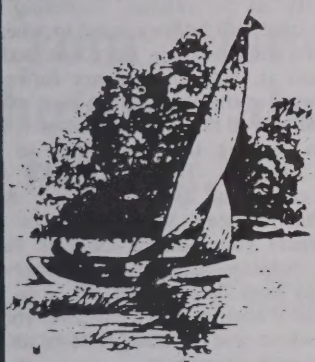




messing about in BOATS

Special Features This Issue
Greatest Little Ocean Race
Autumn Cruise - November Sail

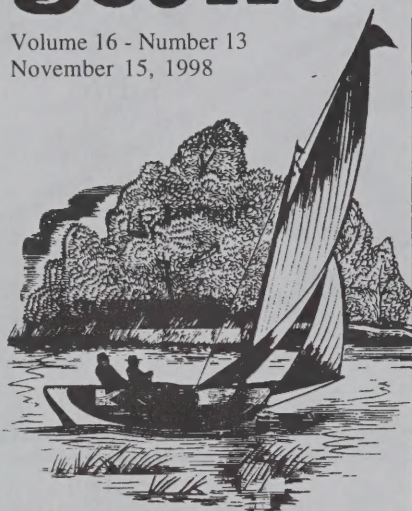
Volume 16 - Number 13

November 15, 1998



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In Our Next Issue...

Tony Davis reports on his "Arey's Pond Cat Gathering" and Jim Clark covers the "Door County Classic Wooden Boat Show".

Paul Browne describes "The Overnight Cruise"; Mark Steele briefly skips a real tall ship in "The Seven Minute Helmsman"; Bob Smithson trailer sails on "The Oregon Lakes"; and Bill Foden discusses dry sailing in "Messing About in Boats on Dry Land".

Smiljka Fitzgerald faces up to the inevitable question "And When Will the Boat Be Ready?"; Edward Wiser brings us Part I of "Building Tyler's Tortoise" and I cover the "Launching of the Chebacco Boat".

Jim Michalak has some "More New Boats", Pakboats reveals their new "Escape Folding Canoe", and Phil Bolger will be with us as usual.

Bob Patterson discusses "Using Meranti Ply in Small Boat Construction" and Robb White extolls virtues of the "Storm Boat Motor".

On the Cover...

Model boat sailing worldwide: John Smith photographed schooner racing at a Vintage Model Yacht meet in New Jersey, and Mark Steele shows us a fleet of New Zealand one design Electrons in their annual ocean race around an atoll in the Fiji Islands. More on both in this issue.

Commentary...

Already year's end looms ahead and on the facing page you will see our annual Christmas Gift Subscription order page. Yes it is still six weeks to Christmas if you get this November 15 issue around that date, but we have to have such gift orders in hand well ahead of time to be able to start them with the first issue of 1999 and get the gift cards to those receiving your gifts ahead of the holiday. So if this seems a good gift idea for your boating family and friends act on it soon, you've got about three weeks to get your orders in. Any orders we get after December 7 will start with the January 15 issue.

Time is something that we wrestle with all year. A number of you during the year will contact us about getting your issues, or about a classified ad sent in, or with information about an upcoming event of interest, and most seem surprised to learn they are unaware of how long it takes things to happen in this business.

To illustrate I'll explain the schedule for this issue you are reading right now. It is the November 15 issue. Hopefully you have received it by that date, it will be mailed on October 25th, three weeks ahead of the cover date. Check the date you found it in your mail, that's how many days it was in the postal system. One to three weeks is typical.

I am typing this column on October 12 and the issue goes off to the printer tomorrow, October 13. The mailing list goes out to the printer (they mail it for us) on October 20. This issue is all buttoned up a month ahead of its cover date, and the mailing list is locked in about three weeks ahead.

Here's what happens sometimes. An anxious new subscriber calls me to say, "I sent in a check two or three weeks ago and haven't got any issues yet." Well no, they were too late for this issue, so it'll be two more weeks at least before they see their first issue, about a month is typical.

A reader anxious to sell a boat wants to know what happened to the ad, "I sent in a couple of weeks ago and it isn't in the issue I just got." Right. Again at least a month will pass between your mailing me anything and seeing results.

It takes us about a week to produce an issue ready for printing (spread over the two week interval between issues). The printer takes about 10 working days to print and mail it. The postal service takes from one to three weeks to deliver it depending on where you live.

The length of time the magazines spend in transit in the postal system is not realized by most. It is mailed by the slowest form of mail, 3rd Class Bulk, as other options are too costly (our cost is about \$.20 per issue, \$.48 of the \$.24 annual subscription cost). 2nd Class used by more commercial magazines is more complex to handle pricing (different rates apply to advertising and editorial portions), more costly, and no faster unless a publication is weekly or more frequent. 1st Class is just too costly at \$1.01 per issue, and even that takes up to a week to get to you.

This time delay all along the line from when I "go to press" until you get

this issue particularly affects those who move without notifying us ahead of time. This is the most persistent problem in trying to provide reliable delivery. About 500 of you move each year, and hundreds more go off on extended vacations. Very few notify us beforehand, assuming that the magazine will be forwarded to wherever they have gone as their 1st Class and 2nd Class mail is. Not so. It is not forwarded. It is thrown in the trash at the post office.

You moved but we don't know it so we keep on sending the magazines to your former address. The post office there trashes each issue as it comes in. As we know this happens, we print on the back cover where your address label is the request, "Address Correction Requested". This asks your former post office to send us your new address so we can send your issues to where you are now. It costs us \$.50 for each such correction.

By the time the post office sends us your new address, several weeks have passed and we have mailed a couple more issues to that no longer valid address. The post office does NOT send us these address changes by return mail, they often sit around for weeks at some post offices. And each succeeding issue that arrives is also returned to us.

Now we find we have mailed you two or three issues you never will get. We also have paid as much as \$1.50 to find out where you went. And about now you call up wondering why you didn't get any magazines for a while. We ask if you moved, you say yes, but you're getting all your mail forwarded. Wrong. And then you ask if we'll replace the missing issues.

We will do so at \$1 each to cover our costs. After all, we already did mail them too you as part of the prepaid subscription. We additionally incurred that address correction cost. And the replacements cannot be mailed in the bulk mailings at that \$.20 per issue cost, they have to go at a much higher rate as individual copies or in packets if you've missed several.

Vacations also cause non-delivery, we get a notice at \$.50 telling us you are "Temporarily Away". This may mean a two weeks vacation trip or all winter in Florida. You never get the issues we send to you while you are gone, UNLESS you ask your post office to hold ALL your mail while you are away, including the 3rd Class "Junk Mail". That's where we are. When we get these notices we send you a letter asking you to let us know when you return so we can resume sending your issues, which we hold up as soon as we learn you are away.

Well, this is a lot of dull commentary about the problems of getting your magazines to you reliably, but about once a year I figure I have to remind you about these problems so you'll hopefully trouble to understand that we cannot react on short notice due to all these time delays and that the earlier you let us know any changes that affect your delivery the better. And when you order subscriptions or classified ads you have to understand that it will be at least a month before the magazine begins to arrive or the ad appears.

Give Christmas Gift Subscriptions to your friends who mess about in boats...

It's a gift that keeps on coming, twice a month all through the year!

To order, complete as many of the order forms at the right as you need (or copies of them) and send them to us at the address below with your check for \$24 (\$36 for Canadian or overseas) for each gift subscription order. We do not accept credit card orders.

We will mail out gift announcement cards in time for Christmas delivery if we have your order in our hands no later than December 7, 1998. If you wish we will send the announcement cards directly to you if you prefer to personally deliver them.

All gift subscriptions will begin with the January 1, 1999 issue unless you specify otherwise.



GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDERED BY:

NAME: _____

MAIL ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

.....

GIFT FOR:

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

GIFT CARD SHOULD READ FROM: _____

☐ SEND GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT CARD TO ME

.....

GIFT FOR:

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

GIFT CARD SHOULD READ FROM: _____

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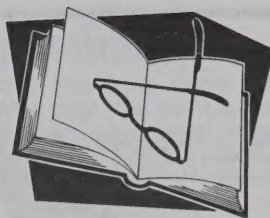
29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943

This is a book intended for the vicarious voyager and adventurer. Michael Badham has lived the life that the "nine-to-fivers" dream about.

Imagine entering the Dartmouth Naval College in May, 1940, at age 13, as was the practice then. Mike was a cadet for four years in wartime Britain, until he was raised to active service as a midshipman. He served on battleships in the North Atlantic, and later in the Mediterranean. Eventually he entered the submariners service, in which he served until retiring in 1960.

His second incarnation put him in small boats on the ocean. The first part of this new life began with a transatlantic crossing in a 43' ketch. The original plan was to take Mike and his young family to a business venture in Australia, but once in the Caribbean they were drawn into the charter business, and a new life as charter boat captain began. The career spanned many different boats and many years. The night a guest and his wife dropped acid and convinced Mike's wife to do the same, leaving Mike sober and nervously watching his crew and wife to prevent any harm to themselves or his boat, was certainly a "trip."

After outgrowing the charter business, Mike takes us back to Great Britain, to Ireland, for a completely new business venture. Unfortunately, the political turmoil and growing violence of the Irish conflict force him to abandon his plans, and this resourceful man finds his way back to the U.S. to continue his life.



Book Review

My Road Leads Me Seawards

Mike Badham
New Millennium, 1997

Reviewed by Lee Trachtenberg

For Mike and his family, this was an exciting life, interesting and varied, providing a freedom of travel and scheduling that anyone with any interest in an alternative lifestyle, or taking more control of their lives, would envy.

I found Mike's writing style clear and easy to read, and his descriptions of storms at sea and sunrises following the dark night, vivid and immediate. The Anglophile might enjoy this book, as it is dripping in British language and attitudes.

Unfortunately, the reader looking for the vicarious excitement of the adventurer's life is left unsatisfied. I have read many of the classic voyaging books by small boat sailors, such as Kent, Slocum, Marin-Marie, Knox-Johnston, Dumas, Voss, and Robinson, as well as more recent voyaging tales, and I found *My Road Leads Me Seawards* pales a bit by comparison. I was not riveted to the narrative as I hoped I would be.

In the book, Mike shares conversations with publishers who were considering his work, whose concern was that the book would be found boring because of the absence of any disasters, and I appreciate Mike's honesty and insistence on not creating any events to simply sell his book!

But even in the absence of disasters, I have found myself more involved in other author's circumstances, dilemmas, and insights. Mike was in exciting places and worked his own way out of some sticky spots through his own ingenuity and resources, but for me, the telling wasn't as interesting or exciting as the events may have been for him. I missed the "off-watch philosophizing" and observations that make a voyaging saga more than the telling of the details of a trip.

For the reader with limited leisure reading time, there are better books that give insight into Royal Navy life during the war, such as *The Cruel Sea*, and there are more engaging books that will take the reader on sailing voyages across oceans and trips of inner personal discovery.

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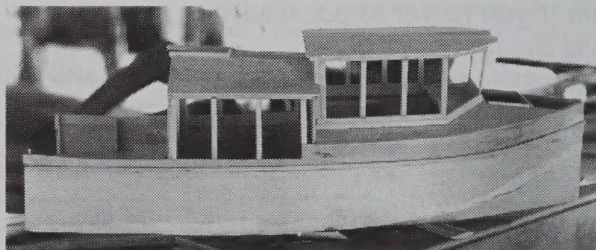


Photo: Peter Krupenye

RETRIEVER

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

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



PENGUIN BOAT SHOP, INC.
Thomas Wells, Prop.
Westerly Marina, Ossining, NY 10562
914-318-7454

Craftsmanship is Not Enough

Her classic lines caught my eye from way across the boat ramp and I had to get a closer look. She was a 17' I/O who probably started life as a straight inboard in the late 60's, and she had been found abandoned in a boat yard, bought for a song, and lovingly restored.

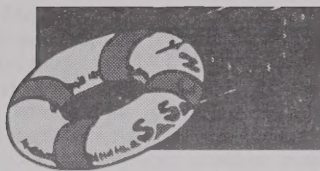
Her new owner had put some 18 months into rebuilding her and the workmanship was superb! Would that I had such skills!

My hope was to give her a Courtesy Marine Examination decal, but one glance into the engine compartment ended that idea. This beautifully restored boat was simply waiting for an explosion to happen.

The engine compartment went across the cockpit stern from port to starboard. It was one single open space which contained a rebuilt engine (with an automotive air filter where the backfire flame arrestor should have been), the gasoline tank (a converted aluminum beer keg), and a place for the battery and a jug of spare engine oil.

It was the gasoline tank that first caught my eye. While the beer keg had been properly braced against movement, it was not in any way connected to the open air. To fill the tank, one unscrewed a cap where the beer keg bung used to be and simply poured in gasoline. If there was any spill, it went directly into the engine compartment. Even if there was no spillage, it was inevitable that fumes during the refueling process would, being heavier than air, sink to the bottom of the bilge. The requirement that a fuel tank opening must be on deck and designed to drain any spills over the side had been ignored.

The beer keg gas tank did have a vent so that the engine would run, but that vent had been installed on the top of the tank inside the engine compartment. The normal expansion of fuel on a hot summer's day would have forced fumes (and possibly raw gas) to flow



Small Boat SAFETY

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

down the side of the tank and into the bilge. All fuel tanks must, under the law, have a vent leading outboard of the vessel so any fumes or extra fuel go over the side.

There was no engine compartment ventilation of any kind. The vents for "natural ventilation," acceptable on boats built prior to 1980, had been removed and the openings skillfully glassed over. No bilge blower had been installed to replace the natural ventilation. I gave the owner a copy of Federal Requirements for Recreational Boats, available free from most marine dealers or by calling 1-800-368-5647, and urged him to take his boat to the local Coast Guard Station and have an expert go over requirements with him.

"Guess I have some more work to do," he said. I do not know, but I strongly suspect that the carburetor and the fuel pump were automotive rather than marine parts. These car parts can leak gasoline. I also suspect that the starter, distributor, and solenoid were made for automobiles and not for boats, these can emit a spark which, in this engine compartment, surely would have caused an explosion.

As said earlier, this man was an absolutely superb craftsman. I hope that someday I will see him and his beautiful boat again, and that the second time I will be able to give him the safety decal.

Explosion

There was a boat explosion at my marina today. While no one was killed, one woman was taken to the hospital where she is reported to be in serious condition with burns over 40% of her body. Her two companions were treated and released with relatively minor injuries, but anyone who has ever been burned knows how those "minor injuries" can hurt.

The boat, a twin-engined 40' sports fisherman, had taken on 98 gallons of fuel. When the skipper hit the starter switch, a spark touched the gas/air mixture in the bilge and the result was devastating.

Why? At this point there is only speculation, but there are some very obvious possibilities, and some questions to be asked.

Did the skipper turn on the bilge blower and wait at least four minutes for fumes to be blown out of the engine compartment? Was the bilge blower working? Could he hear it running? Was the hose from the blower to the exhaust vent securely connected? When had the skipper last put his hand over the vent to make sure that air (and fumes) were being ejected from the engine compartment?

I do not know the answer to any of those questions, but I strongly suspect the answer to at least one of them was "no."

Modern power boats are very well made and extremely reliable, so reliable that we sometimes forget to take the basic safety precautions. Often, because of good construction and maintenance, nothing bad happens. Then we have an accident such as this and people are killed or injured.

It's a hard reminder, but it does make us remember that before we start an inboard or I/O, we open the hatch to sniff for fumes (the nose is the best fume detector there is), we turn on the bilge blower and make sure it's working, and we let it run for a minimum of four minutes (five is better) before we reach for that starter button.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



A Dose of Reality

Every so often something hits you in the face on a couple of levels. About 20 years ago I crossed the Maurice River on my way to Cape May. There were several beautiful old hulks lying in the mud. My immediate reaction was, "Wow, those are beautiful. They look like old sailing work boats. I wish I could bring one of them back." I have always remembered them.

Not long ago, I got involved with the Clearwater organization's effort to create a second vessel to broaden its base of environmental education on the Hudson and the surrounding region. A few of us did a benefit concert/networking trip down to Port Norris and Bivalve to visit the *A.J. Meerwald*. It turned out that she had been one of those boats in the mud. When they hauled her out of the mud, she was put in the yard and disassembled her. They measured and documented each piece of

the boat. It turned out that only a piece of the keel and one plank were still usable in the reconstruction, but she's still the old *Meerwald*.

Surprisingly, many of her old crew and yard workers were still around. Some of us stayed with one of the crew, who told us that she had had a moderate list due to her deck gear, which consisted of the equipment needed for oystering in Delaware Bay. When they tried to correct the list, she became rather unstable, so they decided just to live with what they had in the first place. When we went out sailing on her the next day, one of the crew told me that he had been the one to put an iron rub strake on her to protect the wood from the hardware being worked. He had been thrilled to be the one to remove the metalwork. With no heavy metal on the hull or on deck, I saw no indication of instability or listing.

Another old crew member mentioned that shortly after *Meerwald* was launched, old A.J. Meerwald had gotten sick and been laid up for several months. The boat had been built out of green wood and lived in a brackish stream. It had been a rather rainy summer. When Captain Meerwald got back to her, the planks on the decks and topsides had a lot of twigs growing from them. A lot of working boats have been built from green wood. Usually, though, through the nature of their work or through work on the crew's part, the decks and topsides of the boat get washed down with salty water. That didn't happen here. It took a lot of planning and painting to bring her back to pretty clean and ready to work.

For anyone out there who has a bug to rebuild one of these old commercial sailing vessels, it looked as though the entire working oyster fleet used to be sailing vessels, mostly sloops and schooners. All of them were of wood construction. I don't know how available the boats are, but remember that working boats don't get thrown out or put in the mud until they are past the stage of economical repair. They wouldn't be working if the owners were not making a profit. It took nearly a million dollars and a lot of volunteer labor to bring the *Meerwald* back.

You write to us about...

Activities & Adventures...

A Wonderful Winter Afternoon

I was thoroughly enjoying L.W. Lord's article, "I Bought A Sailboat" in the October 1 issue, when I had a pleasant surprise. I had grown suspicious when Mr. Lord said that the name of the boat was *Georgia*, because how many big sailboats could share that name? Then when he identified her as a Larchmont "O" Class sloop, I was sure I knew the boat, and was reminded of a wonderful winter afternoon.

I was about 11 or 12, so it was 1970 or '71. My dad had read an ad for the *Georgia*, and so we took a drive from our home in Brooklyn, N.Y. to somewhere in Connecticut to see her. This was a fairly common thing for us to do, whether or not he was serious about buying the boat we were driving out to.

At the time, we had a 1939, 35' Sparkman and Stephens Weekender class sloop, which was a great boat. She had very salty lines, a roomy cabin and cockpit, and a good turn of speed in the right wind, for a cruising design of that period. She was in pretty good shape, too, compared to some of the other boats we had had while I was growing up.

All would have been fine, I imagine, if my dad's friend hadn't brought an 8 meter sloop into the harbor, and tantalized him by sailing that close winded racing machine back and forth across the Rockaway Inlet. It was like the racing bell to an old race horse; his words, not mine. My dad had started sailing in Universal Rule boats, and seeing this 8 meter, (though an International Rule racer, true,) started something within him, and the Weekender, somehow, was no longer the right boat.

I remember it being dark when we got to *Georgia* in her slip in some quiet Connecticut estuary. It was cold, too. But the owner had told my dad to let himself on-board to see the boat, and once in the cabin, the combination of cabin lights, and some electric work lights, lit the cabin brightly, and warmed it up as well.

The first image that still comes to my mind is that of the leaded glass doors to the lockers of the main cabin. The leaded glass was set into varnished mahogany, shiny, but dark with age. All the hardware was bronze, greened-in with age as well.

The main cabin was paneled with varnished mahogany, if I remember correctly. The aft cabin, a private stateroom with pilot berths, and cushioned seats, was finished just as beautifully. The forepeak was a storage area, and I remember some huge snatch blocks in a bin. We sat for a while and looked at the size of them, and the awesome size of some of her other gear that was stowed up there. Bearing in mind the huge tiller we had passed in the cockpit, my dad simply said "This boat is too big for us, right now. If I had to run forward suddenly for something, that tiller could throw you right out of the cockpit." I

wasn't small for my age or anything, but I was still only 11 or 12, after all.

The asking price was \$5,000, which even in 1970 or 1971 was not much for a boat of her size. She was in good shape, too. But this was before owning a big, wooden, classic sloop was in vogue, as it is now, and there were no takers. I think I remember my dad saying that the previous owner might have to break her up. I argued in favor of buying this beautiful old boat, of course. As much of a dreamer that he was, though, my dad had a pragmatic side.

After a while, we drove back home. Though he never seriously considered buying her, we talked about the *Georgia* often. I often wondered what happened to her in years to come.

There is a great article on the Larchmont "O"s in Edwin J. Schoettl's 1928 book *Sailing Craft*. There were 6 built in 1916-17. They were 59'10" x 38'6" x 12'0" x 7'10". The original gaff rig sail area was 1704 square feet. The later marconi rigs spread slightly less sail. Displacement was 35,500lbs. Big boats, for sure.

