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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 18

February 1, 2001



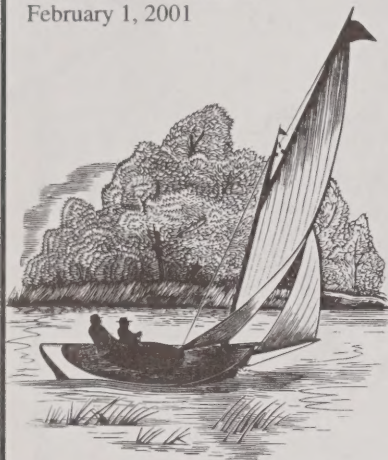
Special Features This Issue
"Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Regatta"
"March Madness" - "Phil Bolger on Beach Cruising"



messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Last summer reader Larry Romine sent me the editorial commentary page, "On Plane" (does that tell you something?) from *Trailer Boats* magazine, yet another aspect of messing about in boats that has its own specialty press. Larry thought I'd be interested in Editor Jim Hendricks' subject, which was "Your Profile", the results of a survey the magazine undertook "to gain a better understanding of who is reading the magazine." Editor Hendricks was pleased to announce that 62.5% of the four page questionnaires were returned. He ascribed this phenomenal response to "the enthusiasm and dedication of *Trailer Boat* subscribers."

But Larry's real interest was in the data which was presented. He suggested (tongue in cheek?) that it would be fun to conjure up a reader profile for *MAIB* to acquire comparative data. Well, I dunno about this after checking out the reader specs for *Trailer Boat*, I think we might likely come off as not a very good marketing medium for firms wishing to sell you boaty stuff. My guess is that your collective demographics (oh, lovely marketing concept) might come in somewhat short of those who read *Trailer Boat*.

Lessee here, the 25 point profile (I'll not cover ALL 25 points) of the *Trailer Boat* reader reveals that he (97.6% male readership) is in his 40s, a longtime boater of 20 years average, is married with children, a college grad and enjoys annual income of \$98,600. Yup.

He owns more than one boat (we can match that okay), the primary boat being a 20 footer, and likes outboard power, 191hp in fact. This he prefers to exercise on lakes and rivers, day cruising, waterskiing and fishing. The whole equipte weighs in around 4570lbs, which he hauls with a pickup, sport ute or full size van. His next boat will be a 22 footer which he expects to purchase for \$36,900.

Well, I guess I am most impressed with how many *Trailer Boat* subscribers chose to bother with the four page questionnaire at all. They must have time to spare and perhaps ego enough to want to let all those other folks know how great they're doing. Give 'em some good numbers.

Perhaps, once again, I am so far out of the mainstream today that my total disinterest in answering any of those questionnaires that come in the mail announcing that they really want to get to know me and what I have and what I think, might be considered even perverse. The mailed ones are easy to chuck unopened, but the telephone calls require revelation of a bit of my obtuse character, as I

have to tell the busybody on the other end that "No, I am not interested in participating in your survey." The really pro telemarketer intruding into my life unbidden then rushes right ahead with reassurances to override my reluctance, so that the fast developing situation can then be dealt with only by hanging up.

But, enough ranting, back to those numbers. It would appear that within them rests much of the reason for the experiences many of you comment on from time to time about your own interacting with the overwhelming and often inconsiderate presence of the power boat fleet out there on the water. There's a lotta folks spending a lotta money on boaty stuff, fast hulls, huge motors, all sorts of techy gear. Probably mostly it's on the "never-never" of the "\$395 down (and \$395 a month for the rest of your life in much smaller print)" sort, but it's getting the boats and gear out there in large numbers. And out there often encroaches further and further into those secluded spots we have fled to for relief in our smaller, less ostentatious craft.

When I returned to bicycling in 1993 after a 45 year hiatus, it was off road on a mountain bike, much like paddling my kayak in the backwaters where most powerboats do not go. Sport utes hardly ever go off road and those that do are laughable, lurching and crawling along over the terrain with four corners each hitting the terrain variations at different times and angles. They are mobile obstacles, not menaces. Then when I got back onto the road on my recumbent bicycle, I was the like the kayaker, rower or daysailer back out there in the open water traffic, the automotive traffic today is overwhelming and frightens many away from tentative attempts at enjoying bicycling.

The highway lobby would like to get all bicycles off the roads and onto segregated "bike paths", which are bland, short ways that go nowhere you want to go, useful for some exercise perhaps. Having to include planning for bikeways on new road construction is not well received by the highway industry, nor by the automotive industry. We should all be driving cars out there.

There's a lesson in this for all us small boat folks, watch out if the marine trades, and the law enforcement folks concerned with boating safety, get the idea that it would be better for our own safety, if our small craft were all sent off to an inadequate boat path somewhere so all the rest of the boating world could step on the gas.

Looking Ahead...

James Wilson discusses "Luck as a Heavy Weather Strategy" in "Cruise to Great Bay"; George Haecker chronicles an "Escape from Northern Winter"; and Betsey Buechner Morris shares with us her grandfather's 1894 "Logbook of the Yacht *Panchito*".

I belatedly bring you a photo essay on last fall's "Launching Dan's Tri".

William Struve sends on some old timey info on "Fun at the Beach with a Bicycle Boat"; Phil Thiel reminisces about "Fishing Boat Innovations 50 Years Ago"; Pygmy Boats introduces "Two New Kayaks & a Canoe"; Bill Dulin details Kilburn Adams' "SkiffAmerica"; Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" considers the "Secrets of the Builders of Canoes in Oceana"; and Phil Bolger & Friends present the "Electric Spartina".

Joel Herzel tells us all about "Building Hollow Shaft Spoon Oars".

On the Cover...

Phil Bolger's beach cruiser Wisp is the focus of a consideration of the concept of beach cruising featured in this issue.

On September 18, 2000, two fishermen were picked out of the ocean 15 miles off-shore of Frying Pan Shoals off Cape Fear, North Carolina after 36 hours with their capsized 19' outboard. They survived because the water temperature was 80 degrees and a Coast Guard helicopter spotted their last flare after an alert motel owner realized they had not returned as expected and started the search for them.

The two men were fishing 40 miles off-shore in 10' seas. They had been taking water aboard. About midnight they were trying to replace the boat's broken water pump when waves came over one side of the boat swamping it. Minutes later a giant wave flipped the boat upside down.

One man dove down under the capsized boat, retrieved mooring lines, and tied them around the boat to have something to hang onto. While they were struggling in the water, the owner of the motel they had checked into realized they had not returned by noon Monday from their Sunday fishing trip. She couldn't read their names from the sign-in sheet, but found a prescription bottle in the room with the name of one of the men and called his family, who called the Coast Guard. Boats from the Oak Island and Wrightsville Beach stations were searching and helicopters from Elizabeth City, North Carolina and Charleston, South Carolina were called in.

The men in the water had fired two flares mistaking a lighted buoy for a passing boat. A freighter passed way offshore. The fired their last flare as a Coast Guard helicopter passed overhead. The pilot, returning to shore for refueling, spotted them and picked them up.

Their boat capsized and dumped them in the ocean because of Coast Guard flotation standards that provide no protection in typical boating conditions and may increase hazards.



Small Boat SAFETY

Flotation Hazard

By David Carnell

All boats manufactured for sale have to meet, among other tests, a level flotation test. Level flotation is defined in the Federal Register as, "A flotation system which will keep a swamped boat and a specified quantity of its motor, equipment and passengers floating in an approximately level attitude. Sufficient stability is provided to prevent the swamped craft from capsizing in calm water when the passengers are evenly distributed in the passenger carrying area and as low as possible in the boat. Level flotation does not provide a self-righting capability."

Most production boats meet this requirement by filling the bottom with foam-in-place flotation. This not only meets the flotation requirement, but imparts a lot of structural rigidity to the hull at low cost and makes the boats self-bailing to the extent of draining off rain that falls in them while in a slip.

The regulation's statement that the flotation does not provide self-righting capability is an extreme understatement for a boat with a foam-filled bottom. Once it has turned upside

down that is its most stable situation and it is not going to be righted by anything less than a crane that can lift the whole boat.

Capsizings of boats with foam-filled bottoms are common here on the North Carolina coast. The warm water temperatures in the summer save the lives of many of the occupants. These capsizings must be responsible for many deaths in colder waters.

The Coast Guard publishes *Safety Standards for Backyard Builders* with guidance on installing flotation in homebuilt boats. Their basic recommendation is that "...flotation must be installed symmetrically and as close to the gunwales as possible." Not all of their examples adhere to this guidance, but the advice is generally good.

The pamphlet states, "Level flotation will not make your boat right itself if it overturns, but it reduces the probability that your boat will capsize. If it does capsize, one or two people should be able to right it. If you are unable to right the boat, you and your passengers can still get out of the water and sit on the bottom of the overturned boat." Hot dog! Sitting on the bottom of an overturned boat is such fun. It is what happens typically around here.

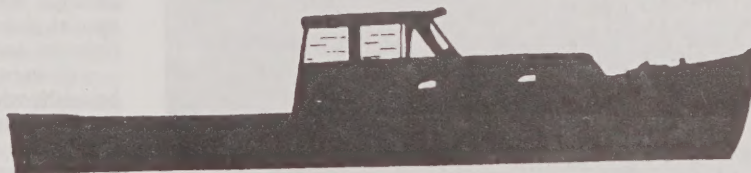
If you follow the best examples shown in the booklet with flotation high in the boat it will be much more difficult to capsize. If the boat is a small outboard or sailboat, you will have a reasonable chance of righting it. A boat under sail, except for catamarans, will likely be prevented from turning turtle and be able to be righted after the sail has been lowered. While the resistance of the sail helps keep the boat from turning turtle, the drag of the sail in the water is like a tremendous suction cup resisting your effort to right the boat. This observation is from my three capsizings of 16'-17' sloops, two accidental, one intentional.

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Peter Spectre had this to say about the show (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."

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Come to the Isles of Scilly

I recently received a copy of your February 15, 2000 issue which included a very good article by Larry Ruttman about Team Saquish taking part in our World Pilot Gig Championships in the Scilly Isles off the southwest coast of Great Britain. I am one member of the six strong committee which organizes this event. We would like to get more press coverage overseas, especially on your eastern seaboard where I have learned on a few visits that a lot of rowing races take place.

This year we are expecting about 75 or more gigs, mostly from Cornwall, but also both men and women crews from Devon, the Faero Islands, the Shetland Islands, London, six crews from Holland, possibly a crew from Ireland and from Australia where a gig is under construction. And the return of Team Saquish from your shores.

Amongst the five inhabited islands that make up the Isles of Scilly we have 10 gigs which race twice a week during the season, April to late September. On Wednesday the women race, on Friday the men. These races have large followings amongst the summer tourists.

There are also weekly races in Cornwall and in Amsterdam in Holland, and as you know, your Team Saquish races quite often. The sport is growing fairly rapidly.

Since we started eleven years ago I have been able to attract three crews from your eastern seaboard to our event; the Seavey Island Rowing Club from Kittery, Maine; the Hull Lifesaving Museum crew led by Ed McCabe from Massachusetts and Team Saquish, also from Massachusetts. Team Saquish will be making their 3rd trip over here, with a new crew led by Ed Jenness.

Pilot gig racing is the only open water rowing done in England, it is a growing sport

in the west of England. As it is catching on in other countries, maybe it will become an Olympic sport. We believe it is one of the few truly amateur sports left, it builds true team spirit and instills confidence in one's self and one's team, especially the coxswain.

Several thousands of rowers, supporters and tourists come to the Islands for this event and are all struck by the friendliness of all the crews, and especially by the spectacles of twelve gigs lined up ready for the starts of each 1-1/8 mile heat, and of 70 gigs all in one line, all different colors, for the 2 mile main events.

In the early 1800s pilot gigs were originally used to take the local pilots out to the ships coming back across the Atlantic Ocean. They are 32' long and no less than 4'6" in beam, crewed by six rowers and a coxswain. They can also be sailed using a dipping lug and mizzen sail.

When a ship was sighted flying a pilot flag there would be a rush to the gigs. Perhaps two or three would be launched to put a pilot aboard the sailing ship to guide her back to port. The ensuing race would have been hectic and exciting, sometimes it entailed a four or five mile row to the ship and was often carried out in appalling weather conditions. The first pilot aboard would get sixpence for the gig crew plus his fee for piloting the ship to its destination.

The pilot gigs were also used as lifeboats. Several of the gigs used in races each week have attended shipwrecks, saving the lives of people and on one occasion, cattle from a stricken ship by swimming them alongside the gig.

Nowadays the gigs have seen a huge revival in interest, there are around 60 gigs competing in races in Cornwall, Devon and the Isles of Scilly. The Isles of Scilly has the oldest competing gig of all, the *Bonnet* built in 1830 and still racing every week. New gigs are being built at the rate of 5 or 6 a year, indicating a very healthy increase in the sport in

the southwest of England, the United States and as far away as Australia.

John Thompson, 2 Bay View Terr., St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly, Cornwall TR21 0NE, United Kingdom

2001 Maine Canoe Symposium

Canoe enthusiasts will again gather together for a weekend of camaraderie and learning at the 2001 Maine Canoe Symposium, June 8-10 at Winona Camps in Bridgton, Maine. Participants can attend workshops, demonstrations, films, slide shows and presentations led by professionals and experts of the canoeing world, or just enjoy the relaxed pace and setting of the historic camp in the company of fellow paddlers.

"The Maine Canoe Symposium is the highlight of my year," is typical of comments heard during the weekend. The event has drawn people year after year to Winona Camps, a rustic 1908 boys' camp on the shore of Moose Pond. Newcomers are welcomed into the friendly atmosphere that brings veteran MCS campers back each June. Winona is a classic woodland summer camp, and sessions are held among towering pines, soft needle-covered pathways, and primitive log cabins and lodges. Campers can choose a variety of accommodations ranging from cabins to bring-your-own tents. Hearty meals are served cafeteria style in the camp dining hall, where campers and pro staff mingle and share their canoeing experiences.

Satisfaction among participants is high. One camper says, "I learn so much at the MCS. People go out of their way to share what they know." Others appreciate that, "the symposium is an opportunity to hang out with the people we normally read about in canoeing journals." The location is the main draw for another, who says, "the setting on Moose Pond is wonderful, with the loons calling at night. I would go to the Maine Canoe Symposium just for the opportunity to spend the weekend at Winona Camps."

Throughout the weekend attendees can learn and practice a wide variety of paddling styles in on-water classes; the range includes freestyle, Northwoods, classic solo, sit and switch, touring, and whitewater techniques. Canoe poling and canoe sailing are taught by veteran American Canoe Association instructors. Workshops in paddle making, canoe building and repair, camp cooking, and wilderness trip planning are usually offered. Families are welcome at the symposium and special children's activities are provided on Saturday and Sunday.

Evening film/slide show presentations bring the whole symposium together to enjoy exciting canoeing adventures or expeditions from all over the world. The Friday night welcome gathering introduces first-timers to the international staff of teachers and presenters in a spirit of humor and fun, and a highlight for all ages is the traditional Saturday night campfire of songs and stories. The consensus on a recent Maine Canoe Symposium was expressed in a nutshell by one enthusiastic fan, "This event is simply good, clean fun!"

For more information or to register, contact Winona Camps at RR1, Box 868, Bridgton, ME 04009, (207) 647-3721, <info@winonacamps.com>. Visit the Maine Canoe Symposium web site at www.mcs.gen.me.us for current information.



Adventures & Experiences...

A Little Hope

When I went to the post office on December 23 I found a little package from someone whose name I did not recognize, extremely well wrapped. I like to have cut my thumb off standing out in front of the post office trying to get through the heavy duty tape without my glasses. Inside was a brand-new, antique Versamatic just like the one my father and I put that Sailfish together with in 1952. The tears were streaming down my cheeks so that I couldn't see which car my wife was in. Thank goodness she was driving or I might have never made it home. It kind of makes up for all the thoughtless, aggressive drivers, litterbugs and rude boat jockeys who seem to rule our lives, so there's a little hope for the coming new year. Joy to y'all too.

Robb White, Thomasville, Ga.



Information Please...

It's a Little River Sculling Dory

The boat that reader Helmut Zysk was looking for in his inquiry in the December 15 issue looks like a Little River Marine Heritage Sculling Dory fitted for fixed-seat rowing. I think most now are fitted with sliding seats, but are probably still available with conventional locks.

The manufacturer is Little River Marine, PO Box 986, Gainesville FL 32601, (800) 247-4591, www.littlerivermarine.com, info@littlerivermarine.com

I sent Helmut a short description from their website. More information is available from there or their catalog.

I have one of the recreational shells they make and can testify to the high quality construction of their boats. Nice folks, too.

Paul W. Lefebvre, Gainesville FL

How to Sail a Catboat?

I have been a sailor since childhood whilst growing up on Narragansett Bay and sailing Beetle Cats. I have never owned a catboat but they are a source of interest to me. I hope that someone will write an article on how to sail a catboat. Is the centerboard always down? How is it raised from the tiller position? How is the sail adjusted for various tacks?

I have owned and sailed small and large boats and have done extensive ocean sailing, but I know nothing about the handling of a catboat. I have been aboard some large ones and found midgits can comfortably use the cabin. I have never forgotten the many abandoned and decomposing hulls that I would find on the shores near old boat yards.

I do not expect you to write such an article, but for me there is a curiosity and inquiry that has existed for a many years

Ralph E. Hartman, Suite 107, 12208 Shiremont Dr., Dallas, TX 75230-2212

Opinions...

What Should a Volunteer Crew Member Expect?

In the December 15 issue, Mississippi Bob asked, "What should a volunteer crew member expect?" I'm only a forecandle lawyer but, as I've heard it, if any consideration is accepted as a condition for a boat ride, the Coast Guard says the boat is carrying passengers for hire. That means an operator's license, specific equipment, and so on, are required. It doesn't matter whether the consideration is a C-note or a six pack of beer. If you pay, you are legally a passenger, and must be treated as such.

International convention says that real crew members are entitled to a whole bunch of rights. These include proper food and treatment, medical care, and a ticket home from a shipwreck. The responsibility for these rests with the ship, not the owner. If they are not provided, you can have the local sheriff nail an order to the mast, and sell the ship at auction.

A "volunteer crew member" is legally, I think, just a guest of the boat owner lending a hand. It's nice to give the owner something in return for the hospitality, but you can not be under an obligation to do so.

Any friendly agreement you and a boat owner might make about expenses is unenforceable under law unless he has a USCG license. To agree to violate the law regarding passengers and crew is a conspiracy. As a law-abiding cheap skate, I would say, "I'll meet you there, and I'll do my best to hand, reef or steer in any weather. You pay the bills, it's your boat."

