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Special Features This Issue
"Just Mother 'n Me" - "Halloween Cruise"
"I Couldn't Get the Girls Out of My Boat"



messing about in BOATS

Volume 16 - Number 18

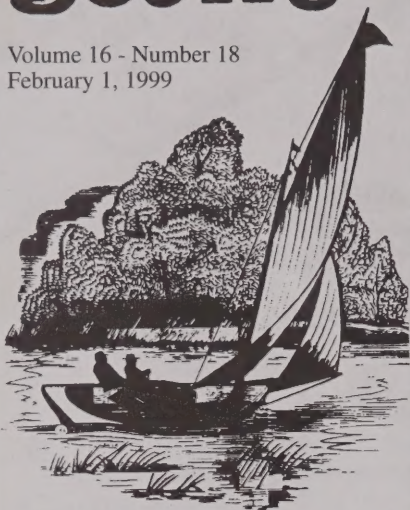
February 1, 1999



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Published twice a month, 24 times a year. U.S. subscription price is \$24 for 24 issues. Canadian and overseas subscription price is \$36 U.S. funds drawn on a U.S. bank or by international money order.

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

Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks.

Production and subscription fulfillment is by Office Support Services.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



I have remarked in the past how I get to see many, many newsletters from all sorts of small boat organizations, newsletters normally seen only by each group's own members, and thus naturally focussed on each one's local activities and people. I commented that these kept me very aware of just how much was going on out there in messing about in boats.

I initially browse through each looking for the items of more than purely local interest to follow up reading in full. Despite the common thread of the enjoyment of small boating, these newsletters vary widely in character, dependent upon the people turning them out, the specific focus of each, and the locales in which they take place.

Two come to mind as I contemplate this topic for this issue. *Scuzz Bums News* is the newsletter of the Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, and reflects what those of us who do not live there regard as that unique, slightly raucous southern California lifestyle. *The Newsletter of the Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia*, comes from about as far from San Diego as one can get geographically on the North American continent, and is written in a more sedate manner, still projecting an aura of having fun afloat but not nearly so outgoing as the Californians.

It particularly caught my attention that *Scuzz Bums News* reprinted in its January 1999 issue a lengthy story from *The Newsletter of the Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia*. The title, "Cruising: Going to Hell for a Pastime" suggests perhaps a less sedate chronicle than one might expect, and it proved to be so. In fact the Nova Scotians had somehow come up with a southern Californian outlook and manner of expressing it.

I thought this was rather nice, this sharing of a news article of general interest between these two regional groups, both messing about in boats. From it I deduce that some of these groups are actively exchanging newsletters, which provides a broadening of local viewpoints. Sometimes the extreme provincialism of a local newsletter comes through much too strongly to interest anyone not from the locale or group involved. But an awareness of others playing a similar game cannot but be healthy for our activity.

Developing this awareness is where our *Messing About in Boats* comes in. We're slotted right in between the local group newsletters and the national boating magazines. Our 4,700 subscribers include people from all over the country and Canada, and a few overseas, people who share an interest in the topics we typically publish, most of them written by the very same sort of people who do the various newsletters. We provide those who choose to write us of their interests and activities with a larger stage and a larger, still appreciative audience. While large enough in scale to pretty much escape provincialism, it is still small enough to preserve individual identity and not sink into the mass media anonymity and generalizations.

As I look over all these newsletters I realize that what we are doing is just an enlargement of what they do. And this is followed by my thought, I'd like to introduce *Messing About in Boats* to the individual members of all these groups. They all get at least one copy of this magazine, that's why we get to see their newsletters. But the copy usually goes to the group secretary or newsletter editor, and I wonder how many of the members get to see it.

With this in mind, I'm going to start sending to each of the groups who respond to my inquiry positively a sample packet of copies for distribution to members at a meeting of their group. Direct mailing of sample copies to a membership list is a possibility also where the group is willing to provide such a list. What I'm after is to make people who care enough about small boats to join a local organization aware of what we have to offer in the way of a broader based inspiration and information source about their obvious interest.

Yes, this is circulation building. For me added paid subscriptions buoy the financial circumstances which underlay the magazine's existence. It also adds new people who may have new experiences to share with us all. *Messing About in Boats* already seems to provide what today is termed "networking", wherein readers communicate amongst one another stimulated but what they have seen on our pages. Broadening the network cannot help but add to the collective value of what we are all sharing on our pages.

In Our Next Issue...

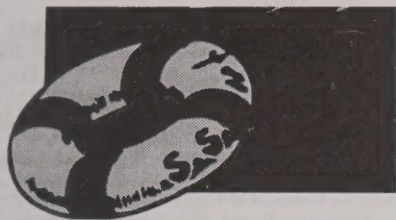
Larry Ruttman tells us all about the Team Saquish great adventure rowing in the Scilly Isles gig races in "Row Hard...No Excuses"; Jim Thayer takes us on a long canyon country river cruise in "Kokopelli V"; Tim O'Brien shares a short New England river cruise with us in "Up the Merrimac"; Robb White reminisces about "Monkey Island"; and Joanne Scott continues her poetic "Remembering" with "Drascombe".

Russ Meade narrates how he came to design and build his sociable lake boat *Just Mother 'n Me*; Dan Osterday tells us about his low budget boat "Baby Ragtime"; while the *Lawley Owners Newsletter* reveals details of a very high budget boat in "Lawly Super Yacht Migrant"; and Ross Miller describes how one restoration project never happened in "Pin the Tail on the Comet".

Dynamite Payson recalls the "Origins of Instant Boats"; Richard Carsen describes "Ninigo Sails" in his ongoing "Dreamboats" series; and Phil Bolger & Friends bring us Part 1 of "Schorpion I".

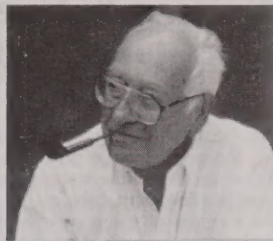
On the Cover...

Russ Meades' boat has a unique reason for being, expressed in its name, *Just Mother 'n Me*, with all the details featured in this issue.



Small Boat SAFETY

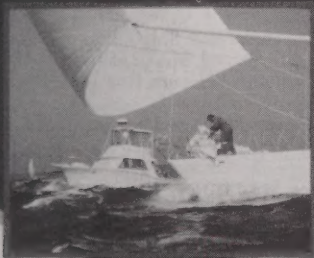
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Boating Course Includes Closed Captioning.
Produced By William Morrow, USPS,
& the United States Coast Guard

The United States Power Squadrons
and William Morrow & Company are
pleased to announce that the latest edition
of the popular USPS video *Boating Course*
has closed captioning, which will allow
the deaf and hard of hearing to study the
course in their own homes as well as to ar-
range for a local exam.

The closed captioning was prepared
by Caption Gallaudet, a division of Gal-
laudet University in Washington, DC, and
provides accompanying words for the en-
tire 80 minute video. The USPS video
Boating Course, with a 239 page supple-
mental booklet, is a six-lesson course,
similar to the class that USPS has taught

to more than four million people. Gal-
laudet University is the world's only uni-
versity devoted exclusively to deaf and
hard of hearing undergraduates.

There are more than 600,000 deaf and
hard of hearing people in the country, and
this closed captioned video will be a life
saver, literally, for those who love boat-
ing and could not hear the instructions in
class or the audio on the video.

William Morrow is donating copies
of the video to 147 schools for the deaf
throughout the United States, and also
providing one to each of the 50 state Boat-
ing Law Administrators.

The video was produced by William
Morrow (a Hearst Book Group subsidiary)
and the United States Power Squadrons, the
world's largest private non-profit boating
organization, in cooperation with the
United States Coast Guard and has been
approved by the National Association of
State Boating Law Administrators. Excit-
ing aerial and on-the-water footage and
state-of-the-art graphics are used to intro-
duce the essentials of boat handling and to
make charts, piloting, and the Rules of the
Road as much fun as they are easy to under-
stand.

The subjects addressed in the video
include Boat Handling and Seamanship;
Regulations, Safe Boating, Marlinspike
(knots), and Weather; Charts, Aids to
Navigation and Regional Boating; Basic
Navigation Rules, Marine Radiotele-
phone, and Boat Trailering. The six sec-
tions are keyed to continuously running
reference numbers throughout the video.

USPS encourages all who take this
home study course to call their toll free
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in order to make arrangements for a local
proctored exam. Many states have passed
ordinances which require the passing of an
approved proctored exam before they will
issue a boat operator certificate. The USPS
Boating Course is available also through
the USPS toll-free number or visit the
USPS web site at <http://www.usps.org>.

*United States Power Squadrons Boat-
ing Course For Power & Sail*, ISBN:
0-688-09126-1, \$29.50. William Morrow
& Co. Inc., 1350 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, NY 10019

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ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

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

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445. (802) 425-3926.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.
Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.
Wooden Boat Workshop of Door County, 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209. (920) 868-3955.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

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

ELECTRIC BOATING

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

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331. (781) 934-7555.
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.

Activities & Events Organizers '99...

A new year is now here and we'll soon begin to dream about our opportunities for messing about in boats (in winterland areas anyway) when the on-the-water season gets underway in a few short months.

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

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

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

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

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.
Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. Meerwald), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerwald@juno.com>
Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (978) 768-7541.
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.

Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.
Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (757) 596-2222.
Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Maritime & Yachting Museum, P.O. Box 1448, Stuart, FL 34995.
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315.
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (978) 745-9500.
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (908) 349-9209.
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.
Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, c/o Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 442-0097.
Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.
U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.
U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.
Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.
Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.

Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.
 New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o David Akin, 40 Chase Ave., W. Dennis, MA 02670.
 San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jjosse@juno.com>
 West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcrest Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.
 Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.
 Hulbert Outdoor Center, RRI Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.
 Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.
 Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.
 Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466.
 New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.
 New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.
 Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.
 Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.
 Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N., Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.
 Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.
 Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, c/o Julie McCrum, 1075 Winchester Ln., Aiken, SC 29803-9667, (803) 643-3800.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.
 Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.
 Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.
 Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.
 Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.
 Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
 Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.
 Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.
 New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.
 Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.
 Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.
 Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W. Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.
 Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (781) 282-4580.
 United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

SEA KAYAKING

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

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.
 Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.
 Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.
 Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.

STEAMBOATING

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

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.
 Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
 Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.
 Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.
 Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.
 Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.
 Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.
 Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.
 Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.
 Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com> www: <http://www.seanet.com/~jrweiss/tsca-puget>
 Sacramento TSCA, c/o Mike Fitz, 2831 Mattison Ln., Santa Cruz, CA 95065. (408) 476-2325.
 South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.
 Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.
 Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950
 Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.
 Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.
 Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.
 TSCA of West Michigan, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.
 Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.
 Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (781) 272-9658.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Mill Rd., Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.

Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

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

WATER TRAILS

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

WOODEN BOATS

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

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Useful Information

Save the Weekend

On the weekend of March 26-28, Mystic Seaport's Yachting History Symposium will consider the whole of 20th-century yachting as we come to the end of an extraordinary 100 years on the water.

Subjects will include the steam yachts that began the century and the megayachts of the century's end, 20th-century yacht design, yachting art, one-designs, and the Burger Boat Company, the only large yacht builder in the U.S. whose history spans the century.

Speakers will include Olin Stephens, Llewellyn Howland, James Taylor of England's National Maritime Museum, Elizabeth Meyer, Ben Fuller, Dan MacNaughton and Dave Ross, President of Burger.

Further information may be had by phone (860) 572-5384, fax (860) 572-5344, email: <clisah@mysticseaport.org>

Umiaks in Our Town

We have two umiaks on display in our collection here in Upernavik, Greenland. A smaller umiak was used from approximately 1900 to 1950 and we still have people in town who traveled in that boat.

A higher sided larger umiak was made by the people in Aappilaatq for the visit by the Queen Margarethe II in August, 1997. It was on the water and we do have photos and video footage of it underway. It is a very fine umiak covered with bearded seal skin, the traditional skin used in Greenland for umiaks.

Umiaks were used here as the summer freighters which carried as many people as they could from place to place to go visiting, hunting and fishing. Many older people have fond memories of the wonderful time they spent in the summers traveling in umiaks. Umiaks enabled people to go places where hunting and fishing might be better in the summer and then they would return to their usual winter places when it seemed best.

We have a umiak oar in our collection which has seen plenty of use. We also have kayaks. They all are safely displayed now that our village museum buildings have been restored.

Gail Ferris, Upernavik, Greenland

About That Kahlenberg Low Compression Engine

Jim Clark did a great job of reporting the Door County show, in the December 1st issue. It's good to see some of our Great Lakes events getting some of the media attention they deserve.

But now a small nitpick: The Kahlenberg engine was never a diesel, although it did run on oil. Diesels use the heat of highly compressed air in their cylinders to fire their fuel. Compression ratios are very high. Kahlenbergs have combustion chambers at the tops of their cylinders. These are pre-heated by individual blowtorches. When temperatures reach fuel

flashpoint, oil is injected and the engine turned over by compressed air. Once running, the torches are shut off as the engine produces its own heat.

Because they are not dependent on heated air, Kahlenbergs are low-compression engines. They've been known to run just fine until someone decided to install new rings, at which point daylight was seen between the old rings and the cylinder wall. However, this same low compression requires very large cylinder diameters and long piston strokes, leading to very heavy engines. The four-cylinder model in the Coast Guard Auxiliary search and rescue tug *Wilhelm Baum*, at South Haven, Michigan, installed in 1944, weighs 15,000 pounds.

Joseph Reisner Marshall, MI

America's National Maritime Museum

The United States Congress has designated the Mariners' Museum in Newport News and South Street Seaport Museum in New York as America's National Maritime Museum. Senators John Warner of Virginia and Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York introduced the legislation which was signed into law by President Clinton in recognition of the importance of the nation's maritime heritage.

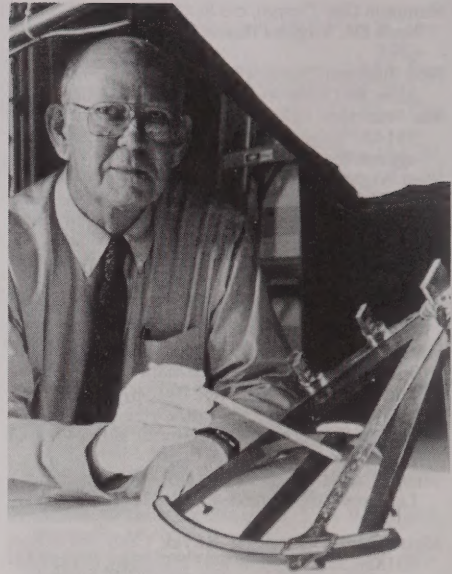
Warner & Moynihan designated America's National Maritime Museum with the belief that a collective maritime museum will help raise the significance of maritime history in the national consciousness. To further increase this awareness, additional maritime museums may be included in the designation in the future.

The Mariners' Museum and South Street Seaport Museum formed the National Maritime Museum Initiative in June, 1997, to share collections, exhibitions, publications and related endeavors while retaining their individual control and autonomy.

World-Class Collection Of Navigation Instruments Given To The Mariners' Museum

Peter Ifland, renowned collector and author of *Taking the Stars: Celestial Navigation from Argonauts to Astronauts*, has generously donated 169 instruments from his unparalleled collection of navigation instruments to the The Mariners' Museum in Newport News, Virginia.

In accepting the gift, Museum President John Hightower remarked, "The extraordinary gift of Peter Ifland's carefully assembled and thoughtfully acquired collection complements the navigating instrument collection of The Mariners' Museum perfectly. The result is America's largest and most distinguished collection of magnificent scientific instruments that once were essential to finding one's way across the uncharted expanse of the ever uncertain sea."



"I chose The Mariners' Museum to receive my collection because of the Museum's preeminence in maritime history and the culture of the sea. The Museum has excellent facilities to preserve and display the artifacts in its world class collections," says Ifland.

Ifland's collection features rare objects such as a 1792 octant attributed to J.R. Duiff and Sierd van Putten, a 1711 rosewood back staff made by Walter Henshaw, a circa 1820 circle constructed by James Allen in London, and a circa 1920 gyrosexant made by La Precision Modern, Paris. The collection also contains aviation navigation instruments such as a 1941 bubble sextant made by the Bendix Aviation Corporation. Objects from Ifland's collection will be incorporated into the Museum's 1999 millennium exhibition *It's About Time* and will be displayed in other Museum galleries to help visitors grasp the important concepts of celestial navigation inextricably linked to maritime exploration.

Ifland first became interested in navigation instruments as a midshipman in the U.S. Naval Reserve during World War II. He then earned a doctorate in biochemistry from the University of Texas. Ifland lived in Europe during the 1970s and there began collecting sextants and octants. "I was fascinated by the elegantly simple functionality of these instruments for taking the stars and was taken by their handsome aesthetic, the bright brass, ivory scales and dark ebony," Ifland comments.

Willem Morzer Bruyns, navigation expert and senior curator of the Scheepvaartmuseum (the Netherlands Maritime Museum), praised the collection, saying, "Over the years Peter Ifland has built an immensely important collection of navigating instruments, equal to the standard of any large maritime museum in the world."

Of Ifland's collection, Stuart Talbot, chairman of the Scientific Instrument Society, London, remarked, "This magnificent gift is certain to become an essential research resource that will light the path of understanding of the navigational arts

through the ages. The Museum's collection will become a lodestone for all interested in celestial navigation."

Ifland decided the unique nature of his collection and his extensive knowledge of navigation instruments could form the basis for a comprehensive book about celestial navigation. The result, *Taking the Stars: Celestial Navigation from Argonauts to Astronauts*, has just been published by The Mariners' Museum and Krieger Publishing Company. The 240-page, hardcover book is the definitive study of the evolution of celestial navigation instruments, including a chapter on aviation navigation, written in a style suitable for the backyard navigator, collector, dealer, or the celestial navigation scholar.

The Mariner's Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606

PakYak Design

Thanks for publishing my letter and pictures about my new PakYak design. The day the issue arrived I got my first inquiry about it, and within a week I had several more. They are encouraging me to publish plans. *MAIB* has quite an active readership!

One who wrote to me after seeing the letter in *MAIB* was Charles Hall, who has an Internet web-site. I emailed him some more info and pictures of the PakYak and he has posted it on his website: <http://robroy.totalsports.net/boats/>. He has a lot of other *MAIB*-type info posted there as well. Other readers who have Internet access might want to check it out.

Jim Heter, 20950 SW Rock Creek Rd., Sheridan, OR 97378

Opinion...

Last Remaining Seriously Lazy Guy?

I suspect at times that I'm the last remaining seriously lazy guy left on the planet. In the December issues Edward Wizer builds this kid a Tortoise and says he wants to keep it light. His first problem, putting one chine on the wrong side, I'm surprised I didn't do myself. Good thinking, says I. That's the kind of learning exercise we all go through, once, I hope! But, steel capped rub strips on the bottom? And epoxy inside and out? The kid will have to hire a mule to get that rig across the beach.

Proceeding to the next page we find Mr. Foden and his shanty boat. I've had in the back of my mind for some time a question of how to get on the water in a trailer boat and still have a place to sleep while it's being transported. Does Mr. Foden have the answer?

Or does(my old buddy) Mr. Michalak who I once accused of designing boats in the middle of the Great Illinois Desert? Well, like the guy in the ad says, I'm wrong a lot.

