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Special Features This Issue
"Great Adirondack Guideboat Challenge"
"Requiem for a Skipper" - "Lark & Swallow"

messing about in BOATS

Volume 17 - Number 11

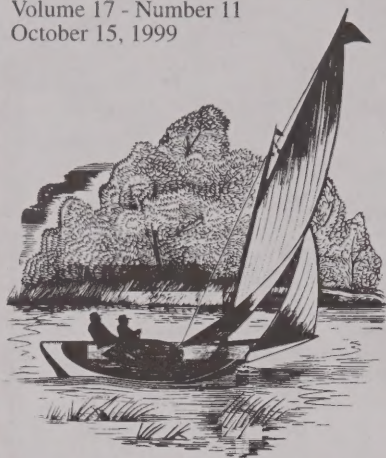
October 15, 1999



messing about in BOATS

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In Our Next Issue...

Larry Reynolds shares his African experiences with us in "Sail, Wood & Steam Thrive on Lake Victoria"; J.B. Wilson chronicles a "Cruise to Barnegat Bay, a Story of Three Sailors & One Hull"; and Steve Turi carries on with his "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut - 3".

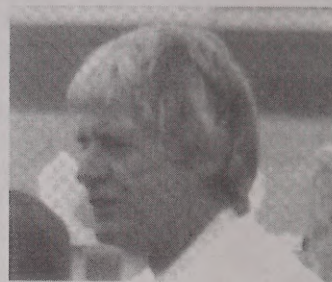
Hugh Horton introduces his latest "Solid Comfort Sailing Canoe"; I have some photos, comments and specs on "The Launching of the Steam Yacht *Quiet Presence*"; Norm Benedict discusses his ideas for "The Eureka Shantyboat"; and we take a look at "Vintage Model Yachting".

Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" series presents "A Small Dutch Type Yacht"; Phil Bolger & Friends continue with "Two Ocean Passagemakers - 2"; and Bill Foden suggest that "You Too Can Yuloh".

On the Cover...

"Will you gentlemen please be so kind as to align yourselves in a more orderly fashion so that we can start this race?" More on the "Great Adirondack Guideboat Challenge" in this issue.

Commentary...



Bob Hicks, Editor

Two of the feature articles in this issue are taken directly from the newsletters of two small craft groups that came into being in order to bring together like minded trailer sailers. People of like minds getting together for mutual enjoyment of their chosen sport in whatever format that appeals to them is commonplace, and so are newsletters that most soon undertake to publish for their membership to keep all informed of what is happening. The two I chose for feature treatment happen to concern those who own small sailboats that they trailer to various sailing locations to enjoy cruising in company with fellow owners.

Both also demonstrate how far such newsletters can develop in today's instant copy/printing environment. The *Shallow Water Sailor* for September, 1999 is a 12 pager, 6 full size sheets nicely printed on both sides with 11 color photos included. It was the 77th edition, and the byline featured on page one was "Founder: John Zohlen". John was a Dovekie owner who felt that others owning the Edey & Duff shallow water sailboats would like to keep in touch despite widespread geographical distribution. Peter Duff supported this "togetherness" by envisioning an annual cruise for all interested, a week or more spent together cruising in some interesting shallow water cruising area, entitled by Peter "Magnum Opus". It is the report of the 1999 Magnum Opus that I reprinted in this issue to give you some idea of what sort of things go on when a group of people from afar come to one place to spend a week together sailing their boats.

Of special interest also in this Issue #77 was the announcement that a video will be available following publication of the December issue which will include all 79 issues published since 1986. Within this will be 955 pages of *Shallow Water Sailor*, 53 pages of the *Edey & Duff Newsletter*, 26 pages of the *Dovekie Manual*, 17 pages of Peter Duff's evocative Dovekie advertisements (great ads), 19 pages of magazine articles related to Dovekies, 3 songs of the sea, 369 photos from *Shallow Water Sailor* and a 1999 special surprise.

Well, is this lot of information, or what? This is all from 14 years of volunteer publication of a newsletter! It takes some dedication for such volunteer effort to be sustained, without the financial imperative that drives commercial publications. It also says a lot about the devotion of the Dovekie (and larger Shearwater) owners to their craft and their sharing of their enjoyment in sailing them. There is

no requirement for participants to be Dovekie or Shearwater owners, but the other smallish shallow draft sailboats that do join in are orphans from their own makes without such owner/user groups.

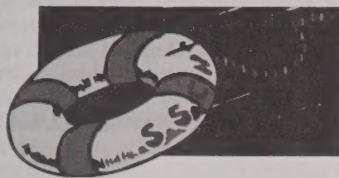
It is not clear whether this CD is available to non-subscribers of the *Shallow Water Sailor* but you can inquire if interested of Kenneth G. Murphy, 20931 Lochaven Ct., Gaithersburg, MD 20882. The quoted price to members is \$23.

Ron Hoddinott's *West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron Newsletter*, from which I lifted the second feature article on the topic, is up to its 8th issue as of March, perhaps there have been further since. So Ron's off to a good start, the three sample issues I received are four pagers, two full size sheets nicely printed with color photos also. While not directly tied to the Sea Pearl, these boats seem to predominate, in part due to the geographical proximity of the original designer builder, Ron Johnson. Ron Hoddinott's effort is localized to the Florida west coast, and he mentions a similar trailer sailor group on the east coast of Florida that was inspiration for him to call west coast trailer sailors together.

At one time a Sea Pearl newsletter entitled *A String of Pearls* was in existence but I haven't seen it in recent years. Certainly the Sea Pearl owners seem to display an enthusiasm and loyalty similar to that of the Dovekie folks.

Trailer sailors cruising together in similar boats seem to benefit from the fact that their boats are alike, or closely so. As in one-design racing, this evens out most of the variations in progress made by the group. While these folks cruise rather than race, keeping a small fleet of similar boats together for a weekend or a week is easier to achieve than would be so with a fleet of random types of boats with their attendant differences in sailing speed and maneuverability. With similar boats, the differences in progress pretty much develop from the sailing skills of the skippers.

I also have to admire the social ability of a number of people who meet only at certain gatherings to maintain cordial relations and their enthusiasm over long periods of time. Given time, all of us with our own little ways of doing things can collectively create growing tension and conflict, even over trifling matters. Reading these two particular newsletters illustrated to me that it is possible for such group activity to succeed socially as well as an exercise in sailing boats.



Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

A Most Unusual Patrol

"Regatta patrol," said the memo accompanying my orders. "Be on scene 0900 at Johnson's Marina to establish safety zone for handicapped water ski events."

That was the start of the longest (nine hours dock to dock), and the most rewarding, patrol I have done in a decade of Coast Guard Auxiliary service. It was a patrol that began with potential unpleasantness. The weather forecast, fortunately wrong, predicted a 50% chance of strong thunderstorms, and the 0630 radar picture on TV was not encouraging. Fortunately, we arrived a little ahead of schedule and were secured when the one thunderstorm of the day hit, with some wild lightning over the ocean to our east. Conditions got steadily better. There was a little misty rain in mid-morning, not enough to put on foul weather gear, and by lunchtime the sun was out.

I had no idea of the nature of this event, only that my boat, with Auxiliary 325, was to set up a safety zone on the Intra Coastal Waterway. My first clue was the special equipment being prepared. Of particular interest was a wider-than-usual water ski with a special seat and two smaller skis attached as wings to give a trimaran effect. On the dock it looked clumsy and useless. Later, when we saw it in use, we came to appreciate the skill of its construction.

Then the skiers began to arrive in specially equipped vans with wheelchair ramps. Most were paraplegics and two were amputees. With the skiers came the volunteers, all members of the Phoenix Rehabilitation Association whose president, Larry Cuba, explained the plan. "We will have a ski boat," he said, "and two chase boats. Your job is to slow ICW traffic and direct it to the east side of the channel."

The activities began with kayaking. It was low tide, so the process of getting wheelchairs down a slippery ramp and then getting the participants into the kayaks was not simple. Then the paddlers had to be wedged into the cockpits. Apparently, loss of the use of your legs means a significant loss of balance, but once properly wedged into the boats these young men, with their powerful arms, could really make tracks. Of course, each had a volunteer riding with him. The sponsoring association missed no opportunity for safety.

At 1000 the two Auxiliary boats moved into position, flashing red/yellow lights burning. There was a long pause. At that point we had no idea how difficult it was to get a disabled person aboard the special water ski. It was at least a half-hour before the first ride

began. Down the Intra Coastal came the ski tow boat, with a yelling-in-excitement disabled person hanging on to the tow rope. Directly in front of us, they made a wide 180-degree turn. On this first run the turn was made successfully, but in many of the later runs this was where problems developed. It was in these situations that we began to see the skill of the volunteers running the program.

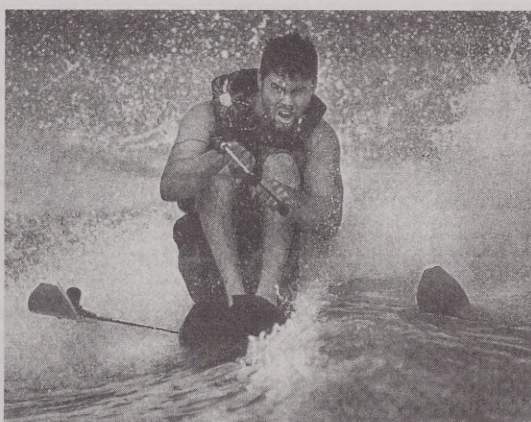
At the first sign of trouble, the crew of the tow boat released the line. As the skier tumbled over into the water, chase boats were along each side and, literally within seconds, rescue swimmers were in the water, first to reassure the skier that all was well, and then to get him set up once again to continue his ride, an operation that often took considerable time as not only was the skier partially helpless, but the "trimaran ski" was clumsy to turn. I was impressed not only by the promptness and the

skills of the rescue swimmers, but by their determination to give the skier a second, or third, or fourth chance. Clearly, they did not wish him to feel he was a failure. They were almost always successful!

Skier after skier had his run until we broke for lunch. Phoenix Rehabilitation Association had set up a tent and brought in an excellent caterer, and the Auxiliarists joined the crowd. I was struck by the gaiety and frequent laughter from those disabled persons who, clearly, did not have much to laugh about in their lives. I attribute this to the host of young volunteers who joined their guests and helped (unobtrusively) with plates and cups, in one case feeding a young man who could not feed himself, and their presence and willingness to accept and value these handicapped folk as real and vital human beings. It was at this point, as if to symbolize the good things that were happening, that the sun broke through the clouds giving, despite weather predictions, a very pleasant afternoon.

"Ready to go again?" asked Larry Cuba, and the Auxiliarists took up their stations, while the ski boat operator and crew and the skippers and swimmers of the chase boats started all over again, and continued until every handicapped person who wanted to do so had had his ride.

Auxiliary 551 was released from duty about 3:45 in the afternoon and started the hour-long trip home. I felt humbled to have shared, even in a very minor way, with those dedicated and highly skilled volunteers from the Phoenix Rehabilitation Association in giving a good day to those whose good days are surely few and far between.



Scott Downer of Shallotte crosses over a boat wake Friday on a sit ski on the Intra Coastal Waterway. Mr. Downer was enjoying his first try at water skiing at the third annual Adaptive Water Ski Clinic. Mr. Downer lost the use of his legs in a car accident when he was 17 years old. The event, held at Johnson's marina, featured water skiing, sea kayaking, and personal watercraft use.



Splishin' and a-splashin'

Darion Williams of Wilmington (front) and Mark Gaunt (back), a student volunteer from Eastern Carolina University, paddle a kayak Friday in the Intra Coastal Waterway. Mr. Williams, an amputee, also tried slalom water skiing at the clinic.

Staff photos
Mark Courtney

You write to us about...

Opinions...

Comments on: "Atlantic vs. Pacific Outrigger"

(By Richard Carsen in *Messing About In Boats*, Vol 17, No 5, July 15, 1999)

In Richard Carsen's writing about the Atlantic proa in the July 15th issue of *MAIB* (pg. 4) he concluded that "... the Atlantic outrigger seems to be reasonably safe for long distance singlehand trips." In earlier writing he referred to the success in the 1968 Observer singlehand Trans Atlantic Race (OSTAR) of *Cheers*, a significantly modified Atlantic proa designed by Richard Newick.

The significant modification was the addition of a safety sponson to the windward hull in order to ease the righting of the proa if taken aback by the wind and capsized. *Cheers* in her original form did not have a Safety Sponson. During the first lengthy shakedown cruise she was taken aback and capsized and could not be righted by the crew, even though the buoyant masts limited the capsize angle to 90 degrees. The safety sponson reduced the capsize angle and made *Cheers* almost self rescuing. It was added prior to the start of the OSTAR.

It would seem that present day proa designers anticipate the certainty of a capsize and incorporate means of reliable, quick recovery, such as the Newick safety sponson.

Walter Giger, Jr., Wethersfield, CT 06109

Comparative Dangers

I wanted to respond earlier to Ben Grudinkas' inflammatory letter in the July issue, but a month long cruise to the Bay of Fundy got in the way. Having sailed for 58 years from the Chesapeake to Nova Scotia, it is my observation that operational incompetence is probably pretty evenly distributed among sailors and powerboat folks. The big difference, however, is that a clueless sailor represents little threat to anyone but himself, while an unskilled motor boat operator (I could say "stink potter" to match Ben's calling sailors, "blow boys") represents a significant danger to the environment and every other living thing on or near the water.

At worst a sailboat, canoe or kayak cannot begin to measure up to the destruction and irritation inflicted by a clueless power boat operator. Ben picked almost a complete non-issue (dayhapes) to build his case upon. Then to compound his negativity he admitted to owning/operating a "Cigarette" type boat, which boaters of every ilk recognize as one of the most blatantly inefficient, environmentally unfriendly, excessively noisy and aesthetically offensive craft ever to hit the water!

Happy motoring Ben.

David Buckman, Gilford, NH

Storm Brewing?

It seems there is a storm brewing between the power boaters and sailors/kayakers/rowers in *MAIB*. In the September 1st issue, Brian,

Walt, and Tom all address Captain Ben's original letter regarding lights, shapes, and right-of-way

I read Tom Shaw's column every issue, and respect his experience. I have to take issue with his latest letter, though, because he cites the Federal Requirements For Recreational Boaters as a source requiring day shapes for [all] power-driven vessels (Tom did not qualify his statement).

I just checked the on-line version of FRFRB at <<http://www.uscgboating.org/fedreq/page2228htm#shapesnlights>> and found that dayshapes for anchoring are often not required for vessels under 7 meters, and dayshapes for sailing vessels operating under power are not required for vessels under 12 meters in Inland Waters. Also, if a vessel considers itself restricted in maneuverability, it must display the appropriate dayshape or light (I found no exemption for length).

So, Captain Ben should probably reread the rules regarding small vessels, and display the appropriate dayshapes or lights if he considers himself restricted in maneuverability. It also appears that few of us in *MAIB* land (in our small boats) need to worry about displaying dayshapes for "steaming", perhaps only looking for them on other, bigger boats (where we usually apply the "law of gross tonnage" regardless). We all oughtta chill out and use the common courtesy we always employ on the water...

John R. Weiss, Lake Forest Park, WA

Random Thoughts...

Readers Salzano's and Donaldson's experiences with anti-social boaters can be expanded upon. The matter of buzzing another boat is, in legal language, "assault with a deadly weapon". A friend rowing in the early morning hours was harassed by a speedboat. He stopped this by trailing a length of rope hardly visible beneath the surface. After the speedboat got stopped with a thoroughly jammed propeller, its operator got the idea.

Here in our California busy anchorages, a few people will set only one anchor and swing all over the place. A friend stands ready to fend off, with a boathook. One slot between an outlying rock and outer moorings, a favorite place for ski boats to come booming through, is now kept well littered with empty refreshment cans to discourage the annoyers. Perhaps readers might suggest further methods for self-protection, short of causing injuries, against the disruptive population.

In retrospect, the night I spent with my boat tied to a snag in the river on my ca 1970 rowing trip, published in the August 15th issue, had technical potential. If a shaft and prop like the old taffrail log had been hooked to a small generator, a battery might have been charged.

I stay interested with Waites' fiberglass sheathing. Wrote the Bolgers that I felt their

larger plywood designs of plywood get questionable, suggesting consideration to get into steel. Also suggested to think of an embryonic plywood boat hull, sheathed with 2,4,6, layers of matt/roving (never cloth). I see the best of two worlds.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

Traditional Not Necessarily Beautiful

You must know that when you try to define something as "good" or "bad" or "beautiful" or "ugly" ("Commentary", August 1 issue) that you are bound to start a controversy. I realize that you could never be accused of wanting to do that, but I have to disagree with the basic premise you seem to put forth, traditional boats are beautiful and new boats are ugly. I prefer the old sayings, "beauty is in the eye of the beholder" and "form follows function" when talking about boat design.

Olin Stephens was at the symposium and I am reminded of a small book, in which he wrote the foreword, *Sailing Yacht Design* by Robert G. Henry and Capt. Richards T. Miller. This book tried to strike a balance in yacht design between art and science, but much of the discussion centered around esthetics. The authors state that, "handsome is as handsome does", and the "acceptability of the commonplace" are factors in the establishment of esthetic standards but "there are basic principles...which are changeless with time".

I submit that just because it is old or traditional doesn't make it beautiful, and vice versa!

Roy L. Terwilliger, Harwichport, MA

Projects...

Decided to Get Ambitious

I decided to get ambitious so here is a photo of an 11' Westport Skiff I knocked together, a design preserved by Bob Baker. The original was smooth-sided and built with solid lumber. I put this one together lapstrake fashion with 1/4" ply sides and a double bottom sandwich of 1/4" ply and 1" foam insulation board.

Robert W. Tabb, Lockport, NY



16' Sharpie Project

Recently my spare time has been devoted to building a 16' sharpie of my own design inspired by Reuel B. Parker's *The Sharpie Book*, and a lot of spare lumber taking up space in the garage. I'm planning to try out a rotating mast for reefing the sprit sail. I'll also be experimenting with that tubular plywood advertised in *MAIB* (Brand New). I have high expectations for my design but I won't really know much until I get the boat wet for the first

Dave Gray, Fishers, IN

Backyard Boating

For this story, a little chronology is helpful. First, my daughter Becky had a daughter, Ashley. Then my other daughter Chrissy, and her husband bought a house with a fairly large pool in the back yard. Or maybe they bought a pool with a house in the front yard..

At any rate, as soon as this old salt of a grandpa saw that pool, I started working on a boat for Ashley. Had to be big enough to hold her, and small enough to use in the pool. I settled on a barge type vessel 42" long and 18" beam. Last summer, a one year old Ashley had fun being pushed around the pool in her barge. Of course, I knew that come the summer of '99, she'd be a two year old, and pushing her around the pool would no longer do.

After much thought about adding a sail or a motor, I settled on a simple pair of oars. The photos pretty much tell the rest. By the time you read this, I expect she'll be rowing like a pro. Meanwhile, over the winter, Chrissy gave Captain Ashley a First Mate. Ryan was 6 months at the time of the photos, following in his older cousin's wake.

What was once just Chrissy's pool is now the Rahway Avenue Yacht Club, and grandpa is back to the drawing board. Next year we'll need something just a little bit bigger.

John S. Smith, Rahway, NJ

PS: For those who noticed lack of life jacket, two adults are always within arms' reach. After all, we're kind of fond of our little yachtsmen (yachtspersons?).

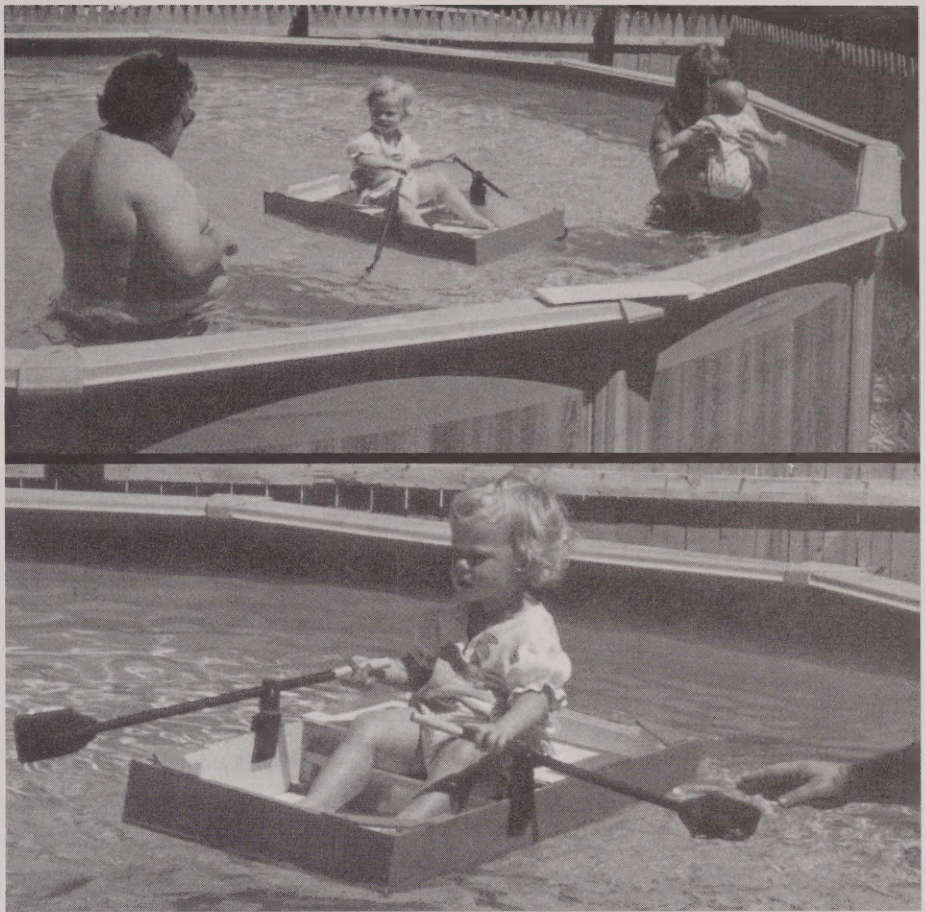


Daisy, Daisy...