Lee Trachtenberg, Glen Cove, NY

We Won!

Staten Island celebrates the selection of New York City as the future home of the National Lighthouse Center and Museum at the U.S. Lighthouse Depot in St. George. Support from the borough pledging \$1.2 million was instrumental in securing additional pledges from the city of New York and the state of New York totalling \$3.8 million.

Henry Stephenson, NY Harbor Lights, P.O. Box 40762, Staten Island, NY 10304, (718) 727-4962, email: <NYHL1@aol.com>, www.lighthousemuseum.org



Needs...

Dimensions Please?

Would there be available the waterline lengths of the "Top Finishers" and "Rest of Class Winners" in the Blackburn Challenge? I would like to do a correlation of these dimensions with finishing times. Perhaps you can refer me to someone who may have this data.

John Duncan, Potomac, MD.

Editor Comments: I suggested to John that he contact the organizing Cape Ann Rowing Club. It would be interesting information if available.

A Mystery Class Sail

While inspecting the Sunfish sails and rigs stored in our Sea Cliff Sailing Club locked steel storehouse on the local public beach recently, I discovered a small sailbag, within which was a very nice new four batten sail of a size appropriate for a small dinghy. The class emblem was a black letter "J" with the vertical shaft topped by a curved arrow point. The bag had a faint label on it reading "Gayle Heard Sails, Tollesbury, England".

Does anyone recognize this class symbol? None of my books provide the answer. None of our four keyholders to the storehouse know how it came to rest within either.

Ward Bell, 372 Sea Cliff Ave., Sea Cliff, NY 11579, (516) 671-2634

Opinions...

Life Beyond Boats

I think it was courageous of you to acknowledge a while back in one of your "Commentary" columns that there was life beyond boats. This epiphany is something all boat lovers come to, over and over again. But, as you well know, boats and dreams and hopes are inseparable. I for one am glad you offer this publication for supporting both the dreams and the realities.

Harold Wolfson, Larchmont, NY

A Sharpie for 32 Seasons

Yes! I agree fully with Mr. Smith's assessment in "A Sharpie for 32 Seasons" in the September 15 issue. For just messing about, nothing beats that simple sharpie. Not only that, they must be about the easiest thing to build and almost indestructible if built from planking. Want to build one? Look in Sam Rable's *How to Build Boats in Your Own Backyard*, the first (Uncle Gabe's) design. I think Chappelle calls it a yawl and they were used on rivers to bring ship's hawsers ashore when tying up. Thanks for the article.

Richard Carsen, Flagsattf, AZ

No Place in the Magazine

The diatribe appearing in your September 1 issue under the title of "The Best of Insurance Coverage" (Old Ed Stories) should have no place in your magazine. Your readers want items about boats, not poorly written insurance bashing articles.

After outlining the supposed crookedness of insurance companies in wanting

to make a profit, Mr. Russell introduces us to his hero, Captain Scott, a man intent on committing fraud on the insurance company by purchasing insurance on a ship and cargo that he suspects are already lost. The poetic justice style ending probably is supposed to make Captain Scott a hero and the agent a crook.

Please, stories about fraud committed on insurance companies do not belong in a boating magazine. The irony of the story is that there really is a concept of "lost or not lost" in standard marine insurance policies. I'll let Mr. Russell do his post article research with his local insurance agent to find out how that term really works.

William Harris, Ft. Worth, TX

Editor Comments: It's humor, William.

Safety & Jetskis

I personally went from thinking that jet skis were less of a problem this year to suddenly, in a split second, coming within 6' of hitting one on the Connecticut River. The rider (I don't think they are called captains) cut directly into my path suddenly without looking, and then when he did see me, jumped off, leaving the unoccupied and out of control craft to continue on. I guess motorboating accidents are just like car accidents, they happen suddenly and unexpectedly. Fortunately I've never had one, but this was too close, and reminded me that jet skis will be a problem until they are banned.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

Projects...

Paraplegic's Larsboat

Here is a photo of the Larsboat I built for my son, who is a paraplegic, and his son. I changed Jim Michalak's design slightly, eliminating the cockpit coaming to make entry and exit easier. My son tried getting into and out of it and found no problems. I also made the decks rounded instead of flat, as it was built of 1/8" plywood and I felt this would make the structure stronger.

Bob Smithson, Bend, OR

My Models Are 1x 4 Class

Joseph Spaulding's Great Plank Boat Regatta models (July 1 issue) are in the 2x 8 class, mine are in the 1x 4 coping saw size, white pine plank preferred with straight grain. So his are too big for me to handle. I had enough trouble making a series of 7" LOA boats at the seashore, hollowing out and decking over some of them to carry more keel and overcome a tendency to capsize in wind and surf.

Success began when I made a goose-neck fitting for the boom and roller reefed the mainsail, and further success was obtained with .001" plastic shopping bag sails carefully laced to the mast and boom with needle and thread.

When I got a sloop that sailed much like a Lightning, about as fast as I could wade following it, it once got away from me so I had to walk around to the far side of the tidal pool to get it. I figured if I made them any larger they would likely sail faster than I could swim after them.

Choosing an appropriate keel material for each boat's allowable ballast to get a good keel shape is an interesting challenge. I used some aluminum, some iron, some copper and some lead. Uffa Fox comments that early International 14 dinghies had bronze drop keels. I'd like to set in a keel in a bottom slot so it could be adjusted like a centerboard for testing different points of sail. Maybe by next year's trip to the beach I'll make one. Making a hull in port and starboard halves for creating the slot is a thought I've not yet got adjusted to, but maybe by next year...

Jim Hodges, 1304 Radford Rd., Wilmington, DE 19803

Right Before My Eyes

I look forward to *Messing About in Boats* and love to read it. Even though I have not been looking for a boat lately I still pore over the classifieds with glee.

The reason I have not been looking for a boat lately is that I have been building one. I have finally finished a 17' Swampscott dory. I have seen my boat from a distance being sailed solo by my 11 year old son, another messing about in boats fan being developed right before my eyes.

Paul Murray, Storrs, CT

Useful Information...

Raceboat Regatta Programs

The Antique Boat Museum at Clayton, NY again sponsored the bi-annual Antique Race Boat Regatta last summer and we have available some remaining program booklets with 60 photos of many participating boats and race posters, plus the entry listings for \$3 each postpaid, should any readers be interested.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624

Traditional Boats Email List

You're invited to join CDBoats, the Chesapeake & Delaware Traditional Boats emailing list! The list is intended for builders, restorers, and users of traditional boats (in the broadest possible sense). We focus somewhat (but not exclusively) on the Chesapeake & Delaware estuaries and watersheds and the surrounding coastal areas.

Whether your interest is in ultralight canoes, oceangoing square-riggers, or anything in between, we hope you'll join us! We are not looking to compete with other internet services (we'll tell you about any interesting ones we hear of) but to supplement them and to retain a personal and local flavor.

The list grew out of conversations over several years among crew members and volunteers from the *A. J. Meerwald*, *Gazela*, *Martha Lewis*, and the Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, and our boatbuilding friends, about finding a way to facilitate cooperation and mutual support within the traditional boat community in this area. We hope that this will help us help each other off-line as well as on-line.

To sign up for the list:

1. Using your Web browser, go to <http://CDBoats.listbot.com>
2. Follow the instructions there.
3. A few minutes later, you'll get a confirmation request by email. Just click the reply button on your email software.

If you don't have access to the web, or if you have trouble signing up, email me at one of the addresses below and I can sign you up from this end. The initial sign up and any account or password changes are the only times you need to use the Web. The list itself operates through email.

"For Sale", "Wanted to Buy", and especially "Free Stuff" notices, as well as calendar items, are encouraged. Looking for a source for red cedar or an obscure book? Why not start here? Professional boatbuilders, operators, etc., as well as private individuals and especially non-profit organizations are encouraged to use this list to post messages offering information, goods, or services that are relevant to the focus of this list.

I look forward to hearing from you!

Greg DeCowsky,
<greenhead@justicemail.com>,
<greenhead@wans.net>





Fleet assembled.

By Mark Steele

The Greatest Little Model Yacht Ocean Race in the Whole Dang World!

Once a year, a little tropical island resort in the Fiji group of islands in the South Pacific plays host for three days to model yacht sailors from Fiji and New Zealand, with the staging of a regatta for owners of a unique little

model yacht made in Auckland, New Zealand.

The boat is the Electron, designed and each one hand-built by Des Townson, with over 600 sold to people throughout the world. It is probably the most successful little

one-class model yacht in the world, each one identical except for the range of colours for the boat's moulded hull, a rugged, low maintenance, strict one-design radio-controlled model yacht ideal for racing or just plain fun sailing.

The Fiji regatta, dubbed the Electron Worlds, which has now been held for four consecutive years, is sailed in sea water off Toberua (pronounced Toam-beh-roo-ah) Island, which shares with the Electron the distinction of being small. The island, a resort on four acres; the boat, a length overall of 895 mm. It is often said that good things come in small dimensions.

Fleet racing takes centre stage for all but the last event on the card each year, an ocean race which I proclaim to be the greatest little model yacht ocean race in the world, all 20 minutes of it! It is the much-looked-forward-to opportunity for Electron owners to emulate the ocean-going, full-size, bluewater boat skippers by sailing these little yachts on a complete rounding of the island, about 300 metres.

To do this, sailors must follow the boat around the entire island, one eye on their model, the other ever alert to ensure their own firm footing in the shallows, some still finding a way to refresh themselves enroute with a can of Fiji beer or a glass of spirits during the island rounding.

The spoils of victory for this ocean race? Well, one could justifiably say that it is all for the glory of having one's victory recorded on a galvanized bucket, for the container mentioned is indeed the prime trophy. Presented by Australian Warwick Hood, who designed that nation's America's Cup contender of some years back, *Dame Pattie*, it also never leaves the island. There are other prizes for the event of course, including the Windling World BOSO LEVU (Big Boss) Medal presented each year by the writer, but the bucket typifies the fun element of the entire regatta.

Since the fleet must round the point of the island where the resort's native Fijian staff reside, it is a nice touch to watch the way many of them rush to get good vantage spots in the lee of the island, how they shout and giggle, urge on their favourite contenders. This adds immensely to the flavour of the great little race, followed only at its conclusion, by the race to the bar.



Away on the Great Race!

Getting close to the action!



The entire regatta is conducted with a happy blend of just the right quantity of joie de vivre, mixed with the serious business of aiming to win. Well, sort of!

There is lots of humour, much camaraderie, a sightseeing programme for wives while husbands mess about with their model yachts, great sing-a-longs when the wind sent blowing, and again around the bar late into the evening, and each year a fervent desire to convene and meet again for another messabout with their Electrons the following year.

Model yachting should be both fun and able to build and sustain good friendships, and this innovative little curtain closer to a great island regatta for model yachts and people who enjoy playing with them, gets my vote as a good example of what my ideals on model yachting are.

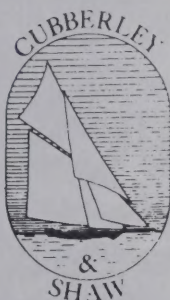
Details on the Electron from Des Townson, 3 McMillan Place, Howick, New Zealand, phone/fax 64 09 537-2173.



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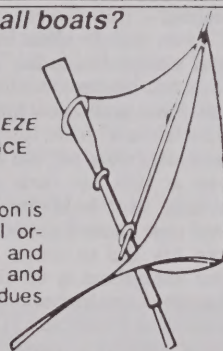
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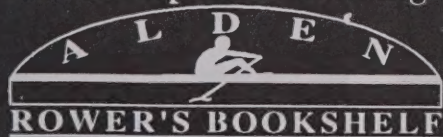


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Events Roundup

Brief glimpses of what's been happening when small boaters gather.

Seattle Scene

The Norm Blanchard WOOD (Wooden Open One Design) Regatta hosted by the Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle on September 26-27 attracted about 40 boats ranging from 40' Yankees to 8' El Toros. An 8-10 knot northerly breeze came in about noon each day providing nice sailing conditions on Lake Union. These were not typical Seattle September days, mid-seventies, clear sunny skies.

The photos show a lineup of Lightnings and Blanchard Junior Knockabouts along the dock and a flight of Pelicans on the dock. The event honors Norm Blanchard, who designed and built a number of his 26' Knockabouts and 20' Junior Knockabouts in Seattle.

Bob Smithson, Bend, OR



Delaware River TSCA Messabout '98

Joshua, a thin 8 year old with enthusiastic eyes, stands close to his father at the water's edge. His father asks if I would take Josh and his brother out rowing in the Nutshell Pram and teach him how to row. We climb aboard, Josh, his brother, and I, and cautiously row off the beach. Josh is tentative at first but then asks that I no longer help him hold the oars. We row back and near shore I get out. Josh rows in and asks his dad to come along. This is what the Messabout is all about.

Joseph Cunningham waits patiently on the steps as I approach. Can we sail the pond boat now? I'm tired, but ready. His silhouette wades after the ducker pond boat against the backdrop of the setting sun on Union Lake. He tacks the boat back and forth and readjusts the tiller. This is what the Messabout is all about.

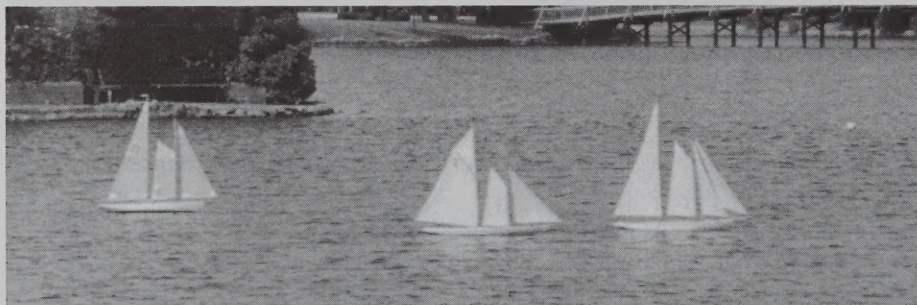
Al Moss is all smiles as he disem-

barks from his Penguin, soaked from his recent wild flying jibe around the mark. There will be stories to tell around the picnic table tonight. This is what the Messabout is all about.

Thirty six traditional small craft, four new members, exciting races, sea chanties and kids working and singing during tug of war, old time music and friendship. This is what the Messabout is all about.

The Delaware River TSCA wishes to thank Tom Shephard, Pete Peters and Ron Gryn for planning and running the "Great Reunion at Union Lake" with 67 people and 37 boats, the largest Messabout in our group's history. And thank you to Pat Vogdes for handling the registrations. Also a special thanks to Bob Smith for the fine banner he had made for the Delaware River Chapter TSCA, it was a real 1st class job.

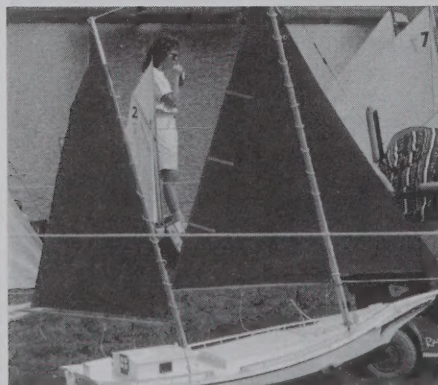
Pete Peters, Delaware River TSCA



Model Yacht Regatta

The Vintage Model Yacht Association held a regatta at Spring Lake, NJ on September 19 & 20. I happened to stop by on the 19th and take a few photos. Some very impressive models. Several schooners on the water at once made an impressive sight. I thought readers would enjoy. Had I planned on "reporting" this event, I'd have names to connect to the models. Didn't, so I don't. Maybe you'll hear from the owners.

John S. Smith, Upper Montclair, N.J.



Speaking of treasure, Dr. Livesey said to Long John Silver, "Look out for squalls when you find it!" (*Treasure Island*).

When I started going out with my husband, before we ever dreamt of getting married, the subject of shipwrecks came up. All of a sudden his face turned grim and he said quietly, "Never find treasure." That was how I learned that he had found a shipwreck in 1986, a 17th century galleon (presumably Spanish) right here in Rincon on the west coast of Puerto Rico.

Finally I decided to satisfy my curiosity and learn more about the event that took place 12 years ago. This is what I heard.

On a regular nice sailing day my husband decided to take out a couple visiting from Cooperstown, New York on his friend's boat. The couple wanted to learn how to scuba dive. As they were sailing out, something with the steering went wrong about 250 meters offshore. My husband dove and sailed these waters for many years and therefore knew the area. While adjusting a steering cable, he noticed a change on the ocean floor. There were some strange "rocks" that had not been there before. When he dove down, he saw unusual sea plants growing in a straight line of about 9' in length.

He started digging around and, to his great surprise, realized that he was uncovering cannons! When he checked out the "rocks" they turned out to be a ballast pile. He immediately went up and marked the spot by triangulating marks on the shore. It was a combination of shock and unbelievable excitement. The date was December 30, 1986. He later found out that on that day a syzygy had occurred, an alignment of nine planets. Could that have caused the shift in the sands? The wreck was found in only 12 feet of water.

Since he did not own a boat at the time, the first person he informed was a close friend and the owner of the boat. They all went out the next day, his faithful dog Quazar at the bow. With scuba tanks they went down and dug out some interesting pieces. When they broke these open on shore, they turned out to be nails, hinges, and a sword-like tool.

That night, of course, called for frenzied celebration. As much as they tried to keep it secret, the news quickly spread over our gossip little town. The "final version" was that my husband had found a gold chest, and he was offered to eat and drink on credit wherever he went.

The next step was to inform J.B., the only qualified diver for shipwrecks on the west end of the island. Interestingly enough, there were no specific laws on such finds at the time. The expert came with his own boat and they tried to pull out a cannon by ropes and airbags. Unfortunately, the airbags broke due to age. They explored further, now with a metal detector. It recorded a lot of metal around including two or three more cannons. Among the first finds were an anchor, cannon balls, two pewter plates, nails, pins with screw-on heads, ball-shots, scissors, a complete piece of pottery, etc.

The pewter plates had the name of a certain Nicholas Kelp of London inscribed on them. Through research, my husband discovered that this gentlemen was highly esteemed for finest pewter at the time. He lived from 1638 to 1665.

Yet the most valuable find was yet to be discovered.

The Shipwreck

By Smyljka Fitzgerald

A couple of weeks later, the event took on a larger scale. An Army club came to dive as visitors, scientists flew down from Florida and Colorado for megatononomous surveys, a partnership of three was established, etc.

As the excavations went along, weather permitting, one day a nautical instrument was excavated, an Iberian astrolabe dated from 1616. These navigational instruments, predecessors of the sextant, were very rare at the time. Usually only the leading ship and the last ship of the fleet carried them. This was the seventeenth one ever found. The one that Mel Fischer found was estimated at \$1.8 million. The one my husband and his partners found is of the same year but in better condition.

Anyone can imagine the hopes, the excitement, but also the confusion. Primarily a painter, and a seaman closely next, my husband did not think of looking for shipwrecks. I read somewhere that shipwrecks are not found when you go searching for them. They are found when they are meant to be found.

Anyway, after months of excavation, preservation in special basins, and all through borrowed funds, the whole venture came to an abrupt halt. People from the government came and eventually hundreds of artifacts, including the astrolabe had to be handed over.

Any further excavation at the site was prohibited. Up to this day nothing is being done at the site. The artifacts are not exposed to the public, the astrolabe is locked up in a government vault. The galleon, still unidentified, with who knows how many more hidden treasures and surprises is lying abandoned at the bottom covered by the sands of time.

Needless to say, lawyers had come into play. My husband's belief from the start been that this invaluable historical treasure deserved to be a patrimony of the Puerto Rican people. All he wanted was a share for discovering it. As it turned out, the shipwreck caused new laws to be installed. However, no one denies him the recognition that he is the one who discovered the wreck. His name is also mentioned at the small nautical museum in town.

Up to this date the case is still in court. The Supreme Court of Puerto Rico ruled that one-third of the estimated total value belongs to my husband and his partners. Appraisals are being made.

As for himself, his humble life goes on. Who knows? Maybe one of these days.

I asked him finally what he would like to see in the future? He answered that he would like to see the galleon excavated and, first of all, identified. He would like to see it displayed in a maritime museum in Puerto Rico for all to learn about its unique history, for all to admire.

Now I understand why he answered so quietly, "Never find treasure."

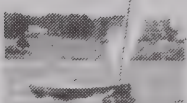


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I prefer to avoid holidays, but the weather forecast for the Columbus Day weekend was impeccable and I had no specific obligations. I had been planning a Connecticut River cruise for weeks, dropping hints to potential trip facilitators, and hoping against hope that the slim combination of events would work out. The forecast held and Uncle Phil Siena, my good friend and colleague in jazz radio, was kind enough to accompany me to the launch at Ferry Point Park in Rocky Hill, Connecticut, just south of Hartford. From there I would set off in my boat and he in my car with trailer, all of us to reunite eventually.

