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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 22

April 1, 2001

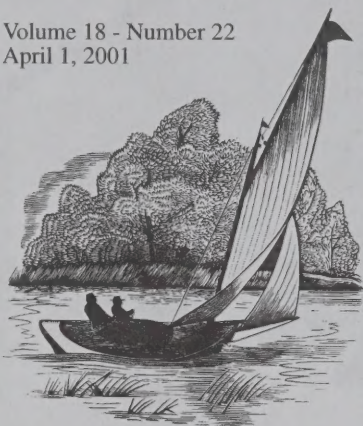


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messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 18 - Number 22
April 1, 2001



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

Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks.

Production and subscription fulfillment is by Office Support Services.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



A sure sign of the spring awakening in the small boat world showed up on March 3 when five classified ads arrived in the mail. All winter long, classifieds trickled in, few were contemplating trying to sell or buy anything connected with boating. Apparently on or about March 1, five readers sat down and wrote out their offers in anticipation of the impending season and what they hoped to be able to do if they could sell what they had to offer.

These five ads do not appear in this issue as the entire magazine was already wrapped up ready to go off to the printer today, Monday March 5. All the pages had been laid out and assembled in proper order and proof printed except this one, which is always the final page slotted in. This leads me into a short discussion about the classifieds.

Unlike the daily papers or weekly classified ad magazines, we cannot get your ads out there in the next issue. Sometimes a reader will call up when he gets the next issue after sending in his ad asking why it wasn't in it. With our every two week schedule, by the time you send off anything to us there's already the completed "next" issue somewhere in the pipeline between here, the printer and the US Mail. If your timing is unfortunate, another issue may have just been closed, as is the case with these five ads mentioned. So it could even be two issues, worst case, before your ad turns up in print.

There is about a one month turnaround in this magazine's affairs, but within that month we get out two issues. So the time lag is greater than the frequency of publication. It takes us a week or so to produce an issue here and send it to the printer. The printer takes another week or so to actually print it and mail it. Then the US Mail takes up to three more weeks to deliver it.

As much as I am weary of flogging the subject, the US Mail is hardly prompt. The fastest ordinary mail, 1st Class letters, take over a week to get across country, even three days locally. If you buy one of the \$11 plus special delivery packets you can get two or three days' delivery. So our bottom of the bar-

rel 3rd Class bulk mail oh so slowly creeps through the system, eventually arriving, often as much as three weeks later.

Some have asked about faster delivery and when I tell them it's available by 1st Class for an additional \$18 postage for the subscription, they fall back to the status quo. Since the magazine is not really time sensitive, does it matter? We have not attempted to thread the Postal Service bureaucratic maze and expense involved in obtaining the 2nd Class mailing "privileges" enjoyed by real magazines you may receive, because delivery is not all that much better unless frequency of publication is weekly or more often, costs are much higher and paperwork is burdensome for us. We do not have a circulation department here staffed by people devoting their efforts to that part of the enterprise. We don't have any departments, nor staff.

But now, in response to the increasing incidence of delivery problems, we are making a modest change in how we deal with these. Our daughter, who operates her own business, Office Support Services, already does our final production of each issue and manages the entire 5,000 subscriber list. When we get the calls and notes about "where is my magazine?" we have to consult with her first to determine status of each inquirer's subscription, and then follow through with explanatory letters and replacement copies for those missed.

We are now removing ourselves from this middleman position, and announcing that henceforth all inquiries about magazine delivery should be directed to her, the details are below in the special new box included for the purpose. Those of you "on line" will be pleased to note that email is available, and those who call will find a machine to take their calls if she is absent.

An explanation of why we do not have email nor an answering machine will await another time, suffice it to say here that, as we were once described in a *Boston Globe* newspaper article, "In these days of the information superhighway, *Messing About in Boats* is a dirt road."

Looking Ahead...

I will have my annual report on the Snow Row opening the on-the-water season here in New England.

Robb White brings us a lengthy dissertation on "Getting Into & Out of Boats"; Bob Nelsen offers a different look at cruising New York's Erie Canal in "The Erie Canal at Leisure"; Hugh Ware presents Part 2 of "In the Inside Passage"; and Reinhard Zollitsch continues on his way "Beyond the Maine Island Trail".

Mike Moore unearths an old time tale about "The Construction & Launching of *Clara Tinsley*, a Chesapeake Bay Schooner"; and Don Rodgers explains how he is "Project Oriented".