But I'm wondering if a version of his Harmonica, stretched a little here and there, wouldn't serve all sorts of uses? Two bunks and a bottle gas plate, with the bottle hung on the stern, might be a just the ticket for a cheap old guy like me.

Ron Laviolette, Ionia, MI



Seen in Seattle

Here are a couple of interesting local boats seen at the recent wood boat regatta in Seattle:

The El Toro is owned and sailed by George Corkery who is in his late 70's or early 80's and is the acknowledged master of the El Toro in Seattle. The boat is a Smith Brothers rescuable model (normal El Toros cannot be entered or sailed once they have capsized). The addition of the

flotation tanks stiffens the hull so that a very heavy mast can be used by heavier sailors in the higher wind ranges.

Un Bel Di is typical of the wooden Thunderbirds that are still one of the more active racing fleets in the Pacific Northwest.

Bob Smithson, Bend, OR



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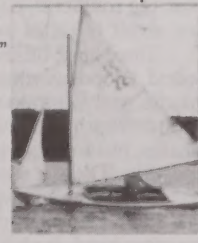
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I owe a debt of gratitude to the wonderful Chesapeake Bay Watermen who were always courteous to me out on the water and were there when I needed help.

Sign of the Crab

Part II

By Dick Harrington

*A cruise on Chesapeake Bay with a different kind of ending, or
"when dark clouds appear think about lowering the sails."*

In Part 1 of this story I tell about trying to sail in the mud as I depart Wallace Creek, visiting remote Hooper Island, and my tribulations while searching for a berth, as well as a seafood dinner, at the harbor at Chance. The tale now resumes.

A Water Land of Invisible Grassy Islands and Hidden Shoals

The Riddle of the Sands, Erskine Childers' wonderful 19th century mystery novel involving intrigue and adventure by two Englishmen in a small sailboat among the Dutch and German Frisian Islands, comes to mind. Of course, for me to compare the Frisian Islands to these low-lying Chesapeake islands is inappropriate, since I have never been to the Frisians.

But as I continued to explore south, entering an area where the western horizon appears nearly unbroken, yet being surrounded by immense shoals, I couldn't help but think of *Riddle of the Sands*. Should Hollywood wish, it certainly seemed that this part of the Chesapeake would make a perfect setting for a remake of the old movie. It was Day 3 and *Blue Mist* raced down Tangier Sound broad reaching to a steady breeze of 10 to 15 knots from the southeast, destination Cristfield Harbor, about 14 miles by sea.

Three large offshore islands form Tangier Sound, Bloodsworth to the north, Marsh in the middle, and Smith to the south. On the chart, Bloodsworth and Marsh are large green masses, but from my vantage point they were invisible. There is essentially no dry land, just marsh. These are wildlife bird sanctuaries. The south central portion of Smith Island, on the other hand, is elevated enough to sustain a small community of hardy fishermen. This village has been there for a long time, still carries on old traditions, and is a popular attraction for people catching the tour boats out of

Cristfield. There are several excursion boats that make daily trips out of Cristfield to both Smith and Tangier Islands. Tangier Island lies further to the south and also has a small, long established population of fishermen, and is even more isolated.)

Although I knew Marsh Island was only a few miles to the west of me, it remained out of sight, yet the water in that direction was extremely shallow, even for a centerboard dinghy, and I was forced to stay within the narrow navigation channel. The channel, though well-marked, is very serpentine in its travels through the many shoals, and I had the feeling that this would be a frightening place on a dark night with breaking seas. Not a place for a novice or a stranger such as myself. On the other hand, on a pleasant summer day it was a grand place to be.

Prior to this I had already abandoned my original idea of visiting Smith Island, but if there were any lingering doubts they were now gone. The several miles of complicated, winding channel that I would have to negotiate to get into Smith was just too much. I could see myself getting into lots of trouble, especially if there was any kind of boat traffic. Still looking for that delicious seafood dinner, I arrived at Cristfield. Cristfield I found to be quite pretty and bustling with a lot of fishing and sailing activity, plus it boasts a large comfortable harbor that had many visiting yachts. For the best "all you can eat steamed crabs," go to the Side Street Seafood Market, just one block from the public wharf. Besides excellent seafood, you also get the best view in town of this fascinating harbor.

Bad Judgment Extracts Its Price

I will make no excuses. What follows is a classic example of poor judgment, and I am fortunate and thankful that the consequences of my actions ended up being as minor as they

were. For this I owe a debt of gratitude to the wonderful Chesapeake Bay Watermen, who were always courteous to me out on the water and were there when I needed help. Hopefully I have learned a lesson.

It was Friday morning, June 19, 1998. Unknown to me, my cruise would end abruptly by 1030 hours this day. Another hot, hazy morning, it was 0800 hours and there was hardly a breath of air. The marina seemed quiet for a Friday morning, but I needed to make tracks back north. After sailing south for three days, it was time to head home. If I got a good start and made it a long day, maybe I could get the boat out sometime Saturday morning, allowing me to make it to my daughter's house north of Washington D.C. in time for dinner as promised. A tight schedule and a challenge, but doable I felt. Now if only the wind would pick up.

"This is NOAA Weather Radio, broadcasting from (such and such) location in Virginia, etc., with the weather forecast for southern Chesapeake Bay, surrounding areas, etc." I had removed the radio from its protective pouch and toggled to the weather station, then continued with the final stowing of gear in preparation for departure. Ever since the storms on Tuesday night, the weather had been perfect and, as recently as the day before, they weren't predicting any change until sometime Saturday. The lack of wind worried me, so I was hoping for a forecast of more of the good wind I had enjoyed thus far.

"Winds will be 5 to 10 knots from the south, blah, blah, etc." Damn! Why does it have to go weak on me now? Well, at least it was from the right direction. The forecast went on to say that there was a chance of thunderstorms, due to unstable atmospheric conditions brought on by the heat, and that a slow moving cold front would be arriving along with thunderstorms by evening. Then on Saturday, behind the cold front, there would be fresh winds out of the north! That could complicate things. Now it was more important than ever to make tracks out of here. I would want to be north of Tangier Sound, where there is more protection, before the bad weather arrived. But that still isn't the whole story.

At the very end of the NOAA transmission there was another message, this time from a different voice, that was at best confusing. This message reported that a localized thunderstorm, with associated heavy rains, was in progress some place in Virginia (that I didn't recognize) but which was apparently on the opposite side of the Bay. The gist of the message seemed to be to advise motorists commuting to work to expect some traffic delays. So there was a thunderstorm across the Bay, possibly 20 or more miles away! The sky around me looked OK, but I would keep an eye out just in case.

It was slow going and a beat out the channel. The water was almost flat and a heavy haze masked the horizon to the west. I sat on the floor with my back to the rear bulkhead, arm over the tiller, trying to study the chart for possible ports of refuge close by. This was mostly because I didn't know how far I would get with so little wind and by late afternoon I suspected I would be getting nervous due to the impending weather. A big clam dragger was working in a circle within the outer harbor. I snapped a picture.

Twenty minutes passed and the haze, if anything, was getting darker. I thought I heard

a faint, distant rumble. Was it thunder or was it Navy jets doing maneuvers again? The jets from the Navy base on the western side of the Bay had me thinking I was hearing thunder all week. I really didn't want to turn back, heck, there wasn't hardly any wind. "What would Frank Dye, the renowned Wayfarer seafarer do?" Rationalizing with myself, I decided that it was probably going to shower, but wouldn't blow hard. Frank certainly wouldn't run for shelter every time some rain came along.

Several Watermen had already passed me headed in, but it hadn't yet occurred to me to take note. Another five minutes elapsed, by then the western horizon had indeed become black and menacing. Hesitantly, I watched as a half dozen or more fishermen turned and headed toward me. They were barreling in at full speed with big white bones in their teeth that stood out brightly against the black sky. Overhead was a massive black cloud, with a large green crescent. It was unsettling to look at but I snapped a picture of it anyway. At last I did a 180 and headed back. I was only about a mile out and still in the harbor channel.

The wind continued light and from the west, however, the Watermen had gotten to me. My speed seemed agonizingly slow, so I left all sails up with the hope of possibly beating the storm in. Shortly the wind picked up a notch and *Blue Mist* started to sail. With this the tension eased a bit, I experienced a false sense of relief. Looking over my shoulder I saw the beginning of a few small whitecaps, but no approaching squall line. As a precaution, though, I slipped on my lifejacket, then *Blue Mist* started to plane, wing-on-wing.

The wind increased some more, yet still did not seem that threatening. I cranked everything down hard, jib halyard and boom vang. Then I kicked the centerboard up until all that was left was a small bit far back as a skeg for stability. I moved as far aft as I could and was holding her with her bow above the waves *Blue Mist* was flying on a wild plane. Two hundred, maybe 300 yards to my left was the big clam dragger. He was headed in also. Unbelievably I was keeping up, head to head, with the big guy. Wow! Was I showing off! I could almost see myself flying into the harbor in front of a crowd of awe-struck spectators. I had forgotten where I was and what I should be doing. This all took place in a matter of minutes. It was too late. The next blast got me!

Ask any dinghy racer and he will tell you that capsizing a 16' sailboat is no big thing. My wife, who tends to have an overly imaginative sense of concern regarding these things, is convinced that if the boom doesn't smack you in the head rendering you unconscious, you will surely end up trapped under the boat and quickly drown. This is because she has never experienced a capsize. The truth is that I've had numerous Wayfarer capsize and find the experience anything but chaotic. The boat just lays over, nice and easy, on its side.

In fact many experienced racing crews can capsize, pop the boat back up and get right back into the race, without bothering to lower the sails. Sometimes one, or both, are so nimble as to hardly get their feet wet. Sailing alone with a boat full of cruising gear, with an impending vicious storm upon you, can be a little different.

At first it was not bad at all. The water was warm and the cavity formed by the boat,

which laid high on her side, made a good shelter from the rain and the wind, which were now blasting the tops off of the rapidly building waves. Visibility beyond the boat was nil. It was like being in a big bath tub, with the lifejacket keeping me high and comfortable. I recall several distinct images that flashed in front of me as she went over and immediately after.

First the lid on the cooler, tied down near the back bulkhead, popped open and all the contents, including several bottles of my good Samuel Adams brew, went slipping away towards Davy Jones' locker. Instinctively, I think I made a grab for some of it. Then my cap, my favorite Cleveland Indians baseball cap, went floating away. I swam after it and retrieved it, only to lose it again almost immediately. Next, and a much more worrisome floater, was the rudder. It was tied down with a bungie, but the force of the waves was enough to knock it off its mounting. Again I went swimming to retrieve it, only to ultimately lose it as well. Soon all kinds of things were floating away, my shoes, sunglasses, charts, (my beer had already sunk), camera and more. I came to the abrupt realization that the fun was over.

I had wasted valuable time and energy and swallowed a goodly amount of foul Bay water in the process. All this time I had been thinking the worst will be over in only a few minutes, then I will get on the centerboard and right her. Meanwhile it continued blowing a gale (the Cristfield Coast Guard station recorded 35 knots) and the waves were now 3' to 4'. *Blue Mist's* hull was surging hard to the waves and the mast had dipped, appearing to be in the mud of the shallow bottom. With the hull acting as a battering ram, soon the mast would be driven deep into the mud. I knew I had to do something quickly as I was beginning to get tired and worried.

A red-hulled boat with two Watermen arrived to leeward. They were yelling something that I couldn't hear, but I'm sure they wanted me to go with them. I told them to leave. I couldn't leave my boat like that, had to get the sails down and try to right her. Confusion set in. I couldn't seem to find the halyards or release them. I remember fruitlessly clawing at the sails, but they were as hard as boards. Another Waterman's boat arrives and I can see that two or three others are standing by. I can only imagine the radio transmissions taking place.

However, these two guys are more insistent. Passing close to me they throw a life ring attached to a rope. I hear, "fella, you grab that right now!" It comes across as a command, not a request. Several things are now clear to me. *Blue Mist* is stuck in the bottom, I can't get the sails down and I'm exhausted (not to mention my \$9 Indians cap is gone). More importantly though, these people are going to a lot of trouble to help me. Thankfully, I grab the ring. The two husky fishermen hauled me aboard their boat and dumped me on their deck, like I'm just another mackerel. I was very grateful. I also felt a strong need to apologize. I wished I could apologize to the two fishermen in the red boat as well.

Post Log

My rescuers dropped me off at the Coast Guard jetty in Cristfield Harbor, then hurried off to deliver their load of crabs. I hardly had a chance to properly thank them and regret

not to have gotten their names. They most likely were glad to be done with me.

About 45 minutes later the 41' Coast Guard cutter arrived with *Blue Mist* alongside. They had been called out to make two other assists first, a cruising sailboat at anchor in the harbor had broken out her hook and gone adrift, and a smaller fishing boat had come close to being swamped. In the still unabated rain and wind there was my once pretty Wayfarer, low in the water with spars, sails and lines in one jumbled pile on top. What a sad sight. I was expecting the worst.

The Coast Guard had annihilated the mast. It was broken into three pieces and the top had a big bend in it. I suspect that happened before they arrived. The mainsail had several tears, which were repairable, and the boom vang, forestay and jib halyard were busted. Otherwise the damage to the hull amounted to only a few minor scratches and dings. Both the forward and aft watertight compartments had stayed tight. The forward had no more than a cup of water inside, while the aft had leaked possibly a quart. I was elated to see this and also to find so little damage to the hull.

Then, as if at this point fate decided to forgive me for my foolishness, at the suggestion of one of the Coast Guard men I was able to find nearly all of my lost floaters. The rudder, whisker pole, waterproof sailing bag, seat cushions, etc., had washed ashore only a quarter mile away. My only major losses were my Minolta camera, prescription sunglasses, and marine radio. The camera and radio never left the boat but were ruined by the salt water.

The cruise was over. But, as a friend later pointed out, I had already done the best part. The Coast Guard graciously drove me back to my car and trailer at Wallace Creek. My insurance company would pay for a new mast, sail repairs and the few lost personal items. Thanks to God's grace, I had escaped at minor expense, both personally and monetarily. At the same time, hopefully, I have learned a valuable lesson. When dark clouds appear think about lowering the sails!

Later that evening on the way to my daughter's, I phoned Margie and left a message. "This is your sweetheart. I'm on the way to Patricia's. Just want to let you know that I'm alive and well, *Blue Mist* is OK, but I had a minor mishap on Chesapeake Bay. Will fill in the details later. Love, Dick!"

For more information about dinghy cruising, or the Wayfarer, contact Dick Harrington, 101 E. 196th St., Euclid, OH 44119, or phone (216) 481-3183.



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Rowley Revisited

By Tim O'Brien

Mid-summer two years ago, *Shoe Box* and I made a Plum Island Sound cruise as far south as Ipswich. It was high time to cruise the marshes again. So on the last day of September, we headed down the Merrimack River. The ebb was running hard so I took the small anchor out in the dinghy, setting it well upstream. This allowed me to kedge *Shoe Box* out of her berth and into the river clear of the other boats moored close by. It looks a bit awkward, but it's much less risky than maneuvering a 3-ton barge in close quarters at max ebb with a 25 hp motor.

"Discretion being the better part of valor, etc." Anyway, I had wanted to try out the concept, and it worked just fine.

Shoe Box is a small, heavily constructed houseboat, 17-1/2' long by 7-1/2' wide. She's flat bottomed, drawing less than a foot of water. While her rectangular shape may look a bit odd, she does well at slow speed and has all the amenities of a much larger cabin cruiser. She does evoke a wide variety of comment.

We had a fast trip downriver to Newburyport on the last of the ebb, mooring in the town dinghy basin at the Market Place Landing about 1:00. In order to cross the Joppa Flats on the way to Plumbush, I needed full high tide. We used the time in Newburyport to fill up on gas and ice and pick up a few groceries.

While waiting, I also listened to the NOAA weather broadcast. Gale warnings would be hoisted tomorrow for south winds 25-30 knots shifting to the west at 30-40 knots in the afternoon. Seems every time I head toward Plum Island Sound the weather gods get rather rambunctious. Oh well, we'll just have to keep a close watch, if it gets too bad, we'll poke back in the marshes and double up on the anchors.

Underway for Plumbush just before 1800. Plenty of water over the Joppa Flats, but in the rapidly fading daylight it was quite hard to find the marshy channel entrance. At high water your only clues are the tops of the submerged marsh grass and finally the two red lights on the Plumbush Bridge. With the wind behind me, I slowed and crept in toward the few houses on Plumbush Island. It was dark by now, but I did pick out a "No Wake" buoy that I remembered from my previous visit. With this buoy and the bridge lights for reference, I anchored about 100 yards to the west in 6' of water, brewed some tea, had a bite to eat, and went to bed.

I woke about 4:45 to lightning and thunder followed by a rain squall. I stayed up, had some breakfast, and listened to Mr. NOAA's latest weather report. It didn't sound too good, gale warnings in effect all along the New England coast, current wind 20 knots from the south but due to increase to 30-40 knots and shift west as the cold front passed. I decided to take a look to the south if and when the thunder showers passed by.

A little after first light I took in the anchor to short stay and warmed up the engine. Dressed warmly under a full set of skins and a hot cup of tea in hand, we headed slowly for the Plumbush Bridge, passing through the bridge about 0620 with a strong flood heading south. It was a funny looking morning with lots of low gray clouds scudding along and some patchy fog over the marshes. Not real windy yet but ominous in some way.

With the flood pushing us along, we enjoyed a good fast run down the narrow part of the Plum Island River. The wind picked up from the south. Got a fast look at a harbor seal diving off the port bow. Never saw him again, maybe he knows something we should know.

By 0745 the channel through the marshes had widened quite a bit and we neared Cape Merrill. Decision time. Should we continue on south or head west up the Parker River? We were making good time and the wind from ahead wasn't too bad. "Let's head for the buoy south of Dole Island and then decide," I said. At that point, if conditions really worsened, we could always turn northwest and steer downwind while returning to the Parker River.

Passing Dole Island, the wind increased to what felt like 20 knots with higher gusts and began to kick up a goodly chop from the south southeast. It was getting a bit wet on deck. Towing the dinghy alongside to port didn't help by adding to the wind driven spray. I throttled back some and was still making reasonable headway. We fell off a bit to the southwest, aiming for Rum Point or, more accurately, where I thought Rum Point should be as it doesn't stand out all that clearly.

About 0830 I sighted a short flag pole with a number of colored flags slightly off the starboard bow. If I remembered correctly there was such a pole marking Rum Point. Anyway, I diverged from the Plum Island Sound channel and headed southwest. At high tide there should be plenty of water, and this course would be much drier as we were no longer slamming directly into the ever building chop.

Shortly we saw more channel buoys that lead off toward the Eagle Hill River, and then the smaller spar-like buoys marking the Rowley River entrance came into view. We rounded Rum Point well clear of the off lying shoal and headed west up the winding Rowley River channel. Putting the wind and sea on our quarter felt good. The buoys are a bit tricky in their layout and make you take quite an irregular course up the river. You must pay attention. I find it hard to follow the buoys closely and watch the many marsh birds at the same time.

