



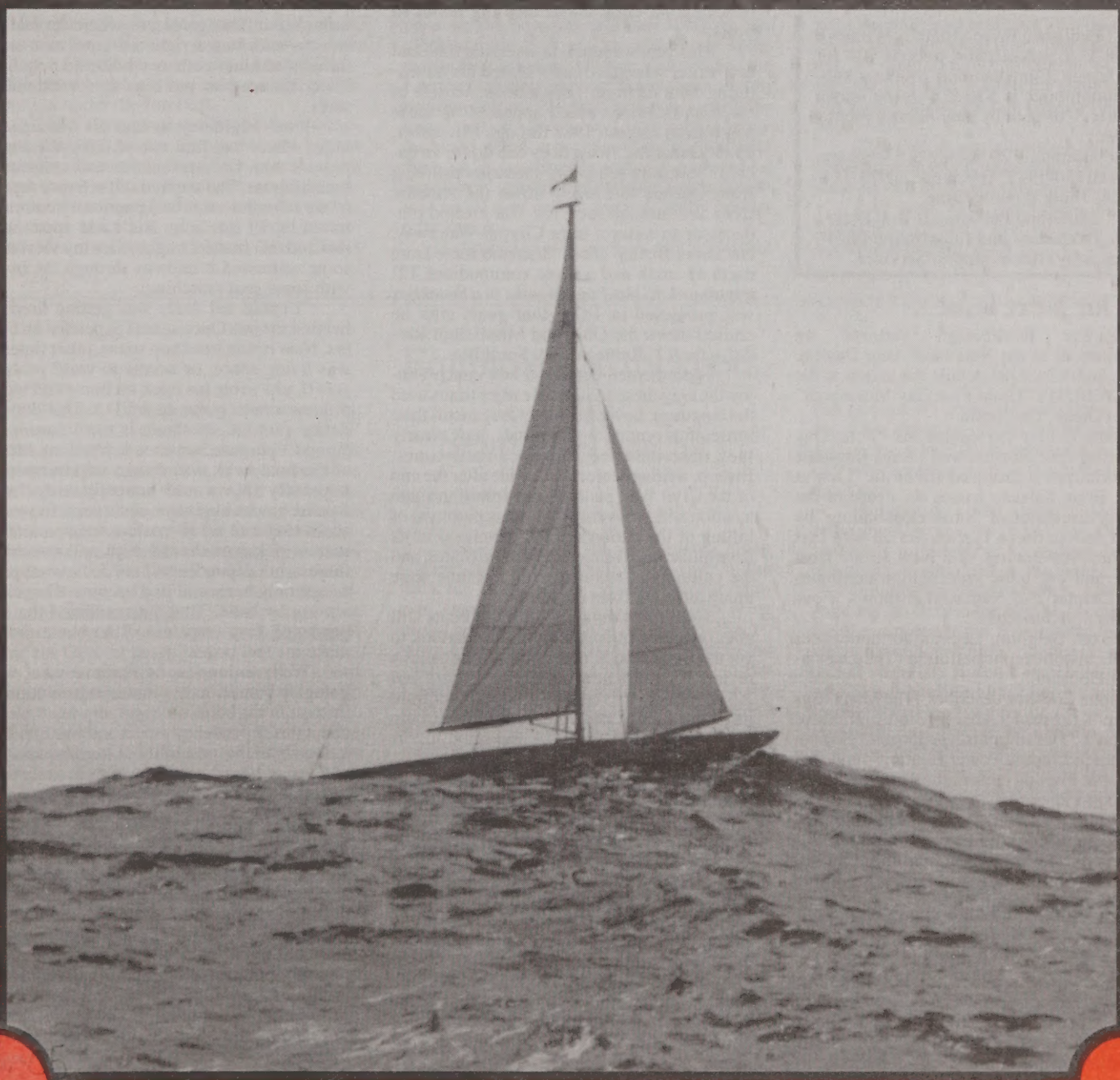
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messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
William Fraser... Ocean Crosser
Project Liberty Ship - The Skyliner Yuloh

Volume 17 - Number 16

January 1, 2000



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In Our Next Issue...

Roger Rodibaugh reports on "Melonseeds in the Heartland" near Dayton, Ohio; and Kim Apel details the action at the SCUZZBUMS "Giant Five Day Messabout" in San Diego, California.

Bill Zeitler chronicles his "Four Day Cruise on Five Horsepower"; Rags Ragsdale memorializes a deceased friend in "Lost at Sea"; Brian Salzano passes on a turn of the century discussion of "Small Boat Sailing" by Jack London; Steve Turi carries on with Part 8 of his "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut"; and our book serialization continues with Chapter 2 of Nathaniel Bishop's "Four Months in a Sneakbox".

From Belgium, Luc Casaer announces another historic replica effort in "The Launching of De Scute".

John Erickson describes "The Many Rigs of the Kingston Lobster Boat"; Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" proposes "Human Generated Electric Power Boating"; and Phil Bolger & Friends present their "Inboard Diesel Sport Fisherman".

Tim O'Brien discusses anchoring techniques for his houseboat in "Houseboat in a Hammerlock"; and Kevin Harding tries forward facing rowing in "Rowing for the Directionally Challenged".

On the Cover...

The two meter pond yacht *William Fraser* crests an ocean roller on its epic crossing of New Zealand's Cook Strait, the turbulent 25 mile channel that separates that nation's north and south islands. Mark Steele features details and more photos in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Here's our first issue of the new year, century and millenium, all wrapped up in one, but we're not changing anything. Fact is, we're soldiering on along the same well proven course, even again undertaking serialization of a bygone book about messing about in boats.

This year we return to an earlier time and to a writer who previously shared his adventuring with us in an 1870's book, *Voyage of the Paper Canoe*, which appeared on these pages from August, 1988 through November, 1989. Under the "what does one do for an encore?" category following his earlier paddling from Quebec to Florida down the Atlantic coast and through the Civil War created predecessor to today's Intra Coastal Waterway, Nathaniel Bishop chose an inland route from north to south and a more commodious 12' gunning skiff. His *Four Months in a Sneakbox* was published in 1879, four years after he cruised down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers in the 12' Barnegat Bay Sneakbox.

I commented before on how much I enjoy the way these writers of earlier times used the language, how effectively they instill their sense of adventure in our minds, how clearly they described the nature of their times. Bishop, writing scarcely a decade after the end of the Civil War, paddled and rowed through a nation still recovering from this paroxym of killing of the nation's young manhood in its determination to remain the United States, and the culture and technology of his time were much different from ours today.

Well, such voyaging in small boats still goes on today. Interestingly, as I undertook to get the Bishop book underway on our pages a review copy of a new book, *Three Years in a 12-Foot Boat*, arrived with a cover letter from its author. Steve Ladd undertook in 1990 a trip in a small boat of 12' LOA, the same size as Bishop's.

Unlike Bishop, Ladd's vision was international, his trip, which began in Washington state, continued on after he completed his downriver travels on the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, to cross the Caribbean to Panama, through the Canal, down the west coast of Columbia, thence overland to the headwaters of the Orinoco River, downriver to the Atlantic, and back across the Caribbean to Florida. Whew!

Ladd is a good writer, like those I extoll from an earlier era, he has a good command of the language and his writing about all that transpired is evocative of the circumstances, people, places, events, and conditions. All are described in absorbing, well written prose.

Ladd got a lot of help on his journey. He seemed to meet people predisposed to help him along, including several women who developed relationships with him that lasted over significant portions of his trip before he moved on out of their range. He met men who had influence in foreign places where he had to wrestle with bureacratic red tape, men who introduced him to others who could help him along his way, or put him up for extended stays.

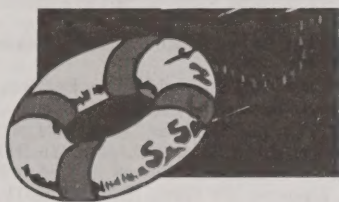
I was beginning to find his willingness to let others bail him out of difficulties and provide him free sustenance and assistance bothering me. The implied self reliance aspect of the adventure was being seriously compromised by all this help. But Ladd apparently realized that readers might share my view and so he addressed it midway through the book with some soul searching:

"I could tell Andy was getting tired of helping me out. Once again I depended on others. Now it was free shop space, other times it was living space, or access to word processors (Ladd wrote his book on borrowed word processors along the way. ED.). This dependence rankled, because it ran counter to *Squeak's* purpose, which was freedom. Much of the boat work was design improvements, hopefully this would henceforth decline. *Squeak* has no engine or electronics to worry about. My use of alternative transportation, such as pickup trucks and ships, was resourcefulness, not dependence. I needed a word processor only because I had become allergic to writing by hand. Thus I rationalized the dependence, (my emphasis, ED.) but it didn't make me feel better."

Well, so long as he realized what was going on I could accept that in my continued interest in his book. Recognizing my caveats about this dependency aspect and some speculation about the credibility of the descriptions of some of his adventures, you will find this a really good read about a long cruise in a very small boat.

Three Years in a 12-Foot Boat has sold out its first printing of 2,000 in two months. It is sold in bookstores and on <amazon.com>. Ladd invites you to order an autographed copy directly from him if you like. He is at Seekers Press, 2003 Nielson Ave., Enumclaw, WA 98022, (360) 802-2276, <sgl@eskimo.com>

This would have ordinarily been a book review, but since it tied in with the beginning of the serialization of *Four Months in a Sneakbox*, it found itself subject to my commentary.



Small Boat SAFETY

Capsize!

The San Francisco Pelican is a 12'2" sailing pram with 6' beam and 106 square feet of sail in a standing lug main and small jib. Slow, but comfortable, forgiving, and easy to sail. Ours is a Smith Bros. built boat and has flotation between the cockpit sides and the hull as well as under the foredeck.

I had always wondered what would happen if I capsized the Pelican. Could I get it upright if it turtled? Would the boat float too high to get back in? How high would the water be in the boat? I now have the answers to all these, and other, questions. The event occurred at the Eugene (Oregon) Yacht Club's

Memorial Day Regatta. We had won three of the four earlier races and were leading in the fifth and final race.

How did the capsize occur? We were sailing downwind with the jib poled out, I was sitting to windward to keep the helm neutral, wind was 15-18 gusting to perhaps 25, and we found we must jibe to reach the next mark. Yari (my wife and crew) stepped across the centerboard trunk to take the pole off, and I failed to move back and to leeward to compensate for the change in balance. A gust hit us, driving the windward bow under the water. This effectively stops the boat, causing it to roll to windward. We both fell out, and with the boat on its side but floating quite high, another gust caused it to turtle.

There were two rescue boats in the area that came to our aid. Yari climbed into one and I handed the rudder, which came off, to them. The whisker pole had already been handed to the other boat, but was never seen again.

The boat has flotation in it and was stable with the bowsprit under the water. I was able to get a foot on one of the bow handles and the other on the bowsprit and then stand up and climb onto the bottom. One of the crew in the rescue boat asked what I was going to do, and I replied, "I don't know. Never been in this position before." We had been sailing with the board partially down, so I was able to grasp the board, stand on the edge of the rail and right the boat. It was floating with the bow almost completely submerged, but the water inside was about 4-6" below the top of the centerboard trunk.

I climbed in over the bow and found that

the boat was stable, so I furled the jib, dropped the main, and started to bail. One of the rescue boats was still in the vicinity and asked if I wanted a tow to shore, which was gladly accepted. After getting some of the water out, I was able to get the rudder back on so the boat could be towed in a straight line.

Lessons learned and comments. Have flotation in the boat. When sailing downwind in heavy air, keep your weight aft. Think about what is going to happen to the balance of the boat when you and the crew move about. Have a safety clip to keep the rudder from failing off. Have a big bailing bucket. Secure gear in the boat, the only thing we lost was a sponge. Don't panic, but think about what has to be done and how to do it. I am not sure how the boat could have been righted had the board not been partially down. I suppose a righting line could have been rigged, but this would require diving under the boat to get a halyard tail or the mainsheet. Perhaps a line should be left tied to the base of the mast to serve as a righting line.

What would have happened had there not been a rescue boat available? We could have sailed away, once the water had been bailed out. We were fortunate in that we were both wearing rain gear to keep the spray off with pile jackets under the rain gear and the water was warm.

All in all, it was a learning experience, although at an inopportune time! Oh yeah, we were second in class for the regatta.

Bob and Yari Smithson, 988 NE Locksley, Bend, OR 97701, email bobnyari@empnet.com.

Equinoxes, Crockpots, and "Searching the Sky"

By Robb White

We had some changes here around the equinox. It ain't actually the "first day of fall" like so many newsmen, secure in their regional smugness, love to say it is. It is just that time in September when there are the same number of hours of daylight as darkness all over the world, even down in the Southern Hemisphere where those newsmen smugly proclaim "today is the first day of spring." No matter what they say, both equinoxes are usually hotter than hell around here. The changes that happened were that we had a thick foggy spell and the GPS bit the dust.

About the time of the equinox, it's hard to get to our house on the island before dark. I don't like to run in a skiff when I can't see. Dark is difficult but fog is bad, and I believe the combination is dangerous. Fog is not as common here as it is in some places, but when it does come, it is just as thick. It is not my navigation that worries me, it is the navigation of others.

I might be run over in my skiff boat by some joker with his nose glued to the GPS, watching his course, speed, CMG, and all, when he ought to cut that speed, switch off those wheelhouse lights, and stick his head out the window to find out if he can see or hear anything. When we finally get gratefully settled down up there in our house, it's not uncommon to hear, from somewhere out in the fog, the awful yelp of some powerboat that has wandered from his virtual "highway" and slid way up on a real sand bar.

Enough of that. We were easing along somewhere out the mouth of the river in the thick fog on the Friday evening after the equinox, eyes peeled, ears wide open, GPS lying on the grocery box "SEARCHING THE SKY" when I realized that it ought to be nagging me "MESSAGE: PLEASE PRESS PAGE" so that I would have to stop paying attention to the world and call up the notice "APPROACHING RIVER # 1." Though it was long since time for the little devil to be percolating up the vital data, it was still "SEARCHING THE SKY." To make a long story short, the damned thing was still peering just as myopically as us (and the "first day of fall" news people) when we got to the island.

Fortunately, I still had my old compass in the board box and was able to feel around in the floorboards and find the recess where it used to sit. I was pretty sure that the island was still in the same direction that it used to be. Although relying on the GPS to lead us by the hand had made me not start navigating until I wasn't positive about the actual position of the "WAYPOINT" of departure, I knew the set of the tide and believed I could hit the seven mile wide island so we poked on as usual. I figured

that as soon as I could see something besides the water dripping off the end of my wife's pigtail, we would try to recognize it and decide which way to go up or down the beach to the house.

Fortunately, I didn't have to do that because about the time the "ETA" was about due, I smelled my neighbor's crockpot and was able to hit it right dead on the money.

Epilog: My rocket scientist niece, who gave me the GPS in the first place, explained the phenomenon to me. It seems that there was some manipulation of the rigamarole by other rocket scientists (I don't remember exactly what it was because I have trouble paying attention to that kind of information) which had caused all the GPS's in the world to become, instead of the brilliant little geniuses that they had been, as stupid as any loose battery TV remote control. She said that there was a way to straighten it out. I don't know about that because I couldn't fix it by boiling it in our crockpot all day long on Saturday.

Don't misunderstand, despite this temporary disgruntlement I know that high tech will continue to escalate with me. I'll probably have to buy a bigger pot to boil this computer shortly after the solstice which, as you know ain't the "first day of winter" but just that particular inclination of the axis of the earth so that the North Pole is leaning away from the sun as far as it gets. I give you joy of your independence from the stooges of this world.

ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

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

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445. (802) 425-3926.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
Bayfront Center for Maritime Studies, Foot of Holland St., Erie, PA 16507, (814) 456-4077, <eriesailing@hotmail.com>, <http://www.goerie.com/bcms>.
Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.
Chesapeake Boats Bayou, Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis, (410) 684-9798.
CT River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162.
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.
Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145. (215) 755-2400. <pwbf@libertynet.org>
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.
Schooner Sultana Shipyard Shipbuilding School, Box 524, Chestertown, MD 21620. (410) 778-6461.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.
Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.
Wooden Boat Workshop of Door County, 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209. (920) 868-3955.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.

Directory of Activities & Events Organizers for 2000

As the center of a small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are often asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or event. To expedite this networking we publish this listing of all organizations and individuals we know of who offer events and activities.

We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we do not wish to spend a lot of time on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about specific opportunities of interest to them. As an alternative we publish this directory and urge readers to contact those who seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

If you do not find what you are looking for in this directory, then contact us, we may be able to help you, but bear in mind that every organization we learn of goes into this directory, we're not holding anything back.

In 2000, this directory will appear six times only, in the January 1, March 1, May 1, July 1, September 1, and November 1 issues.

Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840. (401) 846-1983.

ELECTRIC BOATING

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

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331. (781) 934-7555.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.
The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2007.
Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543. (508) 540-3954.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.
Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950. (978) 462-8681.
Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. Meerwald), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerwald@juno.com>
Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (978) 768-7541.
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.
Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (757) 596-2222.
Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Maritime & Yachting Museum, P.O. Box 1448, Treasure Coast Mall, U.S. Rt. 1 @ Jensen Beach Blvd, Stuart, FL 34995.
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315).
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.
Newburyport Maritime Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (978) 745-9500.
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.
James B. Richardson Maritime Museum, 401 High St., Cambridge, MD 21613.
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.
Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, c/o Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 442-0097.
Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
 Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.
 U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.
 U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.
 Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.
 Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.
 Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.
 New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Wills Pile, 476 Wayland Ave., Providence, RI 02906. (401) 455-3430.
 San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jgosse@juno.com>
 Sparkman & Stevens Association, NE Area, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME 03905.
 West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcrest Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.
 Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.
 Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.
 Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.
 Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.
 Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466.
 New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.
 New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.
 Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.
 Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.
 Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.
 Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.
 Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, c/o Julie McCrum, 1075 Winchester Ln., Aiken, SC 29803-9667, (803) 643-3800.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.
 Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.
 Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.
 Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.
 Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.
 Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
 Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162
 Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.
 Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.
 New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.
 Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.
 Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.
 Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.
 Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

SAFETY EDUCATION

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

SEA KAYAKING

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

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.
 Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.
 Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.
 Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.
 West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, c/o Ron Hoddinott, 12492 104th Ave. N., Largo, FL 33778, (727) 391-7927.

STEAMBOATING

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

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.
 Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
 Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.
 Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.
 Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.
 Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
 Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.
 Merrimack River Maritime Association, Newburyport Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950.
 Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.
 Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.

Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.
 Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com> www: http://www.tscanet/puget/
 Sacramento TSCA, c/o Richard Ratcliff, 819 Columbia Dr., Sacramento, CA 95864. (916) 481-7642.
 South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.
 Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.
 Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950, www: http://www.tscanet/
 Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.
 Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.
 Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.
 TSCA of W Mich, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.
 Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.
 Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (781) 272-9658.
 Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
 S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Lane's End, Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.
 Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

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

WATER TRAILS

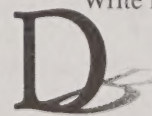
Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.
 North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.
 Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS

Association of Wooden Boatbuilders, 31806 NE 15th St., Washougal, WA 98671.
 Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.
 Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
 Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
 Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
 Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.
 The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.
 Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.

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Activities & Events...

Passenger Fishing: A Lecture/Slide Show on Keeping Maritime Traditions Alive Through the Commercial Charter Business

Passengers stepping off Harold Burnham's c1910 Friendship sloop *Chrissy* in Gloucester, Massachusetts, take with them much more than the memories of salt water and sunshine. They leave with an appreciation for an ancient craft and a little understanding of a New England fisherman's way of life. Operating his Sloop Boat Charters has afforded Harold much more than the opportunity to learn and teach the all but forgotten art of fishing under sail. Harold's eyes were opened to the fact that passenger fishing could develop into a large scale industry on Cape Ann.

In his slide show lecture Harold Burnham will tell a little about his business and some of his adventures hauling lobster traps under sail. He will discuss the old methods of trap building as well as how he researched and restored his sloop.

Additionally, Harold will also talk about how his passenger fishing experience helped him in designing and building the schooner *Thomas E. Lannon* and the Chebacco boat *Lewis H. Story*, as well as his hopes for the future of the industry.

Harold's lecture takes place at 7:30pm on January 25th at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum Waterline Center at 66 Main St. in Essex, Massachusetts. Snow date will be the following Tuesday, February 1st. Everyone is welcome, donation is \$5. Call (978) 768-7541 for information and/or directions on Monday, Wednesday or Friday between 10am and 4pm.

Shoestring Shipyard Weekend Boatbuilding School ("Bootstrap Dinghy 101")

Join us on Saturday and Sunday, February 19-20, to build your own Bootstrap Dinghy in a weekend with step-by-step personal instruction. This will be a great experience for first-time or novice boatbuilders and a fun group project for families & friends. Class begins promptly at 8:30am each morning and runs until approximately 5pm, at the Elks Lodge in Hyannis, Massachusetts.

Bootstrap Dinghy 101 will take you step-by-step through building your very own boat from an enhanced kit. At the end of the weekend you'll take your own Bootstrap Dinghy home ready for painting!

The Bootstrap Dinghy is a small workboat with an overall length of 7'6", and a beam of 4'2". It is designed to be used as a tender to a larger vessel. It's small enough to

be stowed on deck aboard many yachts and is car toppable. It has a safe load capacity of 450lbs. Row it, tow it, or put on a small motor (no more than 2.5hp is really needed). No matter how you choose to propel this tiny craft, you'll find that it slips through the water with ease, and is very stable for a boat of this size given its generous beam. The complete boat built Shoestring Shipyard retails for \$1,495.