Dan Sheehan introduces his version of Bart Hawthay's "Greenland Touring Kayak"; Mark Steele introduces his concept of affordable model yachting in "A Foot Long Monohull Called Footy"; and Phil Bolger & Friends will be with us with???

Jeff Douthwaite offers up suggestions on "How to Retrieve the Skiff You Were Towing"; Gunnar Seich suggests a neat way for "Hanging Fenders"; and Herb Schneider tells us about his "Fitting a Choke to a Mitey-Mite Outboard".

On the Cover...

The New Zealand schooner *Te Aroha* in British Columbia's Inside Passage as photographed by Hugh Ware, who asks, "Is she a schooner or is she a ketch?"

Circulation Inquiries / Problems

Roberta Freeman @ Office Support Services

Telephone: 978-777-3557 (there is a machine)

E-Mail: officess@aol.com

2001 BOAT BUILDING



SCHOOL SCHEDULE



RESTORATION FEBRUARY 2ND - 4TH, 2001

Fundamentals of boat restoration: surveying your wooden boat, plank replacement, joinery, laminated and steam bent rib/frame replacement plus condensed basic refinishing. *Mike Mahoney, Instructor. Fee: \$150*

BUILDING A ST. LAWRENCE LADIES SKIFF - PART II APRIL 14TH - 21ST, 2001

Following Part I, the Ladies Skiff construction will continue with fitting out the decks, seats, and installing floor boards. Completing the finish work to the point where the skiff can be launched at week's end. The boat will be added to the Museum's livery. *Dan Sutherland, Instructor. Fee: \$450*

TAKING THE LINES OFF A TRADITIONAL ST. LAWRENCE SAILING SKIFF MAY 5TH & 6TH, 2001

A two-day class where students will be determining the basic hull shape and taking scantings of a traditional St. Lawrence Sailing Skiff from the Museum's permanent collection and built by Miller of Clayton, New York. *Everett Smith, Instructor. Fee: \$100*

CANVAS CANOE REPAIR OR RESTORATION JUNE 2ND, 2001

Replacing ribs and preparing a canvas to the ready point of receiving new canvas. Demonstration in the preparation of canvassing and filling a wood canvas canoe. Students may bring their own canoe to be assessed and worked on in class (depending on the number of boats brought in). *John McGreivey, Instructor. Fee: \$100*

CANING / JULY 21ST, 2001

A one-day total hands-on class that explores the basics of caning. The various types of caning and modern materials will be shared. *Jim Hartzell, Instructor. Fee: \$50*

STEAM BENDING / SEPTEMBER 22ND, 2001

A one-day class dedicated to the principles of forming curves. Instruction will include steam bending and laminating, placing ribs in a small boat, and other hands-on opportunities for class participation. *Dan Sutherland, Instructor. Fee: \$100*

RESTORATION & REFINISHING JUNE 9TH & 10TH, 2001 - OCTOBER 20TH & 21ST, 2001 - FEBRUARY 9TH & 10TH, 2002

Fundamentals of wooden boat restoration: surveying your wooden boat, laminated and steam bent rib replacement, fastening, traditional refinishing. The class is designed as a demonstration and lecture course. *Mike Mahoney, Instructor. Fee: \$125*

The Boat Building School is housed in the Museum's Boat Building and Restoration Shop and the Edward John Noble Historic Stone Building. Combined, the two facilities offer more than 5,000 square feet of space and all the necessary equipment for the classes. It is not required, but students may wish to bring their own hand tools, such as planes, chisels, flat-head screw driver, tape measure, wood rasp, etc.

Classes start at 9:00 AM.

Museum members are eligible for a 10% discount on boat building/restoration class tuition.

*For more information, write or call:
THE ANTIQUE BOAT MUSEUM
750 Mary Street, Clayton, New York 13624
Tel (315) 686-4104 Fax (315) 686-2775 www.abm.org*

THE BOAT BUILDING SCHOOL STAFF

MIKE MAHONEY

Mike has been involved with the Museum since the mid-eighties. He manages Wooden Boat Specialties in the 1000 Islands.

DAN SUTHERLAND

Dan is a fourth generation boat builder and Antique Boat Show judge. He owns and operates Sutherland Boat & Coach Inc. in Hammondsport, New York.