Wallace S. Venable, Morgantown, WV

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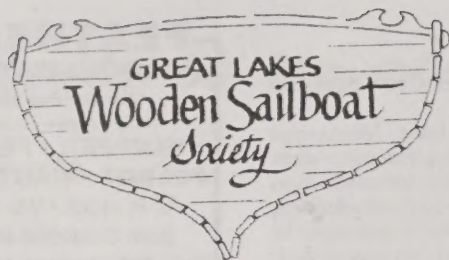
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Regatta & Rendezvous 2000

By Greg Grundtisch



Fly by beauty, *Cheetah* was the Peoples' Choice.

Ever since our misadventures in Sandusky, Ohio (December 15 1999 issue), we had been planning our return trip to the 19th Annual Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society Regatta and rendezvous.

This gathering begins Friday morning with the arrival of these magnificent boats

from all over the region. The race committee sets up the course, and brief skippers meeting is held. The boats depart the dock and the race begins promptly at 1pm. It is completed around

The pirate vessel at its dock, not intimidating to look at but...

Social dock action. Richard Ellers (seated at left at table) is the author of the story on the Christmas sailing from Hawaii to California on the schooner *Californian*.



3pm. When all those racing return to the docks, and are tied up and secured, the real fun begins.

The wine social gets things started, and the fun and festivities begin dockside. There is music, food, and beverage and the occasional dancing pirate. Some of the pirate fun was trying to determine what an accurate measure of a ration of rum really is. This was never really decided upon. Water balloons, sent aloft with giant sling shots, began to take flight from the pirate dock. They bombarded the more subdued members at the social dock. It was all in good-natured fun among the spirited pirate members.

A few balloons hit the bright topside finish of a couple of vessels, and it was then agreed upon, (reluctantly), that the pirates were the victors of this well fought battle. This required a victory celebration, and it was ordered that another ration of rum be issued at once!

It must be noted that for reasons still unknown, the pirates were the only ones who had water balloons. Shortly thereafter, pizzas arrived! It's the traditional food of pirates you know. And the two adversaries came together to feast, raise a mug or two, and toast the G.L.W.S.S. and its loyal members.

On Saturday, the docks are open to the public for viewing. Visitors can meet the members, ask questions, look in the boats, and generally get to know the Society better. This event brings visitors from all over the Great Lakes area. The friendly festive atmosphere, and access to these beautiful wooden boats is very well received and attended by the public. They seemed to be genuinely interested, and quite impressed with these well-preserved, finely maintained vessels. The care, craftsmanship, and hard work is evident everywhere you look. The society and its membership are an amazing resource of boatbuilding, restoration, history, and tradition. They have a wealth of talent, skill, and experience, and are very willing to share that with others.

As the day progressed, and to show off a little, some of the boats would go out sailing, to provide fly-bys past the marina breakwater. One by one they would pass by for everyone to take photos and view them under full sail. This is an absolutely beautiful scene with people waving, cameras clicking, and shouts of approval from the appreciative crowd.

Suddenly, a little catboat appeared. It was the lovely and talented Naomi at the tiller. There was thunderous applause, and loud cheers from the crowd. But what were they cheering for? Was it that cute little catboat, or Naomi in her new T-shirt getting soaked from that Jet Ski going by? The debate continues.

The day moves along with a festive atmosphere. Plenty of grub, grog, and music for the remainder of the day. At around 6pm there is a big feast for the members at the marina restaurant. After dinner the race winners are announced and the awards and trophies are handed out. Every member in attendance is given a brass plaque for their boat, noting their participation in the Rendezvous and Regatta.

With awards in hand, everyone returns to the dock to congratulate the winners and celebrate. The pirates issued another ration(s) of rum in honor of a successful Regatta. Later that evening, the occasional pirate had been seen dancing right off the dock. The members really enjoy this time-honored tradition of pirates. Celebrating and socializing continue until the pirates get sleepy, or tired of danc-

ing. Even pirates need to rest.

Sunday is also open for public viewing and some sailing. This day is a bit more subdued, as the pirates and others, make preparations for their voyage home. This is a weekend of down to earth fun with a group of hospitable people who share a love of wooden boats, their history, and preservation. It's a celebration of gloriously restored wooden sailboats of all kinds. Every year there are new and different designs depending on which members can make the voyage.

I also have to report that the pirates are not the scurvy lot of scoundrels, as my description may have implied. Actually, the pirates were lots of fun, and very welcoming and hospitable to us. I may have exaggerated the dancing part slightly. Fun loving, absolutely. But they are also skilled and talented builders, restorers, and sailors as well. Naomi and I very much enjoyed the time we spent with them. We are looking forward to seeing them again next year, as well as the other members.

Once again, *Red Witch*, a 77' gaff schooner, with her striking red hull, was the largest in the fleet. The smallest our own *Bitty Kat*, a 10-1/2' catboat. There was a variety of designs, and sailing rigs represented on this sunny, breezy, and perfect for sailing weekend.

The race winner for under 30' boats was George Voulemenous in *Son Rise*, and for over 30' boats Ole Kistler in *Stormy Petrel*. The oldest yacht award went to Doug Griffin's *Mystica*. I did not learn her exact age (aprox. 1925). The most improved, and Bristol fashion award went to race winner George Voulemenous in *Son Rise* and the open deck class award going to Lynn Miller in *Retreat*.

A special class race award was presented to Bill Bonds, in *Tarheel*. This was probably the most interesting boat in attendance. Bill built *Tarheel* himself, as a replica of a Herreshoff fish class sloop. The interesting thing about this boat is that it used to be a barn. Bill recycled all the wood from an old barn to construct this classic gaff rigged vessel.

Stormy Petrel, skippered by Ole Kistler, was the winner of the coveted Paul Wechter Memorial Trophy. This is the big one they're all competing for as the overall race winner, with each year's winner's name emblazoned on the trophy that resides at the Huron Yacht Club in Huron, Ohio.

There are some changes planned for this year. 2000 was the last year for the Rendezvous and Regatta in Sandusky, this year it will be held on August 17th and 18th, in Leamington, Ontario, on the north shore of Lake Erie, about 25 miles southeast of Detroit, essentially across the lake from Sandusky.

The Society keeps on growing, and the need for more dock space for the increasing number of vessels is the reason for the move to the new location. With this growth comes change, and next year promises to be the highest and best yet. Everyone is welcome to attend. Bringing along your boat is encouraged but not required. The Society invites everyone with an interest in wooden sailboats who enjoys a weekend of fun to join them. It costs nothing to become a member, so what are you waiting for?

To contact the Society, write or call; Jim or Sean Bryan, 1926 Church Pl. Trenton, MI. 48183, (734) 675-4786; or Ruthie Goetz, 31538 Center Ridge Rd. Westlake, OH 44145. Ruthie is the heart and soul of this fine group. She is the record keeper, photographer, news-



Our own *Bitty Kat* arriving, late again.



Below: Recycled barn, Bill Bonds' *Tarheel*, headed for home with a little bit of help from Naomi.

Red Witch, a striking 77' gaff schooner, was the largest vessel in attendance.



Ole Kistler's *Stormy Petrel*, winner of the event's premier award, the Paul Wechter Memorial Trophy.



Tina is a 31' Concordia sloop owned by Ruthie Goetz, the moving force behind the Society.

letter writer, historian, and organizer of the various functions through the year, just to name a few of the things she does for the Society.

There is also a website for the Society now at <http://surf.to/glwss>. It's just getting started, but features some nice photos of some members' boats already. Everyone will even-

tually have his or her boats displayed, as well as a brief construction description, designer, builder, age, etc. Constructive comments and questions are encouraged.

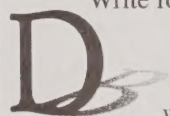
So, come on over to Leamington, Ontario in 2001. I'll introduce you to some pirates, and we'll have us a mug up together. Happy sails.



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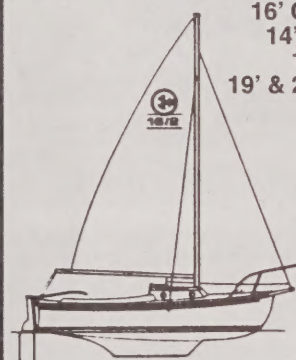
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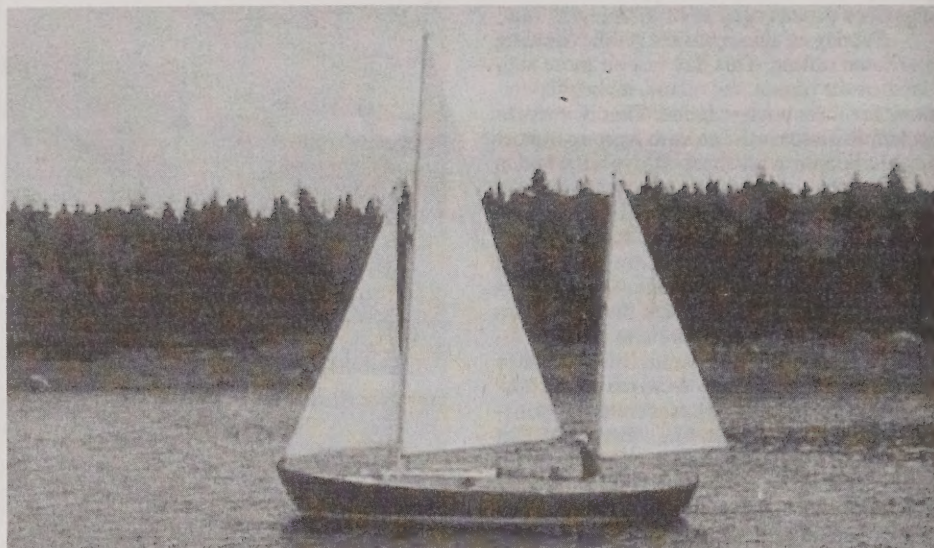


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The Launch of *Osprey*

By Merv Taylor

Somehow it seemed appropriate that while the the Tall Ships were in Portland, Maine this past summer for Operation Sail, we quietly slid the Rozinante into the water over at Pendleton Yacht Yard on the Thursday on the 8am high tide. Quietly, may not be the right word for as Eric slowly backed the launch trailer into the water, Mark, out in a skiff to catch her, began to hand signal to hold up.

In language only wooden boat yard guys understand, Eric dashed back to the carpenter shop for a large box of sawdust and a long pole with a can tacked to the end. Then as the boat again slowly slid into the water, Mark in the skiff put cans of sawdust into the water below the waterline. Yes, wooden boats need to swell up when put overboard, and sawdust in the water just helps plug up the planks as she swells. I'm not sure what they charge for yacht sawdust, but it works! With an electric pump in the bilge the water went back into the bay where it belonged. By the time I had to dash for the terry, the boat was out on a mooring and the pump cycle was down to 20 minutes. They told me that was a good sign.

Friday, back on the ferry and out to the boat, I spent the day trying to understand the rigging, bending on the sails, and watching the pump. I must admit my peanut butter sandwich first lunch on the boat was delightful.

Saturday another ferry ride and out to the boat to try the new 2hp 4-stroke Honda on the Lunenburg motor mount on the side. Surprise! 2hp pushed her along easily. In fact when I went back on the mooring after giving her a scrub down at the boat dock, I slid right up to the mooring penant, walked forward and didn't even have to use the boathook. Smooth. Then I looked around and nobody, nobody, in the whole Dark Harbor Yacht Club was watching.

Sunday I rode over with Eric from Lincolnville in the PYY boat, brought *Osprey* into the dock and Mom came over on the ferry with lunch. We motored out through the yacht club into a gentle northerly breeze, raised the mizzen, jib and main, turned off the motor, and we were sailing! We celebrated with slices of fresh orange and toasted the water gods, the boat and each other with glasses of champagne. Two old salts under sail.

The boat sails easily, so we tacked up to the lighthouse, then out over the bay to Ducktrap, lunched, then down around 700 Acre Island and tacked back up to the anchorage just as Eric came out to pick us up. A wonderful day, two dolphins greeted us as we were sailing past Warren Island and the Ospreys in the nest on Ensign Island checked us out from their nest in a tall spruce. Good omens.

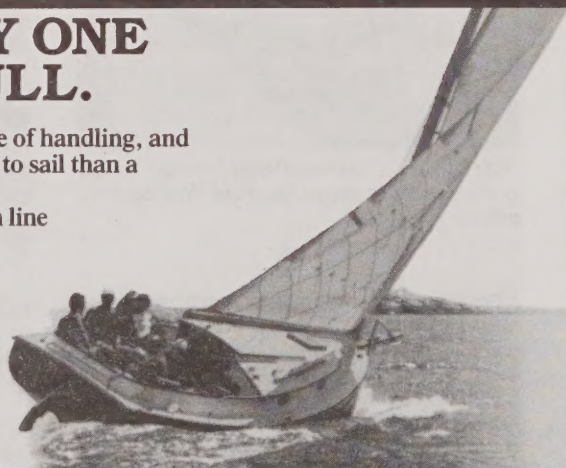
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I thought a report on the Bahamas Family Island Regatta might be appropriate for *Messing About*, since it's a race of traditional, locally made vessels. Another tribute to those fast Caribbean smacks that inspired Robb White. And I took some good photographs, so see what you think...

The Bahamas is a country of low limestone islands, running from the Florida coast nearly to Haiti. The islands sit upon the edges of extensive marl banks, generally less than 20' deep. The banks are bisected by tongues of exceptionally deep water, which provides the nutrients for the beautiful coral reefs.

The country was settled by British adventurers, and later American Loyalists, both of whom had plans of establishing a plantation culture. The dry climate, rocky soil, and frequent hurricanes quashed these hopes, and the gentry were gradually reduced to working alongside their former slaves. The hardy survivors learned that a modest crop could be grown by "pot hole" gardening, but that their richest resource was the sea. Conch were abundant on the banks, while pelagic species like dorado were seasonally available in the deep water. The reefs were the best food source of all, teaming with fish and lobsters. So the Bahamians got by comfortably on whatever they could grow and catch, with the occasional windfall provided by piracy, wracking or smuggling.

They built boats from the local pines, developing skiffs to fish from, and larger "smacks" to carry passengers and goods between the islands. These were lovely, beamy craft, with low freeboard, wide decks, and long, shallow keels. The tall cat and sloop rigs were well adapted for fast travel with a small crew. They could work the shallow banks, carry huge loads, and be dragged up the beach for repairs. And they were fast enough to get their live catch to market.

The traditional subsistence lifestyle of the islands carried on for a surprisingly long time, and it wasn't until after World War II that tourism brought real money into the country. The cruise ships made Nassau a regular stop, and created a market for straw goods and the famous seafood delicacies like lobster and conch. Increasingly the life of the islands became oriented towards this market, and the youngsters chose to settle in the city, where the jobs and excitement were to be found.

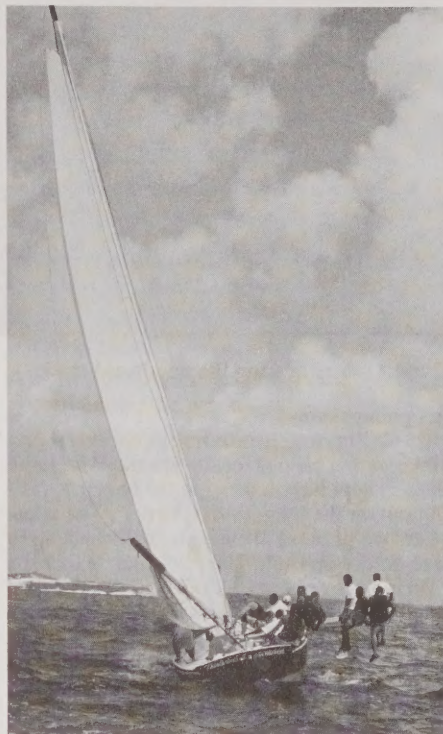
By the 1950s it was clear that the traditional sailing culture of the Bahamas was being lost. The small fishing boats were being fitted with outboard motors. The sterns were widened, and planing hulls fashioned as the motors became more powerful. Fiberglass became the material of choice, since it produced a cheap boat that was almost maintenance free. The Bahamian builders found they couldn't compete with the factory built craft from the States, and most of the boatyards sat empty.

The larger "smacks" were being fitted with diesel engines, and having their spars shortened or removed altogether. These converted sloops were eventually replaced by small steel ships, expressly designed for shoal draft inter-island service. These "mail boats" still call on every Out Island community weekly, and deliver the majority of goods, fuel, and passengers.

Something needed to be done if this water oriented culture was to preserve its sailing and boat building heritage. The idea that some

Bahamas Family Island Regatta

By Steve Axon



An A class boat going to windward in a 10 knot breeze, kept upright with all those bodies out on the prys.

clever chaps came up with was to institute a week long series of sailing races, using the traditional boats. The sponsors offered enough prize money to tempt working fishermen into

A class boats rounding the mark.



the racing, as a money making proposition. Three classes of boats were established, A, B, and C, roughly 32', 24' and 18' long. The hull forms were those of the sailing smack, with minor changes like lowered freeboard and finer bows. The rigs too were traditional, with pine masts and cotton sails, but grew to giant proportions.

The setting for Regatta is beautiful Elizabeth harbor, where Georgetown (population 800) sits on an eight mile long bay, protected by a string of high barrier islands. The harbor features more than a dozen anchorages, and has small islands, mangrove lagoons and beaches scattered throughout. The mile wide channel is 4' to 10' deep, with a smooth sand bottom, courtesy of the U.S. Navy. They cleared the area of coral heads during WWII, and used it as a base for their seaplane operations. The edges of the harbor are lined with over 500 cruising boats, from the USA, Canada, Great Britain and western Europe. Some are just in town for the festivities, but many make Georgetown their winter home, and have a strong community established. The bay is alive day and night with dinghies, day sailers, fishermen, yachts and small ships.

Regatta starts with a day of juniors racing, followed by four days of open competition. The racing is great fun, partly because of the Bahamian start, the big rigs and the frequent gear failures, but also due to the inebriation of the crews. These are working men, on their big annual holiday, and they aim to have as "good" a time as possible every minute of the day. It is a point of honor for these sailors to report to the boat in a jolly state, with a rum bottle in hand.

The most critical job aboard is that of the captain, who stands up on the foredeck. He cares not for sail trim, heel or boat speed, but has the ponderous responsibility of rationing the liquor. Too little, and the crew becomes lackluster and dozes off. Too much, and you wind up on the bottom, a hazard to navigation (the idea of positive flotation has not caught



Running Tide making time in a 12 knot breeze.

on, and a capsize means a sinking).

The captain must also peer around the forestay and direct the helmsman, who can see nothing to lee past the sagging main. At the marks he must display a rare set of lungs and bellow his way through the traffic. Rather than the yachtsman's effete cries of "starboard" or "overtaken", these gents roll off strings of threats designed to peel the paint off their rivals. Respect for a well delivered or particularly creative oath usually yields the right of way.