The Bootstrap Dinghy is designed for the first time home boatbuilder. A basic understanding of woodworking is helpful, but not necessary. It helps to have an understanding of the project at hand in advance, therefore we'll send you your copy of *How to Build the Bootstrap Dinghy* in advance with your confirmation.

Tuition is \$730 which includes a kit of pre-cut marine fir plywood panels and other parts, *How to Build the Bootstrap Dinghy*, hardware, glue, instruction necessary for completing the boat, a Shoestring work apron as well as lunch and refreshments on both days. If you wish to bring additional people (family or friends) for your boat building team, additional tuition for each person is \$50 and includes a Shoestring work apron as well as lunch and refreshments on both days.

Instructor is Paul J. Bennett, designer of the Bootstrap Dinghy. Paul is a licensed marine engineer and naval architect, a member of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, the American Boat and Yacht Council and the Massachusetts Maritime Academy Alumni Association. His Bennett Marine Enterprises dba Shoestring Shipyard is a member of the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce.

Advance registration with a 50% deposit is required. The balance is due by January 21, 2000. Tuition in full is due for registrations made after January 21. You may register on-line at <www.shoestring-shipyard.com>. First come first served as space in the class is limited. Refunds, less \$100, will be honored up to January 21. If we can fill your spot, we'll be happy to refund the entire amount. In the event you must cancel after January 21 you may have credit, less \$100, for Shoestring Shipyard merchandise or future boatbuilding classes. We reserve the right to cancel the class; in this event full refunds would be made.

Questions? Contact Paul Bennett at (508) 888-7960 or <info@shoestring-shipyard.com>.

Adventures & Experiences...

Recumbent Sailing

I got to thinking about your recumbent bicycling and so I took a little recumbent sail in a tiny boat recently. I set it up close hauled, lay down in the shade of the bottom and headed offshore.

Stuart Hopkins of Dabbler sails had made one of those little windows in the sail with those little fliers to fine tune the trim. Though the little boat self steers on the wind like that,

I played with the tiller line just to see if I could keep the lee ribbon flying just right. I found that I couldn't do any better than the boat did by itself.

Unfortunately, I snoozed off and let one of my ears get a little bit sunburnt. At least I didn't get run over by a Bayliner. I knew I was safe though. It was after Labor Day and the Noles (That's FSU Seminoles in Tallahassee) had a home game. At least you are safe from falling to sleep on that bike... 30 mph downhill is probably a good time to pay attention.

Robb White, P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, Ga. 31799

Sculling My Dovekie

I have a Dovekie sailboat which has an oar lock on its canoe stern for sculling and I scull it more often than I row it. Although most people use the 9' long rowing oars for sculling, I find it easier to use a dedicated 10-1/2' long sculling oar. My Dovekie probably weighs about 1,000lbs fully loaded and I like to stand up and put my weight into the sculling. I stow the sculling oar on the starboard side, blade aft behind the cockpit coaming and handle grip forward. This allows me to slide the oar back into the oar lock without leaving the helm.

I also sometimes use the sculling oar while sailing: If I am trying to come about and seem to be losing momentum, I give two strokes on the sculling oar to pull me through the eye of the wind. Takes some of the excitement out of short tacking a Dovekie in a narrow, rock lined passage.

Norman K. Wolfe, PO Box 15,839, Washington DC 20003-0839

Cured of Square Rigger Trip Dreams

Your recent commentary about boat "speeds" (November 15), with mention of the German "P" ships, the 5 masted *Parma*, *Passat* and others, brought to my mind my discovery of Basil Lubbock's book, *The Last of the Windjammers*, while I was in college in the early '40s.

My interest escalated and dreams became more important than studies. Having grown up aboard a Chesapeake Bay bug-eye, my growing desire to sail around the world on a square rigger nearly did in my achieving sufficiently high grades. I was saved from scholastic shipwreck by the draft in '44.

As my not quite 20/20 vision seemed to guarantee that I'd be accepted in the army, I volunteered for the navy. Better to enjoy the sea and a clean bunk. Aboard the *USS Glennon DD840* I did enjoy the sea, proudly being one of the least seasick off Hatteras after WWII was over.

One day while high up on the radar mast tending to the antenna, I happened to glance down at the deck and it wasn't there! Directly beneath me were churning waves, the deck was "over there", connected to me by a 40 degree angled mast. This experience cured my longing for that round-the-world square rigger trip. How many times would I have to be way up there furling a sail on a swaying footrope with mast tops describing great arcs across a rainswept sky?

Today I have settled for a plastic kayak. Charlie Hewins, Philadelphia, PA

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Boatshops...

Moved to Maine

I have closed my Hogtown Bayou boatbuilding shop in Santa Rosa Beach, Florida and moved to Maine. Peter Gallo of Adirondack Rowing has been selling most of the boats I have built for the last three years. The cost of shipping from Florida, the desire to do more promotion, global warming, urban sprawl in the south, and about a thousand other reasons have driven me north. I have a great new shop and house in Sedgwick, Maine, only three miles from Brooklin.

I hope to open a retail store (Rowing Outfitters, or Down East Rowing) this spring with a web site. I am currently building Adirondack guideboats and sliding seat wherries in fiberglass, and dories, skiffs, and dinghies in wood. I will also be producing a drop-in rowing unit of my own design.

Joe Thompson, Rt. 1, Box 2350, Sedgwick ME 04676, (207) 359-6539, <Joerow@hypernet.com>.

Designs...

\$20,00 May Seem Like a Lot...

Flats fishing is the most demanding form of angling. The water is thin and clear, the fish are exposed and wary. The fisherman's most critical tool is his flats skiff. It must be fast to get to where the tide is right. It also needs to draw as little water as possible and must be light and nimble so the angler, or his guide, can maneuver with a push pole.

Conventional skiffs might weigh 800lbs and require a 135hp motor. But the Hell's Bay Whipray skiff has dramatically reversed this trend. It weighs less than 400lbs and a 25hp engine scoots it along at 30mph. It will practically float on dew, drawing around 3", and is a pure joy to pole.

Hell's Bay makes a limited number to order, which can easily cost more than \$20,000 per. That might seem like a lot for a 16' skiff until you are poling a wide, turtle grass flat on a falling tide, with a tailing bonefish in your sights. Then it will seem exactly right. Hell's Bay Boatworks is located in Titusville, FL.

(From *Forbes FYI*, November, 1999, a lifestyle magazine for the business executive).

Interesting Information...

And Now, Footrowing

Re the current discussion on sculling and, in particular, using the yuloh: A couple of years ago I sent in an item about Chinese foot rowing with one oar. Now I have this photo from Vietnam in which a woman is rowing with both feet. Perhaps someone (Richard Carsen?) could inform us about this technique?

From what I've been able to discover, these Vietnam foot rowers use a sort of bicycling movement, thus alternating the oars rather than pushing on them together. It appears quite relaxing and appeals to the lazy aspect of my character.

Pedal Power in 25mph Winds

Our pedal powered Escapade successfully completed a seven mile race course on Puget Sound in 25mph winds and 5' waves. How did it perform? Michael Lampi of Bellevue, Washington, in his Escapade was the only pedal powered craft out of 23 entrants. Michael finished 10th, with rowboats and racing kayaks capsizing and dropping out left and right. Only 11 of the original 23 starters were able to finish the race. Michael pedaled his Escapade to a record time for pedal boats. In the adverse wind and wave conditions, his 1 hour and 55 minute finish broke the previous year's record of 2 hours, which was accomplished under sunny skies and calm conditions.

For more information on our Escapade, call (888) 709-7097, e-mail us at <info@nauticraft.com>, or write to us at Nauticraft Corporation, 5980 Grand Haven Rd., Muskegon, MI 49441.

Victor Mouse Trap Powered Model Boats

My Design Consultant assignment started with the unexpected arrival of my 6th grade Science student client announcing he had delayed too long in an important assignment, making a Victor Mouse Trap powered model boat. I knew him as a remarkable straight-A student, but minus mechanical skills. This caused skewing the design, the most common adopted by competing students consisting of thread-line turning of paddle wheels. Or so they thought. The incredible power onset and varied vector forces of the zipper wire frame (or whatever the component is that despatches vermin so readily is named) creates all manner of energy transmission problems.

After some brain storming we developed a submerged, inverted mouse trap propulsion wherein a ventral paddle was attached to the zipper, the concept being that one powerful lunge should send the boat coasting down the course. At this writing considerable experimentation and refinement is under way.

Due to the utter simplicity and low costs it occurred to me this matter of powering a simple model boat by a Victor Mouse Trap could be of intense interest to maritime-minded adults. That is, have contests at messabouts, shows or whatever. I saw a complete range of plastic bottles as hulls and much use of plastic spoons as nicely shaped paddlewheels. And the Victor Mouse Trap propulsion will have to be run stock minus any aftermarket speed components or costly Italian alloy parts. Even rubber bands suffice for power plant attachments plus the inevitable

lanyard to touch off the cheese holder thing. And, any time you care to retire from contesting in Victor Mouse Trap boating, you can return the propulsion unit to the back porch or barn unchanged for its original purpose.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

Needs...

Just Moved Here

I have recently moved near San Francisco Bay in Marin County, on Corto Madera Creek, a lively boating stream. I would very much like to meet any readers who might live in the Bay area.

Dean McClure, 937 S. Eliseo, Greenbrae, CA 94904

Vandestadt & McGruer Sailing Dinghy

I have acquired a 12' fiberglass center-board sailing dinghy apparently manufactured by Vandestadt & McGruer Ltd. of Owen Sound, Ontario, Canada. The rudder and sail are missing. I would appreciate receiving any information about this boat from knowledgeable readers, especially concerning the sail plan and rudder.

A. Bennet Wilson, Jr., P.O. Box 380, Toppling, VA 23169, (804) 758-0850, <abennett@crosslink.net>

Projects...

IYRS Spring Workshops

We have scheduled a number of one day workshops at our International Yacht Restoration School in Newport, Rhode Island, for spring, beginning in February, which may perhaps be of interest to some readers. No previous experience is necessary! Come join us!

The subjects are the following: Shop Machinery, Yacht Joinery, Yacht Refinishing, Marine Surveying, Marine Engines, Marlinespike Seamanship, Boat Lettering, Lines and Lofting, and Reframing a Boat.

Workshop enrollment is limited so please call for reservations: (401) 848-5777.

IYRS, 449 Thames St., Newport, RI 02840.



Through reading I had developed an impression of England as a land thronged with delightfully eccentric enthusiasts. My impression was quickly validated when there for the first time, in the fall of 1999, I encountered in the ticket line at Liverpool Street Station a gaunt, bespectacled, older man who was also going over to Chelmsford. "Off to the Maldon Old Gaffers Regatta?" I inquired.

"No, I'm going to Chelmsford to look for buses. I'm a bus man," he replied.

"Wow," I thought. "Wonder how he finds the space to keep his buses." Later, in the bus depot at Chelmsford I caught sight of him, peering up at vehicle numbers, and writing them down in a thick, leather covered notebook. "Ah ha!", I thought. "He's like a train spotter. Only he does buses." This for me was the perfect blend of English eccentricity and enthusiasm!

But really, the bus man wasn't the first enthusiast I'd met; I'd been to the Southampton Boat Show the previous day. There I met and spoke with boat people who, because I share their particular interest, are enthusiastic without seeming in the least eccentric.

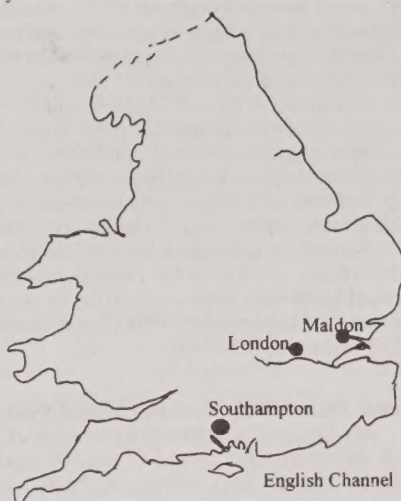
As I was attempting to plot a course from the Southampton train station to the boat show on my wrinkled map, along came Mr. Jeckells and Richard, (I missed his last name) of Jeckells Sails (www.jeckells.co.uk) "Come with us," they said, cheerfully taking me in tow

It was like strolling through the advertising pages of *Yachting Monthly*, and was packed with interesting products, many of which aren't available in the States. And, acres of exhibits were adjoined by leagues of floating plastic. At Tyrone Boats (www.tyrone.uk-net.com.uk), Tyrone Currie was featuring, among other vessels, a nifty 45 pound, 15'7" hard-chine sailing canoe kit, "Carrick". Only the plans are available to the U.S.

Although I tend to suffer from "tall ship fatigue", I was attracted to The Jubilee Sailing Trust booth (<http://www.jst.org.uk>). Estab-

Two Day Trips From London

By Derek Van Loan



lished in 1978, this organization has been getting physically disabled and able-bodied sailors onto the briny deep aboard their three master, *Lord Nelson*. Lindsey Neve, director of the trust, informed me that people in wheel chairs are even hoisted up to the cross trees. Now their new ship is about to be launched, and I was drawn to the ceremony as the Lord Mayor of Southampton, who, wearing the gold chain and medal of his office, was announcing that her name is to be *Tenacious*. The new vessel's name was revealed by brailing up a small square sail. *Lord Nelson* will cross the Atlantic in 2000 as part of a tall ship race; Bermuda, Boston and Halifax are projected ports of call.

Ashore, outside Southampton's west wall, there is a replica of a medieval cargo vessel, a carrier of wool and wine. It's a double ender, measuring about 30' by about 15'. Be-

fore I departed Southampton, I walked through the old walled city to visit the Tudor House museum, a home and work place since 1495. A dye house in the 1860s, today the Hampshire Guild of Weavers, Spinners & Dyers demonstrates their crafts there.

On Saturday, September 11th, I attended the Maldon Old Gaffers Regatta. Large and small vessels maneuver in close quarters right off the town quay or "hythe". However, the sailing barges sailing from this old port are the true attraction for me. Those who can't make it to the east coast ports can see Thames barges at St. Katherine Dock, near Tower Bridge, in London. These sailing barges carry up to five thousand square feet of sail. Brailing lines enable a crew of two or three to control them, although even small vessels, such as my eight foot, spritrigged, "barge" *Sleeper*, benefit from the convenience of brailing lines.

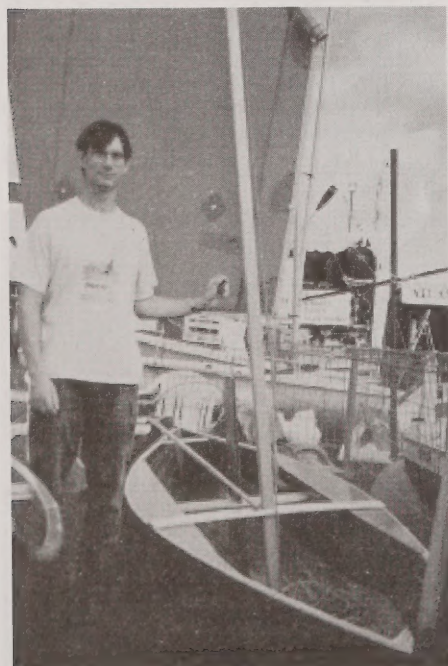
Some of the barges at Maldon that day were, *Hydrogen*, the *Reminder*, of Harwich, the *Lady Jean* of Rochester, and the *Repertor*, which I was told, draws only 18" unladen. Moored unrigged on the other side of Northey Island is the *Oxygen*. "Owner ran out of money," locals told me. These old vessels, some of wood, and some of iron, require lifetimes of work to keep them going. I recalled that Bernard Moitessier said, "Don't ask how much a boat costs. It costs all you have, and more."

A wedding party sailed out, and from a distance looked like a deck load of penguins. That these magnificent vessels are maintained and still navigate historic waters is an example of ultimate enthusiasm.

Money, alone, is not enough to keep this fleet afloat. Just east of the hythe is a haul-out grid. There the owner of *George Smeed* spent the day scraping and painting. The *George Smeed* is the oldest trading barge under sail, and was launched in 1882, according to *The Handbook of Sailing Barges*. (Adlard Coles Ltd., 1955).

Maldon, Essex with its pale stone houses overlooking the water, was preserved because

Tyron Currie with his 45lb Carrick.



A sailing party departing from Maldon.



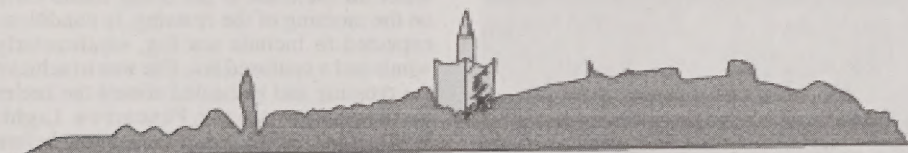
it had become an economic backwater. It seems to have, so far, escaped being cosmetically upgraded out of existence. I met several live-aboards there, and saw children swimming in the dredged lake. Near the hythe is an old residence that is now the Maldon District Museum, and more than worth the pittance they charge for the tour.

Getting around England is easy. Trains, and buses, notwithstanding the recent Paddington disaster, are a great way to travel there. And everywhere I went there were enthusiasts. Some of them are eccentric, I suppose, but all of them seemed delightful. Incidentally, I carried my umbrella everywhere, an unselfish act that assured hot and sunny weather for everyone wherever I went.

Barges rafted up at St. Katherine's Dock in London.



George Smeed up on the grid at Maldon, the owner spent his day scraping and painting.



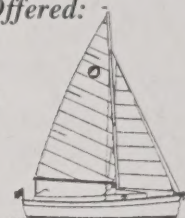
Sea mark, St. Mary's, Maldon, Saxon church, re-built 1130

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1978 Catalina 22	\$3,200
1985 Rob Roy Diesel	\$12,900
1987 Impulse 21	\$5,500
1990/97 Nimble 24	\$15,000
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1995 Nimble Kodiak	\$41,000
1989 Meadowlark 37	\$49,000

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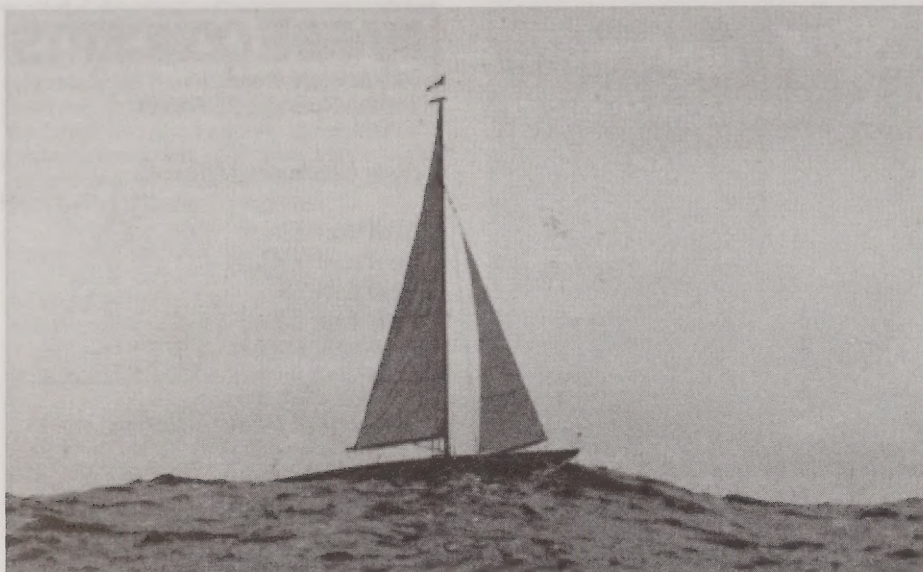
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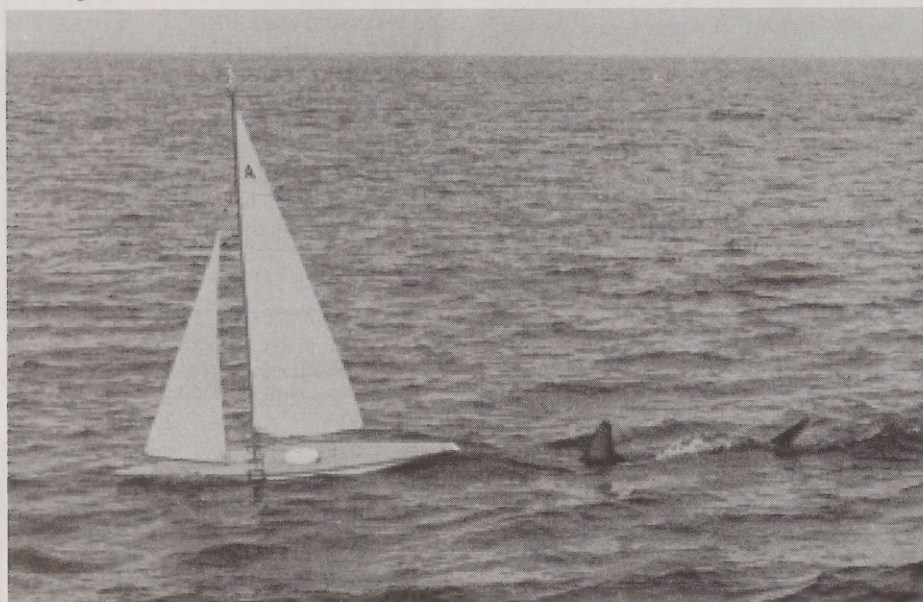


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Cresting a northbound ocean roller.