JIM HARTZELL

Jim has taught classes for the 1000 Islands Craft School and Elderhostels. He is experienced in many areas of weaving, including basekts, rush seating, as well as caning. Jim resides in Sackets Harbor, New York.

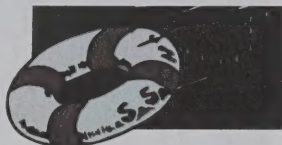
JOHN MCGREIVEY

John owns and operates the McGreivey Canoe Shop in Cato, New York. John has been in the canvas business for over 25 years. He is an authorized canvas repairer for Old Town Canoe.

EVERETT SMITH

Everett owns and operates the Everett Boat Works in Canton, New York. He has been involved with the Museum for over ten years and at one time served as Curator of the Antique Boat Museum.

Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

MV/20/20

In the course of any given year thousands of Vessel Safety Decals are awarded to boats that have passed the Coast Guard Auxiliary Vessel Safety Check. A fraction of one hundredth of one percent of these are labeled "VIP" and are generally issued to vessels owned by Very Important People: Governors, Senators, Mayors and the like. VIP decal #312 is a little different. It was issued because of a boat rather than the owner, although the boat's Captain George Schutt is, it is true, a "very important person" because of his skill and artistry in making the *MV 20/20* the joy that she is today.

MV 20/20 began her life as *Lifeboat #20* on the *SS United States*, perhaps the greatest passenger ship the world has ever known. The *United States* was built after World War II and when she was being mothballed in 1985, *Lifeboat #20* was lowered to a New York pier. For assorted reasons she was never hoisted aboard again and went on the market. George Schutt saw her and desired her but at that time the price was too high and he regretfully turned away. Three years later while strolling along a dock in Florida he saw *Lifeboat #20* once again, this time in sad disrepair with empty

beer cans and other trash floating in her bilges. Capt. Schutt made an offer. To this day, he will not reveal the sum involved but it is a safe assumption that it was one of the better buys of the decade.

After many months of hard and thoughtful work, *Lifeboat #20* was transformed into *MV 20/20* and a delight she is. She is now powered by a 65hp Perkins 4-154 diesel. Her large wheelhouse, a great blend of old and new, is complete with the brass helm from a WWII patrol boat, fitted out with all modern electronics and provides a spacious day cabin. Moving aft down three steps there is a commodious galley equipped for any and all cooking, a hanging locker, head, shower and storage space. Still further aft is a comfortable master cabin with a double berth. There are two single berths forward.

The vessel is 38' long, 12' beam and draws 3.3'. She cruises at a comfortable 9 knots and can travel just about anywhere. Voyages to the Caribbean are in her past. Her first cruise from Florida to her current home port in Carolina Beach, North Carolina was done the hard way with steering by an outside tiller (prior to the installation of an enclosed wheel) and long

times off shore between marinas as she dodged hurricane Hugo.

In the summer of 2000 she was away from her home dock in Carolina Beach for most of four months, spending part of that time at Op Sail in Norfolk, Virginia where she not only participated in the major boat parade but was on display for visitors at one of the City of Norfolk docks. At that time she was visited by Commodore Alexanderson, the last master of the *SS United States*. The Commodore was among a number of distinguished guests. *MV 20/20* was also host to the entire uniformed staff of the Coast Guard Marine Safety Office in Norfolk.

Following Op Sail, *MV 20/20* continued northward, with stops all along the coast while her captain visited friends. Eventually, she circumnavigated Manhattan Island and then headed south once more. Just where she will cruise in 2001 is not yet determined but her friends will be surprised to find her at her home slip when the warm weather comes.

MV 20/20 regularly participates in maritime events such as the North Carolina Azalea Festival and the N.A.T.O. Festival. Her uniqueness attracts spectators wherever she moors.

George Schutt, *MV 20/20*'s owner, restorer and captain, spent many years in the merchant marine and also served as curator of the Old Coast Guard Station in Virginia Beach. He has used *MV 20/20* in a program for at-risk young men and women in Florida, giving them an opportunity to gain self respect and self esteem by learning responsibility and respect for others while at sea. When not cruising on *MV 20/20* he is involved in yacht delivery or polishing *MV 20/20*'s brass, of which there is a quantity on his unique motor vessel.

MV 20/20 is a real joy and thoroughly deserves her VIP vessel safety decal.

There have been some fine pieces on safety in *MAIB* lately, useful, nicely written, and without the pulp and lecture approach.

