wrapped, or when I need to apply gentle conforming pressure to a spot repair. Padded clamps are made by bonding 1' squares of 3" thick foam rubber to 10" square plywood paddles having wooden handles attached. The handles allow me to grab the devices with my gloved hands and also to apply ratchet clamps. Before one of these conforming clamps is used, a strip of plastic wrap is stretched across the foam face and its ends are taped to the plywood backer. Foam rubber can be cleanly cut using a hot wire cutter, such as described in the October 1, 1997 issue.

Conventional wisdom suggests that it is difficult to apply epoxy to a nearly vertical fiberglass surface, but I had no choice with my very slim molds. Traditionally a pool of epoxy is poured onto a surface, then spread with a squeegee. Instead, I dispense epoxy in short horizontal strips from the lip of my mixing cup, then use the squeegee to work that epoxy into the cloth and downward over a small patch of cloth. I work in stripes around and around the hull bottom, beginning at the highest level and progressing to the lowest.

I dispense each dose of epoxy by touching the lip of the cup to the cloth at the bottom of a previously wet area, tip the cup until epoxy runs onto the cloth, then move the cup horizontally about eight inches to leave a thick or thin strip of epoxy, depending on how fast I move the cup and how much I tip it, always on cloth that is already wet. To minimize dripping, I finish each horizontal strip by tipping the cup back down then wiping the rim by spinning it against the cloth, then I lift the cup lip off the cloth and go to work with a rubber squeegee. I am able to apply enough epoxy to bond the cloth but not so much that it runs off.

I had difficulty finding a major supplier of fiberglassing materials that sells the large rubber squeegees. They were available off the rack at a marine supply store among the polyester resin supplies.

I find it easier to scrape partially cured epoxy than to sand it when it has fully cured. I use a variety of Stanley Surform tools, especially the one that has grips for both hands and looks like a wood plane. The card attached to the tool lists replacement blades tipped with carbide, but I have never actually found them for sale. I use a paint scraper having four cutter edges that can be resharpened and that has a knob on its head that allows the tool to be gripped with both hands.

I tried orbital sanders that take round hook-and-loop and adhesive paper, but they were not as useful as an old orbital sander with a rectangular pad. Paper is attached over the

thick soft pad using spring clips, so I can change grits easily, and this tool will even accept a trimmed Scotchbrite pad.

Working out these procedures added some time to building my first fiberglass hull, but I was able to make the second one very quickly. The second one is prettier than the first, but both are very sturdy and quite serviceable.



Finished painted hull, left, is 14' long, 8" wide, 9" high, and weighs 30 pounds. Mold for its twin, right, weighs 18 pounds.



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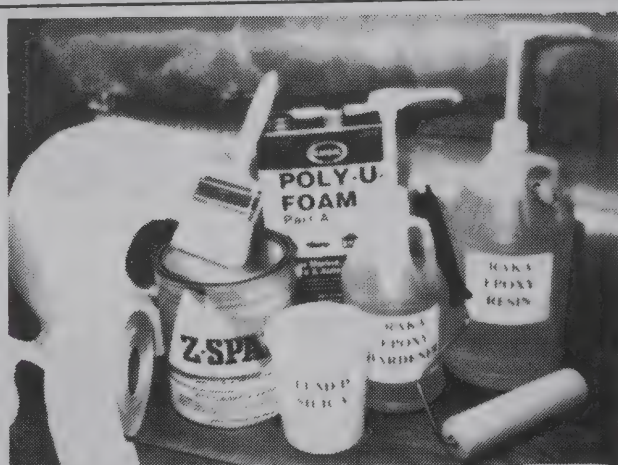
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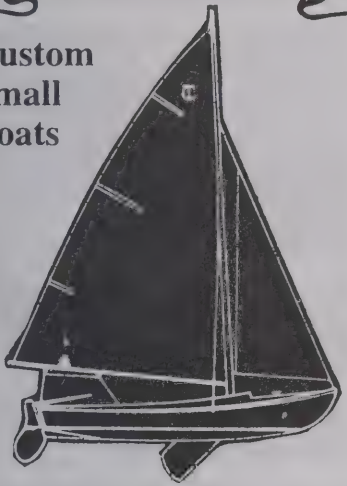
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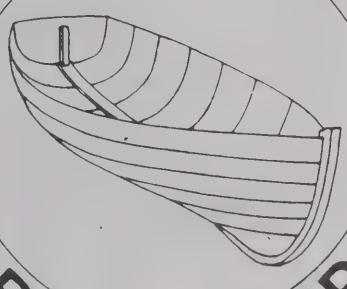
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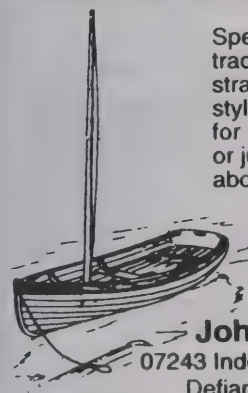
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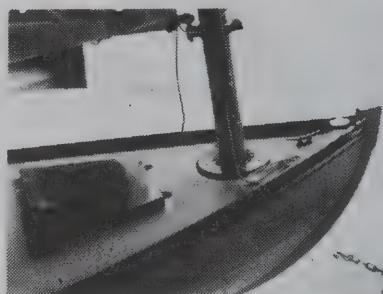
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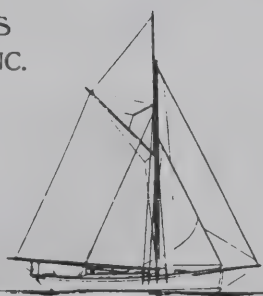
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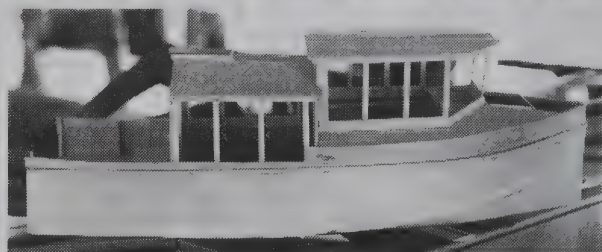