Here is a picture of a boat that I constructed, a 12'8" Daisy, which appeared in September 1995 *WoodenBoat*, designed by Harry Bryant. Plans called for plank on frame construction, but since I wanted a lightweight boat, construction was modified. Plywood molds were set up on a 4"x8" beam and 1/4" okoume plywood floor and lap strakes were bent and epoxied to each other. The keel is two layers of 1/2" ply epoxied together as were the stem and transom. The only solid wood used was for thwarts and outall which are cedar from Home Depot.

As shown the boat weighs 92lbs. This boat rows like a dream and motors along fine with a 2hp Honda motor as long as you sit in the center. Construction took approximately two months while working full time. Next step is to add centerboard, rudder and sail

John Longbottom, Haddonfield NJ

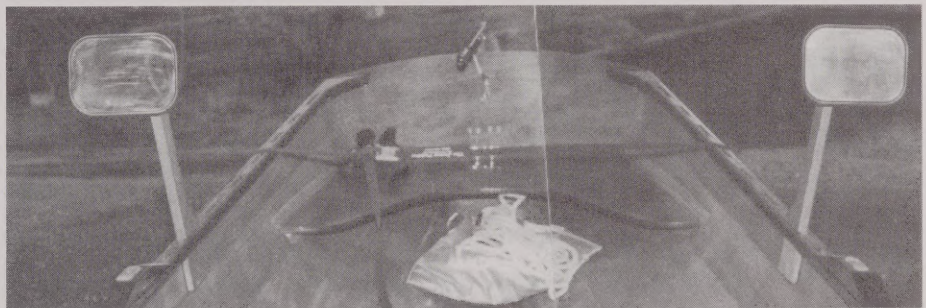


Rear View Mirrors

I recently built one of Pygmy's 14' Wine-glass Wherries from their kit. It turned out beautiful and fast. I found on rowing that my need to wear glasses prevented me from glanc-

ing over my shoulder to see ahead, interrupting my rhythm, so I copied automotive practice with this pair of rear view mirrors which work just fine.

Bernie Godbolt, West Creek, NY



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The Great Adirondack Guideboat Challenge II

By Chuck Raynor

"You guys down on the coast can have all the challenge races you want but until you've raced against a Guideboat you don't know what fast is. Don't you know a famous

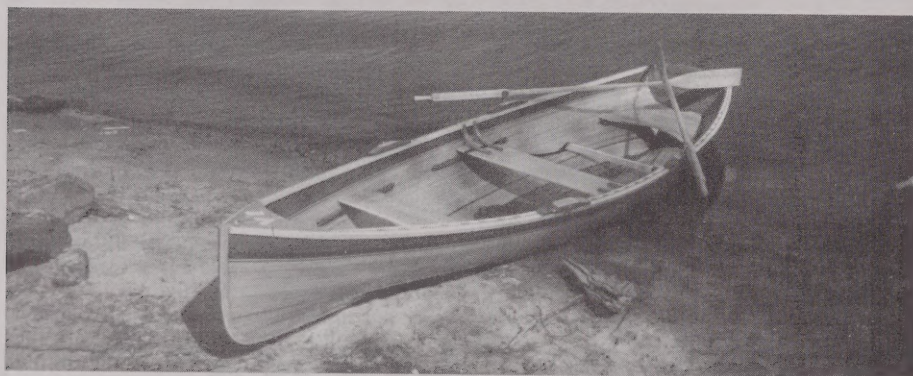
person once said that the guideboat is the fastest fixed seat rowing boat in the world?"

These words were probably never spoken because the folks around The Adirondack



Adirondack Guideboat built by Steve Kaulback in 1997, composite construction (read Kevlar). Painted traditionally, "I don't build no gold colored boats."

Rangeley Lakes Boat strip built by Newfound Woodworks in 1998.



Museum are too polite for that, but they were kind of implied when people from other areas were invited to The Great Adirondack Guideboat Challenge I in 1998. You know what kind of boat won last year? A Saint Lawrence River Skiff!

Now we have to admit this wasn't a skiff that someone only casually familiar with skiffs might have thought was a skiff. It was built over in Alstead, New Hampshire by Keith Quarrier and it was cold molded so it had no ribs and was quite a bit lighter than a traditional skiff. Although the lines were taken off of an original skiff, it was one with unusually fine lines that was meant to go fast. But there you have it, the Guideboat didn't win.

So this year following The No Octane Regatta put on by The Adirondack Museum on Blue Mountain Lake, The Great Adirondack Guideboat Challenge II was held. The Challenge was designed by David Stookey, who masterminded the Oarmaster Trials, a rowing race now in its tenth year. These trials provide an opportunity for rowers to experience the difference in speed, handling, and comfort of boats of various designs.

Each participant rows on a short course (5 to 6 minutes) moving to a different boat for each race. There were seven boats and seven oarsmen so by the seventh race each boat had been rowed by each racer. The rower with the

The Winnah! Paul Neil, the fastest rower of the day, holds the oar he broke in the first race.



Results - The Boats

Boat	Length	Beam	Weight	Builder	Year	Owner	Time
1 - Adirondack Guideboat	18'	39"	90	Parsons & Roberts, Old Forge, NY	1905	Randy Blakeman	32:52
2 - St. Lawrence Skiff	17'	42"	145	Phillip Gillesse, Kingston, ON	1998	Antique Boat Mus	32:58
3 - St. Lawrence Skiff	18'	45"	160	Antique, Builder Unknown		Antique Boat Mus	34:07
4 - Adirondack Guideboat	15'	38.5"	63	Steve Kaulback, Charlotte, VT	1997	Steve Kaulback	34:13*
5 - Adirondack Guideboat	15' 11"	39"	70	Steve Kaulback, Charlotte, VT	1997	Paul Neil	34:36**
6 - Rushton Model 109	14'	39"	90	Dan Sutherland, Hammondspport, NY	1985	Dan Sutherland	35:05
7 - Rangeley Lake Boat	15'	46"	95	Newfound Boatworks, Bristol, NH	1998	Newfound Btwks	35:12**

* Kevlar **Strip Built

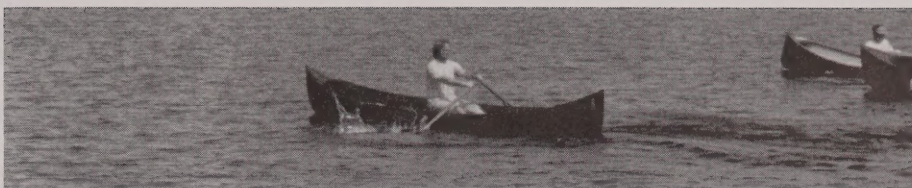
lowest accumulated time (from all seven races) is the winner. The boat with the lowest time is the winning boat (see the results charts). Due to time constraints, this is an invitational race.

Yippee! This year the home team won. The winning boat was a 1905 Parsons and Roberts Guideboat. It should be noted that this boat, at 18', was somewhat longer than a typical guideboat. The old codgers looked at each other knowingly. Yeah, last years winner was 18' long too. It seems even in relatively light boats like these, the longest boats are the fastest boats.

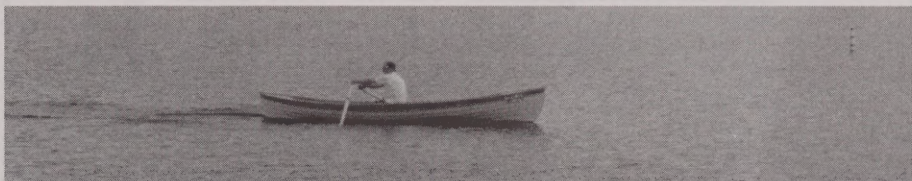
There was drama in the determination of which rower set the fastest time. This year's winner was defending champion, Paul Neil of Spring Valley, New York. In the first race, while rounding the far turning mark, Paul broke an oar! He paddled to the finish line with the other oar. By consensus of the rowers he was given a heat time of ten seconds added to the next slowest finisher's time. Despite this tremendous handicap, Paul rowed so fast in the remaining six races that his overall time was lowest.

Paul owns a guideboat. Guideboat racers, when they really want to move fast, take a lot of short choppy strokes. When Paul was sprinting toward the finish of one of the last heats, I held my digital watch out so I could sight over it to Paul's oars. His oar tips were hitting the water once a second!

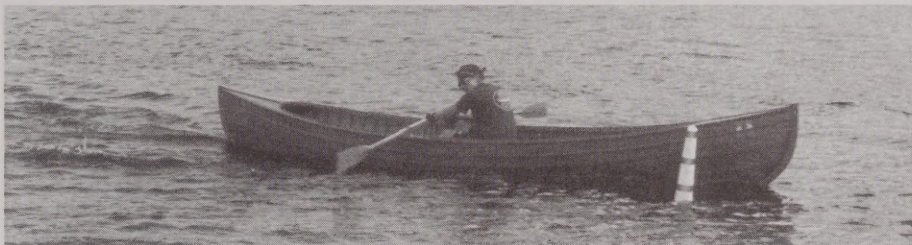
Ed McCabe, Director of the Hull (Massachusetts) Lifesaving Museum's boating programs, officiated. He put tape numbers on each boat in Roman numerals! When I kidded him about it he said, "All those years in Latin School you know. "His penetrating voice at the starts and take charge manner kept things moving. Time keepers were Martha Schiffhauer, Cynde Culwell and Whitey Thayer.



Rueben Smith pulling hard in the winning Parsons & Roberts Guideboat.



The Phillip Gillesse St. Lawrence River Skiff rowed by Randy Blakeman.



Antique St. Lawrence River Skiff, Mike Cushing at the oars.



Bob Spoor giving it a strong finish in Paul Neil's strip built guideboat built by Steve Kaulback in 1997.

Results - The Rowers

1 - Neil	32:43
2 - Blakeman	32:52
3 - Spoor	33:35
4 - Smith	33:59
5 - Powers	34:09
6 - Cushing	35:52
7 - Turner	36:03



Mike Cushing in the Rushton finishing a heat.

The rowers, left to right: Mike Cushing, Bob Powers, Bob Spoor, Paul Neil, Randy Blakeman, and Rueben Smith. Aaron Turner not pictured.





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Some Background On the West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron

Back in 1992, Bob Wood and I took his Mud Hen 17' sailboat to Maine by camper and trailer. Along the way we sailed in several lakes and bays, and on the way home we took in the Tall Ships as they returned to Boston Harbor to celebrate the 500th Anniversary of Columbus' discovery of the new world. That we could do so much with such a small boat made a profound impact on me. I had been a large boat sailor for some 20 years at the time. Being able to combine camping and sailing seemed like a wonderful way to see parts of the country and the coastline that I'd never have time to see by water alone.

It took me several more years of yachting and small boat sailing to determine which one I wanted to do the most. Small boats won the battle for my heart. They offer so much more than the larger in-the-water-always type of sailboat.

The ability to sail at different destinations each weekend and scan the atlas for different cruising destinations for longer trips really opened up the world of sailing for me. And living in Florida, having extreme shallow draft has meant that I don't have to worry about staying in the channels. Sailing outside of the shipping lanes on the intracoastal means a smoother and less congested voyage. Sailing past wading trout fishermen as they stare in amazement has become a favorite pastime for me.

The Sea Pearl 21 is my vessel of choice. It is easy to launch and retrieve by myself, and can be rigged, in the water and sailing seven minutes after arriving at the

launch site. Others may make different selections of shallow draft vessels. They are all welcome in the WCTSS.

Which brings me to the founding of the WCTSS. After sailing with Bob Wood for a few years in small boats I began to wonder why I didn't see many others doing the same. I knew there were a lot of small shallow draft boats out there. Where were they all? When I bought my Sea Pearl, I thought that I could join an organization and sail with other like minded people. But the organization was defunct. No one was out there organizing such a group.

While attending the 1998 Cedar Key Small Boat Messabout in May, I met Steve Anderson. He started a similar organization on the east coast of Florida. It's called the Halifax Trailer Sailors. They have about 20 members, and Steve publishes a newsletter, and announces the sailing dates. Several members of this club made it to the gathering at Cedar Key. The seeds for our group were planted that weekend.

Sailing alone has its rewards, and no one doubts that. But it's also fun to get together to share ideas and sailing lore with other sailors who share the same philosophy, going light and small, but going. It's painfully obvious to most of us, when we look at the scores of large keel boats languishing in marinas, that the size of one's vessel is inversely proportional to the amount to time it spends sailing.

To learn more about our West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, call me, Ron Hoddinott at (727) 391-7927.

Lake Harris Rendezvous

(A Typical Cruise Report)

From the *West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron Newsletter*,
Largo, Florida February 24th,
1999 - Seventh Issue

By Ron Hoddinott

On February 21st the WCTSS made a trip to Lake Harris, just northwest of Orlando. Although the weather forecasters were predicting a coolish, windy weekend, it wasn't anything like the week before when we cancelled our Cockroach Bay outing due to 20 to 30 knot winds and 40 degree temperatures.

I made the trip solo, not knowing who was planning to attend. Bob Wood had returned to Maine to work on his house, and Steve Morrill called saying that he didn't trust the weather.

As it turned out, we still had a respectable contingent of Sailing Squadron members at the event. Paul Waggoner and Dodie, with their Sea Pearl Tri, *Wag's Folly*, John Simmons with his Sea Pearl Tri, *Sand Dollars*, Jim Manning, and daughter Katie, brought their Sea Pearl, and I brought *Whisper*.

The Halifax Trailer sailors made the trip as well. Steve Anderson brought his lug rigged Pearl, Bob and Carol Boyd brought their Pocket Cat 18, Andy Roos brought his Pearl, Dana Decker brought his sloop rigged Sea Pearl, hull number one, and Bob and Diane Cauble brought their Mariner 19.

By 11am we were all launched and sailing on the lake. The Tris had a head start and took off on a close reach across the lake. The wind was 10-15kts out of the northwest. The lake was a bit choppy, but the sailing was fantastic. The sun was making the tops of the waves sparkle as we made our way past the south shore lined with ages old cypress trees. The hills behind the shoreline were orange groves, occasionally marked by a stately mansion or housing development.

Tacking about, we headed back to pick up the late comers. At one point we were all sailing around together, taking pictures, and enjoying each other's vessels. We decided to beat upwind to the still water behind Long Island, on the east side of the lake. The wind was perfect for a thrash to windward with full sail.

Using my new hiking stick and sitting up on the rail, I kept *Whisper* footing along with rail down all the way up the lake to round the northern tip of Long Island. Once in the lee of the island, we dropped anchor and took a short break for lunch. Paul and John in the Sea Pearl Tris had already enjoyed lunch on the fly, but they sailed around us for a while, enjoying the companionship of the moment.

John Simmons in *Sand Dollars*.



After lunch, Mike Roberts, who had come along with Dana, decided to sail with me for a while. Mike owns Sea Pearl #70, *Solar Too*, which is currently upside down, having the bottom worked on. The after-lunch-plan was to sail over to Leesburg on the west side of the lake. The wind was cooperating at first, and we made it about half-way across the lake.

Then the wind went light, and finally died. Most of the fleet headed for the ramp, as it was getting late, while three of us headed for Little Joe's for an evening repast. With the wind gone, I depended on my electric trolling motor to take me the two miles or so to the dock at Little Joe's. The other two boats had their gas outboards, so I was soon alone, making my way slowly northeastward.

After a brief encounter with an overhanging limb, I got *Whisper* tied up at Little Joe's. The party was in full swing. Several of the group had driven over after putting their boats on their trailers. Steve Anderson had a scale model of the Bolger Martha Jane that he's currently building. He has the hull constructed, and is ready to put another layer of bottom on. At the rate he's going, the MJ may be ready before the year is out. Orders were taken, food was enjoyed, a few brews were downed, and a waitress spilled coffee all over my sweatshirt. About par for Little Joe's, I guess.

We stayed so late, that by the time we were ready to depart, it was quite dark out. I hadn't planned to be sailing after dark, and hadn't brought the plug-in running lights. I put on a foul weather jacket, found my flashlight, and motored my way south behind Long Island to the agreed upon anchorage. Only Bob and Carol with their Pocket Cat and I were anchoring out. They went on ahead, and helped Bob and Diane Cauble find the ramp. Meanwhile I threaded my way through what seemed like a hundred fishermen, who were all anchored with lights blazing and generators roaring in the midst of a crappie tournament.

Finding a good anchorage didn't seem too hard, but in the dark it was difficult to determine just how far offshore I was. To make it worse, the wind was picking up out of the west, making it colder. The first place I selected turned out to be a lee shore, too choppy, and too close to the reedy shoreline. Bob came back and suggested a spot just around the bend which was much calmer. We both anchored and turned in. I couldn't wait to get into my warm sleeping bag. We passed an uneventful night. I always sleep well with my 11 pound Bruce anchor down attached to 12' of heavy chain.

Sunday morning dawned damp and breezy. There was little hope of the sun breaking through the cloud cover. After a breakfast of oatmeal and a hard boiled egg, we sailed out into the lake to get in one last sail before departure. The wind was stronger than the day before, and *Whisper* was bowling along ahead of the Boyd's catamaran, on the edge of being overpowered with full sail.

Then it started to rain. Despite the weatherman's best fair sky forecast, it was raining. I hove-to, to put on my foul weather gear, and then decided that I didn't enjoy sailing in a cold rain as much as I thought. We headed back to Hickory Point. The rain lightened up on the way back, but it was time to go. We got our boats loaded and were on the road a little after noon. Another great weekend.



Jim and Katie Manning.



Steve Anderson and family.

Dana Decker in Sea Pearl #1 (sloop rigged).



Magnum Opus '99 The North Channel

(A Typical Cruise Report)

From *The Shallow Water Sailor*,
Number 77, September 1999

By Sandy Lommen

The North Channel of Lake Huron has been a must-see since I first heard about it 15 years ago. We finally got there, and it was better than any fantasy could have made it. A 15 hour drive for us, and we were the closest ones.

Lake Huron runs largely north and south; the most northerly part of the lake was our destination. There, Manitoulin Island forms an east-west barrier, creating a fascinating strip of water for both deep-draft and shallow-water vessels. Any trees that grow on these dirt-starved islands all point downwind, so constant is the prevailing westerly wind. But what I had forgotten from previous visits to northern Ontario is the stunning beauty of the rocks! They dominate the landscape. They are bald, glacier-rounded, and come in many colors: White (quartz), red and pink (granite), and black, and more. Makes me hunger for a geology course.

Eight boats holding 22 people gathered at Little Current, Ontario on July 25:

Shearwaters: *Rosemary* with Nick Scheuer, his children Ellen, Laura, Dave, and grandchildren Gabby and Robby; *Ardea* with Harry and Alice Mote; *Blue Heron* with Mary, Dean and Damon.

The Shallow Water Sailor

"A simple boat, a bit of thin water, some sedge and willow, a blackbird's song, and a friend or two."

Peter Duff, designer (with Phil Bolger) and builder for many years of the Dovekie and Shearwater shallow water trailer cruiser boats at his Edey & Duff yard in S. Dartmouth, Massachusetts, undertook to organize group cruises for owners of his boats, and one came to be the annual big one, the "Magnum Opus".

One Dovekie owner, John Zohlen from Maryland was inspired to start a newsletter chronicling the exploits and adventures of Dovekie (and later Shearwater) owners and launched *The Shallow Water Sailor*. Today John has retired from this self imposed task but his creation carries on, edited by Kenneth G. Murphy.

The September, 1999 issue chronicles the "Magnum Opus 99" cruise, an appropriate example of the sort of activities and adventures these shallow water sailors enjoy together.

To learn more about *The Shallow Water Sailor*, write to Kenneth G. Murphy, 20931 Lochaven Ct., Gaithersburg, MD 20882.

MacGregor 26s: *Time Enough* with Bob Ahlers and Carol Moseley; *The Boat* with Ruth and Alan Penticoff.

Dovekies: *Sundowner* with Guenter Arlt; *Puddleduck* with Mary, Ed, Abbie and Tyler McGuire; *Waterbed* with Leo and Sandy Lommen.

Nick Scheuer found us a dandy launch ramp, with all the requirements: good, cheap, secure parking for two weeks, docking space in such shallow water that they didn't charge us, clean bathrooms, and a \$3 fee to cover both launching and retrieving. With the North Channel running east and west and the winds mostly out of the west or southwest, you can tell that we did lots of downwind sailing and lots of tacking. The first week we went east. The protected anchorages were plentiful and the scenery just got better and better. Some islands were mostly woods. Others were mostly rocks. The water in all the Great Lakes this year is low so there were more rocks than usual. The biggest advantage for us shallow-water types is that when the chart said that a rock was awash, it was quite visible.

The second day out we sailed down a 9-mile long fiord of white granite with courageous pine trees growing impossibly out of the occasional crack. At the end of this fiord is a pool that could easily hold our fleet and more. We spread out and enjoyed our second campfire in as many days. We were to have only one more fire, the next day, and then conditions didn't allow. But Fred Peckham seems to have passed on his campfire ritual to Tyler McGuire. It's such a beautifully peaceful way to close a day.