Gloves: Seems latex gloves are always seen as the protection from harm when using glues and goos. Someone may want to go back in the archives, (*New York Times* maybe five years ago) for an article on allergic reactions to latex gloves primarily in the health care field. It didn't seem that important until one of the guys in the boatyard had a reaction. Terrifying, they thought he was having a seizure.

Medic One came, pulled off his and their latex gloves; oxygen, ambulance and hospital followed. Memory says the reaction was more common in folks with allergy to tropical fruits, and was more likely to occur after eating tropical fruits (think about that banana you just ate for lunch). Is latex a tropical fruit? Don't trust my memory of the report, find your own information, but realize that latex reactions can be very dangerous.

One contributor told of a couple guys survived floating around the ocean on the bottom of their unsinkable, overturned, USCG approved fishing boat. Anything wrong with a couple handles or rings on the bottom of the boat? Couple hand grips in the skeg aren't going to slow the boat or cause trailer problems.

A non-boating friend called, very distressed at a friend's drowning. She was so

Safety & Survival

convinced that he couldn't have drowned that she was concerned that there was foul play, coverups and all that. He had a PFD/lifejacket on, had an unsinkable boat, it was calm, he was very safety conscious, didn't take chances, etc, but was dead.

I was familiar with the area and had been there about the same time of day, two weeks before his death. He had gone out alone to watch the sunset on a calm evening. He was near the tip of an island and a passage with strong tidal currents. Even expecting strong currents, I had been surprised at their velocity in small, localized areas when I had been there earlier. My guess was that the current caught him with the motor off or dead, and carried him into a pier and the pilings overturned him and may have tapped him on the head.

A few days later I checked out my theory with some of the guys at the boatshop. Lots of good discussion, lots of maybe ifs, and possibilities. Maybe he was just sitting in the boat, idling, enjoying the sunset, maybe he started to stand to look at a seal or an osprey, maybe a little bitty wake wobbled him off balance and as he sat down to stabilize himself he grabbed something the only something to grab would be the handle of the motor, depending which side of the boat he was on, his grabbing would simultaneously accelerate and turn the boat out

from under him. Things happen so quickly.

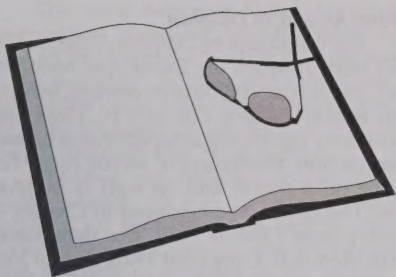
Or if he did capsize or swamp from a wake, what's he to do? He could never get up on the bottom or right it. Things happen so quickly.

This led into one of the guys telling about watching a guy fall overboard from an outboard skiff in Alaska. The local practice was to run at full throttle, standing in the middle of the boat. The throttle spring was routinely removed so you didn't have to hold the throttle for hours at a time. Deadman switches weren't used. So they see the guy coming down the bay, as he waves, he hits a little chop and suddenly the boat is proceeding without him. Things happen so quickly.

They fished him out with no real harm, but then the fun began, the next problem being how to corral an outboard running at full throttle in wildly erratic patterns, often toward the rocks, but generally in the direction of Japan? Chase boats were of generally the same weight, design and power and were somewhat encumbered by having one or two people on board. The escaped boat was relatively light and free to go planing off in any and all directions. Where are the video cameras when we need them?

Maybe some of the folks will want to add some grab handles inside and outside their small boats.

Frank Cameron, 3326 NE 123rd St., Seattle, WA 98125



Book Review

The Maine Coast Guide for Small Boats: Casco Bay

By Curtis C. Rindlaub
Diamond Pass Publishing, Inc.
Copyright 2000, \$17.95

Reviewed by John Hawkinson

Spacious pleasures await the small boat devotee in Maine. The coast can be unforgiving, but worth your effort to develop the knowledge and skill to experience rugged beauty. The recent articles about beach cruising in MAIB attest to the need for a comprehensive guide. This handbook indicates the places where you can anchor or land, go ashore, camp, or just stay away. Rindlaub points out that along the Maine Coast 95% of the islands are privately owned, and in many cases landing is not permitted. On the positive side, there are many public and private locations where the courteous and respectful paddler or rower will be welcome.

