

Special Features This Issue
"Connecticut River Stream Launch Show"
"Shoebox Fall Cruise" - "Launching de Scute"



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Volume 17 - Number 18

February 1, 2000



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messing about in BOATS

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February 1, 2000



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Readers often send me clippings from their local newspapers relating to the sort of boating in which we are interested, suggesting I reprint them. The subjects usually warrant so doing were it routinely possible to do so. But, I seldom reprint any because they are all copyright protected, and chasing down permission to reprint is time consuming and sometimes non-productive, that is the permission, if given at all, comes with a price tag I cannot pay.

What is chiefly of interest to me is the reporter's approach to news about small boats. Local reporters and wire service stringers cannot be expected to really know a lot about the peculiarities of small boats or their owners/operators, and routinely one sees awkward references such as to a canoeist's "oars", for example. I used to experience this in my motorcycling days, it was commonplace for newspaper articles to refer to the motorcycle operator as a "driver" while within the game he or she was always a "rider".

Overlooking the unfamiliarity with the jargon we use (sailing is particularly vulnerable with its arcane language) one then often finds that the meat of the article displays lack of understanding about what is really going on or has happened. Boating accident reports are the most common, and often in these is an underlying assumption that a small, human or sail (only) powered, boat is somehow more dangerous than a motorboat, inboard or outboard.

In recent years there has been a healthy growth in articles about community boat building or youth boating efforts, so nice to see the positive stuff. Nitpicking about details is not warranted if the article really gets across that infatuation those of us involved in small boats acquire. What attracts new people to what we do, or at least best explains it to interested onlookers, is the revelation that there is more to this than just getting into a boat on the water.

While I cannot reprint verbatim articles received that you might find interesting (or even entertaining) I have decided that I can summarize and paraphrase such articles.

In the coming year as appropriate items surface I'll bring you such gems on their own page, perhaps under a "Seen in the Papers" heading. From past experience I know there will be some interesting and entertaining items. To start off, herewith are a couple of recent examples:

"Fantastic Plastic Forms Splinter Group at Wooden Boat Festival"

In Port Townsend, Washington, an underground (underwater?) uprising aimed at the wooden boat resurgence surfaced at that community's Wooden Boat Festival last fall, according to a news report in the *Peninsula Daily News* sent to us by a reader.

Their motto was stated as: "Wooden boats sure look fantastic, but you'll find us out sailing on plastic." The view was put forth that in this Victorian seaport, often hailed as the "Wooden Boat Capital of the West Coast", boaters with a penchant for plastic sometimes feel persecuted by the general yachting population. "The idea evolved out of the need for lovers of plastic to have a place to come together and not feel belittled," said one Plastic Boat Foundation member. "We just want to say it's okay to love plastic. It's all about fun on the water."

Not wishing to be misunderstood, they insist that they have nothing against wooden boats, many members own, work on and sometimes even sail wooden boats. They even accept wooden boat owners as members of their social boating bunch as long as their wooden boat has plastic on it somewhere. "If you've got a roll of Scotch tape on board we'll let you in," said one member.

He went on to remark that they, "feel sorry for the poor wooden boat guys. They're always working on their boats. They never get to go sailing." It's just that Plastic Boat Foundation members know a wooden boat owner's work is never done.

There is a one-time fee of \$25 to join the foundation. Write to Plastic Boat Foundation, P.O. Box 1162, Port Townsend WA, 98368.

"Outnumbered Officers Attempt to Bring Order on Saco River"

Canoeing on the Saco River near Fryburg, Maine on the New Hampshire state line is not as bucolic an experience as one might envision, judging from an Associated Press clipping we received. A combination of crowded conditions and cell phones carried by many paddlers keep Fryburg police busy responding to calls on the popular river.

One rowdy episode happened when a Massachusetts man allegedly went on a rampage, hitting a man on the side of the head with a paddle and trying to drown a woman. Three officers and two passers-by were needed to subdue him.

The Fryburg police chief could not say if the number of crimes on the river is growing, but did state that the number of calls is up. "With cell phones, they simply dial 911," he said.

In Our Next Issue...

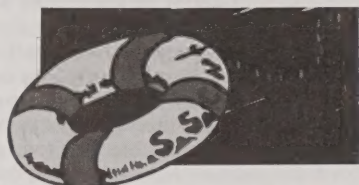
On-the-water tales for mid-winter pleasure will include Richard Winslow's "Autumn Kayaking on Squam Lake"; Barry Donahue's pictorial "Winter Vikings"; the conclusion of Tim O'Brien's "Shoobox Fall Cruise", Part 1 of John Gignilliat's "Cruising the Everglades"; Part 4 of Nathaniel Bishop's "Four Months in a Sneakbox"; and Part 11 of Steve Turi's "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut".

Skiffs overwhelm the topic of projects, no less than five of them: From the past Craig O'Donnell unearths "The \$5 Skiff"; Robb White presents his "New Skiff Update"; Howard Johnson tells us simply about "My Skiff"; Joe Spalding muses about his "Little Gray Boat"; and Eric Holstrom introduces us to "The Swan Lake Skiff".

Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" installment explains "Handling the Lugsail, Phil Bolger and Friends will surely come up with something; and Joe Spalding supplements his "Little Gray Boat" article with another on his "Big Yellow Trailer".

On the Cover...

Elegant launches, steam and electric powered, survived a bad weather experience last summer at the Connecticut River Museum's summer gathering for such craft, details and more photos are featured in this issue.



Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

Nav Lights

The 1999 Holiday Flotilla, our annual parade of lighted and decorated boats here in Wilmington, NC, attracted its usual crowd. There were an estimated 40,000 spectators on the shore and close to 1,500 spectator boats anchored along the parade route. All were blessed with fine weather, cool but not cold, and one of the most spectacular sunsets I have ever seen.

My task was simple. I anchored with red/yellow light flashing to show spectator boats the limits of the fireworks safety zone and then monitored three radio channels; the Coast Guard, the working Auxiliary channel for the

evening and the channel used by the parade organizers.

There were very few problems. A few spectators tried to anchor in restricted areas and either the Auxiliary roving patrol vessels or the active duty Coasties had to get them to move, and there were a few boaters with no sense of radio etiquette who insisted on mindless chatter on the working channels for the evening. What difficulties did develop came after the parade and fireworks had ended and all those spectator boats started for home. It was something of a traffic jam and it became clear that a few had not checked their running

lights and were "dangers to navigation".

One boat with no lights moved very slowly past me and I called to him with my megaphone. Instantly, the lights were turned on and I realized why he was running dark. His all-around white light was mounted above his windshield, but not far enough above. When it was on it blinded the skipper, totally destroying his night vision. It seemed obvious that this skipper had never run his vessel after dark and was unaware of his problem.

There was no way to tell whether this was a design flaw or whether the mast on which his white light was mounted had, at some point, been replaced with one that was too short, but the moral is clear. It's not enough just to see that your navigation and anchor lights will illuminate. You need to go down to the dock after dark and make sure that they are properly placed, not only to meet legal requirements but to permit safe operation.

One of the common reasons why I cannot give a Seal of Safety to a boat I am checking is that the all-around white light (legal on vessels less than 12 meters) is not the required one meter (3.3 feet) above the side lights and is partially obstructed by operator, passengers, windshield or bimini. But, checking boats in the daylight, I had never run across the problem this boater was experiencing. He had a tough trip home that evening, relying on a lookout in his bow, but I will be a better Vessel Examiner because of the experience.

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



as simply messing about in boats.

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We'll Miss Irv

Irv Jones, one of Portland Oregon's saltiest blue water sailors, died last year. Irv was a hard worker and an incredible craftsman, who could build or fix anything. As a 17 year old 40 years ago, he designed and built a 17' utility outboard cruiser, *Cormorant*, still in commission, in which he cruised several thousand miles of northwest waters. He built and restored many other boats also, which he often gave away or sold to friends.

Irv started out as a bait boy with Tradewinds Charters in Newport, Oregon, and worked himself up to skipper during his summers off from college. He then spent 32 years working as a biologist with the Oregon Fish and Wildlife department. During his career he had many fabulous adventures, including being the first person to scuba dive into Crater Lake to check for thermal vents and fish populations. He was an active member of boating organizations as well as a patrol chief of the Mt Hood Ski Patrol.

Irv was also an avid and a highly competitive sailor participating in numerous off shore and Swiftsure races and delivering boats to and from Hawaii and the west coast. He raced several times on a Portland boat, *Adios*, and on one return trip from Hawaii he composed a song about the boat which he later sang and recorded. This is a copy of Irv's song that I transcribed from his original cassette recording:

"This is a song written and composed by Irv Jones aboard the sailing vessel *Adios*, a Columbia 43 owned by Donna and Howard Shaw of Portland Yacht Club. We were on a re-delivery passage from Honolulu, Hawaii, to Astoria in the summer of 1989, after racing in the 1988 Pacific Cup from Sausalito, California, to Konohe, Hawaii. We had just weathered a 60 knot storm with 35' waves on June 12th, and by the 14th of June we were moving along more easily, about 600 miles west of Cape Blanco at a latitude 43 degrees north, longitude 137 degrees west. We were feeling pretty good about *Adios* and the way she had weathered the storm. That night at the wheel, steering to the waves and the rocking of the boat as it surged across the ocean, there was a lot of time to think. The tune started coming to mind and in another few hours it was on paper:

The *Adios* Song

Now listen my maties to the story I tell,
A tale of a sailboat that sails very well,
A Columbia sailboat that's fit to a tee,
She's won many races on river and sea.

Adios, Adios, what a beautiful sailboat,
Beating and reaching and running so well,
Adios, Adios, what a wonderful sailboat.
If you could speak, what a story you'd tell.

Attention to detail by captain and crew,
Sweatin' and workin' to make it come true,
You don't take it easy when your trying to see

That a boat's really fit for the storms out at sea.

At start line we're ready for trials that we face,

We synchronize watches and jockey for place.

We're gathering boat speed, "windward boat! We need space!"

The start cannon blasts and were off on the race.

Our opponents are struggling to keep up the pace,

Adios is sailing one hell of a race,

And gleefully we note that they will soon get to see,

The name on our transom and scrollwork at sea.

Adios, Adios, what a beautiful sailboat,
Beating and reaching and running so well,
Adios, Adios, what a wonderful sailboat.
If you could speak, what a story you'd tell.

Red lights are burning, our watch time is here,

We're out of our warm bunks and into rain gear.

As we stumble out topside, what do we see,
But dolphins and moonbeams on the breast of the sea.

From cold northwest waters to warm tropic seas,

We made many a passage, sailed many a breeze.

All the races we've entered, too many to tell,

We've just tried to make sure they were sailed very well.

So there is the story I've tried to relate,
We do the hard work and the rest leave to fate.

And if you should happen to see us sail by,
You'll know there is a cause for the gleam in our eye.

Adios, Adios, what a beautiful sailboat,
Beating and reaching and running so well,
Adios, Adios, what a wonderful sailboat.
If you could speak, what a story you'd tell.

Tom Carter, Portland, OR

Come Paddle With Us In Norway

In July, 2000, we will take a small group to our favorite river in north Norway. Home base will be on our family farm in the beautiful Reisa River valley. Dates are not yet finalized but we should know by the time we may hear from you. Please call us for a day by day itinerary, (no whitewater experience needed).

This canoeing adventure takes you to the "Land of the Midnight Sun", 200 miles above the Arctic Circle. We will run the Reisa River

from the waterfalls of the Reisa National Park to the sea. We will stop at the impressive 800' Mollis falls, hike to reindeer pastures above the tree line and go deep sea fishing off the rugged coast of north Norway. Since our family is in the Reisa Valley you will have an opportunity to experience this very special area in a way that is rarely possible for a tourist.

Over the years we have found that many participants have something they want to do and see in Norway or Europe, so instead of offering a rigid itinerary starting in the U.S., we will help you plan your trip to and from north Norway. We will pick you up when you arrive in the Reisa area for your adventure filled 10 day stay with us.

My wife, Linda and I will be your guides, and we are looking forward to showing you our very special place in Norway. And of course you will have a chance to paddle our PakCanoes.

Cost is \$1495 per person and includes all transportation, meals, lodging (including tents when we are camping), guides, and the use of canoeing and community gear while you are with us. Our fee does not include your travel to and from the Reisa area.

Alv Elvestad, Scansport, Inc., P.O. Box 700, Enfield, NH 03748. (888) 863-9500, <www.pakboats.com>

Interesting Information...

Rowboats Past, Present & Future On the East & Harlem Rivers

The importance of rowboats to New York City over the past 400 years will be exhibited via a tour of "Rowboats Past, Present & Future on the East & Harlem Rivers" at several New York City locations this year. This collection of old prints, text, new photos, and renderings of future possibilities will also bring history to life by showing the renewed building and rowing of these boats by young New Yorkers.

Scheduled are the following:

February 14 - March 3: New York Public Library, Webster Branch, 1465 York Ave. at 78th St. (This show also includes model boats)

July 8 - 29: Republic National Bank, 5 windows along 86th St. & windows at 3rd Ave.

This exhibit is sponsored by East River C.R.E.W., Inc., a group seeking to impart a love for, and an understanding of, the waters of the East River Community of New York City, with the idea that learning about and using the river will promote future generations' protection of it. Public access to waterways has been lost as boathouses and piers have deteriorated over the years, and East River C.R.E.W. hopes that can change.

On October 16th last fall, East River C.R.E.W. sponsored a Fun Rowing Regatta from Red Hook, Brooklyn, to the East 90th St. Pier, Manhattan, in 25' Whitehall gigs. Each boat was built by youth rowing programs, under the auspices of Floating the Apple, Inc., Saint David's School, Navy Junior ROTC, and local volunteers.

Interest in rowboats has been further renewed by their mention in the recent PBS series, "New York: A Documentary Film".

Verrazano sailed into New York Harbor in 1524 with rowboats on board his ship, and American Indians had long traveled these waters in hollowed out boats large and small. The rest is history, from George Washington's troops' narrow escape from Brooklyn in a fleet of Whitehall gigs to the boats' recreational and educational possibilities today.

Interested readers may contact Tori Gilbert, Co-founder, East River Community Recreation & Education on the Water, at (212) 427-3956, <Vg33@columbia.edu>

Captain Briggs Doesn't Mess Around

I read in the August 15th issue a letter from Hugh Ware about the tugantine *Norfolk Rebel*. In it he says, "I've always wondered about the seriousness of owner, Lane Briggs's work ethic. He always seems to have a crew of young ladies, usually in bikinis!"

Mr. Ware may be interested to know that Lane Briggs is retired. However, when he was still operating as a tugboat he used the sails whenever possible (both to move the vessel between jobs and to assist in towing). He has been a strong proponent of sail-assist for commercial vessels and even helped create an organization to promote that goal.

He once bought a Meadowlark for \$1; then, because he likes schooners, he increased the height of the mizzen enough to convert it to a schooner. He is the originator of the annual Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race, held every fall. Add to all this his trip to circumnavigate Virginia, which involved circumnavigating the United States east of the Mississippi and you have a very interesting man. When he messes about in boats he doesn't mess around!

Gene Bjerke, Williamsburg, VA

Four Months in a Sneakbox Reprint

Your current book serialization, *Four Months In A Sneakbox*, is now available in a new reprint from our local Toms River Seaport Society, of which I am a member. Not cheap, the price of \$45 includes postage, from Toms' River Seaport Society, PO Box 1111, Toms' River NJ 08754.

Jim Betts, Pt. Pleasant, NJ

Duxbury Bay Maritime School's Second Season Success

This past summer the Duxbury Bay Maritime School in Duxbury, Massachusetts, became more than a school for sailors. The addition of boat building and marine ecology programs, caused DBMS to become a true maritime school. This second season was bigger and, by all accounts, better than the school's first season. There were 459 students enrolled in the junior sailing program (many junior sailors attended for multiple sessions), 64 in the Marine Ecology Program, 12 in the Boat Building Program, and 95 in the Adult Sailing Program. The summer was generally blessed with great weather, dedicated and enthusiastic instructors, and terrific volunteer support.

The sailing staff praised the three-week

sessions used for the Junior Sailing Program this year. They viewed the new format as an improvement over two-week sessions for several reasons. The instructors believe that learning to sail occurs geometrically, particularly for beginners. The instructors found that sailing skills developed at a significantly faster pace during the third week of each session. Instructors also stated that the longer sessions enabled them to know the students better and reduced the impact of bad weather.

The first marine ecology program offered two one-week programs for 8 to 10 year-olds and two two-week sessions for children ages 11 and 12. The students were introduced to the incredibly broad range of environments and resources available in and adjacent to Duxbury Bay. Activities included monitoring the growth of marine organisms below the DBMS floats; gathering and analyzing water and bottom sediment samples; exploring the salt marsh at High Pines, the flats at Duxbury Beach, and the rocky intertidal shore in front of the school; studying the profile of the beach; and tracing the watershed of Island Creek from its upper reaches to Kingston Bay.

Twelve boys participated in the boat building classes. Though the number of students was small, they proved themselves to be very serious about learning the art of wood-working. The students constructed an 11' Duxbury skiff. Each participant also fashioned a set of oars from spruce planks. The boat proved to be seaworthy, only minor leakage occurred even though the skiff had not been painted. The builders took turns rowing, using their hand-crafted oars, and appeared pleased and proud that the project had turned out so well. It was a great start for the DBMS boat building program.

The family sailing series was a hit, the Thursday evening family sailing series proved to be very popular in spite of less than ideal weather conditions on several evenings. The series was sailed under the now famous DBMSSYRR (Duxbury Bay Maritime School Simplified Yacht Racing Rules). As well as including basic rules, such as starboard tack has right-of-way over port tack, the rules include a requirement that "All participants must have fun," and note that the race committee is "omnipotent" and that its decisions are "final and unappealable no matter how arbitrary or erroneous they may be!"

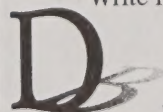
Multi-hull Day on August 15th, attracted more than 35 adults and children. The event was designed to provide an opportunity to sail on cruising-sized catamarans and trimarans. Although the day was gray and cool, a brisk northeast breeze allowed for high speed sailing on *Three Pigs*, a trimaran owned by Robbie Green and Ken Lawson, they hit 18 knots flying her big jib!

Readers wishing to learn more about the DBMS are invited to inquire at P.O. Box 263A, Duxbury, MA 02331.

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Needs...

Looking for a Suitable Design

Your magazine has been a wonderful source of inspiration and assistance to me in my boat building efforts. I have recently completed my first boat, an Iain Oughtred design. This is the 10'2" rowing sailing dinghy, plans available from Mr. Oughtred, or from *WoodenBoat*. She took me about 350 hours to complete, more than some might take, but I went slowly and enjoyed it!

Now I am interested in building a slightly larger boat, and would be interested in interested readers' suggestions for a suitable design. Here are my criteria:

- *A comfortable daysailer for four people, perhaps 14' to 18' in length. I do not need overnight accommodations, although a small cuddy would be nice.

- *Able to sit comfortably at a mooring all season, and be hauled onto a trailer in the winter.

- *Fairly easy to build, probably epoxied plywood, or perhaps stripped.

- *A traditional look, with lines appropriate to the New England coast. I've been thinking of a catboat, or perhaps a cat yawl sharpie.

- *Seaworthy and stable. I don't intend to go far from shore, and would like the option to run her up on the beach in an emergency, or let her set on the flats of the Annisquam River at low tide.

One design I have seen advertised, and which appears to fit many of these criteria, is the Weekender. But I am puzzled that I have never read anything about it (aside from advertisements) in either *MAIB* or *WoodenBoat*. I would be interested in hearing any reviews, positive or negative, from readers who have built and/or sailed this design.

David Kriebel, 45 Shore Rd., Magnolia, MA 01954

Opinions...

Twin Foils

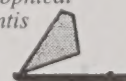
In the "Twin Foils" article in the December 1st issue, the centers of lateral resistance and effort would have to stay in the correct relative positions or the two hulls would be out of balance. I recall an AYRS member commenting about a design they had which, if the winds were strong enough, would capsize to windward. It used a sail they called a "claw".

I believe a trimaran shines in the smaller sizes (10'-14'), with enough beam it can be sailed flat.

Ken Currie, IN.

The \$50, 5 Hour Canoe Sail Rig:

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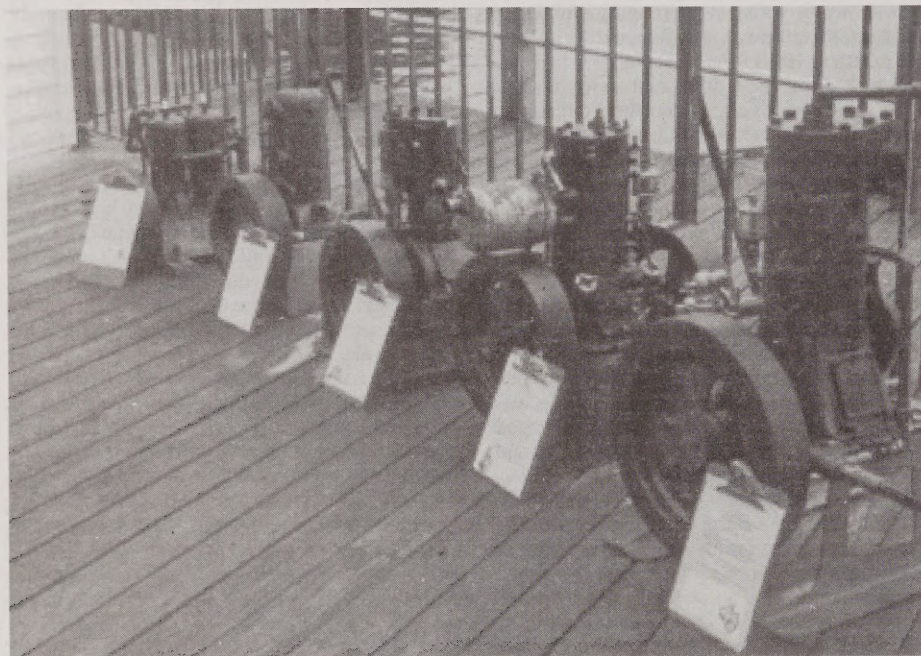


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Old gas engines on the dock.