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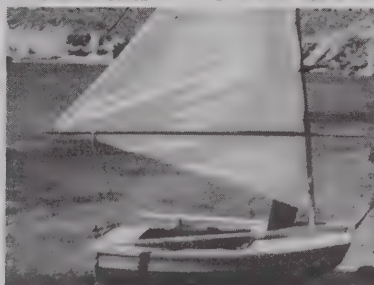
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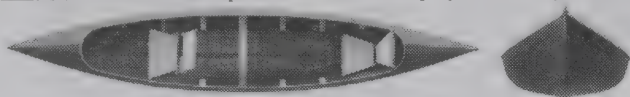
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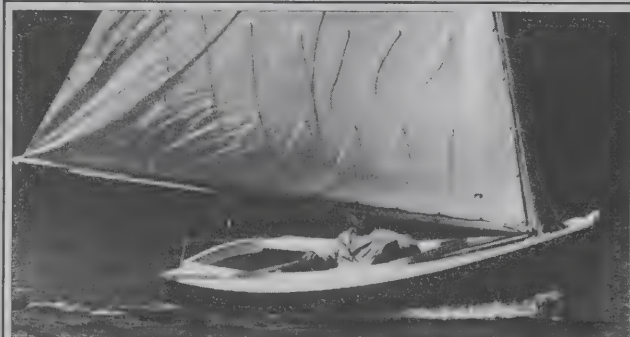
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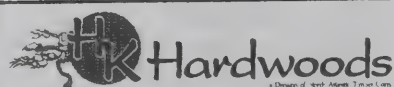
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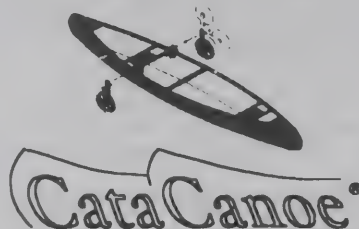


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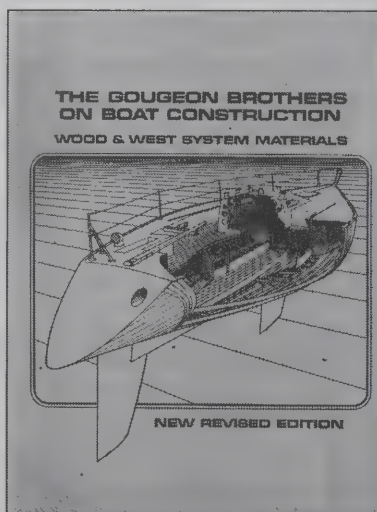
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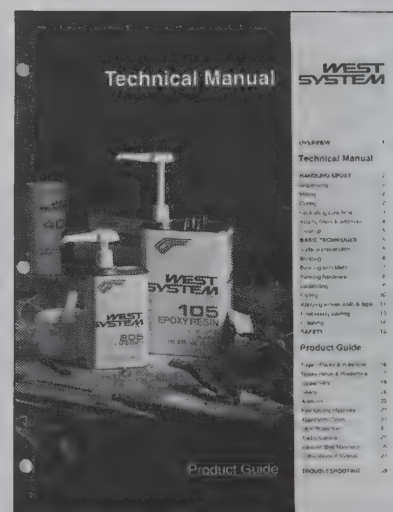
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BOATS FOR SALE



Island Creek 18', designed & bld by George Surgent. FG hull w/blt in flotation tanks, rudder & CB. Beautifully finished wood deck, seats & floor boards. Hollow wood mast, Beirig sails, wood shell blocks, oars & Seagull OB (like new). A real gem. \$4,500.