The Bahamian start involves anchoring the fleet, with sails down along a line perpendicular to the wind. At the gun, the big crews simultaneously haul in the long rodes, and make sail. Properly done, when the hook clears, you have the sails up, and enough way on to settle onto a tack. More often, there are fouled anchors, lost halyards, and boats colliding on opposing tacks, so that half the fleet is left in irons at the line. A wild scene ensues, with everyone backing sails, retrieving lines, and mainly bellowing orders, in an effort to

A B class boat.



C class racers nearing the windward mark.

get going again.

Collisions, groundings, capsizes and sinkings are all par for the course. The large crew is kept busy balancing the huge rig, hiking out on the long 2"x10" "prys". The boats have two of these planks, and will stack up to five bodies on each. The rules dictate that if a man is lost overboard, all sails must be dropped until he is recovered, a disastrous loss of time. So when a man goes overboard, usually falling off the narrow pry, everyone automatically grabs for him, knowing their neighbors will grab them. The result is a trail of bodies, dragging through the water, clinging to each other like bees in a swarm. They are usually able to claw their way back aboard the moving boat through amazing feats of strength.

Much of the racing is done in light air, and the rigs are huge. In winds over 12 knots, smaller mains may be used, but they are not changed during the race, so choosing the right sail is critical. Whatever canvas is put up, the boats are still so top heavy that they must partially drop the main in order to jibe. Other-

wise the boom, which is 50% longer than the boat, can come flying across, catch a wave, and break. These long spars permit some interesting race tactics as well. Any boat attempting to pass on a reach or run is apt to get trapped in the big "V" defined by the hull and boom of the slower vessel. And in lighter conditions, we sometimes saw flying jibes performed deliberately, in close quarters, with the boom sweeping across like a scythe, clearing the deck of some unlucky rival.

In spite of the roughness of their construction, and the informality of their handling, these boats are wonderfully fast. They approach hull speed in anything over 10 knots of wind. The boats are also heavy, and slow to turn on their long keels. The amount of banging at the marks would quickly disable one of our high tech racing machines. The racing is exciting to watch, and a fleet of dinghies follows the sailors around the course, trying to catch the action at the start and windward mark, and not get run over in the process.

The after-race scene each evening is the

This smack's name, *Nuff Respect*, suggests the attitude adopted for these races.



Caribbean at its best. Any squalor about town is lost in the dim light, and you are keenly aware of the warm tropical evening, full of music. A half dozen mail boats are moored to the town pier for the week, and provide housing for many of the visitors. A sprawl of plywood shacks is thrown together in the park next to the docks, and these joints do a lively business in barbecue, fish, conch salad and the ubiquitous "peas and rice". Each one has a blaring boom box, loudly proclaiming its owners fine taste in music. Rum is inexpensive, and the unusual Bahamian tariffs establish an even playing field for the breweries, imported Becks is the same price as the local Kalik, or the weaker canned American brands.

Every soul within 100 miles gathers for an evening of fun, with the oldsters telling of past glories, and the youngsters dancing in the streets until the small hours each night. For many of the rural kids, this is their annual chance to meet and court someone from off island (i.e. not a cousin), and the flirtation is intense. This is not a festival staged for the tourists, and only about a quarter of the crowd is foreign, mainly couples from the cruising boats. These worldly travelers like to label themselves as "professional party people", but they are in no way able to keep up with the locals at Georgetown.

The Regatta ends on Saturday night, with an awards ceremony that goes on for hours, and is all but ignored by the exhausted racers. Five days of constant drinking, sailing and dancing have taken their toll, and the celebrants are busy saying their farewells. Most will be up before dawn to load their boats, and head the 8 to 20 hours home by water, so that they are ready for work on Monday. Highlights of the Regatta will be discussed over the next year, as they rebuild their boats, with ever finer bows and taller masts. As the year wears on, their exhaustion will gradually be replaced by enthusiasm, and by the time April rolls around, they will be ready to head for Georgetown once again.

An A and a C hull on the beach at Staniel Cay Boatyard. This was the most famous yard in the country, having built many winning boats.



A regatta party underway with race boats and skiffs rafted up to a workboat. These folks will live aboard during the week.



A mail boat provides a grandstand for spectators at Regatta Point.

A new spar has just been glued up at Long Island Boatyard on Deadman's Cay.



On the next to the last night of our stay at Sandy Point, a celebration started on the beach with fireworks. Wes and I decided to go see what was up and found out that it was July 14, Bahama Independence Day. Folks were sitting on white plastic buckets drinking cold beer and playing cards and dominos. The fireworks were being set off by a herd of little children. The Bahamas haven't been independent for too long, and those people are still glad enough to be free that they take their celebration seriously.

Wes and I were the only ones nursing those Disney World priced beers. Every now and then, one of the domino players would holler to the kids and give them a little passing jack money to buy more bottle rockets. After a while, the kids got kind of bored with such plain excitement now that the Roman candles and real firecrackers were all gone and started lighting the bottle rockets and sticking them down the hole head-first. The bottle soon got smutty and the result was just a feeble flicker and a little smoke for a while as the propellant burned and then a little poot out the mouth, which sent the kids into an ecstasy of hooting and prancing around on the sand.

Finally a very drunk domino player got up off his bucket and purchased a whole hand full of bottle rockets and staggered down through the soft sand and, as he passed them out to the kids, demanded, "Now, don't crowd around the bottle so. Stand away so everyone can see the beauty of it." It was a beautiful night and a wonderful celebration.

Soon the weather calmed down enough so we felt like we could get into one of the seaside passes into the bays of the exposed east side of Great Abaco, so we set off. The weather was still unsettled, and I wished that we could just mosey back to Joe Downer or maybe even Basin Harbor. Tourist traps hold no fascination for me, but Wes was convinced that real boatbuilders were really building boats on those barrier islands. From the excellent Abaco built skiffs of Sandy point we saw, there was no doubt, so we eased on out around Hole in the Wall point where all the passing jack catchers were hard at work.

Sure enough, it started breezing up out of the southeast. I thought about going back to Sandy Point, but it was a fair wind and not too bad looking yet. By the time we were passing Cherokee, it was blowing about twenty or so and getting late. I was just about to decide to haul off and lie-to, idling into the wind and not chance any of the hard-to-see passes to

Po Boy Bahama Trip

Conclusion

By Robb White

the inside but it would be a long aggravating night so we went up to where the channel through the bar north of Lynyard Key was supposed to be. Big waves were breaking all the way across the bar but it was easy to see the deep water of the channel and unlike Florida, there was no tide to push up a bunch of stationary breakers so we decided to go in. I went first in the powerful (and thick skinned) whaleboat to see what it was like and there was nothing to it. We anchored up in the lee of Lynyard Key in a little cove after dark.

It was still stormy, but the high rocks gave us a nice shelter from the still rising wind. I wished that there was enough light to do the right thing about the anchors, but there wasn't so I put out the big Luke/Herreshoff on salvaged British chain and backed down until it hung up on something. I hate to do that because of the damage to the bottom, but I couldn't think of anything else. Wes hung off our stern and we ate a little snack and turned in.

In the middle of the night, I heard Wes hollering about something and rose up to see us all dragging toward the key. The wind had backed around and built up to about thirty and unhooked the Luke. I dove for the glow-plug button while Jane got the chain and the Luke. I tell you, it was a near thing but we got away again. We idled all the rest of the night into a nasty chop and thirty or better knots of wind. I held her by looking at the silhouette of Lynyard Key against the sky.

Somehow, in the night, Wes's tiny dinghy chafed off its painter and got clean away. It seems like it ought to have gone ashore on the key but it wasn't there. There was nothing for it but to ease on down the line and hope to catch up with it. We checked all the baysides of all the barrier islands we passed with no luck. We guessed that it must have blown out the pass into the big water but when we got to a little hole at Elbow Key, there it was tied up behind one of the cruising boats anchored there. We anchored up right in there with them and Wes went to negotiate an arrangement. The people were very nice and gave Wes back his boat but there was a daughter who thought she ought to go with the deal so we had to

skeedaddle out of there.

Though we never saw any boats actually being built, we saw some of the exquisite racing sailboats that are such a sport in the races among the islands and I thought I caught a whiff of fiberglass resin. I still don't know where the skiffs of Sandy Point were built, guess it was on the big island somewhere.

Anyway, to get this thing over with, we joined a regular parade of cruising sailboats heading north along the well marked route. Which, as an aside, we have done a lot of whaleboat cruising and there ain't no sailboat that will stay with a motor whaleboat on a day to day basis, that seven knots all day long no matter what is what does it. I don't remember much of that cruising except that we had a fair wind and made good time, Wes up to hull speed all the time.

I do remember that we anchored up in one little, very pretty bay at the north end of Great Guana Key. There was a nice sandy beach with some miniature palm trees just back of the berm. Unlike the Keys of the other side, the woods were sort of open and we wandered around all in there. For some reason, the whole place was littered with towels and underwear and things like that. It was a puzzle to us until we went back to the bay to try to catch a little something for supper and found a colossal cruise ship shaped just like a barge with a cruise ship edifice tacked on top anchored right in the tiny bay beside us. There had been a trawler cruiser there when we anchored but he was gone.

We soon found out why. By supertime, the whole bay was cooked up by all the flushing going on on the cruise ship. To bad it was too dark to run away (never run a boat in the dark in the Bahamas) because we could hardly sleep from listening to all the yelps and squeals of all the cruise ship patrons who were running through the bushes strewing their drawers and towels. I was glad to get away from there.

The further north we went, the scarcer the cruising boats got. I guess they were not actually cruising boats but rental jobs from towns like Marsh Harbor, Hope Town and Man of War. There were no regular tourist traps north of the elbow so the traffic wasn't quite so bad and we finally got to catch us a little snack and snorkel a little snorkel as we cruised on back. The best place we stopped was behind Angel Fish Point where there is a bight that separates Great Abaco from Little Abaco. If we had had a little dinghy gas (or a good little sailboat like we have now) we would have done a lot of messing around there, but as it was, we only stayed one or two days in that fascinating place. If I had it to do again, I would anchor up in that bight and stay all summer long but now I have become so infatuated with the far reaches of Andros that I bet I'll never go back.

We anchored by the airplane the night after we left the angelfish and then good little old Wood Key in time for the charge of the snappers. Our old stingaree was glad to see us. Finally a little breeze came up and it was fair so we headed out for Florida. Soon the wind died completely and it was a surrealistic trip in the sparkling night across the stream in the flat calm water, Wes coming along on the slack towline. Everybody was asleep except for me and the easy working engine. It seems that half my life has been like that and it ain't a bad thing. I listened to the radio and watched

High tide on the way back.



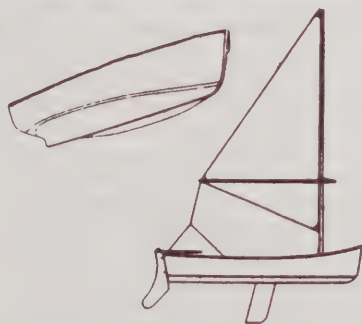
the ships riding the stream all the way across.

When day came, it was navigation by condominium, checked in with the customs at Rybovitch-Spencer boat yard in West Palm. The lady couldn't believe we hadn't brought anything back to declare but I told her. "Ain't got nothing, cain't get nothing." I pulled the whaleboat onto the trailer with the log truck winch at the fresh water boat ramp at Indiantown where the divorcee Wallace Simpson was a waitress before she took up with the King of England and Wes sailed off down the old familiar Okeechobee Waterway where my father's book *The Lion's Paw* played out.

Has to be at Wood Key, Jane has that bottle of Kalik beer at "Trail Arms".



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The whaleboat was pretty good for that sort of thing. We had enough fuel on board for the whole trip (14.2mpg) and though we sometimes got chased back into the cramped little wheelhouse by a driving rain, it was very pleasant snoozing up there on the bow under the mosquito net. All that deck room under the shade was a wonderful during the day, ain't no better place to cook when it is hot than on the engine box of an open boat. The big acrylic shade over the whole bow of the boat had a drain in the middle and we caught way more water than we needed.

I had decked the whole forward two thirds of the boat over so that the deck self-drained through two big scupper-holes just aft of the engine. We could reach down under the deck into a bunch of shallow compartments through

deck plates and we had enough food and junk under there to go to Tierra Del Fuego. I even had a complete spare fuel injection system and a spare starter and alternator, bunch of glow plugs and extra fuel filters and such but the old Mercedes never missed a lick (actually, has never missed a lick since it was built).

If I had to design a boat to do that better, I would cut the draft to less than two feet and make the damned wheelhouse long enough to lie down flat in to get out of the rain. The only real problems we had on the whole trip was that I got a crick in my neck from sleeping in the fetal position and old Albert had a hard time finding a place to suit him. I didn't keep up with the expense of the trip but I know it cost less than staying home no phone bill, no electric bill, no beer bill.



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Typical PEI red sandstone shoreline with old open Jensen canoe.



Flower pots near Cape Kildare.

Hog Island overnight.



Around Prince Edward Island By Sea-Canoe

By Reinhard Zollitsch

Nancy and I have come up to the island since our early married years, then with our four kids, and we are still enjoying the tranquil rural landscape and the stunning red and white coast-line now that the kids have left home and are almost all out of college.

In recent summers I have been especially interested in the PEI coastline. Having done a lot of sea-canoeing along our shores from Boston to Machias, Maine, it was only a matter of time when I would venture out into the waters cradling this beautiful island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

I did not set out to circumnavigate the entire island, all 400 miles, in one long uninterrupted trip, but rather do it in stages, like three days or 75 miles each summer, so I would not miss out on the family fun and be missed too long by the family.

Since we had always come to the island in mid-June, when school vacation starts in Maine, my canoe-trips mostly started out on or around Fathers' Day. And I thought to myself, what a great present for a dad, to be given the confidence, trust and family support to carry out an adventure like this.

The first stage was an easy decision; from North Cape 60 miles back to our home base at Cavendish. As usual, I was fully self-contained with tent, sleeping bag, food, water and small propane cook-stove. "After three days keep a lookout for a lone canoeist approaching the beach," I told the kids, and they did, and I was right on time having had a wonderful time along the long sand-spit islands off Cascumpec, Malpeque and New London Bay and awesome, majestic, steep red cliffs in between, especially the Cape Tryon area.

My second over-night stop, on Hog Island, though, was a different story. I was all set up on a slight elevation along the ocean shore when a violent thunderstorm passed right overhead. As it was the highest point for miles, I did not feel like taking chances of being fried in my tent, so I curled up in a tarp near shore. When the storm finally passed, the mosquitoes came out, all night and all morning, thick voracious clouds of them. I donned my headnet, soaked up a bottle of Bens, but to no avail; the beasts bit through my clothing without mercy. Somehow I also misplaced my favorite Oakleys in the confusion there, and two days later my entire body broke out in those all too familiar poison ivy blisters. Enough said.

Next year was windier and I made it only to Tracadie. The shore-line was stunning, though, along the PEI National Park past Orby and Turner Head and along the white beaches and dunes at Covehead, Stanhope and Dalvay. But I had my eyes on the ocean and learned the limits of my old 16' open solo white-water racing canoe by Jensen. So I decided to invest in a new boat, a semi-decked 17'2" sea-canoe by Verlen Kruger. It has a rudder and spray skirt like a sea-kayak, but I still sit elevated like in a canoe and propel the boat with a single bladed canoe paddle, a high-tech 11oz. bent-shaft user-friendly carbon-fiber wonder.

My circumnavigation started in earnest the next year when I was able to reel off two 31 milers (50km) from Tracadie to Naufrage and then on around East Point to Basin Head. Naufrage was a most interesting harbor with a very narrow channel entrance through which the tides were running hard. Behind it was a tidal lake-like harbor where the lobster boats were moored five deep. Before sunrise the harbor came to life when one boat after the other shot through the channel into the ocean like bats out of a cave. A never-ending stream of boats, it seemed. I decided to stay out of their way on the beach near the entrance.

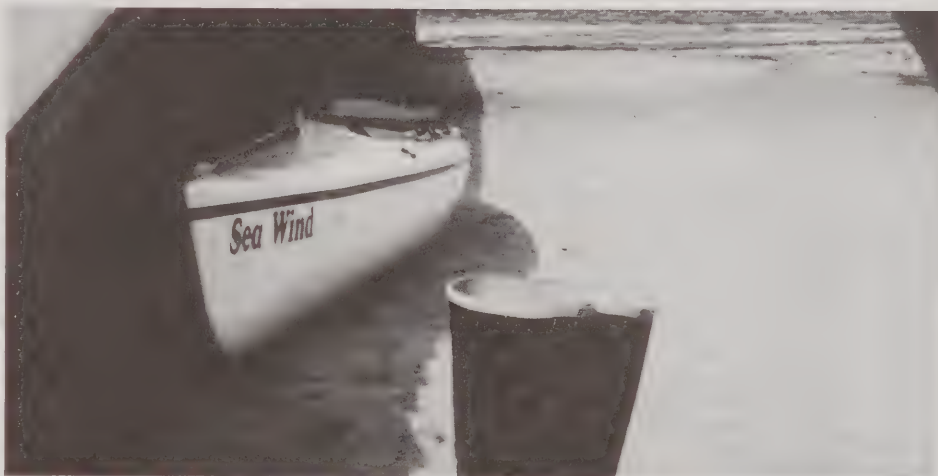
Rounding East Point could have been much worse. There was lots of surf off the point where the two currents meet, but the inside sneak through a narrow segment where the waves seemed to cancel each other out, worked out fine, i.e. was doable. But then the tide was setting hard against me and I had to eddy-hop or slug it out all the way up the coast to Basin Head. Souris was our predetermined take-out spot the next morning, and Nancy was there to celebrate the point rounding.

When next year's stage was discussed, the confidence and trust level of my family had risen even more and I clearly heard Nancy say, "Charlottetown would sound good." Over 100 miles? I would need at least 3-1/2 days. I accepted my Fathers' Day present and challenge and went for it, also because the pick-up was going to be nice and easy.

From Souris I went around one point after another' Howe, Durell and the very toothy Spry Point, all the way and across to Panmure Island, a very long 9 hrs in the boat, or 31mi/50 km. Next day was equally tense canoeing off a very steep and very inhospitable looking shore stretching from Murray Head past High Bank to just before the Wood Island ferry. In retrospect, the shore looked awesome, proud and beautiful and was a stark contrast to the reading of my trip, Paul Theroux's book about the British Isles: *Kingdom By The Sea*.



Naufrage Harbor, moored five deep.



Staying out of the way at Naufrage; my new Kruger sea canoe.



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Granola break before rounding East Point.



Leaving Souris for Charlottetown.

Arriving in Charlottetown feels real good.