It was sunny and warm as I rigged the boat, the high pressure area having arrived as predicted, and I was shirt-free as I started down the river past the little steel tug with the varnished wooden door that shuttles cars across on a barge. The wind was where I hoped it would stay, more or less from the north, although in practice I have found that it tends to bend and follow a river valley unless there is a pronounced crosswind. Since the Connecticut flows mostly north-south, I had just the weather I wanted to ease me south toward Long Island Sound.

I settled in on the cushions on the leeward side to give *Dandelion* the slight heel a Widgeon needs to scoot along on the lightest of breezes. On a broad reach in the full sunlight, in my bathing suit in October, off to cruise a new portion of water, I recognized a great feeling of satisfaction expanding within me, replacing the annoying background noise of land-based concerns. I suppose it was a feeling of relief and escape, too.

A fairly long-term relationship was drawing to its obvious and inevitable close. The impasse had been openly discussed, recognized, and disagreed upon, and it was only a matter of time until someone pulled the plug. I hadn't been sure that she would be there to take care of the aged dog, but she was, and I was on the river, on my "Fall Break," ready to enjoy it to the fullest.

This portion of the river was entirely unfamiliar to me. The Long Island Sound chart booklet doesn't cover the river north of Hamburg Cove, so I had grabbed the road map from my car as a rough guide, figuring it would be better than nothing at all. I could keep track of my progress, and it would at least get me to a pay phone if I got into trouble within reach of shore, which is never that far away on most rivers. The shore looked familiar, though, with overhanging branches slowly swept by water, the wooded islands with their sand bars stretching out ahead and behind.

Whenever I sail on a river and pass by or land on one of these islands, I am immediately put in mind of Huckleberry Finn. Someone once asked me what character in literature I most identified with. I was surprised at how quickly and easily I answered, "Huckleberry Finn." So here I was, drifting barefoot down the river.

I landed on the large island that bisects the river north of Cromwell called Gildeersleeve Island. The sand bar was firm and sparkled in the afternoon light as the water parted and swirled around it. I beached the boat and went to find a place to conceal myself for a moment. Past the bar and beach, the head of the island was wooded, but it had been cleared underneath the trees. Spread out between the trunks were a number of wooden stools, each a circle on a single post, looking

Autumn Cruise

By Ross Miller

like a field of oversized silvered mushrooms. After a moment of bewilderment I realized that this was a place where "sportsmen" parked their lazy butts and blasted unsuspecting ducks out of the sky. This was confirmed shortly thereafter by the discovery of a plaque identifying the place as the domain of some hunt club. I consecrated the spot with the contents of my bladder and returned to the boat.

Surprisingly soon the bridge between Portland and Middletown came into sight. I had made the mistake of leaving the channel and going to the inside of Gildeersleeve Island, and I was about to make the same mistake again with the island here. Perhaps it was the gunkhole instinct, perhaps it was the mistaken theory that since the wind was northwest, the western side would get the better wind, but there I was creeping along with fluky puffs and scraping the bottom, deriving no benefit from any current either, as thousands of cars raced by above my head on Route 9, killing any wind there might have been. I had often driven by this spot and wondered what it would be like to be on the river there. Now I knew.

Once past the bridge, I was approaching the Middletown waterfront. In preparation for this trip I had called not only the DEP but a number of surrounding town halls in an effort to find an appropriate ramp from which to disembark. A number of them answered, "They've been talking about building one, but it hasn't happened yet." Middletown was the first I had called, and I was surprised to find that there was no ramp there.

I could have sworn I had seen a launch area from the road, and as I progressed, the origin of my mis-impression became clear. What I had seen was the Wesleyan University boathouse. There were shells and skulls arrayed on a vast, steeply sloping concrete ramp, and one would want to have a great deal of confidence in a vehicle's emergency brake and parking pawl or clutch and compression (not to mention wheel chocks) to launch there, even if it were allowed.

Below Middletown the river wraps around Portland and heads east for a few miles. The wind followed suit, pushing me along past marinas and people out for an after-work ride in their motorboats. I passed what appeared to be a power plant, its tall dock sticking out into the water and, as the hills blocked the setting sun, I pulled on the sweatshirt and pants.

It was time to find an anchorage for the night, and soon a beach hove into sight. There was a sandy bottom some way out, and I anchored stern to shore so the bow would break any wakes. The road map seemed to imply that I was alongside Dart Island State Park, and I took a walk on the beach. There were heron footprints, and along the sideline I found the ribbed ochre shells of some tiny bivalves. I wondered if these were perhaps from the dreaded zebra mussel, though they were shaped more like clams. I had read about them repeatedly but had never seen a picture.

I returned to the boat and stowed them behind the segments of foam pipe insulation that hold the oar handles, where they survived

to reside today on my kitchen windowsill, between the fearsome bluefish jaw and the fossilized dinosaur poop.

I cooked dinner as it grew dark, then belabored the air mattress into tumescence with its miserable slippery plastic foot pump. There must be a better device for a small boater or hiker. A large tug and barge came up and past, following the channel well across the river. It negotiated the curves slowly, leaving almost no wake, then anchored off the power plant. I wriggled into the mummy sack and read for a while, then doused the light. As my eyes became accustomed to the dark I thought for a while I was witnessing a rare southern display of the Aurora Borealis, the bright folds of the ghostly curtain just visible in this low latitude. I soon concluded, however, that I was seeing no more than the atmospheric refraction from the lights of a Hollywood-style mansion on the hill across the river.

Shortly thereafter the wind began to pick up. I was glad I had not yet fallen asleep, although I trust my instinct to awaken whenever something feels amiss. It began to pick up rapidly, and whatever the weather people might have said about the wind direction, it was coming straight down the river, west to east, driving at the side of my boat and causing her anchors to drag alternately, taking giant steps downstream toward the bend and unlit waters unknown.

I hauled in the stern anchor and she swung around into the wind. I still detected some slippage as I coiled the mushroom's line, but after hauling in and tossing out the folding grapnel several times, I regained the ground I had lost and set the mushroom ahead, too. I stayed awake for a while to make sure they held, and then the wind died and I drifted off as the boat did not.

In the first light I awoke and peered over the gunwale to see a fox standing on the beach looking at me with an air of inquisitiveness that equaled or exceeded mine. I might not be surprised to see a fox on a beach at dawn, but the fox might be surprised to see a human there so early. Midday, when the humans roil the beach with their jet skis and whatnot, the fox keeps to the woods, but now we just look at each other. "Hello, fox," I said. It stared, motionless. And then I did a stupid human thing. Wondering whether it is the red or grey variety, I quietly reached for my flashlight and shone it on the fox. Startled by this artificial intrusion, it turned and disappeared into the woods.

As the sun began to shine on the tops of the hills, the river sent up a mist that evaporated as it curled into the deciduous reds, yellows, and green pines across the river from my anchorage. The morning silence was pierced by a thin whine that grew like a wedge and became ten high-powered metallic bass boats roaring down the river through the mist at speeds approaching 50 miles an hour. The temperature was in the 30's, and the occupants were wrapped in fiberfill and sunglasses, rigid against their arctic wind-chill factor. I yawned, stretched, and cooked breakfast as successive squadrons of the Hartford Navy wailed on past, headed for the lure of striped bass on the shoals at the mouth of the river.

By the time I had finished breakfast listening to Ira Glass' radio program, *This American Life*, with its chilling interviews of nihilistic yet religious teenage shoplifters and a "totally awesome" piece depicting a Genera-

tion X/Y Valley Chick's acid sex fantasy, the Hartford Navy had begun returning home. The fishing perhaps was not so good, but I suppose there's nothing like that bracing high-speed ride.

I set off after I had washed the dishes and the sun had dried my sleeping bag. It was Saturday and it was turning out to be a National Public Radio sweep of *Dandelion's* informal daily listening survey. I myself broadcast jazz music once a week from WCNI in New London, out of Connecticut College, but despite my marriage to the station, I am a promiscuous listener with a wandering ear, easily seduced on any frequency by alluring radio. Scott Simon and Daniel Schorr juggled the goofy and the aloof as I rounded the bend below my anchorage and the river resumed its north-south orientation.

The next stretch was a pleasant one, bordered by a succession of state parks. The morning was clear, bright, warm and autumnal. I spied a small sandy river island and felt the urge to go ashore. I hardened up into a beam reach and drove into the sand as *Car Talk* began. The island was about 50' long, overgrown with small trees, and as I explored the island in a semi-crouch, I was reminded of Colin Turnbull's *The Forest People*, an anthropology book about the Ituri, commonly known as Pygmies. They, too, traveled their forests in a crouch.

There were animal tracks and trees gnawed by beavers, not to mention evidence of human intrusion, the remains of a campfire within a ring of rocks. A shadowed field of tree sprouts surrounding a smooth beech buried up to its neck in sand asked to be photographed, but there was not enough light under the canopy. I made a note to return next year with faster film when the sun was high and might illuminate the scene with a dappled light.

I shoved off again, downwind and downstream, alone with an idiot's amused grin at Tom and Ray's improvised and edited rantings. I was under a blue sky and upon a blue river, somewhere between nature and radio. The hills were green, red and yellow. *Car Talk* segued into Michael Feldman's travesty and parody of TV style scumplotiation transposed into public radio, and an unobserved observer might have thought I was insane as I sailed on guffawing for no apparent reason.

Delusions of solitude were soon to come to an end as I neared the posher portions of southern Connecticut. I sniffed about the sandbars and inlets near Hamburg Cove, only to discover that the common denominator was to be measured in wake, regularly roiling the sparkling sandy ripple into muck. I anchored for lunch, bow and stern, and ate a can of crab meat and two pieces of whole wheat bread on the beach as the giant hurried stinkpots churned by, their skippers glued to their cell phones, late for lunch and oblivious to their legal liability should their wakes cause any damage to my little yacht, pitching violently at her double anchors.

As I was eating the last piece of bread, I saw someone aboard a flagrant wakemaker looking directly at me, so I held up six fingers to signify the speed limit in a channel. His visage did not register comprehension, nor did he report my message to his captain, so I subtracted five fingers and finished my crust.

This island was no idyll, so I set sail as soon as possible. The farther south I got the

more crowded it became. Essex was a sea of sails, studded by a few traditional rigs, and as I eased down toward Saybrook I threaded my way through flotillas of anchored wakemakers, their beer bellies and cleavages yielding to gravity and loud rock 'n' roll in the last sun of the year.

As I approached the Saybrook bridges I was momentarily smug to be outstripping several much larger boats that should have been leaving me far behind, until I realized that their canvas-flapping torpor was due to a far greater indifference to time and tide than even I pretended to affect. Blessed with engines, they could wallow downstream indifferently, capable of returning home at any time. I, however, had to continue on toward an anchorage.

As I reached the new bridge that arcs Interstate 95 across the river, my faithful following wind plowed into the bridge and collapsed. Momentum carried me halfway under the bridge, and then the incoming tide began to set me back. Small boats nearby and bridge geometry demanded the camera, and I steered with my foot as the current swept me backwards and I aimed, composed, and fired.

One of the yachts that had been following me had also become becalmed in the downdraft of the bridge, and as I broke out my oars I offered them a tow. Indifferent to the tongue-in-cheek, they started their engine and were away. I rowed against the current until I was below the bridge and back in the wind, and then set a course for the Back River and a snug if muddy anchorage behind Griswold Point.

The wind was just adequate to push me down the Back River in the glow of the autumnal setting sun. The dark triangular shadow of my sails swept across the tall golden reeds as egrets and herons poked between the dark bases of their stalks. I approached my chosen spot and nosed in to anchor. Like the birds, I had a quick evening meal, then settled in to read.

Beyond the suspended flashlight and my book I saw the running lights of what revealed itself to be a canoe, propelled by an electric motor, fully registered and illuminated, manned by humans with battery powered searchlights strapped to their heads. They beached their craft not far from mine, and proceeded to unload their fishing gear and carry it across the spit to the shore of the sound at the mouth of the river. I read until I was ready to sleep, then woke up briefly as they reloaded their canoe, went back for forgotten items, then shoved off into the night with their running lights and head lamps shining dimly into the blackness of the river.

In the early morning light, another canoe motored up and two more fishermen spilled out and tromped across the spit to cast into the sound. I awoke and poked my head out of the sleeping bag, and noticed that there was a cold stiff breeze out of the north, no more than 40°F. I crawled out of my bag, pulled my khaki pants on over my polypropylene fuzzy sweatpants to break the wind, and took a walk on the beach. I was chilled, and applying the analytical model, I soon determined that the weak link lay in the fact that I was barefoot.

It had been an unseasonably warm downwind cruise, but the calendar had caught up with me, and although I was otherwise well set up with clothing, I had neglected, as Huck Finn himself might have done, to bring along anything like shoes or socks. After a brief con-

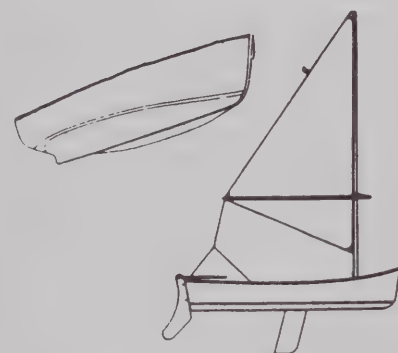
versation with the fishermen about the metamorphoses of Griswold Point in the storms of the preceding years, from peninsula to island and back again depending on the tide, I returned to my boat and prepared to embark.

It was at this point, with my bare feet ensconced in the 60° water to shield them from the 40° wind, that I happened to realize that if I hoisted my sleeping bag up the mast by the main halyard it would dry out more quickly in the sun and wind than it had when I had placed it on the boom, where it required turning, fluffing, and primping. Aloft, suspended from the masthead in the early morning sun, it turned in the wind, dried much faster, and fluffed and primped itself.

I packed the last of my gear away as the tide lifted me off the mud, and I was out of the Back River, out of the Connecticut, and hanging a left to the east toward some kind of rendezvous with home. I postponed breakfast with fistfuls of granola as I progressed tentatively with the fitful morning breezes. At least the tide was with me this time. Late morning brought better winds, and I crossed Black Point and headed in toward Pleasure Beach and the certainty of an easy connection to a ride home, to my car and trailer.

I anchored in two feet of water on a sandy bottom at Pleasure Beach and went up the hill to the Riverside Grocery to call Michele. She would be getting off work at 4:00 and would be by shortly thereafter to take me back to my car and trailer at my house where Phil had left them. I went back to the boat and raised sail again to cross Jordan Cove into the lee of the nuke plant and have a 2:00 PM breakfast of pancakes and scrambled eggs as autumn gave up its last best afternoon.

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Our club's launch had been hauled out the week previous. When I got down to the water, I found that the floating dock, at the end of the long, tall, old pier, was gone as well, floated to her winter berth up the creek. That usually was quite a party, a dozen or so of the members gathering together in ragtag flannel and denim, singing sea chanteys as the float is guided by a husky workboat to its safe, winter location. Usually at least one "worker's" eagerness overcomes them, and a beer or two will be seen rising skywards with the yells and whoops. Once the float is secure, the remainder of the work force joins the happy crewman and a happy time is turned even happier. There is a designated driver, of course.

So I would have to haul my dinghy down the beach and row out to my boat. No problem, I was prepared for this possibility. I was going to sail that day, no matter what.

But as I walked over to the dinghy rack, I heard the sound of an outboard, and looking in that direction I saw Mike, the club steward, in the club's workboat. He was knee deep in chain and winter sticks.

"Need a lift out?" he yelled. I gathered my things and ran over to where he approached the beach. After handing my gear over the lightly lapping waves, I scampered into the boat myself. Only one shoe got partially wet. It was a loud engine, and talking in the boat was about as easy as talking in a subway station with three trains passing.

He yelled in my ear, "This is the last run, you'll have to find your own way back."

I nodded that I understood. The engine revved up and, unbelievably, became even louder. The boat backed away from the beach, and then switching gears, started out for my boat.

Our harbor is very protected from the west, east, and south. Unfortunately, it is open to the north and northwest to a fetch of miles of western Long Island Sound. The boats in the harbor have to "clear out" before the falling temperatures of approaching winter would dictate, because in late fall the northwest wind begins to blow. Sometimes it will blow above 20 knots for days, and there are few safe ways to get out to a boat to check on her.

The short, steep chop thrown ahead of these winds is good at chewing through chafing gear and bowlines, and wrecking floating docks. Even in October, often there will be a boat on the beach the morning after a blow, because someone was not monitoring their moorings for chafe on the bowlines or the thinning of the chain and shackles by rust and wear.

Mine was the one of the last boats in the mooring field. Where over 100 boats had happily bobbed just weeks before, now empty buoys and recently installed winter sticks lay scattered like the stubs of crops on a field after harvest.

We approached my boat. There she was, riding to the mooring, definitely looking very lonely, but very pretty as always. She is an Alberg 22, and for someone looking for a full keel little cruiser, with traditional sheer, counter stern, that has a good turn of speed, and is built of fiberglass, I can see no better choice. There are boats in this size range built to cross oceans, but they are heavier, slower, and much more expensive.

There are much lighter boats in this size range that are marginally faster, and marginally more maneuverable with their fin keels and detached rudders, but they are not as pretty,

November Sail

By Lee Trachtenberg

and are not as trustworthy or comforting in a squall on the Sound, or a blustery day when the wind may reach 30 with higher gusts and you still want to go sailing. After years of sailing this Alberg 22 in many weathers, on cruises to faraway places, I had come to know and appreciate Carl Alberg's design as a true friend.

Mike dropped me and my gear off and then pulled away, motoring off to the end of his day. Once he had put some distance between us, I was surrounded by more pleasing sounds and became more aware of my boat gently riding the waves beneath me and the lovely fall afternoon around me. It was cool, with more clouds than not hiding the sun most of the time. Occasionally the sun would break through, sending brilliant shafts of light to turn the gray water to sparkling gold. A very pleasant breeze from the northeast rippled the water as I prepared for my last sail off the mooring.

I was going to leave the buoy behind, rowing out on some other quiet afternoon to replace it with a winter stick. The raging debate went on in the club concerning the necessity of this precaution. Buoys were pretty tough and could take care of themselves, people argued. No need for all this messy work of taking off the buoy, and painting and then chaining a big piece of lumber in its place. Besides, if not properly done, and sometimes even if properly done, the winter stick can break free too, or become waterlogged, and sink. Then where are you? Still stuck grappling from a rowboat in the spring, desperately trying to hook what's left of the mooring chain.

But the cautious among us remember when the harbor froze over, for weeks, one winter years before. It was bitter cold in January and February, and the temperature refused to budge above 20 in the middle of sunny afternoons.

It looked like the Antarctic out there, all white and frosty.

"Where were the penguins?" many asked. At first, we could see the tops of our buoys and winter sticks above the forming ice. As time went by, the ice thickened and snow covered it up. Worse, the wind moved the ice, pushing great sheets of it this way and that. Fissure lines developed, and it was almost as if huge, flat icebergs had conquered our bay.

"Where was Shackleton?" Occasionally, in the shifting freeze, a buoy would show itself, but rarely where it belonged. The Coast Guard channel markers, huge iron nuns and cans, were way off station. The ice was freezing around the buoys, then with the power of a tugboat, was silently dragging them with the wind and tide.

In March, the ice began to break up, and by April it was gone. Most buoys were gone, too, and most winter sticks remained. The ice could not grab onto their long shapes, and so the stick could slip out of the grasp of the cold, frozen tongs. I believe in global warming, but if there's still one freak cold winter, I want my mooring chain connected to a winter stick.

It could be a week or two before I found a quiet day to row out and make the switch, and I did not want my bowlines hanging in

the water while they waited for me. I had put many happy hours of work on those ropes, fitting stainless steel thimbles into spliced eyes and fitting heavy hose chafing gear from the buoy right up to my deck cleats to protect the lines. Even in this late season, the fertile water of our harbor would have the lines covered in slime and krilly shrimp in no time.

So I brought my big wrenches out with me to open the oversized shackles that hold the bowlines to my mooring chain. This is always fun stuff for me. On a 22-footer there's not much excuse for having to put work gloves on and wrestle with big fittings. The grease I had put into the threads of the shackles the previous spring had kept them from rusting into one piece of salt-encrusted iron so, after clipping the seizing wires, a good push on the long wrench opened the shackles and the bowlines were free. I coiled them and sat them on the cabin sole. The boat rode to the buoy now, tethered only by a light, temporary line.

The wind was blowing and there was little more time to be wasted. In minutes sail covers were off, a suitable jib hanked on, sails were hoisted, and off we went.

Once out past the short breakwater, I could see that the fine northeast breeze was holding and the sun was still playing its games with the clouds, losing for the most part. That was fine with me, because the scene was more dramatic and beautiful than could be imagined just as it was. My favorite wool sweater and foul weather jacket on, I was comfortable.

I decided that a northerly course would be good for this short, late day fall sail. I'd cross to Westchester on a leisurely beat, and come home on an even more leisurely reach. I pointed the bow towards Larchmont and fixed the helm with the tiller extension wedged against the leeward seat. The boat would do the rest. She balances so beautifully that if the wind stays anything near constant, she will sail herself like this indefinitely, leaving me free to enjoy the sail.