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Connecticut River Museum's 2nd Annual Steam & Launch Show

The Connecticut River Museum's 2nd Annual Steam & Launch Show took place on August 14/15, 1999, the weekend immediately prior to Mystic Seaport's annual Antique Marine Engine Show. Many participants in our show went on to also participate in Mystic Show.

The weather was marginal to poor: Humid, hot, showers, periods of heavy rain. The river tide was unfavorable to boat-exhibitor launching, dead low tide at the Main Street ramp.

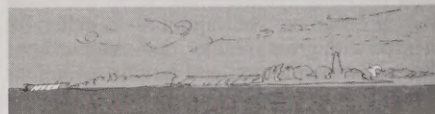
Nonetheless, the show appeared to be very successful. Approximately 50 invitations were mailed to targeted exhibitors. Twenty-six exhibitors responded, and most showed up despite the weather. The show they provided was interesting and received much favorable commentary.

Exhibits within the CRM boat shed included 45 working-model and full-size steam engines, most of which were operating throughout the show dates (on compressed air); 3 large steam boat models, the 53' *Mount Washington*, the *Vivian Louise* steam launch, and the 1890 *Boucher*.

Launches at the CRM floating docks included five steam launches; S. Clogston's 20' *Firefly*, CRM's 25' *Osprey*, which was made fully operational just prior to the show by Barry White, George King III, D.G. Fitton and helpers, B. White's 22' *Kate*, G. Rietz's 23' *Wahkeena*, E. & C. Russell's 24' *Charlotte Ann*; two gas launches; Mowry Mann's *Keeper* and David Williams' *Excelsior*; and one electric launch, the Elco Electric Launch Company's 23' *Elco*. A parade of steaming launches and the gas and electric launches received good waterfront attention and applause on Sunday afternoon. Three launches entered did not show up due to the threat of storm.

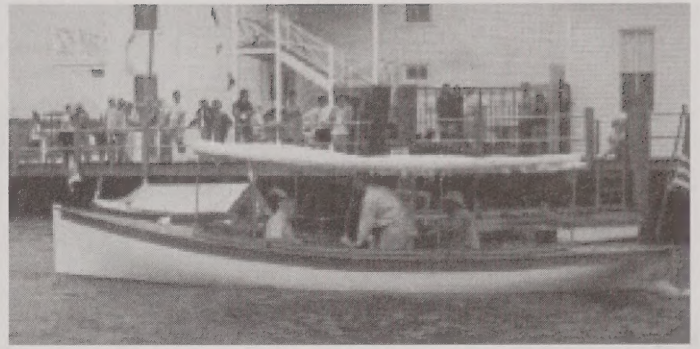
CRM admitted 493 paying visitors over the two-day period, approximately three times the average weekend CRM attendance, and this total does not include the many non-paying CRM members and show guests attending. Substantial publicity was achieved via postings (150 posters put up locally by CRM volunteers), a large sign at the route 153/154 entrance to Essex for the month prior, repetitive mentions in area press events columns, and additional press editorial coverage including New Haven and Hartford papers.

Approximately 50 minutes of video recording and more than 100 still color photos were made of the show. Connecticut River Museum's 3rd Annual Steam & Launch Show will take place on August 5-6, 2000.





E. & C. Russell's steam launch *Charlotte Ann* presents a classic launch image.



We couldn't read the name on this launch, which appears to be a gas launch (no smokestack).

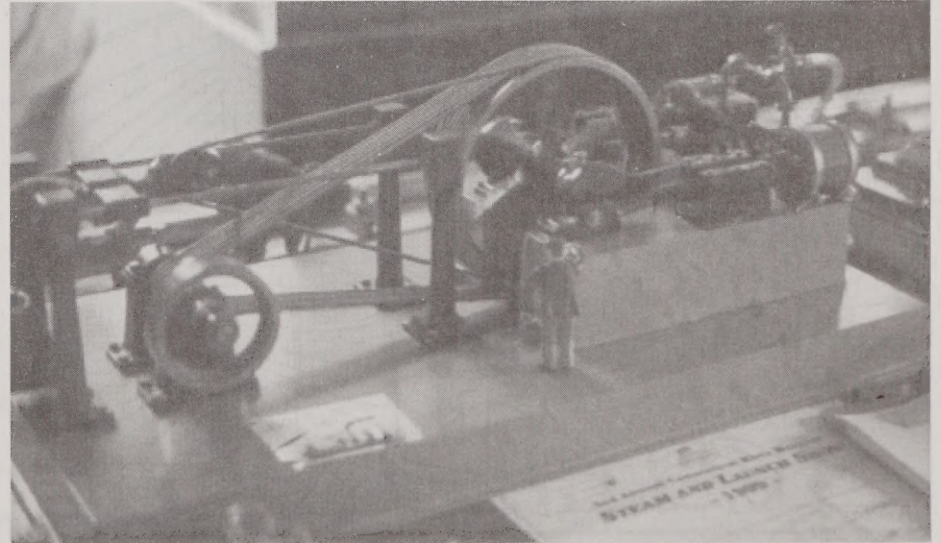
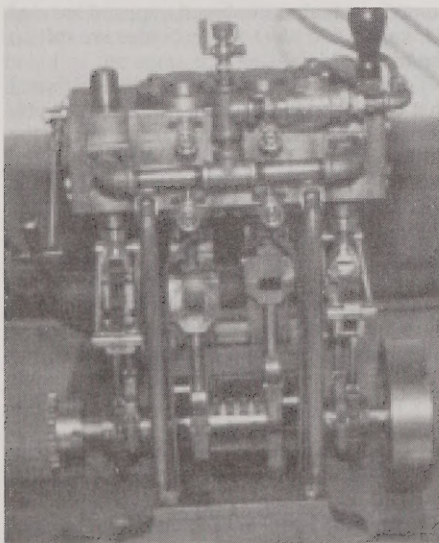
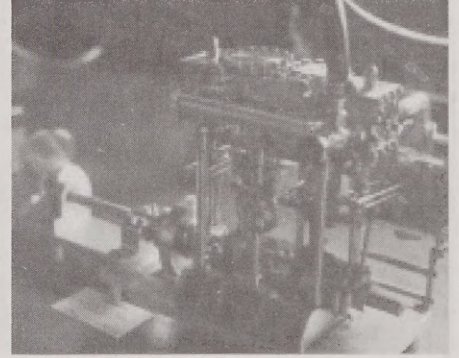
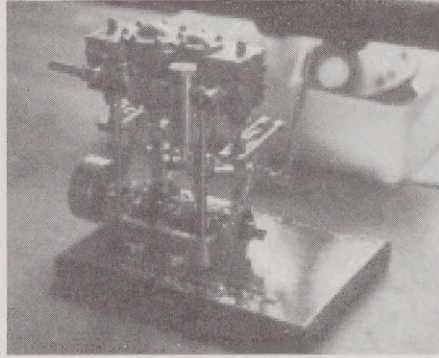
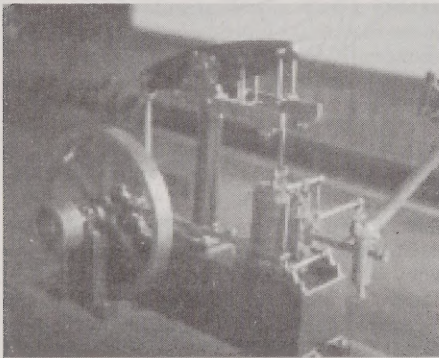


B. White's 22' steam launch *Kate* has reverse tumblehome stern.



Elto displayed one of their contemporary electric powered launches.

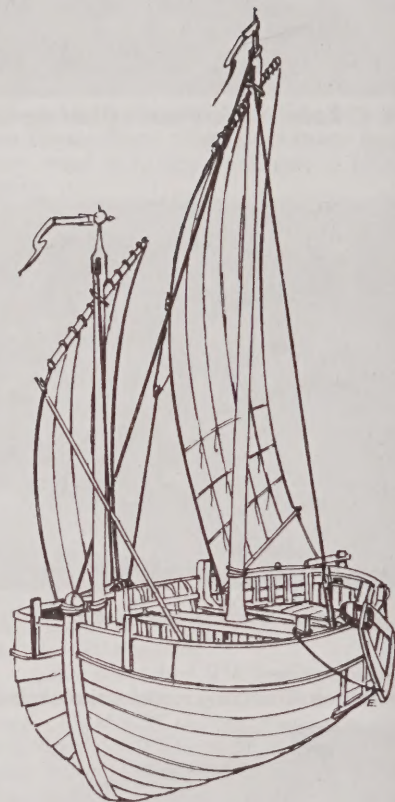
A selection of working model steam engines in the boat shed.





Launching of "de Scute"

By Luc Casaer



Hereby I send you the pictures of the launching of "de Scute" on 11 September 99 at Blankenberge, Belgium. We were very lucky with the weather because we had a glorious sunshine during 3 days. The following Monday rain fell by buckets, 15 liter for square meter! A lot of people came to join the festivities; 2 tons (metric) of mussels were consumed, we had moonshined a special brew of Senkegin (500 liter). A few bottles are still on the rocks.

The scute is in origin a mediaeval vessel that continued her career, with some adaptations and evolution until the beginning of the 20th century. The last scute disappeared around 1914. The name scute refers to the smallest of the Viking boats. The scute had from 8 to 14 rowing thwarts, the karfi with 13 to 15 thwarts, the svekka with 16 to 25, the skeith with 30 and then the famous dreki with 30 to 40 thwarts, and even more in the eleventh century. But this led to extinction of the type, dinosaur fashion, too expensive and fragile. Thus the scute shows this very ancient ancestry of more than 700 years.

Typical for the Flemish scute is the way she is built, slightly round bottomed and carvel planked on the bottom. Above the waterline she is planked clinker fashion. There was no



keel, only a thicker bottom plank. The transition between carvel and clinker is a special method that can be studied in mediaeval wreck finds, too complicated to explain here. This was also the building technique of the Hansa cogges.

Thus the scute changed from a slender Viking ship to a massive load carrying beachboat that was also used during the ages as a kind of supply boat that could land anywhere on the coast in order to virtualize the big fleets like the Spanish Armada or the Dutch expedition fleets, and later remained only for the fishing industry on the harborless shores of the Netherlands.

In my opinion it is the scute Phil Bolger has in mind when he writes about the Flemish leeboards or the old Flemish method to fix leeboards. This in comparison with the more sophisticated Dutch geometry.

Our scute has two crude heavy leeboards (400kg each) that, as can be seen in the photos, are suspended with a big grommet on a massive oaken stanchion. These grommets are of composite construction with different layers and also tarred canvas, etc. The first time Phil mentioned these Flemish leeboards is when he describes his Black Skimmer.

The leeboards are a standard equipment on the ships of the Low Countries but are a fairly recent innovation because they appear only after 1590 on paintings and engravings. Are they a local invention, or are they imported from elsewhere? India? China? The definitive study of leeboards is still to be made. It remains a quite interesting subject for the marine historian.

My personal opinion is that it is a local innovation on the Flemish and Dutch coasts and rivers. During the Middle Ages Italian galleys yearly came to Bruges. On the galleys were 3 rudders, one central on the sternpost and two rudders, one on each side. These rudders came in action when the vessel was under sail on one or the other tack. It was a small step to bring these side rudders forward to bring the lateral center under the sail center in equilibrium. Those pictures exist but so far as I know nobody has made the conclusion I make to explain the origin of the leeboard. Still why we see leeboards only after 1590 has to be investigated.

The sails are an evolution through the ages from the single square sail where a small bowsprit was used to level and fix the bowlines to stiffen the luff rope. Later the bowsprit became a mast and still later a small foresail was hoisted on this bowline mast. On board of the scute this small foresail makes also an airflow slot with the mainsail. Empirical aerodynamics of the ancient sailor.

Luc Casaer, Putstraat 5, 9310 Meldert, Belgium, <Randall.C@SKYNET.BE>



Blankenbergse Scute

DE VOORNAAMSTE KENMERKEN VAN DE SCUTE

CHARACTERISTIQUES PRINCIPALES DU SCUTE

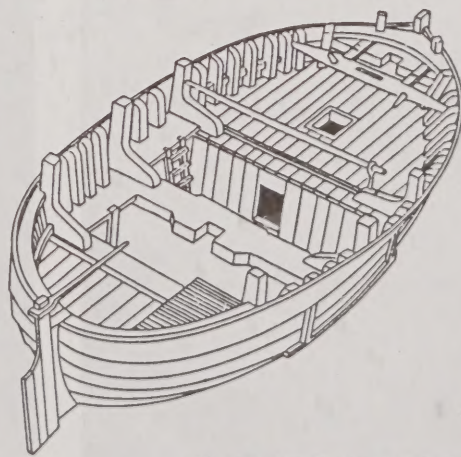
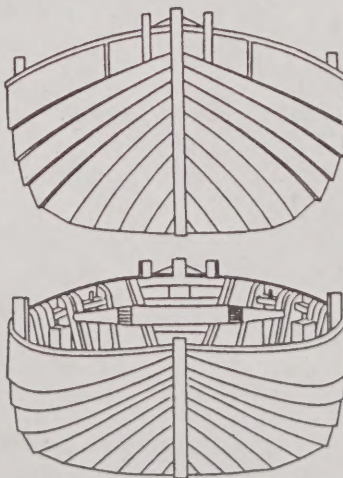
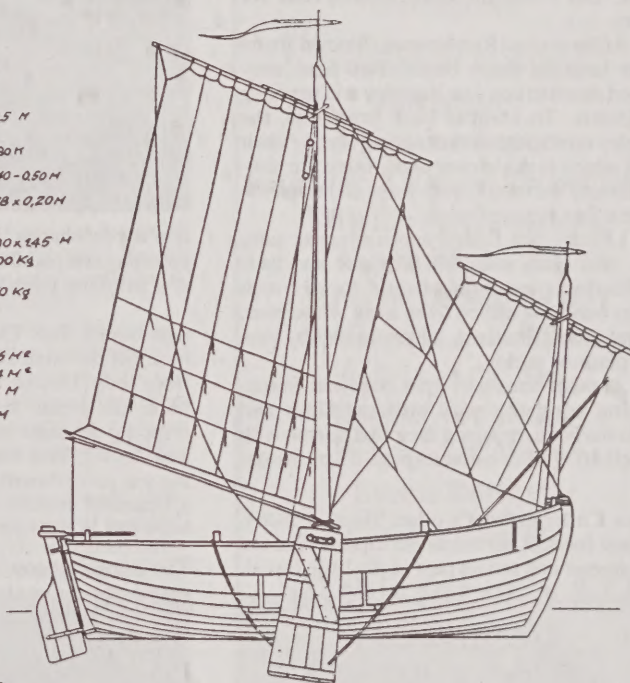
LENGTE ROMP :	12,5 M
LONGUEUR COQUE :	
GROOTSTE BREEDTE :	4,90 M
MAÏTRE BAU :	
DIEPSANG - TIRANT D'EAU :	0,40 - 0,50 M
SPANTEN - BREEDTE - DIKTE :	0,18 x 0,20 M
HEERENBURELS LARS - DEURS :	
AANTAL - NOMBRE :	24
ZWAARDEN - DERIVES :	3,90 x 1,45 M
GEWICHT - POIDS :	200 Kg
ROER - JAFFAN :	
GEWICHT - POIDS :	150 Kg

ZEIL OPPERVLAK SURFACE VOILES

GROOTZEIL - GRAND VOILE :	56 M ²
BEZAAN - MISAINES :	2,4 M ²
MAST - MAT LENGTE - LONGS :	13 M
BEZAANMAST LENGTE :	7 M
MAT DE MISAINES LONGS :	

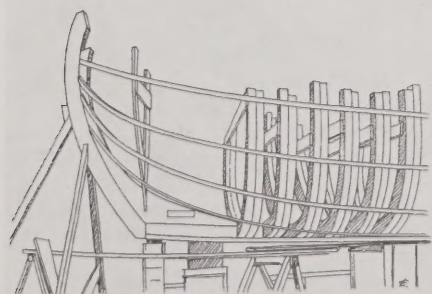
ROMP : EIKENHOUT COQUE : CHENE

LOGGER GETUIGO GREENEMENT DE LOUSRE



GEWICHT, TOTAAL - POIDS TOTAL : ± 30T

© 1988 - VZW DE SCUTE - HAVENGEL - WEST - BLANKENBERGE



A sure thing about unstructured gatherings is the way each takes on its own life. A spectacular island site mesmerized all at the first Rendezvous. The second brought out the campfire and shared kitchen, and started cementing friendships. The third was absolutely in the hands of seven teenage girls, in spite of the illustrious presence of Jim Thayer. The fourth turned into a Bow Wow Pow Wow... Well, at any rate the dogs took over, and with no advance warning. Mystic Seaport, there's a boating dog threat on the western horizon.

This year Mike, Annmarie, and Josie Renaud from Hailey, Idaho, made the two day trip with their Sea Pearl, taking the distance and most dogs awards with Buster (Douglas), Bess (Truman), and Bella (Abzug). The Renauds hung around Pend Oreille and Priest Lakes an additional week to see lots of light wind, but did get in family camping, kayaking, and big swims.

We just missed Rendezvousers Ben and Christine Booth and Schooner, due to their moving to new work at the coast. but we'll see them again next year. My pal Kelsea made her second Rendezvous. The Vetromiles were back with the *Whiz Bang* skiff and a Butler kayak, this being the third Rendezvous for Dallas.

At the second Rendezvous, Jim and Joann Byler brought three boats; this time they calmed down to one fine Rangley and new dog pal Dottie. To combat back problems, the Rangley now sports an interesting sliding chair outfit which tucks in over and around the rowing thwart. We tried it both ways and think the slider a fine piece of work.

Liberty, aka Libby, was a favorite salty dog. She came with Bill Brusstar and their 17' Faering type, built off-grid locally with planks bandsaw milled from a big white pine, natural crook fir stems, all riveted up by eye, sans plans or molds.

Another local off-grid dog was Sumo, keeping company with builders Herb and Merla Barberie, enjoying their first season with a swell 16' Culler catboat (page 57 of the de-

In this Culler catboat's other life as a cutter, the tiny foresail serves as jib topsail. Yes the boat steerer can see no part of the little rascal.



Fourth Pend Oreille Rendezvous

Sandpoint, Idaho Aug 13-16

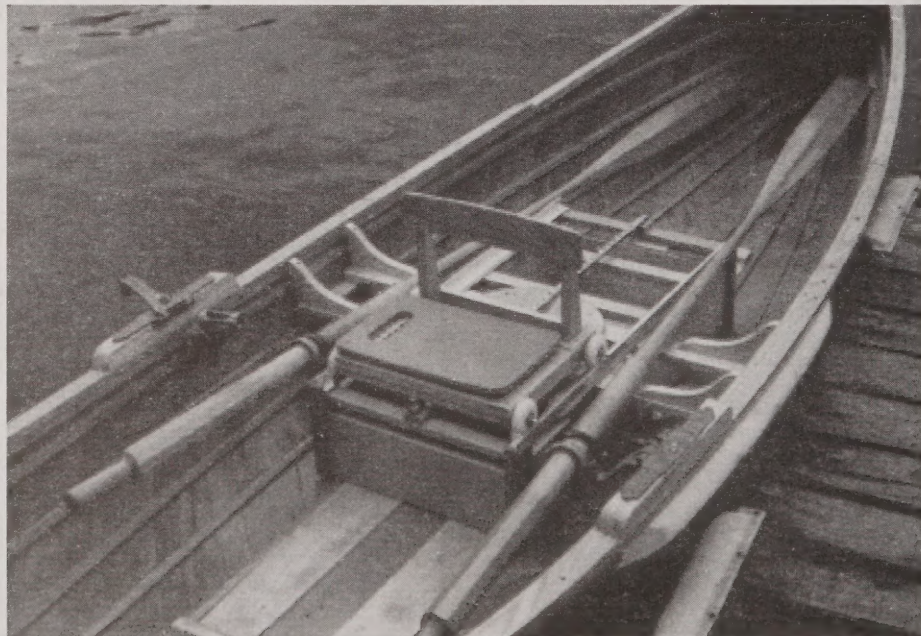
By Bob Simmons
Photos by Tom Vetromile



Jess appears happy with an old float, Walkman, bean bag and paddle. The sliding seat dory was still smoking from its workout, though.

sign book). This Culler-loyal craft is a testimony of no small kind, even built in a second floor shop! Design work not easily seen in the book allows this boat to be cutter rigged by stepping the mast more aft, adding a bowsprit and staying, then tuning the result with a sliding pin centerboard. A big perk to Sailrite for a beautiful custom sail kit. Herb thinks perhaps this is the first or only build of this fine

The Rangeley now sports a thoughtful sliding seat.



design and would like to hear from others on this matter (1251 Rolling Thunder Ridge, Sandpoint, ID 83864).