Just into the river past the first abandoned cabin I saw a large group of great egrets feeding along the inlet at the edge of the tall marsh grass. As I scanned these all white herons with their yellow bill and black legs, I noticed some great blue herons in with the egrets. I throttled back and approached slowly managing to get quite close before they showed any alarm. I counted 15 great egrets and five great blue herons in this loose group. I never saw that many of either type at one time, quite an amazing sight. I got within 100 feet or so when the great blue herons, one at a time, slowly took flight. Then a bit later, three or four at a time, the great egrets lifted off until all were dispersed upriver on either side. What an exciting event, really a beautiful thing to see.

I'm glad I continued on to the Rowley River. It's a beautiful river with a broad expanse of marsh and some little islands with hardwood trees and a few isolated cabins reachable only by boat. There is plenty of bird life to watch and the tall marsh grass blowing like waves at sea, and not a soul around. Quite a fine experience taken slowly.

We went on up the river past a few houses and some boats moored bow and stern and under the new railroad bridge. I tied up alongside the fuel pier at Perley's Marina. After getting some gas, I asked Neal Perley about a vacant slip for the night. He said why not just stay at the north end of the fuel dock since this late in the season there wouldn't be many visitors. I did just that.

It wasn't yet 10:00 so I had some breakfast and then decided that a short nap was definitely in order. I slept soundly until almost 1:00. Went on deck to find the running lights were still on, good way to put yourself in need of a battery charger. I watched two clam diggers launch their boats and leave for the mud flats. One boat was flying a large Jolly Roger flag. The wind was picking up, shifting to the west and the sky was clearing. Maybe the front has passed.

I needed exercise and took a walk into Rowley. It's a nice walk through a pleasant old town. I stopped at the post office to mail a few overdue bills. I then visited an old cemetery dating back to the 1600s. Some of the oldest slate grave stones used the archaic term "relict of" which I correctly surmised from the context as meaning "widow of." This is terminology I had never heard before, although it's clearly defined in both my dictionaries.

The nearby First Baptist Church of Rowley had an interesting historical sign on a corner post. It explained that the original church had been called the Second Baptist Church of Rowley, as the First Baptist Church was earlier built in the east end of town. However, since that portion of town was later incorporated into the town of Georgetown, this church's name had been changed to the First Baptist Church of Rowley, i.e., the church was

promoted by virtue of geo-political default.

The East End Seafood Restaurant on Railroad Ave. specializes in clams and other local seafood, all served in a very simple setting on paper plates with a cold soda to wash it down. I had clam chowder and baked flounder. It was delicious, eaten on a large picnic table with plenty of room to spread the day's newspaper. I got back to the marina in time to see one of the clam diggers return, and inspect his take. He had a little over two bushels of small clams about 2-1/2" long. He said a buyer would fly these clams down to Florida and that he would get about \$108 per bushel.

The sun was setting, the wind was blowing about 30 knots, and the temperature was dropping fast. I got ready for a cold night on board. Then I was invited to visit the clubhouse of the Rowley River Boating Association by a member who was overhauling an engine in a boat at a nearby float. I went up after dark, had a beer, and swapped a few sea stories with some truly friendly folks. Some were curious about *Shoe Box*, so we visited in small groups. It was an enjoyable evening.

Woke up early the next morning, 0530, temperature at 38°F, wind 20 knots from the west. Needed to get going if I was to make high water at Plumbush if that was, in fact, where I was headed. Anyway, dressed in long johns, heavy woolen gurnsey, sea boots, and skins, *Shoe Box* and I were underway headed down the Rowley about half an hour before sunrise. I wondered what kind of sea we'd find in Plum Island Sound after clearing Rum Point. Guess we'd know soon enough. In the meantime I paid strict attention to finding the buoys, as it was only half tide. It was certainly a beautiful, wild-looking sunrise with fiery red clouds all bunched up to the east. I should also say it was a bit brisk.

We exited the river, rounded Rum Point, and headed to the northeast in a wide sweep across the Sound toward Plum Island. The wind was still blowing hard but if it stayed west we'd be OK for a transit north into the Plum Island River. As I steered more to the north, keeping the buoys south of Dole Island broad on my port bow, it was clear that a visit to Newbury Old Town was out of the question. It would mean a dead beat upwind into a steep chop caused by a 25 knot wind against the flood tide up the Parker River. No thanks. That's simply too long and too wet to make any sense.

So said, we bore off to the northeast looking for Cape Merrill and the entrance to the Plum Island River. It's a bit confusing from a distance, all low lying and somewhat featureless. But shortly I saw the last of three little grass islands that mark the eastern side of the passage past Cape Merrill, and in we went. We were still getting a little flood as we passed Brown's Island and the entrance to Jericho Creek. Somewhere just north of Pork Island is the meeting of the two tidal flows from the inlets to the north and south of Plum Island. This tidal collision is marked by a long shallow bar, a mud flat at low water, that Tony Noon calls "High Sandy" bar.

In my previous transits of this stretch I've watched a few would-be mariners do quite a job of cleaning their propellers, but this time through there were no boats in sight.

I thought about spending some time exploring Pine Island Creek, but that would cause me to miss high water and transit Plumbush marshes in the dark, so we passed on. About

0915 we passed under the Plumbush Bridge and into the marsh channel leading into the Joppa Flats. It's just about high water slack and plenty of water for a carefree transit across these grass flats, shown on the chart in bilious pea green with no depths (indicating to all proper sailors that you and your ship belong elsewhere).

About this time I reached for a small canvas tool bag stowed on the bottom framing just inside the cabin. It came up quite wet. I took the engine out of gear and went below to investigate. Lifting floor boards, I found quite a lot of water in the after end of the cabin. Thought I must have left the ice box drain plug out again. Not so, it tasted salty.

Once moored in the dinghy basin at Newburyport, I took a closer look. Nothing harder to find than the real source of a leak in a flat bottomed boat, it spreads everywhere. But by plugging a few limber holes I was able to narrow the search to two bilge pockets in the after starboard corner of the cabin. The leak seemed to be coming from under a flat frame at the after cabin bulkhead. All these cross ship seams were sealed with 6" glass tape and epoxy, i.e., shouldn't ever leak. Decided to stay the night in Newburyport. I'm bushed and can measure the leak's flow rate and also get some rest.

Over night the leak slowed, took in only a quart or so. I still wonder about cause and exact location. Guess we were slamming into those seas pretty hard the past few days. That morning I pondered this mystery while waiting for half flood stage before heading up river to Amesbury. Took a walk into town to stretch and pick up a paper. We left the dinghy basin about 11:00 and had a pleasant if uneventful run up river. Moored at Tony Noon's float just after 12:30. After tying up, I watched a huge flight of Canada geese heading off to the northwest. I counted over 60 birds flying in a ragged "V" for a while, then shaping up into a perfect "V." I wondered at their course though, you'd think they'd be going south.

I made some lunch and thought about this short cruise and the way others seem to view it. Some of my friends ask, "But what, exactly, do you do?" or, "How do you pass the time?" I guess many folks need to be continuously entertained. They clearly don't understand the truth of that wonderful statement made by the Water Rat to the Mole, in *The Wind In The Willows* by Kenneth Grahame, which goes: "Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing - absolutely nothing - half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats."

It's hard to explain that a boat on a slow cruise to nowhere in particular, with no fixed itinerary or schedule, is a world unto itself, a very satisfying world for guys like me. The wind, the current, the state of the tide, and the weather really determine the schedule and the ports you visit. If your attitude is not relaxed enough to accept this, then you should stay home as you won't enjoy it. The worst thing is to be in a hurry to get to a particular destination. I find my average cruising speed is a bit faster than I can walk, and I almost always end the day at some unplanned location.

There's always something new to see, even in places you've been before. Always new folks to meet and talk with and new areas to explore on foot after the boat's safely moored for the day. And if you're really at loose ends, I find a nap will solve all my immediate problems.

I'm constantly mindful of that simple but profound bit of philosophy that states: "Yesterday's history, tomorrow's a mystery. But today's a gift, so enjoy it." In any case, I enjoyed this short cruise in the mighty ship *Shoe Box*, and will do it again. Oh, incidentally, the leak stopped.

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All Hallow's Eve dawned bright and clear and a bit on the chilly side. Our friends at the National Weather Service had tossed the chicken bones, which they then interpreted to indicate a marvelous fall day of azure skies and "brisk" (their term) winds from the northwest.

This use of the term "brisk" turned out to be a debatable one. Personally, I don't feel it should include conditions which approximate the leading edge of a shock wave from a nuclear blast. But these guys are professionals so I will not quibble. The northwest wind made the electric propulsion unit (EPU, otherwise known as the trusty Motorguide T52) unnecessary. I merely walked the boat around to the downwind side of the dock, set sail and off I went under deep reefs to meet the exuberant autumnal embrace of the Great South Bay.

And a glorious day it was, one of those classic northeastern fall days when the humidity and haze have been finally blasted away for good by the offshore breezes. Ten miles to the east could be seen the Fire Island light, beating out its rhythm even through bright sunlight. Off to the east, at seven miles you could count the light posts on Smith's Point bridge. These are landmarks normally lost in the haze most of the year. Had I known better, I would have sworn that I could have tossed a stone across to Fire Island, nearly four miles distant.

Off I went. Even reefed down below 50% sail I made a good 7-8 knots surfing down the front of the steep chop. This had me across the bay in about three-quarters of an hour. Getting home would be another matter, but I try not to let my thoughts get too far ahead of myself.

Now it so happens that on my last little jaunt to the barrier island, as I made my way along the marshes I spied in the distance a narrow crescent of a beach, improbably carved into the grasses along the marsh edge. Whether it was naturally formed or the vestige of a manmade installation predating the wilderness designation, I could not tell. Perhaps 100 yards wide, maybe less, and then disappearing into the marsh on either side. Curious, I took the *Vodex Vextok* right in and hopped out for a look-see. What I beheld was marvelous.

A soft sandy beach about 15 or 20 feet deep, at which point the *Spartina Alterniflora* jutted abruptly up, and thick, indicating the beach was well above the high tide mark. At either end, the beach curved northward and *Spartina Alterniflora* gave way to *Spartina Pathens*, the shorter grass which grows in the tidal waters. The effect was that the arc of grass mirrored, or shall I say echoed, the arc of the beach. Undisturbed marsh extended to the horizon on either side. There was something quite stunning about it, and I was immediately enchanted. There was only one problem. The beach was littered with the standard and unavoidable detritus of a world gone to seed, styrofoam cups, plastic bottles of every size and description, those miserable plastic supermarket bags, deflated balloons, cigarette butts, etc., etc., ad nauseum.

Ironically, included in the roster was a perfectly intact 55-gallon size garbage bag. Pondering matters on the way home, it occurred to me that this was a sign. There was nothing at all stopping anyone from cleaning the place up, and obviously some one wanted

Halloween Cruise

By Brian Salzano

me to do just that, hence the garbage bag. In doing so I would have the opportunity to make a long overdue contribution to the beauty of the National Seashore which I make so much use of.

So today, the supernumeraries on the *Vodex Vextok* included several plastic bags of the large lawn use variety. The plan, clean the beach. After a bit of searching, I found the spot once again. It sits right in line with Inky-Dinky Dune, otherwise just a bit to the west of Half-moon Dune and the two Baldy Brothers. Don't go running for the map, those are my names. I dropped the hook, as the tide this time was too low to allow even *Vodex Vextok* to reach the beach. I waded the short distance in and began the clean-up. What wasn't there would probably be a shorter list than what was, but the end of two hours saw the beach clean except for that which belonged there, and some driftwood which I decided gave the place a certain salty look, and wouldn't have fit onboard anyway.

Perhaps I'll get them on the next go-round. I nearly gave myself a heart attack dragging a blue poly 9x12 tarp from the sand in which it was quite solidly buried, but that was the only stubborn item. I did come up with a few interesting things, as is nearly guaranteed to the persistent beachcomber. The best was a perfectly cured and intact exoskeleton of a sizable horseshoe crab. Usually I find these only in bits and pieces, a carapace here, a tail there and always damaged in one way or another. But this was complete right down to the mouth parts. I've always wanted one to hang on the wall as they are so amazingly built. They are essentially giant spiders.

I also came up with a brand new life preserver, still in its packaging, which I promptly added to VV's inventory. On the next go-round we'll hit the spit of marsh just to the west of the beach, upon which I noticed quit a bit of junk in the distance.

It turns out that after loading up all the garbage I forgot the horseshoe crab on the beach. I suspect it will still be there when I return next week.

The next item on the agenda was a brief stop at Watch Hill for some hot chocolate and crackers and a quick sweep along the shore for beach glass and purple shells. Crossing over to the ocean side, I was greeted with the sight of the beach covered thick with seagulls for what had to be two miles to either side of where I stood. Hundreds of thousands of them. Something (probably blues, I was later informed) was schooling offshore and driving all the bunkers (?) onto the beach, where the gulls were simply picking them up off the sand and gulping them down whole. It was like something out of an Antarctic scene, a desolate shore teeming with life and death.

So off I set through this looking for baubles. It was a bad day for beach glass, shells too. The ocean had somehow managed to re-bury everything that it had exposed last time I was over. I could see a wealth of potential treasures knocking about in the swash, but I didn't have my wet gear on and needed to stay dry for the trip home. What started as a brief sweep

turned into an extended ramble in search of elusive booty.

Then I got involved for another hour or so working on a very nice tripodal driftwood sculpture, about 10' tall, with a 4x4 suspended beneath by rope, upon which I placed a stick curved in such a way that it would balance on a knot in its mid-section, and so would spin around when the wind blew, a real concept piece, reminiscent of the tacky kinetic sculptures of the 1970s, but better. I'm sure it's still there for anyone who might want to take a look at it, about a mile east of the boardwalk down to the bathrooms. Between all this I lost complete track of time. When I finally glanced at my watch it was 3:00, and I was long overdue to be on my way. So I started back to the marina, empty with the exclusion of VV.

The wind was still blowing with a vengeance, and right up the harbor entrance. I wasn't sailing out of this one. I looked at the EPU mounted on her stern, and I looked at the oars sitting on the deck. I'm a big tough guy, right? Who needs a motor, that's for emergencies or sissies? Well, I can now tell you that rowing a 1,000lb, 21' boat into a 25 knot breeze is something that I will avoid in the future. I didn't clock it but it seemed all of a good half hour to make the 500-yard cut and then get enough water between me and the rip-rap to get the mizzen up before I drifted back in onto the rocks. Disgusting, not to mention brutal.

Then, of course, as I was sweating like a pig, as soon I became stationary at the tiller I started to freeze. This must have caused my judgment to get all tarred up as I made a navigational error that probably cost me a good hour.

Here's a helpful hint for all you winter Great South Bay navigators. Unfortunately, as often as not you will find your homeward progress impeded by fairly stiff and ugly northwest winds. This particular fetch creates a rather steep chop, and the gusts have nothing by way of any sort of lee to moderate them, so it can be pretty crummy, wet, and cold going. The sailor departing Watch Hill for the Swan River into a northwesterly has two obvious choices. He may either sail hard into the wind on a port or starboard tack until abeam of the river. The starboard tack keeps one closer to the ultimate destination and into the lee of the mainland sooner.

Once into this lee the going is much smoother, as the waves have no fetch and the ferocity of the winds are moderated by the shadow of the land. This is great for a time, but as the mainland shore slants away towards the northwest, every ensuing port tack carries you westward, further away from shore and back out into the snot. So the urge to shake out a reef or two must be allayed, as you never know when something truly ugly is going to come rattling down onto you. Starting home on a port tack, on the other hand, carries you westward well away from your destination. But once you have reached the shelter of the mainland, as the shore on this end of the bay runs northeast, you are able to shake out a few reefs and follow the shore more or less on a reach all the way back to the Swan River in a much more pleasant and manageable way. This would have been the wise route today. So what did I choose to do? That which turned out to be a pain in the ass, of course.

Digression: Does anyone care to comment or speculate on the peculiarities of cir-

ulation which cause my right hand to freeze while my left hand remains toasty warm? I have noticed this problem repeatedly, and can assure you that its not related to one hand or the other engaged in any particular activity which might explain it. Its a rather consistent problem. If there are any vascular experts out there, feel free to send me any appropriate comments.

So, two-and-a-half-hours later found me still bashing along like an idiot out in the middle of the bay. I had not planned on a sunset cruise, but it was turning out that way and the temperature was dropping fast. Sitting there dripping wet, brooding, feet numb because I hadn't packed any boots, I noted that it was that small window of the year during which the sun sets over the bay rather than the island. It was looking to be a picture perfect sunset as it was visibility unlimited and not a cloud in the sky.

I realized suddenly that this was my big chance to personally experience that phenomenon known as "The Green Flash," the optical effect which everybody seems to know about but no one has ever experienced outside of an acid trip. Needless to say, I got all excited. As the lower limb began to dip below the horizon I hove-to so as to be able to concentrate entirely on the important matter at hand. I peered earnestly at the orange ball slowly sinking below the horizon to the west. Soon there was just a single point of light, which lingered for a moment before extinguishing.

No flash. Of course.

Then, to add insult to injury, as soon as the sun was under, the wind died completely and I found myself becalmed a half mile from my destination. In my disgusted state, I morally reverted and rigged the EPU, grumbling all the way in. Once upon the river my mood

moderated somewhat as I realized I was passing through a scene of intense beauty, completely alone with a deep purple autumn twilight falling slowly on the silent marsh, a gibbous moon looming just above the eastern horizon. It was a scene with endless poetic possibilities, none of which I would attempt any liberties with.

Needless to say, halfway up the river, Joe Schmoie Testosterone decided this would be a good time to fire up his unmuffled 60' 6000hp phallus named *ICBM* and cruise up and down the river at a quarter knot. It seems the more placid the scene, the more these people enjoy ruining it for everyone. Expletives were useless as he wouldn't have heard me over the deuced drone anyway, and it was too dark for the really appropriate gestures that were called for under the circumstances. Who are these jerks? Where do they come from? Why don't they just go home?

Terror

By Marguerite B. Lum

We abandoned notions of sun bathing or a second cup of coffee when we heard a faint toot.

Looking south we saw, just under the Newport Bridge, a tanker, low in the water, churning toward us. More imperious toots sent off alarms in our heads as we realized that although the tanker appeared to be moving at a snail's pace, it was really speeding toward us. As the distance narrowed, we were aware it might slow down but could never stop. We were immobile. The irresistible force and the immovable object.

The stories about one's life racing through the mind of a victim were not true. Instead I was frantically considering some way to survive. Diving from our boat before impact would assure our being sucked under the behemoth or into its wake. By then I was waving the American flag upside down as a fading signal of hope, while Bill gesticulated from the stern pantomiming our problem and inability to move.

We were going to die, very soon, and I observed again the beauty of the scene and

thought, "How sad that life should end like this when we were anticipating many happy years together."

The oncoming giant loomed larger and more threatening as it neared, until it was like filling the view finder of a camera with all picture, no sky. Continuous sounding of the ominous horn increased the tension and sense of doom. A nightmarish helplessness engulfed me. We would be shattered bodies and shards of glass after the tanker had driven its bow through *Melody*.

Suddenly it was nearly abreast the stern of the sloop and it appeared that perhaps a few inches might separate the two hulls as the ship surged forward. I could have touched the hand of the crewman who stood atop the tanker as she passed and he asked if he could help. "Call up some wind," Bill answered as she left us wallowing in her wake.