Day three was the first of many all-day tacking jobs. All we could manage was to undo half of the downwind sail of the day before. The first week the running and tacking was broken up more than the second. Frequently we would tack to get out of our anchorage and out around some big island we were at and then take off down another lovely channel to an intriguing town and/or anchorage.

The next day we would have to undo the downwind stuff, round an always-interesting point and be off on a reach to the next agreed destination. One day the tacking back out of the channel was very pleasant, when the winds were a bit lighter than usual.

And there always has to be a Hole-in-the-Wall. This hole only allowed one-way passage because the wind was whipping past the southern opening, making it too dangerous to come out into the wicked chop off the point. Some tacking took all the skills of Leo, me and our other crew, Ellen, to maneuver through some tiny passages directly into the wind. But we had to. Everyone else was ahead of us, so we couldn't catch a tow. And the wind was too strong to row.

The second week's tacking was very different. The geography was different, too. Instead of the groups of islands with narrow channels that are characteristic of the east half of the North Channel, the water to the west of Little Current is open and broad. Wind is constant and has quite a fetch to it. By the early afternoon there is a chop sufficient to occasionally stop a Dovekie dead in the water. With a reef, the progress is nearly nonexistent. So our destination for early the second week took two days to get to, and they were long, bouncy days. But the goal was worth every bump and bruise.

The Benjamin Islands are the most unusual landform I have ever seen, huge pink granite piles. Sometimes all that you see is one huge, high rock! A few pine trees have managed to find purchase. But it is stark and stunning. We all stayed put the next day. It was so obvious that we weren't going to sail that day, it was never discussed. We hiked and slept and talked and swam.

We met some interesting sailors. We met some generous and loving Canadians. One church group had just finished a service and invited us to use their facilities while they all went off to somewhere else. They left their church hall open to us. It's never locked anyway. We were invited back the next day for sailboat races around their island. We had to decline the race.

At the halfway mark we all met back at the Spider Bay Marina, said goodbye to the McGuires, all of Nick's kids and grandkids, the Penticoffs and to Guenter. We greeted Nick's new crew, Peggy, and hung around Little Current to recover from over 80 miles of sailing! The town was having a big party called "The Haweaters Festival", complete with street entertainment, boat parade, fireworks and hawberry delicacies. (hawberries are the fruit of the hawthorn tree and a hawberry ice cream cone could pass for raspberry or strawberry.)

This cruise seemed to have more wild animals and birds than most of the others. We heard loons every night, always a joy. There were great blue herons and ravens and a bald eagle, besides the usuals that Alice and Harry are best at describing. For creatures, we saw several snakes but no rattlers. We saw two bull moose one morning. Mary saw a fisher cat. And we saw beaver and muskrats and signs of raccoons. And one awesome visitor.

Our usual nighttime anchoring style is to find some rushes or muddy spot on the shore and pull the boat in so it's soft aground. Just to sleep better I throw out an anchor into the mud. Usually the rode is all bunched up exactly where I put it the night before. One lovely night on Jumbo Island we did just that and fell snugly off to sleep.

The adrenalin rush came at one minute to midnight. The rumbling center hatch woke us in an instant. Leo, remembering ducks-on-deck in the Chesapeake (but ducks don't fly at night), pounded on the overhead to stop the racket. Silence. Now the forward hatch came under attack. With a quick move, the port hatch cover was lifted up in the air as far as the shock cord would allow and then snapped loudly back to the deck.

With that, Leo beamed a spot light and we saw the front hatch lying crooked and open. Leo quietly adjusted it back into place, turned the light off again, and we waited. Nothing. No critter scrambling on the deck, nothing wading in the water. No noise whatsoever. It was a complete puzzle. It actually seemed impossible that there was no other hint of what had just happened.

After 15 long minutes, Leo shone a light onto the deck and we saw a big muddy swath across the starboard hatch cover. But we could see nothing outside the boat to give us a clue. We lay back down, very still I might add. After 45 more minutes of shallow breathing, we felt we could talk. It seemed unlikely to have been a person because we would have heard something else. But it had to be something with hands or good working paws, we thought, like

a raccoon. And maybe it just leaped off the boat silently. Maybe. But eventually we went back to sleep, satisfied that the event was over.

The next morning as we were about to set sail, I noticed from standing in the bow that the port hatch cover's plywood was not in its usual fine shape. There in the corner was a stab mark on the upper surface and a big gouge on the side. No raccoon has teeth that will make that impression. Guenter was nearby in his lovely Klepper kayak and we eagerly told him the night's story. He's had a lot of experience camping with bears and assured us that they can move about very quietly. He has no doubt that we had a bear visit. When we told him about the fried bacon that we were

snacking on at 10 o'clock that night, that really clinched it. Vet Bob Ahlers checked out the teeth marks, and Moby Nick said to never fill them in!

My favorite sailing day was the second to the last day, when Dean suggested a destination that would have come from Peter Duff, if he had been there: Find the little creek on the north shore and follow it up to the original site of Fort LaCloche. This was a good challenge that used the shallow water boats to their best advantage, not to mention the resourcefulness of the crews of the three boats remaining. We found it! We had a very private anchorage by the waterfall and a lovely hike following the creek upstream to a beautiful, se-

cluded lake. What a great conclusion!

Having sailed 60 miles the second week, the cruise's total mileage (not figuring for the tacking) was 140 miles. This covered the most ground of any cruise I've been on. Still there is much more to see. The next time we sail the North Channel, we would like to put in at the far west (locals suggested Blind River) and take out at the eastern end, like Little Current or Killarney. Another possibility is to launch in the island-spattered McGregor Bay and just concentrate for the two weeks on the many spots there. Whatever we decide, it is comforting to think about swimming again in the pure warm water and climbing up onto the warm, welcoming rocks to dry off in the sun. We'll be back.

Remembering

By Joanne S. Scott

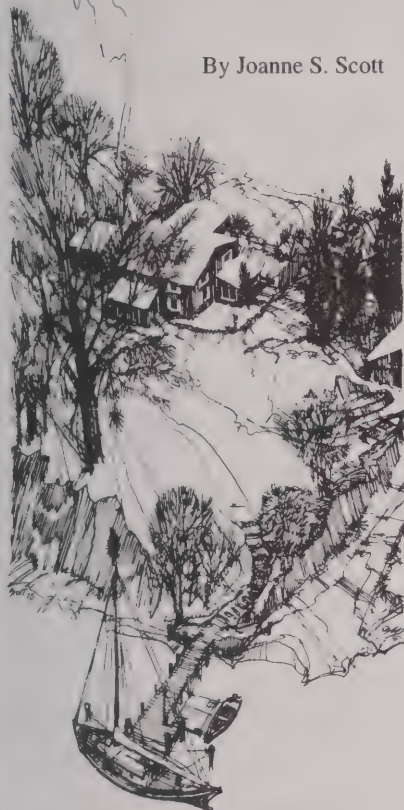


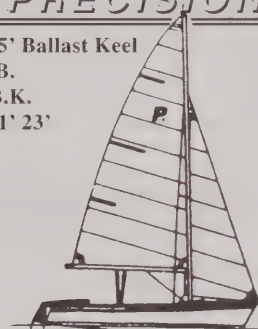
Illustration by
David Scott

Dory

Twenty feet in length,
Double-ended, painted white.
We found her in Swampscott, Mass.
Brought her home to Maryland,
Down to Mill Creek.
Never did name her.
She was used for everything:
Hauling wood, crabbing, picnics,
Teaching our son to row.
We put a well in her for an outboard.
Made her faster, more useful.
Towed her behind the skipjack.
Even made a pusher boat out of her.
Winters we would haul her up the bank
Under an old loblolly pine.
Kept saying... you know,
Really should cut that pine down.
In the fall, a hurricane blew through.
Down came that pine.
Split the stem.
Cracked those planks.
Winter was spent repairing the bow.
She lasted for the rest of our seasons.
When I moved away
After David died,
My son reminded me
That he had to burn her.

PRECISION

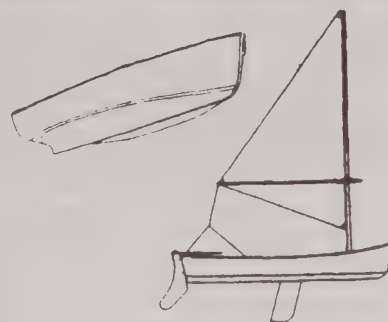
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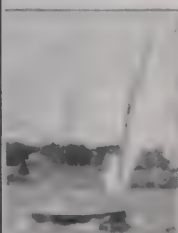
Construction

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SA - 100sf
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LOA 18' 0"
Beam - 5'6"
SA - 145sf
LWL - 16'
Draft 0'8"

The day had finally arrived: Sept. 4, 1993. The Skipper came to our house in Echo Bay, New Rochelle NY on the evening before departure, and we loaded our food and gear into *Yemanja*, my 27' Bristol sloop, in preparation for tomorrow's departure for the Eastern Shore of Virginia. He was dragging along his familiar Army OD barracks bag stuffed with clothing, boots, books, rain gear, and lots of pipe tobacco and extra pipes.

My customary comment was, "we're only going to be gone for a few days, you've got enough junk in there to sink the *Queen Mary*." We had been, in the past, on many canoe, sailing, and motoring trips up and down the Hudson River where we were raised, and I was by now as used to the "big green bag" as he was to hearing my comments, but they were said anyway.

My wife and I had purchased property in Cape Charles, Virginia, built a house, and I was moving our various things south to the new area while she continued to work at her job. I was 62 years old and my brother Joe, the Skipper, was 65. We had grown up as youngsters often do who are separated by three years of age, not knowing each other until later in life. We were never what you would call close, but we were there for each other when needed.

Our lives were as different as our marriages: He spent his whole life with the same woman, working for the same company, taking the same train to the same office for over thirty five years, whereas I was on my third marriage and had worked in many different industries all over the country, changing careers like some people change clothing. When we did get together though we had a lot of good times.

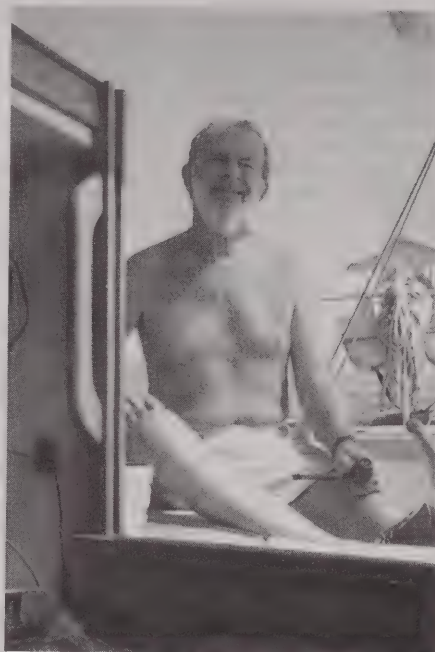
The Skipper had logged better than 20,000 miles of "blue water" while crewing for some of his friends, and I was pleased to have him along with me. He was not very handy at repairing things and his knowledge of engines was non-existent, but he knew the sea and sailing, and when the weather was foul would don his "foulies", as he called them, and stand his watch without a grumble, the omnipresent pipe stuck in his mouth. I on the other hand have always been able to repair anything that I could get my hands on, but having no patience for bad weather would curse and carry on as if it was directed at me personally, a trait I still carry. He was also the better sailor, and I could always count on learning something from him.

The day we left, Sept. 5, was clear and warm, and the weather man had promised at least five days of favorable winds for our trip south. There was no hint of hurricanes in the offing and we figured that if we could do as little as 60 miles per day we should make Virginia in five to six days. Unfortunately the promised northwest wind did not happen, and we motored down Long Island Sound to the East River, past Hell's Gate to lower Manhattan, and anchored off of Sandy Hook, New Jersey for the first night.

The first day of any cruise is always one of finding a place to put things so that you aren't falling all over them and of tuning yourself to the feel and sounds of the ship, even though you have been on it for many years, as well as shuffling through charts and books to get a feel of where you are going. We had decided before leaving that we would go off shore from Sandy Hook to Atlantic City, then

Requiem For a Skipper

By David Naar



take the intra-coastal to Cape May and the Delaware Bay, go through the C&D Canal, and then south through the Chesapeake Bay to Davis Wharf on Occoanock Creek.

We got to Atlantic City in good time with a nice 10 knot offshore breeze, fueled up, picked up more ice, and left via the intra-coastal heading south. At the first bridge we came to, which was luckily in only a few miles, we were told by the bridge attendant that there was another fixed bridge ahead which we could not get under with our 37' mast, and that if we hoped to complete the trip we would have to go off shore. So back again we went to the Atlantic.

I of course was cursing my book of charts, which I had purchased just for this trip, and had gone over with a fine tooth comb making sure that I had noted all of the bridges. Alas after going over the charts yet a third time I found the offending bridge. By then we were well offshore and were motoring south since the wind had dropped to about 5 knots. Joe was at the helm and suggested that I rest up and he would take it until 1:00, so I went below and slept to the growl of the engine.

Around midnight I awoke and went above deck to see how he was doing. It was pretty dark, no moon to speak of and a long way off we could see a glow of lights on land. I went up to the forward stay and watched with pleasure the water passing under the bow of my boat. As I turned to go back aft I caught site of a green light rapidly closing towards us. "Joe," I hollered "go left." We were on a collision course with an unknown craft. Joe responded just in time, and what appeared to be a fishing boat passed directly in front of us with the captain asleep at the wheel. In a matter of minutes his lights vanished into the night, and he probably never knew how close he had come to disaster.

The wind was again blowing lightly, not enough to sail on, but enough to power sail with the jib and the main stabilizing the boat. Joe sacked out, and I tuned my Walkman to a classical music station and watched the glow of the lights on the horizon become more and more distinct. We arrived in Cape May harbor in the dark, set anchor, and slept until morning.

That morning I guess I was tired from the night before, because noted in the log in my brother's writing is the comment, "Skipper in a surly mood," meaning me. I remember being angry with him over his constant pipe smoking. There is nothing worse than a reformed smoker, I having given up tobacco some fourteen years prior. Joe had all the classic symptoms of future problems, with a morning cough that would shake the boat, to say nothing of the constant fear of a spark igniting something; with a gasoline engine in the bilge and plastic jugs of gasoline on the deck, it was a real worry. So I was probably pissed at him for that reason, but although quick to anger, I very rarely hang on to my anger, and once under way things returned to normal.

The weather, however, was not what the weatherman had promised; instead of north-west winds there was no wind, with a drizzle and cold fog to boot. At 08:30 we entered the Delaware Bay and started north, hugging the lee side to the Cohancey River, and reaching Hancock Wharf just as the sky opened up and dumped on us.

Being September, there was no one at the wharf where we tied off. Everything had closed for the season, and I stood in water up to my ankles at the phone booth to report our progress to my wife. I was a little leery about talking on the phone in water during a storm but, being a retired Bell employee, I knew what voltages were present in the system barring a lightning strike.

Luckily we had tied to the wharf as soon as we got there because a tremendous surge of water soon swept down the creek from the storm, and we never would have been able to tie off under those conditions. About an hour later the rain stopped, a car pulled up to the wharf and a middle aged guy got out to ask if we were OK. Hancock Wharf didn't see too many transients since it was out of the way. He kindly offered to take me to town to reprovision, and we chatted about our trip south.

Day Four arrived with fog, drizzle, and no wind so we cranked up the Atomic Four and headed up the Delaware River. By noon-time we were in the C&D canal headed towards the Chesapeake with no untoward happenings other than feeling that we would be swamped when tankers swept past us in that narrow stretch of water, but *Yemanja* is a well designed sailboat, and she rode up the face of the waves with ease.

By 18:00 we were anchored in the Great Bohemia Creek in the Chesapeake, right outside of the Bohemia Vista Yacht Basin which was also closed for the season. We dropped the hook, had supper, and went ashore in the dinghy to investigate the club. In the morning we approached the Yacht Basin hoping to get gas and ice and went aground in the mud about 100' from the gas dock, not a good omen. At 11:30 we finally got free after much rocking, rolling, cursing, and swearing, and finding Hale Point Marina open, much to our surprise, we purchased gasoline and ice.

We were underway again at 13:00 hours, in the rain, heading for Back River on the western shore of the Bay. Again we were heading into the wind with rain squalls and two to three foot waves. Dispirited, we dropped anchor behind a manmade island on the west coast of the Chetty and reviewed the trip to date, as well as the \$82 chart which I had purchased in New York and which was turning out to be a bad purchase.

As the weather forecast was for a severe electrical storm in the evening, we dropped the hook and let out double the amount of rode in anticipation. By 21:00 hours, Joe was up forward in the V bunks asleep and I was in the main cabin where I could keep an eye on the shore line and some landmarks I had noted when we dropped anchor. At around 1:30 all hell broke loose: Lightning, thunder, sheets of rain, and, as we were to find out later, 60mph winds. We were blown about a half a mile across the creek; another hundred yards and we would have been aground again.

The next day we left with the wind still in our face and decided to head for Sparrow Point and Baltimore Harbor. By 16:00 we were in the inner harbor and tied up for the night. We cleaned up as best as we could and headed for the nearest classy restaurant where we enjoyed a well deserved meal.

In the Chesapeake we had found that none of the buoys on the chart were correct, the numbers did not jibe. Fortunately I had invested in a portable GPS for the trip since we had no Loran. That wonderful little device kept us informed as to where we were; without it we would have gone aground many times. Joe with all of his knowledge of sailing had gotten most of it from the deep blue sea where there was always plenty of water under the keel even though you couldn't see land. Mine came from Long Island Sound where you were rarely out of sight of land. It was a real eye opener to be five or six miles offshore in the Chetty and find only 4' of water, but at least the indicated depths on the chart were accurate for the better part of the voyage.

The next day was clear and cool, and when we arrived back at the Chetty there was a great northwest wind blowing at about 15 knots. We had a glorious sail for the first time in five days and dropped the hook in the Little Choptank River at 19:00 hours. There was a spectacular sunset that night, and we were sure that with this wind we would be at our destination soon.

We were underway the next morning at 7:30 hoping for a repeat of the previous day, only to find that the wind was once again out of the southwest. We took what we had hoped would be a shortcut behind an island, which proved to be a mistake as the water was shallow, the channel was narrow, and we were faced with the wind on our nose at about 15 knots with four to five foot waves breaking over the cabin roof for the rest of the day. That day we pounded for 11-1/2 hours and traveled thirty nautical miles.

At one point I went below decks and vented my anger at the main cabin bunk doing a great job on my big toe. Joe, donned in his yellow "foulies" and sailing boots, stood stoically at the helm only relinquishing the tiller periodically to go below and light up his pipe. Towards evening we dropped the hook, had a cold supper, and sacked out not even bothering to look at the sunset. We were trying for a creek for anchorage, but the only lo-

cation I noted in the log was a set of coordinates and I remember thinking that, "the hell with it, if we get blown ashore, so be it."

The next morning was a lot calmer, wind south-southwest to west. It was sunny and warm, and we were motoring along at 5 knots in the middle of the Bay when out of nowhere I saw a bird circling our boat. It made a pass or two and landed on the forward lifeline, apparently resting. I moved forward to take its picture, and it sat and looked at me very unconcerned about the whole procedure. I thought what a wonderful little bird, so far away from home and obviously just resting. After I had taken several photos and put out some cracker crumbs which it ate, it flapped its wings and continued on its journey to wherever, circling my boat once as if to say thanks for the ride.

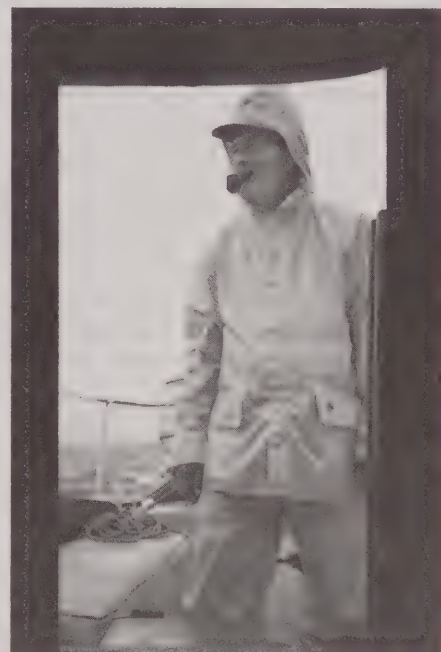
It brought to mind an incident of many years ago when, in my canoe just drifting off Scarborough Lighthouse in the Hudson River on a hot calm sunny day, I spied a large fat bumblebee swimming in aimless circles, helplessly in the water, about to become fish food. I extended my paddle under him and lifted him gently out of the water depositing him on the forward seat. He sat there for the longest time, then slowly dried his wings and antennae. When he was completely dry he flew up into the air, circled around my head two or three times as if to say thanks for the helping hand and headed for land.

After a while the wind picked up a little, and we motor sailed into Onancock Creek where we picked up a following breeze and sailed most of the five miles to the town dock, arriving at 14:00 hours. Once again we indulged ourselves in a restaurant meal and a good night's sleep.

The following day we arrived at our destination of Davis Wharf in Occohannock Creek at 13:00 hours. Having spent nine and half days on the boat and sailing only one full day out of that time, it was a great relief to shut down the engine and listen to the silence.

Little did we know that this would be the last sail for Joe and me. A few months later a tumor was detected on his lung which proved to be cancerous. They tried chemotherapy with no success; the cancer spread to his brain, was surgically removed, and he was treated with radiation therapy which also was a failure. He steadily lost weight and died about a year later.

I drove to New York twice to visit him while he was sick but he never wanted to see me, I think because his condition was so bad. I'm glad now that I didn't see him, for I would rather remember him as the "Skipper" in his



"foulies" at the helm. I only hope that wherever he is now, he has a sail full of wind and knows that he is missed by me and the Chesapeake Bay.