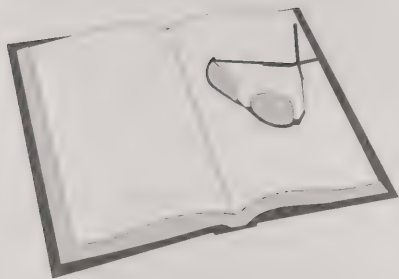
Nikki brought Bob and Sherry Schile the farthest over water distance on their Menger cat, and these folks surely gained the best wind of the Rendezvous in coming and going from their base down-river.

Harley stayed home in Montana, but we enjoyed the company of Paul Butler and daughter Jessi and several boats. Mark Townsend returned with a Blue Jay which we scratch-rigged on the spot, but the new dog stayed home this year. And Bill, Debbie and Jordan Nance brought kayaks and fished some, but left their dog home, too.

Marine Deputy Ron Raiha got his big patrol boat into Glengary Bay Saturday, then went tearing off. Sunday evening he returned too late to meet some folks he'd hoped to see there, explaining the earlier rush departure ended up in tending to the aftermath of a classic mid-air personal watercraft collision, with all the usual carnage this time excepting death. Our only PWC experience in four days was a couple who rode in very quietly, looked over the boats, and rode away quietly, politely declining a shore visit.

Ron tells us he has five boats in his yard at home, including one built many years ago by Herrick Heitman in the Glengary shop right where we stood, especially designed for winter fishing. Ron's fleet will go to seven upon his completion of two boats intended to convey him on an ironman rowing trip up to Alaska, a place where he has had considerable previous small boat experience. Maybe we have a story there, folks.

Well, you count 'em. We had no shortage of furry companions, nifty boats & folks, and water and shore fun in this Fourth Pend Oreille Rendezvous. Not yet given serious consideration, we'll probably take another run at it next mid-August, again at Glengary Marina, who fit our needs and host us so well. We like to emphasise small row, sail, and paddle boats, and can tolerate small, unique power boats, sometimes finding them useful, even. Call after April or so to learn of the Fifth Rendezvous, Bob Simmons, (208) 265-5419.



Book Review

The Cruising Life

By Jim Trefethen
International Marine, Camden,
ME

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Reviewed by Norm Benedict

Jim Trefethen has authored a remarkably informative book of collected wisdom on the merits of departing, or not departing, from conventional shoreside life upon acquisition of a proper boat for cruising to faraway places. He writes clearly, always interestingly and occasionally uproariously. This book should be of vital interest to past, present, and future boat lovers conjecturing about the multifaceted process of converting home and fireside to the trials and tribulations of the cruising life.

Untold thousands of us have considered such a change, but backed off due to intuitive feelings about our lack of information. Trefethen changes all this with 255 pages, 12 chapters and no less than 90 titled sub-paragraphs in a book complete with reference appendix and subject index. In his list of "10 Reasons For Not Going Boating" he probably adds to the concerns of persons with negative feelings, while enforcing carefully selected comparatives for positive thinking folks. He adds, on a following page, seven hard-core questions on the inevitable problem of money. This major feature is enlarged upon with co-authorship of an internationally acclaimed financial consultant in Chapter 6.

Formerly operating a wooden boat repair business located "in the trendy Boston suburb of Marblehead," he typically adds information on boat searching, ranging from brokers, ads, backwaters, and internet, to his description of finding his Ackerman Newporter 40 under well-guanoed tarps on a farm.

While a fully-found cruising boat is expensive, Trefethen suggests a plan to progressively make physical and financial shoreside changes. He warns about acquiring a boat too soon, along with other things. The wisdom of this considers potential intervening crippling problems, and this reviewer notes an emphasis on more limited cruises and distances. Trefethen mentions a cruising variance wherein boat ga-ga hubby cruises saltily to somewhere to be joined by the distaff side via jet air liner. Thus both the lotus-eating and yo-ho-ho appetites are satisfied.

More importantly, some joint business that could be maintained by her in his absence might be considered and established. Deeper

still, the potentially dangerous and telling edict, "It's either me or that boat!" might be forestalled with great lasting benefits to both. Realization that ultimate retirement is mostly a nesty matriarchy, Joe and Maggie might be wise enough to plan accordingly.

One known duo worked a year and cruised a year, which was workable, their having unique talents in interior decorating contracting and sub-contracting. Their liveaboard boat eliminated the cost of an expensive apartment or condo, but the old rust bucket car had to be parked some distance away from jobs. One cruiser opined that his auto depreciation never exceeded \$50 a year.

Trefethen advises that wages and services performed abroad adjust to local depressed economies, thus bringing little into the boat kitty. In some areas, such activities are forbidden, with high fines attached when discovered and apprehended.

In the balance of the book, Trefethen acquaints readers with up-to-the-minute details of modern cruising conditions and equipment. Irrespective of the cruiser's experience, these chapters contribute much in knowledge of modern electronic wizardry along with distinct disallowances of such gadgets as electromechanical watermakers, costly, bulky, and complex. The Trefethens have cruised halfway around the world on water obtained from land or rain at sea.

He delineates interesting safety information on emergency EPIRBs and liferafts costing between \$2,000-\$3,000, with periodic inspections around the \$300 mark. Such information stimulates thoughts of personally devised rigid types integrated into the design of cockpits and/or deckhouses. Probably the era of months floating around in rafts is ended with the service performed by EPIRBs.

The value of strobe masthead lights continues to be high particularly when running in foggy areas. One is impressed with the thug-like nature of crude voyagers like fisherman and cargo carriers. If practical, cruising lanes might be chosen as far as possible from commercial carrier courses.

In conclusion, Trefethen seemingly gives us two books in one. His concerned modernized observations might well stimulate other authors with credentials on the human scene. Subjectively, I would be interested in more about the comparison of both the economical and physical wealth of us shoreside people vs. those gone cruising. Shoreside we're financially certainly better off, but it's not all that great when considering the inroads of decades of polluted air, questionable medical treatments, effects of hypertensive ailments, and other regrettable illnesses. How does the cruising life stand up to this?



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New Bedford Independence Day Whaleboat Races

By Lucy Iannotti

The first WCRC-organized New Bedford Independence Day Whaleboat Races held July 3rd and 4th went off without a hitch, or at least without any that couldn't be untangled. Not surprising in light of the splendid contributions of so many members of the community. All told, club members volunteered more than 1000 hours in preparation for the race. Of the 24 racers who made up the first and second place teams in each division, 13 were club members. And scattered throughout the 19 competing teams were more club members rowing as crew of sponsored teams. What a great show of club talent and enthusiasm!

Our third whaleboat was launched in May, just hours before practices began. Now christened *Herman Melville*, *Skylark*, and *Flying Fish*, the WCRC whaleboats logged nearly 250 hours on the water as teams practiced for the race. And they attracted quite a lot of attention. One afternoon Media One came out in Jeff Pontiff's tour boat, *Acushnet*, and filmed as three teams rowed the course. Reporter Jim Pelitto climbed in the whaleboat with a men's team from Aerovox, and learned to row while the camera rolled. Later that week WBSM talk show host Scott Reiniche (from the Pete Braley show) came out on a morning practice and broadcast live from a whaleboat.

Saturday's time-trials seemed at first to have the deck stacked against them. But despite gale force winds the night before and the heat wave that hit in the morning, they began only half an hour behind schedule and had made up the time by lunch.

Throughout the day, I loaded team after team of willing and optimistic whaleboat racers sponsored by area corporations and businesses. As each new team climbed in, I was reminded of what I had felt throughout the race practices, that here was a group of enthusiastic, able and generous people pitching in to make this a truly extraordinary event, a reason for pride by the entire New Bedford community.

On Sunday we held the finals and the three fastest teams from each of the men's and women's divisions raced again, this time



against each other rather than against the clock. The *Flying Fish*, named for the winner of the 1859 Independence Day Rowing Races, won 140 years later, this time powered by the women of the WCRC race team. I had the great good fortune to be coxing that team of dedicated and robust women who crossed the finish line almost neck and neck with second place team, Margaret's Oars. But the more dramatic story is that Margaret's Oars, after rounding the last buoy on the sweep of the WCRC team, managed to make up an entire boat length in the final leg, displaying a brilliant strategy and the will to carry it off. Last year's winners, the Aerovox Aerochicks, rounded out the race with the third place finish.

The men's final exciting moment came when UMD Body, Mind & Soul Crew, in second position, closed the gap in the second leg and nearly overtook the first place Country Whip Ice Cream Oarsmen. The B, M & S Crew like to point out the disparity between the average age of their team (47) and the average age of the Oarsmen (30-something). Those in the know attribute the excellent performance of the B, M & S Crew to the coaching skills of coach and teammate Bart Nourse. The Oarsmen have since admitted to a sense of shock on realizing that the B, M & S Crew was actually giving them a run for their money. However, the Oarsmen determinately stepped up their efforts, and rowed the *Herman Melville* to victory.

Third place in this race were the Northeast Maritime Institute Whaleboaters, who, despite losing (and recovering) an oar in the first leg, impressively cut more than a minute off of their time from the day before.

The weekend proved a great success for the club, for the community and for the spirit

of this historic race. Reflecting organization, dedication, and perspiration, this was a grand example of the heights that can be reached when our community pulls together.

Thirtieth Anniversary Edey & Duff Builder's Cup Race

The Thirtieth Anniversary Edey & Duff Builder's Cup Race, hosted by our whaleboat builders, Edey & Duff Boat Builders in Mattapoisett, MA, took place on July 24th. The program this year was expanded to include a race for the WCRC whaleboats in addition to the traditional sailboat race. E & D's Sales Manager David Davignon and his son generously trailered our boats out to the Edey and Duff yard in Mattapoisett. Unfortunately, the weather was so threatening outside of Aucoot Cove that the sailboat race had to be called off. The conditions inside the Cove were somewhat protected so we proceeded with the whaleboat race.

We raced from the head of the Cove down to Pease's Point Yacht Club buoy and back, about a 3.5 mile run. The first leg was head on into a gusty SW wind, and we were all grateful when we rounded the buoy and flew home. The *Skylark*, coxed by Laurie Bullard and rowed by Bart Nourse, Steve Comeau, John McCoy, Katie Kenyon and Julie Lizotte, finished well ahead of the *Herman Melville*, coxed by Lucy Iannotti and rowed by David Prentiss, Paul Doherty, Bill Maddox, Karen Halliwell and Robin Sheehan.

Following the race, the sponsors of the day's events hosted a delicious, festive clam-bake at which we were all treated to a meal consisting of steamers, potatoes, yams, onions, corn, three different kinds of sausage, and beer. Pewter cups were awarded to each team and everyone was presented with a commemorative tee-shirt. A day of exhilarating racing, good fellowship, and a sumptuous meal! Club members were on their best behavior and fervently hope to be invited back next year for the renewal of what we trust will become another nautical tradition in our area.

A beautiful start for the three men's finalist teams.



The whaleboat *Skylark* is rowed in the Blessing of the Fleet.



New Bedford Harbor and the Next Generation: The WCRC's Youth Programs

The WCRC carried out its first youth education program under the auspices of Mayor Kalisz's Targeted Cities Partnership. The after-school program introduced eleven New Bedford junior high students to rowing, boat safety, environmental issues and New Bedford's maritime heritage. Students learned how to row, how to tie knots and how to care for a boat. They circumnavigated Crow Island and rowed to Palmer's Island for a picnic. Two students even volunteered at the Independence Day Whaleboat Races. The program benefited from partnerships with the New Bedford YMCA, the New Bedford Whaling Museum and the United States Coast Guard. The students were coached by WCRC Executive Director Lucy Iannotti with assistance from volunteers Laurie Bullard, Paula Erenberg and Dave Prentiss.

The Club has established a youth education partnership with the Schooner *Ernestina*. Over a dozen students have been introduced to rowing through this collaborative effort and much more is expected in the future. The WCRC youth program has also hooked up with Keith Junior High School to provide rowing instruction to students. Seven eighth graders took part in a rowing exercise in June.

The Club has been approved for funding for next year's Targeted Cities "Schools and Communities" Partnership. We will begin the junior high after school program in October. Recently, the WCRC has been approached regarding youth rowing programs for high school students from Dartmouth and Wareham.

Model Whaleboat Raffle

The Model Whaleboat Raffle winner was drawn at the end of the Independence Day Whaleboat Races. The finely crafted whaleboat model was built by Michael Sylvia and donated by the Whaling Museum. A joyous John Bullard collected the prize with a big grin and perhaps some relief. John had started to feel the pressure to win the prize after it became known in the club that he had tried to corner the market on raffle tickets. *Standard-Times* publisher Bill Kennedy made a gallant effort to stop the bullish Bullard by buying a large number of raffle tickets himself, but in the end John came out on top. As far as we can tell, this is the first time in the history of New Bedford that a (former) politician has prevailed against the *Standard-Times*. Way to go, John!

How to Reach WCRC

Lucy Iannotti, 66 Spring St., New Bedford,
MA 02740, (508) 997-4393,
<kiresilk@msn.com>



New Bedford Junior High students row a Beetle whaleboat in New Bedford harbor.

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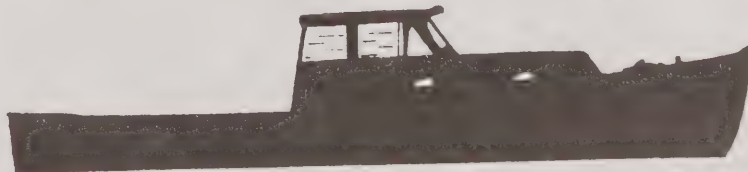
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Peter Spectre had this to say about the show in 1990 (WB#95):
"The word on the waterfront was that this show was different, and it sure was...the exhibits were real boats, and parts for real boats, and services for real people, and the folks in attendance were real boat enthusiasts."

— Located on the Portland Waterfront
off of Commercial Street —

On the third week in October *Shoebox* began her annual fall cruise down Plum Island Sound on the Massachusetts north shore to scout the marshes, watch the birds and visit old friends. This late in the season we should have the whole area pretty much to ourselves; no midges, no greenheads and few folks except the hardy. The long range weather forecast didn't sound too promising. Well, it seldom does this time of year, and if I waited for perfect weather I'd do precious little cruising. So we'll take it day by day and hole up if it blows too much.

I drove down to Amesbury about noon, a bit chilly but otherwise a pretty fall day. *Shoebox* is a small (17-1/2' x 7-1/2') wooden houseboat that draws less than a foot of water with the 25hp Honda engine tilted up. She's flat bottomed and heavily constructed so resting on the bottom will do her no harm. After stowing the groceries and filling the water tank, I wrote a few letters, made supper and turned in early. We'd start down the river in the morning.

It began to rain and blow just after midnight. Good sleeping weather, and since high water wasn't until 0830, I slept in 'til seven. With everything organized and ready to go, I singled up and went through the lube oil check routine before starting my favorite engine. But "Mr. Honda" didn't want to play. First time for everything, they say. Damn! I tried everything, even read the manual trouble shooting section on reasons "engine won't start". Glad I put in a battery charge off the dock the previous day 'cause I sure cycled the starting motor several dozen times without any luck at all. Finally, I laid the fuel hose flat out, no coils, and pumped the rubber bulb with the hose disconnected to be sure there was gas to the ballcock, reconnected, pumped some more and she started right up. Still not sure exactly what the problem was.

Anyway, this whole business cost me about ninety minutes of work. All this time it was raining steadily, not much of a day for working on engines, but by 0930 we were underway heading down river for Newburyport. Not what I'd call an auspicious beginning, wet and windy but not too cold.

Not having a firm schedule, spur of the moment things seem to shape the *Shoebox* itinerary. So, when we passed the "rock" buoy off the NW end of Carr Island, I decided since it was only an hour past high water I would take a detour up the easternmost of two winding inlets that head north from the slough behind Carr Island. I got back in there maybe 3/4 of a mile before it got too narrow. Not wanting to spend the night, I turned around. It was a pretty place to see. Lots of foliage colors and all the many shades of marsh grass colors as well, but to my surprise, almost no birds to watch. Couple of ducks flew up out of the marsh ahead of me and that was it. No herons, no osprey and no little diving ducks like I saw in the adjacent inlet just a few days before.

Went on down to Newburyport. The municipal dinghy basin was bare of floats, with one commercial fishing boat tied off inside. Not much of a place off season unless you like tending mooring lines all night so I headed further down to McKenzie's Marina just above the Coast Guard station. Dick McKenzie showed up later on and said it was okay to stay that night, but be gone tomorrow since he would begin pulling his floats out then.

I spent a rainy afternoon reading, it rained

Shoebox Fall Cruise

By Tim O'Brien

steadily all day. Finally, late in the afternoon, I walked up to the Thirsty Whale for a beer. Awful noisy in there, two experts on everything regaling the world with their collective wisdom. So I left, went up and across the main street to an Italian restaurant, had some good angel hair pasta and returned to *Shoebox* in the rain.

I woke up at 0130 to find the sky clear. Looked like it might shape up and be a fine day for heading down Plum Island Sound. Got up again at quarter to six, had some tea and bread and listened to the NOAA weather report, not too bad; clear, cold and breezy. Underway about 0630, just before sunrise, heading across the Joppa Flats and toward the Plumbush Bridge. About two hours before high water we cleared the bridge into the Plum Island River. A favorable flood current pushing us south towards the Parker River.

It was a fast passage along the Plum Island section of the Parker River National Wildlife Refuge. "Fast" for *Shoebox* means anything over five knots, but then, whose in a hurry? Must remember to go into Pine Island Creek on the way back. As we made a wide easterly turn above Browns Island, we met a snappy looking little sloop about twenty feet long powering up toward Plumbush. Saw her earlier way out in the Sound sailing the stiff westerly breeze. Maybe she's headed for Pine Island Creek. Unless she can lower her mast, I don't believe she can pass through under Plumbush Bridge.

Saw no one else until halfway up the Parker River where a catamaran work barge and an outboard skiff were pulling navigation buoys north of the "Thorofare" near Dole Island. Told them while passing I thought it was a hell of a note that they should pull all these nav aids for the winter without asking me first! Wonder if all the buoys will be out as I head further south?

Got into Newbury Old Town by Riverfront Marina about 0945. It was almost high water but still flooding under the route 1A highway bridge. Decided to see if *Shoebox* could get over toward the western end of the Parker River. The new railroad bridge about a mile west of the Riverfront Marina was about a foot or so shy of the height I needed to clear the all round white light. So I anchored, cooked some lunch and took a short nap, and then all was well at the bridge the next time around.

It was a beautiful fall afternoon; bright sunshine, fluffy white clouds marching along and not a soul around except for a train whisking across the marsh every hour and a half or so. I went between two islands just east of the bridge. Just poking around, didn't take any sounding with the lead line. On the way back this "deep channel" between these two marsh islands was high and dry at half tide, i.e., I couldn't have made a safe passage much later than I did.

Half a mile west of the railroad bridge is a perfectly symmetrical "Y" in the river, both equally broad and inviting. The southern branch is called Mill River which winds WSW toward Glen Mills. The Parker River itself takes a wide sweep to the NW passing close by a high wooded island called Kent Island

then swings SW passing a high bluff of pines and mixed hardwoods. High above the river looking out over the wide marsh are several big houses set back in the woods.

I could get about two miles west of the railroad bridge and under the US Rt. 1 highway bridge then I was effectively blocked by a rather low country road bridge, so I turned *Shoebox* east and returned to the Riverfront Marina.

"Skip" Publicover still runs the place. A helpful guy, he said I could stay the night. "Take any float you like, they're all coming out starting tomorrow." Story of my life, this cruise. I took a long walk across the bridge and then west along a country road that passes through "The Old Town Hill Reservation" a nature conservancy area that runs out along the Little River, beautiful open fields surrounded by wood lots and several old farm buildings. This was an interesting walk just at sunset with an almost full moon rising.

It was almost dark when I got back to the boat. Getting cold so I lit the Coleman stove and an oil lamp then cooked a supper of stew, peas, bread, tea and canned fruit. With the cabin buttoned up it got quite comfortable. By nine o'clock I was ready for sleep so put out the stove and lamp and crawled in for the night. At 1am I was pretty cold so got into a down sleeping bag after putting on a few more sweaters went right back to sleep again.

At 0530 I woke to a rather cold morning. 37 F with a funny looking surface river fog, at least I hoped it was only in the river. I was going to walk up and dump my trash bucket but all the floats had a thick coat of frost and were just too slippery. Had some hot tea and heated the left over stew and then got underway at sunrise.

Lucky it was calm. A breeze at this temperature would have been damn uncomfortable. Couldn't see the bridge at first but it was flooding pretty strong so at this reduced speed it was no problem staying clear of the boats on moorings as we headed down river. No navigation buoys to "worry about" so I played it by ear following a broad sweeping turn to the SE and then south along the marshes between the "Thorofare" and Dole Island.

Then I went looking for the red nun off Hog Island once numbered N#24 but Skip Publicover's newer chart calls it N#30. Well the one I found was a small red nun, #38, so much for confusing this old "naviguesser". Supposed to be three Plum Island green cans #27, #25 and #23 way off to the eastern side of the Sound near Plum Island but none could be found with the binocs. Since it was almost high water, I just took a wide arc out in the Sound to skirt the grass flats north of Hog Island Point, and then I sighted the Rowley River entrance buoys.

Very few birds to be seen going up the Rowley River. The only great white herons I saw were near Mud Creek south of Dole Island as I was departing the Parker River. Last year there were literally dozens of them all the way thru the Rowley marshes. I wonder why? Maybe they moved south already?