This portable volume tells how to approach small boat cruising in the Casco Bay region, and is the first of six guides intended to encompass the Maine coast. It tells where to launch, what to bring, where to go and what to look for. The guide analyzes weather, tide, current and preparation with emphasis on safety. Thorough appendices detail emergency information, facilities, organizations, regulations, and services.

Almost every page has a portion of chart illustrating the text, but not full sized charts or ephemeral tables. Symbols above the entries locate launching ramps, restaurants, telephones, portages, hiking trails, campsites, fishing sites, and amenities such as public toilets, fresh water, and fuel. The guide gives the logistics of access to each place both by land and by water. Many attractive landing places or anchorages have weather or current warnings. If there is a wreck to avoid, the history of the sinking is given.

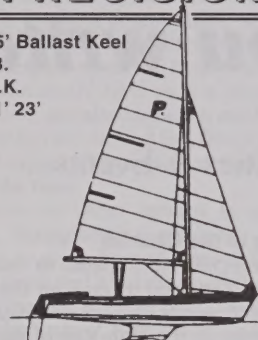
Recorded history is a strong feature of this guide. One is very close to the primitive in a small craft, and Rindlaub carries us forward in each locality from past to present. We can follow the portages or "carrys" of the native Americans, the hardships of the early settlers, the resort boom of the 19th century (which often ended with a spectacular frame hotel fire), the lobster fishery and the origins of modern shipping and ship building. We are treated to the proprietors of the broad arrow (mark placed on huge pine trees solely intended to be masts for the Royal Navy), the sharp land developers, the shipbuilders and sea captains. Extensive footnotes clarify many species including birds, lobsters, fish rumrunners, saltwater cast-offs, and prolific families.

Although it is not a gourmet guide, look at "Ashore" under the knife and fork symbol to find serious good eating: "If Maine had a taste, undoubtedly it would be lobster." It is helpful to have a means of eliminating guesswork. (Appendix I lists places to dine accessible by boat).

The author has separately updated the encyclopedic *A Cruising Guide to the Maine Coast* originally written by Jan and Hank Taft. We have faithfully carried our "Taft and Taft" on several sailing cruises in Maine and have many annotations in the margins as pleasant recollections. The small boat guide reviewed here is a highly recommended by itself or as a supplement to bring along with the larger text. One could offer a prayer to have the Chesapeake Bay presented in an equally lucid and workable format.

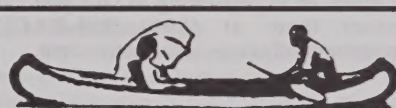
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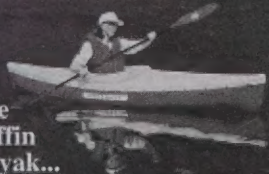
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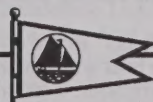
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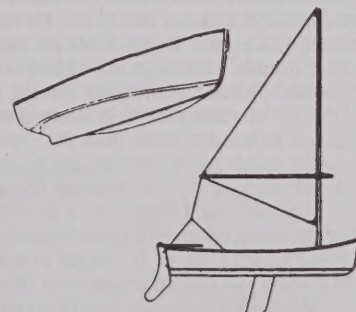
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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

19th Run of the Charles

Over 1,500 participants in canoes and kayaks are expected to race on the Charles River, which winds through suburban Boston communities, in the 19th Run of the Charles on April 29, on flatwater courses ranging from a 26 mile marathon to 6 and 9 mile recreational classes. All the races finish at the MDC Herter Park on Soldiers Field Rd. in Allston.

The event benefits the Charle River Watershed Association. Those interested in learning more, or in registering to take part can contact them at (800) 969-RACE, <crwarotc@aol.com>, www.active.com.

Interesting Information...

About Sailing a Catboat

Ralph Hartman's letter in the February 1 issue suggests publishing a future article about sailing a catboat. This has been addressed by catboat authority John Leavens in *The Catboat and How To Sail Her*, available from Carol Titcomb, 38 Brookwood St., Branford, Conn. 06405-2325 for \$11 incl. P&H. The paperback *Catbook Book* from the same source, edited by Mr. Leavens, covers catboat history, design, construction, etc. with many drawings and photos, the best I've seen devoted solely to these boats. Cost is \$16. incl. P&H.

To address Mr. Hartman's specific concerns, catboats are sailed much like other rigs except (usually) with no jib sheets. He mentions experience with Beetle Cats so should have little trouble with larger cats. I had sailed with friends' Beetles and Wood Pussys and found the 17' Marston (Wittholz design) to be even easier to handle alone than the smaller boats. And much more convenient to haul, launch and store, using a homemade trailer.