I know a lot of people who know me wonder about my single-handing so often. For them sailing is nice, they own boats, and many use them a lot. But most rarely go out by themselves, if ever, and when they sail with their friends, it seems the conversation is what becomes important, not the sail. I enjoy the company of good friends as much as anyone else, but I take my sailing very seriously. Maybe it's a fault of mine, to not be able to do two things well at once, but I can't listen attentively to my friends and concentrate on the subtler sensations of the boat at the same time.

When I'm sailing, I want to sail. I want to listen to the rustle of my reef points, hear the gentle hiss of the quarterwave, feel the vibration of the hull beneath me, look up at the graceful wings of sails above me, and watch them gently arc across the sky as my boat leans over to the varying weight of the wind.

So I find there are two kinds of sails for me, those shared with friends, a beer, laughs, and conversation, and those shared between me and my boat. Both are equally important.

As the boat sailed out to the center of the Sound, the eastern horizon opened up and with it my imagination. All of the trips I have taken started with that view. Today it's a clear, crisp horizon beneath incandescent gray clouds. At the very edge, at the limit of my vision, diffraction magnifies the chop and creates an illusion of huge blue black waves sweeping the edge of the earth.

I have read the books of many of the great voyagers, Slocum, Robinson, Nutting, Tams, Voss, Dumas, etc., and daydream of the time I can take a similar trip. Out here, in the middle of the Sound, I feel closer to the dream. Looking east, I wonder what it would be like to see that view for 360 degrees, endless open sea, winds that blow, encircling the globe, miles of green water beneath the keel, a hot pot of coffee heating up on a gimbaled stove, enjoyed in the early light of dawn in the cockpit.

Quickly we approached the harbor of Larchmont. The familiar breakwater reached south and was superimposed on the Mamaroneck breakwater just to the east. They seemed to race as I went by, Larchmont winning by great margins. Go Larchmont.

Once in the harbor, I could see the beautiful racing fleet of numerous classes still at their moorings. The Shields and International One Designs always are my favorites with their classic old racing boat lines, long overhangs, and low, lean freeboard. With their boom tents and sail covers neatly marked with their racing numbers, they look like the racing thoroughbreds that they are, on rest between matches in their late fall series.

There are always a couple of old wooden boats on moorings in this harbor too, lovely old boats with varnish gleaming.

My wife and I had been in the clubhouse several times when we took an overnight guest mooring. At the top of manicured lawns that

gently slope up to its porches and verandahs stands the beautiful, turn of the century building. Inside, we found varnished paneled walls and locked glass showcases displaying a huge collection of silver pitchers, platters, ewers, and gravy boat trophies. Chronometers, barometers, binnacles and cannons decorate the rooms and halls.

On the walls of the beautiful old building is a small museum's worth of models, paintings, and photos of early boats and racing. I found quite a few of the works of marine photographer Rosenfeld on those walls. Many of the famous racing and cruising boats that he captured on film and published in the books that grace my own shelves had sailed from Larchmont. An all time favorite of mine is a huge poster-sized print of two NY 50s, big gaff-rigged Herreshoff racing boats of the 1920s, crossing tacks in a squall.

As much as I love those old boats and enjoy walking through the halls surrounded by their history in a place where they actually sailed, when faced with that kind of opulence I can't help but think that a significant part of the money that built clubhouses like that one was available because of turn of the century laws and business practices.

The few privileged were allowed to spend leisurely hours on those porches and verandahs, while their employees worked and lived in very different conditions miles west, in the factories and slums in the city. Maybe things

haven't changed that much, or as much as they could. But still, the boats themselves were, and are, beautiful.

No time to pull up to a mooring and stop for socio-political debate today. I did a couple of turns in the harbor and then headed out. Alongside the familiar breakwater again, the race between Larchmont and Mamaroneck had its second leg, this time Mamaroneck winning by leaps and bounds. Can't always win, Larchmont.

The reach home was delightful. Despite the chop coming down the Sound in front of the northeast breeze, the boat found her rhythm quickly. I stood in the companionway, arms on the cabin top, drinking in the peace of the scene. It is hypnotizing. The roll of the boat, the sounds of the wake and the sails, the coolness of the breeze on my face, and the relative warmth of the cabin. Could only moments like that go on forever?

If not forever, the half hour those idyllic conditions lasted would have to do. Soon I was back in the harbor, inside our breakwater, and the sun was low. Time to start the little outboard, furl some sails, and bring her in.

She was to stay in a slip in the creek for a few more weeks until I actually did have to haul her out. In the slip, she would be safe from the northwesterlies, while she would still be in the water, and a few more sails could be snuck in before winter became an unarguable reality.

My First Kayak

By Bunny Fernald

When I built my first kayak at a very young age, little did I know that I would someday be stocking and selling hundreds of them yearly at our store on the banks of the River Parker in Newbury, Massachusetts. When I was an infant my parents ran a seafood restaurant at the site and when my father came down with typhoid my mother had to take over managing the restaurant so I was boarded out to an older couple in nearby Rowley on their farm.

A brook ran through their woods and I spent a lot of my childhood years playing around that brook. It fed a neighboring ice pond, and a buddy and I experimented with making a raft to get out onto that pond. It only managed to sink and get us wet.

I had seen pictures of eskimos in their skin covered watercraft, so why not try to build one of those? In the restaurant cellar were some crude wooden barrels that had held potatoes. Some had fallen apart and I had already made some snowshoes from them by nailing straps to a pair of barrel staves. Now I cast a long look at the hoops, some merely young saplings that had been bent around to hold the staves in place. Others had been sawn and shaped.

By this time my mother had remarried and my stepfather at first laughed at my idea, but when he saw I was serious he gave me a hand. We laid out a 12' length of strapping and nailed on a hoop approximately every foot. We then turned this over and nailed on makeshift stems, and fastened some light strapping to the tops of these, bent them out to the approximate shape of a kayak, and pulled the ends of the hoops out and tied them to these gunwales.

When we were satisfied with the shape, we bolted the hoop ribs to the strapping gunwales and fastened a couple of thin boards on the inside for flooring and to stiffen her up a bit. Then some deck framing was added, the tops of the ribs were cut off flush to the gunwales, and we tacked an old tarp over this hull. An outer gunwale was nailed over the edge of the canvas and several coats of paint made her watertight.

She was a sad looking craft but we had a lot of fun in her out on the ice pond. I wasn't the only one who used her. I recall the day my stepfather took her out to collect pond lilies and his tipping over reaching for one. The restaurant chef also took a turn on his day off. That old eyesore stayed in the family for many years.

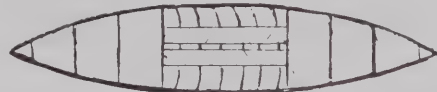
Just recently I drove past the site of that old ice pond. The ice house is gone and the road to it closed. Beavers had dammed the brook and the water had flooded the road. Just up the street is an antique shop with an old canvas covered kayak in its yard. From a distance it sure resembles the one we built. It can't be, but I'll have to go up and take a closer look.



We nailed the hoops on a length of strapping...



...fastened stems, fit a couple of straps for gunwales, pulled the ends of the barrel hoops out and secured them.



Top view after finished.



And away we go!



The National Small Boat Calendar

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

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



HARBOR

Lorelei

By Tom

At first light I sailed the *Odd-A-Tea* between the old fort and the light tower entering the harbor. It was crowded, with over 800 boats representing almost every type of watercraft imaginable. I sailed by schooners and skip-jacks, bugeyes and sharpies, stonehorses, junks, hookers, chows, paddle wheel river boats, luggers, flutes, howkers, galliots, bilanders, cronsters, polaces, sai'ques, chambequins, pataches, tartanes, corbitas, and a xebec. They flew the flags of all countries, yet lettered on their transoms was their port of call, Lorelei.



PORT OF CALL

"If you go there you will never leave," I was told. "What could possibly keep me there," I asked. "You'll see," I was told.

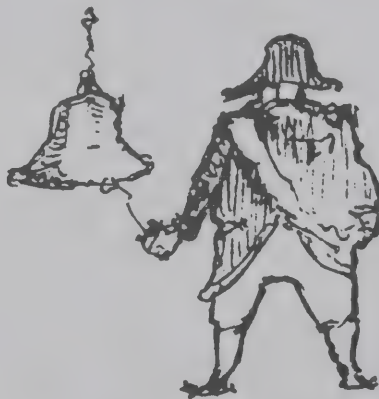
The town had been restored to resemble the time when rum, molasses, lumber, granite, slaves, booty, ice, and fish were traded; when waves of immigrants were arriving to feed the factories with their productivity; when gold prospectors took passage to the West Coast; when warships and merchantmen were sent out to fight and trade. Boats were still being built in the many boatyards along the shore. The sound of ancient tools echoed over the water with the odors of cedar, oak, mahogany, teak, and pine tar. The wizardry of creating a boat was a continual process here, designing, lofting, cutting, framing, shaping, and fitting.

The waterfront was lined with shops and galleries, the homes of painters, craftsmen, writers, musicians, and historians of the sea, all victims of the sirens gleaming the best of the past pruned of its miseries.

Museums contained memorabilia and the logs of whalers, sealers, clippers, coastal traders, explorers, smugglers, pirates, fishermen, and circumnavigators from the time the port was more active. Tourists wandered about staring in wonder at this unique display of timelessness. Elsewhere sailors were lured into owning an old relic of a boat and trying to restore it, patiently tearing out rotten wood, only to expose more rotten wood.

Given time, the owner-restorer was hope-

lessly dedicated to resurrecting his Lazarus. Few succeeded, and those few who did would have been subjected to the persistent warnings of safety agencies, telling him of the many hazards of being "afloat," vividly describing storms, rogue waves, collisions, lightning strikes, wrecks on lee shores, microbursts and white squalls. These sea monsters would steal his courage, leaving him hopelessly "messing about with his boat", securely snared by the sirens.



At midday a bell tolled calling all the sailors to "Happy Hour." Fiddler's Green was an authentic wrecked ship with distress flags waving above it. Spirited drink was offered inside in Spartan comfort. Lit with oil lanterns, the patrons sat uncomfortably on barrels and hard benches while tables were gimbaled from beams. The barkeep was a short man with a great ornamental mustache, wearing a disheveled British Admiralty uniform.

The patrons represented every type of ancient sailor, appearing to have just arrived off a foreign ship and about to sign on another. Local tailors were kept continually busy providing them with the fashions of bygone days. Tattoos and earrings, ponytails, and turbans mingled comfortably with blazers and yachting caps. Sea chanties, interspersed with sounds of the sea, and the workings of a ship could be heard continuously.

Far up the harbor where it shoaled, the boats that could no longer stay afloat were towed to sit on the hard mud bottom. These many derelicts had not been abandoned, they

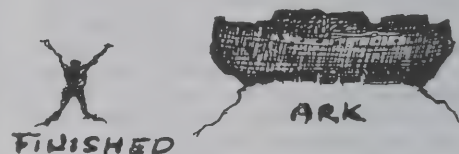
still supported their live aboards. Amid them an ancient church boat sat offering spiritual guidance to this community of unfortunates on the Sabbath. The sermons were delivered by a stout piratical minister who had been voted to that position by this congregation.



CHURCH
BOAT

WARNING
sermon follows----

"I finished the boat," Noah told the Lord. "But I got to tell you I'm a vineyard farmer and not a boat builder. I don't think it will ever float."



FINISHED

"That's why I had you build it on top of Mt. Arawat. It doesn't have to float."

"People think it's the damndest thing they ever saw," Noah said.

"Never mind them, just do as you're told," the Lord said.

"What are going to do now?" Noah asked.

"I'm going to flood the world, and you and those you take aboard the boat will be the only survivors."

"You can't do that," Noah protested.

"I can do any damn thing I want."

"You'll slaughter every living thing that's on the earth."

"That's right, then I'll establish a new order."

"That's a holocaust."

"Call it what you want."

"But your own law says thou shalt not kill. How can you break your own laws?"

"I make the laws, I'm not ruled by them, you fool."

"I am not a fool and you're a criminal if you do this."

"I can see I'm going to have trouble with you. If you disobey me, I'll just destroy everything and the hell with the new order," the Lord said.

"For the sake of the others I'll do what you say, but I strongly disapprove."

"Good, your objections shall be duly noted in the book I'm writing," the Lord lied.



NOT RECORDED

"Now I want you to be very selective with who you bring aboard. Only the animals who belong to the true religion and believe in the





SELECTION

true God should be allowed to board the ark."

"That's religious cleansing," Noah said.

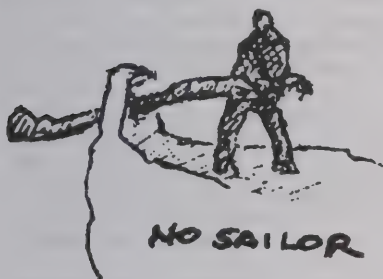
"And only strong healthy specimens."

"That's selective breeding."

"And when the ark is full I shall cause it to rain and deluge the world."

"A holocaust," Noah said despairingly.

"Obey me and do not make me angry.



NO SAILOR

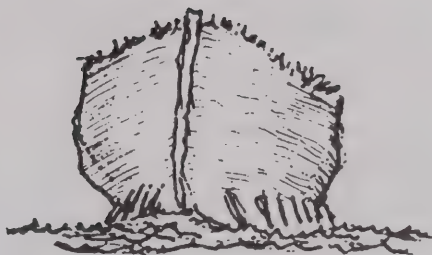
You will captain the ship."

"I am not a sailor."

"You will be what I tell you to be."

Noah did what he was told and crowded the ark with animals, birds, reptiles, insects, etc. As expected, they gave him a hell of a

(Tom's book, *The Odd-A-Tea*, tells many such tales wandering the New England coast like Ulysses in *The Odyssey*. Contact Tom McGrath, 684 Chestnut St., Lynn, MA 01904.)



FLOOD

time. Finally, when everybody was inside the boat, it started to rain, and rain, and rain. You can imagine how much rain it takes to make a flood.

Noah paced the deck muttering nautical profanities, occasionally taking the tiller and shaking it.

"Is something suppose to be on the end of this stick?" Noah asked.

"A rudder, you donkey, but you don't need it."

Fortunately the waters rose to just wet the keel and the ark never moved. But that didn't stop everybody below from getting seasick. Eventually the waters subsided, and Noah let all the grateful animals out of that wretchedly stinking boat.

He himself planted a grapevine, made wine, and got roaring drunk like a true sailor home from the sea. He swallowed the anchor, vowing to go to sea no more, and watched the new order prove no more successful than the old order.

Frantically I returned to my boat, knowing that if I stayed the night I would stay forever. I had to quickly free myself from the lures of the Lorelei. With the anchor aboard and the sails set taut, I fought the flooding tide to clear the harbor. I spent that night adrift at sea. Free to continue my wanderings.

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When I saw the Thunderbird design, at first it looked ideal. I bought a set of drawings and spent weeks poring over them.

Thunderbird's deep draft worried me. I intended to moor my boat in an inlet of New London Bay, and with so much shoal water I decided I should have a centerboard boat. I wrote Thunderbird's designer and asked about substituting a centerboard for the deep keel. He discouraged me, he didn't think his boat would perform well without the deep keel, and suggested I look for a plan with a centerboard.

Easier said than done.

I went through boating magazine after magazine and, just by chance, in a magazine devoted mainly to cottages, I found what I thought would be my boat, 24', 7'9" in the beam, just right for the basement doors, and a centerboard.

The designer, who called himself a naval architect, lived in Vancouver, and I immediately ordered a set of drawings.

Building the small boats had been a help, but it probably made me a little over-confident. With my perfect facilities, I knew I could build this boat over the winter.

So, first the strongback on which the boat would be built upside down. According to the drawings, this was a piece of oak dry and straight, 2" x 10", 20' long. Since it was to be expendable, I decided to use spruce, and it was a major job just getting it home and into the basement.

Don't let anyone tell you size doesn't really matter, that it's just a little more of this and a little more of that. The increase in size means the work and the problems escalate by an astronomical factor. It took me an entire day, a long one, just to shape the curvature in the strongback, then cut the notches in the strongback to receive the frames. Measure and re-measure, there was no margin for error.

Then I had to make legs and call in help to set the strongback up in the middle of the shop.

Each frame was detailed, showing the varying curves and the cut-outs for the chines, sheer clamps, and keelson.

As an amateur, I was determined not to deviate from the drawings. They specified cedar for the frames. I had no idea where to get cedar and thought I would use white oak, which I soon found was as scarce as cedar, so I finally settled on black spruce.

Once I got started on them, it wasn't too difficult building the frames. Shaped over the full-size drawings and put together with marine glue and stainless steel bolts, they talked strength. When they were hung and temporarily secured on the strongback, the bare outline of a boat was showing.

Next, the stem. This was going to be a job. I had almost decided to use red oak when I heard of a lumber dealer in White Plains, New York. Sure enough, they had white oak.

It was worth waiting for, but it would drive you mad trying to saw or plane it. Working part time, it took me over a week just to shape and set up the stem. I used white oak for the chines, sheer clamps, and keelson, and, difficult as it was, I knew I had something that would really hold fastenings.

With the frames set up and the chines, sheer clamps, keelson, and stem secured, the beautiful form of the boat was there for all to see.

The transom followed. This was comparatively easy, a piece of 3/4 plywood framed

The Amateur Boatbuilder

Part II

By Jim Hornby

with mahogany. Once it was installed, I started looking through the calendar for a suitable launch date. I should have relaxed, there was an awful lot of work to do yet and the launch date would be a long way off.

Back to the drawings, read the instructions: "Now trim and fair the framework so the plywood planking will lie evenly and smoothly." That one sentence launched me on six weeks of bone-hard work. Could the designer know what he was demanding of the builder? Maybe he didn't expect anyone to use white oak.

The planking was to be 3/8 solid-core, waterproof glue (underlined), marine grade plywood. But it didn't say where to get it.

Well, the architect would have to know. I got in touch with him and was dumbfounded to learn he was as much in the dark as I was. He even asked me to let him know if I discovered a supply.

Dig out the magazines for a long, fruitless search, and the building time was slipping away. I contacted everyone I could think of who might know something about plywood supplies, and in a roundabout way eventually found a lumber dealer in Halifax who carried Brynzeel, the Dutch mahogany plywood, marine-grade, and I'm sure there's none better.

It was available only in 8' sheets, which made transportation in my little quarter-ton truck possible, but it also made for extra joinery of the planking.

Fortunately I had lots of space. The sheets for the bottom planking were cut approximately to size and laid out on the floor. I used a 12" strip of the same plywood, glued and bolted to the joining sheets, with the joints positioned between frames.

The two 24' lengths of plywood had to wait for some muscle to show up, and then were heaved on top of the framework, set together along the centerline of the keelson, glued, clamped, and nailed to keelson, chines, and stem. I was using bronze ring nails, and when I got to the white oak of the chines, stem, and keelson, I had to drill for every nail. It was like trying to drive into steel.

Once the bottom planking glue was dry it was slow, tedious work gently planing a smooth base for the side planking. The edge of the bottom planking had to be fair with the sides of the chines and the frames.

I think I could have planed and sanded the edges of the bottom planking forever. I finally had to persuade myself to say, "that's good enough." There seemed, at times, a real possibility I would spend the rest of my life working on that boat in the basement.

The big shape in the basement was definitely a boat, upside down, but a boat. Friends started to gather in the evenings just as I started work, to comment and question.

The construction stimulated more and more onlookers to remark that they had thought of building a boat, but just couldn't get at it, no place to build, insufficient equipment, not enough time. A few could have pro-

duced a boat in the time they spent watching and talking.

"What size is this, 24'? I'd go for something like 30' or 35'. I like to be comfortable."

Yeah, sure. Well, lots of luck.

The boat I thought I could build over a winter took three years to complete, but the day did come when we could plan the launching. A man who specialized in hauling and launching fishing boats, most of which were 40' or more, said he could handle my boat. His huge trailer was rigged with rubber-tired wheels to support the boat, but they were designed for something considerably bigger than my 24-footer.

We spent most of a week changing and padding, and installing temporary supports.

The big day arrived, and it was beautiful: clear skies, warm with a light breeze.

The boat hauler was a cautious man. He traveled very slowly to the launching site, with my family and me driving anxiously behind, followed by carloads of our friends.

At the slip the boat was backed slowly down the ramp. Then he stopped for my wife to smash a bottle of champagne on the anchor at the foredeck, "I name you *Saga*. May God bless you and all who sail in you."

All securing lines were released and the boat edged towards the water. Volunteers were holding bow and stern lines, but the boat refused to leave the trailer. The driver looked under the boat, I looked under the boat, and several others crouched down and looked under the boat. There was nothing holding it. Why doesn't it float clear?

The driver jerked up and down the ramp, trying to dislodge the boat. This, apparently, was his method of launching the big fishing boats. I was frantic at what he might do to my boat.

Finally *Saga* broke free and plunged into the sea, to the roar of cheers and applause from the crowd.

She floated gently on the calm water, right on her lines. Guests viewed and praised, and then departed to our house to await the launching party. My wife and I, with another couple, boarded to sail to our mooring.

The boat wouldn't move.