But just before entering the Rowley while still off Hog Island Point, I thought at first I saw a black pot buoy, but it moved strangely and turned out to be the head of a big harbor seal. He came up and looked me over, made two very graceful unhurried dives, and then disappeared forever. A big seal really, dark wet black with mottled gray spots, bigger than our

biggest golden retriever, that is, larger than 110 lbs. Nice to see an animal so free and beautiful in its motion. Neil Perley, who runs the marina at Rowley told me later that these seals were once numerous but are now rarely seen in the river. What a shame.

After a peaceful run up the Rowley and in under the new railroad bridge, I tied up at the fuel float at Perley's Marina. The last of their boats were being hauled out, and all but a few floats were already stacked up ashore for the winter. Later I watched as a good sized open boat returned to the trailer ramp. Said they'd been all the way down to the Annisquam hunting sea ducks. The youngest was my age and the other two were, I expect, a lot closer to eighty. I saw them later on in the local convenience store, all having a good time. More power to them.

Quiet day around the Marina. I wrote my log, read the paper and took a short nap, sound familiar? Decided to take a walk late in the afternoon and happened by the newly opened Rowley train station. On the spur of the moment I hopped aboard the next southbound train. For fun I asked the conductor how far I could go for a dollar. After consulting his book, he said if I added a dime I could ride all the way to Beverly, (four stops down the line). It took nineteen minutes. What a bargain. At Beverly I felt constrained by circumstances (proximity and thirst) to pay a short visit to the Beverly Depot Restaurant and Saloon where I had, believe it or not, one beer. I took the next train north to Rowley and on home to the good ship *Shoobox*. Now how 'bout that for an adventurous evening ashore!

It has been raining steadily since midnight, sometimes quite heavily. Woke up at 0515 but went back to sleep after checking the weather. A very somber dawn, no color, light rain with some patchy fog down river. Thought I might as well get going even though the weather report is not too good. Two fast moving cold fronts are approaching, one from the SW and a bit later another from the NW. The first one bringing mucho rain and the second "mucho viento tambien". Gale warnings later on today, first front to blow through with increasing SW to W winds by noon. Well, we'll see.

Neil Perley came down to say good bye, awful nice guy, always very helpful. He wouldn't charge me anything for dockage, never has. We talked a bit about his son racing cars and he also asked whether I had a Rowley River Boating Association baseball cap. When I said no, he went in the clubhouse and got me one. Wouldn't let me pay for that either.

Still calm with light rain and distant fog as we headed down the Rowley. Real quiet run for a while. No birds except for some distant ducks. But before we were halfway down the river, the sky to the west began to look quite wild, rolling clouds, blue black in color, and moving fast. But there were still some bright patches, too. It was weird looking, but I decided to continue as the breeze wasn't much (yet). Passed two guys duck hunting on the Holy Island marsh to the south of me. They must have been finished hunting, or just saw the bad weather approaching, because they took in their decoys and headed for Rowley.

As we reached the white pipe marker on the end of Hog Island Point, the wind freshened smartly from the SW, which I viewed as OK since we were just turning to the NW. As

we proceeded up the broader section of Plum Island Sound it began to rain hard, a real downpour, and the wind increased with equal vigor. It got quite dark for a time with the wind blowing 25-30 knots, gusting higher. We were really moving as the lee shore disappeared in the rain.

The western shore, although still visible, lacks any buoys except red nun #38, which I could barely see. We were blowing downwind much too fast, so I foreshortened the wide sweep east by heading NW, keeping the red nun in sight on my port bow. Then we followed the marshy shoreline up toward Mud Creek and the southern end of Dole Island. Dole Island is really a collection of closely spaced low marshy islets, but now with a sea building on top of a full moon high tide I could not distinguish one from the other, just several thin patches of grass in amongst all those whitecaps. I didn't have a real warm and fuzzy feeling about all this, but by this time I was committed.

Making far too much leeway, I proceeded right through this batch of "grass islands" following instinct and a few unmarked flag stakes (remember, the buoys were all taken in). Anyway, we were almost through this mess when the prop fetched the grassy bottom, pulling the boat up short and stalling the engine. I tilted the engine up and luckily we blew clear almost immediately. Although the prop still had some grass entangled in it, the engine ran and we managed to pull slowly into the deeper water of the Parker River where I could stop to clear some of the grass. We went very slowly up into the Parker River harbor entrance against a steady 25 knot breeze. Anchored in a bit of a lee on the southern side of the harbor I was then able to cut away the remaining grass held in place by a length of tightly wound black net twine.

It was still flooding up the Parker River against the stiff breeze which generated a steep chop in the harbor entrance. Not a good place to stay very long. I thought I'd make lunch, rest a bit, and wait for the tide to turn before moving on. Later, when the tide had shifted, the chop died down and the wind didn't seem too bad, so I took in the anchor and headed downstream toward Cape Merrill. Running downwind I cleared the shallows SE of Cape Merrill and then turned north into the Plum Island River. As we turned the wind increased and it was hard to stay out of the grassland to leeward. I thought, "Should have taken that damn awning down." As we approached Brown's Island with its sharp turn to the NW, I was barely able to clear the marshy point across from Jericho Creek. With "Mr. Honda" running fairly flat out, we thrashed our way up passed Pork Island in a cross wind of about 30 knots. Lots of fun keeping off the lee shore.

Decided, rather than continue this crazy crosswind transit, it would be best to seek some shelter up near Pine Island, so we turned west into Pine Island Creek. It took full throttle to beat up this narrow creek against the headwind and an ebb tide running strong. No lee to be found as the wind was paralleling the south face of Pine Island and offered zero protection. Well, I'll just anchor (says he). Sounds easy, but an hour and a half later I was still in the anchoring process.

As is always the case, when you do a perfect job of seamanship there's no one around to witness your natural skills. But when you're screwing up in spades, the whole town

is on hand to watch, guffaw, roll their eyes, and give sage advice. I went smartly up stream past a few folks on the bank and one small private pier, made a tight Williamson turn downstream, and dropped the big stern anchor. I played out plenty of anchor line and sailed smartly past all onlookers as if I were running a fast race downstream. The big anchor was skipping merrily along a well scoured, rocky bottom, so for good measure I put out the smaller stern anchor. This had about as much positive effect as pissing into the wind. *Shoobox* wanted out of there, I guess. Anyway, we went over a hundred yards past the intended anchor point, then made a clever stop by running into the grassy bank at the first sharp bend in the creek. The bank was a soft mud landing. No harm done, unless you consider the damaged pride of an older seaman.

Since we were rapidly disappearing from view, most of the onlookers lost interest and went home, or maybe they were just embarrassed for me. So anyway, while laying snugly alongside this friendly mud bank, I cleverly decided to take in the awning. This took about 30 minutes, stiff breeze, wet knots, tired fingers, you know the drill.

After recovering both anchors and running a bit upstream, I found a spot where the big anchor held, so almost two hours after I started I was finally safely at anchor. I was completely exhausted, happy this short day's cruise was over, and ready to heat some soup, have a beer, and hit the nest. As I finished supper the sun set, a wild looking sunset, and then, perfectly synchronized, as a full moon should be, a big yellow moon rose slowly over the marsh. It was quite beautiful, perhaps a reward for my hard and not so skillful day. I took it as such, closed up the boat, and went promptly to sleep.

(To Be Continued)

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Back to Carlstadt, Again

I searched high and low for new plug wires, a coil, distributor cap, and rotor. I finally found them in an old auto parts in Hoboken. I think my Graymarine was manufactured by Hercules Engine Co. The cap and rotor were listed for an old milk truck, the kind with a round nose. It was mid-November before all was in order. No one wanted to join me, but I persuaded my newly married brother-in-law, Ray Cenicola, to sign on.

We left on a Saturday evening to arrive in daylight on Sunday. The wind was straight out of the north and the ocean was covered with whitecaps. I didn't care to deal with hal-yards and sheets in these conditions, so we motored directly into it. I had to slow down because the boat was pitching so much that the propeller was leaving the water. The boom was secure in its crutch and my arm was draped over it for support as I steered.

That was a long, dark night and it was, in fact, darkest just before dawn. We made our way up the rivers in gray daylight. Thanks Ray!

The Sale of Sails

Another season of fun had passed when I put the boat up for sale. Many ads and For Sale signs went unanswered, but finally a fellow I'd met at Carlstadt expressed an interest. He offered only \$900, far less than the \$2000 I'd paid, but the boat needed a lot of cosmetics so I agreed. I also agreed to deliver the boat to Carlstadt.

"No more sailing north," I thought. This time I'd tow the boat using Uncle Joe's steel boat as a tug. School chum Wesley Strange and my brother Blaise accompanied me on this trip. I brought plenty of extra diesel fuel in cans and we set off. The mast was lashed on deck. A floating rope fouled the prop in the Hackensack, and going home the fuel filter clogged a quarter mile from the dock.

The buyer's name was Constantinople Gerfelder. Conny's wife had told him that if he bought the boat, she would divorce him. I haven't seen Conny or the boat since.

Company

The most joy I experienced on the boat came through the company of passengers and crew. I especially want to thank Abby, Andrea, Jamey, Janice, Linda, and others.

Atlantic City to New York City via Hatteras

It was early fall when UJ got a call from his boyhood friend, Eddy Newman. Eddy lived in Atlantic City and had borrowed his cousin's boat for the summer. He had to return it to New York and hoped UJ would join him. UJ agreed and I volunteered, too. Eddy drove to Point Pleasant and took us to Atlantic City. His own boat was a little Donzi that we played with a bit. Zoom!

Eddy was a born talker and entertainer. This talent led him into the radio business. He bought, sold, and traded radio stations. He took us to dinner at a restaurant for free. They advertised on his station and he took payment in trade.

His cousin's boat was a 45' Hatteras with twin Chrysler V-8s. The interior of the cabin was paneled with polished mahogany and freshly pressed business suits hung in the lockers, er, closets. It was not the type of boat I was accustomed to. We left the inlet at Atlantic City and continued east until we were 10



Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut

Part 10 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

miles or more from the beach. The shore off South Jersey makes a shallow descent to deep water so breaking waves are found far offshore. We turned north and traveled at moderate speed. I could feel plenty of power in reserve. It was surprising to realize that such a big boat could move like a hot rod. UJ and Eddy talked about old times and we took turns at the helm.

As we glided the chrome plated behemoth into the slip at UJ's, Eddy saw UJ's steel boat. He started his act immediately. "Joe? Is THAT YOUR boat? Is THAT the diesel powered sport fisherman you've been telling me about? That thing is your steel hulled YACHT! It looks like it was designed by Larry, Curly, and Moe. You must be kidding!" He went on and on. He was nastier and funnier than Don Rickles.

We ate and slept at UJ's and left for New York City in the morning. We were several miles east of the tip of Sandy Hook when we spotted a couple guys in a really small aluminum boat. They hailed us and explained that their motor conked out and asked if we might tow them. Eddy wanted no part of that. I suggested we simply radio the Coast Guard. Eddy

balked at this, too. He explained that the boat's radio license was expired and he didn't want to risk a violation from the FCC. He paused and turned to the microphone. "This is the Doozy Duesenberg (NOT the boat's real name) calling the Coast Guard, Doozy Duesenberg, Coast Guard, over..." He reported the men in the little boat and their position, and we zoomed off leaving them in a cloud of exhaust. Eddy explained how he had always wanted a Duesenberg auto. I hope those guys got home OK.

We were headed to the East River, so we took Buttercup Channel between Governor's Island and Brooklyn. When we arrived at the 23rd Street Boat Basin the manager began to rant at us. "Get that boat out of here! You didn't pay the bill last time and I had to get the sheriff and chain it to the dock. Please leave now!" Eddy schmoozed him and we tied up at the gas pump.

The Casablanca Swan Dive

The gas dock was a narrow floating pier. In the process of tying the boat, UJ jumped from the high foredeck to the float. He didn't stop. He continued in a graceful arc directly into the water. No big deal, however, this was before water treatment and every sewer in lower Manhattan emptied into the East River right here. The dark brown effluent was boiling up around UJ's entry point. We fished him out quickly and administered first aid in the form of the only disinfectant handy, vodka, externally and internally. He was embarrassed but otherwise unscathed. In all the waters in all the world, he had to pick here to fall in.

I later learned that Eddy's cousin was Roy Cohn of McCarthy hearing infamy.

John Padula's Boats

After instigating the Titanic adventures, my schoolmate John Padula went on to own a long series of boats. I enjoyed playing with most of them. John is a really great barber and he always works hard and in prosperous shops.

The first of his boats that comes to mind was a 12' aluminum skiff that he used for fishing, mostly in fresh water. The remarkable thing about this Plain Jane craft was the incredible amount of incredibly complex gear it carried. When I saw the battery-powered bubbler for the little live bait bucket, I started to take inventory. There was a regular gas outboard and fuel tank plus an electric outboard, its battery, and complete with remote controls.

A half dozen assorted fishing rods and reels were accompanied by special fixed rigs for trolling. Tackle boxes were everywhere along with depth finders, nets, gaffs, creels, knives, boots, and waders. All of this was loaded in with the usual oars, anchor, line, seat cushions, and flashlight battery operated running lights. John's green Volkswagen square-back wagon also carried roof racks and a special gizmo to help load the boat onto the car roof. So much for the KISS principal.

One day John arrived home with a trailer in tow. On it was a cute little fiberglass sailboat, brand new. I don't remember the model or its maker but it was a sloop, maybe 12' in length. It was late March or early April when we took it to a northern reservoir for its maiden voyage. We'd sailed a short distance from the launch ramp when the first puff hit us. The boat was tender and heeled so far as to take water over the gunwale, very cold water. Our feet and ankles were numbed instantly. We put

our lifejackets on and headed directly back to the ramp.

A 25' Sea Ray was next. Balmy weather drew us to Sandy Hook and the state launch ramp at Leonardo, New Jersey. We fished for fluke on Raritan Bay and went from one fishing spot to another very fast. We took photos of ourselves, reflected in the round back of the chromed spotlight.

We launched a glass cat rigged vessel in the Hackensack River. In this boat we achieved a speed of three UJs. (Mach 1 is the speed of sound. A UJ is a unit of BACKWARD progress.)

Topsea was a 22' cathedral hull. The stern was stuffed tightly into my garage so we could stay warm while installing new universal joints in the outdrive. In the middle of this work, my homemade oil-burning garage heater got cranky and started pumping clouds of smoke into the garage. We shut it down and hastily crawled out beneath the boat and trailer. Dad was not too pleased.

The red Wellcraft was fast. We water-skied on the Manasquan River and fished on the ocean. It was around this time that John earned the appellation "The Martian." He and his wife Karen now have two lovely daughters and no boats.

The Boston Whaler

"For Sale" yelled the little red and black sign. The Whaler sat on its trailer on the roadside of my daily route. I was defenseless. It was pretty old, tired, and beaten up, but \$800 seemed reasonable. The gel coat was so far gone that paint was the only solution. The 35hp Mercury cleaned up nicely and, with a little tuning and tweaking, ran like a top. I used my Volkswagen bug to pull it.

The slip at UJ's that the sailboat had occupied was empty so the Whaler stayed there a lot. I don't think a day passed that it didn't get used at least once for afternoon cruises or evening runabouts. The many relatives and guests at UJ's often joined me. With this boat, I explored the Manasquan up to its freshwater source, including all its branches that run up to Seagirt and Point Pleasant Boro. I fished for striped bass at night in the Point Pleasant Canal, around the railroad bridge, and near the ocean jetties. When bluefish were biting I'd fish just outside the surf, using a very light rod and once or twice a small fly rod.

One night some local kids took it for a joy ride, but the Point Pleasant police recovered it on the beach behind a house on Lake Louise. From then on I removed the fuel line and locked it to the dock.

My folks rented a bungalow at Manahawkin on the west side of Barnegat Bay. I grabbed an extra can of gas and piloted the whaler from Point Pleasant, 20 ocean miles south to Barnegat Inlet and across the bay. As I was trying to find the bungalow amid the myriad canals and lagoons, a boat passing the opposite way held Kenny Castiglia and a bunch of my brother Blaise's friends from Hasbrouck Heights. They directed me to the correct lagoon. I had a nice visit then hitched a ride to UJ's and returned with the trailer.

I also trailered it to many other spots. UJ and I once departed from the ramp beneath the George Washington Bridge. We went south on the Jersey side and stopped to supervise a crew installing a huge new propeller on a ship in the dry-dock at Todd's Shipyard in Hoboken. We went to the South Street Sea-

port Museum, tied up, and had a nice visit there. On the way back we spotted driftwood, floating tires, and a dead German Shepherd floating in mid-river. Hey, that was New York Harbor then.

John Padula and I launched at Raritan Bay for a predawn striper fishing trip. It was quite foggy and as we proceeded from the ramp the fog got much worse. It got so dense that I literally couldn't see my hand in front of my face. I said, "Wow, I've never seen fog like this." It took a minute or two before I realized that the fog was condensing on the lenses of my glasses and made them as hard to see through as the sand-blasted glass in the window of a girl's locker room. I wiped my lenses and the foggy night suddenly seemed crystal clear. We didn't catch any bass.

At speed (and I rarely went slow) the Whaler gets a bit of spray back over the bow. A wearer of eyeglasses has to work constantly, removing dried salt from the lenses. I discovered that cruising in a rainstorm was pleasant because the fresh rain washed the salt away automatically.

I made a late season trip to fish for stripers. It was November or early December. To catch the high tide, I launched in Raritan Bay around midnight. I was halfway between Sandy Hook and the Verrezano Narrows Bridge and trolling two umbrella rigs, one high, one low. Because the water was cold, I was wearing a lifejacket. The pole with the low rig suddenly bent over hard. I stopped the boat and began to reel in. It didn't feel like a fish, it was just a dead, heavy weight. I reeled and reeled and finally the lures came to the surface. I played the flashlight on my "catch" and saw the ugliest creature you could imagine. It was black and had a foot-wide mouth full of teeth. My thought was, "I don't know what this is and I definitely don't want it in the boat!" Just then it escaped the hook and sank back to the dark depths. I hit the library after I returned home and learned that I had foul hooked an Anglerfish. Rare, but this is a fish story after all.

Oops. The whaler's trailer had a hinge in the middle. Its bed of rollers could tilt to ease launching and retrieval. I was in a hurry to pull the boat out from UJ's slip. I backed the car and trailer to the edge of the bulkhead, hooked the winch to the bow, and began to crank the boat up onto the tilted trailer bed. It was about halfway up before I looked over the edge. Oops, the mighty Mercury was completely submerged because of the severe bow-up angle I'd let the boat get to. A quick teardown and fresh water flush put things right after a time.

After several years of pleasant use I had to sell the 13-footer to pay a dental bill. That still hurts.

Manasquan Inlet

Many better writers than I have described the Inlet and its different moods, dangers, and quirks. There are two times of day, though, that are unique when seen from a boat there. Early morning is one. (Yes, this infamous night owl has seen some.) The inlet funnels outbound traffic almost directly into the rising sun. The sky is incredibly bright in summer haze. Beneath the horizon, the sun reflects off every wave and other boats are so brightly backlit they appear as boat-shaped black paper cutouts. Going out at night is eerie. The shore lights on either side are bright

and the red and green marker lights at the ends of the jetties seem to mark the entrance to an utterly black oblivion. Once past the mouth of the inlet, the light levels balance again and all is well with the world.

My sister Elena and her friend, Judy Benedict, joined me for an evening cruise on UJ's steel boat. It was a calm and balmy night, but the tide was running out and ocean swells were running in. This combination makes for steep waves in the inlet. We went up the face of the first wave and came down with an enormous bang. The girls began screaming. Loudly. I shouted at them even more loudly to "shut up and sit down!" They did so and proceeded to don life vests. This was not a good place to turn around lest a wave catch the boat sideways and lay it over. My plan was to continue out past the breakers and to turn in flatter water outside. This worked well and we re-entered on the back of a wave. Once inside, the rough stuff was all serene again. I realized later that many people enjoying the evening breezes on both sides of the inlet must have thought I was some kind of evil kidnapper or pirate until we returned quietly.

Brett and the Hobie

Brett and John Padula were neighbors when we were young. Shortly after high school, Brett moved to Florida. Sometime in the early '70s, John, his first wife Rosemary, and I drove to Florida to visit Brett and see his new house in West Palm Beach. We took his aluminum jon boat fishing for bass in the canals near Lake Okeechobee. Another excursion found us following Brett in canoes on the backwaters of a local river. I wasn't accustomed to the tippiness of the canoes, and the idea of paddling around with a lot of very visible alligators was, well, interesting.

At Lake Worth we rented a 16' Hobie Cat. The weather was a bit gray with a good breeze. We started out OK and soon had enough confidence to get cocky and try to hike out and "fly" the windward hull. Yaha! We were ripping along, our feet on the rail and the wind in our faces. The leeward, OK leeward, bow caught a wave and that was it. The boat somersaulted and landed on its side. We arced through the air and splashed in beside it. We had flotation on so it was simply a matter of righting the boat and sailing on. We sorted out the lines as we swam, found the right leverage, and back she came, square on Brett's head. As the hull that was out of the water came down, Brett was directly under the vee-shaped bottom. He recovered in a few seconds, but we humbly returned to the rental dock.

(To Be Continued)



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Upon arriving at Pittsburgh on the morning of December 2, 1875, after a dreary night's ride by rail from the Atlantic coast, I found my boat, it having preceded me, safely perched upon a pile of barrels in the freight house of the railroad company, conveniently situated within a few rods of the muddy waters of the Monongahela.