I remember little more of the day that left me huddled in the cockpit a mass of tears and quivering body. Bill, as strong men do, took charge and soon a welcome breeze filled the sails and he piloted an intact *Melody* on our charted course toward Third Beach and a quiet anchorage.

Terror, as portrayed on television and movies, is horrific with noise and frantic movement. My terror was quiet, slow, and motionless.

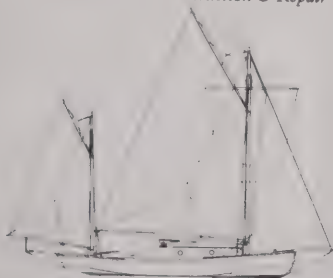
It was a shiny September morning full of promise as Bill and I unfurled the jib and headed east out of Potter's Cove to the bay, alive with small whitecaps and sparkles. We planned a run under the Mt. Hope Bridge to the Sakonnet River and down that beautiful stretch of water to Third Beach and a quiet anchorage for the night. It was late enough in the season for summer folk to be back at their offices and natives busy with autumn chores. We were sure nothing could mar this anticipated weekend afloat, although we often had quoted that yachting author who wrote, "Apprehension is what sailing is all about." We might have remembered the implied uncertainties, but the day and the time were too good.

We could sail the same course two days in a row and the voyage would always vary with tide, wind, and any casual hazards along the way. In spite of years on the water, we merrily headed across the ship channel in a spanking breeze, confident and ignorant of an approaching crisis.

Halfway across the channel the wind stopped, it stopped, leaving us dead in the water, sitting ducks. Our unpredictable engine predictably didn't turn over, not even an encouraging cough. Our sloop *Melody* was too big a craft to paddle, even if we carried an oar. The tide was about to turn so there was little current.

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Baddeck, NS, July 5, 1920. On the 3rd of July, just two days after the date we had hoped would mark her hop-off for foreign parts, *Typhoon* was launched. Early in March, when the keel was laid, we figured that she would be overboard about the middle of June, and this would have been the case had it not been for a belated epidemic of the flu which swept the shop clean and set back the schedule by a fortnight.

The delay cuts down our time factor of safety alarmingly, and means if we are to reach Cowes, England, in time for the Harmsworth Trophy Races on the 10th of August, we'll not only have to cut out such alluring prospects as a party at the Royal Cork Yacht Club, and possibly even the very important call at St. Pierre, Miquelon, but also that we shall have to drive her for all she is worth across those intervening 2000-odd miles of North Atlantic. But we are going to do it if it is physically possible.

Many things remain yet to be done on the ship, and further to complicate the matter of getting away, all the navies of the world seem bent on descending simultaneously on Beinn Bhreagh for demonstrations of the HD-4. It looks as if either Baldwin or Sydney Breese will have to remain behind to do the honors to these visiting delegations, and Harry Greening is so busy whipping his new Fisher Trophy challenger into shape that he too will have to be counted out. We should have a crew of four all told, although three could do it in a pinch, but who the rest of the crew will be, God only knows.

But to get back to the launching. Never was there a prettier one. As the bottle of rye flew into a thousand sparkling splinters against her stern, with a determination that suggested Mrs. Baldwin's prowess with a racquet, *Typhoon* started majestically down the ways. Gaining impetus as she went, she slid into the water on her broad stern, left her cradle behind, and floated serenely out into the lake, her shiny black sides, red boot top, white house, and buff decks fairly singing in the sunlight.

It was inspiring, and it drew a shout from the little knot of workmen and visitors who had gathered in the shop to witness the ceremony. Then, taken in tow by the *Dundee*, she was brought alongside the wharf, where a re-

The Track of the *Typhoon*

By William Washburn Nutting



Chapter 2 *Typhoon* Goes Overboard

ception was held in which our "water" breaker played a prominent part.

It was a great relief to see her afloat. When I arrived at Beinn Bhreagh 19 days ago, it looked as if the game was up. The hull was practically completed except for the cabin top, but the caulking had not been finished and it seemed as if the work of jacking and smoothing the hull, paying the seams, and painting alone would take a month. Then, there were such things as chain plates to cut and shape from the tobin bronze stock, the rudder to make with its special bronze fittings, the plumbing to finish, the standing rigging to cut, splice, and serve, and each day seemed to make but a terribly small hole in the vast total of things still to be done.

But as we slid down the ways, *Typhoon* and I, we seemed to leave behind us that sense of the impossibility of the thing, and once afloat, sailing for England in a week seemed well within the realm of rational things.

So carefully had Atkin made his calculations that the ship floated perfectly, several

inches above her load waterline and, joy of joys, slightly up by the head. I had feared that those fine waterlines and forward sections, and her consequently light displacement at this point, might bring her down too low due to her exceptionally heavy construction, but this was not the case, in spite of the fact that some ballast already had been placed pretty well forward beneath the water tank. Allowing for the masts and the three tons or so of additional ballast (she carries only 3000 pounds in her lead shoe) and her equipment of gear and stores, there still seemed no danger of pulling her down much below her designed load waterline.

Today both her sticks were stepped, their beautiful proportions and saucy rake adding materially to the already trim appearance of the boat. *Typhoon* looked quite lofty until the bully old battering ram of a bowsprit was housed, which carries out the line of the sheer and puts the finishing touch to a picture of concentrated power. The standing rigging, too, is quite in keeping with the sticks. Old George McKay, erstwhile square-rigger, who did the splicing and serving of the shrouds, pennants, brides, and stays, "never seen the like o' that wire for toughness in all his sea-goin' days."

The exhaust line and fuel and waterpiping of the engine are now complete and the power plant, while not large, has the reassuring air of being able to plug along till the crack of doom. The crude oil and lubricating oil are waiting on the dock, and in a day or so we shall have a chance to see whether a crude oil engine actually will run.

The installation of the exhaust line was a problem. Atkin's plan of running a pipe clean through the boat from side to side would have been all right if a hump had been worked into the line connecting it with the muffler to prevent water backing up, but since the exhaust would always be from the weather side when the boat was heeled under sail and consequently would blow directly across the cockpit, we decided to abandon it.

The usual method of running the line out the stern undoubtedly is the neatest, but there is the ever-present possibility of taking in water when running before a sea, and for this reason we decided to run the pipe right out the side deck abaft the cockpit. A 2' length of 3" brass pipe on a swinging elbow makes it possible to shoot the gas out of the way no matter where the wind is, and furthermore the chance of taking water into the motor is eliminated.

We figure that we shall have to use the motor whenever there is insufficient wind to drive us more than about 4 or 4-1/2 knots, and in light weather, of course, we shall run it continuously. But in this country, which the good Lord must have designed for sailor men, there seems always to be a spanking breeze and most of the time from the southwest. Outside, the conditions should be much the same, and unless we strike a run of bad luck the passage should be a quick one.

Tomorrow the sails are to be bent. Besides the three working sails, we are taking a square sail for running straight before it in heavy weather and a storm jib to be set flying to an eye-bolt in the stem head, obviating the necessity of working out on the bowsprit. With the instincts of a true racing man, Casey is strong for a spinnaker. It is really not a bad idea, for at this time of year there should be plenty of moderate weather, and so we are

Mrs. Bell, Casey Baldwin, George Kennan, the author, Dr. Graham Bell, and Mrs. Baldwin, the sponsor, in *Typhoon's* cockpit just after the launching.



carrying a spare one off the *Scraper*. We are not taking a trysail, for we figure that there are sufficient combinations of sail for heavy weather without it, and besides it's a nuisance to set one. If it gets really bad, we'll put out the sea anchor and call it a day.

The sea anchor is a modification of the Voss type, a big canvas bag. The mouth is 6' square with a 1' opening in the apex, the whole heavily bolt-roped. To make this surefire, we have worked out a sort of bull nose fitting for the end of the bowsprit, through which to lead the rope, and with this 7' extra leverage afforded by the stick, there should be no difficulty in holding her head into it.

Before getting off the subject of sails, I would like to take this opportunity to thank old Jack Hanna for what looks to be a mighty good suggestion for holding the outboard end of the club of the jib. Instead of the short club, which he feels will eventually tear the sails, or the traveler frequently seen on working schooners, he suggests a goose-neck fitting for the end of the club, well out at the end of the bowsprit, and a loose lacing and an outhaul for the foot of the jib, which allows it to be properly trimmed and permits it to be completely lowered, an impossibility with a full length club and a tight lacing. I sent the sketch on to Baldwin some time ago, and he thought so much of it that he had the fitting made up in bronze.

Another problem that confronted us was what sort of tender to carry, whether to go in for a dory or some other type of craft which might be used as a lifeboat, or just a plain clink. The dinghy idea won out, although I must confess that the presence of a partially finished 12-footer in the shop determined the matter. But after all it seems to us that it is better on a boat the size of *Typhoon* to put your confidence in the ship itself and take a chance, rather than try to carry a lifeboat, which to be worthy of the name would have to be so large that it would be a nuisance on deck.

Barring the slight possibility of being run down or of hitting something substantial enough to put a hole in the planking, I can see no contingency where a lifeboat would be more desirable than taking a chance with the ship. Certainly no stress of weather would warrant it, and fire with a cargo of crude oil and kerosene only is out of the question.

The tender has been finished up and she is a little beauty, combining those seemingly incompatible qualities so desirable in a dinghy: carrying capacity, lightness, ease of rowing, and the ability to tow well even in a bad sea. The model is one developed here in the shop and is the embodiment of Baldwin's experience with a long line of such craft. We shall carry her capsized over the side of the cabin trunk and lashed down to eye-bolts in the deck.

Saturday, July 10. Today we gave *Typhoon* her first trial run. In the morning she was towed around from her berth at the aeroplane shed in the little harbor and brought alongside the dock where the remainder of the ballast was put aboard. Simultaneously the crude oil was siphoned from the barrels into the fuel tanks and the 200-gallon water tank was filled.

When these operations were completed, her trim was almost exactly on her designed waterline. A few last touches were given to the rigging and everything was in readiness for a trial. Would she balance and steer well, would she keep her nose up when she heeled,



Typhoon at the dock just after her launching.

Those innumerable finishing touches.



Fitting out at Dr. Bell's laboratory for the run to England.



and would she be fast enough to justify the loss of interior space forward caused by her fineness? These were questions that bothered us, but we need have had no concern.

Starting out close-hauled to a brisk southwest breeze, she slid along through it with a

noticeable lack of fuss, although with rather more angle of heel than we had expected. This can be corrected by more ballast, but we regret that we did not put 6000 pounds of lead in the shoe instead of 3000 pounds. This weight would have given her a greater right-



Typhoon's bow, showing the full length boom for the jib.

ing moment without resorting to so much inside ballast.

Of course, a large proportion of ballast inside is desirable on a cruising boat, as it makes for easier action in a sea, but with such heavy construction as we have gone in for in *Typhoon*, we could really hang all our ballast on the keel without danger of too quick a roll.

Her balance, I think, is better than any boat I have ever sailed. With just enough weather helm for safety a touch of the finger is sufficient to put her on her course, and by trimming the sails she can be made to sail herself when reaching or when on the wind.

Our party on this first run was an unusually critical one, including as it did three representatives of the British Admiralty, who had come across to play with the HD-4, each of whom had had a large experience with small boats. G.H. Child, R.C.N.C., who had had a great deal to do with designing small craft for the British Navy, could find no fault with the lines of the hull, and Engineer Commander W.S. Mann, O.B.E., an expert on diesel engines took quite a fancy to our motor. He liked the sturdy quality of it.

Commander C.C. Dobson, V.C., D.S.O., was the third of the experts, who among them



The bowsprit showing the bullnose through which the sea anchor line was led.

cover the entire field of the small boat. Commander Dobson, erstwhile submarine skipper, was later in the war transferred to the C.M.B.s, the fast hydroplanes that did such spectacular work in the later months of the war. He was awarded the Victoria Cross for dashing into the Russian harbor of Kronstadt on the Gulf of Finland with a small flotilla of 55' motor boats and sinking a number of battleships right under the nose of the land batteries. He has handled all sorts of small craft and when, after a session at *Typhoon's* wheel, he pronounced her a successful boat, we felt that our own enthusiasm was justified.

Were it not for Admiralty orders, Dobson would sail back with us to England. There is a side to every "Limey's" nature which I have always admired, and that is the serious belief in doing a thing for the sheer fun of it, whether it's sailing a small boat or merely storming the Zeebrugge Mole.

Successful as she was close-hauled, she was more so on a broad reach at somewhat less angle of heel. The wind dropped a little,



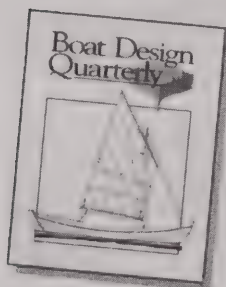
The sea anchor, one of the things that was not finished.

but still she slipped along at a good clip instead of becoming sluggish, as is frequently the case with heavy cruisers. We were sailing back from Shenacadie toward Baddeck, leaving the boats which had come out to test our speed well astern, when we sighted a yawl beating down the Big Bras d'Or Passage. As we drew together I was struck by the familiar appearance of the stranger, and we changed our course a bit to try if possible to overhail her before she reached Baddeck.

As we bore down on her our suspicions were confirmed, for she proved to be none other than the good old *Tamerlane*, which at one time I had thought of buying and which had influenced us to some extent in laying out *Typhoon*. Designed by Larry Huntington as a straight sailing craft, she carries more sail in proportion to her size than does *Typhoon*. She is 7' shorter on deck, but her bowsprit is much longer and her jigger extends well over her counter. Only a day or so before Casey and I had looked over her design and wondered what our chances against her would be and then, on the very day of our trial run, there she was.

And we beat her.

(To Be Continued)



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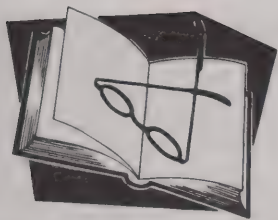
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Book Reviews

Sailors' Secrets: Advice from the Masters

Michael Badham and Robby Robinson. International Marine, 1997.
309 pp. \$29.95.

Reviewed by Greg DeCowksy

I tend to be skeptical of books of "tips and tidbits," it usually seems that much of the information in them is blatantly obvious, irrelevant to the particular type of sailing I do, or something I learned in Sailing 101. *Sailors' Secrets* is a welcome exception to the rule. Though perhaps most useful to cruisers, any sailor, of any skill level, can gain valuable knowledge from the thousands of years of cumulative experience contained in this book.

The book's ten chapters present tips, opinions, anecdotes, and literary excerpts on various aspects of sailing, seamanship, and boatkeeping, from dozens of knowledgeable sailors, singlehanders from Joshua Slocum to Tania Aebi, electrical and mechanical expert Nigel Calder, cruising mavens Don Street and Lin and Larry Pardey, designers like Rod Stephens and Dick Newick, life-raft survivor Steve Callahan, and many others.

No one person could directly acquire all this knowledge in a single lifetime. If you are a sailor, I guarantee you will find out something useful that you didn't know before.

"Different ships, different long splices." Of course, even the experts don't always agree, and the differences of opinion enliven the book and provide you with plenty of chances to make up your own mind (or fodder for graveyard-watch debates). I once crewed on a schooner that had 16 captains in one season. We learned 16 different ways to do everything, all of them "right." This book is a little like that. It's hard to condense a book like this into a short review, because of the diversity of the information it contains.

Though safety and safety equipment have their own chapter, safe sailing is a theme that permeates the entire book, from "The Friendly Knife" to "Seeing Clearly." Simplicity is another theme, "Keep It Simple, Sweetheart," is bound to appeal to minimalist sailors like many of the readers of this magazine.

Victor Koechl's tip, "Retrieving Lost Halyards," is one of my favorites. This idea alone could save you the price of the book in marina bills (unless your boat is small enough to take advantage of Dynamite Payson's suggestion on stepping masts).

If you're a sailor looking for winter reading or inspiration for evenings of tinkering in the boatshop, or if you have one on your gift list, *Sailors' Secrets* is an excellent choice.



Joanne S. Scott

Back Creek

Smittie's Boatyard, 1955,
Lay far up Back Creek
Surrounded by woods
At the road's end.
We came to live there,
On *Stiltpond*, a houseboat,
Fresh out of the Air Force,
Two babies under three
We had a sloop tied along side
For weekend sails,
A Dutch boat, *Zenta*,
On land to be restored.

Summer into fall.
The yard was jammed;
Slips, full and lively.
I washed the laundry
In a bucket on the dock.
Jennifer in a red life jacket
Wandered the yard.
Victoria, the baby, sat
Bare-bottomed
In the playpen,
A bucket of water for toys.

Mother came to visit.

The all-time disaster hurricane
Blew through in that October.
We women and babies were sent to the hotel.
Water rose above the pilings,
Boats were tied to trees,
Holding their positions in the slips,
Waiting, as we waited,
For the tide to ebb.

Mother left.

The sailing season ended.
The yard emptied.
Boats yawed in their slips,
Their lines creaking as they
Strained against their tethers.
Winter came and, with it, ice.
Diapers, frozen on the line,
Flew like boards
And clacked in the wind.

We moved to the *Andot*,
A 56-foot yawl, Lawley built,
Crowninshield design,
A sloop at one time,
Elegant, slim, butternut paneling below,
Cabinets with leaded glass windows,
Bunks for eight, sliding doors,
Spooled rails, marble sinks
And a button for the steward
Who never came.

Tarps covered the cockpit
To keep out the cold.
We heated with a kerosene stove.
We had baths in a wash tub.
A collapsible stovetop camp oven
Provided pies, on good days.
We had one car and that went to work.
A telephone. The decks were slippery,
Leaping from boat to finger pier.
Friends kept telling me how
To survive in icy water with one baby
While the other baby went for help.
Until, some kind souls found us a house.

I am asked about that time,
And I answer We were young.

Breaking Ice

When winter came, Mill Creek iced in.
Every morning at first light,
John Willard would be out in his deadrise,
Cutting a ribbon of channel out to open water
And the day's work of oystering in the Bay.
A hover of mist silhouetted
The boat and his single figure
Against snow-covered banks.

We could hear the ice break,
See cakes pile up either side
Of the metal-shielded bow, shards
Skittering across the pristine surface.
The slender craft rigged with patent tongs
Moved forward at intervals, rode
Up on the ice, broke through
And lunged again. Each small advance
Revealing black water.

We sat at our kitchen table,
With cups of steaming morning coffee.
The air was still around our house,
Except for a low hum of engine,
Occasional booming of ice
As the tide changed. The snow
Swirled off the pines.

Our thoughts were of open waters,

Thoughts of John.



The Catfish Story

By Robb White

I used to work on tugboats in order to make enough money to stay in the boatbuilding business. It worked out pretty good. I would tug for 20 days and then had 10 days off to build the boat. I used to cheat a little and figure out what I was going to do on the boat while I was on the tug. I carved half models and drew plans, developed the panels for "V" bottomed plywood boats, and even did my lofting out on the barge so I could carry the patterns for the molds home folded up in my suitcase.

The tugboat I mostly worked on was a captive deal. I could quit anytime I wanted to and come back and get on when I got ready. They had a terrible run. There was this one little Gulf Coast town (which will remain nameless) where there was a tradition of small, locally owned seagoing tugs which contracted to haul petroleum barges across the Gulf from the giant refineries in Mississippi Sound, Louisiana, and Texas to the power plants and tank farms down on the Florida peninsula. These little boats (all under 90') ran all the time, and were so trustworthy that they just about had a monopoly on the petroleum contracts beyond the eastern terminus of the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway at Dog Island.