The tide was down at this time, which wasn't expected to be a problem with our board-up shoal draft. But the boat was as immovable as if she were aground.

Aground she was, hard and fast. The last big heave of the launching truck broke the centerboard pennant, a steel cable, and the board, of sheet steel, plunged straight down and, with the weight of four bodies, stuck fast in the mud.

We went ashore, and as the tide turned and started to flood, we knew it wouldn't be long before the centerboard would be free. A husky fisherman went aboard and soon had the board up and secured with a steel pin.

So, instead of a triumphant sail, we drove back to the house for a belated launching party.

A few days later we went back to the boat to rig a new centerboard pennant and set out on the maiden voyage.

None of us was an expert sailor and this, coupled with a new boat, made for extra caution. We used the outboard engine down the river and through the narrow gut until we reached the broad expanse of the bay.

Then, into wind! Down centerboard! Up main! We're sailing! Cut the engine! The boat heeled slightly in the light breeze, and the in-

describable feeling of having built an almost living thing with my own hands was overwhelming.

Up jib! The boat heeled a little more and the water was hissing by. We'll tack and run over to the west side of the bay.

Ready about! Hard a-lee! May as well get everyone used to the nautical terms. I couldn't stop grinning as I shoved the tiller over and got ready to duck under the boom.

No way. The boat came up to the eye of the wind and hung there, sails luffing. I gave the tiller another shove from center to hard over, and the boat just gradually fell off back to its original course.

Oh well, maybe we didn't have enough speed on to come about (although I didn't really believe that), or maybe I whipped the tiller over too fast and partially stalled the rudder, or maybe...

Back on the same tack and the boat sailing beautifully. OK, everyone, we'll try it again. We have a good turn of speed, we'll ease the tiller over steadily, and nothing. No sign of her coming about.

From a big high I sank down to a deep low. What could be wrong? The boat slid along effortlessly, the sails drawing well, what's wrong?

We finally had to resort to jibing and soon started the engine, lowered the sails, and motored to our mooring.

It was a depressing evening. I went over and over the drawings. I was sure I'd followed them exactly. I knew, although this was the least of my worries, that my erstwhile building observers would shake their heads and ask, "What else could you expect from a home-made boat?"

I spent hours staring at the plans and learned nothing. The man who made the design was shown as a marine architect, so the problem couldn't be in the drawings, and as an amateur builder I felt I did precisely what they told me.

It was frustrating not knowing what to do. I took the drawings out to the boat and checked all measurements, from the point of the stem to the mast, location of the centerboard trunk, the position of the rudder post. Everything checked, there wasn't 1/16" discrepancy so far as I could see. A friend and I made full size plywood patterns of the keel, centerboard, and rudder, laid them out on the lawn and stared at them.

Another friend, an expert sailor and engineer, mailed the drawings to his engineering firm in Toronto to see if anyone could solve the problem. He told me the plans were studied at great length to no avail. Nobody had the faintest idea what the trouble was. I suspected that, like some of my local advisers, the opinion was that the fault lay in the construction.

I found a used trailer that was readily adapted to handle our boat, and with my 4x4 I could launch and haul out. Now all I needed was to find out why the boat wouldn't come about.

We sailed the boat the rest of that summer, jibing or sending someone forward to back the jib. When we hauled out in the fall, I went over and over the boat, carefully checking all underwater measurements. I was sure I hadn't departed from the drawings, but didn't know what else to do.

The following spring we launched and found that the problem hadn't gone away. It was now generally accepted, except by me,

that there must have been an error in building. What else could it be?

What, indeed.

I spoke with some boatbuilders who seemed disinclined to consider this riddle. Maybe they thought boats should be built by professionals, not amateurs. As diplomatically as possible, they managed to convey their impressions that the boat trouble was due to home construction, by an amateur.

I was beginning to get a complex.

I was sailing one day in light airs, glumly thinking that at least there's no difficulty jibing in these conditions, when a bountiful Providence whispered in my ear, "Go and talk with David Stevens."

I shot bolt upright. **GO AND TALK WITH DAVID STEVENS!**

David Stevens, the renowned boat builder, especially of schooners, was famous along the whole eastern seaboard of Canada and the United States. He designed his schooners, built and raced them, and almost always they showed their heels to the competition.

If anyone would have the answer, it would be David Stevens.

I had visited him several times at his shop in Second Peninsula, mostly to see the boat he was working on and to ask him about materials.

I got in my truck and drove to Nova Scotia, straight to the boat shop. I forget which design was in the works at that time but, like all Stevens boats, this one was beautiful.

David Stevens was a friendly man. Even with the pressures to get a boat finished, as soon as someone asked about the latest construction, he would lay down his tools and explain the design in great detail.

We chatted for a few minutes about his current project, then I said, "Mr. Stevens, I have a problem."

He was instantly interested. "What is it?"

"I built a 24' sloop and she won't come about."

He was very direct. He didn't go back and forth about did I do this, did I do that? He stared at me for a moment then asked, "Do you have the drawings?"

"Yes, right here."

"Bring them in the kitchen."

He swept the kitchen table clear and unrolled the drawings.

"Let's see the sail plan first."

He spread the sail plan out and held it down with a big salt cellar and a pepper grinder. Fists planted on the table, he stared at the plan for no more than 30 seconds.

His right index finger, tough and rough from years of boatbuilding, tapped the sail plan.

"There's your problem, right there."

I peered over his shoulder. I was having difficulty breathing.

"What? Where?"

"We don't need to look any further. Whoever made this design doesn't understand sailboats."

I could only stare, open-mouthed.

He tapped the drawing again, pointing out the marks representing the center of effort of the sails and the center of lateral resistance of the hull and centerboard. Both were clearly shown.

"These points are much too far apart. This boat has a strong lee helm, she'll drown you!"

David Stevens had never before laid eyes on either the boat or the drawings. The boat

had a strong lee helm, all right. Let go of the tiller in a breeze, and she'd go whistling off downwind like a hot air balloon.

I think my heart had stopped beating.

"What can I do?"

David Stevens sat in a kitchen chair with the sail plan in his hands.

"You have to get more sail aft. You could turn her into a ketch or a yawl, meaning running back stays. You might even get by with a bigger and different design of mainsail, a gaff rig, but a new main is expensive and your lee helm must be too strong to be corrected by a bigger main. The best solution, and I know it won't be easy, is to move the whole rig aft. If old Mr. Rhuland (Smith & Rhuland, builders of *Bluenose*) were alive, he could tell you to the fraction of an inch. I would guess at about 2'-12". The design is badly out of whack. Built to these plans, there's no way in the world this boat would ever come about."

"I'd suggest you check what will happen in your cabin. You'll have to mount your tabernacle on the cabin roof, and then run a support post directly underneath to the keelson. So I'd set the tabernacle in its new position so the support post doesn't mess up the cabin too much. I don't think a few inches either way is going to have a drastic effect on your boat's performance."

It's a wonder I didn't have a serious accident driving home. I didn't seem to be on the road at all. I was driving in a blue sky, in and out of fluffy clouds.

David Stevens wasn't fooling when he said the job wouldn't be easy. We hauled out and started to work.

Everywhere I looked, something had to be changed. The head stay was too short, the back stay too long. Chain plates had to be moved, new holes bored, new back-up plates secured. The tabernacle, which had rested on a beefed-up section of the after section of the fore deck, had to be re-positioned on the cabin roof, and this was done with an agony of worry in trying to decide what kind and how much support the roof would need, since it was never designed to bear the weight of the mast and the stress of the sails.

I spent days in mental anguish about the cabin post. I couldn't just prop the post under the cabin roof. What kind of blocks, what size, what shape would distribute the load through much of the roof? The post had to be capped with a vast compression system.

It took six weeks of hard work, and summer was almost gone.

We were ready to launch and I was almost dreading it. If this doesn't work....

We raised the mast and I backed down the ramp. The boat floated free. With bow and stern lines, we moved the boat alongside the wharf. I was so stressed I almost forgot to drive the truck and trailer up the ramp from the advancing tide.

We checked the sails and started the outboard. No one said much as we motored down the river to the bay. I couldn't help comparing the silence on board to the bubbling enthusiasm of our maiden voyage.

The breeze was southwest, I judged 8 to 10 knots. With the board down I turned into wind and we raised the main. The boat moved along nicely just under the main. We shut down the engine and raised the jib.

I found it difficult to take a deep breath. The boat was sliding along like a dream, but she'd done that before. Now the test was

about to come. The crew was silent, staring ahead. I couldn't put it off any longer. We were running on the port tack.

"Ready about." This time it was a hoarse whisper. "Hard a-lee."

The tiller was over. The boom slid across. The boat's head swept through the eye of the wind as the jib snapped to the port side, and the heel went from starboard to port. Without losing a stride, she dug her port chine in the water and leaped ahead. We all stared at one another, not sure it had really happened. I could hardly believe it. I tried to pretend it was salt spray in my eyes.

Then all the weeks of work and tension, and before that the years of frustration, flowed

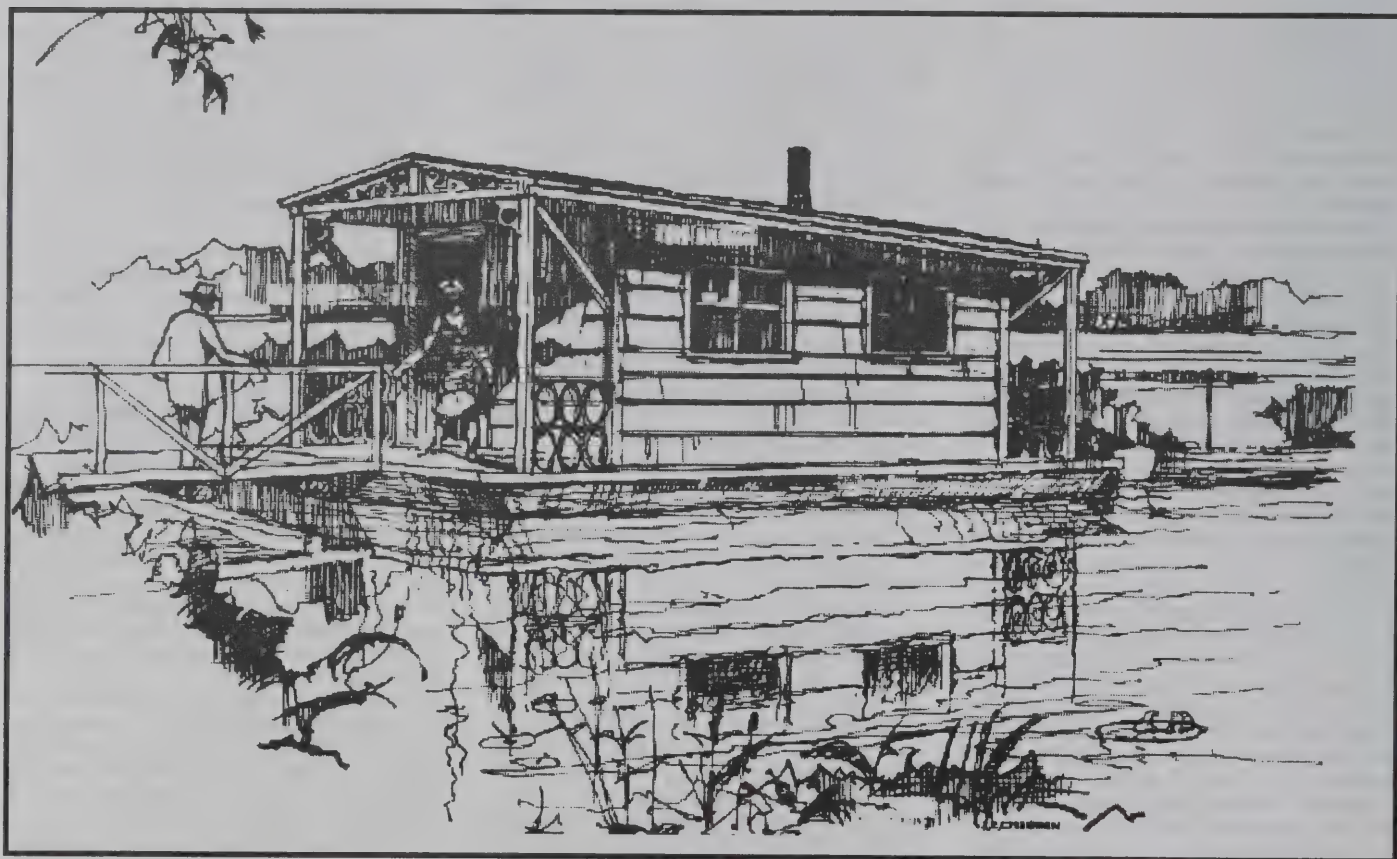
away. We whooped and hollered and howled like banshees, and whipped the boat from starboard tack to port tack, from port tack to starboard tack. Anyone watching from the shore would have to be convinced the boat was in the hands of a dangerously mad crew.

It wasn't long afterwards that David Stevens died, rather suddenly. I felt a great loss, as indeed his passing was a tremendous loss to boating, especially to sailors of wooden boats.

Boatbuilding for the amateur is difficult in many ways, but not impossible if the project is planned carefully and the builder is aware of and prepared for the problems he's sure to face. I was unprepared. In building small boats.

I thought I had a good idea what to expect tackling a 24-footer, especially the time required. I couldn't have been more wrong. With the excellent shop I had I believe the boat could be built over the winter. It took three years, and what had started as an exciting hobby became hard work, even though at times I had muscular and, on occasion, skilled help.

When this boat was still a dream, I mentioned it to a man who had built many small boats, mostly for himself, and, knowing I had produced a few runabouts, he told me that every boat has only one bow and one stern, but sometimes they're a little farther apart. He got that right.



By Bill Foden

Alternative Live-Aboard Lifestyle

I would like to get the reactions of MAIB readers to the above picture. It represents, to me, a viable alternative live-aboard lifestyle that has been sadly neglected by the boating media until now. The picture is a line drawing of a Potomac River *Ark*, drawn by John E. Dundin, AIA, in a self-published book by Frederick Tilp, *Chesapeake Bay of Yore*, now out of print. I would appreciate it if our readers would answer the following questions.

1. Does the living-aboard lifestyle epitomized by the picture represent the sort of living aboard that I might be interested in?

2. Could I be happy living aboard a simple houseboat, not in a marina, and paying a small fraction of marina fees?

3. Would I be interested in a "minimalist" houseboat, such as the one shown, if I could make it, or have it made, for a small fraction of the \$100,000 to \$400,000 I expect to pay for a "regular" houseboat, trawler, or sailboat?

4. Does the prospect of having all my creature comforts supplied by solar, wind, or other alternative ecologically safe power sources appeal to me?

5. Am I interested in simple, nourishing, food easily prepared in a simple galley that would delight not only my palate but also my pocketbook?

6. Am I interested in taking an occasional relaxed drift or trip to places of interest?

7. Does the prospect of being able to enjoy the proximity of nature, sunsets and sunrises, birds, clouds, animals in their natural habitat, interest me more than city dirt and pollution?

8. Am I interested in being able to participate in water sports such as fishing, sail-

ing, rowing, kayaking, swimming, PWCs (ugh), getting a good sun tan very close to where I live?

9. Would I be interested in putting my minimalist houseboat on a simple trailer and living aboard my minimalist houseboat as I trailer cruise at highway speeds to anywhere I wished?

I would appreciate any responses from anyone interested in minimalist houseboating to the above questions, or any other comments or questions they might have about the concept of minimalist houseboating." I would welcome a dialogue about these questions either in the pages of *MAIB* or over the Net. My e-mail address is Bfoden@aol.com.

Bill Foden, 2556 Mart Ave., Vineland, NJ 08361.

This type of skiff, or sharpie, as he used to call them, was first built by my Uncle Joe Nickerson, who was a market gunner at that time. He built her for the main purpose of sailing to the North Beach where duck shooting was good, and that was before automobiles had been made to go on the beach. They were made of boards that were 14' long by 14" wide which you could buy at the lumberyard for about \$5. The lumber for the whole skiff wouldn't cost much more than \$25.

After the sides were cut to shape, which wasn't much more than the rake of the stem, the stern, and a couple inches off amidships to give her a little shear, the two sides were nailed to the stem, bent around a form, and then fastened to the stern. She was then turned over, planed off, and the bottom nailed on. The bottom consisted of 6" boards nailed on with three 8-penny galvanized nails each side. These are then planed off and the whole thing turned over again. Two strips are fastened to keep the bottom boards from warping, and then a centerboard is cut in and nailed in. That is, the centerboard box is nailed in. The centerboard is pivoted at the forward lower end, usually by a wooden peg.

The cockpit is then framed in with pieces on the sides and a piece on the forward side with the crown cut. This took the forward deck strips which were a 6" board up the middle with the mast hole, and two 3" pieces on each side with a piece of canvas stretched over it, which made up the forward deck. This was made, not to walk on, but to throw grass on when gunning. A piece of coaming was nailed on the forward form. A seat was put in the forward part of the cockpit and oarlocks fitted in the side pieces.

These boats, when sailed, were steered by an oar on the lee side and were never fitted with a rudder. The sail was short on the mast and long on the boom which kept the center of effort low, which they needed because the boats were quite narrow on the bottom, being

The Chatham Gunning Skiff

By Edward E. Tucker

3'2" or 3'4" at the most.

I had one of these boats on Old Harbor Station and used to come on liberty in it. One time there was a southeaster blowing, so I took in three reefs, sat in the stern with an oar over each quarter for steering, and started across before the wind. My friend Ernie called the station to see if I was coming ashore. The man in the tower said, "he is just leaving." Ernie hung up, went to the window, and I was just coming ashore. The boats were that fast, especially when running before the wind.

One time later I built a double-ender, she was fast going to windward but not much going to leeward because she seemed to suck water in her sides aft. The square sterned boats would plane on a wave if the wind blew hard enough.

When Joe and a group of fishermen built a camp on North Beach, they all built gunning skiffs to go to the beach in. This resulted in racing and each person built his own to his ideas with the result that there were many and varied models made. As kids we used to borrow them and race about the harbor, where we learned to sail and steer with an oar over the side. It was easy because the boats had a weather helm, so you just had to hold her off when she had a natural tendency to come into the wind. Later on I built one for a friend of mine which I called a motorsailer. She was fairly flat bottomed aft and was built to carry an outboard motor and a rudder. My friend used her as a yacht summers and stowed her in his damp cellar winters. She is now 60 years

old and still going strong!

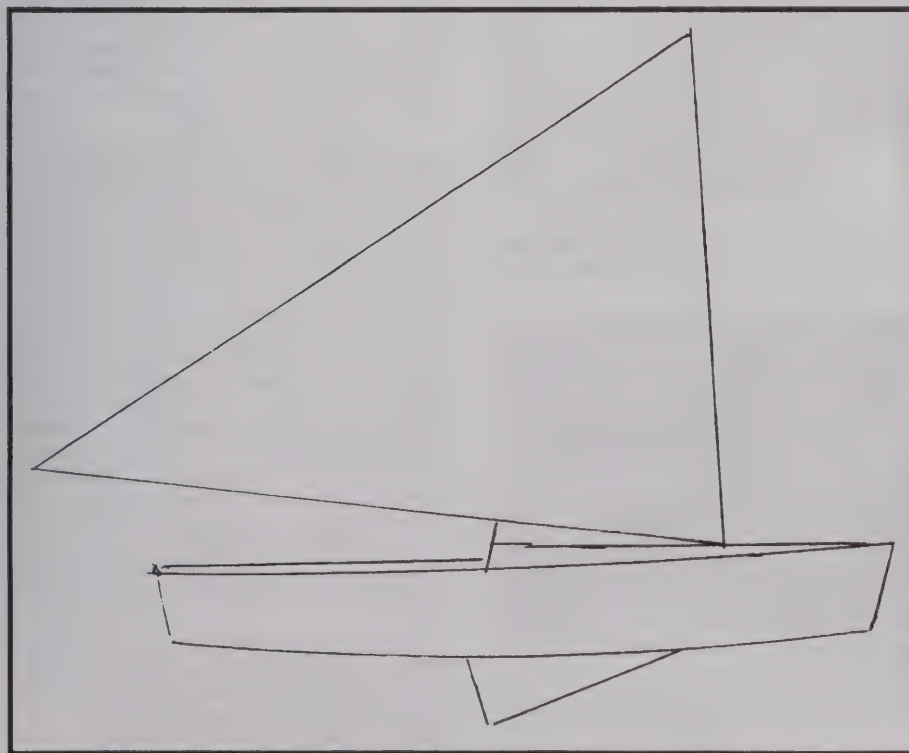
My cousin Joe's son built one with a bigger sail and with the bottom cut up aft quite a lot. She was fast in light winds, but no good in a breeze because she would squat too much. Everybody who built a boat had a different idea of how it should be. We used them mostly for gunning trips, but there was always a race when two of them got near each other. So they passed into history as a great boat and not an expensive one.

During the war, my friend left his boat with Mr. Baker, who turned her upside down on his stone wall. When I saw her after four years I was sick! You could throw a cat through the seams on her bottom. So I turned her over into the wet grass, left her there a few days, and then she swelled tight. After I gave her a coat of paint, she remained in good shape for many years afterward.