Investigation by a shark.

Meeting with an inter-island ferry.



William Fraser- Ocean Crosser

The Pond Yacht That Pushed the Barriers

By Mark Steele
Photos by Euan Sarginson

Model yachts of the sailing kind are usually considered as best used on lakes and ponds, and owners of those with radio gear aboard generally tend to limit use of such models to fresh water. There are exceptions of course. Townson Electron boats made in New Zealand are often sailed in saltwater in the Pacific islands of Fiji and Rarotonga (Cook Islands) and I am sure that in North America, models are from time to time sailed in saltwater.

Long periods in ocean conditions are, however, generally avoided, but one journey by an A Class model that took place on March 27, 1998, is worthy of recall, in that it took almost twelve hours, and more so because of the fact that the crossing made was that of New Zealand's Cook Strait, the often notoriously rough 25 mile stretch of ocean water that separates New Zealand's North and South islands.

Added to that, the boat, the *William Fraser*, was over forty years old, and was originally a vane boat made in Christchurch, converted for the epic crossing to incorporate radio. Owner Euan Sarginson and a selected group of members of the Christchurch Model Yacht Club, that year celebrating its hundredth anniversary, were to make history for the club.

While this group sailed aboard a support boat, a 38' keeler, *Taurewa II*, the 56kg, two metre long model yacht was placed on the water off the coast of the South Island early on the morning of the crossing, in conditions expected to include sea fog, southeasterly winds and a confused sea. She was to achieve the crossing and be hauled aboard the keeler in the shadow of the Pencarrow Light, Wellington, on the North Island just before 6pm the same day.

The big inter-island ferries made regular appearances heading north and South, while the *William Fraser*, sailed hard on the wind, battling northbound Cook Strait rollers and cross currents. There were several dramas, including adjustment of a jib stay achieved by Hugh Hobden hanging over the side of the support vessel in order to effect repairs with the boat on the water, and a bizarre investigation and nudging session by a two and a half metre shark, which seemed in two minds as to whether the yacht was worth eating or mating with.

Twenty-four hours after the crossing, the remnants of a tropical cyclone was to blast through the area. That the boat was made in the fifties with intent to be sailed on ponds, and never intended for big sea water, makes the achievement that more astonishing. It also proved that the spirit of boyhood adventure in the hearts of grown men is not dead after all.

Loyaute Launching

By Roy Terwilliger

Before a crowd of over 200 at the Pease Boat Works in Chatham, Massachusetts, the gig *Loyaute* was launched into the turbulent waters of Mill Pond. *Loyaute* is a 38' Bantry Bay gig built by a group called the Cape Challenge on Cape Cod. Cape Challenge is affiliated with the well-known Atlantic Challenge organization created by Lance Lee. It was organized by Lee Scarborough of Harwich, Massachusetts, who recruited 45 people from around the Cape to put in the 5,000 hours necessary to build the 1,500 pound boat.

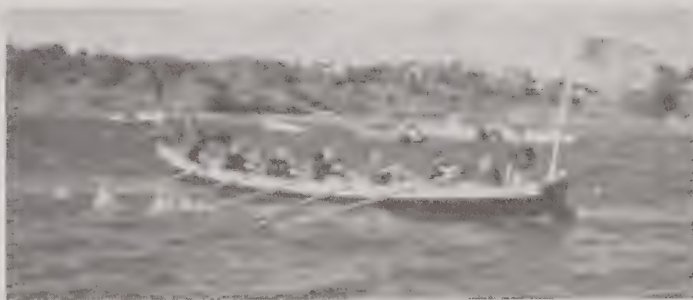
Members of the Cape Challenge are all young people between the ages of 14 and 25 who participate in a number of on water activities with the boats (the group also has another gig called the *Felicite*) in the spring and fall. They learn how to control the boat with oars and sail, and conduct expedition, cruises to various parts of the shoreline, including overnight stays.

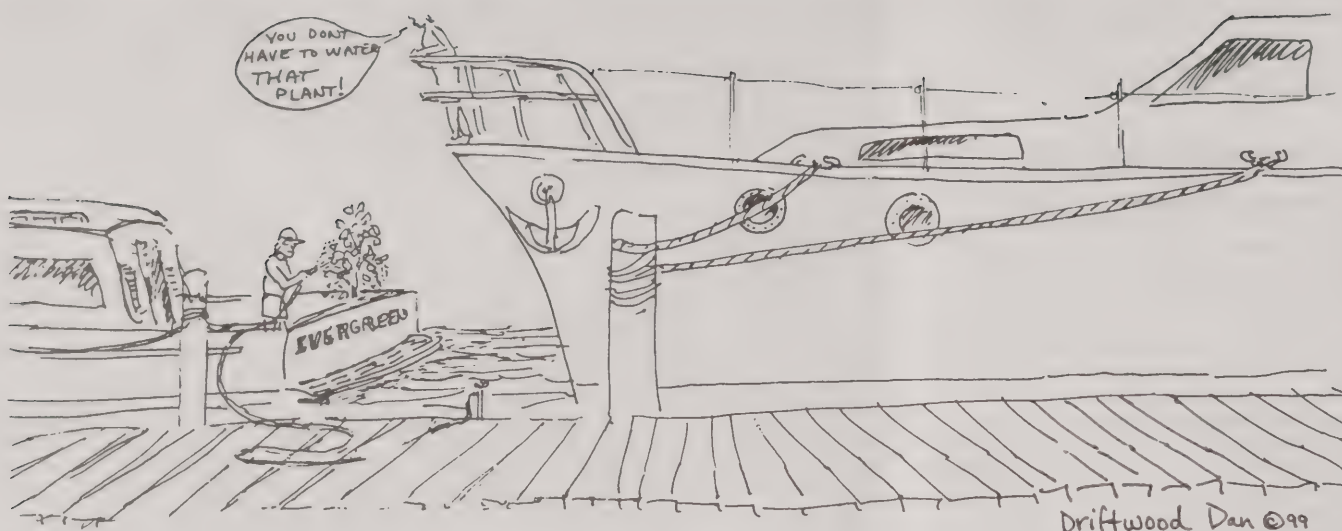
Because of the wind driving waves directly onshore, it was necessary to launch bow first, so Lee recruited 45 willing hands to lift the boat and turn it around. The launching went well, despite many failed attempts to break the champagne bottle, and the local crew was soon showing off their rowing skills out on the pond.

Loyaute will participate next summer in France in a competition against crews and boats from around the world, her crew drawn from all over the U.S. The competition is sponsored by the Atlantic Challenge Foundation, and will consist of events including rowing, sailing, combined rowing and sailing, a knot contest, navigation, a package transfer, and a captain's gig style event. The competition will be held in Maine in 2002.



Photos Top to bottom: *Loyaute* is ready, but pointed in the wrong direction. Turnaround team of 45 solves that problem. Christening efforts took awhile but the deed was done. Into the water she goes, leader Lee Scarborough on the port bow. The stiff onshore wind has Old Glory right out straight... but the crew pulls away into its teeth with gusto.





A boatowner can quickly find out how many friends he really has. Just invite last summer's eager sailors to show up at haul-out time. See if they are as enthusiastic with a barnacle scraper in hand as they were in the cockpit gripping a cocktail during those lazy days of summer!

As I was walking past the haul-out yard on a blustery March evening, I saw the dark silhouette of a lonely boat owner. His tall thin body cast a long winter shadow over the side of his aging wooden Richardson 32, *Evergreen*, which sat hopelessly chocked-up on the rail car. It didn't look like he had much help. Several planks had been ripped out just below the waterline and a couple cracked ribs were easy to spot. Dave, the owner, had that worried look, from the realization that it was easier to rip out those old planks than it would be to replace them.

Older wooden boats can be cheap and roomy as live-aboards, but dealing with too many rotten planks and cracked ribs can be demoralizing. Dave was looking real depressed, hopeless and I couldn't just stand there watching and not help the guy.

"Need some help?" I offered.

"Sure could, but I can't pay you anything," he responded.

Money didn't mean as much to me as it did some of the yachters who invade the Chesapeake every weekend from inside the Beltway, so I offered what help I could give, assuring Dave I had seen worse. I had worked with a couple boat carpenters while in Hawaii.

We shaped and planed fresh cedar planks, which were fastened to epoxy laminated oak rib sisters. With the two of us working, one planing, one on brace and bit, the boat splashed down a few days later with a fresh topside and bottom paint and we were looking good. Not ready for any 10' swells, but good enough to wrap a line around a couple pilings and plug in a refrigerator and air conditioner.

My newfound friend was heading south for the remainder of the winter and he was worried about his boat sinking at the dock. I assured him I had kept boats floating that were in far worse shape and flipped him a left handed salute as he left for the airport and he left me with these words:

"Don't let my boat sink. Call the fire department if it starts filling up. They have big pumps."

The Waterfront Life

By Driftwood Dan

"Don't worry, it won't sink. Not on my watch!"

"And don't let that plant die," Dave added, referring to a large tree-like plant in a redwood planter on the back deck.

It didn't take me long to get settled back into a life on the waterfront, waking up in the v-berth to the gentle rolling of the boat wake left by the waterman heading out before sunrise for the oyster harvest on the Chesapeake Bay.

The port town of Annapolis, Maryland, provided a pleasant backdrop. Annapolis is a friendly little burg on the waterfront with great crabs, fine entertainment and some decent sailing, sometimes a little overrun with middies and tourists but not bad at all.

It has often occurred to me that I'd rather be a poor man on the waterfront than a rich man locked in gear gnashing traffic inside the Beltway, headed off to some stressful nine-to-five existence. Each day spent on the water away from the Beltway bustle seemed to strengthen my spirit and lower my blood pressure. Life on board the boat was a constant inspiration with every breath of sea air. I was renewed with a sense of purpose tied up to that wooden pier, to stay on the water as long as I could. I had done a couple years afloat in Hawaii and I had sorely missed the marine lifestyle, that free-spirit feeling, something I just can't explain to a condo-dweller.

Each morning, I examined the bilge level and tested the automatic bilge pumps. The dock hose was uncoiled to fill the redwood planter and I faithfully watered the owner's favorite plant while sitting in the deck chair. The excess water overflowed onto the teak deck, causing the auto bilge pump to go to work.

One day a woman on a large motor-yacht stood in the bow pulpit aboard the two-million dollar vessel which loomed over our much smaller craft. Her huge yacht blocked more than a fair share of our view of the harbor. "You don't have to water that plant," she said.

"Cap left strict orders to take care of this plant."

"Really, you don't have to water it."

"He comes back and this plant dies, I get

keel-hauled."

"It's not real."

I looked up at her. She was several feet over me in the bow of that huge motor yacht.

"You're kidding right, 'cause he told me not to let it die?"

"I gave that plant to Dave. I should know. It's fake. I was just glad to get it off my boat."

I walked over to the wet plant and felt the leaves. It seemed real enough to me but the limbs did start to look fabricated when I looked a little closer so I turned off the fresh water.

"How long have you been watching me water this plant?"

She laughed with the confidence of a woman who owned half interest in a multi-million dollar yacht. "Ever since Dave left!"

Well, the old wooden boat floated quite nicely and was probably much better off without spilling all that fresh water over her decks anyway. The owner got back and his boat was looking good and the plant looked hearty as when I watered it. We were still floating and he carefully inspected the deck plant.

After I turned the boat back over to him, I found myself back on land. I wasn't inside the Beltway, to be sure, but in a condo overlooking the water, which, no matter how nice the view, it can't match life on a boat.

The next spring I met Jim, who became another friend on a boat, just across the dock from *Evergreen*. Apparently Jim's stuffing box was leaking when he left his boat for a few days after he had launched it from winter storage. When Jim came down the dock that first spring weekend ready for his first voyage of the new season he found his boat was underwater, with only the bimini top and a piece of the flybridge still visible. It had gone down overnight while nobody was around. A sad sight it was, such a stoutly built fiberglass hull and right hard on the bottom, while here sat *Evergreen*, not fit to get past the harbor entrance buoy, floating sweet as a caterpillar on a lily pad.

A dive crew was summoned and the fiberglass fishing boat was raised, using compressed air and heavy come-a-longs. What a mess! Engine oil soaked the cushions and curtains and the whole boat was coated in a gray film. One mechanic showed up when he heard over the marine VHF that a boat was down,

much like a lawyer in hot pursuit of an ambulance.

"You have insurance?"

Jim looked into the empty depth of his cocktail glass and shook his head.

"Well, I hope you have deep pockets."

"Not too deep."

I didn't much like the way this mechanic talked. Got to be careful hiring this sort of strange mechanic. Meanwhile, I was keeping an extra careful eye on *Evergreen's* bilge pump. Wooden boat owners get extra nervous about their pumps when a boat goes down nearby.

One day I overheard the mechanic's assistant chatting on the deck of the Trojan. "So this is the boat were gonna own?" he asked.

I couldn't believe my ears. They seemed to already be plotting the takeover with a mechanic's lien, even though they hadn't yet turned over the motors. Three days and a week had gone by and not so much as a spin of the motors.

Jim soon saw the light, paid the mechanic off and fired him at same time. I suggested we'd fare quite well in a small claims court but Jim wanted to be done with the guy quick. We took the old batteries down to Sears and got fresh ones (I have yet to revive a salted battery. Just about everything else is salvable,

but not batteries. Deep six 'em and get on with your life).

Eventually another mechanic, a friend of Jim's, came to help get the motors started. This guy was sharp and also a good samaritan, as Jim had little cash left to pay wages.

Meanwhile, I had taken the VHF radio and all electronics and electrical equipment off the boat and dipped the gear repeatedly into a large trash-can filled with fresh water. I pulled the covers off and tooth-brushed the circuit boards and sprayed everything that moved with an anti-moisture lube. After a couple weeks baking in the hot sun, everything worked again, and the motors were running. Even the air conditioner was spitting out cold air.

Funny thing about that sunken boat, after we had pressure washed everything, the interior smelled nice and fresh, better than before she went under. We wire brushed the engines and touched them up with matching spray paint. It was spooky how nice the boat looked after being hard on the bottom.

I made a call on the VHF radio, the one I saved from the scrap heap, and the marine operator came right back with a favorable radio check. The air up on the flybridge was sweet and the breeze was picking up. With both engines bubbling water-cooled exhaust under

the swim-step, I smiled over at Jim as we backed out of the slip. The saddest day of Jim's life was when his boat sank, but the happiest day was when we took the Trojan back out into the Chesapeake, running full speed and turned a victory lap in front of the Naval Academy.

Since Jim lived and worked inside the Beltway, and could only get down to the boat on weekends, I had use of the Trojan Sport Sedan the whole week long. I liked Annapolis during the week better anyway. On Mondays when all the big money heads back to DC, the little harbor is quiet and peaceful and the bay looks like a sheet of glass without all those thousands of boats chopping it up. Monday is the day for a lazy sail or a spirited paddle out onto the waters of Chesapeake Bay. The sailing skipjacks sit out lazy like on the water, their huge sails catching a little light air, just enough wind to dredge for oysters.

Yep, I'm a Monday boater, best day of the week out on the water. Even the crabs get to relax a little, and the fish aren't so shell-shocked. Heck, the parking meter maids at City Dock even seem friendly on Mondays.

Everything worked again. I was still poor as a lazy church-mouse, but a happy harbor rat, just glad to be back on the water again.

Experiential Maritime Educational, Vocational And Recreational Opportunities On the Erie, Pennsylvania Waterfront

We would like the opportunity to introduce to the readers of *Messing About in Boats* the Bayfront Center for Maritime Studies (BCMS). We are a non-profit, community based organization located in Erie, PA. We are making good use of the former berthing place of the reconstructed US Brig *Niagara*.

Our mission is to create and implement unique, experiential maritime educational, vocational and recreational opportunities for the entire community. Our primary focus has been inner city, disadvantaged and at-risk young people. We have been in operation for just over a year now, and we have worked with over thirteen hundred area young people and we have just completed our twenty fourth boat.

Most of our students have been from inner city Erie and many of them are in some sort of juvenile placement as they have run afoul of the law. We use the Six-Hour Canoe as an introductory project and it is amazing how these kids from such tough environments blossom with just a little sunshine in our BoatShop. We also take the show on the road and build the canoe in a traditional school setting with what we call (not very clever, but effective) BoatShop on the Road. To date, we have built fifteen canoes with area young people.

We also have successfully re-launched the Friendship sloop *Momentum* (ex*Dirigo*). *Momentum* is a 42' Lash-built Friendship sloop. Several of the groups that we work with took time from their busy canoe building schedules to sand, paint, caulk, sand and sand, paint, varnish, sand (you know the routine).

BCMS is also restoring a 38' wooden workboat originally launched May 12, 1930 right here in Erie. The *Bureau of Water*, as she

is named, was built by Lund Boat Works of Erie, and served the local Water Bureau as a crew transport. We will introduce boat restoration to a new generation as we employ Erie area young people in the process of bringing this grand old boat back. We are striving to have her back in the water for her seventyth anniversary.

Richard Eisenberg, Director of Boat Building, Batfront Center for Maritime studies, out of holland St., Erie, PA 16507, (814) 456-4077, <eriesailing@ hotmail.com>, <<http://www.goerie.com/bcms>>

Above right: The relaunched Friendship sloop *Momentum*. Below: Erie middle school kids undertake boatbuilding with instructor Richard Eisenberg.



The reader who patiently followed the author in his long *Voyage Of The Paper Canoe* (see *MAIB* August 15, 1988 - November 15, 1989) from the high latitude of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the warmer regions of the Gulf of Mexico, may desire to know the reasons which impelled the canoeist to exchange his light, graceful, and swift paper craft for the comical-looking but more commodious and comfortable Barnegat sneak-box, or duck-boat. Having navigated more than eight thousand miles in sail-boats, row-boats, and canoes, upon the fresh and salt watercourses of the North American continent (usually without a companion), a hard-earned experience has taught me that while the light, frail canoe is indispensable for exploring shallow streams, for shooting rapids, and for making long portages from one watercourse to another, the deeper and more continuous water-ways may be more comfortably traversed in a stronger and heavier boat, which offers many of the advantages of a portable home.

To find such a boat—one that possessed many desirable points in a small hull—had been with me a study of years. I commenced to search for it in my boyhood—twenty-five years ago; and though I have carefully examined numerous small boats while travelling in seven foreign countries, and have studied the models of miniature craft in museums, and at exhibitions of marine architecture, I failed to discover the object of my desire, until, on the sea-shore of New Jersey, I saw for the first time what is known among gunners as the Barnegat sneak-box.

Having owned, and thoroughly tested in the waters of Barnegat and Little Egg Harbor bays, five of these boats, I became convinced that their claims for the good-will of the boating fraternity had not been over-estimated; so when I planned my second voyage from northern America to the Gulf of Mexico, and selected the great water-courses of the west and south (the Ohio and Mississippi rivers) as the route to be explored and studied, I chose the Barnegat sneak-box as the most comfortable model combined with other advantages for a voyager's use. The sneak-box offered ample storage capacity, while canoes built to hold one person were not large enough to carry the amount of baggage necessary for the voyage; for I was to avoid hotels and towns, to live in my boat day and night, to carry an ample stock of provisions, and to travel in as comfortable a manner as possible. In fact, I adopted a very home-like boat, which, though only twelve feet long, four feet wide, and thirteen inches deep, was strong, stiff, dry, and safe; a craft that could be sailed or rowed, as wind, weather, or inclination might dictate,—the weight of which hardly exceeded two hundred pounds,—and could be conveniently transported from one stream to another in an ordinary wagon.

A Nautilus, or any improved type of canoe, would have been lighter and more easily transported, and could have been paddled at a higher speed with the same effort expended in rowing the heavier sneak-box; but the canoe did not offer the peculiar advantages of comfort and freedom of bodily motion possessed by its unique fellow-craft. Experienced canoeists agree that a canoe of fourteen feet in length, which weighs only seventy pounds, if built of wood, bark, canvas, or paper, when out of the water and resting upon the ground, or even when bedded on some soft material,



Four Months In a Sneak-Box

By Nathaniel H. Bishop - 1879
(1837-1902)

Chapter 1 The Boat for the Voyage

**Canoes for shallow streams and
frequent portages.**

**Sneak-boxes for deep
watercourses.**

**History and description of the
Barnegat sneak-box.**

**A walk down Eel Street to
Manahawken Marshes.**

Honest George, the boat-builder.

**The building of the sneak-box
Centennial Republic.**

Its transportation to the Ohio River.

like grass or rushes, cannot support the sleep-
ing weight of the canoeist for many succes-
sive nights without becoming strained.

Light indeed must be the weight and slender and elastic the form of the man who can sleep many nights comfortably in a seventy-pound canoe without injuring it. Cedar canoes, after being subjected to such use for some time, generally become leaky; so, to avoid this disaster, the canoeist, when threatened with wet weather, is forced to the disagreeable task of troubling some private householder for a shelter, or run the risk of injuring his boat by packing himself away in its narrow, coffin-like quarters and dreaming that he is a sardine, while his restless weight is every moment straining his delicate canoe, and visions of future leaks arise to disturb his tranquillity.