The sneak-box, with the necessary stores for the cruise, was transported to the river's side and, as it was already a little past noon and only a few hours of daylight were left me, prudence demanded an instant departure in search of a more retired camping ground than that afforded by the great city and its neighboring towns, with the united population of 180,000 souls. There was not one friend to give me a cheering word, the happy remembrance of which might encourage me all through my lonely voyage to the Gulf of Mexico.

The little street Arabs fought among themselves for the empty provision boxes left upon the bank as I pushed my well-freighted boat out upon the whirling current that caught it in its strong embrace and, like a true friend, never deserted or lured it into danger while I trusted to its vigorous help for more than 2000 miles, until the land of the orange and sugarcane was reached, and its fresh, sweet waters were exchanged for the restless and treacherous waves of the briny sea. Ah, great river, you were indeed, of all material things, my truest friend for many a day!

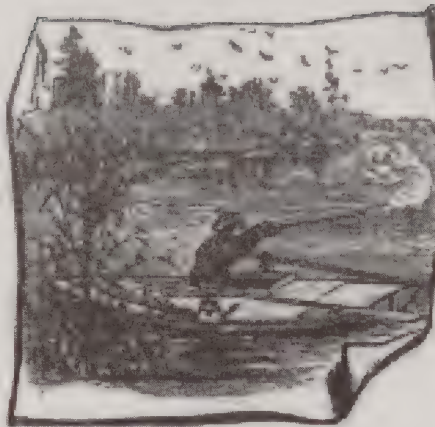
The rains in the south had filled the gulches of the Virginia mountains, the sources of the Monongahela, and it now exhibited a great degree of turbulence. I was not then aware of the tumultuous state of the sister tributary, the Alleghany, on the other side of the city. I supposed that its upper affluents, congealed during the late cold weather, were quietly enjoying a winter's nap under the heavy coat in which Jack Frost had robbed them.

I expected to have an easy and uninterrupted passage down the river in advance of floating ice, and so, congratulating myself, I drew near to the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany, from the union of which the great Ohio has its birth and rolls steadily across the country a thousand miles to the mightier Mississippi.

The current of the Monongahela, as it flowed from the south, covered with mists rising into the wintry air for the temperature was but a few degrees above zero, had not a particle of ice upon its turbid bosom.

I rowed gaily on, pleased with the auspicious beginning of the voyage, hoping at the close of the month to be at the mouth of the river and far enough south to escape any inconvenience from a sudden freezing of its surface, for along its course between its source at Pittsburgh and its debouchure at Cairo, the Ohio makes only 212 miles of southing, a difference of about two-and-a-half degrees of latitude. It is not surprising, therefore, that this river, during exceedingly cold winters, sometimes freezes over for a few days from the state of Pennsylvania to its junction with the Mississippi.

In a few minutes my boat had passed nearly the whole length of the Pittsburgh shore when suddenly, upon looking over my shoulder, I beheld the river covered with an ice raft which was passing out of the Alleghany and which completely blocked the Ohio from shore to shore. French Creek, Oil Creek, and all the



Four Months In a Sneak-Box

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

Chapter 3 From Pittsburgh to Blennerhasset's Island

The start for the gulf —
Caught in the ice-raft —
Camping on the Ohio —

other tributaries of the Alleghany had burst from their icy barriers, thrown off the wintry coat of mail, and were pouring their combined wrath into the Ohio.

This unforeseen trouble had to be met without much time for calculating the results of entering the ice pack. A light canoe would have been ground to pieces in the multitude of icy cakes, but the 1/2" skin of soft but elastic white swamp cedar of the decked sneak-box, with its light oaken runner strips firmly screwed to its bottom, was fully able to cope with the difficulty, so I pressed the boat into the floating ice and, by dint of hard work, forced her several rods beyond the eddies and fairly into the steady flow of the strong current of the river.

The Start - Head of the Ohio River

There was nothing more to be done to expedite the journey, so I sat down in the little hold and, wrapped comfortably in blankets, watched the progress made by the receding points of interest upon the high banks of the stream. Towards night some channel ways opened in the pack and, seizing upon the opportunity, I rowed along the ice-bound lanes until dusk, when happily a chance was offered for leaving the frosty surroundings, and the duck boat was soon resting on a shelving, pebbly strand on the left bank of the river, two miles above the little village of Freedom.

The rapid current had carried me 22 miles in four hours and a half.

Not having slept for 36 hours, or eaten since morning, I was well prepared physically to retire at an early hour. A few minutes sufficed to securely stake my boat, to prevent her being carried off by a sudden rise in the river during my slumbers, a few moments more were occupied in arranging the thin hair cushions and a thick cotton coverlet upon the floor of the boat. The bag which contained my wardrobe, consisting of a blue flannel suit, served for a pillow. A heavy shawl and two thin blankets furnished sufficient covering for the bed.

Bread and butter, with Shakers' peach sauce, and a generous slice of Wilson's compressed beef, a tin of water from the icy reservoir that flowed past my boat and within reach of my arm, all contributed to furnish a most satisfactory meal, and a half-hour afterwards, when a soft, damp fog settled down upon the land, the atmosphere became so quiet that the rubbing of every ice cake against the shore could be distinctly heard as I sank into a sweeter slumber than I had ever experienced in the most luxurious bed of the daintiest of guest chambers, for my apartment, though small, was comfortable, and with the hatch securely closed I was safe from invasion by man or beast, and enjoyed the well-earned repose with a full feeling of security.

The owl softly winnowed the air with his feathery pinions as he searched for his prey along the beach, sending forth an occasional "to-hoot" as he rested for a moment on the leafless branches of an old tree, reminding me to take a peep at the night, and to inquire "what its signs of promise" were.

All was silence and security, but even while I thought that here at least Nature ruled supreme, Art sent to my listening ear, upon the dense night air, the shrill whistle of the steam freighter, trying to enter the ice pack several miles down the river.

So the peaceful night wore away and in the early dawn, enveloped in a thick fog, I hastily dispatched a cold breakfast and at half-past 8:00 pushed off into the floating ice, which became more and more disintegrated and less troublesome as the day advanced. The use of the soft bituminous coal in the towns along the river, and also by the steamboats navigating it, filled the valley with clouds of smoke. These clouds rested upon everything. Your five senses were fully aware of the presence of the disagreeable, impalpable something surrounding you. Eyes, ears, taste, touch, and smell, each felt the presence. Smoky towns along the banks gave smoky views. Smoky chimneys rose high above the smoky foundries and forges where smoke begrimed men toiled day and night in the smoky atmosphere.

Ah, how I sighed for a glimpse of God's blessed sunlight, and even while I gazed saw in memory the bright pure valleys of the north-east, the sparkling waters of Lakes George and Champlain, and the majestic scenery, with the life-giving atmosphere, of the Adirondacks. The contrast seemed to increase the smoke, and no cheerfulness was added to the scene by the dismal-looking holes in the mountainsides I now passed. They were the entrances to mines from which the bituminous coal was taken.

Some of them were being actively worked, and long, trough-like shoots were used to send the coal by its own gravity from the entrance of the mine to the hold of the barge or coal ark at the steamboat landing. Some of these mines were worked by three men and a

horse. The horse drew the coal on a little car along the horizontal gallery from the heart of the mountain to the light of day.

During the second day the current of the Ohio became less violent. I fought a passage among the ice cakes, and whenever openings appeared rowed briskly along the sides of the chilly raft with the intent of getting below the frosty zone as soon as possible.

About half-past 8:00 in the evening, when some distance above King's Creek, the struggling starlight enabled me to push my boat on to a muddy flat, destined soon to be overflowed but offering me a secure resting place for a few hours. Upon peeping out of my warm nest under the hatch the next day, it was a cause of great satisfaction to note that a rise in the temperature had taken place, and that the ice was disappearing by degrees.

An open air toilet and a breakfast of about the temperature of a family refrigerator, with sundry other inconveniences, made me wish for just enough hot water to remove a little of the begriming results of the smoky atmosphere through which I had rowed.

At 11:00 AM the first bridge that spans the Ohio River was passed. It was at Steubenville, and the property of the Pan-handle Railroad.

Soon after 4:00 in the afternoon the busy manufacturing city of Wheeling, West Virginia, with its great suspension bridge crossing the river to the state of Ohio, loomed into sight.

This city of Wheeling, on the left bank of the river, some 80 miles from Pittsburgh, was the most impressive sight of that dreary day's row. Above its masses of brick walls hung a dense cloud of smoke, into which shot the flames emitted from the numerous chimneys of forges, glassworks, and factories which made it the busy place it was. Ever and anon came the deafening sound of the trip hammer, the rap-a-tap-tap of the rivet headers' tools striking upon the heavy boilerplates, the screeching of steam whistles, the bable of men's voices, the clanging of deep-toned bells.

Each, in turn, striking upon my ear seemed as a whole to furnish sufficient noise tonic for even the most ardent upholder of that remedy and to serve as a type for a second Inferno, promising to vie with Dante's own. Yet with all this din and dirt, this ever-present cloud of blackness settling down each hour upon clean and unclean in a sooty coating, I was told that hundreds of families of wealth and refinement, whose circumstances enabled them to select a home where they pleased, lingered here, apparently well-satisfied with their surroundings.

We are, indeed, the children of habit and singularly adaptable. It is, perhaps, best that it should be so, but I thought, as I brushed off the thin layer of soot with which the Wheeling cloud of enterprise had discolored the pure white deck of my little craft, that if this was civilization and enterprise, I should rather take a little less of those two commodities and a little more of cleanliness and quiet.

At Wheeling I left the last of the ice drifts, but now observed a new feature on the river's surface. It was a floating coat of oil from the petroleum regions, and it followed me many a mile down the stream.

The river being now free from ice, numerous crafts passed me, and among them many steamboats with their immense stern wheels beating the water, being so constructed

for shallow streams. They were ascending the current and pushing their "tows" of two, four, and six long, wide coal barges fastened in pairs in front of them. How the pilots of these stern wheel freighters managed to guide these heavily loaded barges against the treacherous current was a mystery to me.

It suddenly grew dark, and wishing to be secure from molestation by steamboats, I ran into a narrow creek with high, muddy banks, which were so steep and so slippery that my boat slid into the water as fast as I could haul her on to the shore. This difficulty was overcome by digging with my oar a bed for her to rest in, and she soon settled into the damp ooze, where she quietly remained until morning.

Coal-Oil Stove

During this part of my journey particularly, the need of a small coal-oil stove was felt, as the usual custom of making a campfire could not be followed for many days on the upper Ohio River. The rains had wet the firewood, which in a settled and cultivated country is found only in small quantities on the banks of the stream. The driftwood thrown up by the river was almost saturated with water, and the damp, wild trees of the swamp afforded only green wood.

In a less settled country, or where there is an old forest growth, as along the lower Ohio and upon the banks of the Mississippi, fallen trees with resinous, dry hearts can be found, and even during a heavy fall of rain a skilful use of the axe will bring out these ancient interiors to cheer the voyager's heart by affording him excellent fuel for his campfire.

The recently perfected coal-oil stove does not give out disagreeable odors when the petroleum used is refined, like that known in the market as Pratt's Astral Oil. This brand of oil does not contain naphtha, the existence of which in the partially refined oils is the cause of so many dangerous explosions of kerosene lamps.

Recent experiences with coal-oil burners lead me to adopt, for camp use, the single-wick stove of the "Florence Machine Company," whose excellent wares attracted so much attention at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. The Florence stove will sustain the weight of 150 pounds and is one of the few absolutely safe oil stoves, with perfect combustion and no unpleasant odor or gas. This statement presupposes that the wicks are wiped along the burnt edges after being used, and that a certain degree of cleanliness is observed in the care of the oil cistern.

I do not stand alone in my appreciation of this faithful little stove, for the company sold 40,000 of them in one year. In Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia, Dr. L.P. Brockett of Brooklyn, New York, expresses himself in the most enthusiastic terms in regard to this stove. He says: "For summer use it will be a great boon to the thousands of women whose lives have been made bitter and wretched by confinement in close and intensely heated kitchens; in many cases it will give health for disease, strength for weakness, cheerfulness for depression, and profound thankfulness in place of gloom and despair."

Boatmen and canoeists should never travel without one of these indispensable comforts. Alcohol stoves are small, and the fuel used too expensive, as well as difficult to obtain, while good coal-oil can now be had even on the borders of the remote wilderness. The

economy of its use is wonderful. A heat sufficient to boil a gallon of water in 30 minutes can be sustained for 10 hours at the cost of three cents.

For lack of one of these little blessings, which the prejudice of friends had influenced me to leave behind, my daily meals for the first two or three weeks generally consisted of cold, cooked canned beef, bread and butter, canned fruits, and cold river water. The absence of hot coffee and other stimulants did not affect my appetite, nor the enjoyment of the morning and evening repasts, cold and untempting as they were.

The vigorous day's row in the open air, the sweet slumbers that followed it at night in a well-ventilated apartment, a simple, unexciting life, the mental rest from vexatious business cares, all proved superior to any tonic a physician could prescribe, and I became more rugged as I grew accustomed to the duties of an oarsman, and gained several pounds avoirdupois by the time I ended the row of 2600 miles and landed on the sunny shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

Sunday broke upon me a sunless day. The water of the creek was too muddy to drink, and the rain began to fall in torrents. I had anticipated a season of rest and quiet in camp, with a bright fire to cheer the lonely hours of my frosty sojourn on the Ohio, but there was not a piece of dry wood to be found and it became necessary to change my position for a more propitious locality, so I rowed down the stream 12 miles to Big Grave Creek, below which, and on the left bank of the Ohio, is the town of Moundsville.

One of the interesting features of this place is its frontage on a channel possessing a depth of 15' of water even in the driest seasons. Wheeling, at the same time of the year, can claim but 7'. Here, also, is the great Indian mound from which it derives its name.

The resting place of my craft was upon a muddy slope in the rear of a citizen's yard which faced the river, but when the storm ended on Monday morning, my personal effects were hidden from the gaze of idlers by securely locking the hatch, which was done with the same facility with which one locks his trunk, and the former occupant was at liberty to visit the "Big Grave."

(To Be Continued)

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The story of Ferry Sloops starts with the *Clearwater*. She'd sailed on the Hudson River for about eight years, but there were some towns she couldn't visit, like Nyack; and Dobbs Ferry, because their waters were too shallow for her to come in and dock. So Pete Seeger, who had thought of a way to build the *Clearwater*, thought of a way for every river town to have its own ferry sloop, if it wanted one. These towns just needed smaller boats. Actually, in the old days, not just each town, but individual farmers and merchants built their own sloops in which to transport goods.

Pete had two boats made, one out of Catskill oak, and the second, which would be a prototype for more affordable boats, out of ferro-cement. The wooden boat is called the *Woody Guthrie*, and the ferro-cement boat is the *Sojourner Truth*. Pete says he stole the money from Toshi to build the two new boats. He asked his friend, Cy Hamlin, who designed the *Clearwater* after studying pictures of old sloops, to design them.

Sojourner's hull was made in Maryland by Jake Bauer of Ferro Boatworks. Tinya and Pete Seeger camped out in Maryland for a month, building bulkheads in *Sojourner's* hull. She was originally going to a Rev. Fred Kirkpatrick, who was going to start a sloop

The Building of *Sojourner Truth*

(And the birth of Ferry Sloops, Inc.)

By Rick Nestler, as told to Gretchen McHugh

club in Harlem. She was named *Sojourner Truth* after the freed slave who championed the cause of freedom up and down the Hudson valley. However this plan didn't materialize, and Pete had the hull trucked to the village of Eddyville near Kingston.

Here a man called Barnacle Bill (who envisioned himself a New England shipright, made the rub rails, and promptly disappeared), and John Fokeen, Jim McGowan, Dick Manley, Rick Nestler, and anybody else Pete could talk into building a boat from scratch after taking them sailing, started to turn the ferro-cement hull into a ferry sloop.

It was a ragtag operation. The crew from

Yonkers would arrive at the work site the best they could (there was no public transportation to Kingston) at about 1pm on Saturdays or Sundays in the winters of '78 and '79, and join the corps of local folks already at work. They'd eat at 2, and start to work at 3. At 4, they'd have to put the tools away because it was about to get dark. Then they'd sit around and play the guitar for an hour. Pete, who was always there too, called this a work party. "You'd work, and then you'd party."

But there really was too much work, so Pete did what he normally does when a project gets too big, he started an organization. Karen Friedman had a glass piggy bank and ran around collecting donations. The \$32.53 she collected was Ferry Sloop's first treasury. It wasn't enough to pay the rent for space in the boatyard in Eddyville, however. And since the gas crunch was beginning to affect commuters' schedules, everyone realized it was time to move the unfinished boat. But to where?

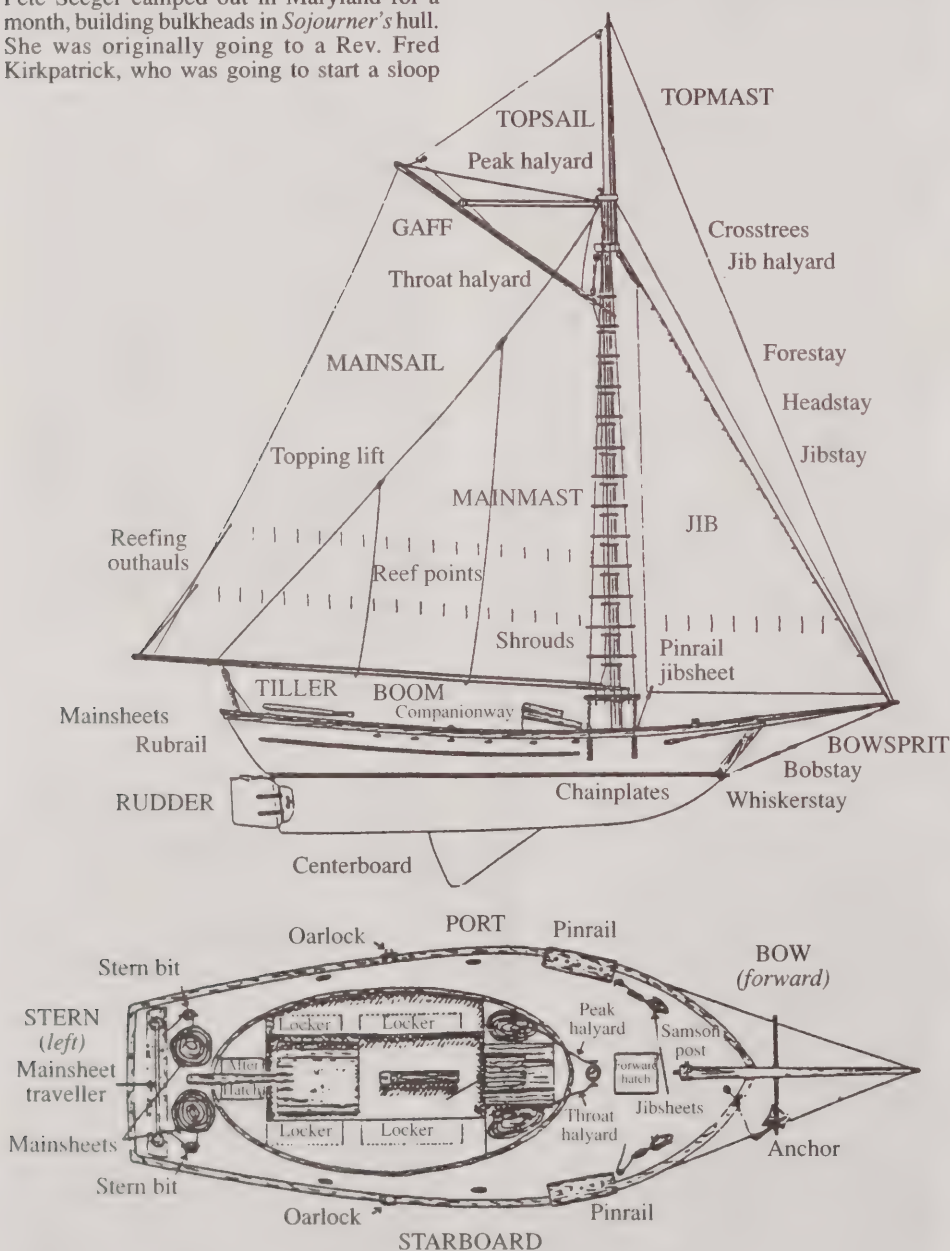
This is where Sam Cohen came into play. Owner of Excelsior Transparent Bag, Inc. on the Yonkers riverfront, Sam was a river rat, an incorrigible river rat who refused even to fence his property because he believed in river access. Besides offering the use of his yard to the fledgling, sloop club, he gave some of the people, like Ricko, jobs.

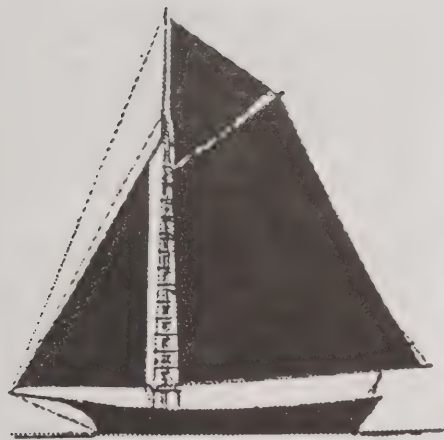
So on Wednesdays, Rick would work in the factory all day making bags for bagels and Oreos, and when he got off at 4 he'd start to boil water to get the steam box going. Other volunteer boat builders included Geoff Brown, Jon Stein and Pete. They'd pipe steam into a box holding, pieces of wood; when the wood was ready, it was removed and clamped onto a form. When the wood cooled, it became part of the cockpit coaming, for instance. "We worked in fits and starts," Pete said. "Somebody had a fit and somebody would start working."