The captains had a hard scrabble to try to keep a crew on there during the winter. Though it is not legendary, the shallow Gulf of Mexico is a rough little piece of water some of the time. I can remember some trips when we were trying to come back from some place like Crystal River with two empty barges on the towline in a norther when we hammered on the same spot with 2000 hp for 48 hours. When I got to where I needed a little cash, all I would have to do is show up with my suitcase and a big grin about Christmas time. I know how to cook, splice big lines and cables, and fix junk machinery. I advise anybody who wants an easy job on a tugboat to learn to do those

things. If you can do that, you always got a ticket to ride, at least in a non-union situation in the wintertime.

This story ain't got nothing to do with all that though. I was cooking on there one time when we had to go in for a crankshaft job. All those little old boats had two engines. This one had a 16-cylinder 99 Cat, but some of the boats ran GM, EMD (Electro Motive Division) railroad locomotive engines, and quite a few still had the old Atlas or Enterprise heavy duty direct reversible engines (that's where you had to shut the engine down and crank it back up running backwards to get reverse).

Another boat had two Fairbanks OPs (that stands for "opposed piston," two pistons trying to come together in the same cylinder, fuel injected in the middle between them, two crankshafts, one on top and one on the bottom geared together, kinda tall) bought surplus out of a J class submarine, if you must know.

The engineers on those boats could do any kind of overhaul work on one engine while the other was running, so we didn't have to stop and hurt our reputation. We replaced pistons, liners, and connecting rod bearings, did cylinder head jobs, turbo charger bearings, rebuilt and calibrated injector pumps and injectors, rodded out oil coolers, fixed pumps, generators, all kinds of junk, all at sea, rocking and rolling down in the din and heat of the engine room, dancing cheek to cheek with each other and the two engines, one scattered and sliding all over the place and the other one thundering loud and scorching hot.

We did that so we could keep running, which was the only way a small operation could beat out the competition. But we had to go to the hill to take the top of an engine off the base to change out a crankshaft and main bearings. We called ahead though and had everything set up so we wouldn't cool off too much while we were out of fix.

I was having a little trouble with this old second engineer on there. He didn't like me and I didn't like him. Though it was against the rules to let personal differences interfere with the work of the vessel, we both pushed it pretty good. Every morning, I would get up about 4:00 and cook breakfast for six men (three at one sitting, and then they would relieve the other three and I would feed them). It was a ritual on there that they had the same thing for breakfast every morning. I would put two strips of bacon for each man in the pan and while those were frying, I would make the biscuits in a frying pan, seven biscuits, six catheads around the rim and one hexagon in the middle, buttermilk biscuits shortened with lard.

After I had put them in the oven and put on a pot of grits, the bacon would have shrunk up enough so I could put in the sausages. Those and the eggs were the only variable allowed in the breakfast ritual. The sausages could be either link style or patty style and the eggs were cooked to order as the men came, got their coffee, and sat down. I always thought it was a fairly good breakfast back before they discovered cholesterol. It was also a pretty nice sociable occasion until this fool got to sassing me.

At first, he started complaining that I was overcooking the bacon. I even tried to take his two strips out a little early but then he whined, "this bacon done got cold. This must be left over from yesterday." Then, "these is some soupy damn grits. You cain't cook a goddamn biscuit neither." The eggs were never right. "This what you call over easy? These damn eggs is plum leathery." He would eat it all though and wipe up the grease out of his plate with the last biscuit. I put up with all that complaining until we got tied up beside the dry dock for the crankshaft job on the one engine. One morning, since nobody was on watch, we

were all crowded in the galley eating breakfast and he announced, "I can't eat this. This ain't fit for a dog."

With that, I stomped over there and snatched his breakfast out from under his big red nose and, with one fluid motion, opened the starboard side galley door and flung the complete contents of his plate up against the side of the rusty floating dry dock where they slid down into the nasty water of the Alabama River. The yard men were already welding on another old junk boat in the dry dock and, in that ghastly flicker, I saw the sausages, eggs, and the pat of soupy grits slide out of sight beneath the slick from the bacon grease and the fuel and oil that is always around places like that. The two biscuits were left floating in the scum.

After I got through washing the dishes and pots and pans (and listening to a few impotent threats) I went out on deck to see the morning. I noticed that there was only one biscuit floating in the bacon grease. I wondered about that. I thought to myself, "theoretically, identical biscuits should do the same thing under identical conditions," when I saw this enormous pair of pale grey lips solemnly rise up under the remaining biscuit. There was a long, slow, deliberate, loud suction noise and the biscuit gradually began to spin in a counterclockwise direction. A vortex slowly formed and the biscuit was sucked down into those lips. I was mesmerized.

I knew where two more biscuits were. Our old captain didn't have any teeth. Oh, he had this set of cheap choppers that were used only for display but he couldn't eat with them. Us cooks always saved out two of the biscuits (one of the catheads and the hexagon) so he

could mash them up in his bowl with his fork and some buttermilk.

Since he had his teeth in this morning so he could effectively negotiate with the dignitaries of the crankshaft job, I decided to flip one of his biscuits over the side to see if I couldn't get a better look at those toilet seat sized lips. It worked real good. Not only did I see the lips, but slimy whiskers as fat around as fingers, two opaque milky-blind eyes and a hint of the body of an enormous catfish. I dashed for the captain's last biscuit and my handline.

To make a long story short, hooking him was easy, but I couldn't stop him from going back under the dry dock and cutting me off. I tried again, but when I saw my hook stuck in his lip and scars from other hooks, I felt bad and quit trying to catch him. One old man who was trying to braze up some of the worst notches in the propeller of the boat on the dry dock said that that catfish had been living under that drydock for all the 30 years he had been working there and that nobody could catch him. "Too much steel on the bottom, besides he's big enough to eat a grown man."

"That a fact," chirped me.

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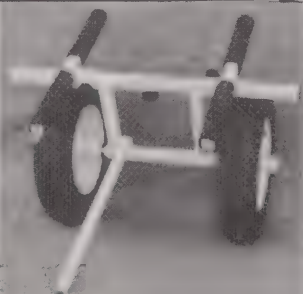
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With one battery charge and two cans of Ensure, in the evening we can do the whole lake.

It is a good time to be keeping myself busy. But what shall I do? Probably when she looks back at the great variety of boating experiences we have had, she will remember things differently than I would. Those many times we set sail out of Manchester Harbor to trudge in light air down to Gloucester, she will remember as boring. The times we were out there in too much wind when the skipper yelled instructions, trying to hide the fact that conditions were beyond his confidence, she will remember as pain and panic. So she won't want to relive sailing.

She had loved the look of that Gloucester Gull I built, but she may not have forgotten sweaty duty on one rowing thwart when her partner on the other wouldn't keep his oars synchronized. Rowing is for younger people. Nothing like a quiet little canoe, but will she remember those tedious hours of bow paddling long after it had stopped being fun? Of course,

Bulkheads made to create waterproof flotation chambers.



Just Mother 'n Me

By Russell E. Meade

some kind of gasoline-driven boat is socially acceptable, but with memories of noise and water ski pulling ennui, where would the fun be?

But as I sit at Mass General Hospital waiting for a report on her operation called a radical necktasection, I tried to push my mind forward with thoughts of some enterprise. Maybe I could build a boat she would like for the camp at Kingswood Lake in New Hampshire. But what could it be? Hopefully, I would fix on something to get by those pot holes of worry in this avenue of life.

In anticipation of a weekend visit of my two pre-teenage grandsons, I had ordered the plans from Herb McLeod for his "single sheet skiff," got a sheet of 1/4" luan and pre-cut the parts out. The boys and I had a great experience completing this tiny boat before Sunday dinner, although I discovered many eager young hands make for confusing work. It proved to be just the right size for our farm pond here in Newbury. This undertaking got me in gear to think further about what could entertain Joanne at the lake. Many waiting room sits later, as her first round of chemotherapy was completed, I still couldn't get a boat idea to stay in focus.

Have you ever noticed sticky problems seem to have obvious solutions when you awake in the morning? It seems that the dark pool of sleep generates effulgent bubbles that pop out at dawn as really bright ideas. So it was as I climbed out of bed one early June morning with a picture of this new boat leading me into the day. With a little excitement, I tiptoed in my pajamas out to the garage and put two lawn chairs side by side and sat in one. You can do this when still this side of 80.

What we want is a little boat to hold us side by side. Doesn't have to be fast or pretty, just flat bottom to be septuagenarian stable. No need to be good in wind or rough water, for then we would not leave the shore. As I mulled, I chalked an outline around the chairs on the garage floor. Poor man's lofting?

I had gained some experience with an electric motor four years ago with the "Conversation Barge." To meet the sudden need of providing a bunch of relatives a tour of the lake, I had bridged between two aluminum canoes and on this deck built two facing park bench-like seats that would actually hold ten people nicely. I bought a 50-pound thrust electric motor and two 12V deep cycle batteries hooked in series to power this rig and added a rudder and tiller.

The family could hear each other as they talked all at once, as they seem to like to do, as we quietly motored around the lake. This was written up in *Messing About In Boats*, and a guy named Ron LaViolette from Michigan wrote that Meade was one clever dude, a comment I like to remember. So my new intimate creation would be propelled by an electric motor.

After breakfast I got out the pencil and pen and tried to sketch something, but I was reminded that at the University of Maine I could only manage a "C" in mechanical drawing, for I could not visualize in the third dimension. In fact, I couldn't even make neat dimension arrows. Then leafing through *Boats* I found the article by John Thomson on Boat Drawing. I studied this article, wishing I could do what it said.

But my vision doesn't really have form until I have pushed a few pieces of wood through the table saw, then it becomes revealed what should be done next (this method also develops a lot of scrap which may be material for some future project). When you are not working to a drawing there are no mistakes, only progress in a new artistic direction.

Then I got to the part in the article about making a cardboard model and a light went on. With scissors, art knife, cardboard, and Scotch Brand tape (I retired from 3M ten years ago). I shaped something resembling my idea. The 3rd generation model looked good. There were pieces on the floor but no sawdust. The boat would be short, wide and flat bottomed with a lot of rocker so the electric motor mounted in a well in the cockpit would allow the stern to come around. I learned much more about this later.

All except the cockpit would be decked over and curved for structure and racy design. Before our next trip to the hospital, I showed the model to the wife and I think she said, "What is that?" Well, it did look kind of square and bulbous, and after I explained which end was the bow, she knew I would be out in the shop for some time.

Then to the lumber yard to buy six sheets of 1/4" luan (I've been told at my age I shouldn't even buy green bananas so I'm not investing in marine plywood), drywall screws, and underlay nails which made me committed to the project. I failed to mention that a very encouraging step along the way was the sighting at the wood chipper at the Newbury dump 12' bundles of plank-edgings of oak, cherry, and poplar left by a furniture builder. These suggested gunwales and

chines, and that is what some became.

The first shop work was to saw in half lengthwise three sheets of plywood, and using on-hand epoxy and two clamps, butt jointed these to become 2'x10'. You know there is something very satisfying about knowing that, even as I am cutting across traffic to turn onto Storow Drive, back in the shop those faithful clamps are working steadily for me.

I ripped out the chine logs, external like I learned to do building the Pointy Skiff, and with clamps and trigs I bent one until cold Mother Nature said enough, and drew that curve on the plywood sides to profile the rocker. Here I might have remembered that length of water line is a law that controls hull speed, but I probably wouldn't have thought it applied to me any more than did 55 mph.

Now you remember that scale and dimensions are not my strong suit, but to utilize the full width of a sheet, I called the bottom of the hull 4' and translated from there. Looked like 17° was right for angle from vertical for the sides (is this called "tumblehome"?), but 20 was easier to plot on the plywood transom, bow and the three internal bulkheads for sealed flotation. I drew stations on the flat sides and estimated from the model what height each bulkhead should be at gunnel, and simply bent a batten to establish the transverse curve of the top deck.

Later I found I had to shim one bad angle and one height, but who's to know? Using ring nails and epoxy, I framed all pieces and sanded flush. Later I got entranced with dry wall screws and abandoned the nails. Another thing that proved seductive is the use of those dandy pumps on the West epoxy system. They work so neatly there is a great temptation to give just a little more squirt or another shot for the road. Great fun! By the way, from a tip in *Boats*, I bought a lifetime supply of filler called land lime at Walmart for \$2.70. I still have 38 pounds left. This gives a gritty feedback during application, but it beautifully served as a resin extender and prevented resin poor joints from too tight clamping.

Wrestling with bending the sides to the bulkheads should have been a two-man job, but with clever footwork and clamps I dry screwed everything to prove all was fitting, and then I epoxied all joints and re-screwed. It was impressive how that floppy lauan, when assembled, became a rigid structure even before the chines were added. But I wished I had cut the angle on the chines with the table saw before assembly. They got beveled with the electric plane, and I only nicked one screw. Driving to Boston that afternoon, I felt confident enough to tell my wife there was a boat I was building but she was too down to get excited.

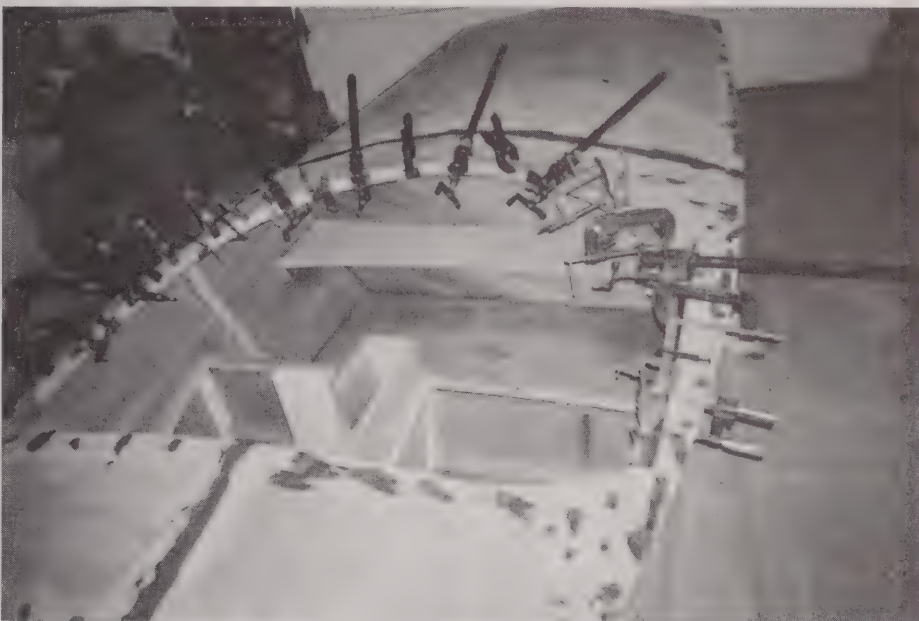
The bottom was prepared for the upside down hull after I had penciled the shape and saber sawed it out of two pieces. I made the joint to be near the center of the cockpit, and the butt lap was big enough to provide a double floor under that area. I epoxied these together with gravity squeezing down via four 5-gallon buckets full of water. Early the next morning I epoxy puttied the chines and clamped and screwed the bottom deck on. Then I added all the clamps I owned to make sure the seam had no holidays in it, and went off to the Newburyport Unitarian Church. I tried to keep my mind on the sermon but, in truth, I was thinking of that epoxy polymerizing back in the shop as I sat there beside my wife in her new wig. It was quite satisfying.

Next day I did something that seemed reasonable, but of course my middle name is not Bolger. Thinking that the navigational problem with the motor so far forward would be trouble in bringing the stern around, I made twin keels 3" high, but only brought them from bow back as far as the propeller. Added justification was for structure and haul-out skids, but more about this later.

Now it got exciting as I flipped the hull, and cut out plywood to deck over the topsides after I fitted the gunnels. Of course it looked funny but I was birthing a special baby. A neighbor came by and asked where the waterline would be. I said I didn't know but hoped it would be somewhere below the gunnels, but then maybe launching would be followed by a short-lived fountain up through the motor well and then only widening circles on the lake.



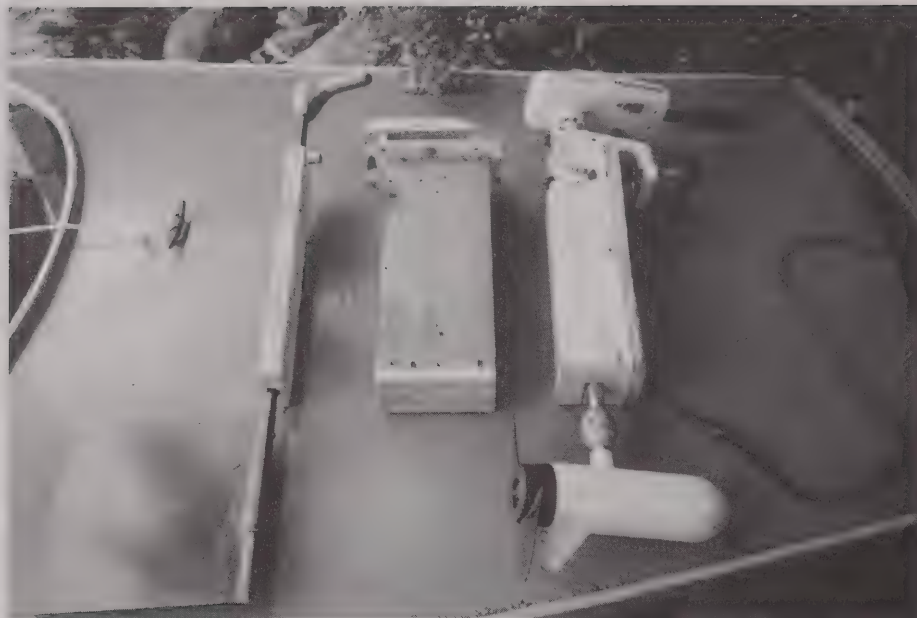
Cheap lauan becomes a respectable structure when assembled.



Cockpit cowlings are made by four thin strips of oak epoxied into position.

Fiberglass top and bottom and with best marine paint.







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The cowl around the cockpit was accomplished by thin strips of oak epoxied in place using every clamp I had. It actually came out looking better than it should, and I went right to making seats on either side of the motor well from springy oak with space under for two batteries. The chalk mark on the floor was rubbed away by now, but I climbed into the cockpit and the seat felt almost as comfortable as that lawn chair. After she finished her noon meal from the blender, Joanne came out to take a picture and to see the project and give qualified approval.

From there it was finishing up time with 4-oz. fiberglass top and bottom, the best marine paint, adding varnished oak rub rails, nylon cleats (yes, black nylon) fore and aft, and making two paddles to be stored in the cockpit in case the battery power dies. Completion was during the week of Joanne's final chemo treatment and *Just Mother 'n Me* was painted on the transom by my children's book illustrator daughter, Holly Meade.

But we agreed that the blunt nose on the craft was not a pleasant sight. So, for that reason, and because I could visualize the need for a rounded bumper, I laminated some oak into a rail which was screwed externally to the bow, something like the cowcatcher on the front of old-time trolley cars. It was more pleasing, and neighbors helped me load the boat onto my truck for the ride north.