The one great advantage possessed by a canoe is its lightness. Canoeists dwell upon the importance of the light weight of their canoes, and the ease with which they can be carried. If the canoeist is to sleep in his delicate craft while making a long journey, she must be made much heavier than the perfected models now in use in this country, many of which are under seventy-five pounds weight. This additional weight is at once fatal to speed, and becomes burdensome when the canoeist is forced to carry his canoe upon his own shoulders over a portage. A sneak-box built to carry one person weighs about three times as much as a well-built cedar canoe.

This remarkable little boat has a history which does not reach very far back into the present century. With the assistance of Mr.

William Errickson of Barnegat, and Dr. William P. Haywood of West Creek, Ocean County, New Jersey, I have been able to rescue from oblivion and bring to the light of day a correct history of the Barnegat sneak-box.

Captain Hazelton Seaman, of West Creek village, New Jersey, a boat-builder and an expert shooter of wild-fowl, about the year 1836, conceived the idea of constructing for his own use a low-decked boat, or gunning-punt, in which, when its deck was covered with sedge, he could secrete himself from the wild-fowl while gunning in Barnegat and Little Egg Harbor bays.

It was important that the boat should be sufficiently light to enable a single sportsman to pull her from the water on to the low points of the bay shores. During the winter months, when the great marshes were at times incrustated with snow, and the shallow creeks covered with ice,—obstacles which must be crossed to reach the open waters of the sound,—it would be necessary to use her as a sled, to effect which end a pair of light oaken strips were screwed to the bottom of the sneak-box, when she could be easily pushed by the gunner, and the transportation of the oars, sail, blankets, guns, ammunition, and provisions (all of which stowed under the hatch and locked up as snugly as if in a strong chest) became a very simple matter. While secreted in his boat, on the watch for fowl, with his craft hidden by a covering of grass or sedge, the gunner could approach within shooting-distance of a flock of unsuspecting ducks; and this being done in a sneaking manner (though Mr. Seaman named the result of his first effort the "Devil's Coffin" the bay-men gave her the sobriquet of "Sneak-Box"; and this name she has retained to the present day.

Since Captain Seaman built his "Devil's Coffin," forty years ago, the model has been improved by various builders, until it is believed that it has almost attained perfection. The boat has no sheer, and sets low in the water. This lack of sheer is supplied by a light canvas apron which is tacked to the deck, and presents, when stretched upward by a stick two feet in length, a convex surface to a head sea. The water which breaks upon the deck, forward of the cockpit, is turned off at the sides of the boat in almost the same manner as a snow-plough clears a railroad track of snow. The apron also protects the head and shoulders of the rower from cold head winds.

The first sneak-box built by Captain Seaman had a piece of canvas stretched upon an oaken hoop, so fastened to the deck that when a head sea struck the bow, the hoop and canvas were forced upward so as to throw the water off its sides, thus effectually preventing its ingress into the hold of the craft. The improved apron originated with Mr. John Crammer, Jr., a short time after Captain Seaman built the first sneak-box. The second sneak-box was constructed by Mr. Crammer; and afterwards Mr. Samuel Perine, an old and much respected bay-man, of Barnegat, built the third one. The last two men have finished their voyage of life, but "Uncle Haze,"—as he is familiarly called by his many admirers,—the originator of the tiny craft which may well be called *multum in parvo*, and which carried me, its single occupant, safely and comfortably twenty-six hundred miles, from Pittsburgh to Cedar Keys, still lives at West Creek, builds yachts as well as he does sneak-boxes, and puts to the blush younger gunners by the energy displayed and

success attained in the vigorous pursuit of wildfowl shooting in the bays which fringe the coast of Ocean County, New Jersey.

A few years since, this ingenious man invented an improvement on the marine life-saving car, which has been adopted by the United States government; and during the year 1875 he constructed a new ducking-punt with a low paddle-wheel at its stern, for the purpose of more easily and secretly approaching flocks of wild-fowl.

The peculiar advantages of the sneak-box were known to but few of the hunting and shooting fraternity, and, with the exception of an occasional visitor, were used only by the oystermen, fishermen, and wild-fowl shooters of Barnegat and Little Egg Harbor bays, until the New Jersey Southern Railroad and its connecting branches penetrated to the eastern shores of New Jersey, when educated amateur sportsmen from the cities quickly recognized in the little gunning-punt all they had long desired to combine in one small boat.

Mr. Charles Hallock, in his paper the *Forest and Stream*, of April 23, 1874, gave drawings and a description of the sneak-box, and fairly presented its claims to public favor.

The sneak-box is not a monopoly of any particular builder, but it requires peculiar talent to build one,—the kind of talent which enables one man to cut out a perfect axe-handle, while the master-carpenter finds it difficult to accomplish the same thing. The best yacht-builders in Ocean County generally fail in modelling a sneak-box, while many second-rate mechanics along the shore, who could not possibly construct a yacht that would sail well, can make a perfect sneak-box, or gunning-skiff. All this may be accounted for by recognizing the fact that the water-lines of the sneak-box are peculiar, and differ materially from those of row-boats, sailboats, and yachts. Having a spoon-shaped bottom and bow, the sneak-box moves rather over the water than through it, and this peculiarity, together with its broad beam, gives the boat such stiffness that two persons may stand upright in her while she is moving through the water, and troll their lines while fishing, or discharge their guns, without careening the boat; a valuable advantage not possessed by our best cruising canoes.

The boat sails well on the wind, though hard to pull against a strong head sea. A fin-shaped centre-board takes the place of a keel. It can be quickly removed from the trunk, or centre-board well, and stored under the deck. The flatness of her floor permits the sneak-box to run in very shallow water while being rowed or when sailing before the wind without the centre-board. Some of these boats, carrying a weight of three hundred pounds, will float in four to six inches of water.

The favorite material for boat-building in the United States is white cedar (*Cupressus thyoides*), which grows in dense forests in the swamps along the coast of New Jersey, as well as in other parts of North America. The wood is both white and brown, soft, fine-grained, and very light and durable. No wood used in boat-building can compare with the white cedar in resisting the changes from a wet to a dry state, and vice versa. The tree grows tall and straight. The lower part of the trunk with the diverging roots furnish knee timbers and carlines for the sneak-box. The ribs or timbers, and the carlines, are usually 1-1/4"x 1-1/4" inches in dimension, and are placed about ten inches apart. The frame above and below

is covered with half-inch cedar sheathing, which is not less than six inches in width. The boat is strong enough to support a heavy man upon its deck, and when well built will rank next to the seamless paper boats of Mr. Waters of Troy, and the seamless wooden canoes of Messrs. Herald, Gordon & Stephenson, of the province of Ontario, Canada, in freedom from leakage.

During a cruise of twenty-six hundred miles not one drop of water leaked through the seams of the *Centennial Republic*. Her under planking was nicely joined, and the seams calked with cotton wicking, and afterwards filled with white-lead paint and putty. The deck planks, of seven inches width, were not joined, but were tongued and grooved, the tongues and grooves being well covered with a thick coat of white-lead paint.

The item of cost is another thing to be considered in regard to this boat. The usual cost of a first-class canoe of seventy pounds weight, built after the model of the Rob Roy or Nautilus, with all its belongings, is about one hundred and twenty-five dollars; and these figures deter many a young man from enjoying the ennobling and healthful exercise of canoeing. A first-class sneak-box, with spars, sail, oars, anchor, etc., can be obtained for seventy-five dollars, and if several were ordered by a club they could probably be bought for sixty-five dollars each. The price of a sneak-box, as ordinarily built in Ocean County, New Jersey, is about forty dollars. The *Centennial Republic* cost about seventy-five dollars, and a city boat-builder would not duplicate her for less than one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The builders of the sneak-boxes have not yet acquired the art of overcharging their customers; they do not expect to receive more than one dollar and fifty cents or two dollars per day for their labor; and some of them are even so unwise as to risk their reputation by offering to furnish these boats for twenty-five dollars each. Such a craft, after a little hard usage, would leak as badly as most cedar canoes, and would be totally unfit for the trials of a long cruise.

As they should be rated as third-class freight on railroads, it is more economical for the amateur to purchase a first-class boat at Barnegat, Manahawken, or West Creek, in Ocean County, New Jersey, along the Tuckerton Railroad, than to have a workman elsewhere, and one unacquainted with this peculiar model, experiment upon its construction at the purchaser's cost, and perhaps loss.

One bright morning, in the early part of the fall of 1875, I trudged on foot down one of the level roads which lead from the village of Manahawken through the swamps to the edge of the extensive salt marshes that fringe the shores of the bay. This road bore the euphonious name of Eel Street,—so named by the boys of the town. When about half-way from its end, I turned off to the right, and followed a wooded lane to the house of an honest surf-man, Captain George Bogart, who had recently left his old home on the beach, beside the restless waves of the Atlantic, and had resumed his avocation as a sneak-box builder.

The house and its small fields of low, arable land were environed on three sides by dense cedar and whortleberry swamps, but on the eastern boundary of the farm the broad salt marshes opened to the view, and beyond their limit were the salt waters of the bay, which were shut in from the ocean by a long, nar-

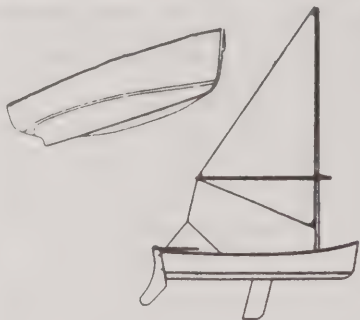
row, sandy island, known to the fishermen and wreckers as Long Beach,—the low, white sand-dunes of which were lifted above the horizon, and seemed suspended in the air as by a mirage. Across the wide, savanna-like plains came in gentle breezes the tonic breath of the sea, while hundreds, aye, thousands of mosquitoes settled quietly upon me, and quickly presented their bills.

In this sequestered nook, far from the bustle of the town, I found "Honest George," so much occupied in the construction of a sneak-box, under the shade of spreading willows, as to be wholly unconscious of the presence of the myriads of phlebotomists which covered every available inch of his person exposed to their attacks. The appropriate surroundings of a surf-man's house were here, scattered on every side in delightful confusion. There were piles of old rigging, iron bolts and rings, tarred parcelling, and cabin-doors,—in fact, all the spoils that a treacherous sea had thrown upon the beach; a sea so disastrous to many, but so friendly to the Barnegat wrecker,—who, by the way, is not so black a character as Mistress Rumor paints him. A tar-like odor everywhere prevailed, and I wondered, while breathing this wholesome air, why this surf-man of daring and renown had left his proper place upon the beach near the life-saving station, where his valuable experience, brave heart, and strong, brawny arms were needed to rescue from the ocean's grasp the poor victims of misfortune whose dead bodies are washed upon the hard strand of the Jersey shores every year from the wrecks of the many vessels which pound out their existence upon the dreaded coast of Barnegat? A question easily answered,—political preference. His place had been filled by a man who had never pulled an oar in the surf, but had followed the occupation of a tradesman.

Thus Honest George, rejected by "the service," had left the beach, and crossing the wide bays to the main land, had taken up his abode under the willows by the marshes, but not too far from his natural element, for he could even now, while he hammered away on his sneak-boxes, hear the ceaseless moaning of the sea.

A verbal contract was soon made, and George agreed to build me for twenty-five dollars the best boat that had ever left his shop; he to do all the work upon the hull and spars, while the future owner was to supply all the materials at his own cost. The oars and sail were not included in the contract, but were made by other parties. In November, when I settled all the bills of construction, cost of materials, oar-locks, oars, spars, sail, anchor, &c., the sum-total did not exceed seventy-five dollars; and when the accounts of more than twenty boats and canoes built for me had been looked over, I concluded that the little craft, constructed by the surf-man, was, for the amount it cost and the advantages it gave me, the best investment I had ever made in things that float upon the water. Without a name painted upon her hull, and, like the *Maria Theresa* paper canoe, without a flag to decorate her, but with spars, sail, oars, rudder, anchor, cushions, blankets, cooking-kit, and double-barrelled gun, with ammunition securely locked under the hatch, the *Centennial Republic*, my future travelling companion, was ready by the middle of November for the descent of the western rivers to the Gulf of Mexico.

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Captain George Bogart, attentive to the last to his pet craft, affectionately sewed her up in a covering of burlap, to protect her smooth surface from scratches during the transit over railroads. The two light oaken strips, which had been screwed to the bottom of the boat, kept the hull secure from injury by contact with nails, bolt-heads, &c., while she was being carried in the freight-cars of the Tuckerton, New Jersey, Southern and Pennsylvania railroads to Philadelphia, where she was delivered to the freight agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to be sent to Pittsburgh, at the head of the Ohio River.

Here I must speak of a subject full of interest to all owners of boats, hoping that when our large corporations have their attention drawn to the fact they will make some provision for it. There appears to be no fixed freight-tariff established for boats, and the aquatic tourist is placed at the mercy of agents who too frequently, in their zeal for the interests of their employers, heavily tax the owner of the craft. The agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Philadelphia was sorely puzzled to know what to charge for a boat. He had loaded thousands of cars for Pittsburgh, but could find only one precedent to guide him. "We took a boat once to Pittsburgh," he said, "for twenty-five dollars, and yours should be charged the same." The shipping-clerk of a mercantile house, who had overheard the conversation, interrupted the agent with a loud laugh. "A charge of twenty-five dollars freight on a little thing like that! why, man, that sum is nearly

half her value! How large was the boat you shipped last fall to Pittsburgh for twenty-five dollars?" "Oh, about twice the size of this one," answered the agent; "but, size or no size, a boat's a boat, and we handle so few of them that we have no special tariff on them." "But," said the clerk, "you can easily and honestly establish a tariff if you will treat a boat as you do all other freight of the same class. Now, for instance, how do common boats rank, as first or third class freight?" "Third class, I should think," slowly responded the agent. "Ease your conscience, my friend," continued the clerk, "by weighing the boat, and charging the usual tariff rate for third class freight."

The boat, with its cargo still locked up inside, was put upon the scales, and the total weight was three hundred and ten pounds, for which a charge of seventy-two cents per one hundred pounds was made, and the boat placed on some barrels in a car. Thus did the common-sense and business-like arrangement of the friendly clerk secure for me the freight charge of two dollars and twenty-three cents, instead of twenty-five dollars, on a little boat for its carriage three hundred and fifty-three miles to Pittsburgh, and saved me not only from a pecuniary loss, but also from the uncomfortable feeling of being imposed upon.

In these days of canoe and boat voyages, when portages by rail are a necessary evil, a fixed tariff for such freight would save dollars and tempers, and some action in the matter is anxiously looked for by all interested parties.

I gave a parting look at my little craft snugly ensconced upon the top of a pile of barrels, and smiled as I turned away, thinking how precious she had already become to me, and philosophizing upon the strange genus, man, who could so readily twine his affections about an inanimate object. Upon consideration, it did not seem so strange a thing, however, for did not this boat represent the work of brains and hands for a generation past? Was it not the result of the study and hard-earned experiences of many men for many years? Men whose humble lives had been spent along the rough coast in daily struggles with the storms of ocean and of life? Many of them now slept in obscure graves, some in the deep sea, others under the tender, green turf; but here was the concentration of their ideas, the ultimatum of their labors, and I inwardly resolved, that, since to me was given the enjoyment, to them should be the honor, and that it should be through no fault of her captain if the *Centennial Republic* did not before many months reach her far-distant point of destination, twenty-six hundred miles away, on the white strands of the Gulf of Mexico.

(To Be Continued)



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The Steel Boat

UJ and Frank and Blaise were returning from local errands when they stopped at the boatyard at the west end of Channel Drive to look around. The yard was then called Gracie's, after its owner. Blaise pointed and said, "Hey Uncle Joe, look at this funny-looking boat." The rest is history. The boat was made of steel. With pleasant memories of the old Steelcraft dancing in his head, UJ bought it on the spot. I think he paid \$800. It was 23' long, had a real high freeboard, a cuddy cabin, and a small flathead engine. The maker was the Whelan Boat and Davit Company of Perth Amboy, New Jersey. I guess that their main business was making steel lifeboats for ships, because UJ's "new" boat had lifting eyes, one low and aft, one high and forward. Whelan probably tried to stay in business after the war by building pleasure craft like this one.

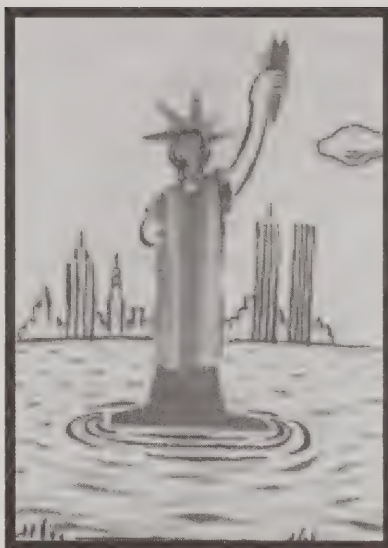
There was a wooden, lightly built wheelhouse with sliding glass windows and a nicely curved overhead. Steering was handled by an automotive type gear that operated a push-pull rod to the rudder arm. The deck was linoleum and the interior had a nice, 1930ish feel.

The boatyard plopped it in the water and it was basically a drive-away operation. UJ took my mom and some of the younger kids on one of the first rides. It was a balmy summer evening. They went out to the ocean and watched the sun set behind the beach. One of the kids asked, "Uncle Joe, what's all this water doing in here?" A pair of small scuppers in the transom was intended to let water run overboard from the deck. As they cruised slowly in the gentle swell, rising waves at the stern had been depositing seawater into the scuppers. It found its way under the deck until it had filled the aft compartment and rose above the deck. The small electric bilge pump was slow but effective. The scuppers were sealed shut the next day.

It was a nice boat for puttering around and spacious, too. On one fine summer day, a commercial tuna clipper had anchored in the river to rest from its work. One of its floats had drifted away. It was one of those pink/orange tear drop shaped jobs the size of a weather balloon. We picked it up and brought it back. In thanks, the crew tossed us a fresh tuna as big as the float.

We made a few fishing trips. On one we trolled several miles out and had some luck with Bonito. I set out early one morning with some friends from Hasbrouck Heights. We took lots of food, beverage, and tackle. It was to be a day of serious fishing. We were halfway out the inlet when the engine suddenly stopped. The temperature gauge was pinned and steam was rising from the chrome vents on the engine box. My first thought was to get out an anchor to keep us off the rock jetties that line the inlet. Gil Fetzner was lying across the bench at the stem, napping. My voice must have betrayed my concern with approaching the rocks. When I asked him to please get up so I could get the anchor and line from beneath him, he asked, "Is this an emergency?" I said yes, because I don't think he would have moved otherwise.

A generous boatman towed us back to the dock. A look into the engine showed that the exhaust manifold had rusted out and allowed water into the rear cylinder. Instead of repairing this nice little old engine, UJ decided it was time for DIESEL POWER. He spoke to Jerry Kehl, the proprietor of Monmouth Ma-



Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut Part 8 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

rine Engines. Jerry had a used but healthy Ford Lehman available. Before you could say "diesel conversion," the little flathead was gone and the enormous, straight six Lehman dominated the cockpit.

That was just the beginning. We had to design and have Tom Galager weld a new steel fuel tank to replace the previous galvanized one. (Zinc and diesel fuel react to form nasty stuff.) We had to raise the waterline due to the extra weight. We had to build a new, bigger engine box. We had to install a gigantic new battery. We experimented to fine tune the propeller and gearbox ratio. This list goes on and on. Jerry had never installed flexible mounts at the front of the engine; as a result, whenever the engine idled, the boat shook and vibrated so badly that the compass card would actually twirl on its pin!

Modifications came one after another. Mr. Todd was enlisted to design and build a new, sturdier wheelhouse with more headroom. Rust began to set in and UJ rented a huge compressor mounted on road wheels and a sandblasting outfit, complete with firefighter style hood. This process was like trying to paint the Golden Gate Bridge with a magic marker. Finally he had Tom Galager weld heavy new plates at the bow and stern. He also welded in a whole new bottom.

During a heavy snowstorm the boat sank at the dock. Rust or electrolysis had opened a hole in its side below water. I drove down with my empty boat trailer, removed the engine, and brought it to Inlet Diesel Service. It was revived and sold to a local fisherman. UJ scrapped the hull.

Despite its not knowing whether it was a battleship or a tugboat, it saw a lot of use for fishing, swimming, and tootling around. It was

great fun regardless of its humble aura. UJ named it *Hi-C* for a while, but that just didn't feel right. *The Boat* was sufficient appellation.

The Sailboat

In 1970 my bug to go sailing was at fever pitch. I wanted a boat able to go long distances on the ocean. I looked at ads and, often with Cousin Guy, and poked my nose into every boatyard from Mantoloking, New Jersey to Cos Cob, Connecticut. At Sagman's on City Island I met boat broker Edna "I have just the boat for you" Brilleman. She showed me a lovely Danish pilot cutter that was strong enough to split rocks and a hard-chined 40-footer occupied by a long-haired young couple, a cat, and a hand-cranked Saab diesel.

Ms. Brilleman was a legend, but she didn't have just the boat for me. As if in a movie, I found my dreamboat in my own backyard, almost. It was actually in Sportsmen's Marina on the Hackensack River at Carlstadt. The marina, a former seaplane base, had a wide launch ramp and the airplane hangar was still standing at that time. It is now a golf driving range with just a couple of boats.