Pete did all kinds of stuff to get people to work on the boat, referring often to something he called the work ethic. There were some 25 people now, and they slaved away until the boat was almost finished. During this time, the group began to hold board meetings, and acquired a tax-exempt status. But Sam's open yard had attracted so many vandals that a fire in the shed, stolen tools, broken stove and truck broken into convinced everybody that the boat had to be moved again. True to form, the group discussed what to do for a long time before the solution suddenly fell into their laps, and the Yonkers Lifesaving Corps towed *Sojourner* to her new home, a slip at the old Hastings industrial docks.

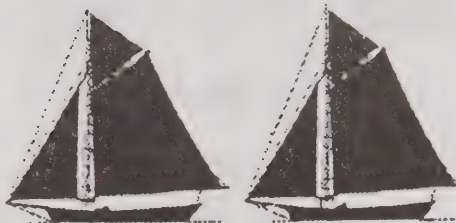
Sojourner Truth made her maiden voyage to Croton in September, 1982, where she celebrated a policeman's swim from Hook Mountain to Croton Point advocating clean water. Now, from her home at the JFK Marina in Yonkers, Ferry Sloops' members still advocate clean water, and strive to protect public access now that cleaner water has made the river so attractive to developers, and teach people, young and old, about the river and its ecology.

The people who built *Sojourner Truth* sometimes shake their heads in wonder that she was finished at all. If they're not sailing all the time and teaching others how to sail her, they'll visit occasionally, take a sail, revive old memories, and check the part of the boat they made. They never really leave the boat.





Clearwater Spawns Two River Children



By Pete Seeger (1977)

Two small versions of the *Clearwater* are under construction and should be sailing on the Hudson next year (1978). The story behind them starts eight years ago when the *Clearwater* first sailed up the Hudson. Hal Cohen, then treasurer of the sloop organization, turned to me and said with a smile, "Well, when do we start building our next sloop?"

On the way down the coast from Maine, *Clearwater* had sailed side by side for a day with the schooner *Shenandoah*. The two captains were old friends, and they tashayed and do-see-doed their two ships back and forth like two dancers. Hal Cohen and I agreed that in time we must have a fleet of old-time sloops on the river. One boat just couldn't possibly carry all the people that would like to sail on the *Clearwater*.

But, as the years went on and we saw how much money was needed to maintain one sloop and do the education, research, and political work which makes the *Clearwater* organization so important, we shelved thoughts of building another large sloop.

When I talked to people in the Great Lakes, in Chesapeake Bay, Puget Sound, and other waters that needed an organization like ours, I tried to persuade them to build a big boat and do the same thing, pulling together a wide variety of people to do the big job of fighting for clean water. But when they heard how much money we have to raise each year, they recoiled in alarm. "Oh, you New Yorkers are rich. We couldn't possibly do what you do."

They're wrong, of course. We started small, and gradually grew. I asked Cyrus Hamlin, who designed the *Clearwater*, if he could design a 32' version of her which would be less expensive to build, and much, much less expensive to maintain. It should be big enough to take ten or fifteen people out on a daysail, show them the beauties of the river, and enlist them in the battle to clean things up.

The experience of the Beacon Sloop Club, which had grown and thrived by having a number of small boats to care for, convinced me that we would wait no longer. By borrowing, taking money out of the sock, and doing more pay concerts and fewer benefits for a while, cash was found to start building.

The smaller versions of *Clearwater* are called Ferry Sloops. They have large oval

cockpits, but below decks no galley or living space to speak of. There will be a very small area for a head a composting toilet like a Clivus Multrum, vented through a hollow mast.

The ferry sloops will be rigged almost exactly like the *Clearwater*, so people who learn to sail one boat can right away find their way around on the other. The ferry sloops are chunkier, to give stability and safety, but they'll be sturdy, friendly looking craft which will know their way with winds and waves of rivers and bays as well as *Clearwater*.

Why are two boats being built? Partly because they'll look pretty together. But mainly because of long discussions as to whether groups of amateurs will be able to maintain a wooden boat year after year. We know how expensive a few mistakes have been for *Clearwater*.

So one ferry sloop is being built of Catskill white oak. The other will have a ferro-cement hull, 5/8" thick, of high strength steel mesh, with fine cement packed between the wires. Both boats will look the same from a distance, with wooden mast, rails, cockpit and tiller. But knock on the hulls, and you'll get different sound.

By fall of '78, hopefully, both boats will be owned by sloop clubs, and other sloop clubs will be raising money to buy or build their own. Perhaps just the hull could be ordered, and the sloop club members could finish it. Hopefully, each sloop club will use its imagination in deciding how to paint its boat. The Hudson sloops were famous for bright colors. They say you could always tell a Nyack sloop by the brilliant stripes. I've seen a picture of a sloop with great scrolls and flowers down the sides, like gingerbread on an old wooden house. When all the sloops get together for an annual Pumpkin Sail, it will look like Mama *Cleawater* and her rainbow colored children.

Footnote: *Sojourner's* ferro-cement hull was constructed thusly: Steel mesh was stapled to a form, or mold, and cement was troweled on, much the same way you would slather pasted newspaper onto wire in the paper mache process. Pete said, "Moses floated down the river Nile in a basket of reeds plugged with mud. We float down the Hudson River in a basket of steel plugged with cement."



Ferry Sloops, Inc. is an environmental sailing organization that inspires people to appreciate and protect one of our region's greatest resources, the magnificent Hudson River. A spinoff of the Hudson River Sloop *Clearwater*, Inc., Ferry Sloops Inc. was founded in 1979.

For several years a hearty band of volunteers worked together and built a 32' ferro-cement gaff-rigged topsail sloop which they named *Sojourner Truth*. She was modeled after the ferry sloops that were once used to carry passengers up and down the river. In 1982 *Sojourner* was officially launched and has been a strong presence on the river ever since.

The goal of the organization continues to be to encourage people to preserve our local waterways through sail training and environmental education and action. Ferry Sloops takes an active, responsible role in working for a clean river. Throughout the year we attend various waterfront festivals and other events which are directly related to environmental issues. Additionally, Ferry Sloops offers classroom sail training during the months of February, March, and April. Classes are open to the public.

Our membership is composed of volunteers, each one giving in their own unique way. Some work to maintain and sail the boat so that we can continue offering educational sails to the public. Others prefer to keep their feet on dry land and work at the environmental festivals we attend throughout the year. Whether your contribution is fundraising, education, sailing, maintenance or financial donations you can be certain that you are playing a vital role in the life and mission of Ferry Sloops, Inc.

As a member you will be able to participate in the various festivals along the Hudson, traditionally the Shadfest, the Hudson River Revival, and the Pumpkin Sail. Members will also receive our monthly newsletter which will keep them up-to-date on events, the sail training program, and local and national environmental concerns.

We are a diverse group, joined together by our love of the river, our respect for one another, and our pleasure in having a good time. Come, join us in our efforts to reclaim the Hudson River.

Ferry Sloops Inc., P.O. Box 532, Tarrytown, NY 10591

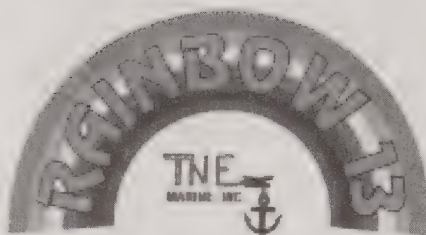


Comments heard from experienced cruisers indicated a need for a tender which rows well, carries a heavy load, and occupies less than 8' of deck space aboard the big boat. We believe that our Rainbow 13, after four years of development and testing, fulfills these needs. With bow section nested in the stern section, you have big boat performance in small boat space.

Specifications: 13'6" length, 53" beam, 5" draft, 7'6" length when nested, 184lbs total weight (bow 86lbs, stern 98lbs).

Lines: From the Chamberlain dory, rows like a dream.

Construction: Bi-axial fiberglass provides high strength, low weight. Balsa core in floor & seats provides high stiffness, low weight. Built-in flotation meets USCG require-

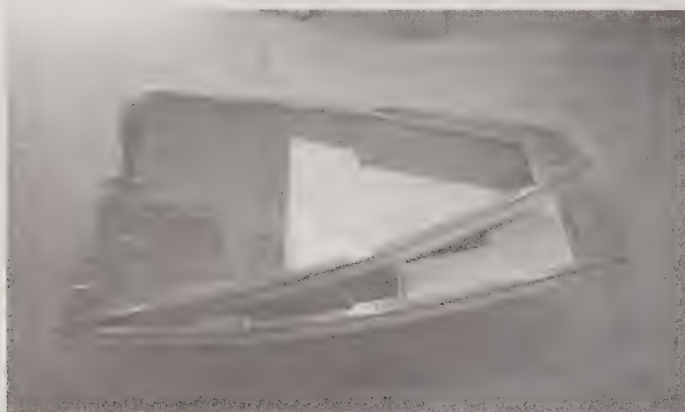


Big Boat Performance, Small Boat Convenience

ments. White rubber offers beauty, low maintenance. Stainless bow cruncher plate protects finish when beaching. Hook & latch fastening system means quick assembly in water without tools, no gaskets or seals required. Dovetailed bulkheads on bow and stern sections absorb torque loads from sailing rig. Moveable center seat trims boat for 1 or 2 rowers.

Options: Sailing rig designed by leading naval architect is a simple, efficient free standing rig. Sliding rowing seat provides superior aerobic exercise. Outriggers for 9-1/2' oars provide sliding rowing seat performance with standard fixed seat. Bow towing eye is reinforced for high strength.

T.N.E. Marine, Inc., P.O. Box 1527, Bethel Island, CA 94511, (925) 684-3481.



Traditional vs Modern Skiff Construction

By Mike Moore

The topic of traditional versus modern construction of wooden boats is going around again, so I'd like to pass on my experience with a traditional-built skiff used in a modern setting.

Several years ago I was interested in getting a good rowing skiff, and I was also wanting to try the old time pine tar and oil finish as well. This type of finish is usually used on lumber as opposed to plywood. But, since I don't live near the water, I needed a boat that would spend a lot of time on a trailer in my backyard. The boat would go into the water for a few hours every couple of weeks, and for longer periods on vacations. A plywood skiff is supposed to be the best answer for my situation.

In his book *Skiffs and Schooners*, Pete Culler gives three options for cross planking flat bottom skiffs. For boats that spend most of the time in the water, he recommends tight uncaulked seams. For boats that spend an equal amount of time in and out of water, caulked seams with an outguage are better. And for boats that spend most of the time out of water, he suggests splines between the cross planks. Since I like the looks of a cross planked skiff, I decided to go with the last option.

A local builder was interested in the project, and we settled on the 16' "Uncle Gabe" skiff from Sam Rabl's book *Boatbuilding in Your Own Backyard*. The boat was built as per the instructions, with white pine for the planking, ash and fir for the trim, and oak for the transom, frames and stem. The boards for the cross planked bottom were grooved on a table saw to accept the 1/2"x 3/8" splines. The splines were fit into the grooves

between the cross planks, along with some bedding compound, and then the bottom was screwed onto the chines, with a tight fit between the planks. The builder advises this was an easy operation.

The interior of the boat and the outside of the transom were given several applications of linseed oil and pine tar. The exterior was painted with oil base enamel and the bottom was painted with red enamel instead of anti fouling paint.

After four years of use the boat is doing well. I've only had one seep so far, at the chine where a plank had cupped. This was easily fixed with caulking. The seams open and close in response to the weather, but not enough to drop the splines. The seams quickly tighten when exposed to water, and I've not yet missed a launch due to open seams. For long distance trailering I usually put a bucket of water and some rags in the boat. The water sloshes out and around and keeps everything tight, and sometimes soaks passers-by. I don't know for certain, but I feel like the splines give the cross planking a sort of unibody effect, strengthening the bottom for trailering.

I like the oil finish. It's much easier to apply in the tight crannies of the interior as compared to paint. The floor boards seem to wear better than painted floors, which seem

to chip and peel. The wood has darkened but has kept its strength. Every month or so I wash the boat with Murphy Oil Soap, and apply some more oil and pine tar. This usually is an enjoyable activity (possibly due to solvent buzz) and a pleasant way to spend a couple of hours.

The boat itself is large and steady, definitely not a performance racing machine. It's just light enough to pull onshore over log rollers, which I do to prevent the bottom from over swelling if I'm keeping the boat in the water for more than a day. The skiff trims well with one or two rowers, and is very good for one person, standing up and sculling with an oar over the transom.

If I build another of these boats, I'd keep the bottom planks to maximum of 4" width, which supposedly reduces the cupping of the planks. In order to optimize the rowing trim, I would install temporary braces in the boat, and launch it, then determine the best position for the front and middle thwarts.

An advantage of a stick-built skiff is that the materials are pleasant to work with. The finished boat has a hefty stability compared with the skittishness of a plywood boat. And when not in use, it looks good wherever it is.

Mike Moore, 2402 W. Front St., Burlington, NC 27215



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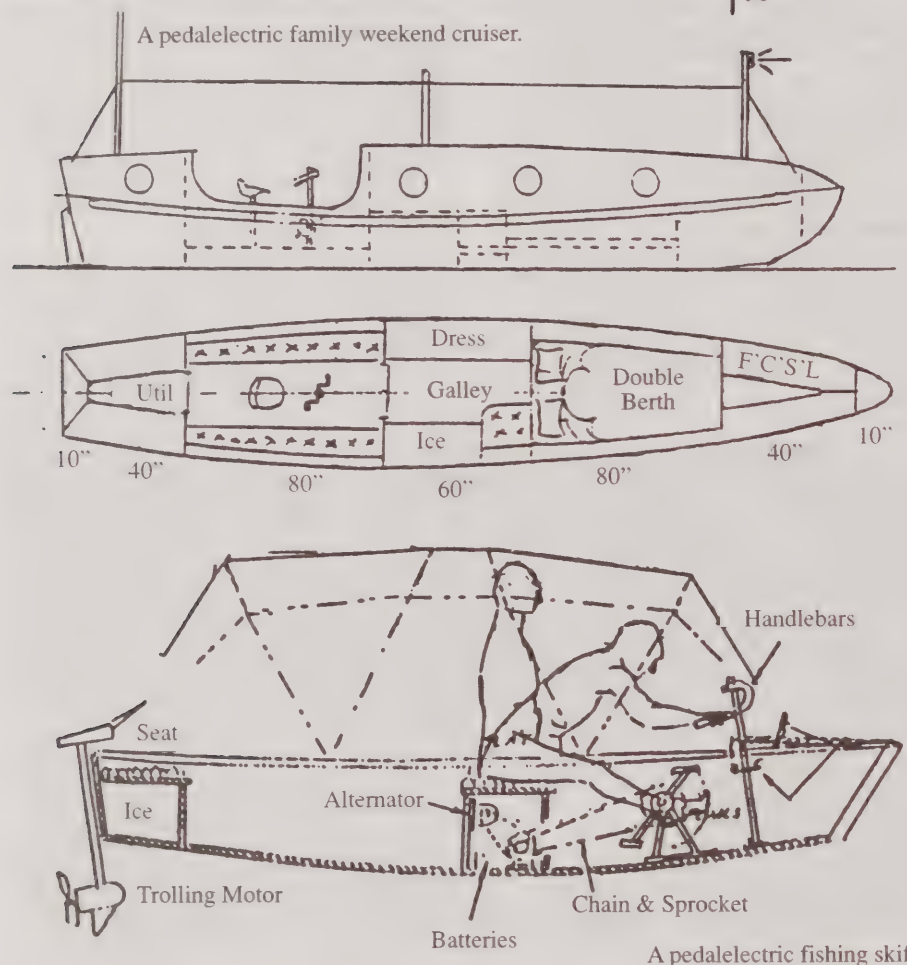


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Dream Boats: The Pedalelectric Cruiser

By Richard Carsen

Mr.Haig, whom you will remember as the designer of a long distance cruiser discussed in these pages, has now come up with an idea for a family/weekend cruiser on similar lines. He calculates that the average speed on long



A pedalelectric fishing skiff.

distance rowing comes to 4mph, while a human powered boat that uses human produced electric power will average 6mph. This is a 50% gain. It also provides for power storage in rechargeable batteries which allows the boat to move while you take a break, cook your food or do some maintenance.

Such a craft opens up undreamed of opportunities to explore areas out of reach when you have to depend on gas, while the storage area freed in this manner, allows for extra food and water to extend your trip. It will teach you to watch tides and currents, and will bring you a chance, on your silent progress, to study close up the life in, on and above the water.

Mr.Haig conceived of this as a craft to possibly break the transoceanic record for human powered craft. He, however, saw immediately its possibilities as a small pleasure cruiser or as a fishing dinghy; the sketches are his. For his pamphlet and information write:

C.Raymond Haig, N.A., 19 Chapel St. Suite 224, Newport, RI 02840.

As I reread Rousmaniere's *Fastnet, Force 10*, however, I was reminded of the fact that all those long distance sea travelers have had to deal with serious capsizes, rollovers and pitchpolings in their small craft. The Royal Ocean Racing Club and The Royal Yachting Association conducted an intensive inquiry which, among other things, showed that 5% of the participants sustained injuries inside their craft, almost all during rollovers.

With human generated electricity as power, it seems to me that this opens other avenues of operation for the small craft. During my service in the Royal Dutch Navy, part of the Allied Fleet, I served for a time in a submarine. It was my observation that, once below the surface, the effect of the wildest surface action mostly or totally disappeared.

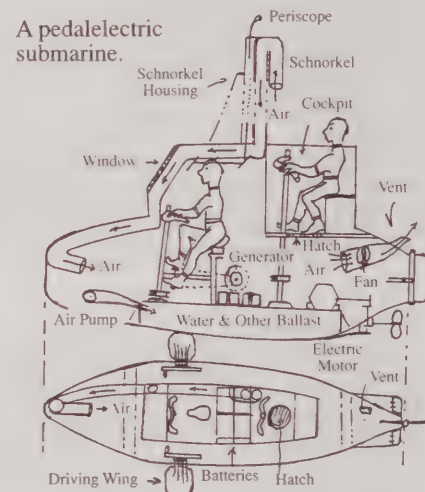
Small human powered subs have already been designed and built, mostly for use on lakes. In La Jolla, southern California, is a marine research institute, which shows as exhibits many one-man powered little subs where

a real aficionado could get a lot of inspiration. These are mostly meant for deep diving, which isn't what I am suggesting here.

A Dutch inventor before WW II, constructed a lifeboat "that couldn't capsize" (as many do under real circumstances). His boat was built from wood lapstrake. It had the body of a short fat sub, but it didn't have an upperstructure; 90% was underwater, and I wondered how he kept the water out of the flat hatch. There probably were ballast tanks with which to regulate the depth the craft could sink too. I was only a child then, but lifeboats can hold over a hundred people, who when wet must represent over seven tons in weight. This lifeboat, sitting low in the water the way I saw it, would have sunk with that extra load. There must have been ballast tanks.

The inventor sailed to Brazil and back, bringing back some live piranhas in a big aquarium in the boat. He showed us many pictures of the trip; he went through several storms. I asked him how the boat was kept upright, and he said that he had a special type of triangular keel that kept it from heeling. He didn't explain but said that it was patented. I would call that boat a submersible.

The sketch of the little sub I show here shows the operator both in the surfaced and



submerged positions. It has a schnorkel, an airpump to get rid of the water in the ballast tanks, a fan to blow used air out, and the electricity is produced by pedaling to drive a prop.

It has been shown in other fields that electric transfer of power offers many unthought of opportunities. Excess electricity is stored in batteries, as a matter of fact the batteries should operate the machinery; the human generated electricity should be used to keep the batteries charged. As we no longer really know how to efficiently row, rowing seems to be a very inefficient way of using our energy.

Just the other day I came across an observation in Haddon & Hornell's *Canoes of Oceania*, how the natives propelled this particular craft "in a jerky manner". I once wrote an article about it on these pages. I even think that if the pedal thing were replaced by a rowing machine, the flywheel being used for operating the generator, and it was rowed the "jerky way" (in a sliding seat setup) first impulse only the legs' kick, then second, third & fourth impulses produced by the arms and body only. You sure can make that wheel fly with that method. Try it!



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We introduced Design #627, Lily, in spring of 1997. It was our effort at a home-buildable electric launch that would carry four adults in unsinkable comfort, for 7-8 hours (10hrs to really dead batteries) at 3.8 knots in waters that would include mild coastal exploration. And in the water she confirmed to be one of a rare breed, an electric launch that was affordable and viable as a dayboat.

She had already carried us around Cape Ann with 3/4 of the 22 miles distance exposed along bold Atlantic shoreline, running the course of the Blackburn Challenge in the less favorable counter-clockwise direction with battery-capacity to spare. She's been used at moment's notice for a short sunset spin or on day-trip in harbor and bay, age of passengers between 6 months and 90+. She would repeatedly join the Gloucester Parade of Lights all dolled up with minilights along her sheer and up in her parasol, provoking friendly hollers and applause wherever she went.