The launching at the lake was uneventful, and the motor and batteries got hooked up in jig time. By golly, it actually worked pretty good. We snuck around the island and got a close look at the loons and their chick. But there certainly was no problem getting that stern to come around! I haven't had that much trouble keeping a vessel on line since another kid and I built a raft out of four sticks of pulpwood on the Androscoggin River. It took constant steering with the motor to hold direction. It appeared those forward keels would cleave to any minute variance in heading and amplify it.

After several trials with temporary fins under the stern, I concluded it best to have a rudder. This I built from a piece of sheet metal and a ski pole for a rudder post with a carved handle for a tiller. To allow this to work in the slip stream of the now fixed propeller, I mounted the rudder post down through the motor well on the aft surface. I hung the motor from the forward edge of the well and eventually, added a plug between to keep under passing lake from being caught in the hole.

Good show!

What a nice piece of equipment to be available for our month at the lake. In the evenings when the water flattens down, the sun starts to set, and those over-powered displacement hulls try to idle down enough to fit the scene on their "booze cruises," we are also there. With one battery charge and two cans of Ensure, we can enjoy circling the whole damn lake, *Just Mother 'n Me*.

Top: Final version of propulsion and steering, all down the motor well.

Middle: To please the eye, a bumper softens the square bow.

Left: Daughter Holly Meade, the children's book illustrator, applies the name.

I Couldn't Get The Girls Out Of My Boat!

By Walter Head

My Li'l Beauty touring, camping, fishing, exploring kayak now has another acclaim to its credit. Lounging! For over a year, I've had only my 12' Li'l Beauty to take to lakes and rivers around this area. It has been perfect for my personal use. But I found that with me (140lbs) and my 1951b son in it, it starts getting a little tipsy. So I built a 14' version about six months ago. This 14 footer now feels safe and steady with two of almost any size adults (unless they're Sumo wrestlers!). But let's get to the girls.

This past Labor Day, I took the 14' kayak out to a favorite lake near here. I didn't get there until about 3pm, for I had planned to just paddle around the lake for an hour or so. I did this until about 4pm, then pulled into a good docking area near my car. I had intended to fool around with the boat at dockside for a half-hour and head for home and supper, which my wife, Lydia, had reminded me to not be late for.

At the dock two girls eyed my boat intently. Dope that I am around such fair creatures of a distant generation, I asked them if they had ever been in a kayak. Like a shot, one replied, "No, only once or twice in small row-boats." Compounding this first mistake, I then blurted out, "Would you and your friend like to get in and paddle around for a few minutes?"

"Oh, yes!" said both in unison. I gave them a couple of minutes instructions on using the double paddle and was very careful in easing them into the boat and settled into the seats. I did think to ask, "Can you two swim?"

"Like a fish," they replied. (I had brought only one life jacket and a flotation cushion). So, off they went, staying about 100' from shore at first, and surprisingly, they did very well with the paddles.

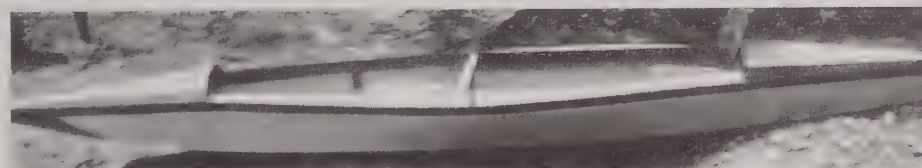
I had my camera, and though the light was getting poor, I snapped about 10 photos. While photographing, I yelled to the girls to give me some very relaxed, laid-back poses to show off the comfort of this kayak. They really obliged, sprawling all around in the cockpit in more positions than I could have ever thought of. They were having the time of their lives.

By now, it was starting to get dark! My watch indicated they'd been out well over an hour. "Just a few minutes more," they yelled back every time I tried to coax them back to the dock. I finally got them to come in and out of the kayak about 6pm.

I was late for supper, but that's another story.

Walter Head, Hobbycraft Kayaks, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, NC 28692

(PS: You might want to mention that I have an ad in the classifieds for my Li'l Beauty kayaks).



The stern seat folds back to lay on the rear deck to provide a high seating position for fishing from or for good viewing of the surroundings for photographing. The kayak can easily be paddled from this raised position.



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>

Last weekend we visited friends in Maine. Waking before 6:00 as usual, and not wanting to disturb the rest of the house, I sauntered down to the lake and investigated a pram I found moored to the dock. I am wary of prams, they tend not to hold a course well and to be equipped with oars that are too short for making any speed. But I untied the painter and gingerly placed my feet amidships, one after the other, just aft of the thwart. It's been many years since I could put one foot on the thwart, grasp the gunwales with both hands, and shove off against the float with the other foot.

The rowlocks were bronze, of the best quality, and suspended by bronze chains through their holes. I hadn't seen those since my youth, and then only on yacht tenders built before World War II. The oars, when I shoved off and put them into the rowlocks, were neither too short nor too light, but entered the water at a proper angle.

Setting a course upwind, toward the northern end of the lake, I braced my feet against the stern thwart, grasped the oars, reached forward, and let the blades bite the water. I leaned back on the oars, and the pram started forward with a satisfying gurgle of wavelets under the bow. To my surprise the craft did not yaw to one side or the other during the recovery, but held her course. Nor did she wallow to a stop, as had other prams I had tried to row in the brief cruises I had been invited on in recent summers.

When I was very small, playing on the shore of Jamaica Pond, the rowboats easiest to see were those heading directly toward or away from me, hence the only visible motion was that of the oars moving up and down. When my father first put me in a rowboat and gave me the oars, I couldn't understand why moving the oars up and down didn't move the boat. He patiently explained that the oars had to be pulled backward through the water as well. Over the years he taught me most of what I know about rowing, barking commands from the stern sheets as I rowed ashore after a sail. "Way enough!" he would exclaim, when it was time to prepare for landing. (Not "weigh enough," as it is sometimes spelled, "weigh" is what you do to bring up an anchor.)

Years later, what I learned in college about rowing a wherry and eventually a single shell on the Charles River improved my form somewhat and concentrated my attention on using elementary physical principles to improve speed and efficiency. Notwithstanding the absence of a sliding seat, some of that experience has been useful for the more utilitarian rowing that I still find more enjoyable.

On getting into a boat alone, one sits as close to amidships as the design of the boat allows. After shoving off and putting out the oars, the first problem is placing the feet. I started by bracing them against the after thwart, but soon found that the soles of my sandals got enough traction on the bottom of the hull with my legs bent only slightly from the knees.

When at rest amidships with their tips floating on the water, the handles of the oars were about 6" apart. Although I was used to overlapping handles, not only from wherries and shells but from boats I had rowed in my youth, the gap presented no difficulty because the oars were long enough to reach the water without raising the handles above waist level. From rowing a wherry or shell, I had learned to start the stroke not just by reaching ahead

The Lost Art of the Rowboat

By C. K. Cobb

with the arms straight out but by bending forward at the waist till the oars make a 45° angle with the forward midline of the hull to maximize the forward component of the stroke and no perpendicular component.

Pulling back, I concentrated on making all the force come from leaning back until the middle of the stroke. I then began pulling my forearms back to give the oars maximum acceleration while they were perpendicular to the midline. The tendency to let the back come forward at this point must be resisted, since it subtracts from the acceleration that the arms have just begun to add. I lay back on the oars until their handles approached my waist, then feathered them smartly to make a clean "pool" in the water and avoid drag as the blades left the water. Again, force exerted at more than a 45° angle to the midline of the hull is wasted.

I don't remember when or why I learned to fold my thumbs over the ends of the handles; it feels right, but I am not sure that it is. I experimented with both ways without reaching any conclusion. I found that I wasn't feathering as well as I remember doing, 45° to the surface of the water is the best I can consistently manage, whereas in rowing a shell I remember getting the blades nearly parallel to the surface.

Setting a course upwind toward the north end of the lake, I managed to develop a comfortable rhythm by keeping these elements of form in mind. At the middle of each stroke the pram took a satisfying leap forward, and after reaching forward I paused slightly before throwing my back into the next stroke. Although I had thought that the craft might be a little "down by the head," her flat bow remained above water and did not slow her down. Soon I was making good time toward the next settlement on the eastern shore of the lake at a comfortable 30 strokes a minute.

The main trouble with rowing as a means of getting from one place to another, as opposed to racing or exercising, is that you are always facing backward. In the past I had always used to look over my shoulder from time to time, but I now have great difficulty turning my head more than 90°. A physical therapist has told me that this problem is not incurable but that I am not likely to recover the flexibility of my youth. What I found myself doing this time was spinning the pram around by pulling my oars in opposite directions and taking a look at where I had been heading, not a perfect solution in a crowded waterway but safe enough on a deserted lake at 6:00 AM.

In my youth we used to see fishermen rowing their double-ended "peapods" standing up and facing forward. I found this hard to imitate, I sometimes tried it sitting amidships, but without getting up much speed. After ascertaining the progress I had made to the settlement, I spun back and continued on course.

Over breakfast I told my host what I had done. He told me that he had built the pram from a set of plans for a 7' Nutshell Pram, cutting the planks, assembling them with temporary fastenings, then gluing them together with epoxy. He had done a very neat job.

The next day, after returning from rowing the pram about a mile in the other direction, I tried out the fiberglass "peapod" that was moored to a bush on the shore. Almost twice the length of the pram, this craft was distinctly more cumbersome to row. The main thwart was placed well aft of the beam, where the width of the boat was narrowing fast and would have made rowing difficult even if the oars had been long enough to row from amidships. Even without the outboard motor that was perched on the stern, a rower in that position would have weighed her stern down.

My host told me that he dealt with the problem by carrying a large stone block forward, not a solution that I would consider adequate. As it was, I found the boat heavy and unresponsive, especially compared with the wooden pram that he had built. There was a forward thwart with rowlocks for a second rower who would perhaps have balanced the boat better. The thwarts and centerboard had been molded at the factory, unlike those on some dories and tenders they could not be moved forward or aft to adjust for the rower's height or the trim of passengers or cargo.

One of the most useful tenders I have known was a fairly beamy flat-bottomed wooden pram with two sets of rowlocks served, instead of thwarts, by a plank running the length of the hull from a horizontal support amidships to the bow, making it possible for the oarsman to shift fore or aft to balance the weight distribution of the passengers or cargo. Although much heavier than the Nutshell, she was capable of a good speed with long oars. Her shear underwater also made her a good towing boat despite her flat bottom.

I learned to row mainly because I grew up before boats were routinely made of fiberglass and powered by outboard motors. The latter were a recent innovation and were considered unreliable. In the '30s my father had a 30' Alden sloop with a 9' Swampscott dory, round-bottomed and lapstraked, with a centerboard and a lateen rig. As the oldest, I was allowed to take charge of this when it wasn't being used as a tender, leaving my nearest brother Harry to develop a fascination with motors and motorboats. He had an outboard motor mounted on a large flat-bottomed skiff from Sears Roebuck.

This seemed to be a regular pattern among the families we knew. If male, the second sibling was the one who made the leap from sail and oars to outboard motors, always, of course, carrying a pair of oars against the inevitable sputtering breakdown.

One summer we rented a guest house from friends who had a marvelous place on the eastern shore of Blue Hill Bay. Our hosts had the full complement of rowboats characteristic of New England rusticators in the early part of this century, before every craft had to be fitted with an engine. One boat, lapstraked, long, lean, and painted grey, was a particular delight to row. We dubbed it *Greyhound*. With two rowing stations, it would have been unbeatable, but I don't remember that my brothers and I ever cooperated enough to take advantage of it. To put an outboard on such a boat would have been a sacrilege.

Even in those days, the lapstraked yacht tender or other rowboat with galvanized or bronze rowlocks was the aristocrat of rowing craft. Fishermen, in the harbor as well as in the Grand Banks fleet, were rowing Gloucester dories whose design enabled them both to be

stacked on the deck of a schooner and to remain stable in the water, even with a man standing on a gunwale. Rowlocks would have been hazardous and could easily have gotten lost. The force of the oars was transmitted to the hull by thole pins, a pair of wooden pegs driven into each gunwale, inelegant but easily replaced if lost. Someone who had experienced prolonged stress or strain would be described as "suffering like a thole pin."

In the last 60 years technology has revolutionized the design and construction of all types of sailboats and tenders. Except for small racing craft, no sailboat is built without either an inboard engine or the facilities for attaching an outboard. At first, the purpose of the engine was to make work lighter, but speed soon became more important. At least the engines were used to get somewhere; the latest development, the "personal water craft" or PWC, fast, noisy, and irretrievably obnoxious, seems to be used mainly for doing stunts. The jocks who amuse themselves with these machines probably get their exercise ashore, jogging or on rowing machines or stationary bicycles. Rowing, on the other hand, is not only

good exercise, but it gets you somewhere.

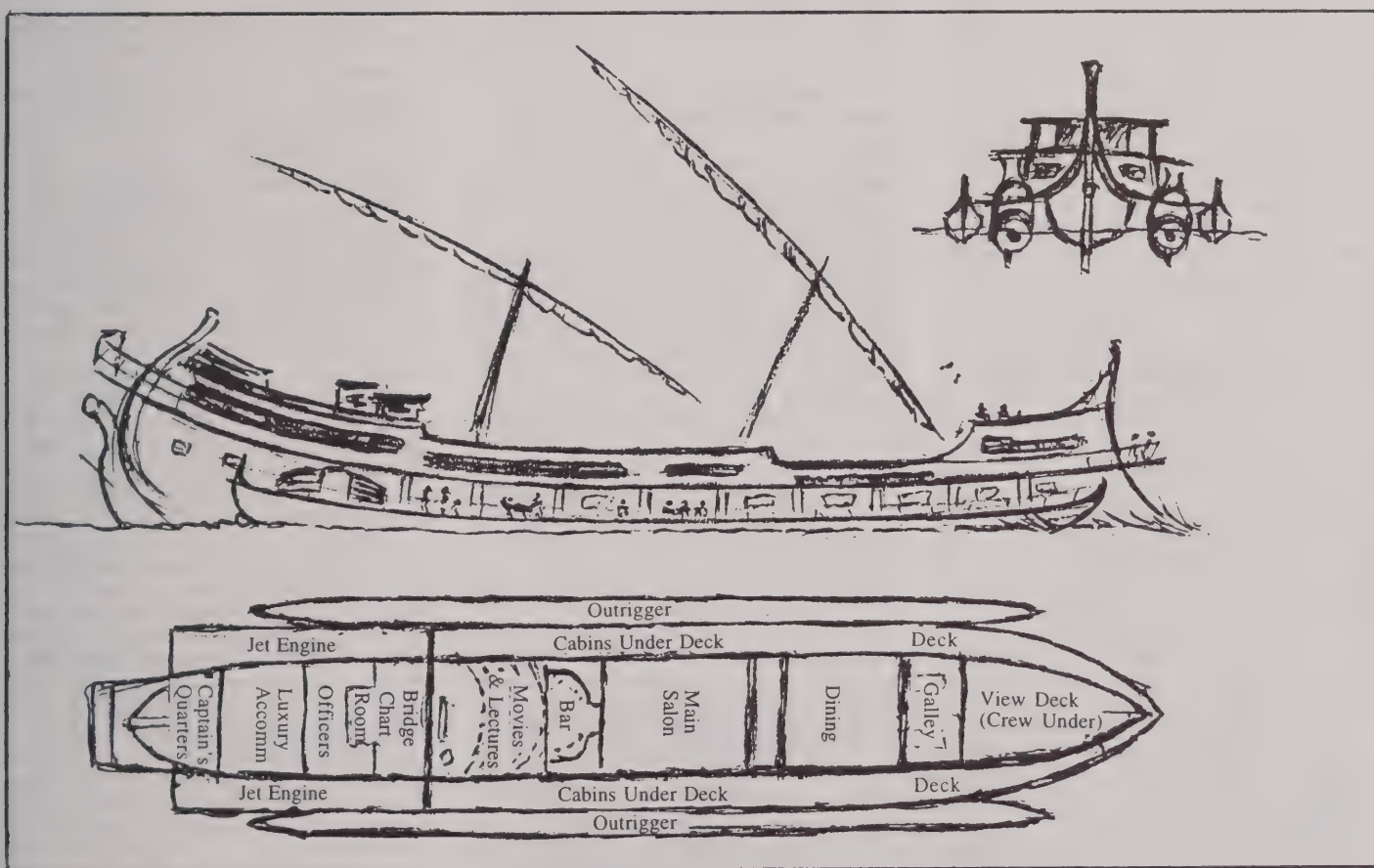
Less important than the engine is the replacement of wood, sawed, planed, steamed, fastened with wood or metal, and painted, by molded fiberglass. Originally motivated by the desire (somewhat illusory) for easy maintenance, but probably even more by the relative ease and economy of mass production, this shift soon began to have a profound effect on the design of all types of vessels from the smallest pram to quite large commercial craft. The design of recreational boats has suffered particularly from this development.

My host's fiberglass "peapod" was an example. A cousin of mine with whom I used to cruise on the Maine coast had a fiberglass pram called the *Peppercorn* which was hardly 6' long but almost as wide, with molded thwarts amidships and in bow and stern. Oars short enough to be stowed aboard barely reached the water from the rowlocks. A passenger aft would almost put the stern under and would block the oars with his knees, and another in the bow would swamp the pram entirely. A badly designed boat cannot be rowed without developing special techniques that in a proper

boat would be inefficient; it is impossible to practice good form, much less acquire good rowing habits.

Unfortunately, it is as easy to mass produce boats from a bad design as from a good one, and cheap, badly designed boats, often navigated with road maps, flood the market. Compare a plastic-hulled motorboat, straining at an angle of 30° or more to the water, pushing a wall of water in front of it and spraying an enormous cock's tail astern, with a classic mahogany Chris Craft of the first decades of this century. The essential differences are not just matters of cost.

Ideally, every boat should be designed for its intended use by the owner, the designer, and the builder working together. Even if many boats are built from one design, the design can be modified during construction in accordance with the builder's instinctive response to its shape as it takes form. Well-designed fiberglass boats are not rare, but they are not as common as well-designed rowboats, dories, and prams were in the age of sail and oar. Those were boats for messing about in.



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Dreamboats

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(Greek Cruise)

By Richard Carsen

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We all have likes and dislikes. Some rational, some not. And sometimes it feels good to express them. We may be diplomatically subdued in our tone, weighing every word as to its precision for the occasion, ever so mindful of the challenge and opportunity of picking the right word out of over 600,000 words in the English language. Or we may put it right on the table, flat-out, in unminced words, with little nuance left to be interpreted by some Dean of Good Taste. We may be so polite in our phrasing the issue as to be obscure, or we may be so blunt as to be down-right hurtful.

Individual talent, ambition, and the spur of the moment usually determines how much of the spectrum between the two extremes one can cover, from one-approach-fits-all (unlikely) to a whole arsenal of well-considered and intricately crafted verbal tools that may be a near perfect match for almost any occasion. But no matter how you put it, the point of communication is expressing an issue clear enough for others to understand you. Between the inevitable static of more or less lazy daily exchanges about next to nothing, gestures at mild formalities, there should eventually be a point to one's opinion. And in most cases there is, be it right up-front so fast that it almost whizzes past your attention, or appears after a moderate exercise in patient keeping your mind perked up in anticipation.