GEORGE SURGENT, St. Leonard, MD, (410) 586-1893. (6)

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

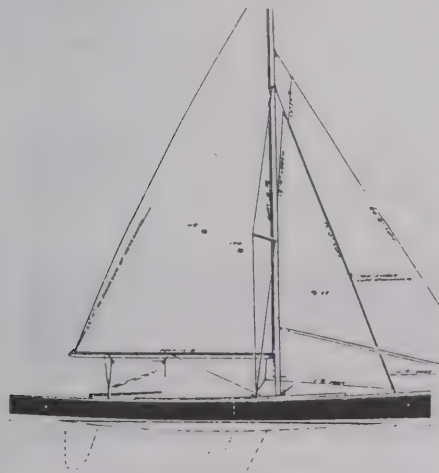
TOM HELD, Racine, WI, (414) 634-1272. (TF)

Chestnut Canoe, wood/canvas '69, has tear in canvas. \$500 OBO.

OAKES PLIMPTON, Arlington, MA, (781) 648-5117. (6P)

13' AMF Puffer FG Sloop, quick & easy setup. Fun for 1-3 adults or x# of kids (450lbs capacity). Kickup rudder w/hiking stick & straps. Unsinkable & auto bailer. Oarlocks, OB bracket & trlr. \$900. **Jawbone Kakak**, 1 or 2 person, canvas over WEST System wood (quiet). Abt 50lbs. Has 2 dbl paddles & cushions. \$150.

DOCK SHUTER, Glasco, NY, (914) 247-0508. (7)



24' Fast Daysailer, Bolger designed. 4' beam, 4' draft, handy, weatherly, lots of fun. Nds only paint. Asking \$2,200.

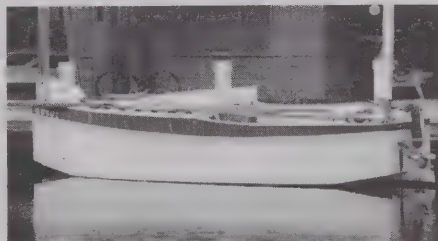
BRAD STORY, Essex, MA, (978) 768-7858 eves, (978) 768-6291 days. (7)

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

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



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. \$2,500.

JOHN CHURCHILL, 621 River Strand, Chesapeake, VA 23320, (757) 625-4878 work, (757) 547-7714 home. (7)



19' '60 Sailstar Orion, converted by sailor/owner w/40hp. Evinrude, 9' self-bailing cockpit, mid-ship towing post, pilot house w/6' hdrm, 7' plus V-berths, porta-potti, tandem axle trlr. In commission, Skaneateles, NY. \$3,200.

DICK BESSE, Skaneateles, NY, (315) 685-6412. (7)

Sneak Floats, 2 in nice cond. \$700 ea. **12' Duranautic**. \$475. **12' FG**. \$495.

FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (7)

17-1/2' Barbour Wooden Runabout, '63 w/covered deck, lapstrake constr. In solid shape. w/40hp Johnson OB & steel trlr. \$1,000/BRO. JOHN O'BRIEN JR., Winchester, MA, (781) 729-3006. (7)

Catalina 22, older boat, '76 but better gelcoat than newer ones. Swing keel, pop top w/enclosure. Well equipped w/many new items & upgrades. Unless you want brand new, this is the one you want. Gd for another 20 yrs. Free slip. \$1,900 boat alone or \$2,600 w/5hp long shaft Honda recently serviced, runs great.

TIM BARNUM, Silver Springs, MD, (301) 593-9347. (7)



18' Herreshoff Harbor Pilot, '74, Nowak & Williams, Volvo 140A 4-cyl, new cushions, mooring cover. \$9,000.

MICHAEL SMITH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-5392. (7)

21' Dovekie, '82 Hull #32. Repainted inside & bottom, refinished wooden spars & leebs, repainted E&D trlr. Ready to go. \$3,850.

ART PETERSON, Asbury, NJ, (908) 735-5462. (7)

21' Classic Alden Indian Sailboat, lapstrake w/aluminum mast & sail. Nds TLC. **BO. 26' Chris Craft**, '65, lapstrake, shaft & prop intact. Fishing bridge, open cockpit, fwd V-berth, sound hull. No motor. BO.

KENNETH LIDSTONE, Danielson, CT, (860) 230-0238 aft 8pm. (7)

18' Old Town, '28. \$225.

ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (7)

18' Ideal18, perfect keel daysailer. Main w/jiffy reef, self tacking jib w/Harken roller furling, spinnaker, sail covers, tiller cover. All Harken. On trlr, w/small OB. All mint cond. Asking \$8,500. Boat in Southwest Harbor, ME. **Pat Moore Reverie Solo Canoe**, w/ash trim, 2 saddles (small & medium), kneeling pad, Moore paddle & fleece paddle bag, thwart bag. \$750.