The Boat was a 24' sloop wearing a little For Sale sign. She had a graceful shape with moderate overhangs, a raised deck, and a long, deep keel. It wasn't love at first sight but the owner had her looking spiffy, and the longer I looked at her the surer I was that she'd be fine for my needs. She was designed by Charles Mower and was built at Peterson's Shipyard at Port Jefferson, Long Island in 1936. She'd been refastened recently with bronze screws and appeared to be in fine shape all around. A 4-cylinder Gray Marine ran like a quiet little top. Scotty admitted that new plug wires wouldn't hurt. I think we agreed on \$2000.

The travel lift showed her to the water and I spent the first night aboard, operating the hand pump at expanding intervals as she swelled tight. I asked Scotty to come along on the first sail to show me the ropes, literally. She sailed sweetly. I kept her on a mooring at Carlstadt and spent many delightful afternoons and evenings exploring the Hackensack and learning to handle her simple suit of three sails (main, jib, and genoa).

Fleeting fame came one afternoon as Ben Tomacik and I were sailing a bit north of the Route 46 bridge. I wandered a little out of the unmarked channel during a fast dropping tide. Before I could do anything like power off or kedge, the soft mud had firmly gripped the keel. A very short time later the falling tide had left us on our side with furled sails. We were enjoying the sunshine and refreshments while we waited for the tide to return us to equilibrium. A policeman appeared on shore. He was yelling, "Are you guys OK? Do you need help? Should I call for a tow?" "Yes, no, no," we replied. "We'll just wait for the tide, thank you." Apparently someone had seen us, perceived dire peril, and called the boys in blue. Well, it must have been a slow day in the newsroom because, soon after the constable arrived, he was joined by a photographer from the local paper, *The Record*. Once convinced we'd be all right, they left. The next day there was a large, beautiful picture of us in *The Record*. It showed the boat and us backlit by the sunlight sparkling on the water behind us. The caption said something about the brave salts, waiting for the tide.

(To Be Continued)

9/12&13/98, St. Michaels, MD, The Classic Boat Festival: My next door neighbor, Jim, and I arrive with *Sabot* in tow behind his (nearly) new Pontiac before 11am. What a difference a comfortable car makes! Sonya and I tow our boats everywhere with my ragtop Jeep Wrangler (the twenty five hour drive back from Florida in January nearly ended the marriage.)

The wind is up, the sun is shining (it's actually hotter than hell), and Jim is ready to learn how to sail. We launch and head immediately out into the Miles River. What a sight! There are four classic boat races going on at the same time, all on different intersecting courses! We immediately find ourselves in the midst of skipjacks, bugeyes, a classic Chesapeake one-design fleet and an assortment of cat boats, Friendship sloops, Chesapeake log canoes, and other classic types.

Jim immediately gets the hang of sailing, leaving me free to take pictures. We sail along the edge of the race course for over two hours, suffering from a bad case of classic boat overload. And on top of all this, it is an absolutely perfect sailing day! This goes a long way towards making up for the miserable weather we had at the WoodenBoat show. Just Sonya's luck to miss this day.

Upon returning to the museum docks that afternoon, we realize that it is going to be difficult to find a place to tie up for the night. We're both ready for a shower and a chance to get off *Sabot* and stretch our legs a little. While I am attempting to dock in between the bowsprits of two huge motorsailers on the exposed outer sea wall, a friendly voice hails us from above. David Holmes introduces himself and his wife, Charly, to us and invites us to share his slip for the night. The Holmes have a funky, miniature ferrocement Friendship sloop that David built and then, years later, rebuilt. She has an inboard electric motor (my kind of auxiliary power!).

Jim and I spend the evening swapping tall tales with the Holmes and others on the dock while sharing wine and snacks. Later, we indulge ourselves in a tasty seafood dinner ashore. I am wondering if Jim understands just how special a day he has had. Is he under the impression that this is what sailing in small boats is all about, perfect wind, beautiful boats, new friends, lots of wonderful food and drink? Talk about beginner's luck!

A log canoe at a laid back moment.



A Letter From Xanadu

Part 3

By Cap'n Freddy B.

It is so unusually warm for this time of year that Jim and I elect to sleep in the cockpit. The following morning is gray and still. Nevertheless, we strike out after breakfast for one final sail. By three o'clock we are hauled out and headed home. Did I mention that Jim's Pontiac has leather seats?

9/20/98, Blue Marsh Lake: Sonya and I haven't been here for a while. We are appalled at the condition of the lake. Perhaps it is the result of the severe drought conditions, but the water has turned into an open sewer. The lake, which has never been terribly clear, is absolutely opaque, choked with a sort of blue-green algae. The water actually reeks. I strongly suspect agricultural waste from the numerous farms located within the lake's drainage area. We spend most of our time hiking on the trails and are glad to pull *Tern* out and leave. It takes over an hour to scrub the dried sludge off her hull when we get her home.

9/27/98, Conewago Lake: I take *Tern* out for a solo sail. The drought has sucked the life and color from the trees around the lake. This will not be a particularly beautiful fall. Still, the wind is steady, and the day is well spent on the water. The swimming beaches are now closed, and I am sharing the lake with a few fishermen in those monster, metal-flake bass boats with huge outboards tilted up uselessly. Ironically, the only mechanical propulsion permitted on this lake is electric. I wonder if they think I look as ridiculous as I think they do.

10/2,3&4/98, St. Michaels, MD, The Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival: This is truly the one weekend I live for! Great people like Tim Weaver and John Tischner and John Ford (the museum coordinator) and those beautiful boats! Sonya goes along this year since Zeeb, who is my usual shipmate, can't make it. I don't know if it's a coincidence, but the two kegs at the welcoming party last a lot longer when he's not around. Sonya usually avoids this event because I get so wrapped in talking boats that I forget she's around. She

could be carried off by a host of angels in a blaze of glory and I probably wouldn't notice.

This is a great time of year to be on Chesapeake Bay. The sailing is usually very good, with warm days and cool nights for sleeping off all that food and beer. We usually race *Sabot* in the Saturday races. We've done a little better each year. First year 49th, last year 22nd. See the improvement? But this year there is no wind, so we use the electric motor to buzz around and take some great pictures of the other boats. That night, a relentless wind builds out of the east and creates some nasty wave action in the museum harbor. Sonya describes the experience aboard *Sabot* that night as "trying to sleep in a washing machine." We finally climb onto land and spend the remainder of the night fitfully sleeping in the Jeep.

The most memorable part of this festival, though, is really the people we meet, the people who build and love these little boats. I have made so many new friends here that I am led to believe that maybe the answer to attaining world peace is to have all the world leaders come to St. Michaels each October, stand around the keg, talk boats, and become friends.

10/11/98, Conewago Lake: This is a beautiful day for paddling. Sonya and I are getting pretty good at tandem paddling with our new Shaw and Tenney paddles. We explore the feeder creek for the lake. I've never, in the twenty five years I've been sailing on this lake, gone into this area. It is stunningly beautiful, a deep, meandering stream barely 10' in width that wanders for miles through dense forest and wildflower meadows. The fall colors are just about as good as they're going to get. The weather is surprisingly benign for this time of year. I suppose El Nino is still at it. The ducks are on the move. It is always a little bittersweet for me to watch them struggle southward. I wish I could go along.

"Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,

Then reached the caverns measureless to man."

10/25/98, Conewago Lake: It's just me and *Tern* today, Sonya says it's too cold and that I'm probably nuts. She's missing out on a wonderful day on the water. The silence and the beauty of this place quickly make me forget about any rawness in the air.

10/29/98, Swatara Creek near Hershey, PA: This is my first time on this stream. My friend, Matt, has been touting this stream for years. I wish I'd listened to him sooner. The put-in is by a two-lane highway bridge, but civilization is quickly left in your wake by paddling upstream for about a mile and a half. The stream banks are dotted with mature sycamore trees which hang out, seeming to reach for each other with delicately outstretched arms across the water. Visually, the water quality is excellent, clear and clean, but there is little aquatic life. I suspect mine acid contamination. I am being a bad boy today, playing hooky from work.

11/1/98, Swatara Creek (The Swatty): I'm back, with Sonya. We enjoy a fine late fall day on the water. We have some of those \$1.60 subs and a mason jar of cheap wine. It doesn't get any better than this!

11/7/98, Swatara Creek: Matt's description has encouraged me to explore the creek beyond the first set of rapids where I usually stop. I discover that if I pull the canoe a few dozen feet through the shallow sections, I am



Paddling Swatara Creek.

in deep, calm water again. This pool continues for another mile or more before ending in more rapids (actually, more like riffles). Beyond these rapids lies another long pool, and another, and so on. This entire creek appears to be a series of deep pools and short rapids.

Most of the creek is within a state park. Consequently, there is no development whatsoever, and except for some farm meadows, I can go for miles without ever seeing sign of another human being. The deer are something else altogether. They crash through the underbrush along the creek bank and leap across the stream, only to disappear into the woods on the opposite bank like graceful specters. I plan to mount a little camping expedition next summer to fully explore the possibilities. Maybe I'll just stay up here in the mountains and never come back.

"Five miles meandering with a mazy motion

Through wood and dale the sacred river ran."

11/21/98, Conewago Lake: The temperature has actually warmed up into the fifties today. It's a little cold for sailing, but the wind is too nice to waste on paddling. *Tern* fairly squirts along like a duck about to take wing. It's a great day!

11/29/98, Conewago Lake: Sonya agrees to go along, even though the temperature is predicted not to struggle above sixty. The wind is light but steady, and the lake is now deserted. This tends to make me very philosophical. I always get profoundly depressed as the realization that my beloved liquid element is about to become a solid takes hold. Maybe I should build an ice boat.

11/30/98, Swatara Creek: This is stupid. It's the first day of buck season, and I'm paddling a canoe right through the middle of state game lands. If I don't get my fool ass shot off, it'll be a miracle. The original plan was to sail on Memorial Lake, which is posted, but the park service has drained it down for launching ramp construction and improvements. I stop to talk with some hunters after lunch. They can't get over how beautiful *Tern* is. I still can't either.

Later in the afternoon, I pull up onto a gravel bar to stretch my legs. I am suddenly aware of being watched. Looking up, I notice

that two men with big guns are staring at me from the cover of the woods. I am hoping that they have noticed my bright red life vest as well as a distinctive absence of antlers on my fool head. I am experiencing first hand what it must be like to be a deer on the first day of the season.

I resume paddling another mile upstream and I am startled by a huge buck and three doe exploding from the woods and struggling across the creek a mere ten or twelve feet in front of me! A moment or two later a lone hunter appears on a bluff above, a rifle cradled in his crossed arms. He stares at me accusingly. I suppose he would've shot that buck as he was swimming helplessly across the stream if my sorry ass hadn't been in the way. Time to turn around. The gravel bar at the next rapids is covered with blood and fur. I drift downstream, feeling that I am in the midst of a killing field.

12/5/98, Still Pond, MD: I am sailing with my friend, Capt. Pete, on his Catalina 36. This is one big 36 footer. I think you could play billiards in the main salon. Pete uses his big boat as much as we use our two small ones. That makes him as rare as a trumpeter swan to my way of thinking. People with nice big boats seem to be caught up in working all the time in order to pay for the things, they rarely seem to use them.

Pete is great company. He's funny as a coot and he knows a thing or two about sailing. The trouble is, that he puts way too much faith in his guardian angel at times. Like tonight. We arrive at the boat after dark. It's foggy. The channel leading out of his home port, Havre de Grace, is extremely narrow and is not marked with any lights in some places. That doesn't deter Pete from shoving off. We pick up a bucket of chicken, a case of beer, and two extra gallons of diesel fuel, and we're on our way!

About halfway down the channel, I ask Pete what the compass course is to the next buoy. He says not to worry. He thinks he knows where it is. Besides, his compass is screwed up and he hasn't made a deviation card for it. After a few hairy moments, we do find the channel. In fact, a nearly full moon comes up just as big as you please and we actually sail right down the bay the sixteen miles to Still

Pond with this pea soup thick fog bank chasing us off the stern.

By the time we've anchored (actually picked up someone's mooring without asking we can't even see the bow of the boat and the temperature has dropped fifteen degrees. No problem. We go below and have chicken and beer. This has been a terrific sail!

The next morning, there is little wind, but we don't care. It's December 6th, and we're sitting in the cockpit in short sleeve shirts!

12/12/98, Swatara Creek: I can't believe that I was actually hot last week. Now it's terribly raw. There's some skim ice forming along the creek banks and in the shallow backwaters. I paddle hard to stay warm. I flush several ducks from behind a fallen sycamore. Even surrounded by the death-like visage of winter, I am struck by the unexpected beauty of the low, dull light is swallowed by the darkened water.

"It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice!"

12/20/98, Swatara Creek: Sonya agrees to go paddling one more time this year. I lie to her about the predicted high temperature and she lets me get away with it. It is a gray day with moments of diffused light breaking through which are quickly absorbed by the somber winter sky. We pass the reeking carcass of a butchered deer lying in a shallow muddy pool. Paddling upstream for a mile and a half, we pull *Tern* onto a gravel bar. I have brought along two of those folding chairs that store in a canvas tube. I set them up, unwrapped our two \$1.60 subs, and crack open a cold beer for myself and pour some hot coffee for Sonya. We sit quietly at the foot of a small rapid. The only sound is the gurgling water rushing over the stones. The air is still and surprisingly warm, or maybe it just feels that way because we have been paddling hard against the two knot current.

I close my eyes and think about our wonderful day with our son on Taylor Creek almost a full year ago. It all really seems like yesterday. The year's voyage has been a seamless journey through time with good friends and loved ones and two wonderful little boats. We have come full circle from solstice to solstice. Happily, the days will now slowly and inexorably grow longer. Does a new voyage now begin, or will it be a continuation of the past? I open my eyes and sit quietly beside Sonya, thinking, "There really is nothing quite so much worth doing."

"Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honedew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

"There are people whose feelings and well being are within my influence. I will never escape that."

(Hugh Prather)

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PROJECT LIBERTY SHIP

Project Liberty Ship is an all-volunteer, not-for-profit organization dedicated to the preservation of the Liberty Ship *John W. Brown* as a Living Memorial and Museum Ship honoring the men and women of American industry who built our great wartime merchant fleet and the Merchant Seamen and Naval Armed Guards who sailed the ships across all the oceans of the world.

The Liberty ship design was based on British plans modified to conform to American practices and to make full use of mass production methods. The ship is 441'6" in length, has a beam of 56'10-3/4", a draft of 27'9-1/4", and can hold about 8,500 long tons of cargo, enough to fill three hundred railroad boxcars. Power comes from a triple expansion steam engine developing 2,500 horsepower at 76 rpm for a top speed of 11 knots. Two oil fired boilers generate steam at 220 psi and 450 degrees.

The origins of the Project lie back in 1978, when a seminar on Liberty Ship preservation was held aboard the *Brown*, which was then serving as a nautical high school operated by the City of New York. Those attending the seminar could foresee the day, rapidly approaching, when the last ship of that great fleet of over 2,700 Libertys would face the breaker's torch or be sunk as an artificial fish reef, and they were determined to preserve at least one ship as a memorial museum on the east coast.

With the backing of the National Maritime Historical Society (publisher of *Sea History* magazine) an organization was formed to work toward the preservation of the *John W. Brown*. Although there were at that time several Liberty Ships that might have been candidates for restoration, *Brown* was the logical choice. A small staff of volunteers began planning for the day when New York City would close down its floating high school and the ship would become available. A membership drive was commenced and publication of a newsletter, *Liberty Log* was begun.

When the day finally arrived, in 1982, for the end of the *Brown's* career as a schoolship, the group, now called Project Liberty Ship, was in the midst of a search for a suitable berth in New York Harbor at which to display the *Brown*. Despite their best efforts, the Project could not locate a single berth in the entire harbor that would accept the ship. They were forced to stand and watch as the *John W. Brown* was towed out of the harbor and down the east coast to the James River Reserve Fleet in Virginia in July of 1983.

While its membership slowly grew the Project's volunteer staff continued to search for a berth in New York Harbor and they also accomplished several other important steps. A law was passed in Congress transferring title of the ship from the Maritime Administration to Project Liberty Ship. Application was made and accepted for the listing of the ship on the National Register of Historic Places. The *John*

An Introduction To Project Liberty Ship

W. Brown became a National Register Ship, one of the very few such ships in the nation.

Finally, late in 1987, Project officers gave up their attempts to berth the *Brown* in New York Harbor and turned to Baltimore. A meeting was held at the Baltimore Museum of Industry at the end of January, 1988 to discuss the idea. They expected half a dozen people to attend and they got forty! Did we want the ship in Baltimore? The answer was a resounding YES!

From the original group who met at the museum, a core committee was formed to begin the effort. Project Liberty Ship Baltimore went to work, with the full backing and support of the parent group in New York, to permanently display the *John W. Brown* in the harbor of her birth. Project Liberty Ship continues to grow today. With more than two thousand seven hundred members nationwide and in a number of foreign countries, with support from federal, state and local officials and with Baltimore's close-knit maritime community behind us, we have accomplished wonders with the ship!

Why the *John W. Brown*?

The answer is a simple one. There were only two Liberty Ships left in the world suitable for preservation. One, the *Jeremiah O'Brien*, has already been saved and is displayed today in mint condition in San Francisco. This left but one intact Liberty, *John W. Brown*, as a candidate for preservation. While there were a couple of other Liberty Ship hulls afloat, they were radically altered ships, scheduled for scrapping. Thus, of that huge fleet of over 2,700 war-built Libertys, *John W. Brown* was the very last survivor, representing the last chance to preserve on the east coast one of those remarkable ships which played such a vital role in the winning of the Second World War.

Even if there were others to choose from, *John W. Brown* would still be the logical choice, for a number of reasons. She had an active and distinguished war record. Built in September, 1942, she made one voyage as a standard cargo-carrying Liberty Ship and then she became the very first of 220 Liberty Ships to see service as a Limited Capacity Troopship. During this service she carried almost ten thousand military personnel of the Allied powers as well as two shiploads of Axis prisoners. She served at Anzio, was at Naples during numerous German bombing raids and made D-Day at the Invasion of Southern France on August 15, 1944. Numerous ships in her various convoys were sunk or damaged by U-boats or enemy aircraft, but the *Brown* survived unscathed. Today she is the last surviving operational troopship of World War II!

After the war she carried cargo across the North Atlantic to help rebuild the shattered

European nations and then, in December, 1946, was loaned by the Maritime Commission to the City of New York to serve as a floating high school.

During the war *John W. Brown* had been considered to be a lucky ship. Despite her combat record and numerous near misses, she was never seriously damaged. Now her good luck continued. For the next 36 years she was lovingly cared for by thousands of students and by the many dedicated instructors who operated the nation's only nautical high school. Except for the removal of her armament and the addition of a peacetime color scheme, the ship was unaltered from her wartime appearance. Her gun tubs, even her plastic armor plating, were left intact. Her engine room was maintained in spotless and fully operational condition, but wear and tear were minimized because *Brown* was not subjected to the rigors and demands of full power commercial service. Her great triple-expansion steam engine was turned over regularly at reduced RPM right up to the closing of the school.

A few years back, when there were still other Libertys to choose from, *Brown* was in by far the best condition of any of them. Audiogaging and visual inspection in 1986 revealed that the ship's bottom was in relatively good condition, despite only one drydocking since 1946. Replacement of many rivets was needed, but considering the age of the ship, her bottom had survived remarkably well. Designed as a wartime cargo hauler to last just a few years, the *John W. Brown* passed the age of fifty with little difficulty.

Additionally, *Brown's* internal arrangement makes her ideal for use as a museum ship. Her 'tween deck spaces, already converted from cargo to troop carrying, were set up as classrooms for the high school. These spaces are today ideal as display areas, meeting rooms and even classrooms, easily accessible to the general public. What better way to teach our children about the merchant marine, about world trade and about the role Baltimore plays in world commerce, than aboard a real, live merchant ship!

The ship is a great educational tool. She can be a classroom for many different subjects. She can provide meeting rooms and banquet spaces. She is a fine, living museum and a superb, fitting memorial to the thousands of seamen and the 200 Liberty Ships lost in WW II as well.

But the most exciting prospect is that the *Brown* is not simply a static display. She can steam on her own power! Of the more than fifty World War II memorial ships all around our nation only two others, *Jeremiah O'Brien* in San Francisco and *Lane Victory* in San Pedro, have the same capability. All three of these living, steaming, memorials are merchant ships, restored and crewed by volunteers!

Veterans' groups and others looking for a unique meeting place will find the *John W.*



Chronology of the S.S. John W. Brown

May 1, 1941: Bethlehem Fairfield Shipyard in Baltimore awarded contract to build twelve Liberty ships, among them Hull 312.

July 28, 1942: Keel of Hull 312 laid in Way 12 at the Bethlehem Fairfield Shipyard.

September 7, 1942 (Labor Day): Named for John W. Brown, a well-known labor leader, Hull 312 launched at 12:15 p.m.

September 29, 1942: Began maiden voyage on leaving Baltimore for New York to load tanks, jeeps, trucks, ammunition, etc. to take to the Persian Gulf for Russian aid under the Lend-lease Act.

June 1943: Converted to a limited capacity troopship accommodating up to 500 troops or POWs in addition to cargo.

1943 - 1945: Made seven voyages between the United States and ports in North Africa, Italy, Belgium, and France. Participated in the Invasion of Southern France.