Rounding Point Prim the next day was a very memorable and trying moment. Its long sharp ledges extend far into Northumberland Strait, and the ebb flow out of Orwell Bay was horrific, confused further by a strong westerly. The breaking tidal rip reached all the way into the bay, and I was dancing, trying to out-sprint the breaking parts of the waves with some serious "oh no!" type of braces thrown in. It was tense, it was exciting, more so in retrospect than in actuality, I was on the edge and had to get out of there, which I finally did, after two hours.

From Charlottetown back up to North Cape seemed like two perfect 3-day, 75-mile summers, and that's exactly as it happened in 1999 and in June, 2000. I was able to hop across the long bar to St. Peter's Island and on around several points to Victoria, where I pitched my little green Timberline tent on a small patch of grassy/duney sand near the lighthouse.

I had seen the new (1997) nine mile long PEI bridge for quite some time, but it seemed to take an eternity to get to Borden and the bridge itself. The tide was rushing at me under the bridge. I had to come up in the eddy behind one of those huge "feet". One quick touch with the paddle and then ferry across the fast water to the right and up into the first bight. From my point of view in my little 17' sea-canoe, Prince Edward Island is still an island, even though I notice the rapid change of the island communities as a summer guest.

The stretch up to Seacow Head lighthouse had some spectacular views of the entire bridge, a true engineering marvel. The night was spent at the base of the breakwater on Callums Point leading out to Indian Head light at the entrance to Summerside harbor, a perfect overnight spot.

Cape Egmont the next day required some strong and skilled paddling because the tide was running hard against me again. But I had to get around the steep point and past Red Head and into the bight at Maximeville, our pre-determined take-out point for that year. Well, I made it to the long sand-spit extending into the bight when I felt sure the rest should be a piece of cake. But suddenly there was a line of impenetrable breakers as far as the eye could see, not just along this sand spit, but all the way up big Egmont Bay, for four or five miles. How am I supposed to get through that stuff into the bight to Maximeville and the Route 11 bridge, I thought, when I suddenly noticed two small buoys in the water, one red, one green, and two directional lights on shore. This is it, this is your chance. I took aim for the smoothest stretch, picked up speed and braced and surfed down the big waves into the calmer waters leading to the harbor entrance.

I had thought about this place many times over the winter. Would it be as rough again the next year, the year I hoped to finish my circumnavigation? Naah, I can't hit the same tide and the same tidal rip two years in a row. But when we drove down Routes 124 and 11 this June, on Fathers' Day again, we not only saw four miles of breaking waves, but heard the surf from high up on the road. My heart sank and I am sure that of my dear wife did too; but we did not say anything. So here we go again, I thought; it is never easy, or as my teacher way back then used to tell me: "Reinhard, life is one of the hardest."

The put-in in the harbor was calm, very quiet and a bit surreal. I had decided not to go

out through the opening and slug it out with the elements, but try to sneak along the shore between outer tidal rip break and inner shore break. And it worked all the way to Rocky Point, for an entire hour, but then suddenly I ran out of water or the rip decided to touch shore, and I felt I had to jump through the surf and dance the waves as best I could, for a bit at least, before I could scoot in again.

I made it fine through the surf, adrenalin was kicking in and I was doing great for a while, out-sprinting the breaking waves and dancing along, with the bow slightly pointed into the waves. But then the waves came faster and were more confused. I got smacked in the face by the waves several times, water forced its way into the boat despite the spray skirt and I was wet down to my underwear again. I had to get out of there fast. And while I was thinking that, a wave caught me and I had to brace, and it pushed me sideways, and I had to brace some more until my low brace was sinking lower and lower in the water and I had the distinct notion of rolling over.

"Oh, no!" I yelled and with one last mighty heave I tried to right my boat again. It worked, I paddled frantically, now aiming for the beach between breakers, surfing, accelerating, leaning back and bracing on the rushing wave crest, and finally made it back towards shore, but I had pulled some muscles on my right rib cage from that mighty wrench. I was hurting, and it was only two hours into the trip. What a bummer.

At the tiny harbor of Sandy Point I took some Tylenol and found out I could still paddle, mostly on the left, but with greatly reduced power. So no excuse to stop and on I went.

Crossing Percival Bay with a 20-25 knot northerly was another trying ride, when at times I feared being washed back down the entire bay to where I had come from, not a pretty picture. But after the finger-like Grande Dique Point I got into more sheltered but also shallower waters. West Point Harbor looked very good that afternoon after having struggled in my boat for eight hours with only a twenty minute lunch break. I was exhausted and hurting, but left a message for Nancy at our campground in Cavendish that all was well at West Point. I had made it, that was all that mattered.

The weather report for the next two days was great; sunny, and light winds out of the west. By sunrise I was on the water, the fishermen had already gone out at 4am. The 43 miles along the western shore of the island, between West Point and North Cape, are truly spectacular and with its steep ragged sandstone shores very formidable for small boaters. Howard's Cove was the only little harbor along today's 25 mile stretch to Miminegash. But I did not stop there, I kept on paddling and made it non-stop up into the harbor of Miminegash through the narrow breakwaters with the tide ebbing hard. Suddenly I felt very accomplished. I had made it to Miminegash, I always liked that name, and I was getting real close to North Cape now, the end of my circumnavigation.

I had already pitched my tent near the bridge spanning the large tidal inlet behind the harbor proper, when I refigured the tides for tomorrow morning. This morning the tide was nice and high before 6am and I should be able to flush out of here without a problem, I thought. But to make sure, I asked a couple of local fishermen what the tide would be doing



The new nine mile Confederation Bridge to PEI from New Brunswick.



Put-in near Cape Egmont.

North Cape ahead.



tomorrow morning around sunrise.

"It will flood so hard you won't be able to get out on your own power. There is an almost full moon." They were unanimous, and I believed them. So I broke camp, packed up again, and set up camp outside the harbor on the beach.

And they were right. Before I was about to push off for North Cape the next morning, I checked the current in the channel, and it was flooding so hard it was cresting. 18 more miles to go! The fishermen went out before sunrise, mostly to collect Irish moss, since the lobster season on the west coast of PEI starts in Au-

North Cape light, we did it

gust, not June. This way there are lobsters most of the summer on the island.

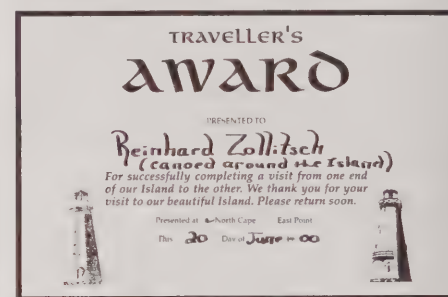
The steep shore was only briefly interrupted by long undulating dune sand-spits near Nail Pond. Then it got steep again, and I was waiting for the tide to rip or cause problems. I surely would not want to be here in anything but the best of weather conditions, and I lucked out, it was splendid, sunny with unrestricted visibility, a light westerly wind, no rips, no breakers other than the usual shore breakers or breaking waves over rock outcroppings. I was wishing the Cape with its lighthouse into view, but it would not do me the favor. Many

times I felt I must be at the point, but then there was always one or even more points beyond the last one, until all of a sudden, there it was, with a huge antenna near it.

This is it, I thought, nothing can stop me now. Hang in there, two more points, then hop across the one-mile-long bar and I am home. There was even enough water on it so I did not have to go out too far. And then rounding the last point I saw my familiar van, and there was Nancy, camera in hand to record the event.

I had made it and was feeling very accomplished and for a moment forgot my hurting chest. 400 miles in 16 days total for an average of 25 miles per day over a span of six years. What an adventure and what great scenery there is to see from the ocean. How different from driving point to point. And if you ask me, PEI is still an island, despite the new bridge. I got my certificate at the North Cape pavilion with the additional note of "Canoe Around The Island" printed on it. After the flawless conclusion, all seemed suddenly easy, the hardest part now was getting my 55lb boat back on top of the van. Ouch.

Reinhard Zollitsch, 61 North Main Ave., Orono, ME 04473, <reinhard@maine.edu>





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Boats That Are Fun to Mess About In

By Jim Meeks

This New York Whitehall, built of fiberglass and trimmed with mahogany, has air tanks fore and aft covered with mahogany plywood to serve as thwarts. The floorboards are a composite material called Marlite with molded in grain and pigmented throughout. They are waterproof and maintenance-free. Her LOA is 14'6" with a beam of 48", and she weighs about 140lbs. You can order one of these boats, or a larger Whitehall, from Jim Thayer at Grand Mesa Boatworks, Rte. 1, Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624. A sailing model is available too.

Oars come from the local lumberyard, 2"x6"x8' spruce selected for minimum knots, bandsawed and planed to shape. The concave blades are made with a backing out plane (convex blade). A pair of these oars weigh less than 5lbs and balance just below the leathers. *WoodenBoat* magazine showed me the way and also showed me how to make a backing out plane.

The boat is rowed upwind for as long as time will allow, then with the oars shipped and the oarsman (now mast and sail) standing amidships, she sails herself home. "May the wind... back..." you know the rest!

Platt Monfort's 15' Boston Whitehall is one of his Geodesic designs made with Dacron and Kevlar. The kit for the boat was purchased in 1987, but it didn't get built until 1995. The most difficult part of rowing this boat is carrying the oars from the house to the shore, since she weighs only 55lbs. If it breezes up, I have to Shanghai one or both of our children as ballast. If the "crimper" fails, cement blocks fore and aft will keep the boat tracking in a breeze.

Back near the dawn of *Small Boat Journal*, one issue featured Phil Bolger's Gloucester Light Dory. After purchasing and storing the Light Dory plans for ten years, I built this boat using 1/4" plywood with taped seams. Dynamite Payson's book, *Building the Gloucester Light Dory*, shows how. This boat rows very well also. Since I built the "very light" version, she was ballasted with 40lbs of water forward and the same aft. The water was carried in \$3 children's beach floats that are about half the size of an air mattress. This keeps the weight very low and immovable, yet if I capsized (ego no-no, never happened) the ballast is gone just when I don't need it.

When all this rowing gets to be too much, I sail a 30 year old fiberglass Snipe, #18926. These boats are available for less than \$1,000 with "everything"... trailer, sails, etc., and in immaculate condition. The same could be said for many other one-design sailboat classes. Years ago, I owned Snipe #2815, if she still exists she'd be 61 years old. I could singlehand her well, so when I wanted to go solo sailing again, I looked for another Snipe!



Jim Thayer's Grand Mesa New York Whitehall.



Platt Monfort's Boston Whitehall.

Phil Bolger's Gloucester Gull.



I bypassed that frigid month of January by freeloading on old friends in Texas and attended Elderhostels in Florida and California. February used itself up in short workouts at Sugarloaf Mountain where I had been allowed to supply scrap-wood furniture to my son's ski house. Then March broke open a couple of days that caused me again to think of an unfrozen lake. And of course this led me to think of boats.

I had believed that I was all done building anything that floats when last fall, after it had outlasted its purpose, I held a little heart-wrenching private ceremony in New Hampshire and burned that little two-seater *Just Mother 'N Me* (MAIB February 1, 1999). Yes, that was that!

But for a guy who can't pronounce "internet" and doesn't own golf clubs, there is a need for some sort of activity. Those springy days got me to look through some old files and I found I had once cut out an ad from MAIB offering plans from a guy in Lebanon, Illinois, wherever that is, for something called a Piragua, which the dictionary told me was a canoe hollowed out of a log, which seemed like a hard way to do it these days. Translating into the more familiar French I understood a Pirogue was a skiff bigger than a kayak but smaller than a canoe. Fifteen bucks I can spend just to give me something to look at. Everyone likes to get mail.

So in time the plans and material list came to my mailbox and I looked them over with tongue-in-cheek thinking that there is certainly no need to add to the flotilla at the lake. At fall close-up time now, it is a big challenge to slide all those boats under the camp. Besides the pointy skiff and various restored canoes and rowboats, there is that pragmatic 1994 evolution of two aluminum canoes bridged over and powered by an electric motor to take the whole family around the lake on a thing called a Conversation Barge. Recently I have noted a guy named Scott Stokes has expanded this idea to commercially offer a Campanoe.

And then there's the Sunfish and windsurfer and that Gloucester Gull that one daughter likes to pull in. But then I thought the little craft designed by a Jim Michalak and propelled by double-ended paddles might be a way for me to get some singular exercise this coming summer. I observed the plans provided a little mystery by not providing any scale and then I put them away to go back to reading *Two Years Before the Mast* by Dana.

Many days later, with no reason to be moping around the lumber yard that day to get some glazing compound, I again remembered that little boat, but not the material list exactly, so I had the man load the last five sheets of quarter-inch lauan he had into my truck. I also remembered I still had eight or ten strips of oak 14' long that I had rescued from the Newbury wood dump before it was closed. They were laying under my shop's solar collector waiting to become important to something. When I get home I might pull out the plans for that boat and think about it.

Now material on hand provides a deep pocket kind of comfort. But it does not like dead storage and it tends to push itself into a project. It is always a threat to idleness. So I found myself reviewing the Pirogue instructions to discover it required only two sheets of plywood. Well, damn! So, you know if I build two boats instead of one, that surplus wood won't go to waste and the grandkids can

March Madness

By Russ Meade



Piragua on the left, Pirogue on the right.

have races and it will be great fun to watch them. No fighting over a single boat. And the obvious practicality is that if in one operation I cut out twice the parts needed, building two boats will probably take only twenty-five percent longer than one boat. Now there is a reason! What a clever guy I am.

The shop was cleaned up and reactivated. I emptied the big bag from the dust collector into the flower garden because it was close and there was no longer someone here to tell me not to do it. With a little imagination, I sharpened pencils and traced the parts on a double sheet of plywood. The prescribed hatch covers didn't seem necessary. Those flotation chambers full of good Massachusetts air I would make watertight. Of course, but just in case, on the top panel near the stern I'd drill a quarter-inch hole, epoxy a nut on the underside and run a removable slotted pan head bolt down into it in case draining might be needed.

For framing the bulkheads I retrieved some three-quarter-inch stock from the scrap box that had never made it to the fireplace (I love it when I can do that). The skill saw, the saber saw and the band saw were making productive noises and I was making double time and forgot lunch. I'm so fickle I adjusted the radio to hear Imus in the Morning, Rush Limbaugh and then Jay Seaverns. Sometimes I can understand them through the earmuffs and at the end of a busy day I walked back up the driveway feeling good.

The next morning I ran the long pieces of reserved oak through the table saw set for fifteen degrees to bend for chine logs and gunnels and shaped up the transoms and stem pieces from scrap. Then I found those handy-dandy pumps for delivering measured West epoxy were clogged with neglect so I bought new ones along with 2" wide, 10oz fiberglass tape for later armoring the chines (later I decided 6oz would have hidden easier in the resin).

On another day, after breakfasting at a downtown counter where I enjoy hearing the locals jolly each other, I got to work assem-

bling the first boat. Using the advice of many, I dry assembled the sides and bulkheads and temporary mid-frame, and pulled the ends into the delicate stern and transom. Now I'll tell you that is a rewarding experience. To see that plywood made into that beautiful curved shape of a boat is exciting. To step back and see the sweet form that has happened, the plump sweep from stern out to amidship and the pucker toward the stern is indeed a pleasure to the eyes. Now, I wouldn't admit this to anyone who does not read this magazine but that is as satisfying and pretty and warm and charming as big breasts in a sweater. As I remember.

I had to rest a while after that. But with a little time one morning before I had to be somewhere, I walked to the garage and assembled the other boat, this time mixing the filled resin and applying it with over-confidence as I assembled. I nagged myself once because the edge bevel of the bulkheads did not exactly match the camber of the sides but I added more filler and continued with half a mind in focus. Then cleaned myself up (might lead to a dinner invitation) and went off to socialize.

The next day I found out what a klutz I was. With only two bulkheads to manage, which really isn't that challenging, I had reversed their positions. That is why they didn't fit properly and now the second boat, which was to be an exact twin, had a little pregnant swelling in the forward quarter and a more delicate sweep toward the stern. After some time in self-condemnation, I recalled that when my daughter Andrea gave birth to twins, one girl and one boy, unthinking people would ask, "Are they identical twins?", to which I would answer, "Well yes, down to a point."

I did not want to advertise my stupidity and so to confuse the critical eye I would paint each boat a different color. A more traveled friend suggested the colors of the Swedish flag and so I roamed the aisles of modern America's emporium of retail commerce and bought two gallons of white sealer undercoat and two gallons each of true blue and sun yellow oil-based enamel. As I looked at myself in the tedious checkout line behind a woman cashing a check to pay for a cart full of cosmetic materials, lawn fertilizer, huge bottles of tonic, two brasieres, kids' tops and more, I wondered, did every widower end up a common denominator customer at Wal-Mart?

The next week notes on my calendar sent me to an Elderhostel Class in New York City (I'll go anywhere for three meals a day). There one evening the dinner table conversation came around to boats and so I could report to the new friend on my right that I did little boats sometimes and I was now building a Pirogue. Feeling uncertain I pronounced it to rhyme with "brogue".

He said, "What?" Again, I said it realizing it was a word I had read but never said out loud before and then explained it was a little skiff said to have been useful in Louisiana swamps. The lady on my left, with great confidence, then boomed out, "You mean a Peerog," accenting a long "pee". Hey, she was from New Orleans and should know. I didn't tell them I was building one of each.

Back at home in the shop, the chine logs got put on with filled resin (glad to have more use for that bag of land lime) and 1" underlay nails. The bottom hull pieces were scribed and cut out and affixed with resin and a parade of

drywall screws which worked perfectly. Doubled half-inch oak was laminated on for gunnels with resin and screws to make a supersturdy boat. Inwales were glued and clamped to cover the heads of those cheap dry-wall screws. At my age, no reason to fasten with bronze or copper but I don't like to keep explaining that to purists.

After inverting the boats, I fitted 1-1/2" strips of oak on as keels after skegs had been made fast to each keel piece. Back on the topside I modified the top edge of each bulkhead by adding a shaped strip to give a little curvature to the sealed top decks and then turned my attention to paddles. Per plan, I shaped the plywood blades but instead of closet pole I used 1" square oak made to have a more friendly feel by easing the corners via the router table. Later I made the handles even more friendly by sleeving their mid-span in a length of pipe insulation. I made four double-ended paddles in case each boat got powered by two youngsters. I later learned the semaphore-size blades were extra large for a third of each never dipped below the water surface.

Now completely free from instructions I built four low, removable seats with backs from 3/16" thick springy oak. By the time I got through milling all that thin stuff through the table saw I had to empty that dust collector bag again. Is it really good mulch? Might as well use up that tuna oil off the shelf before it turns to jelly, so two coats made the furniture look welcoming (but it didn't weather well, I found).

Back at the hulls, the electric planer balanced off the tops of the gunnels and inwales. Only ticked one screw. Power sanding over the chines and hull in general got them ready for painting. Two coats of sealer inside and out provided an ameliorated surface for one coat of the bright enamel. Looking at my "finished" work, I sighed that my DNA must be revealed in resin drips and paint sags.