EDWARD FEINBERG, Brookline, MA, (617) 734-6507. (7)

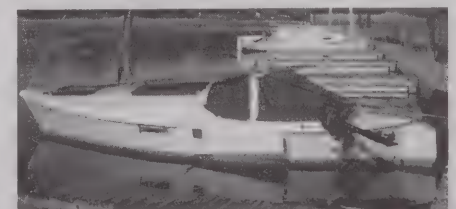
19' Dbl Ended Dory, marine ply w/epoxy 6oz FG/epoxy/graphite bottom. Include oars, fitted trlr. See MAIB Nov. 15, '95 pg 33 for pic & more. \$1,100. TOM VETROMILE, Seattle, WA, (206) 546-0857. (7)

'82 Dovekie, 21', #32/ Repainted inside & bottom, refinished wooden spars & leebs, repainted E&D trlr. Ready to go. \$3,850.

ART PETERSON, Asbury, NJ, (908) 735-5462. (7)

Avon 121-1/2' Rover Inflatable, wooden flbds & transom. \$999. '93 Nissan 15hp shortshaft OB. \$999. Buy both & I will throw in steering console (\$350), cable (\$100), & dodger (\$85).

FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314 before 10pm. (7)



'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. (7)



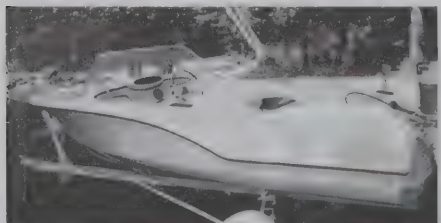
23' Casco Bay Hampton, cat ketch standing lug rigged. Grt day sailer camp cruiser, room fro 2 belowdecks, spacious cockpit. Vy gd sea boat. Sound hull, pine strip planking on white oak. All there ready to cruise the coast. A lot of boat for \$3,000. Moving to CA, must sell, any offer considered. STEPHEN FLORIMBI, Appleton, ME, (207) 785-2712, email: <florimbi@midcoast.com> (6)

26' Balboa, '74 FG, 22" draft swing keel up, 5' down, 4 wheel trlr, 5,000lbs total tow weight, 10hp Chrysler OB, 5 bunks, 4 sails, much equipment. \$5,000 or trade for Dovekie or similar. JIM DELCAMP, 3540 Childs Lake Rd., Milford, MI 48381, (248) 685-8406. (6)

Sea Pearl 21, w/trlr & camper top. \$4,000. **Bolger Gypsy**, sail, oars, Magic Tilt trlr, all stored indoors. \$750. LEANDER HARDING, Stamford, CT, (203) 323-7359, <harding@netaxis.com> (6)

15' Bolger Gypsy, leg-o-mutton rig. Blt '96, exc cond, incl oars, new 59sf sail, nearly new Shorelander trlr. Located nr Kemptville, ON, short drive from upper NY state. Asking \$1,500 Canadian. BURTON BLAIS, South Mountain, ON, (613) 989-3517 eves, (613) 759-1267 days. (6)

Beetle Cat, Hull #106, professionally restored '95, exc cond. W/trlr. \$3,000. **Mackinaw Boat**, launched '87, sailed until '91, inside storage since. Nelson Zimmer design from *WoodenBoat*. 18-1/2' dbl ended gaff ketch, northern white cedar on white oak. 240sf sail area. Distinctive day sailer in exc cond. \$8,000. **22' Friendship Sloop Project**, hull, deck & rudder. Solid FG heavily blt by Passamaquoddy Yacht Co. in early '70's. Orig constr manual, sail plan, 1,000lbs inside ballast (old chain), cradle incl. Gd project for someone w/extra time. \$500 OBO. GARY PARKER, 46 Green Ln., Jamestown, RI 02835, (401) 423-2325. (6)



14' Parsons Lake-N-Sea Runabout, '58 FG, '61 Merc 400E OB. Splendid late '50's bustleback design. Vy solid boat, many hrs spent in restoration. Ready to cruise. Asking \$1,200. DAN MC NALLY, N. Plainfield, NJ, (908) 791-1581 (8)



26' Tankook Whaler Replica, by Van Dyne, FG hull, hollow Sitka spruce masts. Gaff rigged main & foresail, jib & fisherman topsail. 5hp British Sea Gull that starts & runs consistently. Exc cond, buying larger boat. \$5,750. PAUL MIDDLETON, Richmond, VA., (804) 285-0712. (6)

18' Interlake, FG hull, CB, main, jib, spinnaker, 3.5hp motor, trlr. All gd cond. Fast well mannered sailer. \$1,950. JOHN ROOMES, Sidney, OH, (937) 498-3202 days, (937) 492-3016 eves. (6)