1945 - 1946: Made five peacetime voyages to France, Italy, Denmark, Germany, and

England.

1946 - 1982: Served as a schoolship in New York City preparing high school students for seagoing careers.

May 1978: Project Liberty Ship organized in New York to preserve the *Brown* as a museum and memorial.

July 31, 1983: Joined the National Defense Reserve Fleet anchored in the James River in Virginia.

March 1, 1985: Listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

August 13, 1988: Given permission by the Maryland Port Administration to berth at Pier 1 Clinton Street, arrived under tow in Baltimore to an enthusiastic welcome.

September 5, 1988: Rededicated as a memorial museum at ceremonies at the Dundalk Marine Terminal.

August 24, 1991: Steaming under her own power for the first time since November 1946, completed trials in the Chesapeake Bay.

September 21 & 22, 1991: Carried about 600 members and guests each day on her inaugural cruises.

1994: Received Coast Guard Certification for coastwise ocean voyages.

1991-1998: Besides cruises on the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, voyaged to New York City; Greenport, Long Island; Boston; Halifax, Nova Scotia; New London, CT; Wilmington, NC; and Charleston, SC.

The Future: A regular schedule of day cruises on the Chesapeake Bay with annual trips to ports along the east and gulf coasts to keep alive the memory of the Merchant Marine's contribution to the victory in World War II.

Project Liberty Ship S.S. *John W. Brown*, P.O. Box 25846, Highlandtown Station, Baltimore, Maryland 21224-0546, Staff Office Phone: (410) 661-1550, Ship's Phone: (410) 558-0646

Brown and her cargo holds an ideal location for meeting and gatherings of many kinds. A number of national conventions have come to Baltimore only because of the presence of this piece of living WW II history.

One final plus is that this ship has lots of friends! Almost her entire life of more than fifty years has been spent in active service. Most Libertys carried cargo for a few years during the War and then were retired to the Reserve Fleets for decades, but *Brown*, after carrying thousands of troops, became a schoolship for thousands more students over a period of 36 years. Since she has been the focus of a massive preservation effort, the ship has been steadily gaining many new friends and supporters. As one of the last two Liberty Ships, she is a symbol for those hundreds of thousands of wartime seamen, gunners and shipyard workers whose mighty efforts made the Liberty Ship program the great success it had to be.

John W. Brown means many things to many people and all of them would like to see her preserved.

Why Baltimore?

There are many good reasons for the selection of the City of Baltimore as the permanent home port of the *Brown*. First and foremost, the ship was built in Baltimore! The Bethlehem Fairfield Shipyard built the very first Liberty Ship, *Patrick Henry*, and the yard built more Libertys, 384 of them, than any other single shipyard in the nation. *John W. Brown* was Fairfield's sixty-second Liberty Ship, launched after only 41 days work, on Labor Day, September 7, 1942. She was named for a prominent east coast labor leader, a founder of the shipbuilders' union, who had died in 1941.

Not just Baltimoreans, but people from all over Maryland and the surrounding states worked at Bethlehem-Fairfield, over 47,000 of them at peak employment. A great many of

these workers were women, as much as 20% of the total workforce, doing almost every job the yard had to offer. Thus, the *Brown* memorializes the deeds of the women of American industry as well as the men. Minorities, too, played a large role in Fairfield's production efforts. In 1943 there were 6,000 black workers in the shipyard. One Liberty, *Frederick Douglass*, named for a prominent Marylander, was built by an entirely black workforce specially assembled for the job.

Libertys were not simply built here and sent on their way. Huge volumes of wartime cargo were shipped from Baltimore. Many ships underwent repair of war damage or conversion in our shipyards. Pilots, tugboat companies, steamship companies and agencies, stevedoring firms and waterfront labor unions had a large stake in the success of the Liberty Ship program.

After the war the ships made thousands of calls at Baltimore under dozens of flags,

carrying cargoes of every description destined to rebuild the war-shattered nations of the world.

All this means that in Baltimore, especially, *John W. Brown* has countless supporters. The entire maritime community has been behind the Project from the very beginning. The enthusiasm of our volunteers, many of whom have been with us since 1988, has never diminished. These hard-working men and women have accomplished something none have ever done before. They have restored to operating condition a full sized ocean-going merchant ship and done it almost entirely with donated labor and materials. Almost 500,000 hours of volunteer time have gone into the reactivation of the *Brown* since she arrived in Baltimore in August of 1988.

The Plan: The reactivation of the *John W. Brown* is now largely complete. Mechanically the ship is in as good a condition as she will ever be. Our crew continues to work on maintaining the ship in top notch condition. Our efforts must now concentrate on upgrading our museum displays and on replacing rivets in the hull. The ship has been drydocked four times since she left the Reserve Fleet in 1988 and repairs to the hull are ongoing, with drydocking and rivet replacement continuing on a regular basis as funds permit.

The ship is opened to the public on a regular basis. Twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, our volunteers fill the ship as work on various projects continue. The ship has been moved around the harbor many times to participate in public events.

Since her reactivation was completed in 1991 the ship has made twenty highly successful day cruises, on Chesapeake Bay and at other ports, with up to 800 guests aboard at a time. These Cruises into History have become an integral part of our plans to preserve the *Brown*. Since the spring of 1992 the ship has voyaged to at least one port outside the Bay for a special visit each summer. We have steamed as far north as Halifax, Nova Scotia and as far south as Wilmington, North Carolina, with visits to Boston, New York, Greenport (Long Island), Philadelphia, Camden, Wilmington (Delaware), Alexandria (Virginia) and Norfolk. Tens of thousands of visitors have thrilled to a tour aboard the *Brown* at these ports and day cruises were conducted in most of them as well.

In Baltimore the ship has been visited by thousands of school children and adult tour groups, many of whom have never before had the opportunity to go aboard a full sized ocean going ship. There is something special about walking the decks of a ship like the *Brown*

that no museum can convey. She is no little model in a display case. She is full scale, twelve inches to the foot! A real sense of excitement pervades her decks because so many of the folks who actually built and sailed the *BROWN* and her sister *Libertys* are still with us. Their stories are firsthand tales of adventure that no book can match.

Now is the time to save this ship, because there simply will be no other time, no other *Liberty Ship*. And make no mistake, this ship is worth saving. She and her sisters touched the lives of more people throughout the world than any other class of ship ever built. They were the finest examples of what teamwork between labor, industry and government can do, and a celebration of the American Spirit at its finest!

Sign on with Project *Liberty Ship* and experience the excitement of the continuing voyages of the *Liberty Ship John W. Brown*! Our address is:

Project *Liberty Ship*, P.O. Box 25846, Highlandtown Station, Baltimore, MD 21224. Phone (410) 661-1550. Come aboard our exciting new Web Page at: <<http://www.liberty-ship.com>>

Sign on for Adventure!

Spend a day in 1944 as you experience a sea and air extravaganza aboard the *John W. Brown*. The exciting six hour Voyage into History features continental breakfast, all-you-can-eat buffet luncheon, live music of the '40s, reenactors demonstrating military equipment and vehicles of WW II, flybys of wartime aircraft, the ship's Armed Guard gunners manning the guns to fight off attacking Japanese planes and the ship completely open for tours. Visit the engine room and marvel as the magnificent 140 ton triple expansion steam engine pushes the great ship through the water. Tour museum spaces, crew quarters, bridge, messrooms, troop berthing areas, and much more. This is Living History!

Here are the dates and locations for our year 2000 Cruises: Detroit, Saturday, July 22; Cleveland, Saturday, July 29; Toronto, Sunday, August 6; Baltimore, Saturday, September 30. Act now and experience a day you'll never forget!

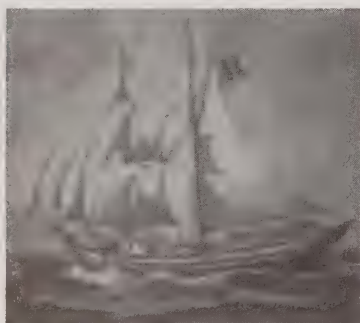
The planning involved in just a single port call by the *John W. Brown* is quite extensive. The organizers of our trips to Boston, Wilmington, New London or Charleston worked, along with a committee established in each port, for at least a year to make it all happen.

Those trips were a piece of cake in comparison to this year's Operation Great Lakes 2000. On this trip we will be calling at eight ports, five in the U.S. and three in Canada. Included in the port calls, of course, is an extensive period in the shipyard, plus transits each way of the St. Lawrence Seaway and Welland Canal Locks. The lock transit alone is a major undertaking and most of our personnel have never done it before.

Included in the voyage will also be two or three of our day cruises. These trips will be held in Detroit, Cleveland, and in Toronto, if Canadian authorities will permit it.

To obtain cruise information, arrange for special tours or private functions, contact the staff office at (410) 661-1550. Visit us at <www.liberty-ship.com>.

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In the September 15th issue, Mark King wrote of the major rebuilding effort of a large schooner called *Mist Of Avalon*. In the article he noted that Mr. Mainguy was inspired in his efforts by a song, written by folksinger Stan Rogers. He said, "Through one winter he was especially attached to the song *Man With Blue Dolphin* about a man who raises and repairs a derelict schooner originally built down east. It takes all his time and energy."

That line jumped out at me, since "the man" is my long time friend, Joe Pica, of Detroit Michigan. Sadly, the story of *Blue Dolphin* is not a happy one, and although Joe has not given up, the odds are very poor that he will succeed.

Let me begin the story when I met Joe, about 1963, on the Detroit River. Joe owned a gaff yawl, the 65' *Katherine II*, built in 1891 by George Lawley of Boston, as a contender in the NYC 50' waterline class. She was launched the same year as *Gloriana*, the Herreshoff boat that won everything in sight that year. *Gloriana* made the history books, *Katherine II* eventually was moved into the Detroit River, and 70 years later, into Joe's hands. Joe often took groups out sailing on *Katherine II* and I made a trip with my college sailing club. I started to work with Joe and over the next several years made many trips, and helped rebuild major parts of the ship.

About 1970, Joe decided he needed a big boat, a schooner, and only one with "tall masts" would do. He sold the *Katherine II* to a group of adventurers who were planning to sail around the world. We never heard of it getting further than Albany, New York, but that's another story.

So Joe set out on a quest for his "tall ship". He scoured the ads in the *Maine Coast Fisherman* and made several trips to Nova Scotia and to Newfoundland to look at boats. All he found were fishing schooners, really motor boats, with cut down rigs and big engines, just like Mr. Mainguy found. But Joe wanted a "tall ship". It took nearly two years to find the *Blue Dolphin*, and when he did it was laying at East Boothbay Maine.

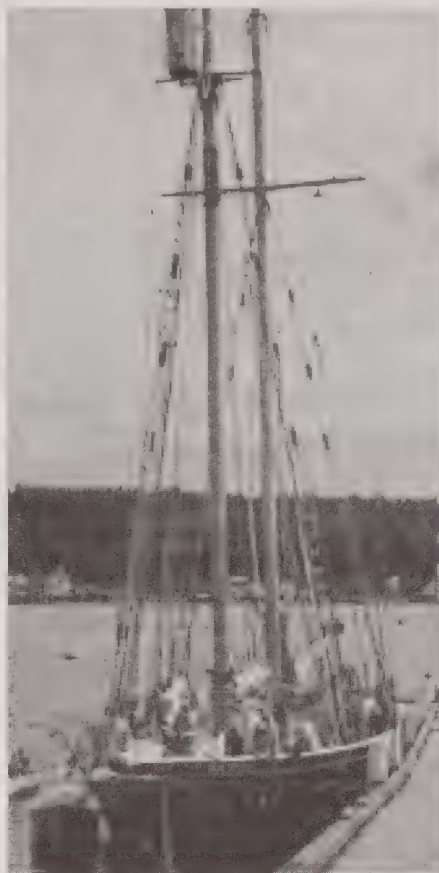
Blue Dolphin was built in 1925, "by the Ruhland Men", as the song says, in Shelbourne Nova Scotia. It was designed by William Roue, the designer of the famous Canadian fishing/racing schooner *Bluenose*. It was built for Mr. Amory Coolidge of Marblehead, Massachusetts. I was never able to find much information about the *Blue Dolphin* during its years in Marblehead, but I do know that it was sold to the US Navy, reportedly for \$1, and used for war patrol work out of Casco Bay, Maine. At the end of the war she was sold back to Mr. Coolidge for \$1. In 1948 Mr. Coolidge sold her to Professor David Nutt at Dartmouth College, to be used for oceanographic research trips to the Arctic. She made five trips to Labrador, and was said to be very fast, once sailing from Labrador back to East Boothbay in five days, at speeds of over 12 knots.

By 1960 Professor Nutt's research took him further north and required ice breaking ships, so *Blue Dolphin* was retired and lay at East Boothbay, "waiting for an owner", as Stan sings. Joe found her in the early winter of 1972. I made my first trip out to see her in April, 1972, then made several more over the spring and early summer, as we got her ready for the trip to Detroit.

She was hauled for bottom paint at

Man With Blue Dolphin

By Ron Ginger



Sample's Shipyard in Boothbay Harbor, and found to be in reasonably sound condition underwater. The mainmast had some soft spots around the deck area, so Joe had a splint of oak 2x4's wrapped in steel bands applied. We cleaned out the ship, worked over the electrical and other systems, and made her ready for the trip.

By July she was ready to sail and a group of about 25 Sea Scouts from the Detroit area helped sail the ship around Nova Scotia, down the St. Lawrence River and eventually into Detroit. Joe found a dock for her in Sarnia, Ontario, and started in to restore the interior. The combination of the US Navy and her research days had resulted in a very spartan interior. One stateroom had been turned into a 300 gallon lube oil tank, her main salon had been reduced to a tiny cabin by the addition of two huge fuel tanks, and she generally had a utility finish. Joe was out for yacht quality.

After a year or two of work with the interior restoration nearly done, the first tragedy struck. Joe always had lots of help from Sea Scouts, and anyone else who would work for nothing, and one day some of the scouts were using a hose to cool off, and someone dropped it inside the boat instead of over the side. An exhaust line had been removed, which was just a few inches above the water line, and slowly the hose filled the boat to the point it went under. Overnight she settled to the bottom, but remained upright. Joe and his volun-

teers were able to raise her in just a few days, using plastic sheets around the hull and big pumps.

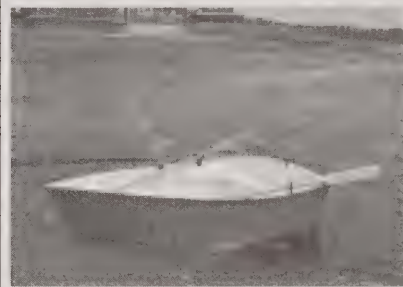
The interior work was badly damaged, but Joe plowed back in and started rebuilding. It was about this time that Stan Rogers heard about Joe, visited him, and wrote the song, *Man With Blue Dolphin*. Joe was sure the song would make *Blue Dolphin* famous, and somehow that would bring him some investors with enough money to finish the restoration. But shortly after writing the song Stan was killed in a plane crash. Stan had recorded the song, but had not finished the studio work. His brother Garnet eventually finished it up and the song was released on a final volume of Stan's songs.

Eventually the marina where Joe kept the boat was "upgraded", condos were built along the side, and the new owners didn't want to see a derelict schooner in their view, so Joe was forced out. He found a new dock in an industrial canal alongside an abandoned power plant in Detroit. She was towed to the new dock and Joe continued to plug away at his restoration. But by then it was pretty clear to most people that the ship was not likely to sail again, and volunteer workers just weren't interested in helping.

So Joe worked, mostly alone, trying "to save his schooner daughter", as Stan sings. In the winter of 1995, *Blue Dolphin* again sank at her dock. This time it was a severe winter storm that pushed her away from the dock breaking the electrical service that kept her pumps working. This time she settled over on her side, spilling off her deck load of mechanical parts, rigging and other supplies. She has resisted all efforts to right her. The only possible approach would require a massive crane, and that would cost far more than Joe has.

So "*Blue Dolphin* is laying on the bottom again, with only him to care", while Mr. Mainguy and others listen to Stan sing about this valiant fight to save a derelict schooner.

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Shoestring Shipyard

The plan calls for a mast far enough forward to accommodate a 14' boom with the center of effort above the leeboards. About 18" forward of the cabin I sawed a square hole in the deck for the tabernacle. The tabernacle is formed from a 4"x4" treated fir beam clad in 1"x5" planks extending beyond the height of the 4"x4" port and starboard to form a tabernacle for the mast about 3' off the deck so the mast can pivot and lay just above the coach roof.

I stuck the 4"x4" sandwich together with plenty of 5200 and then wrapped the outside and inside of the side planks in epoxied 6oz glass cloth. I used the usual 1/2" bolt through the sides for the pivot. The bury is 3' from deck to the keelson which is 2" thick and 3" deep plus a strake on either side where the hull sheathing fastens. The weight is borne on the keelson and the side to side is held by letting the plank sides go lower than the center core 4"x4".

One thickness of the stem comes clear back to the front edge of the mast foot, so I drilled a hole in it about 8" forward of the mast, inserted the usual bolt through a chain which then loops around the base of the mast to take the forward thrust of the wind's effort on the mast as it shoves the craft along. Up at the partners at the deck I ran 1"x5" stiffeners port, starboard and forward under the deck. The thwartship beam just ahead of the mast is a 2"x6" epoxied into the sheer at port and starboard.

Now for the mast. I started eyeballing the fine young yellow pine trees in my yard and the vacant lot next door. I found one that was straight for about 21' and then bent just a couple of degrees, then straight again. It was a little skinny looking even with the bark on but I harvested it and peeled off the bark immediately before it dried out in the sun. It is barely 5" in diameter at the base and only 3" at the top. By slicing the sides flat at the base it fit into the 3-1/2" gap in the tabernacle.

From the pivot to the base of the mast is 14" and there at the base I cut it on an angle so it would seat against the similarly cut core 4"x4". I took a heavy galvanized hinge, removed the brass pin and put half of it on each surface so it would mate when the mast is finally raised. It is locked it in place with the pin. The forward stay takes the weight of the sail, battens and rigging but this keeps the mast in place even with the forestay loosened. I put a ringbolt through the forward part of the stem where the forestay is secured.

Two 2" wide stainless straps wrap around the tabernacle 1' above the pivot and 1' below it. These are readily removable because they are secured with a bolt through the ears at the ends of the encircling strap, shaped into a square collar. Side forces are thus kept from pushing out on the side planks of the tabernacle. Later, because the mast bent a lot, I put in side stays of stainless cable.

To raise and lower the mast I mounted a winch at the deck just in front of the tabernacle and a block in the forestay ringbolt. I run 15' of line through the block and tie it to the eye of the forestay, then back off and unshackle the turnbuckle. I use a homemade whisker pole 2"x4" strapped to the mast about 6' up and rest the forestay in a groove in the 2"x4". I pull the pin from the mast base and back off the winch to lower the mast. Then, as they say in the auto repair manuals, to replace, I reverse the procedure.

A "Tree House Class" Pocket Coaster

Part 3

By Jason Spinnett

I collected a few brown plastic tarps to make a sail out of but I ended up using them to keep the rain off the boat when it was on the trailer so the keel and bilges could dry for several weeks. I began to look around for sail material. I got some free leg-o-mutton sails from conventional sailors but none had a 14'x16' square area, so I looked at canvas tarps and found a 14'x14' drop cloth made of white cotton poly mix that was at Home Depot for \$35. It was sewn together in strips 50" wide and rough around the seams but it was strong material.

I filled my truck bed toolbox (plastic one from Walmart) with about 40 gallons of hot water from the laundry tap and put in two big 8oz bottles of brown Rit dye and a half bottle of crimson. After some stirring, I dropped in the cloth and let it set a day. I drained it and spread it to dry on plastic on the driveway. It is wine color. Not exactly tanbark but close enough and pleasing. I sprayed waterseal on the fabric with the garden pump sprayer.

About this time I had to decide whether to use the traditional battened Chinese junk sail, or modify it. Right then Phil Bolger's drawing of his modified junk sail turned into a foil, was printed in *MAIB*. It was just what I needed.

I went to my funky old sawmill and bought some air dried 1"x6"x14' juniper boards, rough sawn, but accurate, and brought them home, ripped them into 2" width battens on my brother's table saw. I was advised to leave one surface rough sawn so it would cling to the sail material and so I sanded the other side and the saw cut, then I sealed them. I drew up the dimensions for spacing on my draw program.

I first laid out the five battens on the driveway rough side up then laid the cloth on top, then laid down the other side of each batten. I forgot to mention that I cut a pie piece from the top edge of the sail and had a friend sew it on reversed to give a 13'x15' dimension. This way the end of the gaff is higher than the luff end next to the mast. After carefully pulling the wrinkles out of the fabric, I screwed through the top battens into the bottom layer battens through the cloth at 18" intervals with square drive stainless flat head screws. I turned the whole sail over and screwed through the other side half way between the first set of screws. Done deal.

I put jaws on the gaff end boom, but on the battens I used slick nylon rope that had gotten slick and stiff from age, looping it around the mast loosely with short copper tube sleeves on each end with stainless steel screws anchoring through the tubing, rope, and into the juniper battens. I kept wondering how soon this type of construction would fly apart but I reassured myself in the knowledge that in a junk rig there is no high stress point anywhere. Everything is divided by the number of batten panels. In this case five battens makes every-

thing stressed 20% of what it would be on a conventional rig. The principle has proven true so far, in up to 18mph winds. In a bad squall, I would just as soon something simple gave way before the whole rig collapses or she goes over. We shall see.