This was a chance to pause here and be a bit philosophical. When you make something of wood, lots of pieces of wood, it talks back to you from the several parts and personalities. One can see each joint and grain and nail head and they speak of the growth and experience you and it have been through. This intimate relationship disappears with a coat of paint. The opaque oneness the object then projects is a different individual entirely. Handsome, but never again the shared warm comfort. But I guess it's called completion. As an afterthought, I did reconnect some with the wood by belt-sanding around the gunnels for an oiled natural wood strip.

An early morning awakening revealed some furthering thoughts even before the bladder was emptied. That twin hull experience I had gained with the Conversation Barge may have been the subconscious reason I over-bought the plywood in the first place. I could visualize a single paddler in each boat or two kids in each boat making racing speed or even one paddler and one rear-facing passenger in each pirogue. I could now also imagine the two boats clamped together somehow with an electric motor somewhere to provide a minimal evening cruising vessel for four. Two visiting couples would enjoy that. I'll work on it.

So, I added narrow thwart raised above the gunnels, one fore and one aft on each boat. Parking the boats side by side, I then made

two slotted beams to reach over the raised thwarts and mate down over them held tightly by short lengths of line. I did not want drylanders to have mechanical problems like a sunken wrench or splashed wing nuts. With the aft beam also constructed with a motor mount pad it made a sturdy assembly.

Then on the last lonely piece of plywood I sketched out a transverse piece of deck with large cockpit holes. Thinking it too cumbersome, I sliced it in half and hinged it to fold (while unfolding it as I hugged it vertically in front of me I wished OSHA had controlled my engineering for when the crevice closed it pinched right through my pants just to the left of my zipper for a sudden, teary-eyed horse bite, (geez!).

The reinforced deck's outer edges fit the outer gunnels of the mated boats and an attached transverse wedge snugged under the inner gunnels to hold the deck down when tied forward to the crossbeam. Looked weird, but became more user-friendly when half-split lengths of garden hose fit over the edge of plywood around the cockpits for a cowling. Nothing like it ever seen! A blue and yellow contraption with common deck stained to match the camp. Grandson Jacob came by and busied himself painting the name across the deck, *The Two By Four*.

So you can see, March wasn't too lonely after all. And when June came, fun was had at the lake using every option these crafts allowed.



"Look Grandpa, they do float!"



This load is safe only on flat water.

Unexpected utility, a fly fishing platform for grandsons Ben and Jacob.





The Pedal-It is a 9'4" asymmetrical catamaran propelled by a bicycle pedal and sprocket chain driven to a paddlewheel.



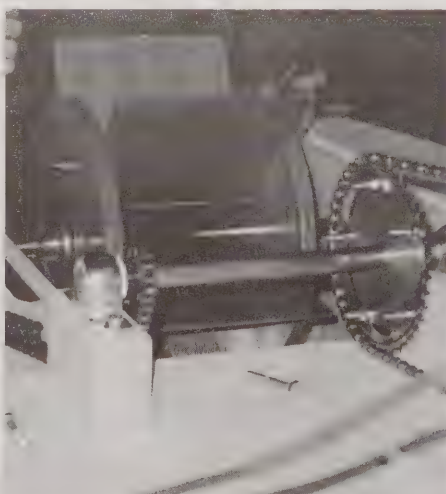
A smooth unimpaired flow of water between the interior straight sides of the hull to the paddlewheel improves performance.

The paddlewheel, made from plywood, rotates on a shaft between the two hulls.



The bicycle pedal/sprocket is salvaged from a second hand bicycle, and is inverted and mounted on the bridge deck spanning the pontoons. The seat raises, tilts, pivots, and moves fore and aft to suit the comfort of the peddler.

The bicycle pedal/sprocket connects by chain to a jack shaft and in turn to the paddlewheel.



Introducing Pedal-It

More on Pedal Power

By Glen-L Marine

Pedal-It is a 9'4" long, 4'6" beam, tunnel type watercraft for pedal propulsion using an improved Stitch-N-Glue building method especially intended for construction by the first time boat builder.

A paddlewheel coupled to the pedals with chain and sprocket drives the boat. The inverted pedal sprocket assembly is salvaged from a second hand bicycle as is the chain and handlebars. The paddlewheel is mounted aft between the straight inner sides of the asymmetrical twin hulls to assure an undisturbed flow of water to the paddlewheel for best efficiency.

The seat, made from readily obtained materials, pivots, moves fore and aft, raises and lowers, and tilts to adjust to most any helmsperson, tall or short, and has a padded shape for comfort and a back for semireclining pedaling or relaxing. Steering is through the bicycle handlebars positioned atop a pipe shaft coupled to the forward positioned rudder.

The raised seat is especially advantageous for the fisherman or one who just enjoys watching aquatic life. The paddlewheel propulsion is quiet and environmentally friendly; no pollution and you're joining nature, not abusing it.

While Pop will enjoy fishing from Pedal-It, or the serenity of cruising the lake or pond perimeter at dusk, this also is a FUN watercraft. Kids love 'em but you'll probably need one for each sibling. Having races is "kid-type" fun at its best; noisy, but safe and harmless.

Building the Pedal-It is an excellent family project. The Glen-L full size patterns, furnished for almost every part of the hulls, are readily duplicated to lumberyard materials. The cut out plywood hull panels are bent around two permanent bulkheads and wire stitched together. Glue fillets are applied to each stitched seam followed by fiberglass laminates. This makes for a lightweight, strong, composite Stitch-N-Glue building method that's easy and fast.

The twin hulls are joined by a 4'x4'6" bridge that spans the tunnel and supports the paddlewheel propulsion system. Nothing is complex and propulsion parts, bearings, shafts, etc., are readily available, but sources and part numbers are supplied to further simplify the building. To eliminate scrounging and shopping, a Stitch-N-Glue kit that furnishes everything to assemble the cut out patterned parts such as fasteners, epoxies, stitch wire, fillers, tape, etc., is available from Glen-L.

The Pedal-It plans and patterns, including instructions and bill of materials, are priced at \$63 from Glen-L Marine Designs. 9152XMA Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90706. For more information, call Barry Witt or Gayle Brantuk at (562) 630-6258, or check our website, www.Glen-L.com.

Po White Trash

(A Yacht for the Rest of Us)

By Jim Betts

Those of you who have followed my design ideas know that I'm always trying to squeeze a quart into a pint pot (small is easy and cheap). If you have seen my earlier GP-16 you get the idea. I still intend to do the "Four Months in a Sneakbox" trip on the Mississippi (next spring for sure) and so continue to doodle ideas. Since this will certainly be a one-person trip over a period of some four months, I have now reduced the idea to a 12-footer, about the size of the sneakbox in the story. I think the GP-16 tent/cabin will be too much bother on a daily basis, so I now plan to sleep in a regular cabin, albeit on the floor.

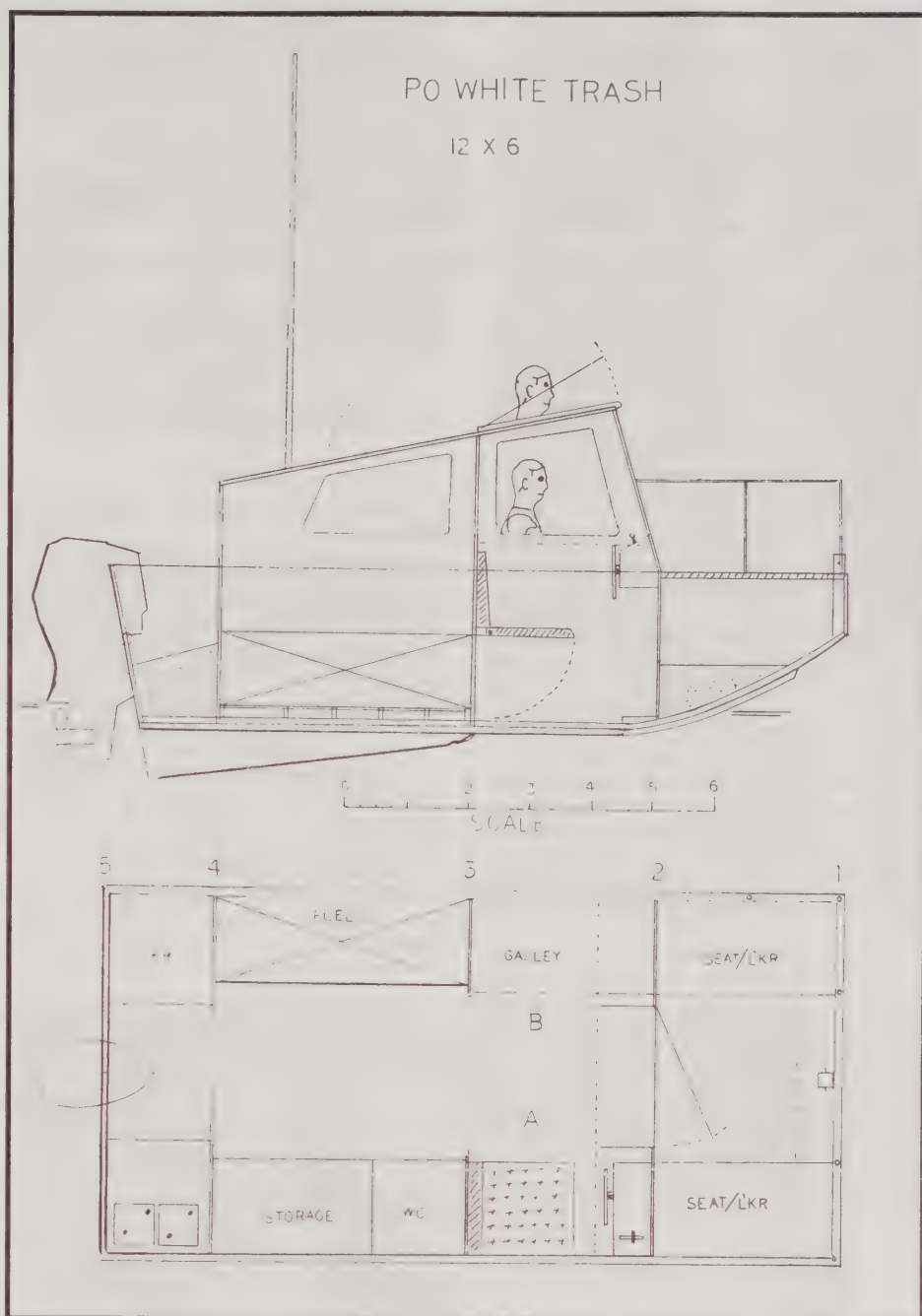
For those readers who live in the south, I was raised on an Alabama cotton farm and spent some time in the mountains of north Georgia. I do not consider "po white trash" an offensive term (as long as you grow beyond that level). In addition, I see some "character" in this pot; unpainted plywood hull (let it age), tar-paper cabin and tin roof. You haven't really enjoyed rain until you've heard it on a tin roof. But if you want to go "yachty", paint it pretty colors. For me, I'll wear overalls, a Snuffy Smith hat and hang my wetwash from the mast.

The "secret" to PWT is the double hatch over the forward part of the cabin. You open hatch A and stand to steer, a sort of flying bridge. Open B and you have a stand-up galley. These fold all the way back and lie flat. If you wish and the weather isn't good, you button-up and use the folding seat. The cabin sole is 7' by almost 3', plenty for an air mattress and sleeping bag.

The forward cockpit is 3' long and has two seat/lockers. Below the 3' door, there is a removable splash board. With this removed, it's only a 1' step up to the cockpit. You'll never find a 3' galley on a 12' boat! But here it is. The wc is the sanipottie type and you can sit up while on it. You can't stand and use it, but that's what the cockpit is for. The fuel tank holds 40 gallons, which is a lot, but fuel docks are few on the upper Mississippi and you do need about 400-mile range. Yes, this is some 240 pounds of gas, but you only fill it when necessary.

The outboard is around 10hp and should give you speed to 25mph. The current on the river runs about 6mph. Go as slow as you please, but be ready to throttle-up when you meet one of those 10-acre tows. They stop for nobody!

Construction is quite simple. Everything is 3/8" exterior plywood except the bow and transom, which are two layers of this. The slightly curved bottom at the bow is easily bent into place. There are no frames as such; the bow, transom and bulkheads 2, 3 and 4 give the necessary strength. The cabin sides are vertical and the roof is flat, but you could add some tumblehome to the sides and curve the roof if you wish. What looks like frames under the fuel tank are only in that location and are to spread the weight. I call for a skeg (two layers of 3/8" ply) because the river is full of floating trees and such and this protects the



motor. I will also have runners on the bottom for beaching and running over stuff.

For added hull strength, I call for a liner of 1/4" plywood. This is glued to the outer hull with a system of spacers. These are 3/4" x 2". This gives a double-hull just like the new supertankers.

A word about the fuel tank: This is HDPE (high-density polyethylene), which is USCG approved. This is Kracor model 88-7080. (If you would like their catalog, write to PO Box 23667, Milwaukee WI 53223. Or call 800-255-6335.) Tank cost: \$128. The top of the tank is chair-height so it makes a nice place to sit. For lounging in the cabin, just fold up your air mattress and sleeping bag and make a chaise lounge. Out of doors, sit on the cockpit seat and lean back against the front of the cabin.

If you don't need the range, a 13 gallon tank will fit into the portside locker next to the motor. If you eliminate the 40 gallon tank

and the storage area and put the wc under the galley, you can sleep two in the almost 4' x 6' cabin (if you can find someone nutzy enough to go with you).

For use as a dayboat, put a second seat where the galley is and eliminate the after cabin and make that an open cockpit. Put the wc (if you really need it) under the co-pilot seat. There are lots of variations possible on the basic hull.

Trim is important on a 12' boat. You will just have to move heavy stuff from place to place. This includes you, as a 150lb person will be about 20% of the total displacement of about 800lbs.

PWT has foam flotation as required. The mast is for a large orange flag for safety. And hanging out your laundry.

I'm not sure I will develop building plans other than for my own use, but if you are interested, let me know. Jim Betts, PO Box 1309, Point Pleasant Beach NJ 08742.



PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.
BOAT DESIGNERS, PO BOX 1209
FAX 978-282-1349
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930, USA

Recently there has been some discussion here in *MAIB* and elsewhere about beach cruisers to be used, for instance, on the Maine Island Trail. The term "Beach Cruiser" is usually understood to be the next step up from kayaks, more or less open boats of more beam per given length, more burdensome and likely able to carry larger loads of cruising gear and supplies for a week or two under oars and sail, often with roots in traditional oared working craft. Various flavors have been offered and the reviews are equally mixed, likely varying even from from experienced beach-cruiser to beach-cruiser, as would seem natural.

Wisp is an older design dating back to the early 1980s, and several have been built, with yet another one currently under construction near the Chesapeake. Let's take another look at her genesis as presented in Chapter 30 in my 1982 book *30-Odd Boats* to review some underlying choices that shaped her. She is a distinctly different proposal from the majority of designs we've seen over the years. After that we would like to raise some additional points about the concept of beach-cruising in general.

Gary Novak wanted to build a beach cruiser, for his own use and as prototype for a

Bolger on Design Wisp... a Beach Cruiser

Design #411

20' x 4' x 4 1/2' x 8" x 200lbs x 4 oars x 72sf

possible stock boat, "as graceful and refined in appearance" as the functional requirements would allow. It was to sleep two, "in relative comfort"; be light enough to carry on top of a fair-sized car; sail well and row fast; and be "reasonably seaworthy". He specified that it should not have leeboards, and he stated a preference for cold molded cedar construction.

I've always found that length was helpful in a cartopper. You can lift one end at a time into place with good leverage. Putting that together with the desirability of wide decks for going through rough water, I thought of having the two people sleep end to end instead of side by side. Then I kept pulling out the ends, for grace and refinement. There's hardly anything to compete with a long canoe stern for beauty, and it seemed a pity to clutter it

with rudder and yoke, so I suggested the Uffa Fox-type rudder frame and trunk. Gary admitted to some dismay at having to build three trunks (rudder and two bilgeboards), but he liked the resulting looks as much as I did. Anybody who doesn't has no romance in her soul.

He did insist on making the rudder and bilgeboards shallower than I first suggested. I had to agree that he was right, especially about the rudder, though I'll plead that my thought was that she'd be rowed, with everything retracted, when there was any doubt about the depth of the water. She rows well enough to make that no hardship, especially when rowing four oars, or rather two pairs (of skulls).

He wanted to use sliding seats and was willing to have outriggers. I don't like outriggers at all, having done just enough rowing in racing boats to remember after 40 years how much the 'riggers are in the way as you come alongside. She had to be wide in any case to carry sail, plenty wide to use 7' oars with inboard locks. I argued that oars longer than 7' would be hard to stow and too awkward in narrow places, while her sailing capability would make it unnecessary to row in bad conditions. I got my way by making 7' oars disappear behind the bilgeboard cases, which couldn't be done with anything longer. With oars as short as that, there isn't much point in sliding the seats, though it wouldn't be hard to mount the stools on rollers.

I made her as low amidships as I dared, for the benefit of the rowing. Loaded for cruising with two people, displacing around 700lbs, she has 7-1/2" least freeboard. That happens to be exactly the freeboard of the *Bounty's* launch as she began her 4,000-mile voyage after the mutiny, which only proves that Captain Bligh was a genius, not that this boat is fit to go to sea.

Uffa Fox's *Brynhild*, in which he cruised across the English Channel and around the coast of Brittany, had the same weight and dimension as this boat, but she was decked in watertight. Gary's boat, with the long, open cockpit for sleeping (Fox and his comrades slept ashore), would want watchful handling in a chop, especially under sail. All the same, her high flaring ends, with their clean unsnubbed shape that won't disturb the waves should be a pretty sight in action in rough water.

In picking the rig, we gave rugged simplicity and quick dismantling precedence over power and closewinded capability. The hull, though easily driven up to a point, isn't especially suited to hard driving; to get the most out of her rowing capability, it's important that there be no reluctance to get the rig down flat, mast and all. The sloop rig was chosen because it looked right on the hull.

Later, I went through some rationalizations about keeping weight out of the ends of the boat and minimizing the number of spars.



The shrouds have snapshackles to the chainplates, with all the tension produced at the jib tack pendant. Enough tension, I hope to keep the luff of the handkerchief jib from sagging much in any conditions she'd otherwise enjoy.