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Floating The Apple

Floating The Apple (FTA) is a community based organization founded in 1992 working to restore safe, universal access onto New York's waterways. The primary thrust of FTA is to reintroduce the public, especially young people, to rowing and sailing on New York's rivers.

FTA's means of achieving its goal is through making members aware of the boating process from construction of a boat to its launching on the Hudson. The volunteer group constructs their own 25' boats, called gigs, which are traditional to New York Harbor. Each wooden boat seats 4 rowers and a coxswain. The boats have two sealed bulkheads and below deck flotation for maximum buoyancy.

The focus of the rowing program is based on teamwork and recreation in a safe and respectful environment. Individuals must work together as a team to navigate their boat on the river.

For more information on Floating The Apple programs and events please call our information line at (212) 714-4751 or call Mike Davis at (212) 564-5412.

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East River C.R.E.W.

(East River Community Recreation and Education on the Water)

Past: In its past activities, East River Crew has organized meetings with parks officials and local council members, as well as interested members of the community, to discuss possible public access to the East River waterfront and the rebuilding of a dilapidated boathouse; considered several sites for a boathouse; developed a database of committed members; surveyed local neighborhood associations and organizations for an endorsement of East River Crew's mission; established itself as a viable and necessary community group; and earned coverage of its mission in local and citywide papers.

Present: Currently, East River Crew is continuing the aforementioned activities; establishing itself as a non-profit organization; developing a long range plan for the next three years; planning its first public water activity/event for autumn 1999; and researching sources of funding for its community activities.

Planned: East River Crew will find, and develop sites for boathouses along the East River in conjunction with the New York City Department of Parks & Recreation; educate youth and community members about water-based activities such as rowing, sailing, swimming and fishing; educate youth and community members about waterfront geography, history and ecology; form an umbrella network with other Eastside organizations; build, equip, and maintain additional community boats and boathouse/environmental education centers; and hold events involving community and youth rowing groups and other waterfront activities.

Wednesday Night Rowing

Wednesday Night Rowing is designed to introduce people to recreational rowing on New York's rivers. The rowboats are built by Floating The Apple volunteers and New York City students. Floating The Apple is one of a handful of organizations that provide access for the public onto the largest open space in Manhattan, its waterways.

Anyone is welcome to join us rowing. There are no limitations due to age or strength. There is a certain amount of dexterity required. This consists mostly of climbing up and down a ladder to the water and moving about between the floating dock and the boat. All participants sign a waiver and young people under 18 must have a parent's or guardian's signature as well.

We encourage people to become active in the group's activities and participate in the repair and maintenance of the boats and equipment. While no commitment is required, please understand that the boats and gear are only available because of the time and effort of volunteers and require a certain amount of upkeep and care. Your participation at this end is necessary and vital to the health of the organization.

For more information on Wednesday Night Rowing please call Chris Berg at (212) 749-1458 and leave a brief message.

There is nothing half so much worth doing...

By Jeff McLaughlin • Globe Staff

Some mornings the wind hauls around and freshens as the tide turns, all of 20 knots an hour past dawn, and you know that by mid-morning it'll be rock-and-roll time for you and your 16' dory, stuffing through a chop on a honking 30-knot breeze that's pushing against the full thrust of the flood.

Other days the surface of the bay is a glass tabletop. The deep blue air is endless. Your oars make perfect pools that trail behind you, like the track of a red fox along the wrackline. Rowing as Zen exercise, mile after mile. You leave the monkey-mind world altogether, conscious as the osprey is conscious, aware as the seal, one with the wave slapping at the bow.

Sometimes you make small voyages, perhaps navigating over a mile or two from a particular point to a particular island through a thick, milky fog.

The fog swallows up your companions' boats within 30' and disorients you so thoroughly you must force yourself to believe the compass. You count strokes, study the chart at your feet, and do your reckoning again and again.

Then you fetch up right on the chosen beach, first to arrive, feeling like Columbus.

And some outings are all about fellowship, swapping yarns and sharing cider as you raft up on some salt pond with others who believe, with you and the Water Rat, as you all lean forward for your strokes that "there is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats . . . Whether you get away, or whether you don't; whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all."

Seven years ago, as I stared my 50th birthday in the eye, my knowledge of the world of rowing ran the gamut from None to Very Little.

And some of that was wrong.

The rowing domain that I now hold most dear, salt-water rowing in fixed-seat wooden boats of traditional design, was as familiar then as, oh, camel racing. I'd loved *The Wind in the Willows*, to be sure, but my thoughts about Rat and Mole and Toad, vis-a-vis boats anyway, centered on Rat's banging into the riverbank, Mole's grabbing the sculls and falling over backwards, and Toad's capsizing altogether in his "wager-boat", whatever that was.

My personal experiences weren't any more appealing. As with many people who didn't grow up in boats, the word "rowing" summoned up two dispiriting images.

One was a joyless childhood memory of a clunky "tin" rowboat that nearly spilled me in the water as I lurched aboard. It responded to my flailing oars by going 'round in circles instead of the straight line I wanted. Finally, I was persistent unto pigheadedness; it rewarded me with blisters.

The other vision: Impossibly long and elegant shells on the Charles River, powered by impossibly fit, tall and muscular rowers,

pulling to exhaustion in perfect unison, for nothing more than cheers from impossibly goodlooking spectators . . . and all glory to The School or The College.

That was hard to identify with: If fit once, in distant backpacking days, at 49, I was built like Toad, along lines the gentle might call stout.

But my friend, and Brewster neighbor, Barry Donahue persisted. He wanted me to row with him, to sit in front of him actually, setting the stroke. It wasn't hard, he said. All I had to do was row. He'd also be rowing, and he'd do all the navigating as we took his lovely round-bottomed boat on an outing on pristine Pleasant Bay at the nearby elbow of Cape Cod, a trip with Peter Corbett and some other guys in "pulling boats", as Donahue called them.

It was a little-known sport, but its devotees were passionate about it. He said they were people who loved small boats, the outdoors in general and the ocean especially, fishing, birding, physical exercise, tradition. They had loosely organized clubs and semi-regular get-togethers. Donahue and Corbett belonged to the Cape Cod Vikings Rowing Club, for example, which was founded on the Cape, but included rowers from all over Massachusetts, up into Maine.

They raced sometimes, and sometimes camped on islands out of their spacious craft, but more often just messed around on day trips "small voyages", Donahue, now 45, called them. The ranks spanned all ages, he said, but a surprising number were in their 40s and 50s, having discovered rowing during the wooden boat revival of the early 1980s.

Donahue also used language to intrigue me, a sure bet. He threw out unfamiliar names and sketched histories, some going back centuries: Banks dory, Coast Guard dory, Whitehall, peapod, wherry, Gloucester Gull, curragh, pilot gig . . . Some people built their own, others turned to professional boatbuilders, he said. Cost? From under \$1,000 to perhaps \$4,000, fully rigged, less than most good small sailboats. But plenty of time for that, he said, I could row doubles with him as long as I wished.

Above all, he said, lose the image of clunky boats. These had workboat heritage, designed by coastal folk to be seaworthy, efficient, easy to row.

Donahue's boat was a Whitehall, a 15' 6" version of an American design dating to the 1820s. His came from a boatbuilding school Down East in Maine. Corbett's humongous 20 footer, which he'd built himself and rowed solo, was a Banks dory, named for the Grand Banks off Newfoundland. In the days of sail, intrepid fishermen, often Gloucestermen, were put over the side of mother ships in such dories. They looked smaller out in the North Atlantic.

"Give it a try," Donahue said. "You can set the pace. We're not about setting speed records, we're about having fun." Fearful I'd show myself a total klutz, or so out of shape I'd be wheezing like a wounded foghorn within 10 minutes, I wasn't an easy sell, but eventually Donahue's blarney won out.

We have different recollections of that first day. I remember two things vividly. First, his very captain-like orders: "Do what I tell you, period. And don't turn around. It's not a pretty sight back here." I did just as he said and to this day I never turn around when I'm rowing doubles with him.

Second, I remember the perverse oars jumping out of the oarlocks, time after time, for reasons which made little sense then. "You're driving the blade too deep," Donahue would say in my ear. "Take it easy and find your rhythm." Now, when I'm introducing a newcomer to rowing, I find myself using the same words: "Take it easy and find your rhythm."

As for Capt'n Donahue, all he remembers is, "Full foulies. You splashed your oars so much and caught so many crabs I was soaking wet behind you within the first 30 minutes." He grinned at the memory. "All I could think was, 'If I'm gonna row with this guy, I'm gonna have to wear foul weather gear, full foulies, head to toe, even on a bright sunny day.'"

I've improved. In 1997, we rowed the 20-odd-mile Blackburn Challenge race around Cape Ann in his Whitehall. We both got wet, but it was 4 and 5 foot breaking waves off Halibut Point that did it, not my oarsmanship.

To rowers who venture out 52 weeks a year, all weather is good weather, except for Cape monsoons, which do keep you home, grumbling. You are your own heat source, pulling hard you work up a sweat, even with windchills below zero, and layers of polypropylene, wool and Polartec cover lazier days. (In the dog days of summer, you may launch before dawn, or row by moonlight.)

Still, rowers notice even subtle day-to-day changes in the weather. And this lovely April day is momentous, not subtle, it's warm enough to row barehanded from launch to pullout five hours later. That hasn't happened since November. Everyone in the flotilla seems to be grinning about that.

There are five Cape Cod Viking boats out on Pleasant Bay this day. Barry Donahue is in his Whitehall, with Walter Baron pulling in front of him in my old "engine room" seat. It's a treat to see Baron, he built my boat for me in 1995 at his Old Wharf Dory Co. in Wellfleet. I remember his sendoff on launch day: "Use her often, and keep her clean."

Peter Corbett is here in Banks, with 11-year-old daughter Amy pulling her own oars in the bow, new oars, just delivered to

Corbett from Nova Scotia. The Gloucester Gull is Adam Pettengill's. Adam is another good friend, one of the "Brewster boys" I row with almost every week. Usually solo, this day he's mostly lolling as brother Will, visiting from Pennsylvania, pulls hard.

Bob and Judy Yorke, who are 59 and 52 respectively, are down from Scituate, and, as always, Judy has stocked their boat with enough healthful snacks for everyone; raisin bread and apricots and hot cider this time, which balance doughnuts from Baron and Corbett. As always, everyone looks admiringly at the lovely lines of the Yorkes' 19' cruiser, a "Willow," created for them by a renowned New Brunswick builder, Harry Bryan, who works only with old-fashioned hand tools.

And I'm bringing up the rear in my Old Wharf dory. My passenger is photographer Dominic Chavez, originally from Colorado, who's never been in a small boat before. His presence means I feel very much the old salt.

From East Orleans we head down the River, over to Lonnie's Pond, then out past Namequoit Point into Little Pleasant Bay, north and east around Sampson Island to Broad Creek, down into Hog Island Creek, up a nameless guzzle . . .

It's exercise, communion, fellowship, naturalist's outing, another small voyage. Five or six more miles; I'm past 1,000 miles rowing my boat now.

A kingfisher flashes overhead, a snowy egret stands sentinel on a bank, ospreys wheel around above us, then decide we're harmless and return to their nests. I know once more I want to do this all the rest of my life.

(**Editor Comments:** We thank Jeff McLaughlin for sharing his views on rowing with us, and hope that *Boston Globe* readers caught a glimmer of the mystique of this recreation).

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The Hoboken Ferries

From time to time UJ had business errands in Manhattan. He often took me with him. Instead of using the Lincoln Tunnel, he would drive the car onto one of the ferryboats that ran from Hoboken. The boat ride was my favorite part of these excursions.

The boats were steam powered and operated by the Lackawanna and/or Pennsylvania Railroads. The main decks had two lanes for vehicles divided by a hollow structure. This carried the stack up from the boilers and the steering and other controls down from the wheelhouses, two decks above. Watertight doors at deck level were usually left open for ventilation. It was here that I spent most of the voyage, peering intently into the engine room deep below the deck. Steel ladders and gratings led down from my perch into the labyrinth of mechanical mayhem.

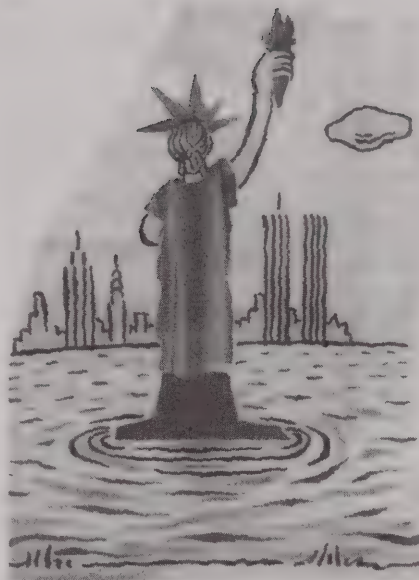
The engines were huge, powerful, and running. The connecting rods would flash rhythmically as they caught the dim light. Steam puffs would rise, mixed with the aroma of hot oil. The engine's attendants were in constant motion, wiping and oiling the glistening steel whose vertical orbit propelled us across the Hudson. Bells rang out on the engine telegraph. The engineer would throttle the steam to slow the engine's beat. This meant we were approaching the dock. The next bell called for "stop engines," and the next for reverse or "back engine." The engineer pulled the man-size lever to throw the rods over. This was my cue to trot to the "bow."

When the captain called for full power in reverse, the water ahead of us would churn and froth white to rival Niagara. This little show is unique to ferries because they have propellers at both ends. I don't know why, but I was fascinated by this minor marine violence. The crews were well practiced, and usually we'd come to a stop just as the nose of the boat kissed the dock ramp. When the current was running fast across the mouth of the slip, the captains would sort of bounce the boat off the well-worn pilings and on into the ramps.

The ramps between the docks and the boats were suspended from steel cables that ran over huge pulleys high above each side of the ramps. This adjusted the ramp to meet the deck of the boat at any tide level. There was also an arrangement of hooks and cables that was used to draw the boat tightly to the ramp. There was a central ramp for vehicles and one deck up, a narrow ramp on each side for pedestrians. Deckhands directed the boarding cars and trucks to best balance the load. When all were aboard, they chocked the wheels.

Then they closed a telescoping gate across the deck. The deckhands' most important duty was the rudder pins. There was a propeller and a rudder at each end of the boat. A steel pin, as big as a loaf of bread, dropped through the deck to lock the rudder at the "forward" end of the boat. The "after" pin had to be pulled to allow the rudder to swing. I sometimes contemplate what might happen if the "forward" pin broke or came out, allowing the leading rudder to swing.

Today, you can enjoy a similar experience aboard New York City's Staten Island Ferry. The only things missing are the sights and sounds of steam power. The new boats are diesel-electric. The fare is now exactly zero. Passengers ride for free. Try it, it's nice.



Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut - III

Boating from Behind
the Statue of Liberty

By Steve Turi © 1998

I must down to the seas again, for
the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may
Not be denied.
John Masefield

Point Pleasant

The place UJ bought in Point Pleasant Beach was and is 115 Channel Drive. The property was 50' wide and 250' deep. On it were a nice house, a 1-1/2-car garage, and a shack. One end faced Channel Drive, the other the Manasquan River. The waterfront was a creosote-treated wood bulkhead supported by 14" round wood pilings. Two additional pilings, 10' out from the bulkhead, supported a small square wooden dock. The previous owner's name was Olsen. He fished for his living and had tied his boat at this dock. He told UJ that sometimes when he would step on the dock very early in the morning he'd hear a great splash below. He'd assumed it was made by a large striped bass, startled by his footstep.

Olsen had left an old wooden rowboat when he sold the place. Its leaky bottom was built of planks that ran side to side. On our early family visits I would spend every minute that they'd let me, standing, sitting, rocking, rowing and imagining I was "driving" that boat. It was securely tied to the dock during my "voyages." Sometimes the water at the dock would become quite rough momentarily. I called this phenomenon "Mysteerious Storms," until I figured out that it was caused by the wakes of the busy weekend boat traffic washing in and then reflecting back out from the bulkhead. Back in school I would doodle sketches of the modifications I planned to

make to "my" boat, like a steering wheel, lights, and even fins, yes fins on TOP of the stern. Hey come on, it was 1957 and I was eight years old. Besides, I wasn't the only one that thought fins would be cool on a boat. Just look at some of the early fiberglass runabouts from soon after that period.

Occasionally, when the tide was high, UJ would take me and a scoop net out in the rowboat. He'd row close along the bulkheads where blue-claw crabs were dining amid the seaweed that grew on the vertical surfaces. Soon after, the grown-ups were dining on the crabs.

In those days Jack Baker's Lobster Shanty Restaurant was exactly that. It was Jack Baker's, not a publicly owned company, and it was a shanty, perched on pilings over the water where lobstermen would tie up their boats to sell their day's catch. I remember seeing lobster claws that would dwarf today's average lobster. Twenty-five pounders were not uncommon. As with all things, the prices at the shanty grew every year and the servings became proportionally smaller. Nonetheless the restaurant still draws waiting lines of hungry diners.

The Channel Drive dock became the new home of the *Hi-C*, for a while. Faced with a mortgage, UJ soon concluded that this site could be put to more productive use. The sale of the Elco realized, I think, \$1500. UJ immediately took a good chunk of this money and went directly to Lavalette to see a man named Charles Hankins. He placed an order with Mr. Hankins for ten 16' plywood rowboats to be built. The boats were to be complete but unpainted. He went to Jim's Boats in Manasquan and bought four new 1957 Johnson 3hp outboards and a used 6hp Elgin. Various sources supplied ten pairs of oars, ten anchors and line, many, many boat cushions, along with fishing poles and reels, bait buckets, and wholesale hooks, lines and sinkers.

You've probably figured out that the plan was to rent these boats to vacationing fishermen. UJ's wife Stella had a part in this design. The operation would be called "Joe's Dock," pretty normal so far. While the boats were being built he went to the Socony (Standard Oil Company of New York) factory paint store and returned with gallons and gallons of paint. He proceeded to paint the house, the garage and one by one the rowboats, PINK. Now he would explain that it was not pink but "coral." Coral, shmoral, people today will still say, "oh yeah, I remember the PINK rowboats!"

In 1957 there were several places nearby that rented rowboats. There was Brown's Boats where the Lobster Shanty Restaurant is today. I think the owner's name was Tom Bogan whose family now runs the Jamaica party fishing boats from Brielle. His rental boats were nice dory-skiffs. Inlet U-Drive was near the Coast Guard station. Clark's Landing was up the river near the canal. There may have been others, too. You could have rented a boat and motor, or just the boat and used your own motor, or you could have simply rowed. On sunny, summer weekend days, the river seemed to be paved with rented boats.

The best bonus of the rental boat business was unlimited boat use for us. Dad and I would tilt a boat down from the stack. We'd load in oars, anchor, and cushions, and using the surplus purchased electric hoist, lower it over the bulkhead into the briny. Dad let me

wrestle the oars until, after a couple seasons, I became a pretty fair boat handler. Often we'd clamp one of the red and white Johnsons to the transom. Captain Dad would lead us on excursions up the river or across to Manasquan. We explored Lake Louise, Glimmer Glass, and Will's Hole Thoroughfare, known to us as the Creek. The Will's Hole name is from an Indian legend. Anyway, I was Number One Helmsman for these trips. It took some time, though, before I was allowed to even approach a dock. I realized later that these were my first driving lessons too. "Not so fast, keep to the right, show other boats your intentions, etc. etc."

Our fishing trips were fun but no danger to the fish population. I once thought I had snagged the bottom, but after a lot of difficult reeling I found a quite large, strong, wriggly eel on my hook. The rental customers generally came back with flounder, blowfish (puffers), and the occasional sea robin or bergall. Popular baits were squid, clams, or bloodworms. I was pretty squeamish about handling the worms, but I'd never admit it. I wasn't sure if the "blood" in their name referred to theirs or mine.

Few nice days passed that we didn't take a pink boat to our private beach, the shores of Gull Island. It wasn't private nor was it ours, but there were so few other people there that it could have been. We'd mostly swim or climb the dune/cliff or beachcomb. The shallow water toward the inlet was great for snorkeling. We'd often bring a seine net with us. It was maybe 3' high and about 20' long. The mesh had openings of 1/8". I wasn't strong

enough at first to hold one end steady while UJ walked the other end around in a circle in the shallow water.

Our catches included spearing or silver-sides, which we sold as bait. There also were a wide variety of other creatures caught in our sweep. There were jellyfish, hermit crabs, an occasional rock or green crab, and little pipefish whose heads looked like sea horse's. Many baby fish were sent back to their mothers. I don't remember what species they were, but I do recall being amazed at the clear transparency of a half-dollar size flounder.

On the West Side of UJ's rowboat emporium was Carlson's Fisheries. Hauled up in the yard next to UJ's fence was a small fleet, perhaps six to a dozen, of wooden lapstrake-planked boats. Each was 30' or more long and looked like an overgrown beach skiff like the lifeguards still use today. They carried inboard engines but were completely open and otherwise empty. Their flat transoms wore external rudders that were wiggled by long tillers. UJ called them "pound boats." This term puzzled me for some time until I learned that these were commercial fishing boats and that they fished using impoundments, or fish traps.

If you walked along the ocean shore then, about every half mile or so you'd see a line of poles sticking out of the water in a line heading straight out to sea. The poles began about 200' or 300' from shore and continued seaward for another several hundred feet. They were 4" to 6" in diameter and seemed to be de-barked tree trunks driven into the sea floor. There was netting suspended from them that formed an underwater fence, which would

detour schools of fish into deeper water, away from the beach. At the far end of this net was sort of a fish corral. More poles set in a square pattern suspended another net that encircled the end of the long fence, but didn't touch it.