I learned from living many years in Asia, and even more years living with meager resources, that it is feasible to keep repairing something that is simple and made from readily available materials. Each time you repair it you improve it a little. Actually the most successful research and development design work is done this way. "Fail often and succeed sooner," is the operating phrase in new product design circles. With the battens fastened on, the sail assembly is about 55lbs heavy but I rolled it up and, foolishly, as it turned out, shouldered it and staggered off down to the dock to unload it. My hernia repair surgery happened a couple of months later when I got tired of wearing two belts.

Next problem was the sheetlets and the flying blocks, plus the mizzen to rig them to. I had already designed a dowel framed bimini with a "T" top made of flat 3/4"x4" board, hipped toward the aft quarter to support the bimini fabric so it could be partially opened, since the boom swung just above it and I would need to observe the sail, especially raising and lowering it. The after end of the bimini frame was almost even with the transom which was braced with its posts penetrating the deck and screwed to the transom, so were quite sturdy.

I needed to figure how to design a mizzen that would reach way up aft of the sail so the pull on the sheetlets with the flying blocks would be forward and to the sides rather than down. I bought a few pieces of 1"x2" oak and 1"x2" fir, each 8' long and proceeded to build a curved Eiffel Tower that lay against the end of the bimini frame. I lag screwed the curved feet of the tower through the deck and screwed it horizontally to the bimini frame. I through-bolted it together where it transitioned from two curved legs to a "Y" beam mast.

Two wood blocks were fastened at top and 5' down. Three flying blocks were made from 1"x2" fir blocks with plastic pulley wheels. Those are fastened to the line linking every two battens by means of a screw eye screwed into the wood of the block. This method of hanging a block is not recommended, I am sure, but none has ever come out. To rig all the blocks together, 1/4" inch nylon line was reeved from an anchor at the top of the tower through the topmost flying block, back to the block on the tower, back through the second flying block, back to a block at the mid point of the upper tower, back to the third flying block then to the block on the tower at bimini top level, through a tandem block cam cleat, then down to a basket at the bottom of the cockpit. It took 50'. In a strong breeze on a reach, 300lbs pounds of wind effort on the sail is controlled with 10lbs of pull on the sheet, given the fact that most of the thrust is upon the mast and not that much on the leech of the sail and battens which each bear only 20% of the luff load. This five to one advantage on the sheet drops it down to an easy one hand pull.

At the top of the mast I ran a through eyebolt fore and aft. To the eye I shackled the double block to raise the two halyards, one for the yoke end of the gaff and one to a cable yoke attached to two points on the outboard gaff. On the other end of the mast through bolt

I nipped on a tang with the forestay thimble through it. I hand hauled the luff halyard and winched the outboard halyard with that same hand winch that I raised the mast with.

Time for sea trials under sail! There was about a 10 knot breeze so it was lively for first sea trial. To crank the halyard winch I went forward in the cabin, reached through the forward hatch and cranked it, but the boat didn't stay headed into the wind so it was confusing. I couldn't see it while I was cranking the winch so I didn't know how the batten parrels were moving etc. I had to hurry because I was drifting to shore. I managed to get the sail mostly up before I dashed back aft. The sheets worked so I sailed around with the leeboards just sagging in the shallow water.

It didn't behave badly at all. The only out-of-control feature was the mast, unstayed except for the forestay, which bent sideways like a fishing rod. I noticed that the hull stayed on its feet and that it moved a lot faster than the 2 knot trolling motor moved it, so I was happy (under sail in light air, I set the rudder motor on low so it turns to overcome drag).

Back at the dock I figured out how to guy it port and starboard just slightly aft of the mast. The forward cabin bulkhead is in a suitable spot below, so I put a 1/2" inch galvanized bolt through the bulkhead with large washers on it and drilled a small hole in the deck above it. I ran 1/8" stainless steel cable down through the little deck hole, wrapped it a few turns around the bolt and then back up through the little hole. I cable clamped it to itself 2' off the deck. I lowered the mast via the procedure outlined above. I looped the guy cable around the mast at the lazy jack block mount just above where the gaff comes to raised position, then swaged the cable to itself and ran down the other side to the other anchor.

Adjustment entails loosening the bolt through the bulkhead below and the cable clamp on each side above, then snugging it up. It isn't stressed rigging so it is easy. Lowering and raising the mast doesn't affect the side stays because of the geometry, i.e. the apogee of the mast coincides with the apogee of the guys.

The next sea trial was a blast. It was stayed sufficiently and the breeze was good so I set the sheet and the tiller and a half hour later I arrived at a far shore. Kool. The raising of the sail while looking away from it was a weird experience so I started to look for a 12 volt winch I could operate from the cockpit. I found a good used one for \$100 and mounted it in place of the hand winch. I tied the two halyards together high up so I could haul both remotely with the 12 volt winch.

The winch has a clutch, operated with a wheel knob to control drag so I had to devise a way to remote operate that too so I could drop the sail in a hurry when squalls hit. I screwed and glued a 2-1/2" PVC coupling and cap to the clutch wheel and wrapped a 1/8" line around a couple of turns with an anchor screw and tab in the middle wrap. On the other end I hooked a bungee stretched up to an angle brace on the tabernacle to hold the clutch engaged. The 1/8" line ran through a little pulley at the angle brace which let it go aft just above the cabin roof to a ring and stud at the cockpit, then 4' more of line after that so I could stand in the aft part of the cockpit to watch the sail come cascading down when I pulled it to release the clutch.

The next sea trial was better. It took 5 seconds for the sail to drop neatly into the lazyjacks! I knew it was a good sailing rig and that I could control it. I still hadn't learned to sail well and made stupid mistakes but it was easy to handle, because it was balanced. The most gratifying part was that it stayed on its feet, didn't skid and sailed faster than expected, especially in light air. I could learn to sail better and trim better at my leisure.

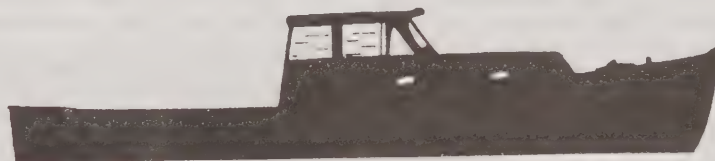
Next modification turned out to be the batten parrels. They needed jaws. I used beige colored PVC, which is more rigid than scheduled 40, but still thermo formable. I ran the parrel line inside the two jaws and screwed the jaws to the parrels. Everything stays stacked up like it should.

Now it was the first of September and the heat was moderating. Time to get ready for cruising.

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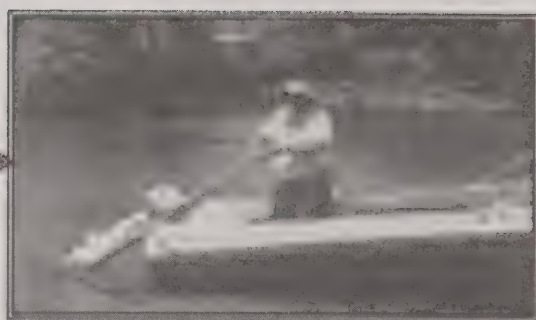


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The Skyliner Yuloh & Sculling Oar

By Bill Foden

So what's a yuloh you ask? Briefly a yuloh can be described as a kind of sculling oar used in China and other parts of the orient for over 2,000 years. You might have seen one projecting from the stern of a junk or a sampan in Hong Kong or Shanghai harbor in a movie. If you have been reading boat building and cruising literature, you might have seen a reference to a yuloh but not known what it was. So why have the Chinese been using them to propel sampans and junks as long as 60' and many tons burthen for 2,000+ years?

The reason is that the Chinese have known for over twenty centuries that the yuloh is the most efficient means of propelling boats ever invented. Here are some of the reasons why you ought to be thinking of making or buying a yuloh of your own:

The yuloh can be used to propel boats from 8' to 60' or more.

One yuloh can be used by two or more people at one time.

A yuloh can be operated either standing or sitting.

Yulohs employ what are now considered advanced scientific concepts.

A yuloh's propulsive energy is supplied continuously, not in an intermittent reciprocating motion, as with rowing.

Using a "love hitch", my Skyliner Yuloh can be operated in reverse.

Yulohs can be adapted to a broad range of boat types; sailboats, houseboats, skiffs, fishing boats, power cruisers, shantyboats, etc.

My Skyliner Yuloh can be operated as a sculling oar without the lanyard.

No special skills, such as those needed in rowing, are needed to operate a yuloh. A good view forward is also possible.

Yulohs can be operated easily by the physically challenged, children, golden age captains, etc.

Yulohs can be used in shallow, narrow and/or weedy waters.

My own transition from being an occasional rower to being a yuloh user culminated, after years of wishing I had one, when I designed and built two 12' oars for my shantyboat *Serenity*. I installed them on *Journey*, my 30' Drift-R-Cruise houseboat and they worked just fine. I was still struggling with the problem of where I was going to store the two 12' sweeps when I calculated that with the sweeps deployed on my *Serenity*, it was going to require 24' of river width to permit her passage. I could just see the sweeps grazing the banks of the Maurice River and got practical and began thinking seriously in terms of a practical yuloh.

At this critical point, my fellow shantyboat admirer, Craig O'Donnell of Betterton, Maryland, came to my rescue and gave me the first detailed information about the design of a yuloh I had ever received. The result was my development and production of what I happily call my Skyliner Yuloh. I was able to use some of the information Craig supplied, plus information garnered from a variety of other sources, to design a yuloh that would have all of the above advantages of a yuloh.

My Skyliner Yuloh combines the best features of traditional Chinese yuloh design with modern materials and techniques.

It is adjustable in length from 8' to 15' in 4' increments.

It can be made with simple hand tools (saw, drill, etc.).

It can be dis-assembled and stored as a 4' package.

It can be converted easily into a functional sculling oar.

It can be made of common lumberyard and hardware store materials.

Making it requires practically zero wood-working skills.

It is transferable from boat to boat.

It propels larger boats efficiently.

The picture shows a Skyliner Yuloh in action on my 16' Winner Yuloh Trials Sea Horse on the Maurice River just off my dock in Millville, NJ. Speeds estimated at nearly 3 knots were achieved by one overweight golden age captain yulohing in fairly calm waters.

A yuloh is easier for an amateur to make than a standard oar. It requires no fancy materials, tools, or construction techniques. There is no fiberglass, epoxy, carbon fibre, stainless steel, or aluminum needed. A yuloh can be made indoors or out as desired with simple hand tools.

Here is a list of required wood for making the yuloh:

Looms: Two 2"x2"x4' (actually measuring 1-1/2"x1-1/2"x4')

Handle: One 2"x2"x4' (actually measuring 1-1/2"x1-1/2"x4'). The length of the handle might have to be decreased or increased in some applications.)

Blade: One 1"x6"x4' (actually measuring 3/4"x5-1/2"x4'). Alternatively, a 2"x6" (actually measuring 1-1/2"x5-1/2") may be substituted for the 1"x6". It may also be necessary to increase or decrease the length of the blade in some applications.)

Pivot Blocks: One 2"x4"x8" (actually measuring 1-1/2"x3-1/2"x8") plus one 1/

4"x3-1/2"x3-1/2" block.

Note: All wood should be as knot-free and straight-grained as possible. Ordinary pine or fir stock is acceptable but teak, mahogany, or plywood may be substituted where desired.

And now for the yuloh construction:

Looms and Handle:

Step 1: Cut three 4' lengths of clear 2"x2" stock for the looms and handle.

Step 2: Drill 3/16" holes beginning 2" from one end and then at increments of 4" in all three pieces. All holes must be exactly vertical and correspond exactly to the holes in the other pieces so the looms and handles to be easily adjustable. Drill the holes in one piece and then use it as a template for the other pieces by temporarily clamping or screwing them together. If possible, use a drill press to drill these holes vertically in the first piece drilled.

Step 3: Cut 45 degree angles on two of the pieces as shown for the looms.

Step 4: Cut and shape handle with a cut at a 45 degree angle on one end of the handle piece (holes up as shown). Leave the other end square and round about 12" for a handle on the other end as shown.

Blade:

Step 1: Scribe centerline down length of the blade on both sides for locating hole drilling and cuts.

Step 2: Drill vertical holes on the centerline in the same pattern as the looms. Make first hole at 2" and then three additional holes at 4" intervals to match exactly loom holes.

Step 3: Shape one side of the blade to a modified airfoil shape. A table or radial arm saw may be used to remove wood indicated by the dashed lines. Leave about 1/4" on each edge.

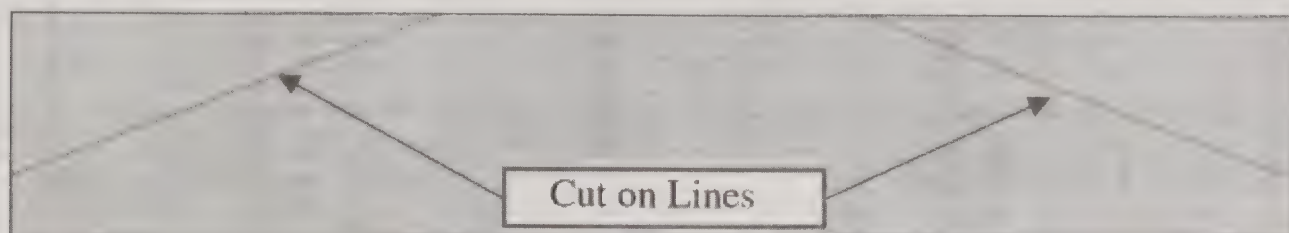
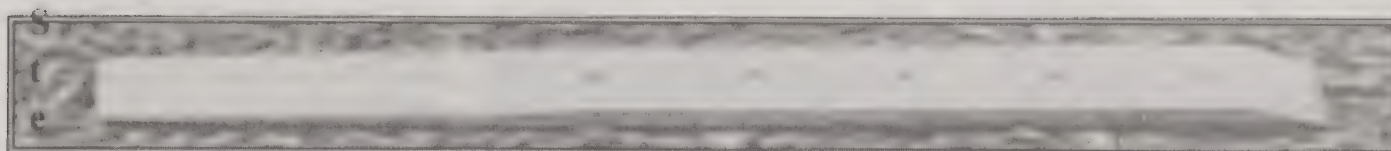
Step 4: Use a wood plane, rasp, sandpaper or other means to round the handle shape as smoothly as possible. All rough edges should be sanded smooth.

Pivot Blocks:

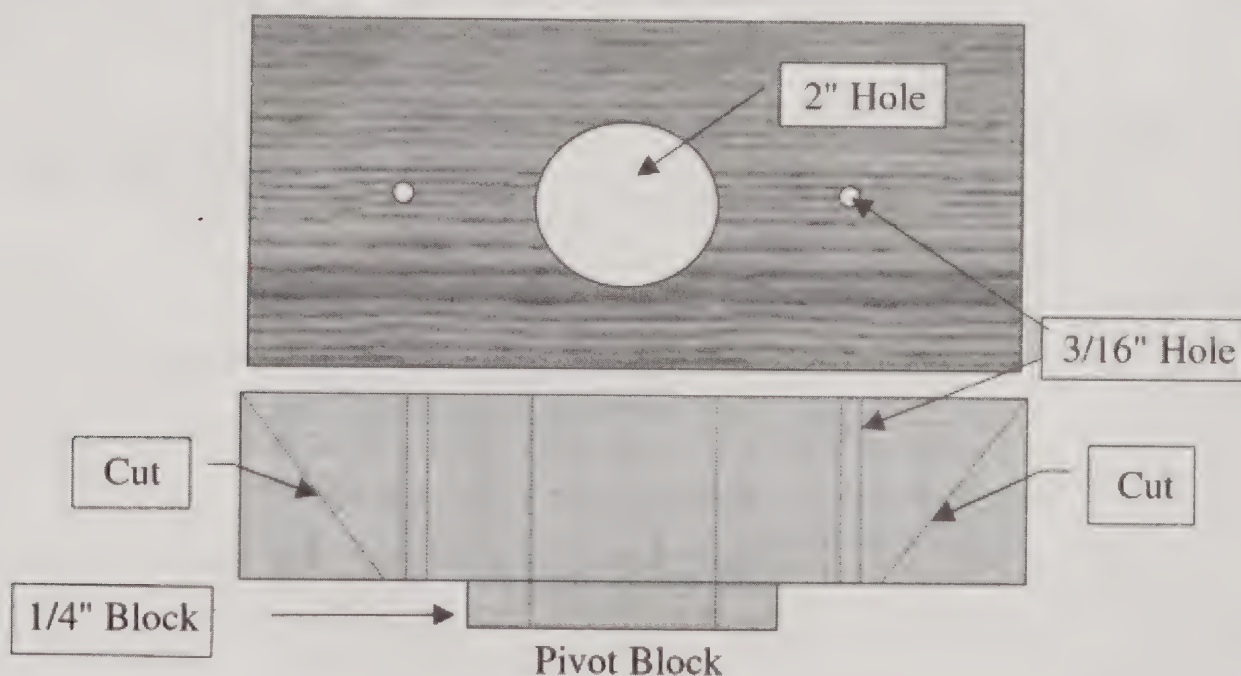
Step 1: Scribe centerline down center of both pivot blocks.

Step 2: Locate drill hole locations in the exact center of the 3/4" thick pivot block and 2" from each end using the exact same spacing as with the looms and the handle. A handle can be used as a template.

Step 3: Drill one 2" hole in the exact center of the 2"x4" pivot block and the 1/4" spacer pivot block using a hole saw. A drill press is ideal for assuring that this hole will be precisely vertical. Drill two 3/16" holes on



Looms & Handles



the centerline exactly 2" in from each end as shown.

Step 4: Use 1-1/2" flat head screws to join the blocks together. Be extremely careful to see that all of the holes are aligned by temporarily inserting bolts in them.

Assembling your yuloh is a simple and straightforward procedure. Here is how it's done:

Step 1: Bolt one piece of the loom to the top (flat surface) of the blade using two 3-1/2" hex head 1/4" bolts with flat washers under the bolt heads and the nuts. Stainless steel may be used but is not really necessary. Plain old galvanized bolts will do just fine. The rounded side of the blade should be down.

Step 2: Bolt the second loom on top of

the first loom, again using step one using two more bolts as shown.

Step 3: Bolt the handle on top of the first loom in the same fashion as in steps one and two.

Step 4: Bolt the pivot block close to the balance point of the yuloh so that when the yuloh is at an angle of approximately 45 degrees most of the blade will be immersed in the water. The end of the yuloh handle should be about shoulder level of the yuloh. The pivot block should be at the position of the ball on the bumpkin so that it falls into the socket of the pivot block.

That's about all there is to the making of the basic Skyliner Yuloh. There can be many variations in the construction of a yuloh, i.e.

2"x3"s or 2"x4"s instead of the 2"x2"s specified, use of different sizes and kinds of pivot blocks and balls, and the length of all parts, to suit the needs of a specific boat installation.

Before installing the Skyliner Yuloh you will have to give some thought to how you are going to attach the yuloh to your boat. The device used is called a bumpkin. A bumpkin provides pivot point where the yuloh can move in the six directions necessary for efficient yuloh operation. Any yuloh maker can design a bumpkin of his/her own. A doorknob nailed to a plank screwed to the hull of a boat will perform the same function as the Skyliner Bumpkin. But the Skyliner Bumpkin is designed to do the job better than a haphazard collection of wood and hardware.

Handle

Loom - 2

Loom - 1

Blade

The Skyliner Universal Bumpkin provides a secure base for the yuloh pivot ball. The pivot ball used with the Skyliner Yuloh is a cheap and common 1-7/8" steel trailer ball. It is designed to fit most boat's transoms or sterns. It can be fitted to boats as small as 8' and as large as 40' or more. It performs the same function as the mounting bracket of an outboard motor.

One of the unique features of the Skyliner Bumpkin is that it has no external metal parts. There are no external metal screws, levers, clamps or other devices to hold the parts of the Skyliner Bumpkin together. Installation, in most cases, consists of using a short piece of rope to hold the parts of the bumpkin together and to the boat. The Skyliner Bumpkin can also be easily modified to fit extraordinary situations.

Pictured are several views of the Skyliner Bumpkin and its parts. The pictures are simple and straightforward and should be easy for an experienced wood butcher to follow. The Skyliner Bumpkin consists of three parts, ball block, backing block, and bridge.

The angle at the pivot ball on the ball block is 40 degrees and is accomplished by cutting the top piece at 8" at 20 degrees and then flopping it over. The rest of the parts are standard 45 or 90 degree cuts.

The yuloh and bumpkin installation procedure is as follows:

Step 1: Extend the yuloh to 12'. Further adjustments in length may be made later.

Step 2: Bolt the pivot block on approximately 4'+ from the handle end.

Step 3: Temporarily fasten the bumpkin so the pivot ball is clear of all motors, cleats, rigging, protrusions, etc. on the hull, approximately 32" above the water.

Step 4: Place the socket on the pivot block

on the bumpkin pivot ball. If the pivot ball is at the correct height the yuloh should balance itself at an ideal 45 degree angle with the blade totally immersed in the water.

There should be a slight tendency of the handle on the loom to move upward when the balance is correct.