It speaks well for eastern pine which her bottom was planked with. I had made one skiff with western pine, and after it had been in the water a few days the bottom looked like a washboard. I used eastern pine, up to 8" wide with no trouble. Of course, I spaced them the thickness of a hacksaw blade and gave them a caulking seam, ran a strip of caulking in them, and puttied them. This made a good bottom and was trouble free.

I painted the bottom with copper paint, but some of the men used house paint because they didn't plan to use their boat after the gunning season. If they did leave them in, they would be covered with barnacles and have to be scraped off the next time they wanted to use them. The boats were painted brown to match the dead grass color in which the skiff would be hidden.

With the end of market gunning came the end of the gunning skiff, so to speak. A few of them laid around the shore and were used by us kids, but they gradually disappeared and are now completely unheard of.



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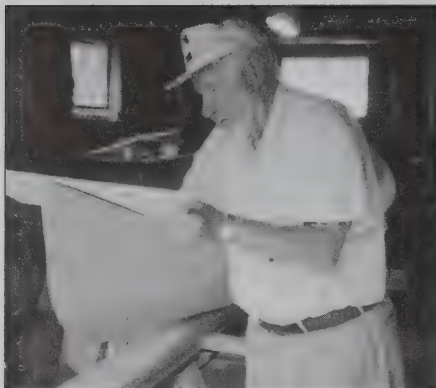


14' length overall
6'6" beam
draft: 6" board up
32" board down
Displacement 500lbs
109 sq ft sail area

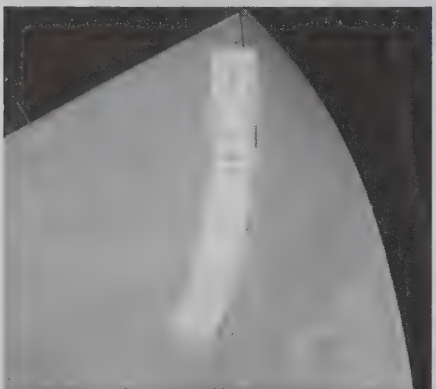
COMPAC
16'-19'-23'
SUNFISH - ZUMA

FERNALD'S MARINE

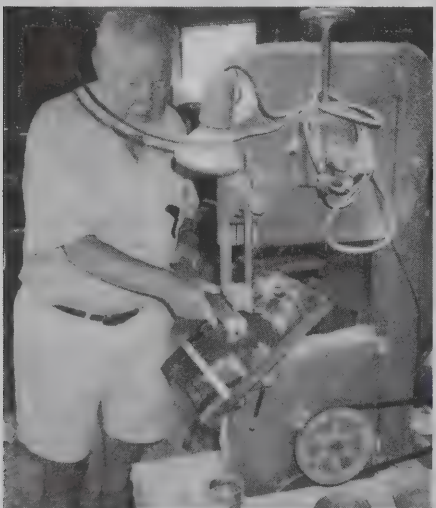
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12) Marking a piece of 1"x 10" for the breasthook.



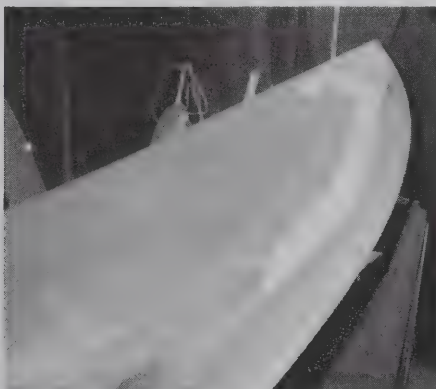
13) Fillet at stem and stern made from 45 degree sawn 2"x 4", buttered with Bondo and shoved into place. I start at the sheer and work down. The wood blocks do not shift. I leave room at the sheer for the breasthooks.



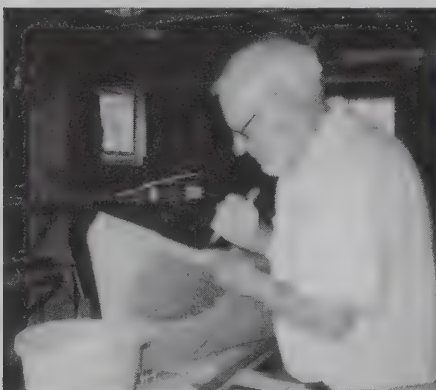
13A) Cutting the 45 degree angled strips to be used as fillets fore and aft.



14) Filleting at the chine using Bondo polyester body filler on raw wood. Notice the shampoo bottle with the bottom cut off used as the cylindrical forming tool.



15) After the filleting is completed the breasthooks are installed fore and aft.



16) The inwales are clamped into position and forced into the slots cut in the breasthooks. The ends are soaked with water and trimmed to fit.



17A) My angle finding gizmo showing how the angle cut of the thwarts is determined.

Building Glen L's Rob Roy - II

By Bob Hawk

This is beginning to look like a canoe! Next, we must fit the breasthooks. Using a piece of 1"x 10", I lay the wood across and mark it from underneath (see Illustration #12). Then, I determine the angle to set my band saw to match the inside slope of the side panel.

I have an angle finder that is like a small carpenter's square. It has a wood right angle to a steel blade. It works like this: The wood part is set on the breasthook going across and the blade swivels against the side providing the angle. By tightening the blade with a thumbscrew, the angle measurement is preserved and can then be transferred to the base of the bandsaw by tilting the base of the saw to match the angle of the angle finder. Cut the breasthook following the lines. It should fit nice and tight.

Now, using the same angle cut, cut a piece off of the side to accommodate the inner sheer. The inner sheer is a little less than 1/2"x 1-1/2", so make this cut about 1" deep. The reason I make this cut much wider than the 1/2" inner sheer is that it will be too difficult to fit in if it is too tight. It is much easier to fill in the gap between the breasthook and the inner sheer than to try to make a tight fit.

Before I attach the breasthooks, I like to fillet in underneath them. This is the deepest fillet on the canoe, and I always had trouble doing a neat job here, besides using up a lot of expensive material. So, I set my band saw at 45 degrees and ripped a scrap piece of 2"x 4" so that the ends looked like a triangle (see Illustration #13A). Then, I cut them into 3" pieces, buttered them heavily with Bondo, and stuck them in the ends of the stem and stern. I started at the gunnel, allowing space for the breasthook, and worked my way down to the hull. Voila! A nice, neat fillet in a difficult place, plenty strong and I didn't even dirty my hands!

I use Bondo body putty for all my filleting. It adheres to the raw wood as well as epoxy, sets up quickly, is easy to sand and costs about \$12 a gallon at automobile supply stores. I use a cylindrical shampoo bottle with the bottom cut off to shape the fillet. I like this better than a crescent shaped tool. The only disadvantage to using Bondo is that it has to be mixed in fairly small quantities. It sets up fast, especially in hot weather. I only mix about a cup full at a time working the catalyst in on a flattened milk carton with a broad putty knife (see Illustration #14).

After all of the filleting is done and the fiberglass tape applied, I install the breasthooks using glue and two 1" screws on each side. The fillets are then covered with 3" fiberglass tape and epoxy is applied to hold in place (see Illustration #15).

The inner and outer sheers are ripped from a 16' fir 2"x 4". The inner sheer is 1-1/2" wide, the thickness of a 2"x 4", and about 7/16" thick. This is a common construction grade fir 2"x 4" costing about \$7. The lumber company usually lets me

select the one that I want and I can always find one fairly free of knots. As long as there are no knots at the extreme ends where the bend is most severe, tight knots in the middle where there is little bend, do not matter.

The sharp edges are rounded off with a router and the inner sheer is wet down with warm water. The middle is marked and it is placed inside and from the middle fore and aft. The inner sheer is pulled up on top of the breasthook and marked off and cut to fit inside the slot cut in the breasthook. This is done for both fore and aft (see Illustration #16). There is a lot of strain on the lauan panels at this point so I wet them down to make them less brittle. I install 1-1/2" flathead screws as soon as possible through the side panels and the inner sheer into the breast hook. This takes the strain off the lauan. The inner sheer is secured to the side panels with 1/2" flat head screws installed about every 12" or as needed.

Next, three thwarts are fitted and installed, one in the middle and one on each end about 4' down from the stem and the stern. These are made from 2"x 4" fir stock ripped in two pieces lengthwise about 1-1/2"x 1-1/2". They are bridged across the gunnels, marked from below and cut on an angle determined in the same manner in which the angle for the breast hook was determined (see Illustration #17A). The thwarts will be the same thickness as the inner sheer, the 1-1/2" standard thickness for 2"x 4"s (see Illustration #17).

I put a spot of hot melt glue on the ends to be glued in addition to yellow carpenter's glue and I place them exactly into position for immediate adhesion. Two long finish nails are then driven through the lauan and inner sheer to secure the thwarts.

Next, I cut 45 degree angle glue blocks to support the thwarts from below. These are tacked into place with hot melt glue and 4 minute epoxy. I then drill a pilot hole down through the thwart to the glue block and nail it with a finish nail. This holds the thwarts securely. They will get another nail when the outwale is applied.

The outwale is ripped from a 16' fir 2"x 4". It is shaped like an inverted "L" to cover the top of the lauan sheer and mates with the inwale. It is necessary to have about 6" of overhang at the ends of the outwale to get the leverage you need to pull it around the curve at the bow and the stern. The outwale is clamped in place starting amidship and bent around the hull clamping where as needed. This is easy going until about a foot or so from the end where the curvature becomes more severe. It is impossible to make this bend without some serious help. A Spanish windlass provides all the leverage needed to complete the bend.

The Spanish windlass is rigged by using clamps, extremely strong cord and a winding stick. As illustrated in Illustration #18, a clamp is placed on the far side of the breasthook. Another clamp (which is not apparent in Illustration #18 due to bad focusing on my part) is attached on the end of the outwale. A strong cord is strung between the two clamps and wrapped around them two or three times. A stick is inserted

between the cord at about the middle and you start to wind. This is a severe bend and the wood will resist it. I keep the wood sufficiently wet with cloths and gradually, as I wind the cords tighter and tighter, the tough fir outwale bends into position. I give a sigh of relief, the outwale has been installed without breaking!

I then insert three 1-1/2" inch flat-head screws through the outwale into the breasthook so that it is firmly secured. This time, using 3/4" inch flathead screws, I now screw the outwale securely onto the side panel and work back towards the other end of the canoe where the outwale is bent around using the same windlass technique. Next, I cut loose the windlass cords (they are expendable), disengage the clamps and trim the ends of the outwale so that it is flush with the ends of the canoe. The outwale on the opposite side of the canoe is then installed using the same method. After trimming the outwales, I flatten their ends so that they are flush with each other and glue on a nose piece using 4-minute epoxy and a finish nail (see Illustration #19).

Using a paint roller, I now give the inside of the canoe a good coat of epoxy working around the thwarts and breast hook areas with a brush. After the epoxy sets (I use System Three with the fast hardener here), I give the inside and the gunnels a coat of latex deck paint in a light gray color. I use latex water-based paint because it is compatible with epoxy. It dries quickly and is as tough or tougher than alkyd resin or oil based paint, which often present drying problems (see Illustration #20).

We are now finished with the top and inside of the canoe. Time to turn it over. There is about 6" of rocker in this canoe, since it will be sitting on its end points. This makes the canoe pretty unsteady to work on. This is where my saw-horse-supported building block comes in handy again.

Four upright 1"x 2"s are clamped onto the fore and aft wings. Then, two cross pieces are slipped under the boat. One end is raised up and clamped. The other end is then swiveled up raising the canoe enough so that the canoe bow and stern ends clear the 2"x 6" plank. I do this at both ends and turn the boat over. Now, it is nice and steady and at a good height for working on the hull (see Illustration #21).



17) Fiberglass tape now covers the fillets, painted over with epoxy thickened with wood flour. The inwales are secured with 1/2" flathead screws and the thwarts are in place, supported with glue blocks.



18) The outwale is pulled into position by wetting it down with water soaked cloths and pulling it around the curvature by means of a Spanish windlass.



19) Inwales and outwales are installed creating the finished gunwales.



20) Giving the inside of the canoe a coat of acrylic light gray deck paint on top of the epoxy.



21) The canoe is now turned bottom up and supported with upright and cross pieces clamped to the wings.



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22) Using side cutters and my faithful "Leatherman Tool" I pull the wires from the chine. There are no wires to pull from the central hull joint.



22A) Finishing up the hull with latex deck paint and spar varnish.



23) The Rob Roy showing the exposed mahogany or lauan sides outlined with 3M striping tape.

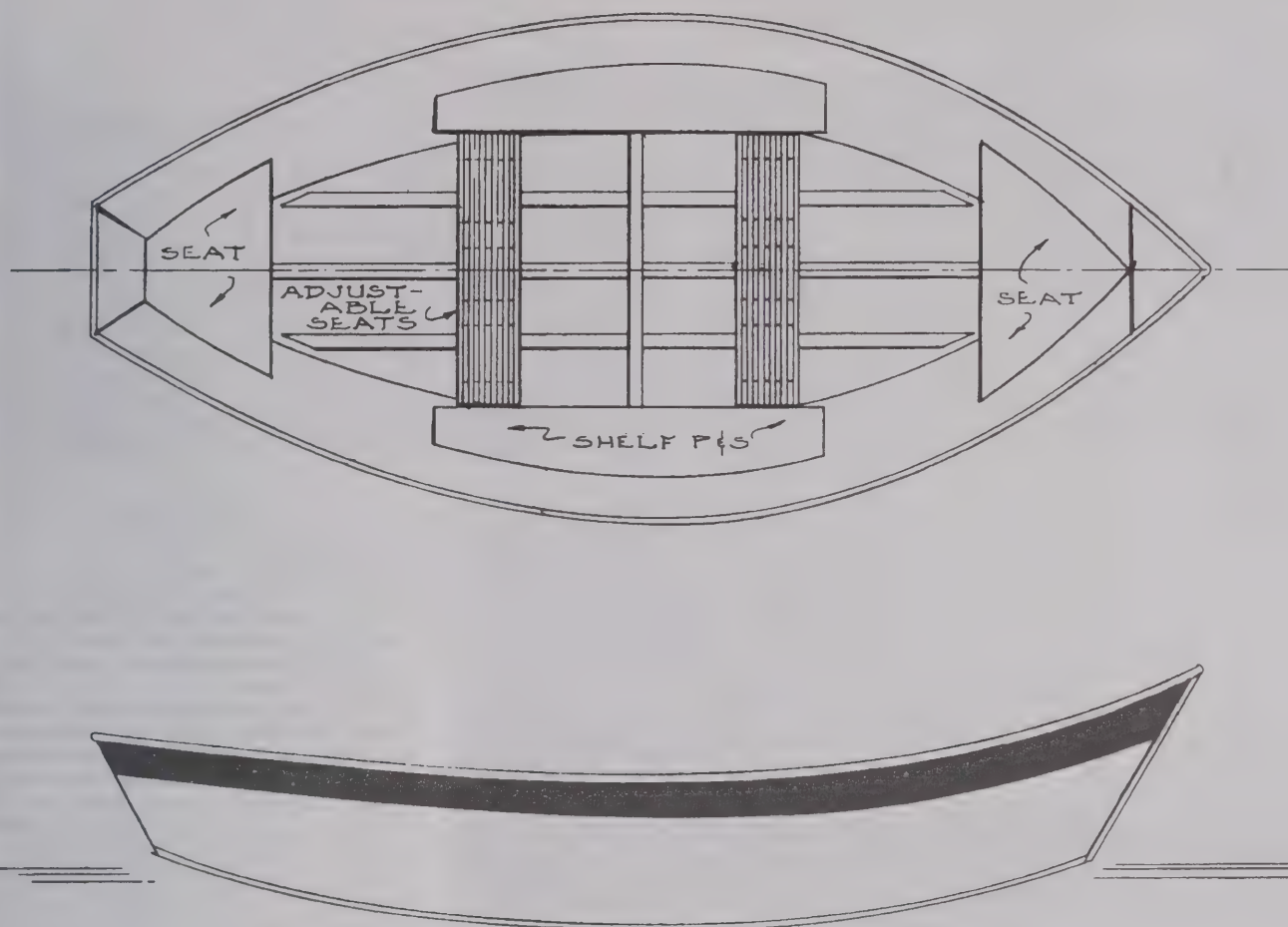
24) The nice clean inside of the Rob Roy. No patches are necessary at the ends of the chine joints to prevent splitting.



The wires are pulled from the chine joint and all seams are covered with 3" fiberglass tape (see Illustration #22). This is then painted with epoxy thickened somewhat with wood flour. The wood flour helps to fill the weave and strengthens the epoxy. The hull is then coated with epoxy. After the epoxy sets, I use 3M masking tape to mask off the side panels to preserve the natural color of the lauan. The bottom, stem and stern are painted with latex deck paint (see Illustration #22A). The masking tape is then stripped off and the complete exterior hull is given a coat of shellac and a final coat of spar varnish. This gives the exterior of the hull a gloss finish (see Illustrations #23 & #24).

Nothing left to do now except to get it to the water! We took the first successful Rob Roy model that I built down to Florida's Lake Okeechobee, (where we spend the winter), to try it out. Barbara is pictured using the double paddle in the canal behind our trailer. It worked great!

Most of the building techniques I use in building canoes and other boats are the result of trial and error of over 40 years of messing about, with and in boats. I have never attempted to make a living doing this, but I have had a lot of fun and a few frustrations which I seem to have overcome. I have managed to sell all of the boats that I have wanted to sell and all of my customers have been satisfied. If I make enough money to cover the cost of my materials and a few extra dollars for my trouble, I am satisfied. It gives me a good reason to get up in the morning.



Characteristics	14'	16'
Length Overall	14'3"	16'6"
Bottom Length	12'2"	13'10"
Beam	6'5"	6'7"
Bottom Width	48"	48"

Hull Depth Midship	24"	27"
Weight (approximate)	235 lbs.	255 lbs.
Average Passengers	3	4
Hull Type:	Flat bottom hull developed for sheet aluminum planking.	
Power:	Long shaft outboard to 10hp	

McDrift A 14' and 16' Aluminum Drift Boat

Now you can build your own aluminum drift boat, have fun building, and enjoy the finished project. Today many home builders have access to aluminum welding equipment, and the latest techniques are readily learned in adult night public or trade schools. With plans, patterns, and dimensional layouts especially prepared for the amateur, building an aluminum boat is practical and economical.

McDrift is a McKenzie-type drift boat popularized in the Pacific Northwest and Canada. The welded aluminum hulls, available in 14' or 16' lengths, are of monocoque construction, where the outer covering skin carries a major part of the stresses, eliminating most internal framework. This simplifies the construction and makes a very strong lightweight hull.

To make the construction easier, full dimensional layouts are provided for the side and bottom sheeting. There is no need to fit and cut and fit and cut the aluminum covering panels. The computer-developed panels pro-

vide accurate contours that are quickly and easily reproduced directly to the aluminum. Plus, the layouts simplify the construction, eliminating numerous temporary forms or permanent cross frames.

The boat is built over a minimal building form, fully detailed in the plans. Full-size half-section patterns are given for the transom and forms that shape the hull, simplifying construction even further.

Standard aluminum extrusions are used in the construction, the flat bars, angles, or channel sections are readily available and eliminate the need for custom bending or forming. All seams are welded to make the stress skin hull rugged enough to take in almost any

conditions.

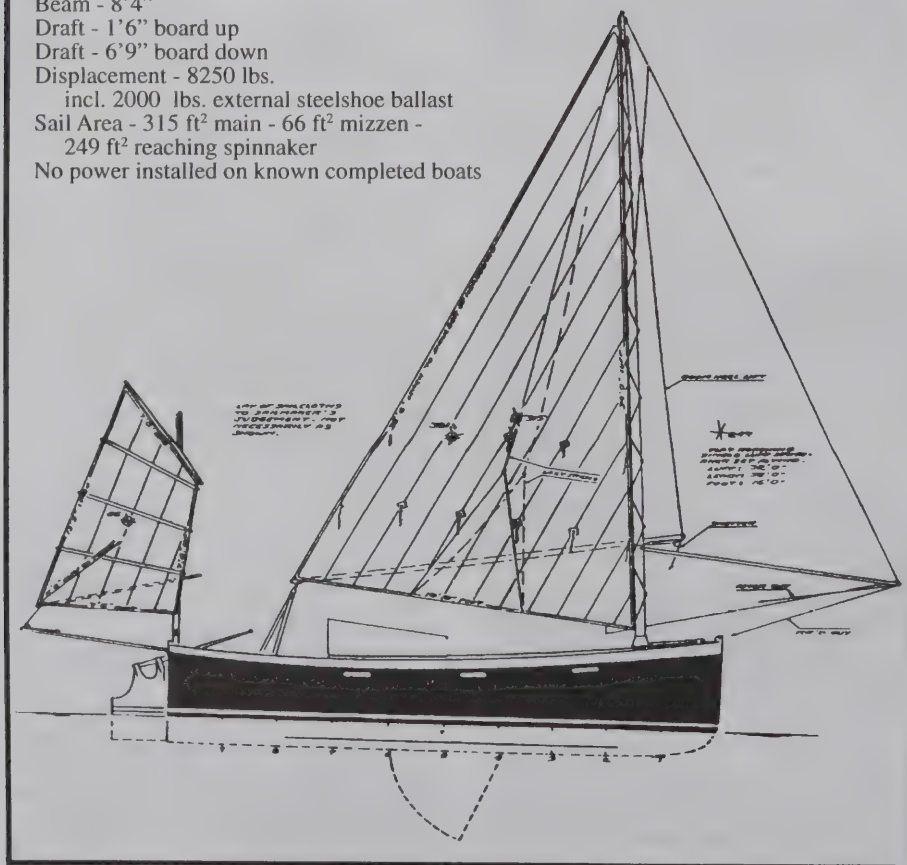
The detailed plans for building McDrift are available for building in a 14' or 16' length. Complete plans for welded aluminum construction include full-size half-section patterns of the transom and building form, plus complete dimensional layouts for the bottom and sides. The detailed instructions include a bill of materials and the *Aluminum Boatbuilding Guide*. The guide is specially prepared to give the builder detailed information on aluminum such as alloys used, cutting methods, specialized extrusions, welding equipment and practice, and much more.