Offering our work to the public invites criticism of all kinds. Some are about to start a fund to build Phil Bolger a monument somewhere, while other could not get that backhoe fast enough to the spot to knock it over. Most look at the stuff, find it of interest if it touches on an interest of theirs, not likely every two weeks, and others with equal justification ignore the column altogether; if they miss something, boat design is not exactly a matter of vital concern.

One reader not too long ago expressed discontent about having seen just about enough of Phil Bolger's "message". To quote verbatim: "While I appreciate the message of Phil Bolger (and have built and enjoyed some of his work), we have heard his message and it is not the only way. Sometimes what he comes up with is so extreme I have to wonder if he isn't playing a big joke on you guys. Most of the recent boats are beyond ugly and look to be a real problem on the water. Those boats will end up in the bushes sooner rather than later and should not be encouraged. If people are going to spend all that time, money and epoxy it should be on worthwhile boats that will stand the test of time. Bolger's messages on owner involvement, sensibility and simplicity are good ones, but there must be another practicing designer out there with something to add. (...)"

Oh, dear, what a shellacking!! And all with good intentions for *MAIB* to "survive and even prosper."

Well, those numbers on the designs discussed here for many years now have been adding up. When we give a design, for instance, the number 646 it is indeed the six-hundred and forty-sixth design since Phil started to count in the early

Bolger On Design

Reviewing our *MAIB* Design Columns of 1998: A Reality Check.

1950s. So there is a sizeable body of work that has accumulated, a good part of which was presented in five books, and hundreds of articles including those in *MAIB*. Most were designed to explicit wish lists of client's. And just about every known boat-building material was used; a level of proficiency was reached even in ferro-cement. Rough guesstimates are that about half of all designs were actually realized, with some of the smaller ones home-built in unknowable numbers while production job like 28'-36' powerboats reached several hundreds. So far it's been a healthy mix ranging from 5' plywood boxes to a 450 ton square-rigger. Both Shoebox and the Frigate *Rose* were built.

So what is "the message"? A rigid dogma, constantly pushed and fiercely defended? And are we indeed suckering hapless builders into proposals of de facto suicide-machines destined for "the bushes"?

A reality-check seems like a good, honest, straightforward way to examine the relationship between that strong opinion and what we've published in *MAIB* over the last calendar year. So let's briefly look at each Bolger On Design column of 1998:

January 1: An unsolicited testimonial on the AS-29, of which there are a few good ones in Australia, Norway, the US and at least one hohum one. The builder from New South Wales seemed happy enough after home-constructing a sailing liveaboard for coastal cruising for \$25,000 Australian. She sure is different, and that's why she works so well. One of them "boxes".

January 15: Our Junebug, a very stiff, fast, simple and thus rapid-to-build 14' rowing/sailing skiff, designed as a tender capable of carrying 1000lbs or hoisting ground tackle standing in the boat. Another "box".

February 1: 11'8"x 4'2" Donovan's Tender, designed to be capable of planing behind a fast 50'+ auxiliary, and still be rowable to satisfaction carrying two for quiet outings. A moderately complex shape. That issue also featured a builder's article about our Gloucester Light Dory titled "Surprising Successes", very traditional, except this dory actually goes.

February 15: The ancient Jinni, a 19'8"x 5' double-ended sharpie daysailing sloop built by Phil's brother William T. A simple shape but no "box" per se.

March 1: Any traditionalist's delight with a complex conservative deep-keeled cruising sloop design (#162) of 33'x 8'3"x 4'9". Designed for the Baltic and entered in a Swedish design competition, she is very retro, very deep, for us! And perfectly at home amongst "classic boats".

March 15: The second of a one-two traditionalist punch with a very sleek 41'6"x 7'7"x 5'3" 30 square-meter type, Design #176, *Orquidea*. One of those

cost-no-object deals, that is heart breaking to look at, and more mind wrecking to coastal sail between her draft and the nearly uninhabitable cabin/"people hold". But very cool, complex, stylish, and again "classic".

April 1: No April Fool's Day in our column but rather a very light two-some monohull powerboat for coastal cruising with a 15hp outboard driving a sleek hull of 23'x6'x 10" proportions to be built strip-planked and glass-sheathed. A refined conventional hull put to unexpected use.

April 15: A 60sf gaff-rig for our Brick 8'x4' sailing punt. It needed it. "Mega boxy". Don't mention Brick in polite TSCA company, as was quite strongly expressed by a representative at the Mystic Seaport Wooden Boat Show.

May 1: A 25'6" FRP cruising cutter concept of conventional shape but updated in details.

May 15: A concept for a 19'x 4'3" quick-to-build beach-cruiser on a skiff hull with cat-yawl rig.

June 1: Modified retro with a rehashed Folkeboat proposal.

June 15: Ditto with a conservative 119'x 7'6"x 2'10" long keel "One-Man Liveaboard Concept" with cat yawl rig.

July 1: A reasonably modern but Moderate Speed Power Cruiser of 22'3"x 8' for mild outboards.

July 15: A surprise with the unprecedented 31'x 7'4"x 75hp Topaz light trailerable dayboat/light cruiser, offering a non-boxy development of the box's inherent advantages. A stylish but actually affordable boat most suitable for the sort boating many people do on weekends in local waters and along the coast, whether with just two or six+.

August 1: One of those nightmares that might cause hard-core traditionalists to reach for the pink stuff years later. The concept of a 55'x 9'6"x 3' Mega-Micro development went as far as the budget, but the client not that far. No doubt a sound decision in light of responsibilities of having kids, the project was cancelled at an early enough stage where dreams about the comforts of a separate cabin for the parents and an above-average number of kids were enjoyed, but without putting together yet a list of things to do to get her in the water. We still like the idea as a cheap fast craft, with a few more refinements here and there. A long keel "box".

August 15: A nice cover of the Retriever outboard cruiser zipping along somewhere around 15 knots. Designed in tight cooperation with the heavier and taller clients to get her looks to their flavor, several copies of her are up and running now. "Boxy" and not "boxy"...

September 1 through October 1: Discussion at great length of the backbone for a small charter business developed to a tight \$25-30,000 budget. The 40'x 16' four-cabin catamaran design fit the client's wish list in an unexpected but on paper successful way. As the owner put it "you seem to know what I need". He constructed the first hull in very part-time work. Double Eagle (Design # 646) and her Yawlboat (#651) has caught the eye of others and a two-some cruiser version is in the

works to be started in '99. October 1 also featured an independent article on our Design #638, Queen Mab, with Dave Thibodeau's endorsement of this 7'x 32" single-seater, round-bilge catboat, decidedly not boxy and very huggable in shape and unintimidating size.

October 15: Two reports on completed and running models of our Design #636, Champlain, a 10hp 22'x 8' two-some powerboat for the fixed-income budget, not exactly taxing the wallet with up to 13mpg in several hundred real world miles of cruising canals and the St. Lawrence Seaway. Boxy and airy, ergonomically correct throughout, and the best bang for the buck in 22 feet.

November 1: Abbondanza 24 offered the rare opportunity to see a well-developed, really buildable working craft in stout steel construction, driven by up to 40hp and designed for offshore fishing. A well-executed derivative of advanced "boxes".

November 15: Romp, a round bilge, strip-planked supershallow-draft center-board cat-yawl of proven ocean capability offers traditional aesthetics but vastly enhanced utility in coastal waters with 18" of draft carrying her 30'x 8' body. The only offensive thing for the retro-minded is the absence of a well-faired deep keel.

December 1: The mighty Illinois, (Design #630) as a 63'x 10'x 1'6" reasonably stylish mobile houseboat. "Boxy", but too long to matter!

December 15: Complemented her with a 40'x 14' counterpart in the Puffer concept.

Reads like a good mix to us. Retro and radical, mild and spicy, cheap and expensive, many with an emphasis on the doable rather than undisciplined revelling in decidedly unachievable, even technically unreasonable, dreams. Many of the latter have deep roots in arbitrary conventions such as "the one and only proper sheer line" or "those marvelous overhangs" now often considered "classic truths" and de-facto "laws of good taste", but require even deeper pockets to get near to realization. Just talking about fine yachts is fine over a pint, in the company of people perpetually nostalgic, full of anecdotes of yesteryear. If all it costs it just beer, and then perhaps keeps the shrink and the shaman away to boot, by all means!

But the ball has to be moved along, not for fashion's sake, but to keep stretching the envelope. It's called progress. And not all of it could plausibly be brilliant and perfect. Conservative die-hards will sneer when new-fangled ideas that work scare them out of their equilibrium of complacency. Others take a more moderate approach and look for more evidence to examine the merits on, see our Updates!

And of course nobody today talks much about the classic craft of yesteryear that were actually not quite right, were unseaworthy, or just plain dumb all around. At least some remember all the very expensive duds even famous designers cooked up for America's Cup, or actually uninhabitable cabins whipped out by the master, also dynamically and technically unsafe powerboats from people, some of whom are held in high esteem. Only the

good stuff, or the presumably good stuff, gets remembered in a convenient but dubious recollection of the past, "ahh them days..." And romantics who are unsettled by current realities find comforting shelter in that Disney Mainstreet approach. And why not. Just recognize that that is what gives you pleasure, rather than mistake it for full-color 3-D reality in all its gritty details.

Model Ts are fine, then or today for the Sunday afternoon outing, as are fleets of well-equipped 1995 Ford Tauruses. But specialty flavors can be more fun, particularly if economically doable! Ford, for instance, spends much money on their playroom full of creative folks casting around for fresh ideas. And such efforts typically yield conceptual developments and findings that may well show more future and philosophical relevance than the mainstream of today or yesteryear.

So then what is "the message"? After 650+ designs we would be hard-pressed to find a clear dogma. If as a design-historian you look at our published archive, you'd be put to tears if your editor demanded from you a dust jacket-ready formulation of the "Essence of Bolger (& Friends)". Well, there are those flat-liner stand-by reflexes such as the ever so memorable "quirky", "weird", "odd", "...to the beat of their own drum..." yada, yada, yada. We'd give those efforts a failing grade.

The only "message" we would endorse is that any new designs better need doing! After some finger-exercises at conventional and retro stuff, you should get away from continuously rehashing the same old lowest-common-denominator material, now with the '99 model year changes perhaps... and save the client money by offering a stock plan rather than an umpteenth iteration of the decades-old recipe. Unless you are an anthropologist, you should stay out of archives, making your claim to fame discovering and then knocking-off yet more old stuff and lamely heralding it as "the wisdom of the ancients". And short of improbable unlimited funding scenarios, you should examine the real-world cost-benefit analysis of the work on the table such as Dollars per Hours of Actual Use; this can be sobering indeed and induces discipline.

Ergo, will this work or matter? Does it enlarge the range of choices to the pro-

spective boat-builder/owner? Will it lower the threshold for less well-off to get into enjoyable boating? Can you do more with less? Because that would mean that for the same you then really get a lot more. And could a project open altogether new doors, be it making someone's dream possible against mainstream odds, or even stumbling across a thoroughly unexpected opportunity, inconceivable until just then?

We've sent could-be clients to other designers who specialize in certain established flavors if their project did not need doing, at least by us. We've referred some to the used boat market with suggestions for types and minor alterations to very economically and quicker match their wishlists. Some we've sent into the desert as some people's ideas are too quirky even for us.

With this reality-check behind us, we should feel refreshed for more to come. You should see what we've lined up for '99! There is for instance a 31' trailer trimaran, a plank-on-edge cutter, an arctic 4-season survival machine, updates on realized designs afloat, a serious passage-maker or two, new video-offerings, photo-essays of helpful tips, a new book or two, concepts, and more designs, i.e. more Bolger On Design, every two weeks for yet another year.

The Editor has never kept any other designers out of this, the least-censored most democratic boating magazine! What have others to say? Let's hear.

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Converting to a Sliding Gunter

By David Dawson

When I purchased my current sailboat, an 18' pocket cruiser known as the Sanibel 18, it carried a conventional fractional sloop rig. The boat was just what I wanted for both day sailing and spending a few days at a time poking around the rivers, bays, and estuaries of the Middle Atlantic Seaboard. I was downsizing from a 25' trimaran that I also kept on a trailer and wanted, among other things, a boat that was eminently simple, quick and easy to trailer, set up, launch, and get underway.

The rig on this boat was simple enough to start with, a 22' aluminum mast held aloft by three stays. It has a couple of spreaders, but they don't appear to do much. I found lifting it up into position while standing atop the cabin just a bit dicey, especially when it was windy. I thought it would be handier to set up and a better performer when sailing in a blow if I converted to a sliding gunter rig.

The sliding gunter can be thought of as a gaff rig with the gaff held all the way up against the mast so it is vertical, or, as a mast that telescopes, so that when you reef, the top section of mast comes down with the sail. You see them from time to time in wood, but only rarely in aluminum.

In converting my sloop rig to a gunter, I was able to use the same mainsail without having to recut it; I employed off-the-shelf marine and hardware store fittings and wound up with a rig that is easier to handle and somewhat more seakindly.

Here's how I did it. I began by calculating how much I'd have to cut off the top of the mast to make raising it without using gin poles, extra ropes, or winches, an easy and safe job. Weighing the mast and a little high school geometry told me that taking 4' off the 22' mast would reduce the force required to raise it at the point where I am able to actually grab hold of it (only about 4' from its base) from about 80 pounds down to around 40 pounds.

Top Left: The mainsail is ready to raise. The main halyard is permanently shackled to the upper slide, which remains in the mast slot at all times. Pulling the pin allows the gunter to swing down against the boom. The diagonal line serves as both a lazyjack and a topping lift.

Middle Left: Here, a view of the reefed mainsail. The gunter will bow more than this under pressure. When fully raised, the gunter stands 4' above the top of the mast. Yes, my reef points are that deep. Note that the slides that remain in the mast slot have been extended in an effort to keep proper sail trim, but those wrinkles suggest that I went a bit too far on this point and an adjustment is needed.

Bottom Left: The gunter has been dropped down, ready to furl. At top is the modified gooseneck fitting, with quick release pin, safety chain, and halyard shackle. Below this fitting, the plate made to cover the mast slot opening can be seen. In the background, Back Creek, just off the Sassafra River, itself part of the Chesapeake.

The reduction is dramatic because the weight that you remove is weight cantilevered way out there at the end of the mast. If, for example, you lift such an object one-fifth of the way up from the fulcrum (the mast step, in this instance) to the center of the mass in question (the section to be cut off), then that weight feels like five times what it actually is. So cutting off 7 pounds of mast can reduce the force required to raise it by 35 pounds in this example. Those were the kind of figures I was dealing with. So I got out my saw. Equally to the point, that extra mast is trying to tip your boat all the way over, once it starts heeling, with similar conviction.

Because it was a fractional rig, and the mast hound was located about 5' down from the top, I didn't have to meddle with the stays. After drilling out the rivets that held the cast aluminum cap in place and pulling that off, I sawed off the unwanted tube. I then set the masthead fitting back on, drilling and tapping to secure it with stainless screws. I should emphasize here that my boat didn't have a backstay, and yours shouldn't either if you want to add a sliding gunter that can actually be raised. The masthead fitting did have a lug to take a topping lift, however, so I sawed that off so that it wouldn't interfere with the gunter.

The next step was to make the gunter. I bought an 8' length of 1" outside diameter aluminum tube and some dowel to fit snugly inside it at a local hardware supply store. Right, Home Depot. After stuffing the dowel inside the tube, I drilled and then screwed on a length of stainless steel sail track that I had from a past project. Next, I replaced the upper end of the sail's plastic slides, the type that go inside a mast groove, with slides to fit the track. I then extended the remaining slides with light line so that when raised, the luff would not get a kink in it, the gunter rides behind the mast, so I was moving the mainsail about 2" out in making this change.

All that remained was to devise a way to attach the gunter to the mast. Gunter on wooden masts are often attached fairly loosely and can flop around quite a bit, especially when being raised and lowered. I don't care for that, so I decided to lock the gunter at its base and about halfway up into the mast slot. I did this by purchasing two gooseneck fittings. Taking them apart, I used the mast-side pieces as oversize slides to fix the gunter to the back of the mast.

The gunter is attached to the upper fitting with a quick release pin. The bottom fitting is bolted, but the gunter pivots down on this bolt after the upper pin is released. This way I can drop the sail, pull the pin, and then swing the gunter, to which the upper half of the sail is permanently fastened, down on top of the boom. A few elastic sail ties secure everything very neatly. The original sail cover even fits over the entire package.

So far, so good, but I found two more items that had to be taken care of. First, the gunter and its associated fittings tended to get hung up in my lazy jacks, which were fairly conventional. I replaced them with a single pair of slightly heavier lines placed low enough down so that if anything gets hung up I can reach up and free it with my hand. These lines also replace the topping lift.

Second, the wide spot in the slot on my mast had been cut rather high. This was a small problem with the conventional rig, a much bigger one with the gunter. Either I had to fight



trying to lower the sail slides and spar past the opening without them coming out, or keep everything up above the opening when dropping the sail, which prevented a neat furl and set the gunter release pin uncomfortably high.

I solved this problem by making a cover for the slot. I found pieces made to order in the 4' section of mast that I had removed. I sawed off a larger piece to match the curve of the mast, and a smaller section from the edge of the slot itself to fit the cutout just so. I glued the two together, tapped and drilled for a pair of stainless cap screws, and voilá. The cover

now closes up the slot so that there's no risk of having sail slides pop out when the main is lowered. Loosening the screws opens up the slot plenty for setting up and striking the rig.

The cut-down 18' mast is a piece of cake to raise and lower. Although the gunter and associated hardware were sized by a seat-of-the-pants guesswork, I think I got it right. It flexes in the big gusts but has not broken after two years of use and exposure to knock-me-down winds. When I reef, which is fairly often in this 18', 1,400 pound boat, I'm reducing the windage and weight aloft as well

as the sail area.

All in all, I'd say for this boat, the rig is improved. If there's a loss, it's in the flex of the gunter. Perhaps she doesn't cut to windward quite as well as she used to, but if that's true, then she's also more forgiving than she was before. The flex allows the mainsail to spill the wind in the hard puffs. Either way, any differences in sailing characteristics are subtle. What I have is what I was after, a handy, friendly boat that will get me out on the water quickly and easily without undue concern over what weather is coming next.

A "small boat" is one that I can push around on its trailer and lift the tongue of the trailer without the aid of a tongue jack. These are the boats I prefer.

My 13' Whaler and 12' Pelican both fall within my definition of small, and can be easily pushed or pulled around on level hard ground or concrete. A few years ago we moved to a home with a lot that sloped from first floor level at the front yard to basement level at the back yard. It was easy enough to get the boats down into the backyard for storage under the deck and in the basement, but getting them back to the front and onto the street was an impossibility. I ruled out trying to get a car or truck down into the yard, fearing damage to the vehicle and/or landscape.

I decided instead to try to find a small tractor, something small enough to leave in a corner of the garage but large and heavy enough to haul 700 to 800 pounds up a 20° grade. So I ventured into an entirely new world of tractor and implement dealers, farm and agricultural publications, and farmers. I was very quickly advised that I needed a class of machine called a "garden tractor" as opposed to a "riding lawn mower" or even a "lawn trac-

Moving Boats on Trailers

By Earle Cadwell

tor." A garden tractor is larger than a lawn tractor and able to push or pull implements used for gardening. Typically they also have mowing decks suspended between the front and rear axles.