15' MFG Niagara Runabout, FG w/35hp electr start Johnson OB. Also has bimini, old trlr, flotation cushions, docking lines, anchor & more. Ready to go. \$1,900. DAN GONNEAU, P.O. Box 343, Shelter Island Hts NY 11965, (516) 749-4151 wknds, or lv message (718) 726-3549. (6)

ORCA Sail Trainer, for kids, 10' long, design by Antonio Dias featured in *WoodenBoat* #128 Jan/Feb '96. Blt as prototype by The Newfound Woodworks, Inc. Compl w/sail & 2-pc mast. Ready to sail! \$1,600. NEWFOUND WOODWORKS, INC., Bristol, NH, (603) 744-6872. (6)

9-1/2' Ensign FG Sailing Dinghy, 2hp British Seagull OB w/stand, Davis oarlocks w/oars, Danforth & mushroom anchors, new life jackets, new cartop racks & many more goodies. \$850 for all. RON FILLMORE, Byfield, MA, (978) 465-0681. (6)

17' Mohawk Ranger Canoe, FG, w/Class C sail rig. \$750. PAUL LUBARSKI, P.O. Box 813, Severna Park, MD 21146, (410) 647-4708. (6)

Bolger/ Payson Bobcat, blt faithful to design, w/ detail changes; i.e. slightly cambered deck, slanted coamings. Dacron rigging, Harken blocks, almost new Dacron sail. Had much fun building but for health reasons sailed her less than half dozen times. Price reduced to \$1,950 firm. Photo on request to serious prospect. HANS WAECKER, Cliff Island, ME 04019, (207) 766-2684. (6)



Custom Tugboat, Bolger 16' Microtrawler. Wood/epoxy, unsinkable. Slps 2, standing hdrm, galv trlr. No motor. \$7,500. Optional motors available. BOB CUSHING, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 687-6776, (315) 687-7220. (6)



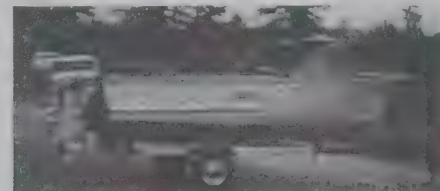
Great Sea Boat, '65 30' Jonesport lobsterboat by Harold Lathrop, Gouldsboro, ME. Classic lines, cedar planked. 292 Chevy engine. Exc cond. Hull perfect, house nds work. \$7,000 OBO. JAY GUSTAFERRO, Gloucester, MA, (978) 283-4762. (6)



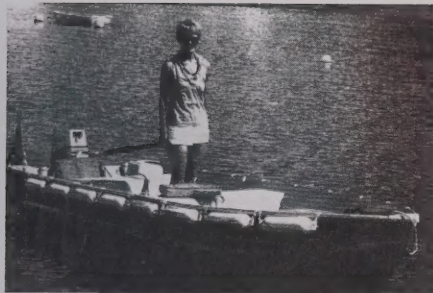
'52 Crocker Aux Sloop, 30'6"LOD, slps 4, enclosed head, hull & engine compl rblt last yr. Perfect cond. Old Town dinghy. \$25,000. DAVID JONES, Camden, ME, (207) 236-7048, (617) 424-9625. (6)

21'6" Beachcomber Dory, professionally blt to John Gardner's plans, vy gd shape, Sitka spruce spars, nds sails, \$1,500OBO. **23'6" Pearson FG Sloop**, '69, full keel, exc cond, hvy duty, grt sailing boat, full sail inventory, new 4hp Mariner OB w/ alternator, many extras. Will sacrifice at \$3,500. **Bolger Shoebox Dingy**, 5'6", blt in flotation, exc cond. \$100. STEVE REDMON, 1315 Fisk Rd. SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49506, (616) 241-2616. (6)

24' Rainbow, S&S design sloop, huge cockpit, on trlr. Asking \$2,000. **22' Ranger**, new main, grt sailer w/wknd accommodations. Asking \$2,500. Both in sound cond. HARRY DUDLEY, Landmark School, Prides Crossing, MA, (978) 921-6660 days, (978) 526-1176 eves.



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. (6)



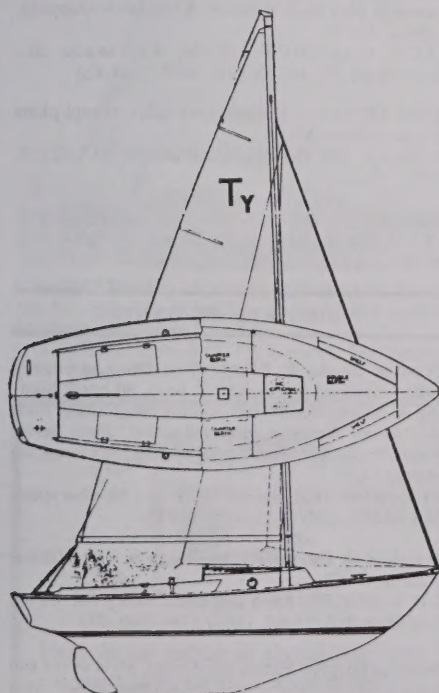
13-1/2' Starcraft SL14, '93 4 person/700lb capacity, custom foredeck w/storage under, all fenders incl, '94 8hp Honda BF8A 4 stroke OB. Marina maintained, perf cond. \$1,800.
STUART DAWSON, York Harbor, ME, (207) 363-7436, (617) 926-3065. (6)