Further details on these designs can be obtained from GLEN-L, PO Box 1804 XMA, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, phone 562-630-6258, fax 562-630-6280. For \$5 you can order our huge 176-page catalog, just off the press, including these and numerous other designs you can build in plywood, fiberglass, steel, and aluminum. Or, check out the Design section of our web site, www.glen-l.com.

Bolger on Design



Length on Deck - 30'0"
 Beam - 8'4"
 Draft - 1'6" board up
 Draft - 6'9" board down
 Displacement - 8250 lbs.
 incl. 2000 lbs. external steelshoe ballast
 Sail Area - 315 ft² main - 66 ft² mizzen -
 249 ft² reaching spinnaker
 No power installed on known completed boats



Update on Design #372 Romp for Danny Daniel

Cat-Yawl Romp was designed 20-odd years ago for Danny Daniel, a boatbuilder who designed the construction and details for himself as he went along. The design from us consisted of a set of hull lines and offsets, a detailed drawing for the cantilevered mast, and a sparse general arrangement drawing. We would not agree to do a design that way now, as the details have a huge effect on the outcome, but in this case it worked out well due to the capability and insight of the builder (and of the builder of a sister ship, the latter commented that he had picked the design for, among other reasons, its simplicity, but had realized later that it was the plans, not the boat, that were unusually simple).

She was designed for the 1-1/8" square glued-strip planking sheathed with fiberglass, and on the assumption that the builder was experienced in the method and needed no detailed instructions.

The original wish list was for a boat to be used as an austere floating home for months at a time, with the ability to move from San Francisco, where she was built, to San Diego, as she did when she was comparatively new, or to Hawaii, or Australia, or to New England, as she did in her middle age. She was designed without auxiliary power on the principle that she would move as and when the wind served rather than necessarily on a given day. She would spend most of her time anchored or tied up, when her owners would benefit by the space, cost, and maintenance saved by eliminating the motor.

The ultra-shallow draft had all its standard advantages of broadened cruising options and reduced risk on coasts and at sea, but in this case it had the immediate benefit of opening up long-term berths in tidal creeks and such places, that few cruising boats would compete for. By current standards she looks primitive as a live-on-board, with no built-in holding tank and no serious battery capacity, but at the time she served well enough as a bedroom. Upgrading her would be possible eating up some volume.

An engineless boat has to be a good and weatherly sailer. On her way from San Francisco to San Diego, Romp sailed 90 miles in 12 hours, 7.5 knots, slightly better than the theoretical maximum for her waterline length, a lesson in the value of a long waterline, shallow body, and well-spread-out displacement.

Her proportions are contrary to the conventional wisdom in the textbooks I was brought up with, as her lack of a deep keel is contrary to the gospel of current books today. Tasmanian Bruce Tyson, who built a superb sister ship, Beluga, wrote, "She doesn't really look as if she should be fast but, in fact, she goes through the water incredibly easily, just as well, as parts of the river where she is moored, 9 kilometers from the open sea, are prone to tidal flows of over five knots when the tide is ebbing."

As for her seaworthiness, her high freeboard gives her enormous reserve buoyancy and stability. The shallow ballast keel is ef-



Short-rigged on San Francisco Bay.

fective because she floats so high on her side, or bottom-up. She recovers from knockdowns in reassuring fashion, and rides high over breaking crests with no green water on deck. When Romp came around to the East Coast (passing through the Panama Canal with a borrowed outboard motor clamped to her rudder), her single-handed skipper prudently took her along the Columbian coast to avoid hurricanes, but one came that way that season and she went right through its eye. He said, "I never had a moment's anxiety."

She rode quartering into the wind under her mizzen through the oncoming quadrant of the storm. When the wind came again after the passage of the eye, the mizzen blew away. The windage of her tall main mast swung her off, and with the board up she raced away downwind at an estimated 8 knots under bare poles. In the receding quadrant of the storm, he had sea room all the way to Jamaica had he needed it, and her shallow body allowed her to run fast without bringing up any pooping seas that could come over her high and buoyant stern.

Had she been on a lee shore, she would have been driven ashore like any other small sailing craft under such conditions. But as Commodore Munro pointed out, it would have to be a very bold shore on to which she would not drive so high up that her crew could jump and run. Shallow draft is safety!

Bruce Tyson again, on the occasion of selling *Beluga*, "The new owners have lived on a much larger motorsailer in Sydney Harbor for three years and now want to voyage further afield, around the world, and wanted a boat that was designed for the purpose. They fell in love with her at first sight."

Romp was designed with a centerboard because Daniel distrusted the behavior of leeboards in a heavy breaking sea. At the time he had somewhat of a point, but we have since worked out mounting geometry that is perfectly fit for offshore work. Her hull shape is ideally suited to leeboards. The flat vertical sides are actually mainly due to keeping her within highway trucking limits, with reducing her range of inverted stability a lesser consideration. We have a proposal out now to draw up a modified design with leeboards, which will clear out the cabin dramatically,



Beluga in Tasmania.
Four-ton trailer sailer.



strengthen her further, and among other things allow space for a shipshape auxiliary engine, probably a 10hp outboard. Whether and when this project will go forward remains to be seen.

If it does, we will suggest rigging her with our Chinese Gaffer mainsail. The original rig was small in area for San Francisco Bay, and still had a 41' mast that needed a crane to unstep. The Chinese Gaffer rig will allow more area on a much shorter mast, and early trials confirm our suspicion that it is closer-winded and gives more powerful drive than the Chinese lug, while retaining the junk rig's docility and fine control on all points of sailing.

When Romp was built, she was given an experimental fiberglass mast not of our design. It proved more flexible than was good for the set of her mainsail and finally broke in the

Windward Passage a couple of months after the hurricane, which no doubt had fatigued it. The Chinese Gaffer rig would use an untapered aluminum pipe mast, saving the hunt for good spar stock or the bill for carbon fiber.

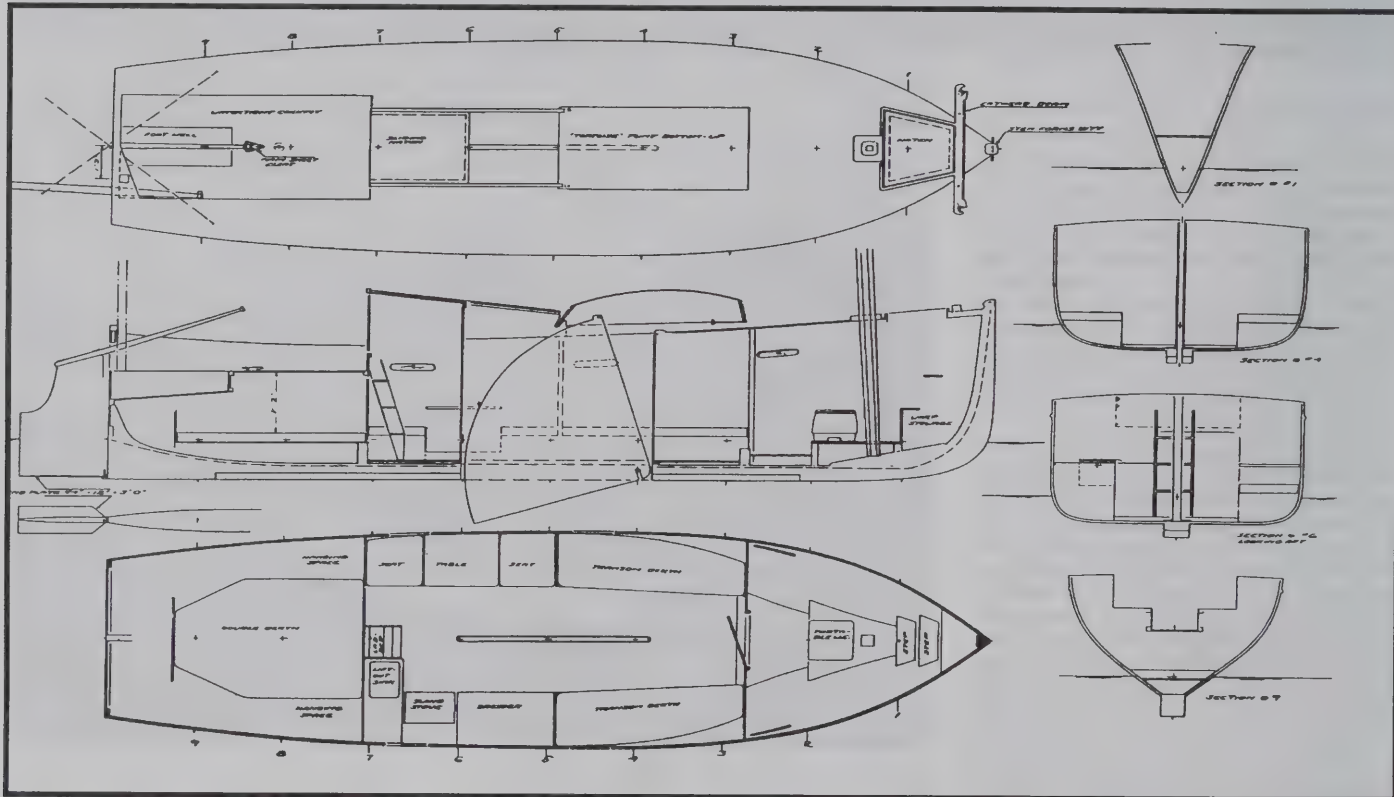
Incidentally, when the Romp design was made, we feared that the shallow rudder was not adequate for sea work, especially for running down a trade winds sea. In fact, it has never caused any difficulty, and is one of many examples of how shallow a rudder can be if it is fitted with a good-sized end plate.

Romp is one of 15 or 20 designs more or less of this type that we've designed. They apply the lesson of Commodore Munroe's "Good Little Ships" (which is that a boat can have a good range of stability on a very shallow draft if she combines moderate ballasting

with lots of buoyancy high out of water), to the powerful shape of a Thames barge with its rectangular midsection and fine stern.

All these boats have their bows stretched out in a sharp entrance ahead of the barge's long cargo-carrying midbody. They go much better than the blunt-bowed British "barge yachts" in a head sea, besides being fit to keep the sea in all weathers as well as to take shelter in backwaters. Instead of rehashing usually ill-understood traditional "barge-yachts," Romp's configuration has, for the last 20 years, shown the way towards affordable, shapely, shallow performers.

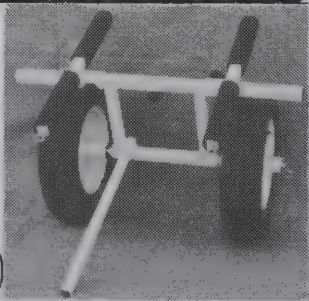
Plans for Design #372 Romp, on three sheets of 22" x 34" are \$250 and are available from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930-1209.



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Dreamboats

Trimarans

By Richard Carsen

By the early seventies, I had, like Dr. Morwood of the AYRS, come to the conclusion that the best bet for an economical cruiser would be the trimaran.

Since that time, there have been some spectacular multihull capsize. My personal feeling is that these were racers, which by their very nature tend to sail on the edge. However, in all fairness these capsize happened, it seems, because of wave action which was the result of a storm that had already passed.

The havoc caused to the smaller and lighter monohulls during the infamous Fastnet Race was also caused by wave action. But contrary to the experience at Fastnet, I think that in such wave action, it is the smaller, less extreme tri which has the advantage. This is in part based on my experience with my Marshall Cape Cod Cat.

In one particular storm, which foundered or disabled many yachts and fishing craft, I was heading into a channel. The seabottom suddenly shelved quite markedly near the entrance producing high (approx. 20'), sharp and pointed waves. I had struck the sail and while I was tying it off, crouched on the house, and looking up at this thing that I was helplessly broaching into, the thought passed my mind, "Well, if she can survive this, she can survive anything."

It was over in a second; a wave came, slipped under me, and was gone, without the slightest indication of a capsize. It was this which made me a strong believer in shallow, wide V-bottomed hulls. The entire experience also proved to me, what the old fishermen knew only too well, that the cat is NOT a singlehander; they all had one crew. Oh, sure, you can get away with it in most ordinary weather, but if all hell breaks loose, I see no way of reefing without the imminent chance of broaching (as happened at that moment).

As reefing was too chancy, I had battled it out with full sail up for 18 hours, drifting sideways by my best calculations about 100 miles; with centerboard halfway up, so as not to trip, showing just enough to keep her maneuverable. Being pushed sideways by wind and weather, I reached the mouth of the channel that I had left the day before. Then, when finally attempting to bring the sail down (never mind reefing), the wildly swinging gaff ripped the sail off the mast, breaking the steel cable

parrel. Once I was in the channel, running, under bare poles, it was all over. When the wind slackened, I hoisted the sail like a lugsail.

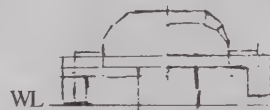
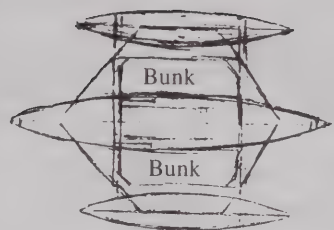
I think that proportionally she was wide enough, but not too wide, to keep on her feet. She had a well rounded bilge. I think that a tri which is not too wide for its overall proportions, with good buoyancy in the amas, can survive equally well. What I have not drawn, but advise a prospective builder to do, is to at least round as much as possible the outside chine of each ama. It may never happen, and yet some day it may save you from a capsize, may even save your life.

Also, do not overpower her with all the sail she can carry. I was comfortable in a storm off Mexico, reefed, among other things because this 21' craft was not over-canvased. When I suggested that I wanted the ability to reef, the salespeople thought that this was not necessary. That day I was glad that I kept my foot down and got what I wanted. Keep in mind that you want to cruise, and that you want to do it in comfort. That will keep you out of a lot of trouble.

Here I show two versions of the same craft. The second one is for the plumb-and-square crowd. Don't feel that it might be a lesser craft. It's only eye-appeal, some of it you lose. I know a case where a novice built a small double outrigger, and forgot to shape the bottom. By the time he realised his mistake, he had already gone too far and did not wish to take it all apart again. This too was a wall-sided craft, probably of about the same length. That boat seemed to sail just as well with its dead flat bottom as it would have with its shaped bottom!

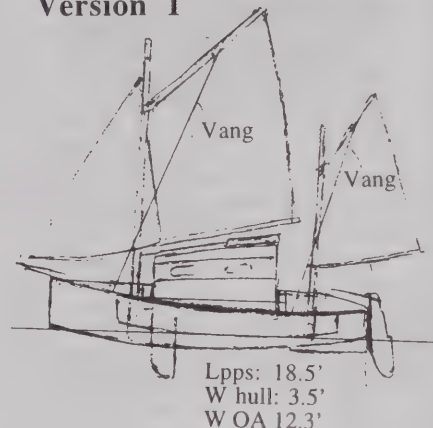
Speaking of the AYRS, in its early days they had a young man who did extensive testing of hull shapes for trimarans. He reported that it seemed to make little or no difference whether the shape was "crude" (like in this sketch) or refined, his models seemed to perform all equally well.

The famous British designer Uffa Fox once put out a hard chine version of a small racer (daysailer) he had designed. I think the name of the design was Sweet 17. He got a big surprise. The hardchine version seemed to perform better than the round bilged one! Eventually, after much testing, it seemed to do better in some situations and a little less well in other situations. Sweet lines do sell boats, but do remember the performance of such all-american working boats as the sharpie.

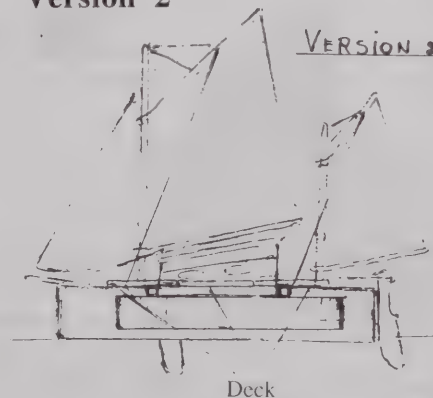


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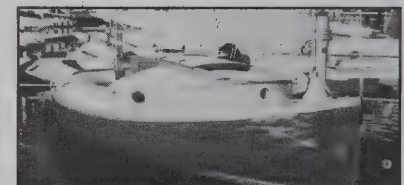


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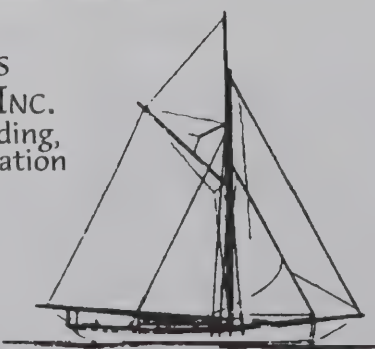


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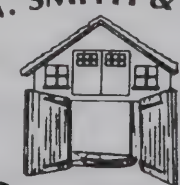
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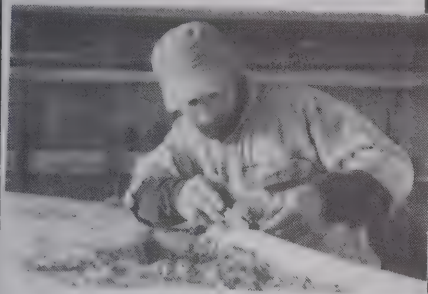
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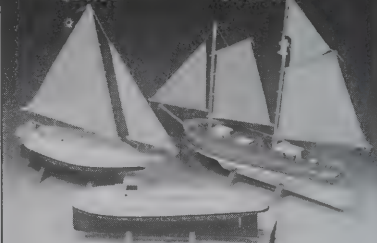
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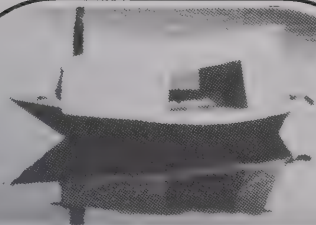


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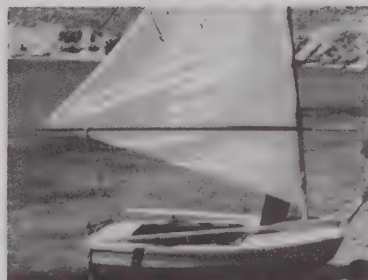
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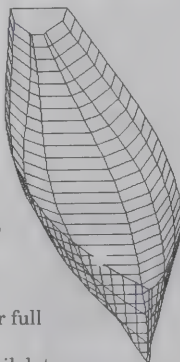
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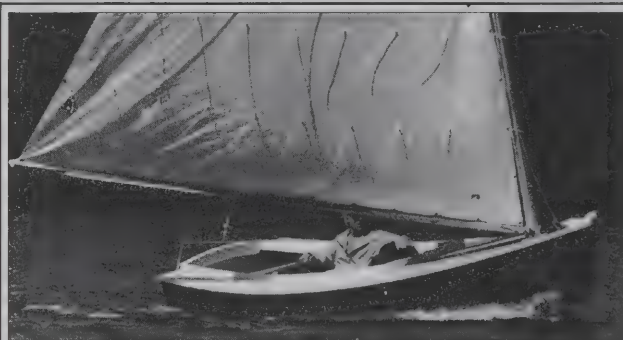
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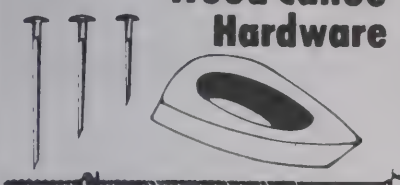
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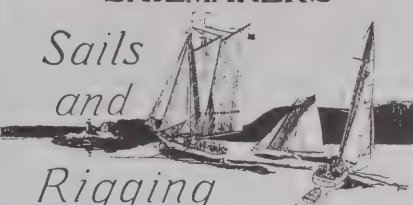
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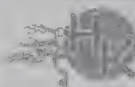
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Too Many Canoes: 16'9" Blackhawk, "Waters Meet", ivory FG w/white ash & black walnut. \$1,200. **14'2" Blackhawk**, "Zephyr", green turquoise kevlar layup, white ash, black walnut. \$1,200. **11'8" Blackhawk**, "Shadow", green turquoise FG, white ash.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