In contrast, our Luders 16, a keel boat another 9' longer, required a crane to haul and launch and a yard to store. Beautiful as it was, I doubt it was any faster, perhaps even slower, than the Wittholz cat, except maybe to windward. And of course the cat could sail well in two feet and be beached easily. That's why centerboarders and particularly cats were almost as popular on Long Island's Great South Bay as the Cape. And yes, only kids could walk around the Marston's cabin. "Standing headroom" could be had for the "galley" by opening the large hatch. Other than that, your NBA guests would find lots of foot room in the huge cockpit. Aside from houseboat types, you can't have a small boat with standing cabin headroom that still resembles a boat.

Sad to say, I sold that Marston cat over 20 years ago. Of some 16 different boats owned before or since, it was by far the most enjoyable. So much so that I'm now slowly finishing a 16' cat, though rigged as a gaff ketch so there'll be more strings to pull.

Charles W. Schmitt, Glen Cove, NY

Harry Knows About That Sears Runabout

Thanks to your publishing my "info wanted" letter in the January 1 issue I got this great reply from Harry Davis, the designer of the Sears boat. What a revelation! Seems it might make a good article, "The Boat That Never Was". If someone can get that catalog page from a Sears film which they tell me is available in most libraries, it would make a great illustration. As a new civilian, I lusted for this boat, didn't have the \$999 or whatever. Now I know I would never have gotten it anyway.

"Subject: History of the Sears/Crosley Runabout: In the early 1950s, I was retained to work on a production problem for California Kit Boat Company. It involved a contract with Sears Roebuck to produce 1,000 14' plywood runabout kit boats of Sears design.

Kal Kit was a new company and had underestimated their production costs and were losing money on this contract. By designing a new boat that had a better appearance and performed much better, we were able to cancel the previous contract and enter into contract for the new boat at 30% more profit.

My 30 day job, projected to solve their problem turned into five years of employment as designer and general shop foreman. I designed and put into production kits from 8' to 16' in length. Our greatest year produced 1,500 kits, and 100 built of different design.

Kal Kit's main owner was a retired automobile dealer and was contacted by the Crosley people to build and develop a couple of kit boats to accommodate the Crosley engine. The engine was mounted on an aluminum frame with a bank of V-belt pulleys to accomplish a V-drive conformation.

The unit was self-contained and included a shaft, stuffing box, propeller and rudder. By removing the rudder and propeller, the unit was supposed to slide into predrilled shaft and rudder holes.

We were working on a modification of our 16' runabout to accommodate the Crosley unit, when Sears became aware of the project. Deadline on the next yearly catalog was near and they wanted the Crosley kit in it. Pictures were taken of the 16' outboard model and retouched. It was included in the catalog with a "guesstimated" price.

Tests showed several "bugs" in the engine unit when tested and the boat was sent to the Crosley people for modification. I heard no more about this boat and it was never put into production.

An 18' cruiser was built at this time for the second Crosley unit, tested at Long Beach harbor. It had the same "bugs" and sold as is to a knowledgeable mechanic on the spot. Thus ended the Crosley unit. Kal Kit closed shortly after I joined another company due to the poor health of Kal Kit's owner.

This was a classic case of messin' around with boats. Harry Davis, Santa Barbara CA
Richard Schnider, Rye, NY

Broad Award to Dolphin

The rebuilders of *Dolphin* (March 1 issue) were awarded the Broad Axe Award by the Catboat Association at its meeting in Newport, Rhode Island on February 10. This award recognizes significant achievement in catboat construction, restoration of an old cat or finishing off a prefab hull, as well as building new. The Broad Axe belonged to Charles C. Hanley from 1886 to 1936, was then passed on to Merton E. Long until 1976, then to John Leavens, who established the award in 1977. It is awarded annually.

Bob Reddington, Bay Head, NJ.

Information Needed...

8' Carbon Fiber Oars

For many years I have used Concept 2 9'6" carbon fiber sculls in sliding seat racing shells, but in my fixed seat skiff I use 7'9" wooden oars. I would like to hear from anyone who knows of a supplier of carbon fiber oars in the 8' length range that fixed seat rowers use.

John Mullen, 5365 Montrose Dr., Dallas, TX 75209, <mullen@connect.net>

Opinions...