22' Drascombe Longboat, FG, galv E-Z Loader trlr, 7-1/2hp Honda OB, yawl rigged, roller furling jib, 2 sets sails, full boat cover, oars, 1 person launch & sail. \$5,250, BO, or trade for Lugger & cash.
MARK SHERBAK, Lisbon, ME, (207) 353-7128 before 9pm EDT. (6)

18' Classic Wooden Daysailer, blt by A.R. True. Restored '92. No trlr. \$2,500.
ALFRED CHRISTIE, Beach Haven, NJ, (609) 883-9358 or (609) 492-4853. (7)

Bolger 16' Micro Project, hull is framed, epoxy & FG incl. Lead keel cast & ready to be attached. Just about everything you need to complete incl plywood, FG, spars, sails, & trlr. I ran out of steam, but you could finish her quickly. \$600 OBO. 4.5hp Mercury OB negotiable.
TIM LYON, Sycamore, IL, (815) 899-4612, email <slnelson@gte.net>. (7)

Klepper Aerius I Expedition, single folding sea kayak, w/Klepper spray skirt. Exc cond, abt 5yrs old. \$2,750. **Klepper Aerius II**, dbl folding sea kayak w/Boss outrigger system & S-4 sail kit. Skin '95, frame reconditioned. \$3,995 firm.
FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314 before 10pm. (7)



19' Classic Cape Dory Typhoon, '71 GF w/teak trim, full keel. Alberg designed. '90 trlr, new sails, motor mount, I/O cushions. Slps 2. \$4,750.
BUD BECKER, LaCrosse, WI, (608) 783-6565. (6)



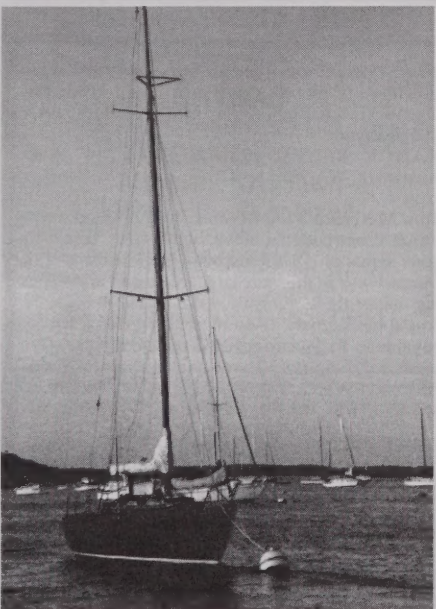
Classic 16'9" Lyman, '62, Gater trlr, no motor. Convert top, mooring cover & orig cushions. Lapstrake planked, ash ribs, mahogany decks, seats & windshield. Still white & bright. Garaged last 12 yrs. Gd cond. \$1,100. Looking for a Lyman lover.
P. RICHTER, 123 Lower Flying Point Rd., Freeport, ME 04032, (207) 865-3484. (6)



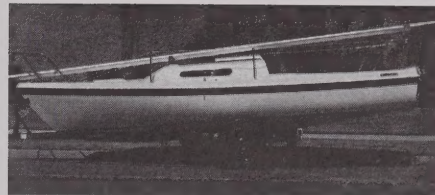
10' Longfield Dinghy, electric powered. Unique Maine-blt yacht-tender can be rowed or operated by tiller & marine-battery powered clean, quiet 1-1/2hp motor built into skeg. Runs 10hrs @ cruising speed. Teak rails/thwarts, bronze oarlocks & towing eye, SS-keel guard, foam-filled flotation tanks. Great fishing or family boat. Trlr incl. \$2,400.
S. ALEXANDER, Norton MA, (508) 285 6394. (7)

14' Acorn, lapstrake mahogany ply finished natural, w/oars & sails. \$700. **14' Shellback**, epoxy over ply w/sail rig, 2yrs old. \$800. **Bolger Brick**, w/sails, BO.
PAUL CONNOLLY, Milwaukee, WI, (414) 765-3571 days, (414) 270-0231 eves. (7)

18' Interlake Sailboat, FG w/wood trim. Gd cond. \$1,500.
TOM TITUS, Tecumseh, MI, (517) 423-7547. (6)