Fish would swim into the funnel-like entrance but couldn't find their way out. Men with names like Olie and Sven would sail the pound boats to these corrals and scoop the fish into the bottom of their boat. They returned through the inlet, often so heavily loaded that they were barely afloat, and delivered the fish at Carlson's dock. The catch was taken off the boats in galvanized steel bushel baskets hoisted by an electric capstan.

When they weren't fishing, Olie and Sven et al would haul the boats using wooden rollers and a small bulldozer. They spread their nets in the yard, propping up small sections to repair them. They used a special sort of needle to tie new twine into the fabric of the nets. To float the nets they used grapefruit sized, hollow green glass balls covered in netting. When the nets were in the yard the perfume of pine tar filled the air.

Carlson's ran a retail fish store, and hanging in it were black and white pictures of the pound fishermen, taken when they operated from the ocean beach using horses and wagon wheeled dollies to launch and retrieve the boats.

I don't know what ended the pounds. Maybe pollution or over-fishing reduced the catch, or perhaps bigger boats that went offshore were more efficient. The last of the poles were pulled out of the ocean floor sometime in the sixties.

(To Be Continued)

I was sitting under the General Brock's bimini yesterday, hypnotically rolling in wakes from boats passing the marina. It was hot, and I was just getting really dozy in the afternoon sun, when out of the corner of the one eye that was still open I caught sight of a strange procession. A little yellow boat was towing an in-board/outboard runabout into the marina. I think it was a Tupperware 20. They were circling very slowly, hollering back and forth between boats, obviously getting their signals straight for a landing.

Which they did, quite nicely in fact, at the end of our T-dock. There was a scantily-dressed couple on the runabout. The man pulled on a shirt, and the woman buttoned on some sort of a terrycloth cover-up. The man hopped off, tied up the boat temporarily, didn't even glance at the tow boat, and padded off in his bare feet down the dock to the marina office.

Now I've heard the odd comment whispered around the marina that maybe old Browne is a bit nosy at times, but it ain't so, I'm just concerned about the welfare of my fellow seafarers, too much so for my own good at times. At any rate, I couldn't help but wander down to see the tow boat, could I? Leaning up against the one piling that didn't seem ready to crack and fall into the drink, I struck up a conversation with the tow boat skipper. The fellow seemed a bit grumpy. I put it down to the heat.

"Nice boat," I offered.

"Zokay," the Captain countered.

Perspectives

By Paul Browne

"Single screw", I observed cleverly, "whatcha got for an engine?"

The Captain brightened a bit. "It's blown Ginootinfritzel 12-9440 diesel," he responded (I forget the actual make and model).

"That so? How many horse is that?" I asked.

"750," the Captain stated powerfully, puffing out his chest. 750 horsepoop!!!! Brothers and Sisters, the boat couldn't have been 16' long! "Swings a 24" prop," said the Captain, but his mood seemed to darken again as he untied his hawser from the dinky chrome cleat on the bow of the Tupperware 20. The puny little cleat looked relieved to see the last of it.

"Yeah well, nice talkin to ya Bub, but I gotta go," said the Captain as he pushed off. And then he said something as he turned. It was almost inaudible against the rumbling of his engine, but I caught it, and I didn't ask him to repeat it. He glanced sideways at the woman still on the boat he had towed. "Just what I needed. Five hours pulling that thing around the bay and not a nickel to show for it," and he grumbled off out of the marina toward the swing bridge.

I considered calling the bridge tender on channel 9 to suggest he open the bridge right

now or risk losing it, but I decided to let the Captain and the Bridgy sort it out. I don't owe the bridge tender any favors. Half the time he's asleep and I have to...well, never mind.

Anyway the fellow came back to the Tupperware 20. They put out a couple of lines and fenders. "Bumpers" they called them. They locked it up and carried their gear down the dock. I packed it in myself and headed for home. It was too hot. I saw them in the parking lot. They were standing barefoot next to the office, looking rather enthusiastic despite the heat. "Need a ride?" I asked.

"That would be great," the man answered, "We just live across the river there. I called a taxi, but they never show up. This is Tampa." They picked their tenderfoot way over the gravel and piled into the car. "We were over the other side of the bay and our engine quit," the fellow beamed. "Towed us three hours, but we got insurance last week and didn't have to pay for anything, not a nickel, not one penny! I was gonna have it fixed here Monday anyway, so the timing was perfect."

I looked at the two of them. Big smiles. It was maybe their best day on the water ever. I glanced in the rear view mirror as we turned north onto River Road. Was that a taxi I saw turning into the marina?

Which brings me to the point of the story Shipmates. Whether you enjoy life depends on your attitude for sure, but it's also strongly influenced by whether you or the other guy gets the bitter end of the rope.



Eskimos in Provincetown? Yes, Eskimo Class Boats.

An exhibit, "Provincetown Yacht Club Eskimo Boats: In a class by themselves", opened at the Pilgrim Monument & Provincetown Museum last June, running through through November 30th

This history and tradition of these unique boats, their skippers, and their races, is another little known fascinating piece of Provincetown's history.

The Provincetown newspaper, *The Advocate* published the following feature story in July and has given permission for reprinting in *Messing About in Boats*.



**Pilgrim
Monument &
Provincetown
Museum**

The Pilgrim Monument and Provincetown Museum is celebrating Provincetown's maritime heritage with an exhibition entitled, "Provincetown Yacht Club Eskimo Boats: In a Class By Themselves".

Designed, built and raced exclusively in Provincetown, the boats are now obsolete, but with this exhibition a vital and unusual piece of Provincetown's sailing history is being brought back to life.

Jeffery Morris, the curator of the exhibition, said it was only fitting to remember these special boats and the local people who designed and raced them.

He said he got the idea from David Mayo, a member of the museum's board of directors.

The Provincetown Yacht Club, though founded in 1878, had become virtually inactive until July, 1928 when a group of sailing enthusiasts met and reorganized. Electing Dr. Percival J. Eaton, commodore; Coulton Waugh, vice-commodore; William Healey, rear commodore; and Stanley Snow, treasurer/secretary, the group held its first race on August 4, 1928 with 12 boats crossing the starting line.

Ten boats finished the race with Alfred Mayo placing first, followed by Stanley Snow. By the end of their first season, the PYC decided to have a one-design sailboat to facilitate their future competitions.

They considered the International Star Class and a new design by Provincetown boat builder Jonathan "Jot" Small, which they eventually chose. A 23' boat with a leg-o-mutton rig, a wooden mast and a wooden boom, the new design proved fast and capable.

They decided to call the boat the Eskimo Class because Jot Small, a childhood friend of Admiral Donald B. MacMillan of Provincetown, an arctic explorer, had spent

Eskimo Boats of Provincetown Designed to Race A Class by Themselves

Museum Celebrates
Little Known Local Sailing
History
The Advocate, Thursday,
July 8, 1999

By Mary-Jo Avellar

four years in the arctic and had assisted Admiral Robert Peary in his attempt to reach the North Pole.

Small, known as a super boatbuilder, as well as an excellent cook, served as a surfman at the Wood End Life Saving Station. He was an expert boat handler and possessed great mechanical ability.

In a biography of MacMillan, written by Everett Allen, Small was described as weighing about 100 pounds, soaking wet. The Smith Sound Eskimos said he was the ugliest white man they had ever seen and the sight of him would send them rolling into a snowbank, doubled up in arctic mirth.

Everett also wrote that at a formal dinner for Admiral Peary, when asked to speak, Small said, "I ain't much to look at, but I'm a damn sight worse to listen to." Then he sat down.

In all, Small's little fleet of Eskimo boats reached a total of nine by 1931 and cost \$450 each. A set of sails 10' on the hoist and 10' on the boom was an extra \$7. To store the sprightly little boats at Capt. Charles Mayo's facility opposite 570 Commercial St., cost the boat owner an additional \$5.

The boats were numbered. Small, who had learned the Eskimo language, gave each an Eskimo name. Alfred Mayo had the first. It was named *Akpah* or *Bird*. Small kept the second boat, naming her *Imahar*, which translates as perhaps, or maybe as in *Maybe She Will or Maybe She Won't*. The third boat, *Karnow*, meaning *I Don't Know*, belonged to Dr. Percival Eaton. Stanley Snow, who died

this past year at the age of 91 owned *Argu*, or *Come On*. Hersey Taylor, the local undertaker, owned *Mickyook*, *Little One*.

Myrick Young, owner of the town's insurance business, owned *Tarkoo*, *Look Here*. Marjorie Seaver, a school teacher and the only woman in the group, owned *Ipah*, or *Friend*. Joseph Hawthorne, the symphony conductor and the son of Charles W. Hawthorne, owned *Suo*, *Yes That Is So*. And the last, *Belapdoo*, or *Youngest Baby* belonged to the well known marine painter Coulton Waugh.

Little is known about the fate of the boats because the weekly races ended with the outbreak of World War II, but Stanley Snow sold his boat to Flyer's Boatyard where it was used as a rental boat until destroyed by Hurricane Carol in 1954. Mr. Snow found a section of the *Argu* washed up on Commercial Street near his home.

Margie Seaver sailed her boat until the same hurricane destroyed the *Ipah* on the seawall in front of her 449 Commercial St. home. Miss Seaver had another boat built from the remains of Alfred Mayo's boat, the mast from Stanley Snow's boat and sails from the original *Ipah*. She called this new boat *Ipah II* and had the numbers 1, 4 and 7 marked on her sails to indicate the boat had been built from parts of those other three.

The Pilgrim Monument & Provincetown Museum

The Pilgrim Monument & Provincetown Museum are operated by the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association (CCPMA). Chartered in 1892, the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association is the oldest non-profit educational institution on Cape Cod. Its mission is to build and maintain suitable memorials to the arrival of the Mayflower and the landing of the Pilgrims at Provincetown and to perpetuate by these memorials their memory as well as to collect, exhibit and publish materials relating to the history literature and art of Provincetown and the Outer Cape.

The Pilgrim Monument is a memorial to the Mayflower Pilgrims' first landing in America. The Mayflower Pilgrims anchored here on November 21, 1620. While here they wrote and signed the Mayflower Compact, the first self-governing document written in

America. The cornerstone for the Pilgrim Monument was laid August 20, 1907 by Theodore Roosevelt. When the Monument was completed in 1910, William Howard Taft attended the dedication ceremony.

Today visitors can walk to the top of the Pilgrim Monument and delight in the panoramic view of Cape Cod Bay and Provincetown Harbor. The view from the top of the Monument is truly the best view on Cape Cod. An open captioned 8 minute video tape of the ascent up the Pilgrim Monument including a history of the structure plays continuously in the Provincetown Museum so that those who are unable to make the ascent can still enjoy the experience.

The Provincetown Museum features exhibits about Provincetown and lower Cape history through exhibits on the Pilgrims, maritime history, and the early days of modern American theatre in Provincetown with Eugene O'Neill and the Provincetown Players.

The Pilgrim Monument & Provincetown Museum are open daily, April to November from 9 to 5. During July and August the hours are extended to 9 to 7. In order to insure that visitors will have adequate time to visit the Monument and view the exhibits in the Provincetown Museum, last admission is 45 minutes before closing. All admissions and donations are used to maintain and operate the Pilgrim Monument & Provincetown Museum.

For a brochure write to the Pilgrim monument & Provincetown Museum, P.O. Box 1125, Provincetown, MA 02657, or phone (800) 247-1620.



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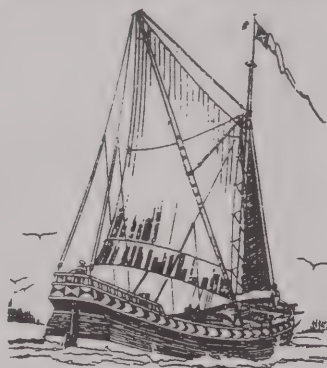
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The VIRGINIA Project... Maine's First Wooden Ship

... creating a tangible symbol
of America's maritime beginnings



Then & Now

By Bud Warren, President

August of 1607 must have had beautiful mornings such as we do today. Along the beach at the mouth of the Sagadahoc, Maine's native peoples reveled in the beauty of the day, anticipating the bounty of a good day's fishing and wondered about the two ships that had just entered their river. Just around the corner, Englishmen, fresh from their transatlantic journey, zealously set to the task of raising Fort St. George. Digby, the London shipwright, was undoubtedly checking out the standing timber along the shore as he planned construction of the 30-ton pinnace that would become *Virginia*. It was a time of possibilities and great change.

Our project to reconstruct and sail *Virginia* has reached an exciting stage. Our vessel group has completed its preliminary design investigations. Historic vessel experts in England and Australia eagerly anticipate our report. A solid core of volunteers has been meeting monthly and creatively at the Phippsburg Firehouse working on programs and activities. Teachers from across the state of Maine will soon gather with us at Popham to study the 1601 Popham experience.

A strong publicity/development group has significantly advanced our program of telling *Virginia's* story and gaining support. There is a growing awareness among local businesses and chambers of commerce that having our vessel active on the river and along the coast can have a positive effect on our region's economy. As "Maine's First Ship", *Virginia* can be a catalyst for all sorts of exciting cooperative ventures. Yes, it is again a time of great possibilities and change!

Facts About The Popham Colony and the *Virginia*

The Situation in England: When James I assumed the throne after Elizabeth I's death in 1603, he found the treasury heavily in debt and Parliament reluctant to deal with him. One way he sought to raise funds was to grant charters taking advantage of what earlier English explorers said would be easy financial gain in the New World.

One such charter was granted to the Virginia Company in 1606. The Virginia Company, in turn, was made up of two divisions; the London Company, which subsequently

established the first permanent English settlement in North America at Jamestown, Virginia, and the Plymouth Company, which organized, financed, and established what we now know as the Popham Colony at the mouth of the Kennebec River.

The Colony: Sir John Popham, England's influential and controversial Chief Justice, was the colony's primary investor, namesake, and driving force. The leaders of the colony were George Popham (a kinsman of John Popham) as President, and Raleigh Gilbert (a son of explorer Humphrey Gilbert and nephew of Sir Walter Raleigh), Admiral. In mid-August of 1607 about 100 colonists arrived on our coast aboard the *Mary and John* and the *Gift of God*. Their goal was to create wealth for themselves, the colony's financial backers, and their king by tapping the anticipated riches and resources of the area. One way to help reach their goal was to build a vessel suited to their needs. Thus, they planned and constructed the pinnace *Virginia*.

Who Was Here: The site of the Popham Colony, and the mouth of the Kennebec in general, has a rich 8,000 year artifact history revealing an important place in aboriginal life. Samuel de Champlain, representing France, visited the area in 1605 and made a fine map showing structures used by native inhabitants of the area. They had had enough negative experiences with Europeans and the English in particular to be wary of new contacts. Not surprisingly, these original inhabitants greeted the Popham colonists with suspicion, arrogance, and some belligerence.

The Fort Site: The first thing the Popham Colonists did was to begin building Fort St. George on Sabino Head just inside the mouth of the Kennebec. Remarkably, a detailed plan of this fort was drawn by John Hunt in October, 1607, and sent back to England that same month on the *Mary and John*. Possibly used to warn off the Spanish and French, or, less likely, to attract more financial backing, it shows a fully developed and imposing complex with stone walls, turrets, and about 20 buildings of various sizes. Just how many buildings were erected and how the fort actually looked is unknown.

What Happened: Between building Fort St. George, exploring the Kennebec Valley and coastal waters, establishing relations with the Maine Indians, and starting construction of the *Virginia*, the colonists were active indeed. From early October, 1607, forward, however, little is known about the Popham Colony. We do know that the *Gift of God* left in mid-De-

cember with about half of the colonists, probably due to low food supplies, that the winter was unusually cold, and that their President, George Popham, died in February. Maine Indian oral tradition also relates a deteriorating relationship with the colony.

Two supply vessels arrived in late spring, with the news that Chief Justice John Popham had died the previous year. Another supply vessel arriving in September brought news that Raleigh Gilbert's brother had died, leaving him the family estate to administer back in England. Without leadership or adequate financial support, the colony was dissolved, some returning to England on the supply vessel, the rest aboard the *Virginia*.

After the colonists left in 1608, what was left of the fort deteriorated and dropped from memory. Except for the Federal Government's erection of Fort Baldwin on Sabino Head in 1905, and its activation during World Wars I and II, intermittent farming was the primary activity on the site of the old Colony. In 1997 an archaeological team confirmed the site of the fort's storehouse, and in 1998, found what may possibly be a section of the western rampart and ditch. More excavations of Fort St. George are planned in the coming years.

The Virginia: The "30 tonne" pinnace *Virginia* is the first known deep water ship built in North America by the English. A London shipwright named Digby was specifically hired by the colony organizers to oversee her construction. *Virginia* was a shallow-draft vessel with a square transom, probably fore-and-aft rigged, and capable of being rowed or sailed. Marine architects estimate she was about 51' long, 13.5' wide, and drew about 6'. We do not know when the *Virginia* was started or completed. After returning some Popham Colonists in 1608, she made at least one additional crossing as part of a convoy bringing supplies and colonists to Jamestown in 1609.

The Reconstructed Virginia: The new *Virginia* will not be a replica because there is no original to replicate. We know only three things about her: Her name, tonnage (30), and that she was a pinnace. An image of a pinnace appears on Hunt's 1607 plan of Fort St. George, but we don't know if it represents the *Virginia* or if it is just typical of pinnaces of that period. Since so little is known of the original ship, our design will be based on images in common use during the early seventeenth century as well as details drawn from the vessel on Hunt's plan. This basis for design is the same as that used by many other historic vessel reconstruction groups.

What's taken so long to research and design *Virginia* is the simple fact that nobody knows what she really looked like or how she was constructed. We know only her name, that she was a 30-ton vessel, that she was a pinnace. The best we can do is to draft a final design as close as possible to what might have been built here at Popham in 1607, making it as functional and attractive as possible.

On July 10, our Vessel Committee met to complete Phase One of *Virginia's* design program. Researchers and experts in creating, building and sailing of traditional wooden boats gathered at Maine Maritime Museum to complete their review of two year's of study and to prepare specific questions about reconstructing *Virginia* for a half-dozen old vessel experts.

Research to date has been extensive. Two

major technical review meetings were held. The known records of the Popham Colony and its parent, the Virginia Company, have been carefully combed. The archives of several maritime museums and universities were reviewed and those of noted maritime scholar William Baker were studied. The oldest known vessel relic of the period has been intensively examined for contemporary construction techniques.

Traditional vessels of the Thames region, where *Virginia's* shipwright trained, were visited. The general literature, standard histories and specialty reports about the colony and vessels of the period have been studied and re-studied. Significant input has been received from scholars and others involved in building and operating replica vessels around the world.

In short, our Vessel Group has done its homework and now stands ready to send our result and our questions to professionals in historic vessel design for their review. Copies of our Committee's research, reports and queries will be available at local libraries in Phippsburg, Popham, Bath, and Brunswick.

What is Important About Virginia: Building the *Virginia* under the difficult conditions of the time was simple proof that settlements and industry were possible for those willing to invest in them. *Virginia's* important, too, because she was the first of thousands of ships built here in Maine. The new *Virginia* is important, for she will be a tangible representation of 400 years of Maine's maritime heritage. And she sails regularly in the Kennebec region and voyages further along the coast of Maine (and perhaps even to Jamestown, *Virginia* will be something for all of Maine to celebrate.

The *Virginia* Project - Reconstructing Maine's First Wooden Ship, Fort Baldwin Rd., Popham Beach, Phippsburg, Maine 04562, (207) 389-2306.

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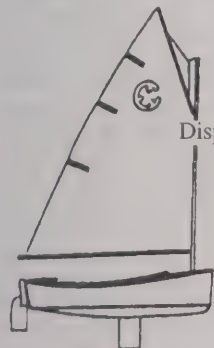
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Board Recommends Adoption of New Project Name

The Board of Directors has unanimously advanced the adoption of "Maine's First Ship" as the new name for "The *Virginia* Project, Inc." After extensive work by the Publicity Committee and valuable input from a variety of volunteers and professionals (including the donated expertise of the advertising firm of Woodbury & Morse of Portland), the Board is excited to announce its support for a new Project name intended to appeal to the widest range of current and potential Project supporters.

Experience has shown us to be swimming against the tide when trying to get our organization's mission out to those who would be supportive of the Project, they were confused and even put off by a name they did not understand. Informal test marketing has backed this up: Potential donors were approached with both names and responded overwhelmingly in favor of "Maine's First Ship". Using a combination of timely press releases, an Internet website (coming soon!) and exciting public events, we plan to keep "Maine's First Ship" *Virginia*, in the public eye in order to bring our Project and its programs-oriented goals to the broadest audience. By doing so we will build a groundswell of support for our mission: To build and sail a reconstruction of *Virginia* to the highest standards of historical accuracy as a tangible expression of Maine's vital spirit and maritime heritage.

What's in a name? In some ways not much. The Project won't change a bit and *Virginia* she will be. But in a fundraising world driven by soundbites, we must be loud and clear: "Maine's First Ship" says it all!



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By Gordon F. Hurley, Jr.

A wonderful magazine, *The Rudder*, now unfortunately out of business, had always championed small boats of many types. To satisfy what the publishers saw as a need for a fast racing sailboat for a minimum of expense they proposed "Build A Racer For \$50". They commissioned Charles G. Davis, a designer of considerable reputation, who came up with Lark and the plans were available from *The Rudder* in 1898.