Step 5: The love hitch holds things together, it is a simple piece of 1/4" line about 3' long tied with a clove hitch, or even a simple knot, around the base of the ball. The ends are passed over the loom of the yuloh and tied on top of the loom tightly enough to keep the pivot block on the bumpkin pivot ball and the yuloh from falling off the ball, but not so tight as to restrict the motion of the yuloh on the bumpkin. Some experimentation should determine exactly how tight to make the love hitch.

Step 6: Fasten a ring bolt or screw eye to the under side of the yuloh handle and allow the lanyard (6' of 1/4" line) to dangle down to the deck directly under the yuloh handle when it is at the correct 45 degree orientation. Fasten a ring bolt or screw eye to the deck at where the lanyard touches and tie the lanyard between the two points.

If the bumpkin or pivot point has been placed off center it will be necessary to angle the yuloh in toward the center of the boat as is

done when an outboard motor is placed on a mount. The correct angle can be found through experimentation.

Step 7: The yuloh should now hold itself at the ideal 45 degree angle with the blade almost totally immersed in the water with the end of the handle about at chest height. The best time to make final adjustments would be with calm water and wind conditions. It may be necessary to make some changes to the yuloh and installation steps. In some situations it might, for instance, be found desirable to lower the angle of the yuloh's entrance into the water to as little as 30 degrees or even lower, but with a concomitant loss in efficiency.

Detailed bound plans and instructions for making the Skyliner Yuloh & Sculling Oar and the Skyliner Universal Bumpkin are available for only \$9.95. The plans include special information about yuloh and sculling oar construction, operation, installation and much more.

Skyliner Yulohs in solid pine with stainless steel fastenings may be purchased for \$50 plus \$9.95 s&h.

Bill Foden, Skyliner Publications, 2556 Mart Ave., Vineland, NJ 08361, or at <Bfoden@aol.com>.

Bridge -- 18"

Top -- 18"

45-degrees

Support -- 18"

Bridge -- 18"

Cleat Top and Sides

Top -- 6"

Support -- 3 1/2"

Cleat Top -- 10"

Cleat Sides -- 8"

Spacer -- 5.5"

Bridge -- 18"

Back Plate -- 6"

Jozebote A Simple, Seaworthy Kayak-Bateau

Combining the slim, easily driven shape of a sea kayak with the flat-bottomed simplicity of a classic bateau, Jozebote is very simple and quick to build by anyone, skilled or otherwise. There is no lofting, no building mold or strongback, only a pair of sawhorses used as building supports.

Plywood may be lauan underlayment from the local lumber-yard, or okoume, as the builder chooses. Dimension lumber is also the builder's choice. The decks are made of aircraft dacron, coated with ordinary oil-base enamel paint. No fiberglass is specified. With the lauan option, Jozebote will come in at a little less than 46 pounds and \$150.

Jozebote (I've been called Joze for about 60 years. I'm keeping this one for myself) is the fifth generation of the same basic type of boat, each fine-tuned and refined for performance improvement. She's very fast, stable and seaworthy. I have paddled the prototype pictured over hundreds of hours in waters from the South Carolina coast to Lake Huron and Michigan's Upper Peninsula. I've never had a scary moment, never shipped a drop of water, never even come near flipping over.



Jozeboat's low wetted surface makes her easy & fast to paddle.

Jozebote is 15'9" long overall and 28" wide. Draft is 3" with a 215lb paddler. A shallow skeg keeps the hull tracking on a straight course. The 42" long cockpit and foot space forward are comfortable for even a very tall paddler. There is abundant stowage under the

fore and aft decks.

Large size plans with simplified step-by-step instructions are \$20 postpaid.

Joe Reisner, 9600 Seventeen Mile Rd., Marshall, MI 49068.

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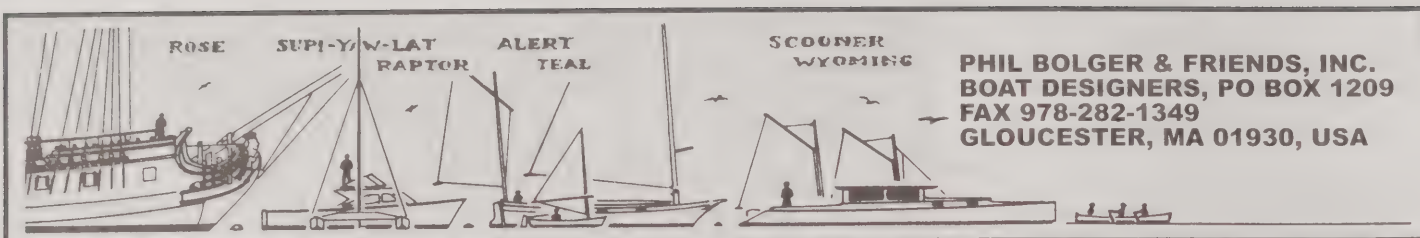
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 Design #559 AS-19 Daysailer Cat-Yawl



19'6" x 5'6" x 9"3/4" x 2100 lbs. full load displacement, including 500 lbs. lead ballast - 191 sq. ft. sail area



In the last issue we discussed how the AS-19 was designed and why she is as she is. Now, first, a photo of one built by Ed Williams of Williamsburg, Virginia, showing her deeply rockered bottom, end plate rudder, and leeboards carried well clear of the hull to be effective from the waterline down, including the heeled waterline, instead of from the hull

bottom down. The effect is to allow her to sail to windward in shallower water than a centerboard or bilgeboarder can, to say nothing of a keel boat!

Mike Stockstill bought the boat from Mr. Williams. The photos of her under sail are from him. He sent us his friend Patrick Crockett's account of the boat. "We went out on North Carolina's Lake Jordan in the company of some folks in Mike's cruising club (on Hunters, MacGregors, and such). The Carolina Sailing Club was having its monthly regatta, so we got to watch dinghies and catamarans race. The wind was great. I'm no good with numbers (despite being a statistician), but we tied in a reef and could have used a second reef when going to windward.

"The boat sailed well on all points, was very well behaved, in fact. Quite forgiving. The tiny rudder with bottom plate was more than adequate, I found I tended to over-steer with it. It was easier for me to hold the tiller still and steer with the mizzen.

"We managed to get the boat heeled over almost to the rail a couple times (by not noticing that the main was over-sheeted) and never really felt unstable. Once we dipped the end of the boom in the water in a gust and still did not feel like we were in danger of going over. (I am a dinghy sailor, I'm used to boats turning over soon after the rail hits the water.) We got mud on the bottom of one of the leeboards, but did not notice it at the time. I certainly notice every time I get mud on the daggerboard of my Bolger Windsprint!

"In the choppy water, heeled over, the boat sounded like every other sharpie, thump, thump, thump. Some waves do come into the open bow transom, but they did not seem to affect our progress. (Maybe they were just thick spray.) One caution about a boat like this, when setting up and taking it down in the park-



ing lot, as much time is spent talking to strangers as actually working on the boat. The attention is almost as much fun as the sailing."

Mike Stockstill adds, "I like having a mizzen sail, though it takes a bit of practice to develop the coordination to work it just right. I very much like the raised gunwale all around the deck. It is great for boat hooks, fenders, a good foothold, security, etc. It also makes the deck seem larger for some reason. The scuppers are a hoot and add a lot of personality in addition to being a good place to tie the fenders!"

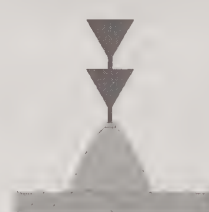
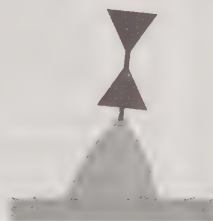
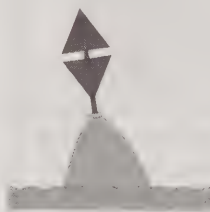
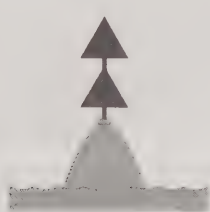
"The engine is an 8hp Honda 4-stroke because that is what I had. It pushes the boat at

hull speed barely above idle. If I add more power the back end just sinks."

A later letter from Mike, "The AS-19 towing my Elegant Punt made a big hit on Kerr Lake this weekend. Everyone likes the look of the design. I took only one wave into the bow well, that from a bubba boat. It took about 15 seconds to drain most of the water." Still later, "I had the AS-19 out on the ocean just off Beaufort the Friday before our Hurricane Irene scare in 18-knot winds. Even with waves, water over the open bow is minimal going into the wind. I get big scoops of it going downwind, but it doesn't seem to slow the boat any, it just keeps going as it spits it back

out. This past weekend I had it out on Bogue Sound for a weekend gathering of the Traditional Small Craft Association. They were surprised at how well the boat sails, it kept right up with the Shad boats from the North Carolina Maritime Museum."

Plans of the AS-19 are available for \$200 to build one boat; seven 17" x 22" drawings plus two isometric renderings showing construction and completion, with a detailed specification intended for part-time builders; from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., 66 Atlantic Street, Gloucester, MA 01930-1627, fax 978-282-1349.



DreamBoats

The Wonderful Scow

By Richard Carsen

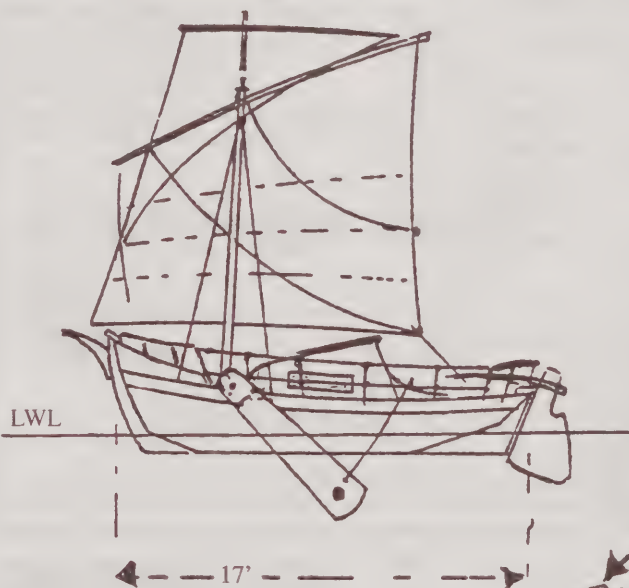
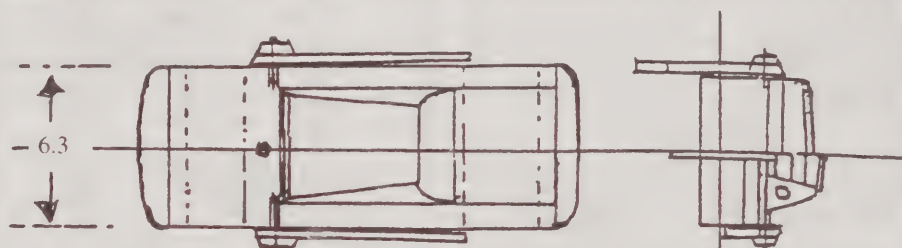
Some boating people disdain the scow, yet it is one of the most versatile, useful, and in its basic design, simplest to build models, a rectangular box, a steeply rising transom forward, a more gently rising bottom in the aft quarters; wallsided and flatbottomed.

I built two small ones years ago, the largest one being ten feet, which I rigged with a Chinese type sail. It sailed well and would tack, using my canoe paddle as a leeboard. They were narrow, about the width of the sailing kayak I once owned, 2'4". They were ideal to explore the Back Bay here and were used, when not sailed, with a paddle. The sides were 1" redwood stock, 12" wide, the bottom was 3/4" ply, so were the narrow sidedecks, and the fore and aft decks. The cockpit was narrow and long, with 6" coaming just wide enough to sit on. The sailing one had a rudder, my usual 4 eyebolts and stovepipe construction.

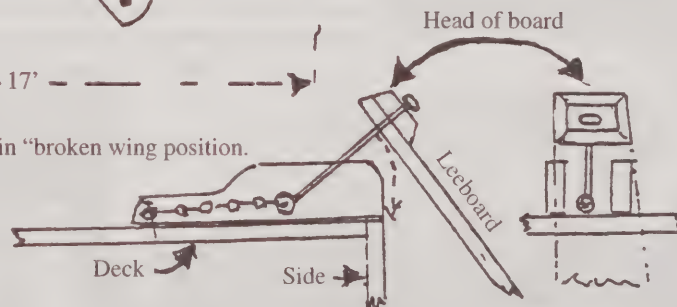
They were fun. All wood was lavishly oiled with linseed oil, the bottom seam caulked with the cheapest window caulk I could find, without the benefit of lampwicking or strips of other material. Redwood swells and shrinks quite a bit, yet when I put them in the water again after months of storage, they didn't leak a drop. I think that it is the oiling which allows the caulking to adhere tightly. Everything was nailed ala Chesapeake Bay builders (see Rabl).

What is shown here is similar. The boat is wider, the sheer is cut at a gentle curve, and at the bows appropriate pieces are added to gain some height, really for looks. The cabin should have been a little shorter, so the crew can sit more forward as otherwise she would drag her rear end. I've shown fore and aft pulpits and safety lines if kids are carried.

The straight dipping lug is really the handiest for getting a good area on a low mast. If the mast is sturdy, the stays are not needed. The tops'l and tops'l mast (a light stick) are



How to hang leeboard in "broken wing position."



set as a unit. Put some cleats on the mast so you can reach it, and put the stick through a ring (eyebolt) at the back of the mast. The stick has a stopper at that point.

The long bottom part of the stick has a lanyard that wraps around the mast to secure

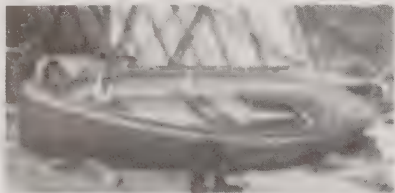
the setup. The yard is hung in front of the mast; the fore end of the yard is extended and has a lanyard to pull it down. If dipping is too much, just use a split lug, it will handle like the ordinary jib and main.

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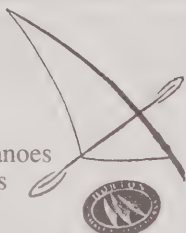
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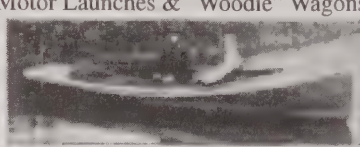
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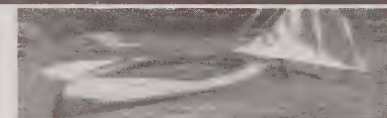
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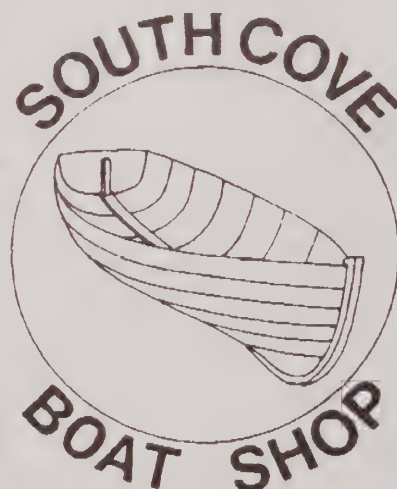
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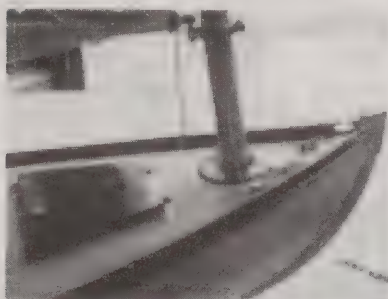
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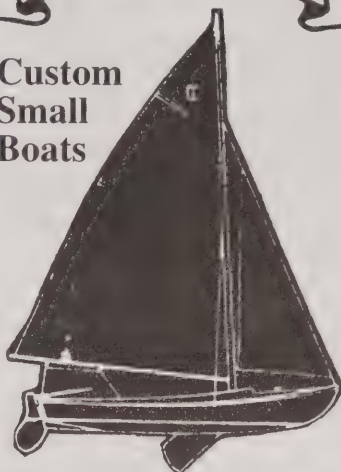


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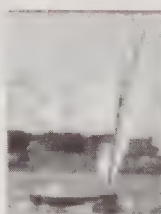
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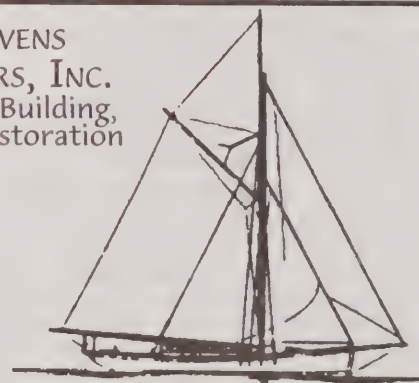
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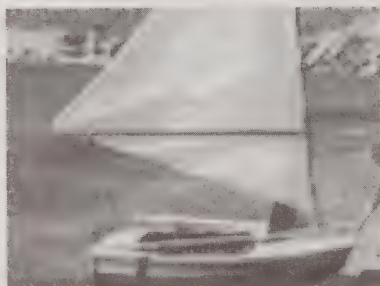
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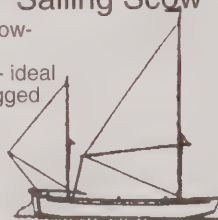
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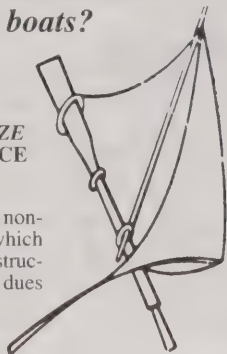
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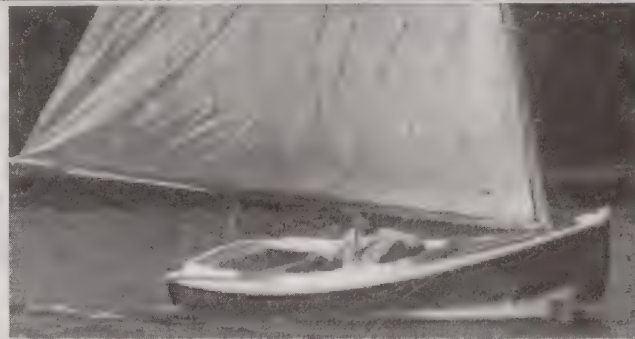
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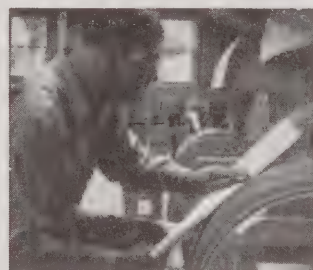
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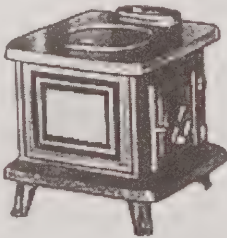
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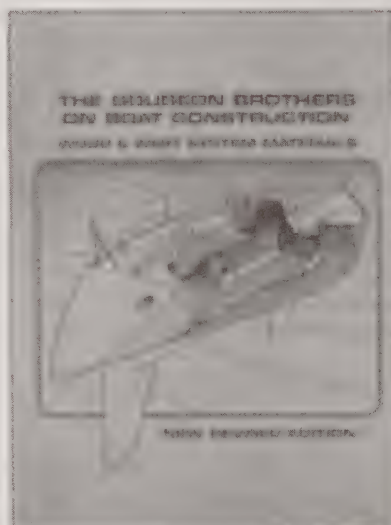
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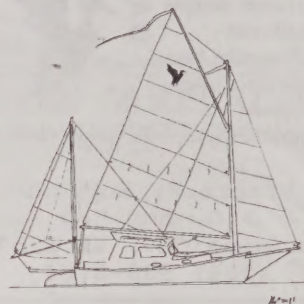


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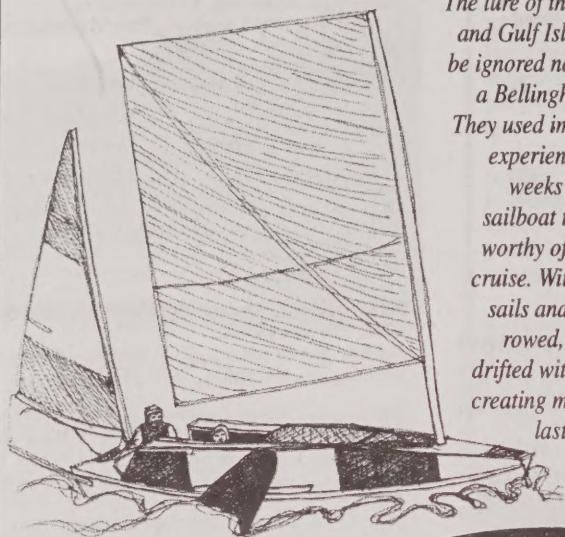
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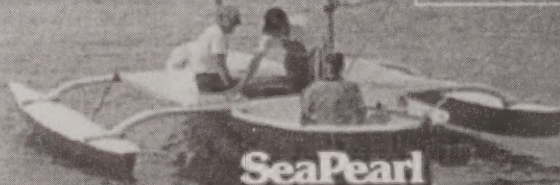
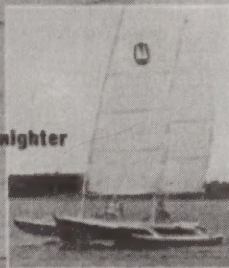
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