35' Lawley Weekender Sloop, '38 Sparkman-Stevens designed, refastened '81, repowered '95. 6'3" hdrm throughout, loran, depth, knot, vhf, teak decks, interior & cockpit cushions, spruce spars, club footed jib, anchor & line, 2 sets sails plus spinnaker, head, ice chest, dining table. Slps 4, holds 75gals fresh water, 18gals fuel. Documented. Lying Manchester, MA. A grt buy @ \$8,000.
JAMES D. DINCECCO, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-7026, (7)



21' Venture Sloop, fast daysailer/weekender. FG hull, slps four, drop keel, pulpit, exc galv Cox trlr, Harken traveller & go-fasts, lights, battery, jiffy-reefing, brand-new mainsail, little-used 140% & 180% genoas, storm jib. Asking \$2,600.
BRUCE CAMPBELL, Gloucester, MA, (978) 281-1647. (7)

17' Boston Whaler, old style w/rblt mahogany console & seat. New wiring, lights, fishfinder, bilge pump, anchor, trlr, etc. With '98 75hp Yamaha, \$7,500. Boat only \$2,500.
JACK FARRELL, Durham, NH, (603) 659-7605. (7)

West Wight Potter, '85, trlr, main, jib, genoa, cabin & cockpit cushions, anchor, etc. All gd cond. \$2,300.
R. BRIDGE, Laurel, DE, (302) 875-0879. (6)

Used Compacs, 2 - 16', 1 - 19', 2 - 23'. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (6)



Catalina 22, '77, vy clean, new cushionms, many upgrades, singlehandedable, LR trlr, auxiliary. \$3,700.
WAYNE SMITH, Columbus, NJ, (609) 267-0970. (9)

BOATS WANTED

Nemah Sailing Skiff, gd cond.
TOM TITUS, Tecumseh, MI, (517) 423-7547. (6)

Eastern 22', or equivalent w/wo motor.
JACK FARRELL, Durham, NH, (603) 659-7605. (7)

Simmons Sea Skiff, w/trlr, no engine.
ROLF PRIVRAT, 2580 Schurr Ave., Bronx, NY 10465, (718) 931-9658. (7)

Wooden Surf Boat, from US Lifesaving era or early USCG. For 1876 Lifesaving Museum @ Indain River, DE. Also any artifacts.
HERB VON GOERRES, Lewes, DE, (302) 645-8686. (7)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

BSD Kayak Sail Rig, 36sf, double zipper reefing, fully battened, red & white, w/aluminum 3 part mast, CB and CB mount. Used only a couple of times, too small for trimaran kayak. \$200. **Dacron Main & Jib**, main 20'6" luff, 9'9" foot, approx 100sf; jib 15' luff, 7' foot, approx 50sf. Little used, exc cond. \$200.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906 6-9pm best. (TF)

Masts, solid wood, long, short, fat & skinny. Also other spars & marine hrdwre.
HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (7)

SALES & RIGGING WANTED

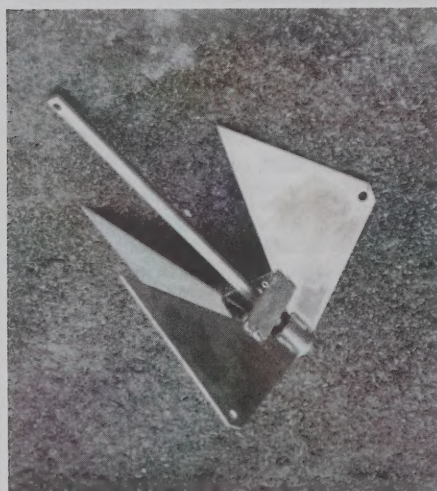
Sail Rig, for Porta Boat, or "Outboard Sail".
S. PIQUET, P.O. Box 45, Warrens, WI 54666, (608)
378-4270. (6)

GEAR FOR SALE

'64 Johnson 3hp Twin OB, looks new. From storage, w/manual. \$500.
FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978)
465-0312. (7)



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 1.800.626.1535 or email watermrk@ime.net. Full color catalog \$2 free w/ your order. (TFP)
WATERMARK, P.O. Box 368, Eliot, ME 03903.



The Bulwagga Marine Anchor, sets immediately, penetrates grassy bottoms! Easily retrieved, even in rock & ledge, has retractable shank. High holding power to weight ratio. One year money back guarantee.
NOTEICO INC, Crown Point, NY, (888) 674-4465
toll free ph/fax, www.noteico.com (8P)

25hp Evinrude, '95 long shaft, remote, low hrs. \$1,500.
WAYNE SMITH, Columbus, NJ, (609) 267-0970.
(7)

Small Boat Trailer, 15' to 18, heavy duty springs & axle. Could carry up to 1,500lbs. Asking \$500.
THE NEWFOUND WOODWORKS, INC., Bristol, NH, (603) 744-6872. (6)

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



as simply messing about in boats.