Mr. Davis' scow design was in vogue then in 1898. It won immediate attention and over a thousand were built in the next few years. L.Francis Herreshoff mentions in his *Introduction to Yachting*, "we boys were very excited about the racing catboat, Lark ...and I think there must have been several hundred of them built". A class of Larks raced at the Sea Cliff Yacht Club on Long Island at the turn of the century and to help stimulate one design racing in the harbor, Thomas Clapham built one and offered it as a prize for a regatta of the Hempstead Harbor Yacht Club. He anchored it at the finish line awaiting a "prize" crew to

Lumber	\$57.00
Fastening	\$10.04
Paints and Varnish	\$ 7.01
Fittings and rigging	\$23.10
Sails	\$16.00
Total Cost	\$113.15
(The rudder stock and tiller cost \$6.00)	

Boat Building Material (All cut to actual size)	\$50.00
Freight	\$ 8.75
Truckage (shop to water)	\$ 0.75
Paints and Varnish	\$10.25
Caulking	\$ 2.00
Sails and Express Charges	\$20.00
Rigging and Fittings	\$24.00
Express Charges	\$ 1.00
Extras	\$ 5.00
Fastenings	\$ 7.75
Total Cost	\$129.50

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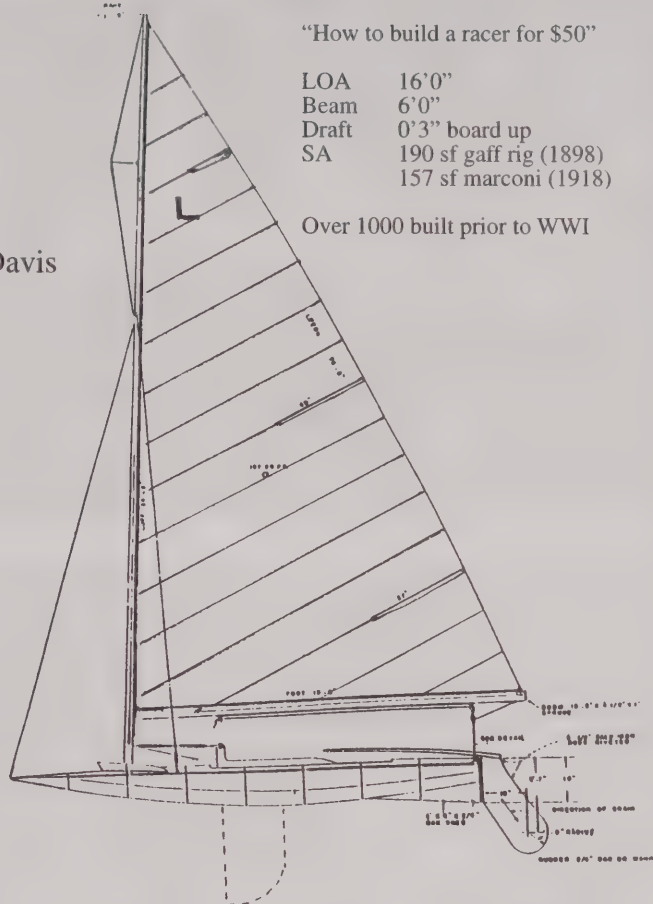
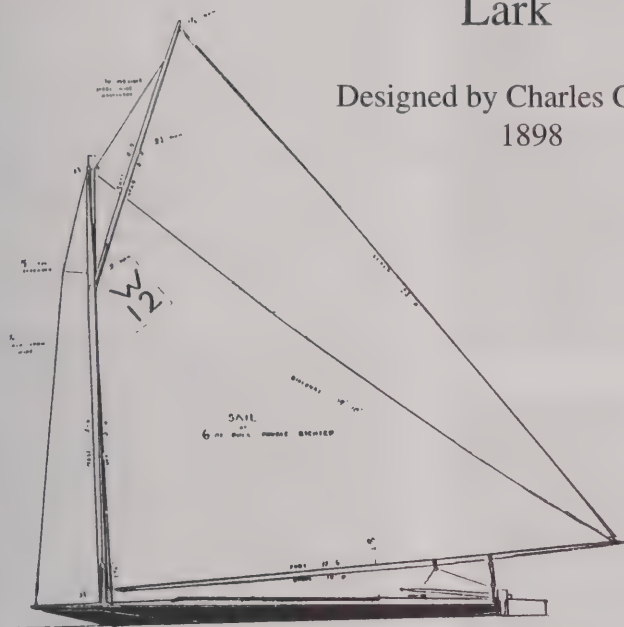
Small Racing Cat-Boat Lark

Designed by Charles G. Davis
1898

"How to build a racer for \$50"

LOA 16'0"
Beam 6'0"
Draft 0'3" board up
SA 190 sf gaff rig (1898)
157 sf marconi (1918)

Over 1000 built prior to WWI

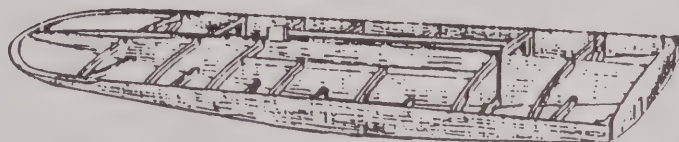
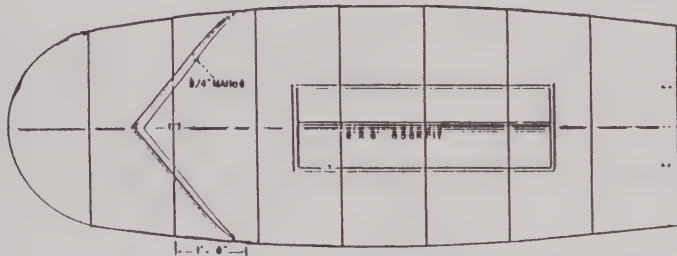


pick up the trophy.

The success of Lark prompted *The Rudder* to commission another fine designer, Charles D. Mower, to develop a larger version of Lark which was named Swallow. This boat was 24' long and also became very popular, with plans sold in many parts of the world. Swallow was advertised to be launched at the price of \$100 in 1898, and indeed a lot of them were built complete with sails very close to target.

Lark and Swallow were originally designed as gaff rigged and carried a great deal of sail. Some owners complained that they were under-rigged although a reduced rig was designed for Swallow. However these "skimming dishes" went very fast over the water, as they were expected to. Lark had a nasty habit of pitch poling when overpressed in high winds and big seas due to the fact her after end could have been extended a foot or two and, according to Clapham, lack of buoyancy in her bow. Swallow overcame this problem, being much longer and having additional volume forward with a transom in the bow. Lark was a great boat, however, being very fast and wet, and lots of fun, apparently, to sail.

In the early 1930s, William F. Crosby designed the Snipe for *The Rudder*, which generated an enormous response, and it wasn't very long before the Snipe was one of the largest classes in the world. The writer grew up in Snipes and we had over 40 of these boats in the Sea Cliff Yacht Club in the '30s. I mention this as an older cousin of mine who had seen Larks race earlier in Hempstead Harbor decided to build one and try it out against the more modern boats. He rigged it with a cut down Star mainsail and the boat was exceed-



ingly fast, at least when compared to the Snipes and the then low rigged Stars.

In the late 1930s, *The Rudder* reprinted the drawings of Lark and Swallow, which I eventually obtained for historical value, if for no other reason, and still enjoy browsing through them. When these later editions were published, the editors included a marconi rig as an alternate for Swallow and a marconi rig replacing the gaff rig of Lark. While I am not particularly enthusiastic about the gaff rig, Swallow seems to look better with a gaff and is probably faster off wind with it Lark looks much better with the modern rig and much more efficient.

It might be an interesting project if a group of sailing enthusiasts got together and built six or eight Larks. Racing would be ex-

citing with identical boats, providing the group made up some hard and fast rules to keep the expenses down and material use constant. For example call out specifically the mast construction to ensure that no one shows up at the starting line with a carbon fiber job.

Suggested Rules: Allowed: hiking straps, boom vang, dacron sails, aluminum spars, plywood construction, self-bailing cockpit, sheeting rig options. Not allowed: Alternate sail material, alternate spar material, rotating spar, spinnakers, retractable bowsprit, fiberglass construction.

These boats will not come in at the \$50 and \$100 price tag, but with plywood \$500 and \$1000 I think are possible. Add another \$1000 or \$1500 for sails and hardware and you're in the water.

Build a Kayak Dolly

By Sam Overman

I recently bought a Hobie Mirage kayak, and I wanted a dolly to make it easier to trundle the boat the couple hundred feet from my house to the launch ramp in my back yard. The Hobie catalog pictures a very small two-wheel dolly that attaches to the bow of the boat and which can be disassembled for storage inside the boat. This dolly was not yet available for purchase at the time I bought my boat, however, and I really felt I needed help getting the boat to and from the water.

The Mirage is not unusually heavy, especially when the pedal mechanism (yes, you can pedal this boat as well as paddle it, visit www.hobiecat.com) is carried separately, but it is smooth and slick and does not have the features of conventional kayaks by which they are usually lifted. The Mirage has lifting handles at its ends, but I wanted to move the boat by myself.

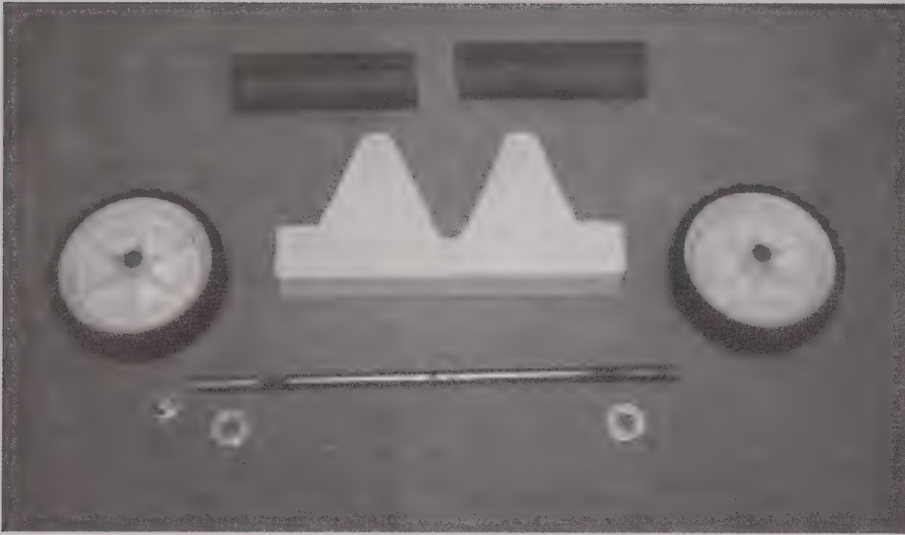
Very nice two-wheel dollies are available for purchase, and they usually have large wheels and strap underneath the middle of the boat. These enable a boat to easily be moved over soft or uneven ground by one person. For my purposes, a couple of small wheels attached to the forward end of the boat would do the job, and I did not need to store the dolly inside the boat, so I made a simple one out of materials I found around the house. It does the job just fine, and the components, all available from the hardware store or home center, would cost very little, even if they were all purchased new. I used a set of wheels and the axle from a rusty metal garden hose reel. I was going to discard the hose reel anyway because it was not Y2K compliant.

The body of the dolly is cut from a 1' length of 2x6 lumber (actual measure 1-5/8" x 5-3/4"). Two 6" diameter plastic wheels run on a steel or aluminum 12" diameter axle of appropriate length. A couple of washers and push-on nuts complete the wheel assembly. The distance between my wheels is greater than that on the Hobie dolly, which I believe provides increased stability. Foam cut from the material sold for insulating water pipes is used to provide padding between the boat and dolly.

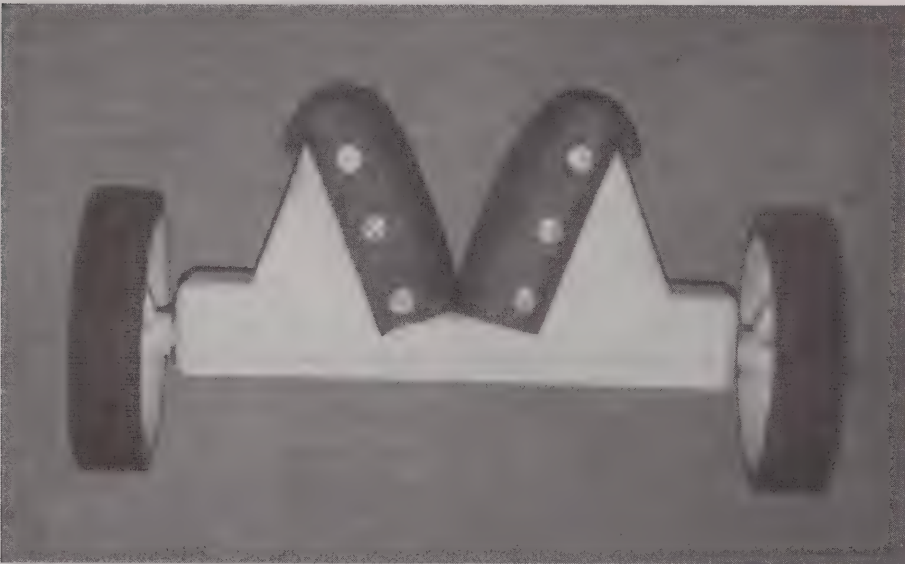
The center vee in the wooden dolly body is shaped to fit the particular boat at the place where the dolly will attach somewhere very near the bow. I take the shape of the boat bow by bending a flexible drafting aid around the appropriate part of the boat and transferring the shape to paper. This drafting aid, made by Alvin, consists of a flexible plastic tube having square cross section and filled with a strip of metallic lead.

The aid can be bent to follow a curved shape, and the lead will cause the device to retain the shape as long as the device is handled carefully. I place the bent drafting aid onto a piece of paper, then trace the outside of the curve. Tracing the outside adds width to the shape to allow for the thickness of the foam padding. I cut out the paper and trace the shape onto the dolly wooden body, then cut the wood with a coping saw.

The hardest part of making this dolly was drilling a hole for the axle straight through a foot of wood. I used a drill press holding a

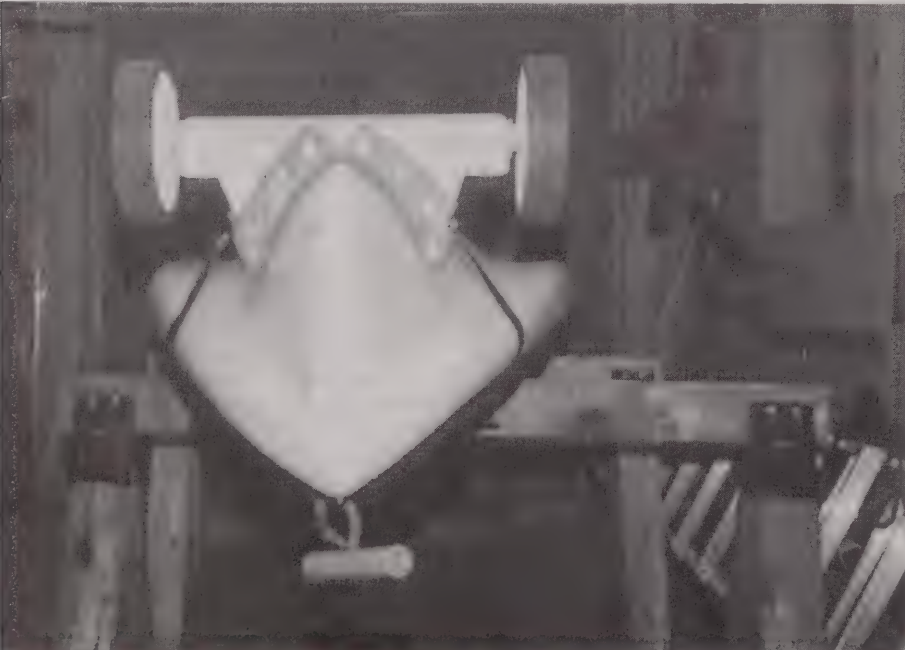


Components of the generic kayak dolly.



Foam padding is attached with wood screws and washers.

Dolly whose vee is shaped to fit the bow bottom of a Hobie mirage.



wood bit fixed into the end of a bit extender. It would probably work just as well to attach the axle to the bottom of the wood body using several large staples or by drilling holes in the axle and running screws or nails through them. A loop of webbing 1" wide is attached to the wood body using wood screws and washers.

Two small loops are created in the webbing by stitching across the webbing with very heavy thread. One loop falls just at each outer edge of the boat's deck. A length of 1/4" diameter bungee cord is tied to each loop, and a

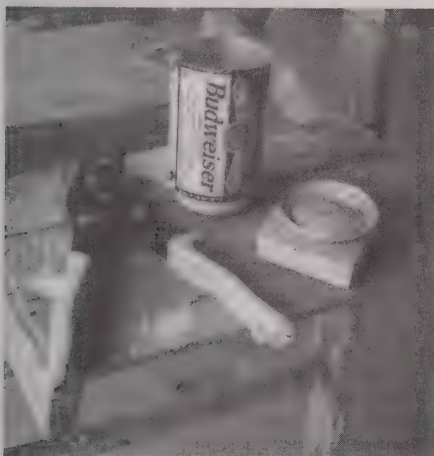
plastic hook is fastened to the other end of each cord. Once the dolly is slipped over the boat's snout, the bungee cords' hooks are hooked to tie-down points on the kayak usually used to hold the straps that support the seat back. This arrangement keeps the dolly in place on the boat, even if the boat is rolled over bumpy ground as I push the boat by its rear lift handle.

When I return the boat to the house, I like to hose it off and wipe it down before I take it inside. I can do this while the bow of the boat

is still supported on its dolly. I support the rear end of the boat by hooking its lift handle into a double hook formed from very heavy wire. The hook is suspended by a rope from an overhead beam that supports a deck above the door through which I eventually roll the boat. Once the boat is inside, I support it upside down over padded sawhorses in accordance with the manufacturer's instructions, remove the dolly, then wipe down the boat's bottom. I always remove the dolly from the boat when it is not in use to prevent it from distorting the shape of the plastic boat.

Corrosion Cleaning An Aluminum Canoe

By Stephen duPont



I bought a well used Grumman aluminum canoe and it was badly corroded inside where it had not been painted. The corrosion was heavy rust-like raised dark colored stuff. It could be scraped off with the blade of a pen knife leaving pits of dark material in the surface of the aluminum. I sought a way to scrape it without harming the aluminum and then a way to remove the dark stuff in the pits. Here is what I came up with.

The Scraper: I tried a steel wire brush in an electric drill, clearly not the way to go, damaging scratching of the aluminum. I need an aluminum scraper. I cut the bottom out of a beer can carefully with a three jaw metal shear that cuts out a narrow strip from the material but does not twist and distort the metal. The bottom of the can is the thickest part of the aluminum. This gave me a round cup of aluminum about a quarter of an inch deep, thin aluminum, having a sharp edge all the way around.

The opposite side from the sharp edge is the bottom of the can. This rounded rim is what the can sits on when put it down on its bottom. I anointed this with contact cement, let it dry and anointed a block of wood about three inches square with the contact cement letting that dry, then pushed the two together, getting a bonded wood handle on the section of the can with the sharp edge out. This sharp edge is the scraper. And it really works! Make several.

The Solvent: Next step after scraping is removing the dark stuff left inside the hollow pits. I read a number of references, some many

years old, about cleaning and polishing metal. One of them brought a big laugh. It suggested cleaning the inside of an aluminum vessel by filling it with water and rhubarb, then boiling it. I could just imagine filling the canoe with water and rhubarb and bringing it to a boil.

Another suggestion was to mix 30 grams of borax in a liter of water, adding a few drops of aqueous ammonia. I guess you could fill the canoe with that. Quite a few liters.

Offering some promise was oxalic acid. One reference suggested this is found in wood sorel, what ever that is. It didn't say how much to use. A more specific reference suggested adding a heaping teaspoonful in a gallon of water. How many gallons needed for the canoe I have not calculated yet.

Another reference recommended using stearic acid and fullers earth, 1 part and tri-poli, 6 parts, add two parts of nitric acid, one part sulfuric acid, then finely drop it into pure nitric acid, then into diluted vinegar. I suggest using rubber gloves! It stated one need not worry about eating from the aluminum container with some of the dark stuff still in it, it won't hurt you. So it is alright, I postulate, to drink out of the canoe.

Anyhow, moving on to the final solution, I scraped it with the beer can, and this really

does a good job. To paint it after scraping, aircraft epoxy primer would seem to be the right stuff. Expensive. So I purchased oxalic acid meant to bleach wood from the hardware store. It is powder in a pint container, one container is added to a gallon of hot water. Best to start with one eighth of the container in a pint of hot water, which will cover about one quarter of the inside. The canoe was not corroded in its bottom because that part had been painted.

To apply the acid, first lay paper towel over the part of the canoe you want to clean. It is best to do a quarter of the interior sides at a time, as the canoe must be tipped so the side to be cleaned is down and almost level. You may have to raise the far end of the canoe and find a way to hold it in position. Soak the towel with the oxalic acid solution. Use rubber gloves and don't get the acid on you or anything you don't want bleached. Use a 2" foam paint brush to move the acid where you want it.

I did it outside on the lawn near a hose to flush it off with afterwards. Leave it two hours wet with the acid solution and you get a pretty good result. Parts that you missed will have to be done later. Hose the thing completely after the cleaning and scrub it with a stiff nylon brush.



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Bolger on Design

Two Ocean Passagemakers — Part I

The word passagemaker was coined by Captain Robert P. Beebe for a boat designed to make long ocean voyages under power. His early designs had auxiliary sails, but in practice he found the sails unnecessary and almost useless. He concentrated on the anti-rolling paravanes he called "flopperstoppers" to mitigate the continuous rolling which had made previous ocean crossings in motorboats exhausting to the crews.