And we've run her with snow on her decks, broke a parasol spoke in too much wind, piled local water rats into her for a spin, and have taken her on many stealthy night runs. We treated her without kid-gloves, keeping her uncovered in saltwater around 8 months of each year where she rode the tide in her dry-out berth, but always plugged in the moment she got tied up again. During her fourth season she got her own trailer to explore distant temptations and keeps up with traffic at 75mph if need be. And quite a few plans have been sold, and Lily, the prototype, now has sisters afloat in a number of states, though oddly (or predictably?) none hereabouts in Massachusetts. Here are some examples:

Following the first article in spring '97 Claude Wisner of Maryland was first off the mark to get his rendition of Lily into the water later that summer! Although not quite finished with her, Claude and his Lily enjoyed a successful weekend showing themselves at the '97 Woodenboat Show in St. Michaels, Maryland. Even though she ran fine through many outings long after, he once ran out of juice in the middle of a busy channel, and swore he would finally complete her electrical system.

Philip Thompson in Tennessee overcame his initial hesitation about wiring and did not

Lily on wheels.

Bolger on Design

Update on Lily (Design #627)



Lily on the Gloucester marshes.

get a frizzy hairdo putting the necessary DC and AC circuits into his Lily as carefully instructed in the plans' key. He tried an alternative to Lily's self-locking threaded-rod battery-shifting mechanism, seating up to four adults in a 15'6" boat requires some adjustments in trim, attempting a block-and-tackle geometry, but advises to stick with the plans. In comparison with his Bobcat catboat (Design #470), he reports equally quiet but more predictable day-outings with Lily.

Men-of-few-words Jay Alan and Chris Vance in Florida got their Lily in the water within a few months and splurged on a novelty horn for additional notoriety afloat.

We'd been aware of Tony Bingelis of Texas as the author of several decades of how-to columns in Experimental Aircraft Association's *Sport Aviation*, plus four standard books on light plane homebuilding. Then we found he had also worked on the other ex-

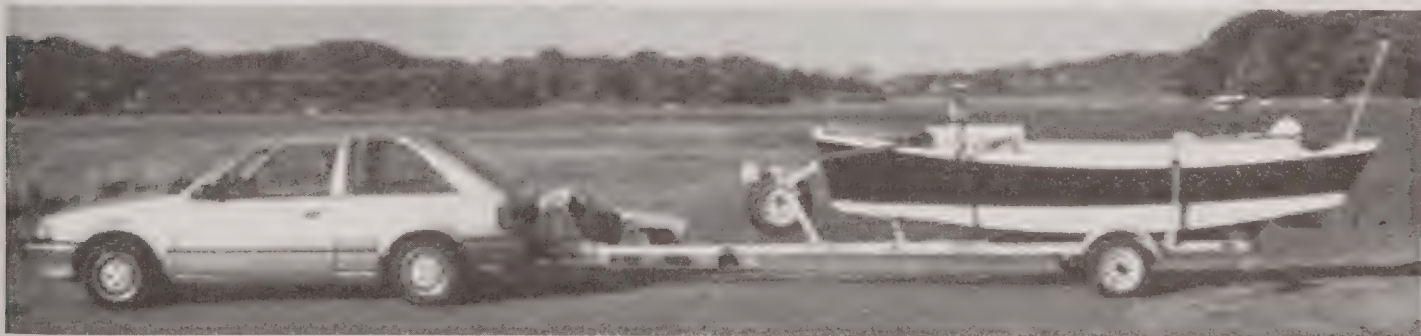
treme of applied physics, heavy, lead-loaded, slow, "it will never fly, no matter in which sense of the word". But he had gotten tired of the short breath of his electric toy-tug, and stole some time out of his construction schedule for a 200+mph home-built plane to build Lily. She will stay in ground effect, to put it mildly, but at least as measured between fill-ups will run more hours than the plane and most certainly the tug.

So far, so good. From what we see most Lilys completed are built to plans. And after we had initially overlooked some rather obvious opportunities in economic plywood layout, it is good to see the corrected plans of Lily rendered with a 6" longer stern for more grace, balance and slight increase in efficiency.

But there are also wrinkles in the story. The first one is a general one, in that amongst those who bought plans but did not build, some folks seem surprised that Lily indeed requires wiring and a goodly dose of that. Although the building key is dominated by detailed instructions of how to reliably connect her necessary electrical innards, including makes, part-numbers, and retail-sources, there seems scepticism as to how urgently their Lily really needs to have electrics assembled.

Of course a solid dose of concern is a healthy impulse for those who don't do electrical work every day, including us at the beginning of Lily's design-process. And while she runs on just 24vdc, the batteries' stored energy is enough to put more than the frizz into your hair if you treat them lackadaisically. Fire, explosion, uncontrolled acid are possibilities. Not to mention the consequences of being lax with that 110vac circuit.

Still, the job is doable without upping insurance, and, done properly, will result in a safe, capable and reliable setup, with its smooth function sure to soon displace initial worries about all those cables and black boxes. And if you think about what gasoline can do to brighten your day, with each outboard packed with hoses, lines, cables in close proximity, sparking, combustions, gassing toxic fumes as a matter of course, all to turn that prop to move the boat, doing a Lily seems not so scary. And there is no winterizing, tune-ups, clouds of fumes, noise, vibration to live with





Water rats invade Lily in Annisquam.

while trying to enjoy the limited leisure time available. And why not learn some about the subject as you are progressing through the carefully outlined sequence of assembly.

So, if everything works so well after getting over the initial hurdle of wiring her up, what else can go wrong? Well, we, and by now some of Lily builders have had to deal with unexpected annoyances, as far as we can tell unrelated to her overall concept, and rather related to poor quality-control of makers of certain components.

Motor: After how we've put that Minnkota 651bs thrust 24v saltwater-version through the countless jerkings of on-off, back-and-forth, full 360-degree twist at full bore under all sorts of boat loads and wave conditions, including pumping mud and sand, we're not surprised that we have to periodically check that lock nut that keeps the prop on the shaft. Some wear has made it harder to set up, resulting in some mild warning vibrations at the helm as it creeps back out over many days of running. With the relative ease of getting to her prop shaft, cheap extra props - though we've not lost one yet, that's not much of an issue.

Neither is gently filing/sanding out some leading edge damage of the plastic prop after many hard encounters; between the low prop rpm and the cheapo never perfectly machined balance of the prop, possible murmur from slight imbalance of one blade over the other seems irrelevant. The motor still runs well at same amp draw.

Batteries: So far we've also had no problems directly related to the specified moderate-duty Trojan Sched. 27THM batteries rated at 117ah at 12v. They seem to not lose any serious amount of water, perhaps a consequence of relatively low stress on each individual unit by using 350+ah nominal battery capacity at 24v to feed the motor wanting never more than 34-35 amps at full speed in our Lily, respecting give or take the 10% rule of thumb.

We've rarely had to run down the batteries to their lowest sensible level of charge, the exception being, for instance, showing off at full speed, a warm inverter humming out 110Vac for full light-effect, and doing this well into the night after mild cruising since

mid-afternoon on the occasion of the waterfront festival. And after four seasons in salt air, the cable connections to each battery pole with stainless wingnuts still look new under their color-coded terminal boots, showing no risk of power-losses from any corrosion or any other crud build-up usually making heat rather than help flow electricity.

Chargers: Here is where things have been disappointing. The 10a, 12v Guest #2612 watertight and explosion-proof chargers had been on the market for a year or so before we incorporated them into Lily's design. After initially being sold at around \$100, competition dropped the price to around \$70. And, as elaborately discussed in the 4/1/97 MAIB article, they were just right for Lily, allowing six chargers to carefully feed six batteries, with the three-step charging program of one dedicated charger per battery promising best care for most charge and longest life.

Well one Guest #2612 went AWOL sometime in the second season without any outward hint. Its two diodes kept looking fine, but that particular battery got little or no charge. We did not notice immediately, feeling by then complacent enough not to turn on each battery bank separately before heading out to check its charge level with the display of the E-meter.

Thus, with one of three 24v banks compromised, the range suffered inexplicably, with E-Meter warnings coming on earlier than expected once we actually went on a longer trip. Checking all connections did not reveal either a fix or an answer to the phenomenon. Sneaky failures like this are particularly nasty, as a persistently uncharged or undercharged battery does eventually suffer harm in terms of its storage capability and relative life expectancy; we may find that battery getting old earlier.

Another Guest #2612 has since gone south, now at least showing no signs of life at all, with dark diodes quite readily detectable, when Lily gets plugged in and the other five chargers light up and get to work.

Philip Thompson in Tennessee has also lost two of his six #2612s. Even when you get them replaced under warranty, the nuisance is that you have to fit them carefully for a clean appearance and to keep wire spaghetti to a

minimum, a task one wants to do only once.

Miscellaneous components: No problems with the Powerline 3-into-1 diodes. No problems with the 50a Blueseas circuit-breaker. And no problems with Cruising Equipment's Heart's E-Meter, except that it is under suspicion of resetting itself without obvious provocation, thus losing the record of spent ampere hours per trip, leaving in doubt the calculated probable range, beyond our knowledge of Lily's general capability.

But the Guest Company scored again on our Lily, and again on Phil Thompson's boat as well, with one dead battery switch Guest #3201, and our replacement is already stuttering, requiring repeated turns to finally register a reliable connection and E-Meter reading for that particular battery bank. These switches were rated at well above Lily's individual battery banks' output, and still failed. Incidentally, Lily's cheapo, 13 year old AM/FM/cassette, that had already survived years in a leaky car, still works in spite of daily salt-air, sun, rain, fog, ice and snow on the lexan instrument cover.

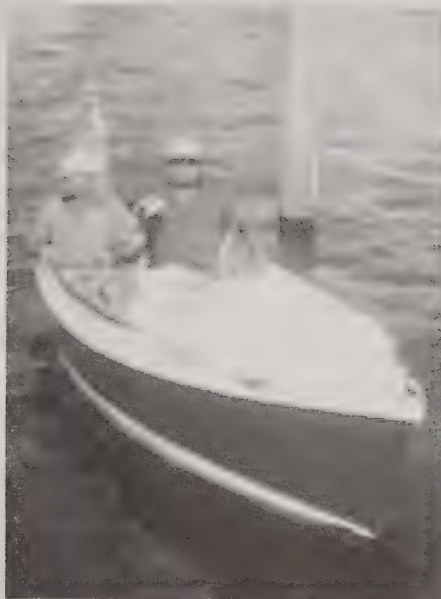
What to do? As a matter of principle, keep your receipts, yell at the malefactors, insist on replacement. As Thompson's persistence shows, this should work. Since the good chargers and switches work, five out of seven chargers on our Lily, just throw the lemons back at them; we happened to have two spares to fix our problems. But there is of course a hitch in that proposal! Perhaps Guest had too many problems with #2612 since they now offer a #2612A for around \$100. The problem for Lily is that their shape is different and less suitable for durable and well cooled mounting of the chargers three abreast to left and right of the console.

Tony Bingelis, having never known #2612, mounted #2612A forward, modifying the forward seat bench and compromising the watertight integrity of the battery compartment, designed to be sealed except for top down access through her hatch. On Texas lakes without breaking seas, that may well matter less.

Philip Thompson had to doctor a new one to fit in next to the older types, not looking so good and requiring makeshift fastening. After Thompson's second unit went, he spent hours on the horn to Guest and finally reached someone competent who could okay replacement upgrades. After paying what amounts to a minor co-payment, Thompson received from Guest three units of their two 10 amp chargers in one box charger assemblies that seem to work.

Solution for current builders is to pick the Guest #2631 three 10 amp chargers in one box offering. The size should fit Lily's designed location, and the three-in-one box simplifies ac wiring significantly. Then go to Defender Industries and pay around \$308, saving about \$70 over West Marine's \$380 bill for the same box. And keep the receipts. If it fails after warranty has expired, still give Guest heat, in light of the #2612 problems.

Other than these items, Lily's pleasantness is unaffected, her paint coat gradually dulling and her switch panel labels fading under the lexan cover. Her cast iron umbrella stand lag screwed into her triple layer bottom still stands without a wriggle and with those screws heavily dipped in caulk during tightening, we don't expect rot to make the whole parasol appearance fall over spectacularly.



Alan and Vance's Lily in Florida.



Clyde Wisner's Lily in Maryland.

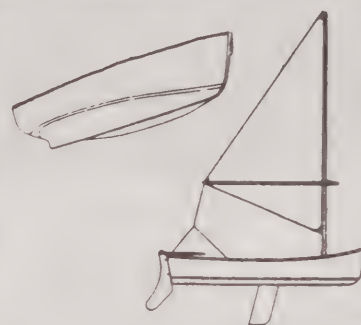


Tony Bingalis' Lily in Texas.

Phil Thompson's Lily in Tennessee.



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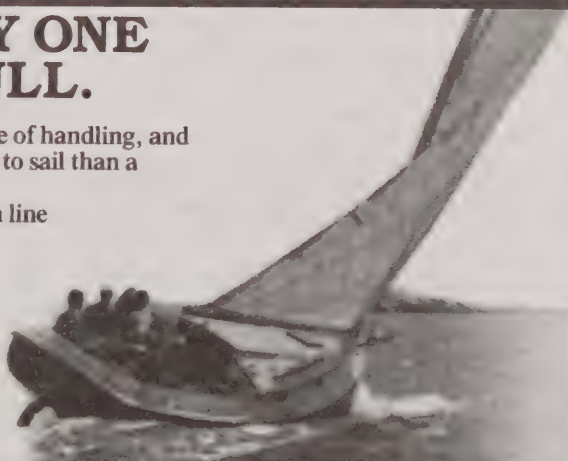
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Photo found on an Internet auction site shows a very good view of a yuloh in use in the late 1940s or early 1950s.

By Craig O'Donnell

More About The Yuloh

One weekend I tried a very short yuloh (about 3' long) made from a broken-off oar and attached in the outboard motor cutout of a Bolger Oldshoe. While it was not a resounding success, it did work, and it did move the boat 40 or 50 yards to windward after I got the hang of it. A longer loom would allow more power and much easier operation. With my micro-yuloh I had to kneel facing backward to work it and at the same time watch out so I didn't slam my knuckles into the side of the boat. I learned enough to decide that a yuloh makes sense for someone, like me, who cannot stand oars, and the project is on hold pending a suitable boat to hold an enlarged one.

The universal "pin" was bungee cord around the oar loom, through a vertical length of PVC pipe fastened into an L-shaped bracket. C clamps held the bracket to the stern. It was awkward but worked well enough for my short trial. Trailer balls have been mentioned as pivots, and if you have an old broken windsurfer the universal joint mast-base ought to be useable. A steel or bronze universal coupling as applied to small motors might work, or perhaps the head of a very large galvanized carriage bolt, or a golf ball epoxied into a hole in a piece of wood, or a discarded circular oar-lock.

Clearly you can find pieces of wood among fallen or storm-downed trees which will suffice to make a curved loom with only a little barking and shaping with whatever tool you prefer. Make the blade from whatever's easy. Scrap plywood is the obvious choice but don't overlook something like scrap aluminum plate.

In addition to the usual source (Worcester's *Junks and Sampans of the*

Yangtze) there have been a few other descriptions and discussions of the yuloh in maritime journals. In the past couple of years I've tracked down a few and have been passing email back and forth with Bill Foden as new things turn up. Here are excerpts. Photographs also help, but good ones are scarce. A few are in Derek Maitland's *Setting Sails*, a book on the last sailing junks in the Hong Kong area, if you can find this book.

In a United Nations publication about fishing boats I found a tiny but extremely clear drawing of the Japanese *ëro* and its action which clarifies Worcester's somewhat baffling description and presents in a clearer way what his diagrams try to show. (Fig. 1)

The following short description, illustration (Fig. 2) and follow up letters appeared at long intervals in *The Mariners Mirror* from late '40s on:

Notes On The Chinese Yuloh By Sir Frederic Maze

As regards manual propulsion in the case of Chinese craft, an outstanding appliance universally adopted throughout China is the so-called yuloh, or, to follow the romanization of the Chinese script known as the "Wade System", "yaolu", which "to move or operate an oar"; in this case, "to scull". It should be mentioned that it is customary for foreigners to call this specially designed oar a "yuloh"; the Chinese use the generic term "lu" (oar). "Yao" is the verb (meaning to operate an oar) and "lu" is the noun. In Occidental lands "sculling" means to employ an oar to propel a boat by working it from side to side over the stern, reversing the blade at each turn; yulohing

is a scientific development of sculling.

The mechanics of the yuloh are ingenious. It operates on an iron pivot fixed over the stern, which fits into a socket on the oar, thus reducing friction. The line which secures it to the deck or thwart, according to the size of the vessel concerned, balances the weight of the blade, keeps it at the correct angle and serves to support the oarsman, assisting him, moreover, to feather the oar (or yuloh).

An important feature is the elbow or "kink" in the inboard or loom section. In view of the fact that the oar is necessarily long in order to provide ample leverage, and must incline downwards into the water aft, the elbow serves to lower the high inner end to a convenient height above the deck or thwart at which it can be effectively handled. It also facilitates the twisting motion which is involved in feathering. The feathering movement, furthermore, is more easily produced if the inboard part of

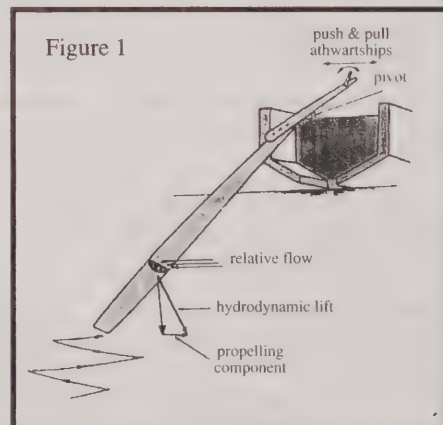
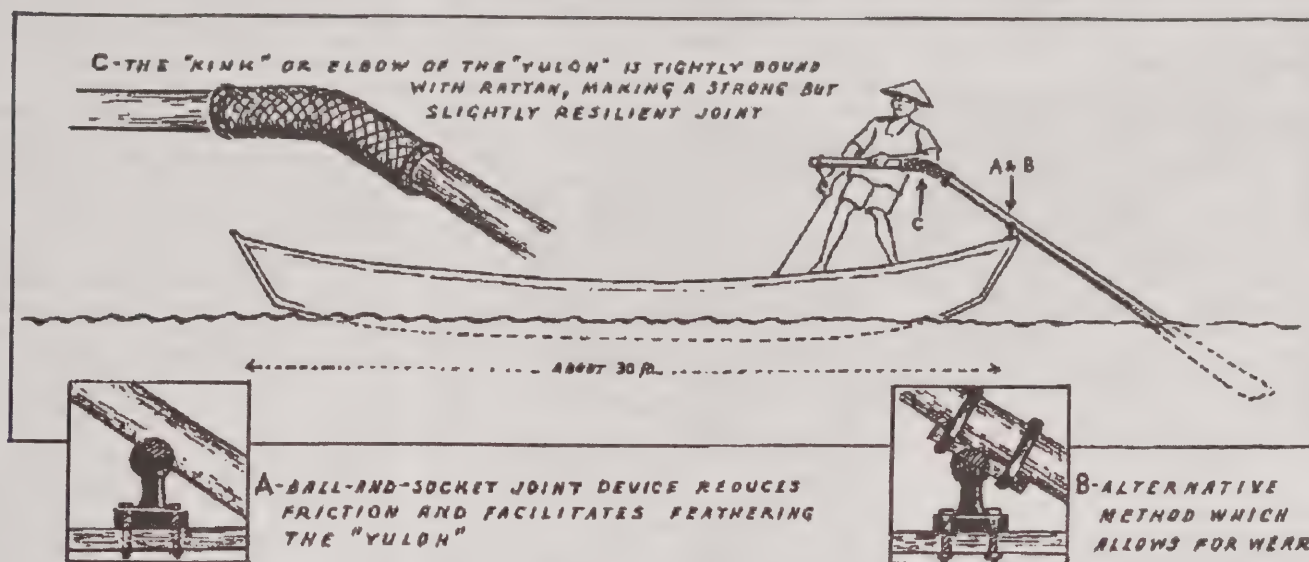


Figure 2

Diagram indicating method of operating the "Yuloh" etc.



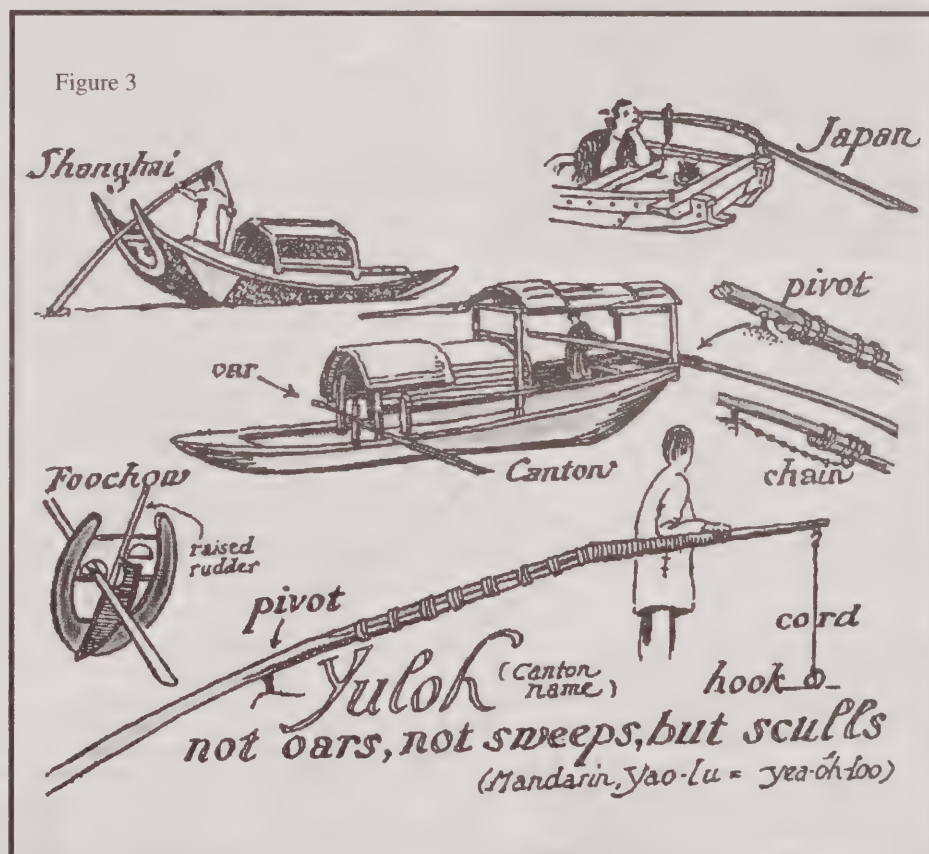
the oar is kept at a more or less horizontal position than it otherwise would be if the oar were steeply inclined, as would be the case in the absence of the elbow.