Windward 15, ply hull partially compl. mast, plans, 1 sheet marine ply. \$300. **10' Achilles Inflatable**. \$500.
PETER BROWN, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163. (13)

Nimble 24 Yawl, trlr, 8hp Honda, GPS, VHF, depthfinder, cockpit cushions, awning. Ec cond, many improvements. \$16,500.
DAVE LOUX, Georgetown, DE, (302) 875-2917. (13)

14.6 American "93", Carolina edition, sails used twice, motor mount, hatch door, boat cover, sail bag, galv trlr w/spare tire & wheel, 3hp OB. All like new, stored under cover. \$2,950.
ROBERT SCHOLZ, Silver Springs, FL, (352) 625-4304. (14)

20' Drascombe Peter Boat, rare CB lug yaw l, custom WEST System constr by prof btldr. Bristol cond, slps 2 in cuddy cabin, sails 4 comfortably. Galv Calkins trlr, 4hp Evinrude. \$7,995.
BRYAN QUIRK, Anacortes, WA, (360) 299-8274. (14)

17' Wood/Canvas Kayak, traditionally blt hard chine shallow V bottom, spacious cockpit. Yellow & white, nice cond. W/Folbot take-apart double paddle. \$250 firm.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906. (TF)

Free Boat, Bolger-designed 8' dinghy Brick. Can be sailed, rowed or motored. 4' beam, can carry 4 adults. Nds painting & fixing a small leak.
DAVID COLLINS, North Yarmouth, ME, (207) 829-5145. (13)

Used Kayaks, Walden. \$279. O.T. Spirit, \$274. O.T. Duo, w/2 paddles. \$425. O.T. Solo w/paddle. \$339. Perception, w/all gear. \$439. **16' Wood/Canvas Canoe**, restored. \$750.
FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (13)

15' Bolger Micro Trawler, '94. Marine ply & epoxy blt, bottom Versatex sheathed. Teleflex helm & controls. No motor, marginal trlr. \$950. Can deliver.
TONY MC GARRY, Everett, WA, (425) 259-6915. (13)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

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

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

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

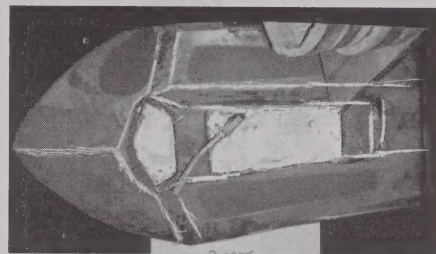


All Purchased New: '91 Lund 18' Alaskan, 1 air ride pedestal seat, 1 reg pedestal seat, Lund mooring cover, Custom mahogany foredeck, Fortune custom dodger w/SS frame, custom cntr console, NOS chrome plated bow light, SS stern light, 2 6gal Yamaha gas tanks, 2 3gal Yamaha gas tanks. '92 Yamaha Pro 50 OB, pwr trim & tilt, electric start & choke, full gauges, SS prop. '89 Shorelander galv trlr w/spare tire. \$7,500. **Keowee Kayaks (2)**. \$275 ea. Photos on request. (13)
GUNNAR SEIGH, Staatsburg, NY, (914) 889-4592.

17' B.N. Morris Canoe, '10 w/sponsons, style #2 closed gunwale, 24" extended decks, mahogany trim, corroded fastenings. Rough shape. \$200. **18' Old Town Guide Canoe**, '65, #173464-18. Heavy damage, 4 broken rails, 15 broken ribs, all in 1 area. Decks, stems, seats varnish all in exc shape. \$350. **16' Kennebec Canoe**, '40's Run About sq stern w/sponsons. Compl restoration in '89 by Northwoods Canoe Co. Mahogany trim, bronze hrdwre & oarlocks, 48" extended deck. Transom 31"x 17", inside width 40", depth 18-1/2". Vy rare boat. \$4,350. **NORTHWOODS CANOE CO.**, Atkinson, ME, (207) 564-3667. (13)

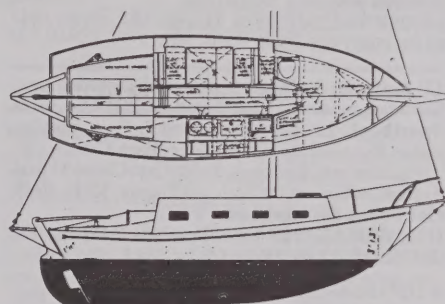
'88 Marshall 15' Sandpiper, varnished oak coamings, meticulously maintained. Tlr, unused Seagull OB, 10' oars, docklines, fenders, Harken main sheet blocks, sail & cockpit covers. This boat is in exc shape. \$8,500. **STEVEN FEINSTEIN**, CT, (203) 629-1725, email <steven.feinstein.sm.58@aya.yale.edu> (13)

'62 Lotus 28 Sailboat, gd cond, nds sails & TLC. \$3,200 OBO.
BETTY HOLMES, Verona Beach, NY, (315) 762-4232. (13P)



What Is It? *Amanda* has a 1cyl gas motor from Vincent Industrial Power marked "Stevenage, Hertfordshire, England". It looks like an old amusement park ride, a forerunner of today's jet skis (ugh!). Call me iff you have info, or would like to buy.

JIM FISCHER, Monroeville, PA, (412) 372-4850. (14)



Herreshoff Prudence Sloop, perfect project boat. 23' solid FG hull & deck blt by Glander Boats in '86. Ballast installed. Additional work compl include bowsprit, boomkin & rudder blt & installed, mahogany hatches blt, floors & 2 bulkheads installed. Extensive hrdwre inventory incl top quality fastenings, custom fittings by Bristol Bronze, mahogany marine ply, various other items. Sail plan drawn by McCurdy & Rhodes '95. Hvy duty 4-wheel trlr incl. Stored indrs at Sebaco, ME. \$10,000 invested, will sell compl for \$5,000.

JOHN CHANDLER, email: <jrckoc@ibm.net> or call **PETER CHANDLER**, Sebaco, ME, (207) 791-7162. (14)

'71 Bristol 26, keel/CB w/remote 9.9 Yamaha 4-stroke. Dark green, all gear, sailaway, exc cond. Slps 5, w/dinette, full hdrm, enclosed head, bimini. \$5,900. **'68 Columbia Challenger**, 24' flush deck sloop. Lg cockpit, slps 4, grt family pocket cruiser. Custom cradle. Vy clean, compl, sailaway. \$1,950 OBO.

AL FITTIPALDI, Newtown, PA, (215) 579-9103. (13)



27' Montgomery Sloop, blt '35 Gloucester, MA. Yanmar diesel, 3 axle trlr. Rblt over last 15 yrs, exc cond. Bought larger boat. \$13,000.
BOB CARTER, Norwich, CT, (860) 889-4557. (14)



24' Leeboard Ketch, Dutch design, shoal draft. New tanbark sails. In gd cond in water. I will store for winter & do spring maintenance. Must sell due to health problems. Make offer.
FRANK VALENTNO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507. (14)

12' Butterfly Sailboat, boat & all gear brand new. Extra sail, rudder & daggerboard. \$1,250. **Old Town Sportboat**, 13' Discovery model. Row, paddle, motor. Exc cond. \$450. **Old Town Pack Canoe**, 12', 33lbs, cane seat. Exc cond. \$300. **CataCanoe Wheel System**, w/linkup for both old Towns. \$200. **Both Old Towns & CataCanoe**. \$750.
HAL ZIEGLER, 27 Lake Dr., New Milford, CT 06776, (860) 354-0064. (14)

9-1/2' Monhegan Skiff, newly constr, grt for rowing. \$850. **19'8" Joel White Catspaw Dinghy**, fresh off the jig, available for \$4,500. **28' Fixed keel Sloop**, deck stepped, in gd cond. Asking \$6,500. **11' Dory Skiff**, cedar planked, oak framed, 12 yrs old, exc cond. \$1,700.
DARIN CARLTON, The Carpenter's Boatshop, 440 Old County Rd., Pemaquid, ME 04558, (207) 677-3768. (14)

16' Livingston Warrior, FG tunnel hull, center console, 90" wide, extremely seaworthy, stable, safe, fast, roomy. Full canvas, fish finder, boarding platform, mooring cover, 2 tanks, ground tackle. Little used '94 Yamaha 75, power tilt. Gd trlr. Grt for fishing, diving, cruising. \$5,000. PAT NAGLE, Olympia, WA, (360) 357-8283. (14)

12' Old Town Sportboat, '54 cedar, mahogany & canvas. Fully restored. 4' beam w/'63 Evinrude 6hp OB & trlr. \$2,000.
BROOKS ROBBINS, Hingham, MA, (781) 749-1312. (14)

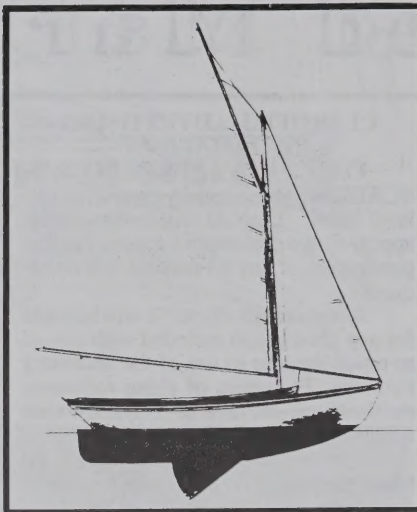
18' Hobie Cat, boat, sails & trlr in exc cond. Hiking harnesses & motor mount incl. \$2,200.
TOM MC AVOY, Clinton Corners, NY, (914) 266-5253 home, (860) 364-4070 work eves. (14)

13-1/2' Unknown Design Sloop, '35 carvel planked cedar on oak, nds lot of work. Vy gd 24' spruce mast w/almost new Dacron sails. \$250 include trlr, or \$200 for mast, boom, sails & rigging.
GIL CRAMER, Bryan, OH, (419) 636-1689, email: <gcramer@williams-net.com> (14)

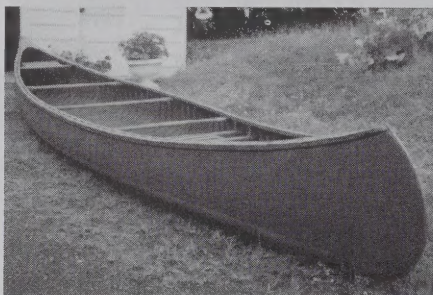


Lost Pond Classic, '61 Old Town Guide, 15', 50lb lwt model wood/canvas canoe. Meticulously restored under guidance of Rollin Thurlow. Exc cond. \$1,500.
JIM LUTON, Brooklyn, NY, (718) 633-5844. (14)

38



New Haven 12-1/2', pine on oak w/mahogany seats, transom & trim. Classic daysailer by Joel White. \$25,000.
DAVID JONES, Camden, ME, (207) 236-7048. (14P)



18' Old Town Canoe, cedar canvas Guide model, Ser. #141204. Exc cond, 1 owner, w/orig paddles & middle seat. Asking \$950.
FRANK RUKSZNIS, RR 1 Box 130B, Sangerville, ME 04479, (207) 876-3754 home, (207) 876-4598 office. (13P)

10'10" Robin, Rhodes designed sloop rigged sail trainer Hull #54. 2 CB (1 for racing, 1 for heavy winds), main, jib & trlr. Gd winter project. \$500.
JOEL NELSON, Bedford, NH, (603) 472-8028. (14)

BOATS WANTED

Marshall 22 Catboat Hull, rigging & gas engine not desired. Would consider early production M-22 intact if vy friendly price.
ALEXANDER BRUCE, St. Augustine, FL, (904) 441-5049 any hr (voice mail). (14)

Dirigo 17 Kayak, in gd shape.
HUGH SCHULTZ, Lyndon, VT, (802) 467-3236, email <hschultz@lyndon.k12.vt.us> (14)

Mud Hen, or similar camp-cruiser, within reasonable distance of VA.
JOE WISEMAN, Virginia Beach, VA, (757) 420-3427, email: <doryjoe@aol.com> (14)

Grumman 15' Aluminum Canoe, or Merrimac 15' Tennessean Canoe, in FG.
RALPH J. ELLIS, #384 Rt. 87, Columbia, CT 06237, (860) 228-3178. (14)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

5 Bronze Mast Tangs, approx 14" long. 3 types. Call for specs. \$15-\$20 ea.
ROBERT KUGLER, Fairfield, CT, (203) 259-3049. (13)

Sails: Spinnaker, red/white/blue radial head, 26' leach 14' foot used once; jib, 24'2" luff, 8'9" LP good condition; genoa 24' luff, 13 LP, Wilson&Silby #129 gd cond; jib, 23'9" luff, 8'10" LP, Ansen, new (never used); main, 30'6" luff, 12'9" foot, 1 reef, vy gd cond T-bird head & #129; old jib & genoa, size as above, usable but pretty beat. All of above come from a Thunderbird sloop. Will sell as package or individually. Make offer. Also mylar genoa for a Triton 28' luff, 14'9" LP? If ever used? Looks new but grommets and hank pistons corroded (but work fine). **Mast:** 35' aluminum mast w/all SS standing rigging (2 yrs old) incl turnbuckles & split back stay w/4:1 tension tackle. Fractional rig w/ jumpers. Also spruce boom (13') w/all hrdwre. Some running rigging available. Came from Thunderbird MARK PARKER, Hancock, NH, (603) 525-3438, email: <mparker@mtv.mv.com> (13)

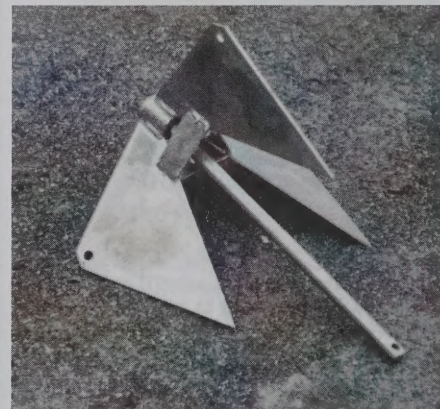
Dacron Main & Jib, 150sf ideal for small boat project this winter. Main 20'6" luff, 9'9" foot, approx 100sf; jib 15' luff, 7' foot, approx 50sf. Little used, exc cond. \$200 firm.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906 6-9pm best. (TF)

Sails: Gaff main, Dacron, 10'7"x 11'11"x 12'2"x 22', 148sf cutdown Ratsey sail, serviceable. \$55ppd. Jib-mizzen, Dacron, white 12'x 8'x 13'6", 48sf, nearly new. \$35ppd. Lateen, rip-stop nylon, yellow, 16'x 15'x 7', 60sf, nearly new. \$25ppd.
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, (910) 686-4184, email <DaveCarnell@worldnet.att.net> (14)

SALES & RIGGING WANTED

Mainsail, for Bristol 26; luff 27', foot 11'8", or any sial close to these dimensions.
AL FITTIPALDI, Newtown, PA, (215) 579-9103. (13)

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Palmer P-60 Engines (2), 27hp 4-cyl. 1st recent rbltd, 50hrs. \$850. 2nd 700hrs, runs grt. \$550.
AL FITTIPALDI, Newtown, PA, (609) 463-8539. (13)

Volvo Penta MD2B, 2 cyl 25hp. recent rbltd w/over \$1k in new parts. Engine submerged, will deliver. BO or trade.
ROBIN TEITEL, Melville, NY, (516) 423-8320. (13)

Marine Engine, Ballantine/Kermath 5hp single cyl, bobtail, magneto ignition. Stored inside since '65 overhaul. Classic for skiff or small sailing boat.
K.A. PAYNE, 160 Salisbury Ave., N. Kingstown, RI 02852. (13)

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

Hardware, salvaged from 26' Thunderbird incl pulpit/pushpit & lifelines w/stantions, winches, cleats, marine head, main traveler, genoa tracks & blocks, much more. All in gd cond. Will sell any for 25% of new West catalog or make an offer. **Triad Dual Axle Trlr**, w/15" wheels & spare. Surge brakes are history, but parts readily available (have manual and order list from Triad). Tows well as is. Support arms for keel boat. Listed @ 6,000lbs. \$400 or offers. **Boat Building Wood**, white oak, air dried, 1" rough, random width and length (you can pick), \$1.25/bf (250bf available) also recycled beams (pine/fir) 3"x12" (full dimension) +16', exc for keel deadwood, etc. \$20ea.
MARK PARKER, Hancock, NH, (603) 525-3438, email: <mparker@mtmp.mv.com> (13)

Magellan hand Held GPS, meridian model w/carrying case, compl manual & field guide. Also VHS Video operation guide. \$80. Works grt, rarely used. **CAPT. MILANOWSKI**, 2273 Ottawa Beach Rd., Holland, MI 49424, (616) 399-4642. (14)

Mahogany, we've got a substantial amount of mahogany for sale located in Upper Montclair, NJ. Some nice wood.
JIM SMITH, Upper Montclair, NJ, (973) 744-5508 5-6pm. 914)



New Workboat Canvas Products! Multi-Use Workboat Bucket, heavy canvas, top & bottom handles for bailing, 13"x11". \$18. Workboat Rigger's Bag, 30 pockets, triple bottom, U.S. made, 14"x11". \$36. Workboat Dory Bag, dble bottom, heavy canvas, made in Maine, 16"x17". \$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.

GEAR WANTED

British Seagulls, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. **FRANK VALENTINO**, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

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)

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)



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)

Plans for a Robert's Spray 27, plus free building frames w/purchase at half price. Buyer gets full size patterns mounted on 3/4" particle board, 6 of 10 temporary building frames & complete plan set. Wood to complete temp frames included & good deal on white oak for sheer clamps, etc. I also have many items to fit out the boat once built (see other ads this issue). Pick up at my house in southern NH or would consider delivery in New England.
MARK PARKER, Hancock, NH, (603) 525-3438, email: <mparker@mtmp.mv.com> (13)

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Bliss, the Quick & Easy Canoe, plans \$26. Illustrated leaflet of 16 small craft designs \$2.
DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford EX39 1TB, England. (11/99EOIP)

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)

The Odd-A-Tea, by Tom McGrath. Wandering the New England Coast like Ulysses in *The Odyssey*. Paperback, profusely illustrated.
TOM MC GRATH, 684 Chestnut St., Lynn, MA 01904. (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)

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

Cockleshell Kayak Plans, 3 wknds & about \$150 puts you on the water. 11.5' LOA, 24lbs, step by step instructions, full size patterns. \$35.
ERIC C. RISCH, HCR33 Box 117, S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TFP)

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

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, (978) 462-2072. (TFP)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

Interested in Small Boat Ministry? Contact us. **CRUISING MINISTRIES, INC.**, 6110 Florida Ave., New Port Richey, FL 34653, email: <graced@GTE.net> (24P)

Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat, for MAIB subscribers only. I will nd snapshots of your boat (will return) & tel # to call so I can plan around what you want.
SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040, (305) 294-3168. (TF)

Want to Trade, sailing, kayaking, hiking, climbing trips next spring in New England, Maritime Provinces for similar adventures in the Pacific Northwest, San Juan Islands, British Columbia, this year or next. I will guide and provide gear for trips of various kinds here in the northwest, at different skill levels, and am looking for persons who could do the same for me in New England at no charge to either party. I will be on the east coast in late May for a school graduation and would like to spend a few weeks either before or after having some outdoor vacation. Contact me and we can exchange resumes and proposals.
TOM CARTER, 15035 SE Monner Rd, Portland, OR 97236, email: <CARTPORT@AOL.com> (14)

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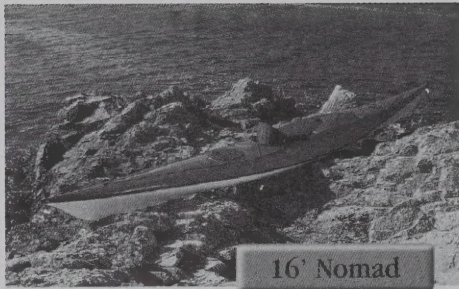


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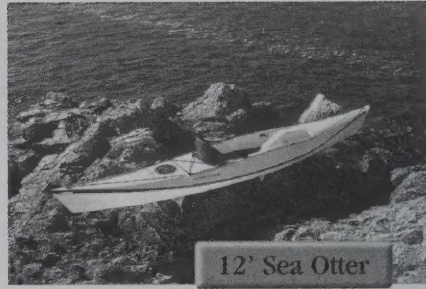
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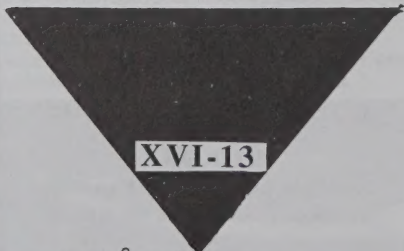
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