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

Yachtman Kedge Anchor, old style 35lbs. \$125.
HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376.
(7)

9.9hp Yamaha OB Motor, long shaft, electric-start, 4-stroke, works fine. '86 but only used 6 yrs. \$200 overhaul last yr, looks like new. Service manual, w/ tank & hose. Replacement cost abt \$2,000. Asking \$825. **4hp Johnson OB Motor**, overhauled, works fine, used on sailboat, w/tank & hose. Asking \$190.
BRUCE CAMPBELL, Gloucester, MA, (978) 281-1647. (7)

Volvo 2002 Marine Diesel, 18hp @ 3200rpm, 2 cyl. Low hrs, gd running takeout. Less gear. \$1,995. Can arrange delivery.
JAY FOLEY, Worcester, MA, (800) 233-6539 days,
(508) 753-2979 eves, (401) 466-5122 wknds. (6)

GEAR WANTED

Tanzer 16 Motor Mount, also sources for Tanzer items.
PETER LAMB, Durham, NH, (603) 868-3090. (7)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.
NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

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

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

WoodenBoat, Nos. 1-140, compl set, indexes, 1st 100 boxed. Exc cond. \$350 + shipping.
PAULLIPKE, Montague, MA, (413) 367-2878. (6)

The Odd-A-Tea, by Tom McGrath. Wandering the New England Coast like Ulysses in *The Odyssey*. Paperback, profusely illustrated.
TOM MC GRATH, Lynn, MA, (781) 592-9843. (TF)



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

\$200 Sailboat, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE.
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850. (TF)

I Hear You Bought a Boat, Tom Shaw's book written for the new boat owner, though veterans may glean some useful info. Give a copy to a friend just starting out in boating. \$3 incl mailing.
TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)

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

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

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From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 +\$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.
WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)

WoodenBoat Magazines, issues 1 thru 142 (8 & 9 missing) plus both indexes. \$350 00 + shipping, approx 100lbs.
JACH HAUGHEY, 37 N. Esplanade St., Englewood, FL 34223, (941) 473-0364. (6)

Albee 18' Round Bottom Daysailer, compl plans & instructions. \$5.
R. ALAN, 960 Trapelo Rd., Waltham, MA 02154. (6P)

Plans, for Ian Oughtred Caledonia. Never used. \$75.
LEANDER HARDING, Stamford, CT, (203) 323-7539, <harding@netaxis.com>

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Wanted Books & Plans: Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder*, *Motor Boating*; *Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.
THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (508) 462-2072. (TFP)

Dinghies & Daysailers, by Butch & Rita Wilcox, published '87.
JACK MOORE, 1595 Los Osos Valley Rd. #25A, Los Osos, CA 93402, (805) 528-2586. (97)

Nesting Dinghy Plans, (or dinghy itself if not too expensive), 10' long assembled, no more than 7' long nested. Sailing ability nice but unnecessary if it rows well.
ALLEN HOLZMAN, 64782 Old Bend/Redmond Hwy, Bend, OR 97701, email <aholzman@scmc.org> (7)

Old Canoe Catalogs.

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

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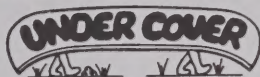


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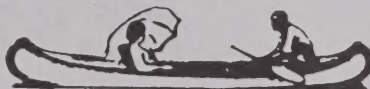
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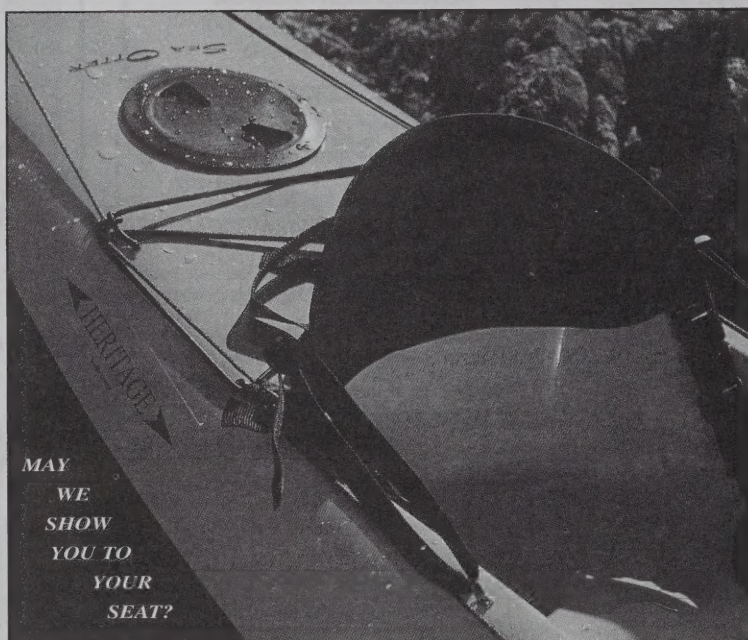
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