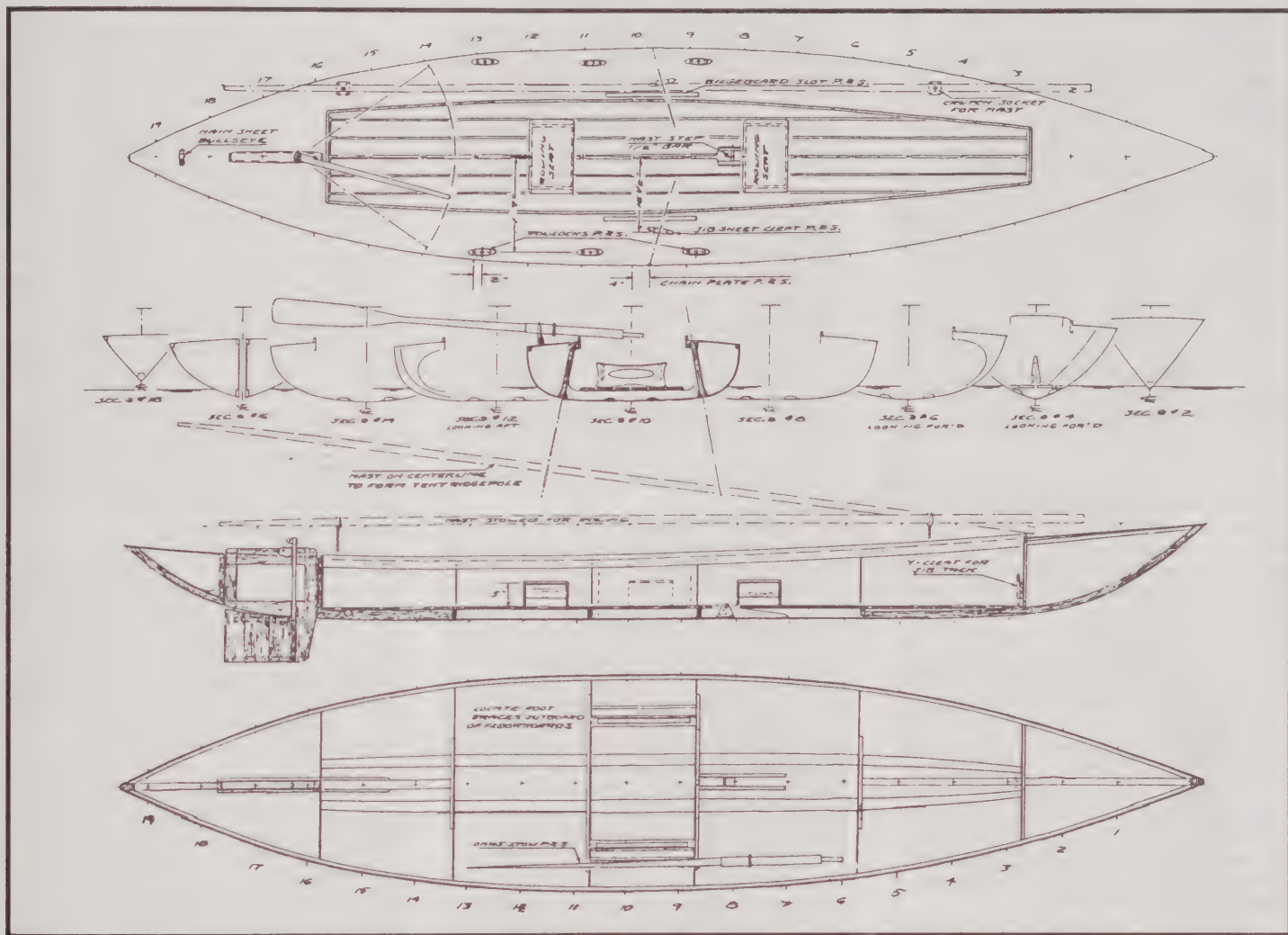
This is a gold-plater, something I'm seldom immediately comfortable with. I tend to go off and try to produce something cheap and expendable that will do the same job. As a matter of fact, I'd already done a cheap boat in this category, the Payson Zephyr. But, the fact is that I'm not vehement in defense of my philosophical bias. Gold-platers are works of art, and they're worth what they're worth. I hear that a good many people who followed the fad for buying paintings as investments are beginning to suspect that they've been taken;

but if so, it's because their judgment of art was poor. Or, of course, it might have been simply that they paid too much for something that was nevertheless worth a lot.

Some twenty years later, the underlying concepts of Wisp still seem to hold up well. Today, now that the world is a bit more familiar with kayaks, we'd examine ways to skirt over the long cockpit in sections to adjust to conditions under oar, sail, single or double. We might also raise the overall height of the coaming to shrug off waves more reliably while keeping her ends a sleek and low for least drag and blowing-off potential under oars and sail. We then might add some simple removable hiking pads to keep the backside's circulation intact when sailing with ambition. But we'd leave the rowing geometries more

or less intact. Finally, we might fool around with a significantly shorter mast stepped into a socket ahead of the cockpit forward carrying a low gaff sail, with a tiny matching mizzen slightly off-center along the rudder trunk for easy balance on all courses of sail. Probably not as natural looking as her current rig but with likely more safety and utility than the single stick that may seem suddenly quite tall-ish as wind and waves pick up.

Incidentally, Wisp's hull lines bear much resemblance to Design #240, Kotick, a single-seat 15' x 1' 11" kayak Dynamite Payson build for me in 1968 in cedar-strip; she's still around, much used with over 5000 miles accumulated over decades of shorter outings, by now in need of only some minor, mostly cosmetic repair.



About This Beach Cruising...

What struck us again though about the latest round of discussing beach-cruisers, as they periodically re-emerge with good reason, is that the discussion seems typically at odds with itself, as so many wish-lists and design-choices would seem to suggest:

On the one hand, the point about beach-cruising is to use the least amount of boat which is safe enough for careful inshore coastal trekking for one/two/three, offers decent rowing and at least moderately useful sailing performance. Whether they are direct workboat descendants, or exercises arrived at

from a clean slate, we find a determined, often ingenious minimalist approach to boating to get the most on-the-water enjoyment and adventure for the given investment, a proposal which continues to be attractive and philosophically laudable indeed.

We've done a bit of beach-cruising in hard and soft-skin craft. Using winds and currents to explore islands, estuaries, bold or soothing shorelines, with the occasional jump across wider open-water passages is undoubt-

edly amongst the best cruising there is. And just about anybody can afford it!

On the other hand, the actual reality of doing it seems to frequently clash with the very term beachcruising. The almost overpowering romance of the term seems to put actual reality into the "we'll somehow manage that when we get there" category, rather than being weighed carefully before the first design cartoon gets kicked around. Certainly for the Maine scenario of use, the demands on the beach-cruiser, man and boat, are significant.

Whose Beach: No doubt, there is a pro-

toloc of common decency or even detailed fingerprint on how to behave on someone else's island. The first question still remains, "Which beach?" Sandy, stoney, rocky, surf, no surf, public or private property, for a single night with a single inconspicuous craft, or an explorers' jamboree, even with most civilized behavior, with what degree of security for boaters and inhabitants, to dig or not to dig. It becomes clear quickly that the minimalist approach as typically practiced actually lives and dies by the assumption to, however responsibly, beach and camp on someone else's rather large piece of real estate, where it seems most attractive or just where weather conditions more or less swept you up to the shore.

Actual Cruising Weights: While there clearly are ways to resolve this matter, the next issue immediately confronts the tired beach cruiser. No doubt not a novel observation here, but fitted out for two weeks of honest autonomy amongst the islands, even the lightest craft for two will be loaded to much more than what seems feasible to just pick up and carry up the beach. Most single kayaks become two-person affairs when loaded for one! Our 18' x 2'8" 70lbs soft-skin double typically displaces 700lbs equipped with two, and all necessary gear and supplies, and it certainly would not live long were it dragged in that state; neither would a hardshell hull such as our shapely #600 Spur II, which measures 15'4" x 4'6" and can come in at around 100lbs stripped. So, a crew of two lifting and carrying a loaded hull is out. "Of course," most will state.

Unloading at Water's Edge: But unloading an open boat at the surf line seems more or less problematic as well, as sea conditions worse than lily-pond calm will risk pooping her with every smallish wave about to curl up the beach. Sure, even at the end of a strenuous day you could try to be alert, quick on your feet and with your fingers, rapidly untying watertight bags of gear which just moments ago had to be well secured to the boat against loss should the landing maneuver be less than perfect. But you're bound to test the bags' watertightness several times right there, hoping that chafe from general use, rocks, or just pointy objects inside have not yet punctured it to soak the wrong corner of the sleeping bag. On a 14 day trip you'll do 28 such exercises coming and going, assuming you don't land in between nightly rests.

Moving the Boat up the Beach: Many would then point out with some impatience that you are to drag the craft up the beach to get out of reach of the water and this dilemma to begin with. But then part of your cruising gear is another can of worms.

Dragging: Even on a craft designed for leisure, vacation, general relaxation, used without a personal organizer full of hourly must-dos and with the cell-phone turned off, many will insist on various aspects of efficiency in shape, construction, and, of course, absence of craggy appendices. Faster shapes will not drag happily, as an unprotected hull of least drag will suffer immediate surface, if not serious structural, damage including puncture when forced with load of gear up any stretch of beach that has not been cleared of rocks and then well raked.

Deep scours on a once smooth hull will be craggy as well, not to mention the drag of a serious rebuilding of her bottom should it actually survive two weeks of this treatment without holing. Full length stout grounding

shoes and skids would slow down progress certainly under oars, intolerable to some. Acceptable to others, even carefully placed shoes and skids will typically only protect against larger pebbles at best anyway, but better than nothing.

Specific Draggable Shapes: What about specialized shapes that drag easier? While there are indeed shapes that drag easier than others across sand, a stoney beach might shift the advantage. A narrow smooth bottom may have the advantage over sand, but a heavily shoed and skidded bottom of other midsection is likely to do much better over smaller rocks, with replacable skids sacrificing themselves across sharp edges under hundreds of pounds of load. Perhaps you are lucky in your cruising waters that you only find one or the other, but for Maine that is a reasonably implausible expectation.

Easier Movement with Lighter Construction: Light construction should surely help. Irrespective of cost or manhours, a light hull may well be justified as the human body has limited strength rowing and the slope of beach to pull her up on seems less if you can leave 100lbs of structural weight behind on the drawing board and the shop. But light construction, short of perhaps a few exotic composites, frequently translates into less ability to shrug off the daily impacts and deepening scours of beach cruising. And assuming the boat came in even just at 200lbs loaded, that is still a lot to drag at the end of the day. Maine tides for instance easily reach double-digits requiring you to on average cover at least half that in vertical ascent to be clear of nightly surprises, and that may translate into quite a few feet, assuming the annual tidal cycle does not bless you with peak tides, perhaps leaving no usable beach at all, as you may confirm at 2am.

Rollers: Inflatable rollers of various types can be very helpful, easy to store aboard when empty, and if made of proper material capable of resisting sharp rocks and mussel shells, at least for a few seasons. But you better start inflating both of them, you will need at least two, before the landing. How easy that is depends on your patience and handiness, and your type of boat; and you now will have to carry a pump of sorts. While rollers' net compressed diameter will dictate what hollows and bumps are actually traversable, issues of draggable hullshapes and relative structural vulnerability can now be more readily ignored. Bigger rocks, of course, will stop rollers.

Wheels: Wide low-pressure wheels of larger diameter would help both across sand and moderate sized rocks. But they are bulky, look uncool strapped out of the way on the transom, and typically require some set-up time while the boat has to be controlled or kept off the beach altogether until she can be floated onto the cradle/axle geometry for that hearty tug up the beach. Once they're under the boat, we've found them to be of great help on certain surfaces, and even a local isthmus can be handily crossed that way opening up new cruising territory. But the whole concoction needs to be stored to be immediately at hand during landing, usually a problem on a limited volume of a rowed open boat.

And should your beach of last resort for the day have, upon closer examination, mostly good-sized rocks, your wrestling with small wheels should offer some levity. But it won't relieve the misery about to set in for the night

to be spent afloat at anchor well outside the surf zone if your beach-cruiser is of the typical type that won't actually let you sleep aboard with any degree of restfulness.

Sleeping Aboard While Afloat: The odd thing with many beach-cruiser designs is that you can't actually sleep in them, be it on the beach or afloat. Light-weight, as well as many stouter traditional heavyweight designs, require permanent thwarts or at least deep-web framing to keep the hull shell from panting, be it just rowing or from sailing-related stresses exerted by both rig and crew. Most use such thwarts to step the mast to simplify the structure. And lots of interiors are dominated by centerboard case and its bracing structure. Judging by the prevalence of these structure-related impediments to actually sleeping in the boat, many seem to deem these inevitable, to be accepted.

Equally de facto dictated are length-to-beam considerations which usually ruin both side-by-side sleeping while also not allowing tandem sleeping either. It is an issue of vital safety that both crew must be able to recover their strength afloat at the end of the day or experience a time of sudden weakness, facing inhospitable shores, uncooperative winds, pummeled by open water wave action.

Designing, building, and cruising such craft seems to reflect both a mix of low expectations, "that's the way beach-cruisers are..." and resignation to the presumed fact that to sleep two aboard you need a real cruiser. After all, you are supposed to sleep on the beach. Even in safe and protected calm marshland that may stretch for miles and miles, it would be nice to be able to rest aboard for another day of explorations and exertions when flies, mud, above-average tides flooding everything solid, and private property signage make stepping ashore a decidedly implausible proposal.

And So: To a few hard-core rugged outdoors folks all these concerns are no doubt silly and embarrassingly wimpy. But doing things deliberately the hard way has never been terribly virtuous. Some may more or less implicitly rely routinely on the back-up-plan of shooting flares, while regularly assuming any shoreline to be theirs, essentially loading their responsibilities upon others' shoulders. But many, aware from personal experience of contingencies each adventure may hold in store for them, likely feel that for them to cruise responsibly and less distracted by daily nuisances and serious risks, their boats should somehow do a better job dealing with the realities of beach cruising. After all, beach-cruising has always implied a sensible, self-contained approach to living in the outdoors for a viable while, treading lightly upon nature and among others.

As one offering to the discussion, #411 Wisp continues to fill that bill quite well, better with the mentioned upgrades. We would carry inflatable rollers for movement up the beach, be it for blueberries, a good diggin, or an actual night ashore with full respect of property and neighbors. Only a few cruising itineraries would benefit from carrying truly amphibious/wheeled capability, whether it ruins her looks or not; how about varnished wheels...

Plans for Design #411 Wisp are available only from us for US \$100 to build one boat. Phil Bolger & Friends, 66 Atlantic St., Gloucester MA 01930-1627, FAX (978) 282-1349.

Back To The Future

By Jeremy Eisler

Last year I went kayaking. I had a great time, but my 46 year old arms and shoulders weren't up to it. Rather than go to a gym, I set about making it easier.

My solution was a two part telescoping metal pole made from pipe stock with an open oarlock on the top. A set-screw made the height infinitely adjustable up to 24". I inserted this into a socket, screwed the socket into a board, and mounted it on the kayak's centerline about 1' ahead of me. I used duct-tape, lots of it, since it wasn't my kayak, and sat on the board. Anyone trying this will probably want to use fiberglass.

I now had a fixed fulcrum which supported the weight of the paddle, and gave me a lever arm to increase the power of my stroke. It was the difference between a canoe and a rowboat, but designed for a double paddle kayak. The results were predictable, increased power with less effort. Indeed, paddling could be done with two fingers. If needed, the paddle could be simply lifted out of the open oarlock and used traditionally.

I got all excited. This thing was going to revolutionize ocean kayaking. I was going to be rich. I had a patent search done. My precise design, right down to the set-screw was patented in 1892 by a W. Vondersaar and is now in the public domain. A copy of his patent accompanies this article.

I suspect that the invention never caught on because, apart from eskimos and a few eccentric Englishmen, not many people were using kayaks in 1892. Canoes such as that depicted in Vondersaar's patent were primarily river boats, and so wide that the lengthy double paddle required could not be used without the centerbrace.

Kayaks don't share these problems, and, at least touring kayaks, work splendidly with the center rowlock. Whitewater kayaks are a little twitchy for its wide sweeping strokes.

To anyone deciding to make one of these I'd recommend using a socket which it slips into and out of easily. You won't want it in place all the time, and you definitely don't want anything interfering with exiting the cockpit in the event of capsize. I expect this rowlock will aid people otherwise physically challenged by kayaking. Indeed, with a clamp on the oarlock you can paddle with one hand.

Other uses for the device will no doubt occur. Parasol holder, rod holder, camera mount, mast-step and drink holder all spring to mind. I'd be interested to hear from any readers who try the device.

Jeremy Eisler, 805 Euclid Ave., Jackson, MS 39202-1108

United States Patent Office

Wendel Vondersaar, of Indianapolis, Indiana.
Rowlock.

Specification forming part of
Letters Patent No. 468,960,
Dated February 16, 1892.

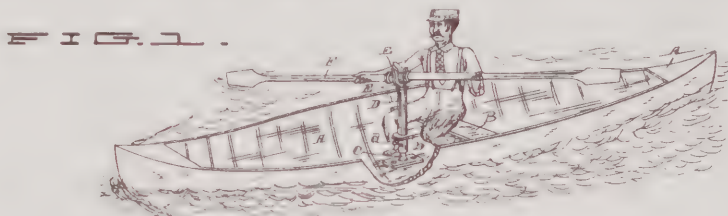
Application filed August 20, 1891.
Serial No. 403,242 (No Model)

To all whom it may concern;

Be it known that I, Wendel Vondersaar, a citizen of the United States, residing at Indianapolis, in the county of Marion and State of Indiana, have invented certain new and usefull improvements in rowlocks, of which the following is a specification.

The object of my said invention is to provide a rowlock for canoes or such like light boats which use a single oar or paddle of the double-ended variety, which will support the weight of such oar or paddle and steady it in position, thus relieving the boatman of a large portion of the labor which has heretofore attended the use of such oars or paddles.

This invention will be first fully described, and then pointed out in the claims. Referring to the accompanying drawings, which are made a part hereof, and on which similar letters of reference indicate similar parts, Figure 1 is a perspective view illustrating my invention and its use; Fig. 2, a central sectional view of the same on the dotted line 2 2 in Fig. 3; and Fig. 3, a horizontal sectional view thereof, looking upwardly from the dotted line 3 3 in Fig. 2.



In said drawings, the portions marked A represent the boat; B, the seat; C, a step in the bottom of the boat; D, a standard mounted on said step; E, the rowlock, and F the paddle or oar.

The boat A, seat B, and paddle or oar F are, or may be, of any usual or desired form and construction, and will not, therefore, be further described herein, except incidentally in describing the invention.

The step C is secured in the bottom of the boat, and has an upwardly-extending stem, which enters the hollow standard D and secures and supports said standard in place.