Volunteer Delivery Crew

Bob Brown's letter about a volunteer delivery crew expected to share expenses of the delivery trip with the owner interested me. No delivery crew ever should pay any part of these expenses. I have made a number of long distance delivery voyages and nobody but the owner ever paid for any part of the costs.

Even retired and when cruising in my own boat, the only costs ever shared with my guests might be for groceries and that's not a requirement. As Mr. Brown suggests, you would be well advised to have a clear understanding about this before agreeing to any such delivery trip.

"Giffy" Full, *Golden Rings*, Brooklin, ME.

Been Meaning to Write

It's always good to find your fine little magazine in the mail. However diverse the articles, your spirit and interest seem to hold the whole thing together. I've been meaning to write about several past articles, haven't, but now they'll get sort of lumped together in this letter.

Recently there have been some pieces about the proposed "TransAtlantic Rowing Race". A couple of guys have chosen as their personal hobby to become amateur boat builders using a kit and enter what sounds like an English or United Kingdom mid-ocean regatta. Several questions arise: They are the "US Team" as depicted on the side of their boat. What is the US government office or agency that specifies who is the "US team"? Or is there a sports sanctioning board that issued this designation? Perhaps we as a country voted on this in November and the outcome was overlooked in the hooah in Florida? I'm curious to know.

The name *American Star* is apparently appropriated from an existing functional vessel. Did Mr. Lafayette's estate give the name to the new boat? Is there any reason not to appropriate some other vessel's name? Possibly using *Endeavor*, *Endurance*, or even *Ari-zona* or *Missouri* may be of interest.

The small map showing Barbados and the Canary Islands, (or is it the Azores and the Bahamas, or Bermuda??) is helpful. Some readers might have thought they were rowing from nowhere to nowhere in the middle of nowhere.

Finally, I wish them well, I hope they have a safe, enjoyable trip, and that sponsors are also successful. Somewhere, sometime, someone may realize that most boating hobbies are rather spendy, whether rowing around the middle of the ocean for a few months, bolting thousands of dollars of wood to rotting historical hulks or trying to keep some rusting derelict tug from sinking again. If your personal hobby involves boats you should be able to pay for it out of your own pocket, or trust fund, or you should be thinking of a less expensive hobby, maybe model railroading, or soap carving or macrame. The fundraising appeals are getting pitiful.

That an appeal for funds appears in what must be the absolutely cheapest (in the kind thrifty sense of the word) magazine in the world, read by the most tight fisted, impoverished boat builders around seems sad and desperate.

Regarding the reference to the millions spent for big time sailboat racing around the world or America's Cup style, someone pointed out that there are a fair number of football or baseball stars who could buy the entire America's Cup fleet each year and have a few dollars left over.

Design: One of the regular contributors recently rambled on about "beach cruising" and putting wheels on a "boat". A wooden container with wheels on it is called a wheelbarrow. However, if one tried to propel a 22' boat with 7-1/2' oars for any distance, wheeling it down the beach wheelbarrow style may be faster and more pleasurable.

Design Again: If people start talking about putting wheels on rowboats, some kind friend should pack them a nice lunch with a couple beers, and a thermos of coffee, take them down to the bay, and send them out for a nice day's row in the sunshine, and instruct them not to come back until the idea of wheels on rowboats has gone away. Or maybe there is a 12 step program that holds meetings in church basements that can help this sort of person? Wheelanon?? Kind of a catchy name.

Safety & Survival: What I have to say on this topic is over on the Small Boat Safety page, the Editor put it there.

Frank Cameron, 3326 NE 123rd St., Seattle, WA 98125

Beach Cruising Revisited

Phil Bolger's notes on beach cruising raise a question: What is beach cruising? I have done a certain amount of open boat cruising (I prefer this term), and have a different view of what it's all about. Most of my open boat cruising was done in a Drascombe Lugger fitted with a removable tent which enclosed the entire open portion of the boat. This is not a lightweight boat. Here's another view of how to proceed.

Powering: The boat should be powered with sails, motor, and oars (in order of their efficiency and preference in use). First off the boat should sail well. Motoring should produce 5-6kts of speed, with enough power to make bare headway into a 20kt headwind and 3' seas. Ideally you should be able to motorsail upwind in a hard chance. Rowing should be good enough for close quarters maneuvering, beach landing, or backup to the motor, with no need to rely on rowing for serious moving of the boat over long distances. This describes a serious sailboat, with modest motoring capability, and very modest performance under oars. The motorsailing component suggests a centerline mounted motor.