Powerboats, including some quite small powerboats, had crossed oceans long before his time, and he had studied their voyages. His seminal insight was that a powerboat could make use of the light weather zones in the oceans (which sailing vessels had always had to avoid) to assure comparatively smooth seas, bypass gale-prone areas, and visit places hard to reach and dangerous when reached for sailing vessels, but presenting no problems for powered vessels.

Beebe was a personal friend of ours of many years standing; we discussed his concepts in conversation and correspondence as they developed, exchanging ideas and commenting on each other's work. A low key, almost diffident personal style made people slow to realize that he was brilliant to the point of genius. It was the U.S. Navy's gain (or would have been if more of his advice had been acted on), but a great loss for the progress of boat design that he did only spare time designing for the greater part of his life.

Even after he was retired from the Navy, he spent much of his time cruising and, again, had too little time for design work. At one point we discussed a partnership in which I was to concentrate on the drawing board work. It would have somewhat resembled the arrangement between William Hand and Richard O. Davis, and might have produced some interesting boats, though at the time it was considered I doubt that I was mature enough as a designer to have made the most of it.

Beebe's book, *Voyaging Under Power*, has stood every test of time, and every word he wrote in the original edition is still valid. The current edition contains a good many words that he did not write and which are not identified as not his, including a strong sales pitch for a particular line of production cruisers we doubt the Captain would have been enthusiastic about.

These two passagemaker designs hold to his philosophy that an efficient passagemaker should be a fine lined boat of moderate to light displacement/length ratio, and we take even more interest than he did in keeping initial, running, and maintenance costs low. Both designs are: exercises in mechanical simplification for limited initial cost and least breakdown potential cruising alone in remote locales by avoiding "yachty" drive train at-

tributes and other trouble-prone" systems:" examples of serious structural strength against impact at hull speed from natural and industrial flotsam offshore, using either the toughness of steel in a multi-compartmented hull, or the buoyant stiffness of heavy plywood laminations sufficient to float the craft irrespective of damage.

They are expressions of relative cruising autonomy under power with enough diesel tankage to offer at least 5000 nm between fill-ups, allowing not just exploration of far-away places but also, for instance, an east/west transatlantic crossing with ample reserves to either wait out far offshore for an extra week or two or avoid with, for instance a 1000-mile detour, a hurricane blocking a straight course to East Coast ports.

Over several issues we'll discuss Bell's Puffer and Tahiti as two very different answers to the desire of 1-2 liveaboard crew to do long-range power boating on a budget starting with "home" construction.

Bell's Puffer Design #634

Length 14.0 meters (45.9')
Breadth 3.97 meters (15.6')
Draft 1.2 meters (3.9')
Displacement at datum waterline 23.26 tonnes (51,000 pounds)
Fuel capacity 3726 liters (984 U.S. gallons)
Potable water capacity 972 liters (256 gallons)

This boat was designed for an Australian who meant to use her for voyages to out-of-the-way places. Tristan da Cunha was mentioned as an example, indicating among other things that he did not intend to confine himself to the calm zones. The budget for her construction did not allow for any expenses that did not contribute to the seaworthiness of the boat and the health of her crew, but allowed for generosity where it counted. The 4-cylinder Gardner diesel was specified in the wish list; this classic engine develops 56 hp at 1300 rpm, proverbially reliable and long-lived, with a resonance that's a pleasure to hear.

It weighs an immense 1100 kilos (2400 pounds), but is still not very heavy in relation to the total weight of the vessel. With 2:1 reduction gears it drives a 28" diameter by 22" pitch propeller for 6-1/4 knots cruising speed. Burning nearly 1000 gallons, range was calculated to be 6500 nautical miles in 43 days; a knot and a quarter slower than Beebe's

Passagemaker due to the shorter waterline but much faster, to say nothing of more predictable, than a sailing cruiser anywhere near her size, and cheaper.

We suggested the forward location of the engine to reserve the part of the vessel with the least pitching motion and widest elbow room for the accommodations which, in turn, allowed effective isolation of the engine from the living quarters in general and from the wheelhouse in particular. The forward end of a boxcutwater shape like this also accepts the engine with efficient use of the space.

The volume of this cutwater and keel carries her displacement far forward, with a similar effect on her wavemaking, to these penis-like bulbs that are sometimes stuck onto bows to compensate for a bad basic shape. The bad shape is often the consequence of insisting on a sharply-raking stem profile and producing it by shortening and blunting the waterline instead of stretching out the deck. The box does not have high drag because its profile is matched to its plan view, with the corners of the box lying along the lines followed by the water flowing around the sides and bottom of the box.

The long jackshaft back to the prop, with thrust bearing far aft, allows the engine to be very flexibly mounted for a minimum of felt vibration. At the other "business end" incidentally a well from the rear-most compartment down allows access to the prop to cut away warp that would otherwise put her in peril. The transom-hung rudder with integrated "man-overboard" steps is about as stout and simple as things get with steering gear right on deck, always in full view, and readily accessible for maintenance and repair.

The box keel also allows the two 492-gallon fuel tanks to be of simple and compact shape, removable without major surgery on the boat, and located where their varying weight has no effect on trim. Forward and abaft the fuel tanks are dedicated double-bottom compartments that are to be flooded progressively to replace the weight of expended fuel, without which she would otherwise not have enough stability. She was designed with an easily-heeling shape to allow the Beebe-style paravanes maximum steadying effect. The gin poles and booms for the paravanes are heavy aluminum pipe, very advantageously stayed.

The engine exhausts dry through a soft-mounted and standard truck muffler and up a tall stack in the eyes of the boat, clear of most spray and far from the helm. The combustion air intake is on deck near the centerline and fitted with a centrifugal air filter to screen out a substantial amount of "flying" water. With this arrangement, the engine can run with the engine room flooded and would have a chance to keep going in a 360° rollover. The stack is mounted on a hinged plate to be swung down on deck for bridge clearance. Her single pipe keel cooler runs well-protected along her

garboards. Rejecting any impulse to pump seawater into an ocean-going hull, this leaves only the stuffingbox in the sauna compartment to ever introduce any amount of saltwater. The wheelhouse top is removable and its upper sides fold to reduce her bridge clearance to 3.1 meters (10.17'). This and her 15 V2-foot breadth allow her full use of the French canal system, which Capt. Beebe considered one of the most desirable capabilities of a world cruiser after his intense enjoyment of those waterways in Passagemaker herself.

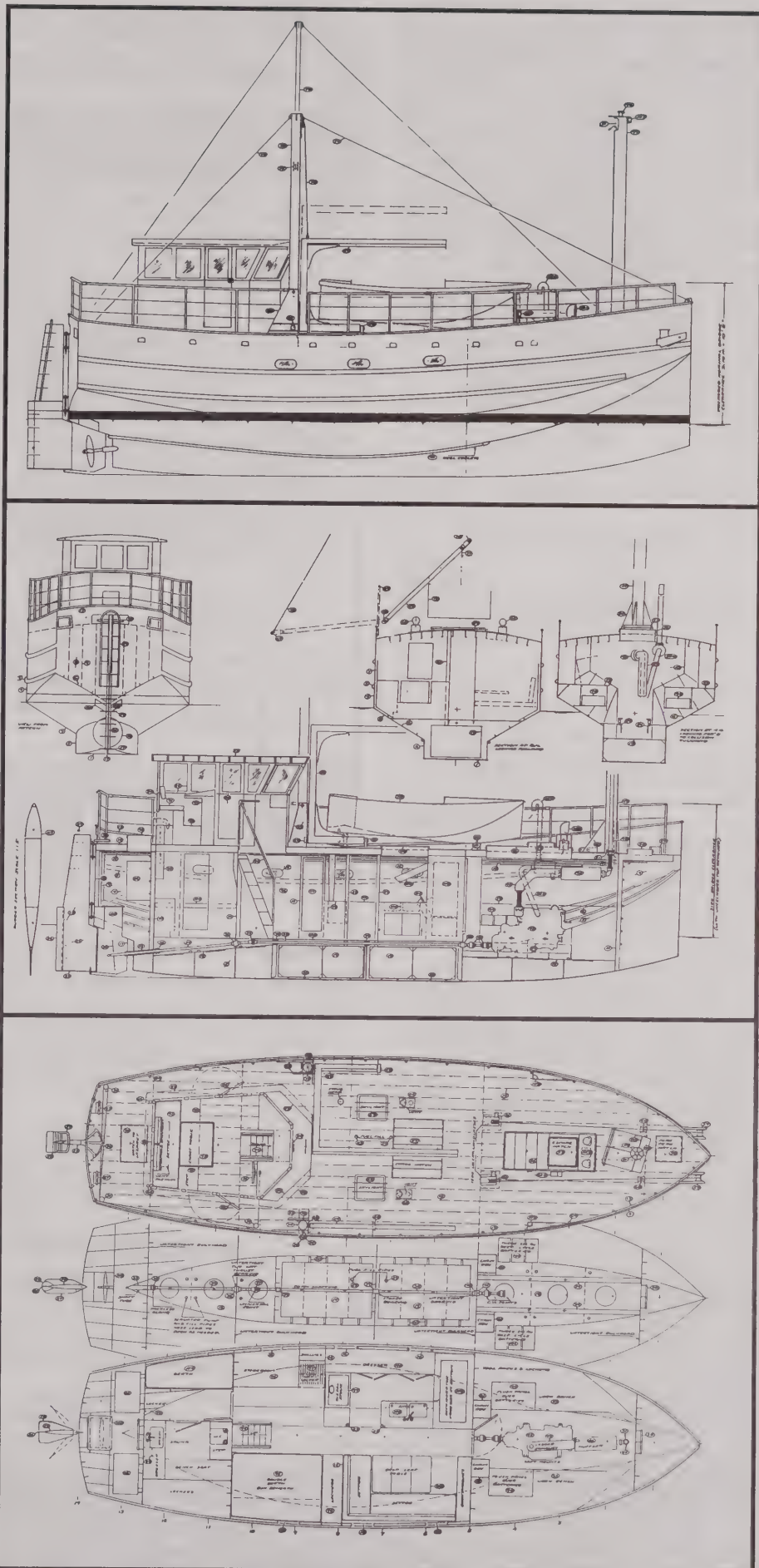
Back-up power is supplied by the diesel-powered yawlboat carried on deck and capable of being launched single-handed with the designed davits, unusual even of boats twice Bell's Puffer's size. This yawlboat is able to tow the mother ship for whatever distance the mother ship's fuel supply allows. It is compartmented to be unsinkable by wind and sea, to be a much better lifeboat than an inflatable raft.

Construction is steel throughout. Aluminum was discussed but rejected, as problems with anti-fouling coatings for aluminum would be a perpetual and likely costly consideration; considerations of reparability in remote places without advanced welding equipment was an equal concern. The keel bottom, which takes most of the punishment in most groundings, is 12 mm (1/2") plate, with the keel sides, bilge panels, and topsides 6 mm (1/4"). The deck is lighter yet, sharply crowned, and supported by deep close-spaced fore-and-aft beams to stand being buried by a breaking wave (an unlikely event considering her huge reserve buoyancy). This deck runs unbroken except by hatches from end to end, at a minimum height above water of 1.65 meters (5.4'). A great many boats advertised as passagemakers have large parts of their decks dangerously low, with dubious reserve buoyancy and stability; very comfortable tied to a dock but compromised at sea, perhaps reflecting the designer's and owner's true intentions?

The wheelhouse is well aft for the least punishment in a head sea. We call her Puffer because her proportions remind us of the small freighters, called puffers because they used to have low-speed steam engines, that service the islands and small ports on the rough west coast of Scotland. It has a comfortable bench across the after end, at the right height for an all-around view while the vessel steams on autopilot. The raised bench doubles as a ventilation plenum with large capacity and effective water trapping. In front of the bench is a large chart table with built-in chart stowage; that is, navigation does not require leaving the conning station. The bench is long enough for a singlehander to sleep on, with instant reaction to a radar alarm. Out on deck, the rails are a minimum of 1200 mm (47") high, plus bulwarks.

Below decks she is laid out for a couple, with one dedicated guest berth plus the possibility of converting the dining seats and table to a double berth. The generous sauna-type bathroom was a particular specification of the owner. The galley is on the pitch axis and laid out for no-hands bracing against rolling. A watertight door opens to the full-headroom engine room one step down.

This boat was designed before we began developing advanced insulation systems and was not expected to winter in a cold climate; not what we now call "a four-season boat."



We had already concluded that the usual sprayed insulation had too many expenses, irritations, and hazards to be tolerable, besides not being very effective the way it is usually done. As in our earlier steel-hull designs, the accommodation spaces had plywood sheathing spaced off the steel shell with light transverse angles to allow the inside air to circulate from side to side behind the sheathing.

With constant air exchange, this dries up any condensation and leaves the radiant surfaces at the inside temperature; much more comfortable than living with cold steel. It's an adequate system for summer use, cheap to install, and relatively easy to repair and remove for inspection or repair of the steel. Today we'd modify her plans to upgrade this otherwise very capable design to full unqualified four-season live-aboard standards.

Electrical capacity consists of six deep-cycle batteries totaling 1280 amp/hrs, a lot less than we would now call for. Batteries

are charged by belt-driven alternators on the main engine, which can well spare the power. In a well-designed system a separate gen-set should be unnecessary for liveaboard purposes.

This boat is bigger than Capt. Beebe's minimum limit for efficient passagemaking, but she is well toward the lower end of his range for cost on account of her comparative simplicity. A longer boat could be cruised at a higher speed with the same power, and the added cost would be quite small if nothing was added except the extra hull and deck plating. The more compact boat is more seaworthy in an "ultimate gale" survival situation. This is a conservative design. The hull shape is different from other boats, but it's a natural development of a line we've been pursuing for 40-odd years since the early box-keel Striker steel production boats. The forward engine is unusual now but the idea goes back to the 1900s at least.

With the total input of letters by Roger Bell on this commission amounting to just about two pages, the "man of few words" has not yet let us know about progress building or cruising. He might steam into Gloucester tomorrow.

In the next issue we'll show the first half of a two-part article about an advanced design closer to Beebe's minimum limit of efficient passagemaking, she could certainly be road-hauled. In her case her fuel load constitutes a full third of her displacement while her engine weighs just a tenth of the fuel load, dramatically changing the usual powerboat design assumptions. Tahiti offers some unprecedented features that we would love to have talked over with Captain Beebe, who always had his mind open to a different idea. According to the most recent communication from this client, several major parts of her hull have been built awaiting final assembly in her right-side-up construction sequence.

(To Be Continued)

Dream Boats

Small Barge For Small Inland Canals

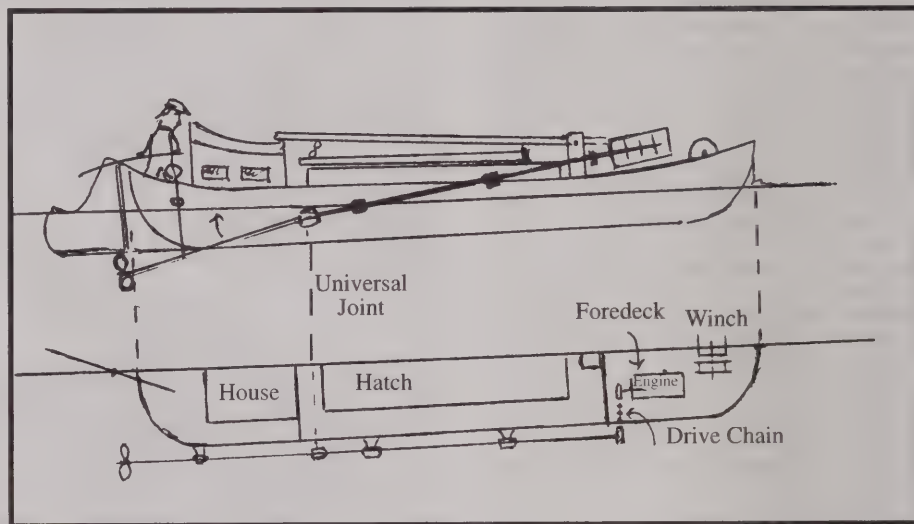
By Richard Carsen

Holland is the delta of the rivers Rhine, Maas (Meuse) and Scheldt. It is laced, in western and southwestern areas, with numberless small canals and ditches, typical of such delta areas. To reach the trade of farms and villages there, barges need to be very small.

This one is 32' between perps. Originally these were sailing craft with leeboards fastened to the sides like, for instance, the Dovekie of today. Alternatively, they were walked along from the canal banking with long poles inserted between a tabernacle and a hatch.

In the '30s many became motorized. As no place could be spared in house or under hatch, they carried their engines on the foredeck, where they were easily accessible for servicing, and the shaft for the propeller was led outboard along the starboard side. A universal joint permitted raising the propeller when it became too shallow for it to operate.

Yachts, shorter in length, have been built



along these lines, the under hatch area converted to main salon and sleeping quarters. These still carried sail. In our drawing, the mast and boom are strictly for loading cargo.

The hulls were made of iron plate, later steel the modern choice, and tarred on the outside.

Should you have the time and money to spend two or three weeks in Holland, skip the

tourist traps of Amsterdam, the Five Flies, Volendam and Marken. Somehow arrange to contact some locals who can arrange a comfortable vessel for an exciting trip through Holland's waterways. See the Holland tourists never do, unexcelled beauty, the silence and peace of the land experienced from the water, floating noiselessly by undisturbed. It's an experience you would never forget.

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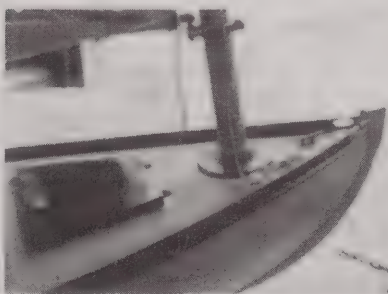
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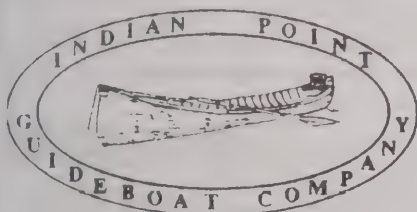
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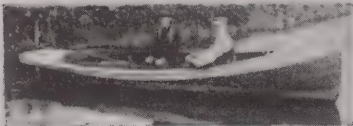
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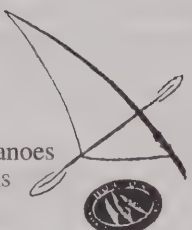
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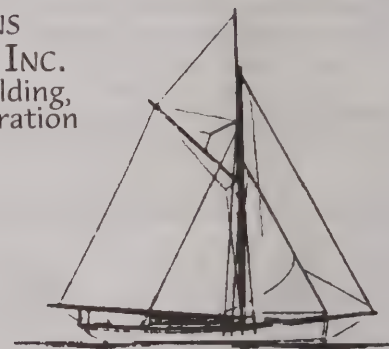


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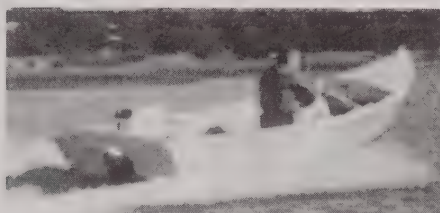
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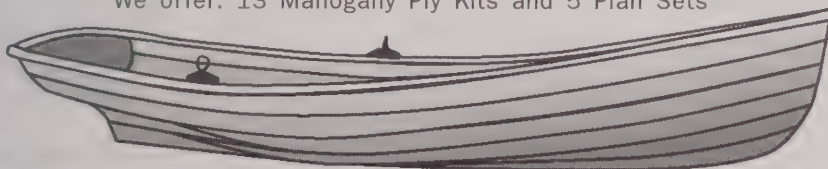
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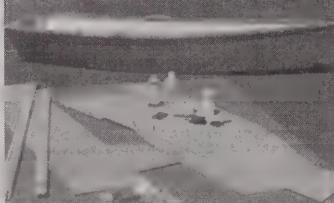
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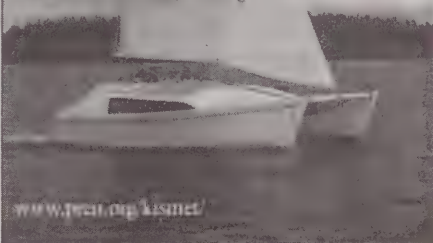
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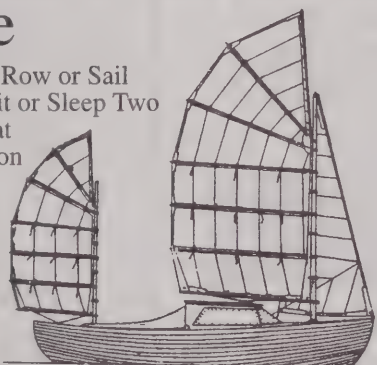
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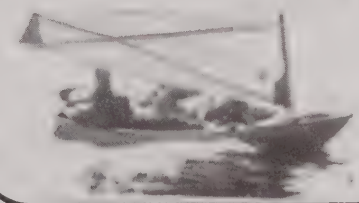
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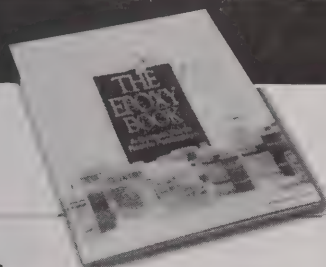
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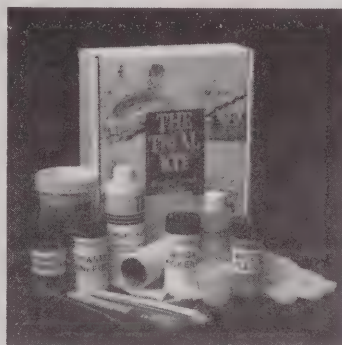
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12' Feathercraft Deluxe Runabout, alum, ca. '52. Nds restoration, incl misc parts, ref photos, trlr. \$600.
PHILIP KENDRICK, 22 Pine St., S., Berwick, ME 03908, (207) 384-2603. (12P)