The standard D is, or may be, a piece of ordinary pipe or tubing, and is mounted on the stem of the step C and extends to the appropriate height to support the rowlock. It is adjustably secured on the stem of the step by a set-screw *d* or otherwise, as will be readily understood. It is preferably further supported or stayed in position by a projecting arm *b*, secured, preferably, to the seat B, as shown.

The rowlock E is, or may be in itself, of any ordinary form. It is mounted in or

upon the upper end of the standard D and is adapted to receive the oar, as shown.

By the use of my invention a boatman secures both the advantage of a rowlock for his oar or paddle, as in an ordinary row-boat, and also the advantage of facing in the direction of motion, as with a canoe. The weight of the oar or paddle is borne by the standard and he is relieved to that extent.

The adjustability of the standard on the step renders this invention convenient to be used by persons of varying stature.

Having thus fully described my said invention, what I claim as new, and desire to secure by Letters Patent, is:

1. The combination, with a boat, of a central standard and a rowlock mounted on the upper end of said standard and adapted to receive a double-ended oar or paddle, substantially as shown and described.

2. The combination, with a boat, of a step secured in the bottom of the boat, a standard adjustably mounted thereon, and a fork-shaped rowlock mounted in said standard, adapted to receive a double-ended oar or paddle, substantially as set forth.

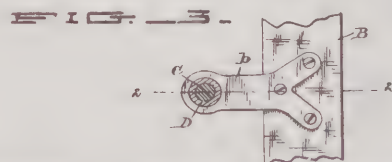
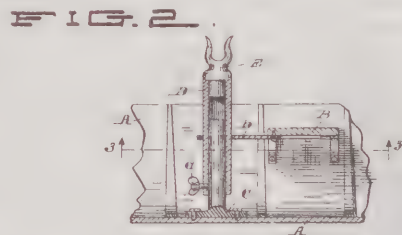
3. The combination, with a boat, of a step mounted in the bottom of the boat, hav-

ing an upwardly-projecting stem, a hollow standard adjustably mounted on said stem, a stay *b*, secured to the seat and extending out and staying and supporting said standard, and a rowlock mounted in the upper end of said standard.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, at Indianapolis, Indiana, this 10th day of August, A. D. 1891.

Wendel Vondersaar [L. S.]

Witnesses: Chester Bradford, J. A. Walsh.



I needed to bend some wood the other day. I was installing new gunwhales and inwales on a fiberglass skiff (an old "Plastic Pete's") that was molded with a rounded bow as many of those fiberglass skiffs are. The original wood had rotted away after one of those nice canvas covered foam rub rails had been installed, collected water and never dried out. I was loath to build a real steam box just for the time it would have taken so I came up with this quick steam box, and it only took a few minutes and cost only about \$10.

Buy a 10' section of 4" diameter Schedule 20 PVC pipe at your building supply yard. This pipe is used for foundation perimeter drains in the building industry. The pipe I got is distributed by Genova, is made by ADS, and is labeled "3000lb Triple Wall". The wall construction of this pipe is corrugated just like a cardboard box but is made from PVC (polyvinyl chloride). It will easily withstand the temperature of boiling water and steam at ambient pressure. Not only is it light but it has the great advantage of having a high insulating value. This is desirable because the steam will not condense as readily on the walls of the pipe and lose its effectiveness at steaming the wood.

Avoid buying Schedule 20 or 40 PVC pipe with a solid wall as it will not give you as effective an insulating effect. Buy a couple of

A \$10 - 10 Minute Steam Box

By Jack Dice

end caps that fit over the ends of the pipe to close it off. The pipe that I purchased had a coupling molded onto one end that took a special cap on that end. As a cautionary note, you should never burn PVC because it gives off toxic gasses when ignited.

Now all that is needed is a boiling vessel, a piece of old garden hose (or suitable substitute) and a camp stove. The boiling vessel can be anything that will hold and boil a couple gallons of water. I used an old five gallon galvanized can that I found at the junk yard that might have been used for kerosene or other solvent. An old metal gas can will work but be sure to rinse out all the gasoline before putting it over a fire! A large sauce pan or dutch oven would work as well. If you have none of these you can buy a cheap aluminum pot with cover for only a few bucks.

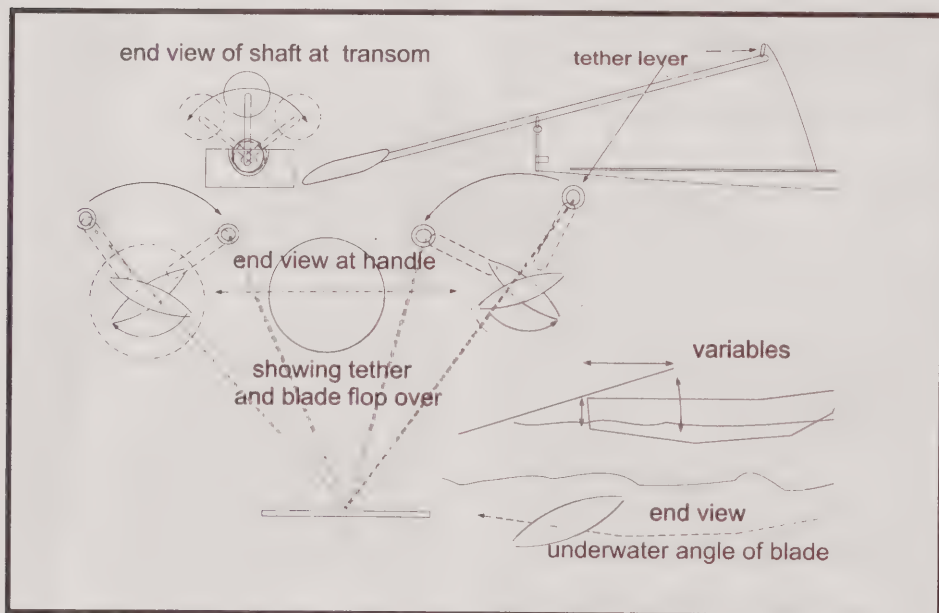
Drill a hole in the cover that is slightly smaller than the garden hose outside diameter so that the hose can be stuffed into it and seal

itself in the hole. Drill the same diameter hole in one of the end caps near the edge of the cap so that the condensate will not form a puddle in the pipe and will run back into the boiling vessel. The cap should fit tightly over the PVC pipe. If a tight fit cannot be had, use duct tape to seal it. Tie the PVC pipe on a stiffening board and put it on some saw horses or anything to elevate it higher than the boiling pot with the far end of the pipe slightly higher than the inlet end so that the condensate will run back toward the supply hose and drain back into the boiling vessel.

Install the hose (make it only long enough to go from the boiling pot to the steaming pipe and no longer) from the boiling vessel into the PVC pipe end cap, put a couple gallons of water in the pot, and put the pot on your camp stove. In the opposite end of the PVC pipe put in the wood to be steamed and then install the end cap. If that cap is tight fitting, drill a couple of small holes in it (.25 inch) so that the steam will migrate down to the far end of the pipe and vent out.

I steamed two pieces of white oak 1/2" x 1" x 8' about an hour and they bent around the bow of that skiff not quite like limp spaghetti but close to it. Amazing!

Jack Dice, Oceanville Boat Shop, RR1, Box 864, Stonington, ME 04681, <oceanvilleboat@ghi.net>



My Self-Reversing Yuloh

By Jason Spinnett

To best use this design of yuloh you will need to stand toward the center of the boat if it has a low freeboard and transom. The length of the yuloh will be determined by the above factors plus the leverage and travel on the handle end. These latter two considerations are a compromise arrived at by judging and trying to find what is comfortable, efficient and practical for you as an individual manipulator of the device.

My yuloh is made-up from an old Finnish oak and brass pair of paddles I got from a neighbor. It is 11' long as my transom is 2' above the waterline. I stand just 2' from the transom (sideways) and push back and forth at waist level. My yuloh is straight and the elliptical blade is 18" long, 6" wide and 1" thick. It tilts at about 20 degrees off horizontal in reference to the water when it sweeps side to side. The shaft is 2" in diameter. It flexes when pushing water so it is curved when in action. The reason the larger yulohs are curved is to make them reach the water from very high transoms. Some of the junks and sampans are quite large craft.

Like all folk craft mechanisms the yuloh is tailored to the size of boat, the operator, materials available etc. If you intend to sit while you scull, this will probably make the geometry different since your arms will be slightly lower.

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You know it is natural for people to be curious about boatbuilding. All you have to do to draw a crowd someplace is to set up a half finished boat and then start cutting little fragrant shavings off a little board with an edged tool. Observers will crowd around so close that their noses will get in the way of your strokes. They'll want to know every little thing and will offer much advice.

I used to rent an old store-front downtown back before old backwards Thomasville became "Destination Thomasville!!!" and the rent went up. Observers used to walk all the way down there from the courthouse just to see what I was boggering up. There was a cosmetology school next door and those ladies took a break every hour or two and there was nothing else for them to do but crowd around the window of my shop and smoke cigarettes. They cut off my light and the air too. Anyway, all that was a factor in my decision to become a hermit.

Even back here in these bushes, I have visitors. I admit that I like to see them if I know they are coming so they don't catch me stomping around in a confused, cussing fury. Well, I like some of them... the genuinely curious who ask knowledgeable questions and then pay attention to the answer. Usually, after they have wandered around looking at all my junk lying haphazardly where I last used it like in the room of a child, they'll ask which is my favorite tool. I'll show them my father's old toggle-frog block plane (which lay new-in-the-box for the thirty years he owned it.... I still have the new-old box, but the plane has et up at least five irons from back when I used to trim plywood back in the sixties).

I'll show them my little Japanese saws and my mismatched assortment of chisels and slicks. I'll let them feel the burr edge of one of my cabinet scrapers (I hardly ever sand anything) and demonstrate how quick my new long-stroke Yankee screwdriver (I have worn out three) will slap a sheetrock screw into hard pine and my little all-steel push drill and all my other little scattered treasures. About the time I am showing them my little homemade wood planes for rounding off corners and digging grooves, they'll ask, "But what about power tools? Is a router your favorite of those? You could round those corners with a router." I have to curb my impulses at that.

I don't like power tools and I don't have a damned router. It ain't because I don't understand them just as good as any new Yankee in his workshop. Hell, I have had to work in factories around here off and on (off as much as I could) so much that the sound of a router just plain gripes my ass.... particularly that sound they make when some poor fool boogers something up (like a jig that took me two days to build) with one. I vowed to be positive with this so I'll quit all that.

It is hard for me to make a decision about which of my tools is my favorite. The beloved hand tool in my hand at the time is usually the one which comes to mind and the power tool that I just switched off is usually the one least likely to be selected as favorite. I threw a Makita skillsaw out in the bushes one time and it is still out there. You can't see the saw itself anymore because the fire ants have covered it up, but you can see the cord strung out through the weeds if you look carefully. A vacuum cleaner is another one. You know it is hard to love a machine that, as soon as you realize it is time to use, you have to put in your nasty

My Favorite Power Tool

By Robb White

little uncomfortable earplugs (my grandson calls them ear-grubs... a better name).

I used to have an ancient old gigantic war-surplus air compressor which stood way out by the power pole under a junk car hood for years back when I was in my old open-air shop (destroyed by an offshoot from hurricane Kate in '85). I could hear it thumping out there every now and then and the air it pumped would blow the chips, shavings and dust out of the boat just fine but here this new, tight little shop I am in now ain't conducive to that so I have to have a vacuum cleaner (I got four... all louder than the Space Shuttle). They are a necessity, but not candidates for any kind of favoritism except I like to see how far I can kick one every now and then.

I still have some of the first power tools purchased after I decided to build boats full time back in 1961 while I was still in the Navy. My wife and I were already in the business of building plywood boats in the living room of our little non electrified house half way up El Yunque in Puerto Rico. I, like so many other fools, was lured by the thought of having machinery do the work for me, so when it came time for me to get out, I cashed in the government bonds that they had been taking out of my check for the whole four years and sent in a tool order. I bought a bunch of junk from all over and had it shipped back home.

One tool was the cutest little jointer-horizontal boring machine (Delta) combination you ever saw. You know such as that is kind of useless for a boatbuilder but it is so cute and runs so quietly that I keep it off in the corner of the shop sort of like a curio. I also have the original scroll saw from that shipment. It is a big old cast iron thing (might be Sears... ain't a logo on it anywhere) and though it doesn't have any features, it will certainly pull the blade up and down and cut.

I let my sons use it when they were tiny little babies and I advise you to do the same thing if you have any children hanging around the shop. It is a lot less dangerous than a TV. They cut out many a little thing from scraps from the shop and busted a bunch of blades. Of course they got pinched and gnawed a few little bloody frazzles on their fingers and knuckles but overall, I believe their experience with that old thing was good in the long run. I use it too even now. Of course, about the only thing it is good for is cutting out the hand-holes in flotation compartment bulkheads but I still like to hear its little quiet throbbing and the little singing of its tiny teeth and the puffing of its little breath as it blows the sawdust away from the line... which, you know, a sabre saw is a hysterical little piece of junk compared to such as that.

The last thing I have from those old power tools that were waiting for me at my mother's house in their wood boxes when I finally got home from getting mustered out is my table saw. I do not like it. It is an old 8" Sears, styled up sort of retro-art-deco. I have had a lot of factory table saw experience too and I don't like a ten horse, three phase Unisaw

any better no matter what kind of hyped-up fence it has on it. A table saw is just something I crank up when I absolutely have to and switch off as soon as I can so I can shuck my eargrubs. I don't like to play around such a hellish machine. I have a powerful power feed, a very good blade (Matsushita from Dave Carnell) and a hell of a motor though.

The motor came from my engineer brother-in-law and is a family joke. He had a swimming pool and was kind of compulsive and anal-retentive about it. Despite enough chlorine that the fumes rising from the water would knock out the birds flying over, there were some little backswimmer beetles that lived in his pool and he hated them. At first, he spent all his free time chasing around the edge with a little net, then he bought one of those slurp guns like commercial aquarium-fish catchers use to clean out the little reef fish down in the islands and swam around in his scuba gear like he was on a Sea Hunt. No matter what he did, every time he went to look in his pool there were some more of the little beetles stroking through the poisonous water.

I enjoyed the cruel spectacle so much that I never told him that, despite their submarine ways, they could come up to the top, take off like a helicopter and fly like a bullet to a new hole of water and that the five acre pond about a half mile from his pool could keep him busy for the rest of his ridiculous life. Y'all don't want to know all this so I'll cut it short. The motor on my tablesaw is one he gave me after he retrofitted it on his swimming pool pump to cure the beetle problem once and for all. When he first switched it on, it drew the voltage down so that it threw every circuit breaker in the neighborhood and then it continued apace twenty four hours a day and ran up his electric bill about like another car payment. It, along with Dave Carnell's blade, is just what I need on my table saw. I have to scramble to keep it fed but I am soon through with the cursed thing.

As an aside, I feel that a power feed which completely obscures the blade and weighs a hundred pounds and has four tires to hold the piece of wood is the only safe guard for a table saw. I have a customer... a medical doctor, an internist who dabbles in wood when he ain't dabbling in somebody's guts. He was mitering the sides of a cigar humidior (Spanish cedar) on his Unisaw when the guard caused the little piece to get wrong between the blade and the fence and the 3hp threw that little piece of wood back at him so hard that after it hit him in the abdomen, it bounced off and put a four hundred dollar dent in his mother's car which was parked out in the driveway. He had to go see another internist and take the car to an externist.

My favorite power tool might be a bandsaw. That's certainly the closest a power tool can get to being indispensable in a boat shop and it's a pretty good working thing. I got three. My favorite is my old cast iron 20" (Silver Mfg. Co. Salem, Ohio, USA) that I saw standing out in a pasture over by Climax, Georgia (yes, Virginia) in the same fall that they shot President Kennedy... my commander in chief. I remember shedding salty tears on its table as I rejuvenated it. I had it standing out in the yard of my old shop for many years and used it not only as a bandsaw for cutting out boat parts (I use sawn frames) but actually as a sawmill. I had a long galvanized tin covered



table fore and aft which I could slick up with a little paraffin and push logs through my saw following a chalk line. The maximum depth of cut was only 7-1/2" so I had to chop and plane the logs into a cant about that thick before I could begin to saw.

Though I quickly cobbled up a series of junkpile, real sawmills, and now have a good store-bought bandsawmill, 7-1/2" is still the starting width of all my planking. The old Silver is standing in the shop right now... duct tape tires and a beautiful little blade that I hand set accurate to a thousandth of an inch. I have an ancient war-surplus, repulsion-start motor on it. Repulsion-start motors start with brushes on a commutator like a skillsaw and then run on induction after centrifugal force pulls the brush switch. Those old things will start a tool too and then they run quietly. Though they are rated very low hp. for their physical size (that's the easiest way to recognize one... say a hundred pound 3/4hp motor) because of the low temperature capability of the ancient insulation, if you load one, they will pull it way beyond the amps their hp would seem to indicate for a pretty good while. If you load one down where the brushes switch on, it's like throwing nitrous oxide to a hot rod. My bandsaw never irritates me now that I have learned what it'll do.

Which, it ain't just coincidence that standing in the middle of every butcher shop in the whole world is a bandsaw. I'll tell you the safety rules right now: The first thing is never think about anything but that blade when you are around a bandsaw. Don't look around for your pencil... don't listen to Momma Cass on the radio... don't think about how much money your undeserving brother-in-law has and you ain't got none even though you are three times as smart. Don't reach up there and pull a little chip out of the hole. Think hard about that blade the whole time.

That's a tall order but the other rules are simple. Don't ever cut anything that is angled so that it leans into the saw or else it might hang and get snatched in and down along with your hand. Never cut across any cylindrical object that is not clamped in a drill-press vise... it might hang on a tooth and roll in and take part of you with it. Never cut anything that requires your fingers to be within six inches

of the front of the blade. I know it is a benign looking thing... that almost stationary, toothless looking blade, but think about it. It will cut a T-bone steak in less than a second. If you have fooled around and cut off a little thing before it is finished, glue it back onto a stick with super glue.

The last thing is.... never cut PVC pipe, it has a way of hanging and shattering. You might get away with it a hundred times but sooner or later it is going to hang up and bust that pipe into sharp smithereens, cut you to the bone with a piece of it, take the blade off the tires and hand it to you.

You can develop a good skill with a bandsaw but it don't pay to ever get complacent and cool. I have a thirty inch bandsaw out in my lumber shed which I use to resaw boat planking. Though I have only owned it for about twenty years, I have been associated with that saw ever since I got out of the Navy and the association has not always been pleasant. I first saw it in the first furniture factory I went to work for after a stack of cheap-junk aluminum honkey-drowners showed up at the first discount store in Thomasville and put me out of the plywood boat business. I remember it well. The stack was about twelve feet tall... had to have a fork lift to get a boat off the top. They had a big sign taped on about half way down, "\$59.95" dogshit.