When operated by Chinese, yulohing appears to be a simple performance, but until the knack of handling it is learnt and mastered it is exceedingly difficult to keep the oar on the pivot. In foreign (i.e. non-Chinese) hands, it rarely remains long in position, and under native control it seldom or never slips off the pivot. The double action of the yuloh renders it an effective means of propulsion with less waste of energy than in ordinary rowing. Some years ago a Japanese naval officer challenged a British naval officer to race a naval boat against a Japanese sampan. The British boat had four oars and the sampan had four yulohs. The sampan won. It should be observed that the yuloh originated in China, not Japan.

Where large vessels are concerned it is not unusual to fit them on each side in addition to the standard one at the stern, and in such cases they are frequently operated by several hands.

The manner of construction of the yuloh varies slightly. In the Upper Yangtze regions and other remote districts, the inner or horizontal section is generally fastened on the outer or blade portion by means of iron bands or collars, or by seizing with rope; in coastal districts, on the other hand, it is more skilfully constructed and is strongly bound to the blade by seizings of rattan, which keep the parts together with the strength of steel wire.

Figure 3



Responses to "Notes on the Chinese Yuloh"

Straight Yuloh is Simplest & Most Efficient

Readers of *The Mariner's Mirror* owe a debt to Sir Frederick Maze for his "Notes on the Chinese Yuloh". The yuloh is a most ingenious labor-saving device for sculling over the

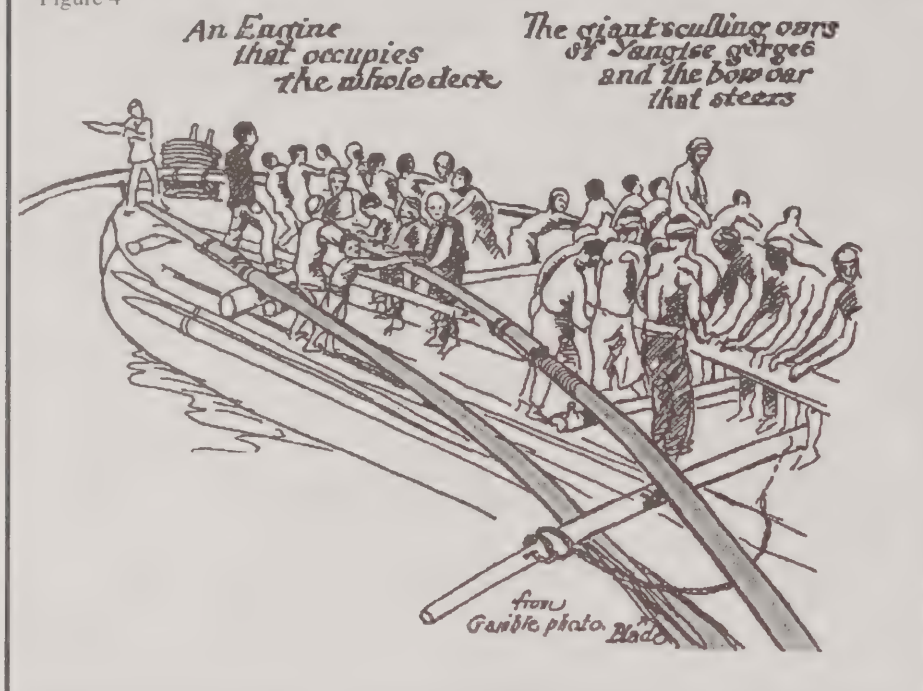
stern, but with the advent of outboard motors and impellers it may eventually disappear from practical use.

The design of the yuloh varies in different parts of the China coast, but in the writer's opinion the design used in Hong Kong is the simplest and most practical, and has been used in a yacht.

The principle is, of course, the same everywhere: The act of working the yuloh from side to side feathers the blade automatically, and the pressure is taken by a lanyard attached to the floor or keel of the boat, so that all that the operator has to do is to work the yuloh from side to side.

The Hong Kong yuloh has no "kinks" as

Figure 4



described by Sir Frederick Maze, and is usually made from broken or rejected ash oars of British origin, but the upper shaft or loom is of local hardwood. The loom and blade portions are joined together by two bolts or dowel-pins and bound with copper-wire whipping soldered over, though rattan lashing is also used sometimes. The pintle socket is just above this joint.

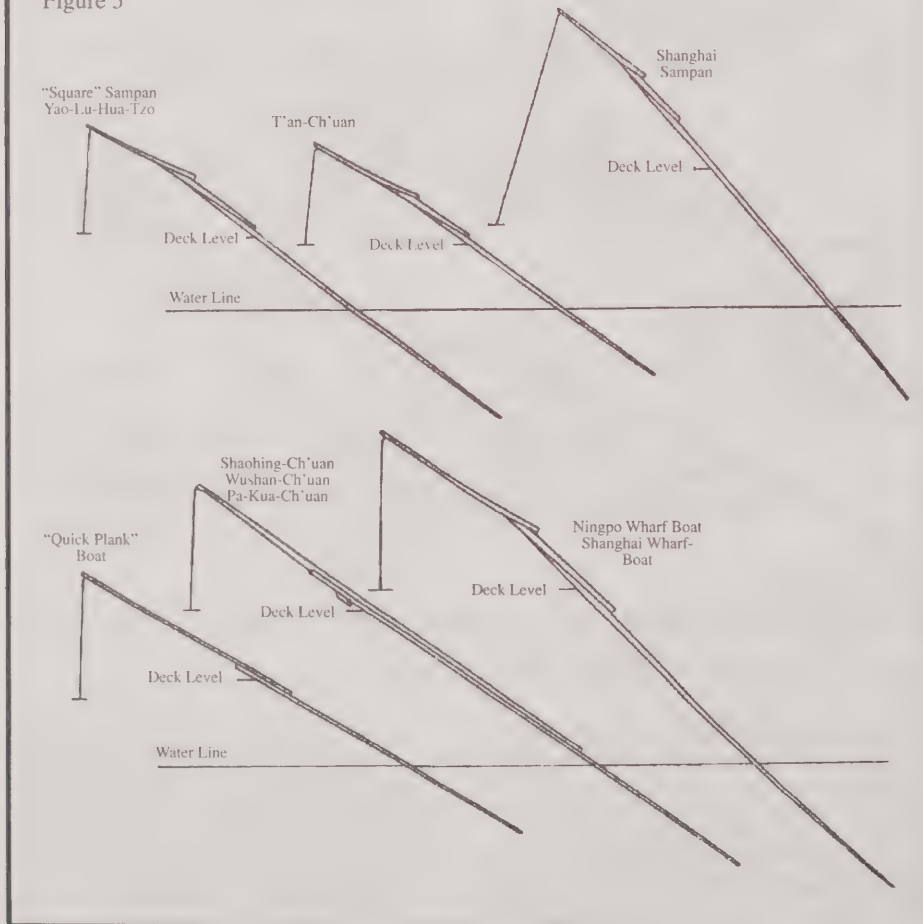
Lighters and junks in Hong Kong use two very large yulohs, one over each quarter of the poop, and manned by two or three men. In both junks and sampans, yulohs are also used as sweeps or oars in the forepart of the vessel. When so used, the yuloh is slung by a grommet from a peculiar form of thole-pin with notches to adjust the height of the grommet to suit the rower. The above remarks refer to Hong Kong many years ago, but the methods described have probably not changed.

In Japan, at any rate on the inland lakes, the yuloh is more elaborate and could not be used as a sweep, as in Hong Kong. The loom is shaped somewhat like a cobra's hood, the underside being flat, and the pintle-socket is in the middle of the underside. The shaft of the blade is set at a very definite downward angle and is secured to the loom by pegs and pins. The reasons for these elaborations are probably due to the fact that the pintle is sometimes made of hardwood, and the socket, hollowed out of the loom, must therefore be larger than when an iron pintle is used. The heavy loom would also probably upset the balance unless the blade were set at an angle to compensate it.

L. Dimmock

(Not all students of Chinese nautical research will agree with Colonel Dimmock's statement that the straight yuloh is the simplest and most efficient type. Moreover, to say that "all the operator has to do is to work the yuloh from side to side" implies that it is easy to handle it successfully. Actually the yuloh is by no means simple to operate. Editor).

Figure 5



The Straight, And Other, Chinese Yulohs

Some years ago a scale model of a Hong Kong fishing sampan was presented by the writer to the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, together with a brief description of its particular characteristics. This model was made by a sampan builder using the same techniques and materials as he used in building full-scale sampans. The straight yuloh characteristic of Hong Kong craft was built up like the full-size yuloh and the joint secured by rattan lashings.

At the same time the writer presented, amongst others, a scale model of a Hong Kong (Aberdeen) trawling junk, built under his direction by an Aberdeen junk builder. This model naturally included yulohs to scale. While field research upon Chinese junks is likely to be impractical for some years there is in this country (England), and in France and Holland, sufficient material in the form of models and publications to enable the various basic types of Chinese yuloh and indeed of other accessories and features to be classified, and their distribution and that of their variants to be plotted.

Reverting to the study of yulohs, various articles in this Journal in the years 1937-40 include descriptions and illustrations to scale of some varieties. In the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, scale models of Hong Kong, Pechili and Antung junks presented by the writer, and a scale model of a Foochow Trader made under the writer's supervision like the others and loaned by Captain Oliver Bellasis, R.N., have the appropriate yulohs made to scale. There is also a scale model (so far not exhibited) of an Antung junk presented by the writer to the Science Museum, South Kensington. All these models were made from junks in harbour at the time and their accuracy approved by their respective masters who also assisted in their construction.

In conclusion the writer would emphasize that G. R. G. Worcester's works on Yangtze Kiang junks are indispensable and infallible source books on their subject.

D.W. Waters

The Straight Chinese Yuloh

I agree with Miss B. Ward's statement that South China junkmen do not use a bent "yuloh", and would comment further on lashings. Copper wire would only be used for lashings if obtainable cheaply or from a submarine telegraph cable fished up by "accident"; rattan is the usual material.

Perhaps Miss Ward has noticed that the operator often uses the ball of the foot on the lanyard as a primary movement to give initial cant to the "yuloh".

In the Swatow area a short oar with a T-head, 4' to 5' long, is secured by a rope grummet to a long notched thole pin fitted into the wales on the starboard bow and/or quarter and operated as an oar with a final twist giving "yuloh" action. I have tried and failed to handle these single-oared sampans and found that it is indeed a knack to maintain a straight course. The advantage appears to be that these craft can be given stern way.

It is necessary to be a skilled operator to handle the "yuloh" with a choppy sea on the beam as the blade has a tendency to leave the water and the loom can strike one sharply on the face. The writer once had considerable difficulty in explaining away the black eye received under these conditions.

I. MacRobert

Propelling My 30' Yacht With a Yuloh

Versions of the yuloh are widespread throughout Asia. An excellent note on this method of propulsion was found in a yachting journal some years ago (Lund, 1955), and prompted me to make one for a 30' yacht which I had built without an engine. Two knots was easily attained and enabled progress to be made in calm conditions. When taking part some years later in the Three Peaks Race in another yacht, I fitted a yuloh rather than the usual oars which competitors are allowed to use in a calm.

In a yuloh the loom is cranked precisely 8 degrees where it crosses its crutch. It is prevented from sliding aft by a slack lashing. The blade is parallel to the sea's surface and just submerged. From the handle a line is tied in tension to the deck so that it pulls down on the loom and prevents further immersion of the blade. Moving the handle from side to side results in the blade's trying to arc downwards since the 8 degree crank gives it an "angle of attack" in hydrodynamic terminology. Resistance to this, due to the line's being in tension, is transmitted to the hull as a driving force.

The major advantage is that virtually no skill is needed, unlike in sculling over the stern in European fashion. Some years ago I happened to see one episode of a "soap" called "Shogun" based, I believe, on a fictional piece of Japanese medieval history. In it there was quite a large vessel of perhaps 30 meters which set out on its voyage with a row of yulohs down each side, all angled aft, all being pulled in time, all the yulohmen standing, and the blades remained under the surface.

References: R. Barker, *Japanese Craft* c.1585, *Mariners Mirror*, Vol.31 No.1, 82-3, C.A. Lund, "Yuloh - Useful Auxiliary", *Yachting World*, February 1955, 83.

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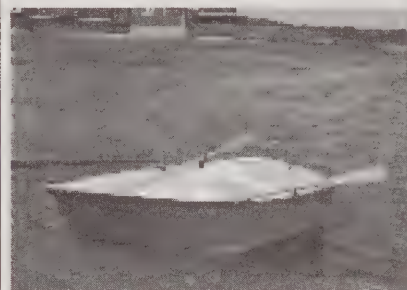
I'm sorry to say I mislaid the author's name on the last excerpt. I have not been able to find the 1955 issue of *Yachting World* either, but maybe some reader has a copy.

Figures 3 and 4 are scanned from a book whose author and title I don't have. Figure 5, from Worcester, shows in relative scale some of the many sizes and shapes of yuloh which were found in Chinese waters.

I think the lesson here is that just about any length and amount of curve will work if you are willing to play around a little with the pivot point and so on. One of Phil Bolger's books has an essay on a collapsible yuloh, which is excellent if you want to build a collapsible yuloh, but I prefer the "hunk of ash or juniper and drawknife" approach and I'm skeptical of anything that complicates this useful tool.

Finally, what appeared in past issues of *WoodenBoat* is: "Yuloh History", WB42; "Yuloh Comments, Illustrations, Sculling Technique, WB100; Letters from Orrin C. Keller, Sam F. Manning, WB101.

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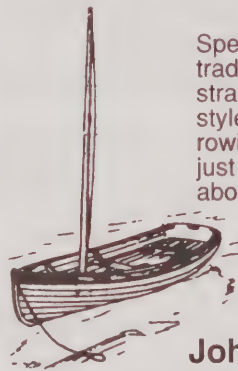
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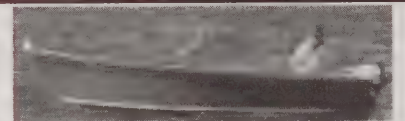
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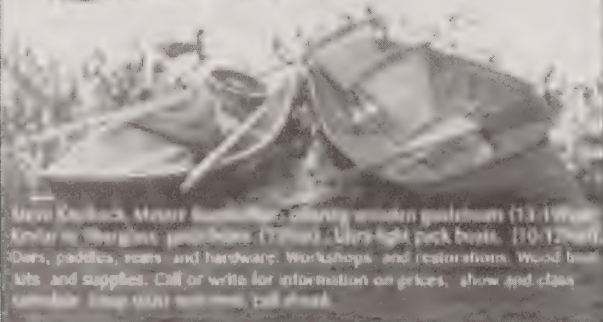
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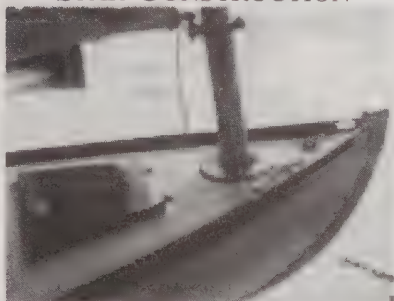
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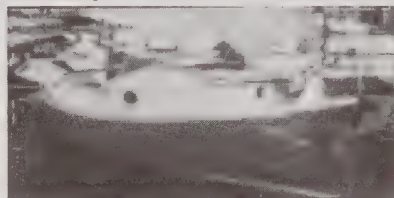
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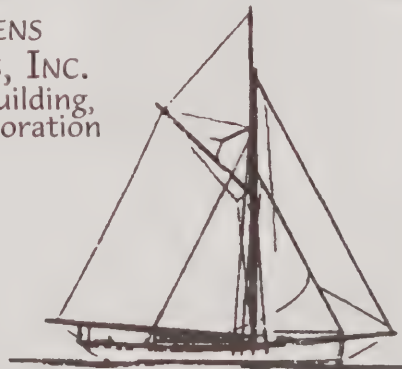
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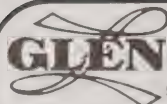


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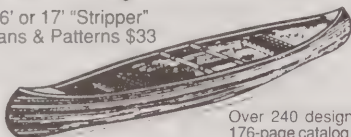


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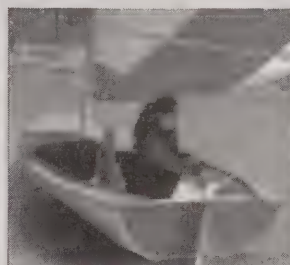
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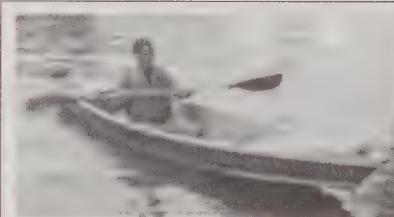
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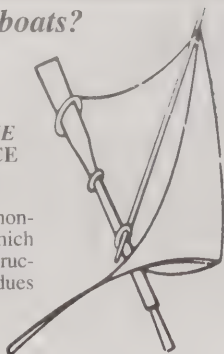
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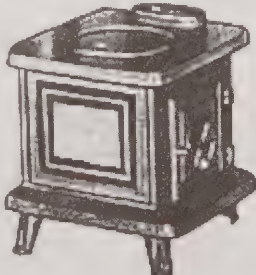
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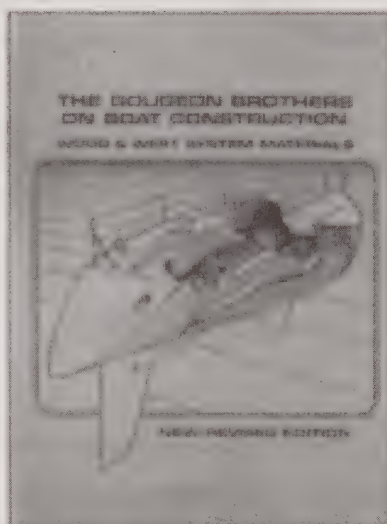
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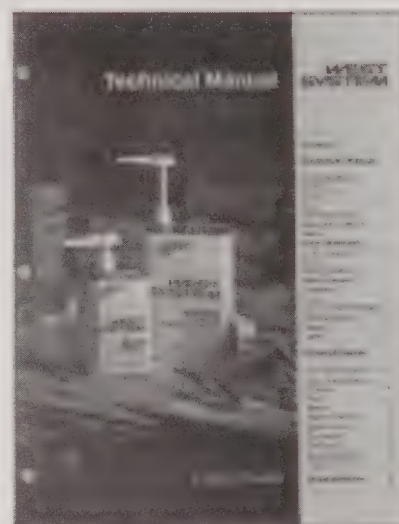
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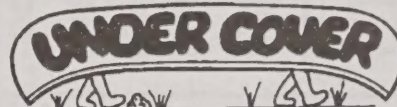


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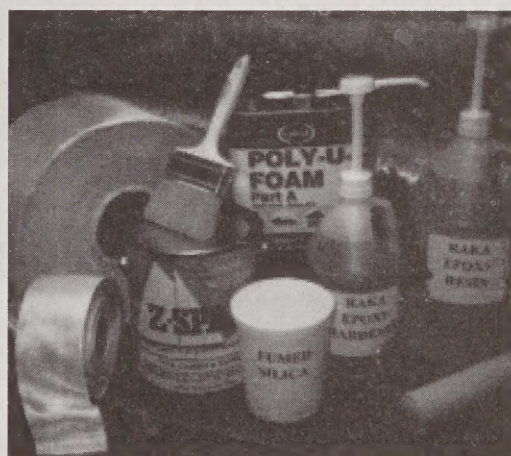
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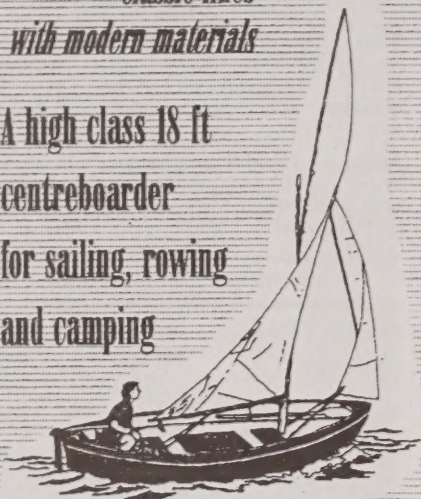
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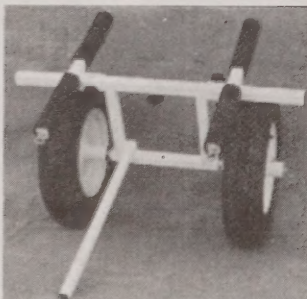
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