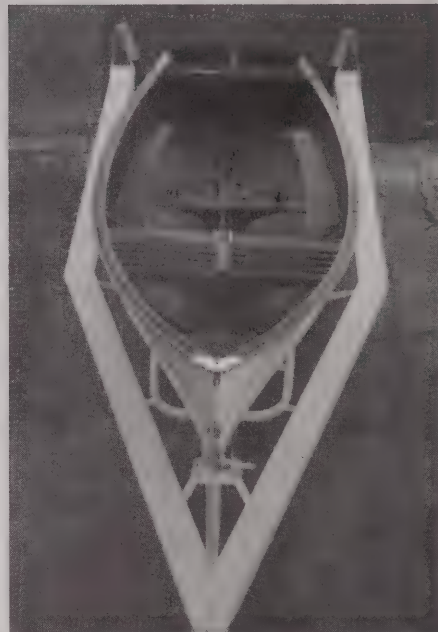
15' Boston Whitehall, Monfort Geodesic boat, new cond. \$1,000. **Bolger Gloucester Light Dory**, also nearly new. \$1,000. **9' Classic Bahama Rowing Dinghy**, polyethylene hull w/water ballast. \$300.
JIM MEEKS, Spring Lake, MI, (616) 846-7785. (12)

Swampscott Dory, '98 by Roger Crawford. Custom cover, trlr, teak trim, 2 rowing stations, Shaw & Tenney oars, spars & sail. Exc for rowing, sailing, motoring. Bad back forbids my use, forces sale. \$8,500 invested, asking \$6,000 OBO.
PAUL ROSEN, Mobjack, VA, (804) 725-3906, <prosen@ccsInc.com> (12)

20' Strawberry Banke Skiff, blt '81 in museum boat shop. Spruce on oak. Exc lobster or work boat. \$1,200 OBO.
JOE MACOZEK, York, ME, (207) 698-3715. (12)

O'Day Daysailer II, 20yr old, in gd shape, sailed often this summer, moving to a smaller boat. No trlr means bargain price of \$500.
WALTER WETHERELL, Lyme, NH, (603) 795-4600. (12)

Two Boats for Almost Nothing! 25' Cruising Sloop, (Frisco Flyer class), blt Hong Kong '61, teak planking, cabin, interior, spruce spars, copper rivet/bronze fastened, original fittings; nds replacement of 10' of plywood deck and cosmetic work. **22' Starling Burgess Designed Keel-Centerboard Sloop**, blt Cape Cod Shipbuilding '37, cedar plank on oak frames, bronze fastened, spruce spars; board drops through lead keel, draws 1-1/2' board up; trunk rebuilt and gearboards replaced, a very pretty daysailer in gd cond.
FULL SEA, INC., Greenport, NY, (516) 734-7409. (12)



'58 Mahogany Thistle, hull #1239. New, 100% restored. Reblt w/epoxy. Bottom glassed & faired. Inside varnished w/10 coats Z-spar. All new Harken hrdwre. Custom trlr. \$4,800. Full details & pics. JOE MCWILLIAMS, Texas, (409) 569-7405, <http://euler.sfasu.edu/ThistleRestore> (12)



22' Hunter '82, swing keel w/'90 9.9 Evinrude w/alter. Galv trlr, compass, depth, VHF, Loran, autopilot depth, kitchen, anchors & all gear, ready to sail. Loved for 14 yrs but bad knees require sale. Asking \$6,500.
CHARLES LIVINGSTONE, 93 River Rd., Calais, ME 04619, (207) 454-2604, <Chasbl@nemaine.com> (12)



18' Herreshoff Harbor Pilot, '74 Nowak & Williams, Volvo 140A 4-cyl, new cushions, mooring cover. \$8,500.
MICHAEL SMITH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-5392. (12)

13' Boston Whaler Supersport, professionally restored '99. New paint, mahogany, lights, controls, compass, '84 40hp Johnson, new trlr. Like new. \$6,850.

MERV TAYLOR, RR2 Box 35, Lincolnville, ME 04849, (207) 789-5676. (11)

Diabliesse, Frederick Fenger's original main trysail ketch, 38'. I've owned and loved her for 50 yrs, but at age 77 I'm looking for a new person to cherish this vintage vessel in exc cond. Featured in *WoodenBoat* Mar/April '98. Write or call for details.

MARTIN RUDY HAASE, Bluenose Boatyard, PO Box 281, Chester NS B0J 1J0, Canada, (902) 275-3361. (11)

Old Town Sloop, "White Cap", 13-1/2' lapstrake, cedar on oak. Alum mast, spruce boom, orig hrdwre & canvas sails. Nds repair. \$450.

GEORGE YANSON, Pittsford, NY, (716) 248-5022. (11)



31' Down east Cruiser, '57 restored '91. Exc cond, sweet running twin 135hp Palmers, FWC. Slps 4, galley, head, electronics, fully found. Ready to launch. Sacrifice at \$11,900.

J. STONE, Bath, ME, (207) 443-1208. (11)



22' C-Dory Cruiser, 50hp Honda 4-stroke OB burns 1 gal fuel/hr, 210 hrs on engine, top speed 25mph. Slps 3, w/sink, 2 burner stove, head, full electronics, spacious dinette. Full 6'2" hdrm. C-Dory has great ability to safely handle anything nature can throw at it while offering shallow draft for exploration or beaching. Exc cond, a real character boat. Incl trlr. \$28,000 OBO.

KENT LACEY, Old Lyme, CT, (860) 434-1846. (11)

Carpenter's Boat Shop Sale: 20' Highlander Class Sloop, FG, full suit sails incl 2 spinnakers, wooden mast & boom. Nds new ply deck. \$750 OBO. **28' Sloop**, fixed keel, deck stepped rig, gd cond. Nds minor work. 1 suit sails, cedar planking on oak frames, grt cruising design. \$4,500 OBO. **9' Lawley Tender**, cedar on oak frames, lovely rowing craft, w/oars, ready to go into water. \$2,850.

DARIN CARLTON, The Carpenter's Boatshop, 440 Old County Rd., Pemaquid, ME 04558, (207) 677-3768. (3)

Comet #252, 1/2" PT pine over original western cedar sides and over 1/4" plywood bottom. Red. Deck 1'4"x 1-1/2" PT pine over plywood, varnished. Sharp! Ready for another 60 yrs. Removeable cuddy cabin. Tlr. \$1,500 firm.

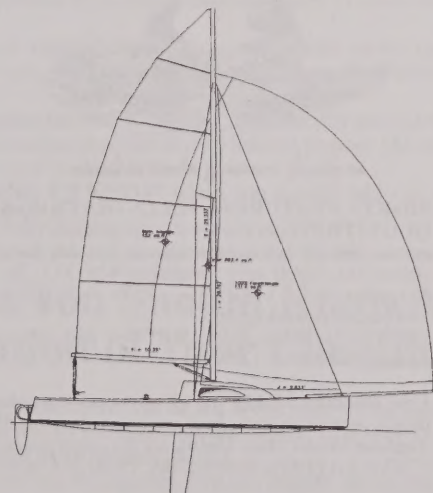
GUNNAR WILSTER, Piney Flats, TN, (423) 538-5292. (11)

19' Lightning #3070, wooden sailboat in exc cond. Cedar planking on oak frames, bright finished mahogany transom. No rot. Blt late '40s, rblt mid '80s. 2 suits well used sails, 1 gd spruce mast on tabernacle, 1 ugly mast for parts or refinishing, 2 booms, 2 rudders. Stored in garage last 5 yrs. Nds minor cosmetic work. Not a go-fast boat or racer, but a simple, sturdy, pretty traditional boat. 5 yr old trlr. \$2,000, can deliver nearby.

TONY FURNARI, Hartland, VT, (802) 436-2608, <TEFurnari@aol.com> (11)

Folbot "Expedition", folding dble sea kayak. Little used. Will sell for \$950 firm or trade for single kayak of comparable value.

EDWARD HOFFER, Marion, MA, (508) 748-9648 eves. (12)



35' Alden Motorsailer, '36, spacious cabin, lots of extras, Perkins diesel, newer spars, sails, VHF. Nds hull work. In Rockland, ME. \$9,500.

46' 2-Masted Schooner, '80, GPS, VHF, new Volvo Penta, recent survey, "vy gd overall cond, vy well constructed". Nds deck work. In water in Rockland, ME. \$15,000.

24'6" Stephen C. Baker Sloop, '95, 8'7" beam, draft CB up 6". CB down 6". All sails, Harken furler, Loadright trlr. Fast boat. In Westport, MA. \$18,500.

18' Old Gaffer, '98, Murray Peterson design, 6'3" beam, 2'3" draft. Gaff rig, custom blt to exceptional standards by Apprenticeshop in Rockland, ME. \$22,000.

ATLANTIC CHALLENGE FOUNDATION, Rockland, ME, (207) 594-1800. (11)

16-1/2' Grumman Flyer Sailboat, 350lbs all aluminum, SS rigging, dacron main & jib, motor mount, galv tilt bed trlr. All exc cond. \$1,350.

H. WHITE, 2252 St. Rt 48, Fulton, NY 13069, (315) 593-8331. (11)

16' Wayfarer, Hull #770 blt '78, mahogany. One deign by Ian Proctor (UK). Exc shape, new paint, main, jib, spinnaker, storm jib, sailbags, camper tent, 9' spoon oars, motor lift bracket, self draining. W/ trlr. \$2,700.

JOHN LARRABEE, E. Orland, ME, (207) 469-2670. (11)



21' Chesapeake Skiff, '98, designed by Westom Farmer, NA. Framed in white oak, planked in white pine w/SS fastenings. All seams payed w/Sikaflex. See *MAIB* 11/15/97. Powered by new 2-cyl Yanmar diesel producing 7knts at 2,000rpm. Uses approximately 1 qt fuel/hr. This is a great harbor & river boat, well equipped. Asking price \$11,000, negotiable.

GEORGE RICHARDS JR, Builder, Randolph, MA, (781) 986-6288. (11)

10' Trimaran, beam 6'-10', sail 65sf, w/trlr. Custom made. \$800.

KEN CURRIE, Ft. Wayne, IN, (219) 485-8571. (11)

Happy Traveler, 12.5' OB skiff similar to Deenoe or Water Bug but sturdier. 4.5hp Mercury OB w/ 6gal fuel tank. Cartoppable, no trlr. \$1,200 negotiable.
NICK SEARS, Atlanta, GA, (404) 874-3661. (12)

26' Seafarer Longkeel Sloop, w/new '98 4 cycle Honda long shaft 10hp OB, VHF, all sails. Slps 4. Price w/Honda OB \$5,500, w/older 10hp Mercury OB, \$3,500.
TOM COLGAN, Arden, DE, (302) 475-7061. (12)

Cape Dory 27, '77 w/Yanmar diesel. Clean, sound, well found. 3 jibs, flasher, awnings & cover, jackstands, all inclusive. Now hauled out for survey at Annapolis, MD. Illness forces sale. \$14,500
CHARLES TRINGALI, Millersville, MD, (410) 987-5895. (12)

22' Herreshoff Eagle, gaff rigged sloop w/classic lines. FG hull, lots of teak trim, new 5hp Nissan OB, tandem axle trlr. Trade for larger boat. Asking \$7,500
DUANE LONES, 946 Michigan St., Sturgeon Bay, WI 54235, (920) 746-9702, <dewey@itol.com> (12)

Two Wooden Penguins, 11' cat rigged. No hull numbers found on either; both believed homebuilt. Both structurally sound w/good wood spars, good sails. #1 blt abt '69 (Sail #7990), refinished, prime-varnished, ready for exterior hull paint. on Sea King trlr; \$900. #2 blt '71, (no sail number) nds some plywood repair, plus stripping & revarnishing. On Yarrowborough trlr. \$400.
RICHARD ELLERS, Warren, OH, (330) 399-6237, <Geerichard@Juno.com (12)

Thayer Fantail Livery Whitehall, his orig mold, trimmed & decked in teak, Awlgripped. Stunning boat. \$2,200.
LYNN HOFFMAN, Philadelphia, PA, (215) 848-4230. (12)

'75 San Juan 21, Mk I, swing keel sloop, #1282. LOA 20'6", LWL 17', Beam 7', Draft (keel up) 1', 4' (keel down). Displ. 1,400lbs (keel weight 420lbs, kick-up rudder, 2 mainsails, 3 jibs (working, 130% & 155%), 6hp Evinrude OB, whisker pole, & compass. Rigged for racing. Customized trlr. \$3,600 OBO.
RALPH G. ELDRIDGE, Elizabeth City, NC, (252) 330-3544. (12)

16' Wayfarer Sloop, '78, Hull #770, mahogany, one-design by Ian Procter, exc shape, 4 sails and bags, boat tent, motor lift bracket, self-bailing, and heavy duty trailer. In water. \$2,700.
JOHN LARRABEE, E. Orland, ME, (207) 469-2670. (12)

Candu E-Z Mini Tugboat, half finished. Hull completed, molds & patterns for deck and cabin available. **Pea Pod**, dble ended row boat Completely finished. **Beetle Cat**, finished. **Boat Shop Odds & Ends**.
FRANCIS M. DZIEJMA, PO Box 233, S. Walpole, MA 02071, (508) 668 - 3879. (12)

Bolger Black Skimmer, 25' leeboard sharpie cat yawl. Johnson 8hp OB, tandem axle trlr. Nds some work. Free.
GUS HEDDEN, Tuftonboro, NH, (603) 544-2369. (04)

Trade 24' Stadel Sloop, Blaney blt '66, full keel outbd rudder, seaworthy & seakindly. 7hp Volvo diesel. Gd cond. Located in San Juan Islands, Washington state. For boat on east coast, Caribbean, Alaska, South Pacific, wherever.
JAMES GULL, P.O. Box 1582, Friday Harbor, WA 98250. (11P)

18'9" Drascombe Lugger, FG yawl open sailboat, gunter rig. Really nds new mainsail. Hull & rigging in gd cond. \$3,750.
DICK VILLA, Manchester, MA, (978) 326-2022. (11)

BOATS WANTED

37' Meadowlark, commissioned in '89, refurbished '98. Fully found cruise ready Herreshoff classic. 2'6" draft & wide full length keel allow safe passage & comfortable anchoring in skinny waters. Grt for Chesapeake, Florida or Bahamas w/better than average seakeeping to get you there safely. 4cyl Westerbeke diesel, spacious galley, enclosed head/shower, slps 4. \$49,000.
RON JOHNSON, Tarpon Springs, FL, (800) 881-1525. (12)

Melonseed Skiff, any cond considered if compl w/ trlr. Will travel to see/pickup.
NICK SEARS, Atlanta, GA, (404) 874-3661. (12)

26' Classic Daysailer, w/small OB, deep comfortable cockpit. Sloop or other sail rig. Willing to trade 26' sloop w/new OB (see BOATS FOR SALE listing), now doing more day sailing than overnights.
TOM COLGAN, Arden, DE, (302) 475-7061. (12)

Turnabout/N10 Sailboat, any useable cond considered. FG or wood, w/wo trlr.
TED PACKARD, Arlington, MA, (781) 648-1091, <tpackard@mediaone.net> (12)

Vertue, plank on frame or FG hull. Fixer-upper preferred for father/daughter project.
PAUL BUTLER, Sandpoint, ID, (208) 255-7733. (12)

Laser Skiff, any cond.
DON WIGGIN, Belmont, MA, (617) 484-6982. (12)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

White Polytarp Sail Kits, construct an inexpensive dinghy sail in just hours. No sewing required.
DAVE GRAY, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038, (317) 842-8106. (15P)

150 Genoa Jib, by Charles Ulmer (NYC), rarely used. 17-1/2' foot, 31-1/2' luff. \$125 + shipping.
JOHN LARRABEE, E. Orland, ME, (207) 469-2670. (11)

150 Genoa Jib, by Charles Ulmer, rarely used, 17-1/2' foot, 31-1/2' luff. \$125 + shipping.
JOHN LARRABEE, E. Orland, ME, (207) 469-2670. (12)

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5' Tugboat Model Male Molds, for FG construction.
STEVE LAYDEN, Bourne, MA, (508) 274-6010. (11)

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CHUCK RAYNOR, Richmond, VA, (804) 285-7233. (11)

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New T-Shirt Design by NORS, rare 1894 view of crew members aboard the centerboard sloop *Vigilant*, 1894 off Cowes, England. 100% cotton t-shirt, white. M-XL \$16. S&H \$3.50 (check or money order). (TFP)
NORS SPORT, HC 33, Box 180A, Bath, ME 04530.

Misc Gear, red & green bow lantern, electr or oil. \$60. Red & green side lights, chrome. \$25. Curved teak tiller. \$25. Bronze boat hook tip. \$12. 18' windsurfer mast. \$20. Various blocks.
RICHARD DOWNES, Mashpee, MA, (508) 539-3944. (12)

Graymarine Gas Engine, 4cyl 12v, Model 4-52 (hp). Compl w/transmission, SS shaft, motor mounts, hull brackets. On 3'x5' pallet. \$1,000, no delivery.
LUCAS SYLVESTER, Rockland, ME, (207) 594-9490.

'35 Evinrude Elto Pal, 1hp OB in vy gd cond. Antique appraised at \$155. BO.
MERV TAYLOR, RR2 Box 35, Lincolnville, ME 04849, (207) 789-5676. (11)

Palmer P-60 IB Engine, w/direct drive & reverse gear. Recent overhaul & many spares. \$500.
DON WIGGIN, Belmont, MA, (617) 484-6982. (12)

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)

British Seagull OB, small featherweight 1-1/2-2hp. Any yr in gd cond.
LAUREN KATZ, 659 Nassau St., Orange, NJ 07050, (973) 325-3741. (11)

For Saroca, engine mount, cockpit cover, overall boat cover, all-weather camping tent.
CHRIS SPOHR, Barnstable, MA, (508) 362-2248, <chris.spohr@worldnet.att.net> (12)

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From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 +\$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.
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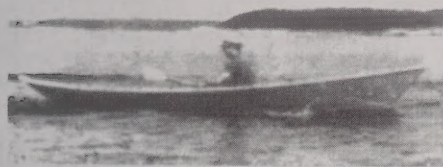
Tom McGrath Classic, *The Odd-A-Tea*, wandering the New England coast like Ulysses in *The Odyssey*. Paperback, profusely illustrated. A few left, \$12 ea.
BEV MC GRATH, 50 Green St., Lynn, MA 01904. (TF)



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Narrow Waters, Dee Carstarphen's beautiful log of small-boat adventures. 140pp, hundreds of watercolors, scores of sketch charts evoke 2,000 mile cruise from Chesapeake to Dry Tortugas. \$19.95 signed, postpaid. Reviewed in January 15, 1999 issue.

PEN & INK PRESS, P.O. Box 235, Wicomico Church, VA 22579. (TFP)



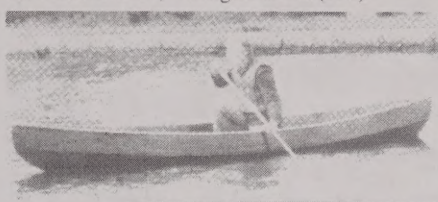
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TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)

Cockleshell Kayak Plans, 3 wknds & about \$150 puts you on the water. 11.5' LOA, 24lbs, step by step instructions, full size patterns. \$35.
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Misc Books, Canoes & Kayaks for the Backyard Builder, by Snaith. \$15. *Ultralight Boatbuilding*, by Hill. \$15. *Build the Instant Catboat*, by Payson. \$10. *Motorboat & Sail Plans*, by W. Atkin. \$15.
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DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford EX39 1TB, England. (11/99EOIP)

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NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

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

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

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Old Canoe Catalogs.
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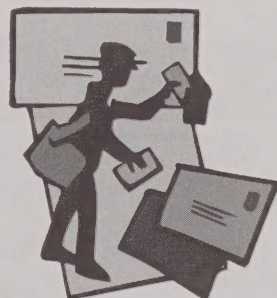
Wanted Books & Plans: Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder*, *Motor Boating*; *Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.
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Sail with Cape Cod's own Tall Ship, Schooner *Larinda*, ASTA member and just back from extended trip to ports in the Chesapeake, is looking for volunteer crew members and paying passengers/trainees for upcoming trips. Also accepting positions for TallShips 2000. Plan now! Call for additional info.
CAPT. LARRY MAHAN, Marstons mills, MA, (508) 428-8728, <slarinda@cape.cod.net (24P)



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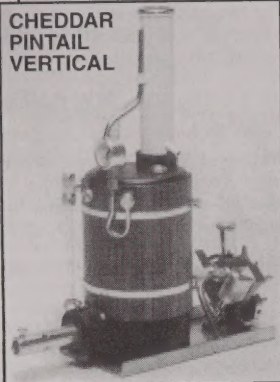
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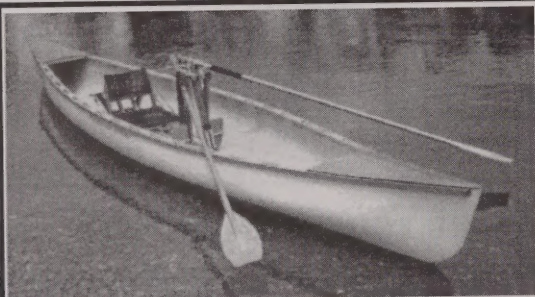
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