This saw stood in the absolute middle of the factory and ran all day every day. The operator was a strange man but he was easily the best bandsaw person I ever saw (there are a lot of very good women in front of bandsaws in the furniture business). All the sure-enough professional bandsawyers work it differently from most amateurs. First, they keep the top guide way high up off the work instead of squanching it down so they can't see the line or the blade's relationship to it. It is foolish to make a fetish of blade guides on a bandsaw. You can't make the blade do anything it won't do from just running true straight off the tires anyway or it won't cut accurately. All guides are good for is to stop any harmonic oscillation, hold the blade straight with the backup wheel and strip sawdust off the tire side. Those roller guides are absolutely useless with any resinous wood particularly under the table. I like a pair of opposed bronze wire brushes

under there.

It was kind of fun to stand around and watch that man at the furniture factory. He was always right exactly on the line... left half of it so the edge sander could see where to go and he was so fast that it took a good man to mark around the pattern ahead of him. His eye was so good that if the pencil had strayed or gapped even the least little bit or gotten dull, he would throw the board like a Frisbee across the mill. I believe he was the most unfriendly man I ever knew.... never spoke a word to anybody.

He cut every crooked piece of wood in the whole hundred-man factory for twenty years at that same bandsaw and it took three men and two other saws to replace him. He had a stack of cardboard that he stood on and the imprint of his feet was always right in the same place. I don't see how he stood it but he did. He would cut anything you handed him if you did it right and were not presumptuous and he didn't despise you too much, but if any of those things happened... if the radius of your curves were too sharp for the width of blade he was running at that time (he could change blades and reset the guides in about thirty seconds) he would just cut your carefully marked board into little pieces and rake them off the table into the drum.

If you were presumptuous, or he hated you more than he did everybody else, when you handed your piece to him he would look at it as if it were some kind of excrement and drop it on your foot. If you were so stupid as to touch his saw, he would immediately switch it off, stride to the clock, punch out and go home and you would have a lot of explaining to do. If I was the foreman, you had to explain to me because I knew it would be dark before I finished that man's day's work. To this day, I have to steel myself to touch that saw (C.E. Wright Mfg. East Orange, NJ) and it belongs to me now.

One day, I saw him walking to the clock and he punched out and drove off. I was foreman in that department so I went to crawl on somebody's ass but when I got to the saw, there was half his hand lying on the table... the three outboard fingers cut diagonally from between the index finger and the next one all the way out the wrist at the knob bone. I put it in a cup of ice and hurried to the emergency room where I heard they were able to re-attach it so that it even worked again but I never saw that man again.

Two years later, that company went bankrupt in one of those shuffle around deals that big companies are always doing and I bought the saw at the auction at a bargain because while they were shuffling, some fool busted the bottom wheel with a forklift.... I machined a 30" pulley to fit and shrunk a steel rim onto it and have been running the old saw ever since but I tell you, I don't have to be reminded about what it will do.

I have two thickness planers and I love them equally. The first one is an ancient old line-shaft-style thing (J.A. Fay & Egan, Cincinnati Ohio, USA). It used to be square-head with those notch-style bolted on blades (about 3/8" thick) but when they got too short, they were so expensive to replace that I converted it to an old salvaged three blade head I was able to true down to fit the old poured bearings in my planer. It works pretty good. I found out that synthetic oil will allow you to turn a plain bearing machine much faster than was possible back in the old

days and I can turn it too.

The thing I like about it best is the engine. I bought a salvaged non-running Nordburg engine (Nordburg Diesel Engine Company, Milwaukee Wisconsin, USA) to pull my lineshaft. Back when all this was going on, I only had an old Plymouth Valiant (1965, three speed, drove it more than 600,000 miles and only abandoned it when it took two people to close the doors and the windshield wipers only stroked 15 degrees). I had to haul the engine from the salvage place about a hundred miles away so I borrowed my mother's little Toyota pickup truck... should have rigged up something on my log truck. Though the old engine only has one cylinder and 12hp (at 1,200rpm), it bottomed out all four springs on the little truck and put a pretty good bow in the frame.

I had to put a hundred pounds of air in the tires to keep the rims off the road. It was a slow trip back with my prize because I had to stop at every little creek to dip water and cool the tires. After I put a set of rings and inserts in it and lapped in the valves, it was just as good as new and still is. I used to love it. It'll idle down so slow that even with the line shaft and my planer turning (four V-belts... no clutch) you can count the individual thumps when the fuel is injected.

It can be hand started even with all that junk turning with it but it ain't easy. The fly-wheel is 24" in diameter and 24" thick and all you have to do is carry it through one compression stroke and the old elbow high engine will thump once and be running. When I first did that after the engine was rebuilt, I did not have it tied down to anything and the governor took it right to 1,200rpm and it was sort of hard to catch and shut off. Now it is grouted down to a concrete pad six feet square and a full foot thick and even at that, it excites all the doodlebugs in the lumber shed.

I used to sell lumber, and had a little Belsaw mess that would barely cut the frazzles off in one pass and it took so long to dress a board that it was boring. This old thing will plane lumber. I have a four speed electrically driven feed rig and I can set it to throw them through so fast that if the boards aren't twenty feet long, you can't keep up so it ain't boring. I have a roller-bed return rig so all you have to do is unstack and feed the input and trip and stack on the output end but even at that, half a day of planing will whip two good men.

Back when I first set it up, we were the only people around here but lately, the doctors and lawyers of the big city of Thomasville have built big houses all around my shop. Sometimes in the parking lot of the Super WalMart, one of their wives will roll down the window of the big Exhibition. "What are you doing back there so early in the morning?" she'll ask.

"Planing lumber and ten thirty ain't early," I'll reply. The county fooled around and zoned this whole region "R1" about five years ago. Didn't even know that one of Thomas County's major industries had been hidden back in the bushes for almost forty years. I guess I ought to cease and desist so these people can have their peace and quiet. Oh well.

My other planer is a little 12" inside job (old model Rockwell set up like a new Taiwanese Delta). I always wanted a Powermatic which is the best of the planers I ever had anything to do with in factories but I passed on a chance to get one at a real bargain just the other

day because I just ain't got room in my tiny shop. Besides, little Rockwell is made so that the bed stays put when the thickness is changed so the catch table is always right.

Planer blades need to be sharp and accurately set. You can mess around buying little dohickeys from all these mail order places and having long discussions on the internet with other armchair woodworkers but the fact of the matter is just that planer blades need to be sharp and accurately set. I rough sharpen mine on an edge sander now (80, 120, 220) but I used to do it with an ordinary Carborundum stone. After I have a good edge on there, I hone them off razor sharp with an Arkansas stone. Sharp blades cut better than dull blades.

I don't use a little guage to the head to set them but space them to the table with two blocks of wood. First, I have two blocks (end grain against the table) that I use to set the table the right distance from the head, then two other blocks to set the blades to the table. A little bee's wax rubbed on the blades will make it possible to adjust the nib screws so the blades can be pushed down with a little stick and stay while you rotate the head down to the blocks to see what you did. I am so used to it that I can almost set them by eye.

If I detect the slightest dullness of the blades, I will touch them up once or twice with a couple of stones right there on the head. You don't need anything special... I like an 8" stone because it cuts well and doesn't follow the worn place in the middle like a smaller stone. It doesn't take much of that to get the blades out of true though. Never send planer blades off to be sharpened. You don't know what kind of stooge will wind up with your blades and you can't be sure you'll even get the same ones back.

I balance the blades after every sharpening. I have a little home-made balance scale and I get the two lightest blades equal by grinding the back of one a little bit, then I balance touch the heavy blade until it matches. An out-of-balance planer will not only wear out the bearings, but the harmonics of it will make a rippled cut which is very hard to scrape or sand out.

I'll give you a helpful tip. Wood is not usually what dulls planer blades, it is dust and sand that have settled on the wood. Visualize the dusty environment of a sawmill with all those big machines tearing around in the yard all the time. Even here where I try to keep it down, dirt gets on my lumber. I go to great pains to get it off. First I scrub each board with a Palmyra brush, then I vacuum clean it with another brush. When I plane, I make sure I take enough off so that the blades are running in new wood most of the time instead of just frazzling along on the surface. I carefully de-bark every live edge flitch or wane.

I never let any thoughtless fool anywhere near my planer. Once when I had just come back from a little trip to the coast, one of my brothers-in-law called to complain that he couldn't manage to start my diesel planer so he could plane the paint off of a bunch of used lumber that his wife thought might look cute around the outfit. He ought to thank his lucky stars that he is so puny from floating around in his pool all the time. If he had managed to crank the old Nordberg, I would have had to kill him. The pigment in almost all paint is calcium carbonate.... limestone.

I have been lucky. Despite a lifetime of dangerous work, I am still all here (at least

temporarily). A planer is what got a little nip off the tip of my left index finger though. I was working in a furniture factory as night foreman and had a little crew of teen-aged boys who were trying to make car payments. We usually only ran what was needed to catch up the old slow, sloppy day men.

I was catching some little already cut-out parts out the end of a Powermatic when I saw a little knot-chip lying in the groove behind the bottom output roller. I stuck my finger in there to rake it out just as the kid who was feeding made his decision about grain direction and fed the next part. It clipped the end of my finger against the iron table. After I got through hopping around, I taped the little cup of skin back where it was and damned if it didn't take. I lost the fingernail but it grew back. Planer safety is simple. Don't stick your finger in there and never put any part of you under a board that you are feeding so that if the feed roller pops it down it can mash you against the table. Wear your glasses and ear-grubs.

For a while, I thought my favorite power tool was a karaoke machine. I mean, you know, here I am just like an old solitary wasp in my hole all day long. I had a customer who wanted a boat so bad that he mortgaged his whole life for the 20% deposit. He owned (leased) a little bar where people sat on stools and watched TV (that's another thing I haven't figured out yet) while they drank two dollar a glass draft beer.

On Saturday nights, he always tried some special deal to try to lure in a little extra money. The first thing was a wet T-shirt contest but the wettest ones turned out to belong to the men who were fighting out there in the parking lot (and not drinking beer) because one didn't like the way the other one was looking at his cutie's shirt so my desperate customer didn't make any money with that. Then he got this karaoke machine so these people could bray into the microphone and try to act like Elvis or one of The Pips. Pretty soon somebody would say something to somebody and then it would be back to the parking lot for the whole crew. The whole thing was just a fiasco.

Needless to say, I should have steered completely clear but I did wind up with the karaoke machine after that man had to skip town. Which, I liked it. It was about like a real good juke box and you know, it is kind of like having company to pick up that microphone and join the Inkspots... Honeychile.

Believe it or not, unlike the Elian Gonzalez and Monica Lewinski cases, this tale is fixing to come to some sort of logical ending. I have another old retro-style, art-deco looking thing. My granddaughter and I found it sitting by the dumpster in fine style one day. It has a grill ornament kind of like a 49 Ford... a chrome ball with wings... big "W" embossed in the middle of the ball. My granddaughter told me the "W" stood for water because it is a water cooler but actually it means Westinghouse.

I had to put another junk compressor into it and charge it with propane (ain't got no freon license) but it works like new. It even has a tiny, stainless steel lined (all the water tubing is stainless steel too... no lead solder) refrigerator in the bottom of it and a long goose-neck spout with a hose barb in addition to the regular drinking fountain. It is a real beauty, a great favorite with my grandchildren and certainly my favorite electrical tool in the shop.

Reproduction of Charles Lawton 10' Yacht Tender

Cedar on Oak

Designed by Charles Lawton of
Marblehead, MA, ca 1980. Built:
C. Stickney, Boatbuilders Ltd. 1997



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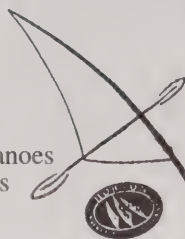
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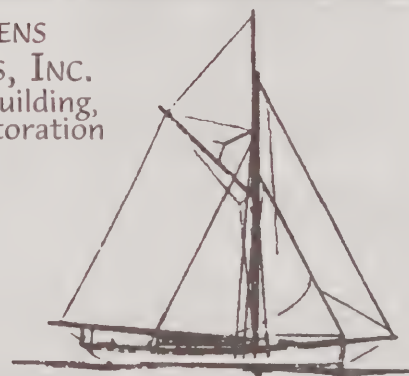
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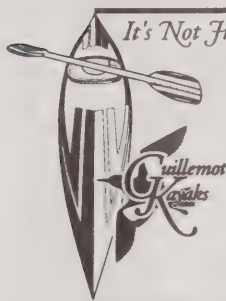
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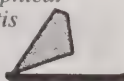


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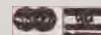


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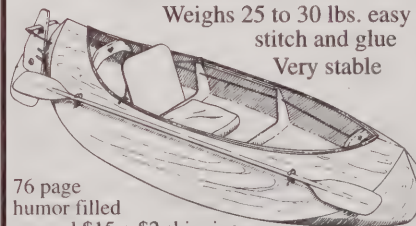
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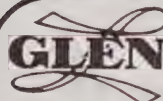


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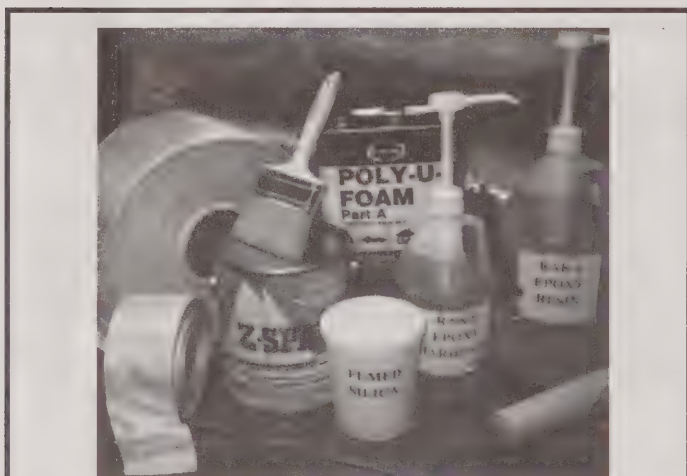
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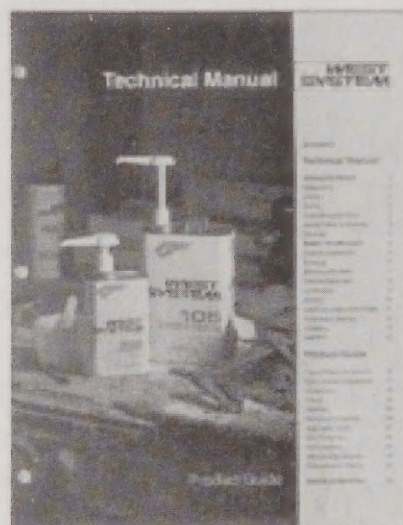
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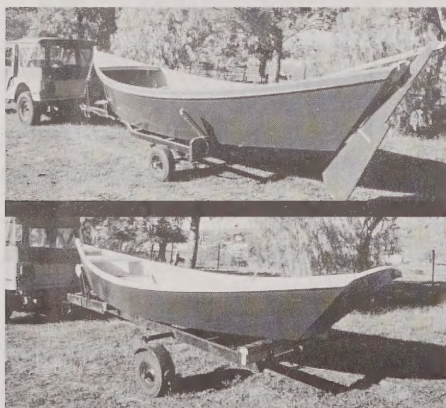
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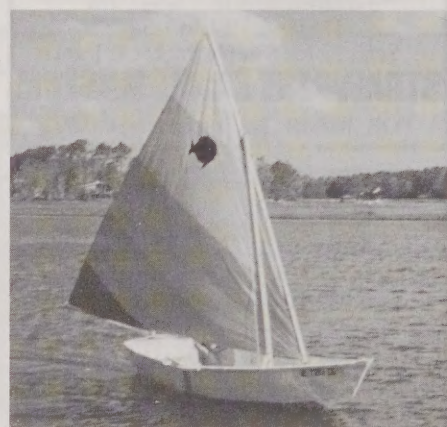
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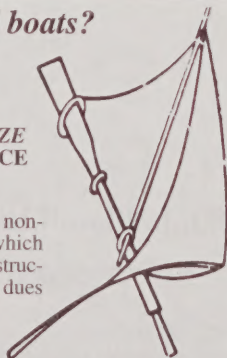
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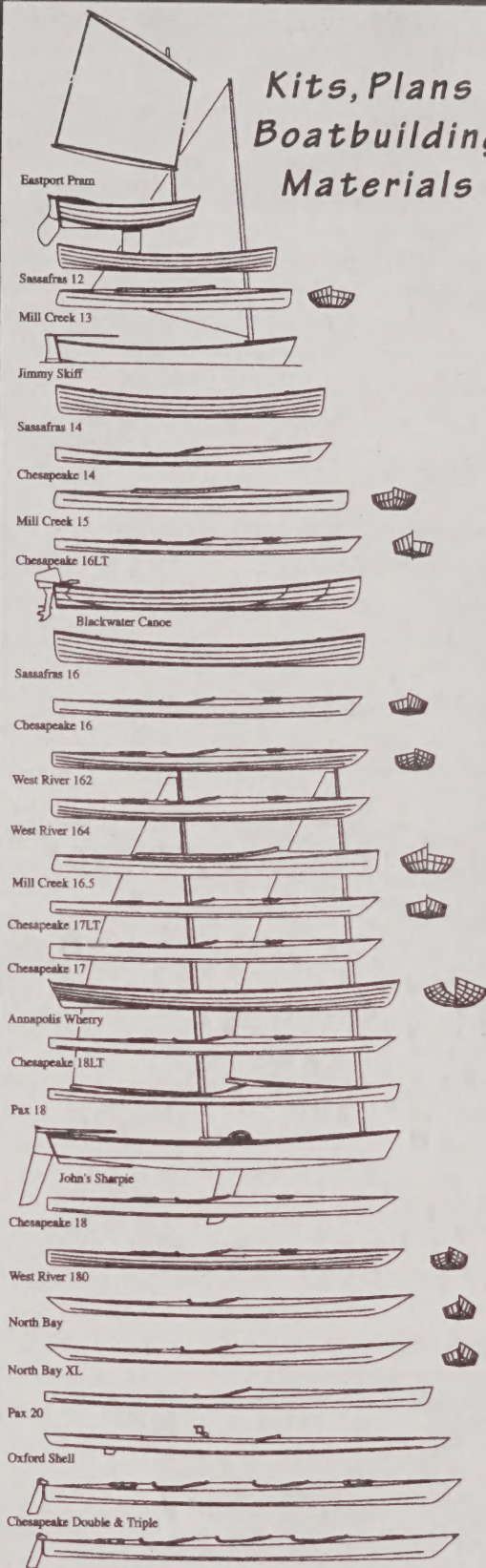
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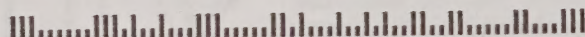
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