I didn't need any grass cutting capability, and I wanted to keep the investment to a minimum since the machine's sole purpose would be to pull boats. I soon learned that during the 1950s, '60's, and '70's, several American manufacturers were producing garden tractors; John Deere, Wheelhorse by Toro, and Cub Cadet by International Harvester, to name a few. I looked at models by each manufacturer, some at least 30 years old, and I had as much fun doing so as I have looking at boats.

A consideration was the type of transmission, straight gear or hydrostatic (fluid drive). For simplicity's sake, I favored the straight

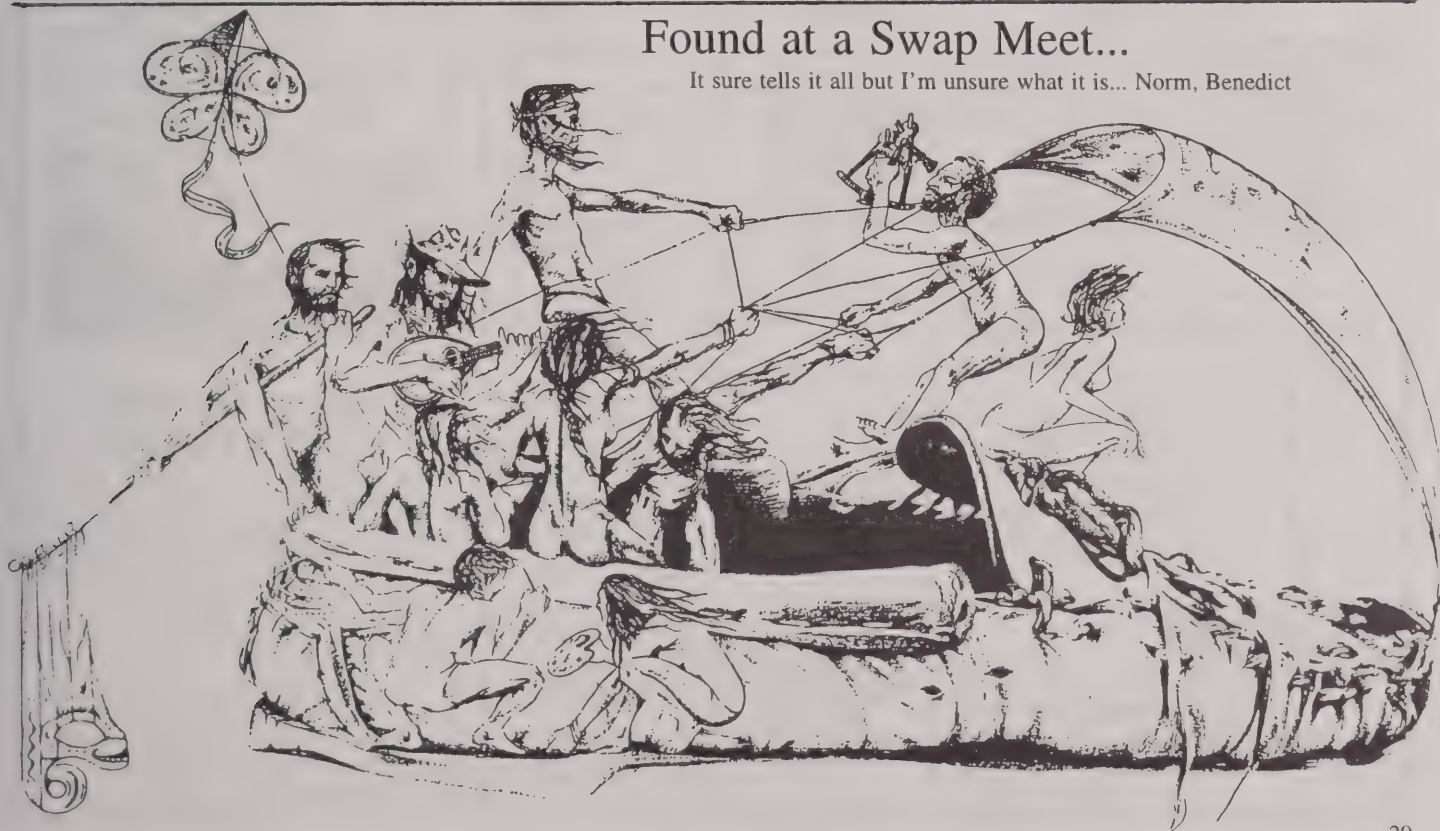
gear. As I looked at more machines, I began to gravitate toward the older Cub Cadet tractors. Most of these machines had a shaft drive from the engine to the differential with a large dry plate clutch. Many of the other machines I saw had drive trains that were at least partially belt-driven, which appeared convoluted and complex.

Most of the Cub Cadets were powered by large single or twin cylinder Kohler engines, all cast iron. Through an ad in one of the agricultural weeklies, I finally found an old Cub Cadet with a tremendous single cylinder Kohler and shaft drive to a massive cast iron differential through a 3 forward and 1 reverse gear transmission. The icing on the cake were the cast iron wheel weights attached to each rear wheel. Because the mowing deck was worn out, the price was right at \$400.

After removing the mowing deck, replacing the battery, rebuilding the carburetor with a \$7 rebuild kit, and fitting a 1-7/8 hitch ball, I have a machine that I believe would easily and safely haul a boat and trailer weighing twice what either of my rigs weigh. It's also handy for pulling out unwanted shrubs and tree stumps, and it's just fun to have and to use.

Found at a Swap Meet...

It sure tells it all but I'm unsure what it is... Norm, Benedict



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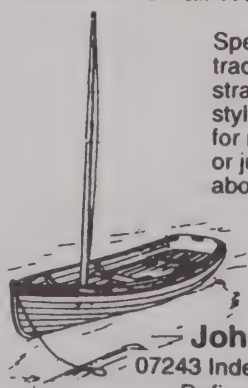
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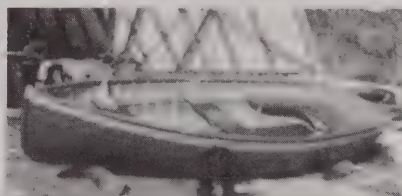
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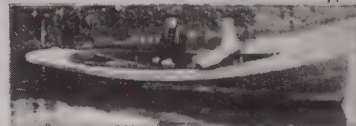


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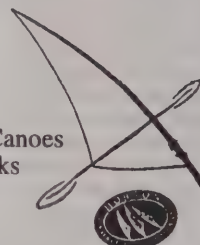
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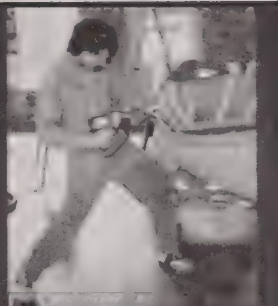
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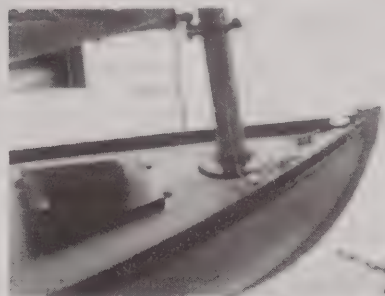
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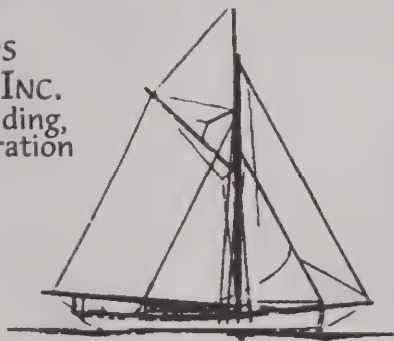
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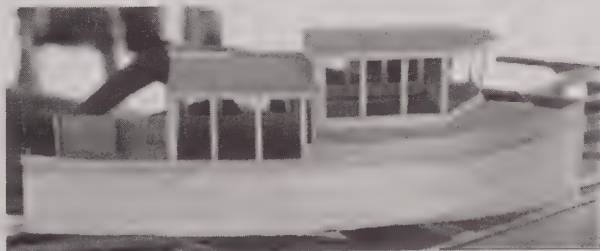


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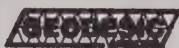
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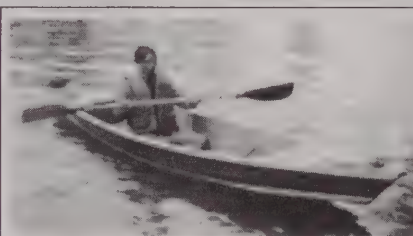
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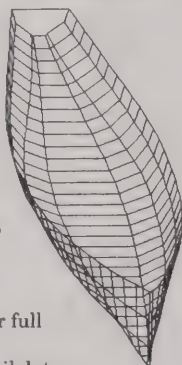
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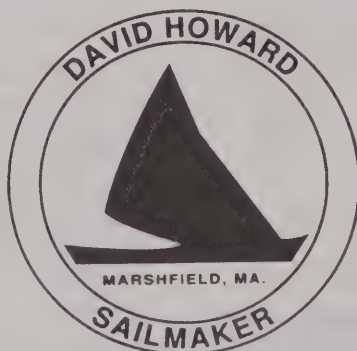
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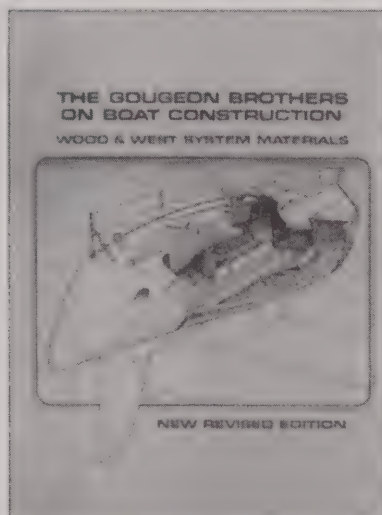
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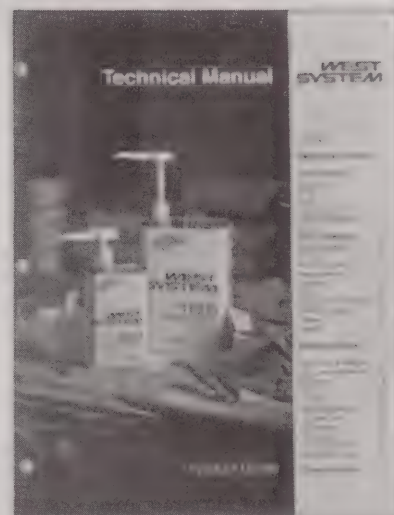


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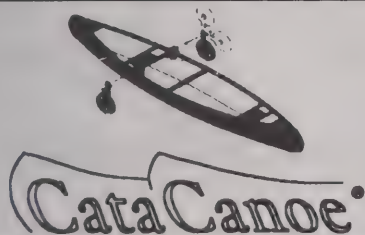
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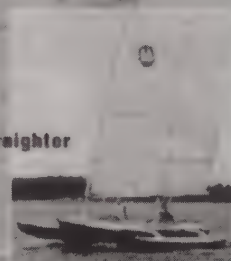
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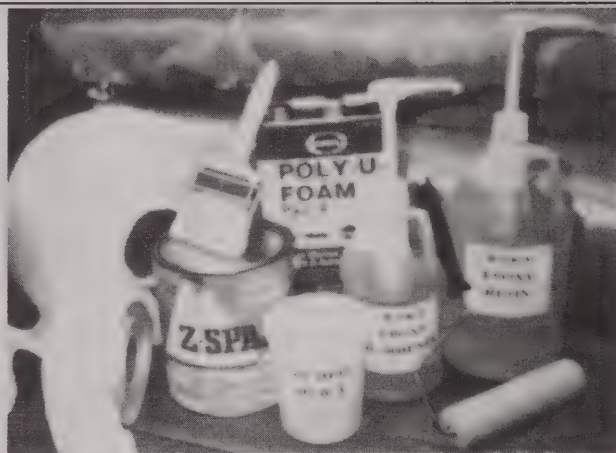
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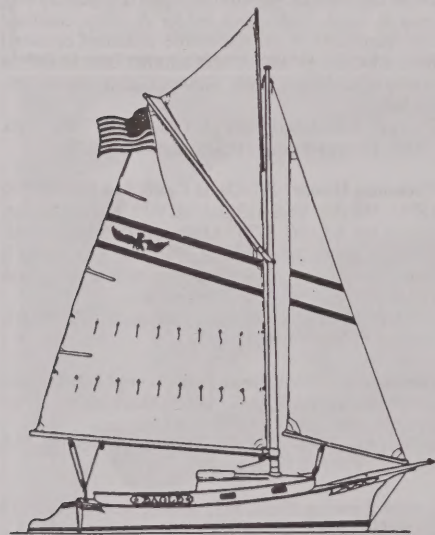


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Classic '74 Herreshoff Eagle, 22' gaff rigged top-sail sloop. FG hull (green) & deck (tan), teak trim, wheel steering, 15hp OB in well, VHF, galv trlr. In exc cond, ready for spring. \$6,500. LEW PRYCL, Greenwich, NJ, (609) 455-1257. (19)

BOATS WANTED

Florida Bay Peep Hen, will also consider well crafted Bolger Micro. BILL LONG, 701 Main St., Riverton, NJ 08077, (609) 786-1599 pls lv message. (18)

Mud Hen, gd cond, reasonable price, pref w/trlr. Anywhere in southeast US. NICK MEDIATORE, Tarpon Springs, FL, (727) 943-8197. (18)

Canoes, Racine Boat Co. & Beaver aluminum. TOM HELD, Racine, WI, (414) 634-1272. (18)

Sportyak III Dinghy, fair cond or better, any color. Grt Lakes area. CAPT. J. MILANOWSKI, 2273 Ottawa Beach Rd., Holland, MI 49424, (616) 399-4642. (18)

Light Single Rowing Shell, swap for a Laser sailboat. JOE FETCHKO, Ocean City, MD, (410) 524-3206. (19)

Cape Cod Shipbuilders Boats, Rhodes 18, Mercury, Bullseye, or O'Day Rhodes 19 keel or CB. Project boats, any cond. In FL. KEITH FALSTROM, P.O. Box 8211, Longboat Key, FL 34228, (941) 953-6240. (19)

Mini/Micro Tug, trade up or down for my upgraded '86 Hunter 23 shoal keel sloop. RICHARD ELLERS, 426 Central Pkwy, Warren, OH 44483-6213, <Geerichard@juno.com> (19)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

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)

Need a Cheap Sail Quickly? White PolySail kits or material. For prices & instructions, visit <http://hometown.aol.com/polysail/polysail.htm> or call (317) 842-8106. (19P)

Storm Jib, approx 50sf, suitable for 25'-40' boat. \$60. JOE BLUBAUGH, Melbourne, FL, (407) 757-5390. (19)

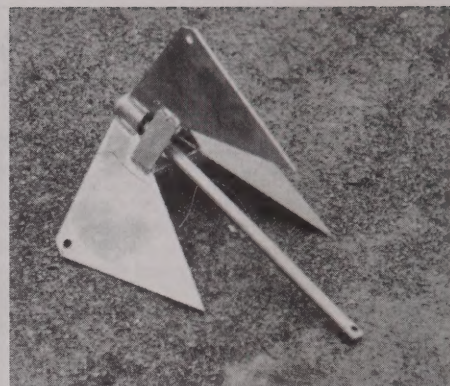
GEAR FOR SALE

Opening Portholes, 1 pr alum 8"x 18" (glass size) rectangular, w/screens. \$30/pr plus shipping. **Sunfish Daggerboard**, \$15 plus shipping. HENRY CHAMPAGNEY, 216 Northshore Dr., Greenback, TN 37742, (423) 856-5853, email: H2Champs@aol.com (19)

WWII Aircraft Bubble Sextant, w/hard case. Has automatic averaging readout of sights which it takes in 2 minutes. Has been calibrated. This is a \$600 value, please make a reasonable offer. JOE BLUBAUGH, Melbourne, FL, (407) 757-5390. (19)



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Yanmar Diesel, 1 cyl 12hp SB 12, w/control panel. Installed new '84, low hours, gd cond. \$1,200. BILL KANE, Dorchester, MA, (617) 282-4436. (18)

Teleflex Steering System, for boat to 24'. Quick connect rotary steering system. New in orig box. Cost new \$147, will sell for \$75 shipping incl. J. ENGEL, Remsen, NY, (315) 831-2581, email: thejbird@juno.com (19)

GPS, hand held Garmin 45XL w/carrying case & manual. Less than 1yr old. \$180. CAPT. J. MILANOWSKI, 2273 Ottawa Beach Rd., Holland, MI 49424, (616) 399-4642. (18)

GEAR WANTED

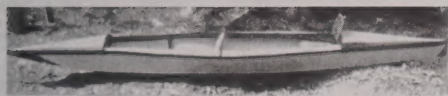
British Seagulls, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

10hp 4-Stroke OB, for project boat. JOHN BARTLETT, Ft. Pierce, FL, (561) 464-7633. (18)

A-Row-Bic or Row Wing, drop-in rowing unit for converting a canoe. JOE FETCHKO, Ocean City, MD, (410) 524-3206. (19)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

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



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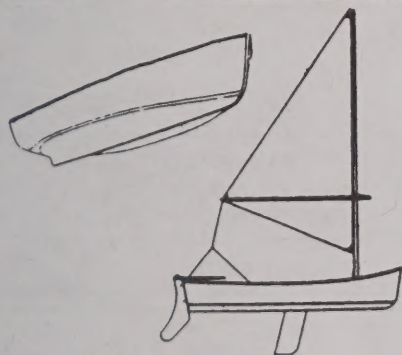
Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. **DOWN EAST DORIES**, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)



Rebecca, a simple & beautifully proportioned flat-bottomed rowing skiff. Easy to bld using glued ply lapstrake constr. 14'6"x 4', 120lbs. Study packet \$8, plans \$65. **THE ROWING COMPANY**, Bob Cramer, 3060 Lake Sarah Rd., Maple Plain, MN 55359, (612) 479-3094. (22P)

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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)

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)

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)

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)

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)

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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)

Practical Sailor, to rent or borrow issue which discusses the Catalina 27 sailboat, I think a '96 issue. Will pay all expenses incl postage both ways. (17) **BOB DAVIS**, 56 Brook Dr., Burlington, VT 05401.

Racine Boat Co. Catalogs. **TOM HELD**, Racine, WI, (414) 634-1272. (18)

Boats, Oars & Rowing, by R.D. Culler. *Messing About in Boats*, April 15, 1998 issue (out of publisher's stock). **JOHN MULLEN**, Dallas, TX, (214) 358-5670, email: mullen@connect.net (19)

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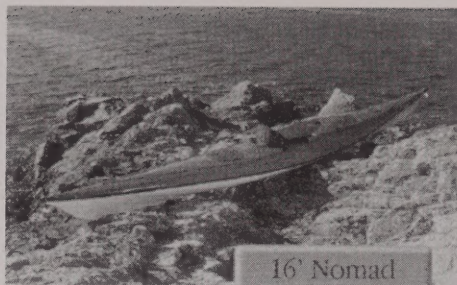
Peter Spectre had this to say about the show in 1990 (WB#95):

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