Sleeping: The boat should have enough flat sole space for two to sleep on board. However, one should carry a tent, foam pads, etc, for sleeping on land. Sleeping on board under a tent cover, provides one a chance to use a marina occasionally, when you need to, or want to for showering or visiting town to get food, etc. Also, in these days of private shore ownership, sleeping on board means you can avoid trespass, and still stop for the night when you are ready. Carrying a tent, means you can camp ashore when a choice spot is available, and you want to stretch your legs to get away from the confinement of a small boat. Some areas warrant a visit of several days, and tent camping is a nice way to set up a base camp.

Beaching The Boat: Don't do it. Instead, carry an anchor, a float with top mounted block, and a haulout line. Find a sheltered cove, anchor the rig, go ashore, and haul the boat out to the float. Unload only what is needed for a night ashore, leaving the heavy stuff onboard. Its convenient to carry two 300' lengths of poly rope (it floats) because sometimes you can warp between trees with a doubled line. In some locations, none of this will work because of tidal extremes, unless there is a hard sand bottom and you can allow the boat to ground out. Sometimes you can find a cliff in a sheltered area, and rise and fall alongside with the tide.

Cooking: A small portable box should carry all cooking gear, including a stove, rigged so you can cook ashore, or infrequently, on board. I have found a gimbaled propane stove a good choice, with the mounting bracket on the outside of the carrying box. A portable galley so to speak. Keep it small, light, and simple; plan easily cooked meals. Avoid foodstuffs which require refrigeration. Treat yourself to a restaurant meal near a marina once in a while on a long cruise.

Suitable Boats: Boats suitable for this type of open boat cruising include the Drascombe Lugger, Drascombe Longboat, Pelican, Wayfarer, and Lightning. I found the Drascombe Lugger to be ideal, as it is a very seaworthy boat and I never felt threatened in some really heavy weather. I wish plans were available for this boat, or one like it, in wood glued lap construction.

Another Choice: Another way to cruise in an open boat, is to use a 14' aluminum boat with modest power, such as 15hp. In Mexico, gringo fishermen rig these boats with wheels for launching on soft sand beaches. The wheels fit into a section of square pipe which is permanently installed at the boat's balance point. The pipe goes all the way through the boat from side to side and exits through the sides just above the waterline. The ends protrude about an inch. There is sealing around the pipe

to prevent water leaking into the boat, although the pipe ends are open. The low pressure wheels fit on short demountable square sectioned arms, and can be fitted in place at the ends of the pipe when the boat is afloat. Two persons can easily haul such a boat up on a sandy beach, and also launch in mild surf. The wheel fittings are carried in a fitted slot in the forward thwart when underway and this helps balance the boat.

These are other options in open boat cruising. Strong rowing capability is not the only way to go in boat design, and in fact it imposes some real limitations. Phil: the world needs plans for a good open boat like the Drascombe Lugger, with these capabilities.

Tom Fulk, 1904 Piper Cir., Anacortes, WA 98221

Projects...

Low-Tech Boat Dolly

My hobby is fooling with old outboard motors. Once I get them restored, I like to take them for a spin. I have several small old wooden boats that I keep in my garage. Finding a way to get my little wooden boats from the garage to the lake prompted this project. I do have a small trailer, but that entails loading the boat on a trailer, hooking it up to the truck and bringing it to the neighborhood boat launch. What I wanted was a way to bring the boat down the grassy slope to the shore in front of my house.

I started looking for an old children's wagon or axle assembly and at a yard/tag/garage sale saw a rototiller "bogey wheel" assembly. I bolted that to an old boat motor transom assembly. Now I clamp this on the back of one of my little boats and walk it down to the lake. I believe a complete clamp and tower assembly from a junked small outboard motor with some kind of wheels attached to where the lower unit attaches would also work.

Obviously this would not work for a canoe or kayak, but for a boat with a transom it is an inexpensive solution.

Henry Champagny, 216 Northshore Dr., Greenback, TN 37742



It has been so cold this winter that I haven't been to the coast but once since Thanksgiving. I know y'all think I don't know what cold is down here on the Florida line like this, but a man from Maine stayed with me for quite some time and he said it was cold, too. It has been in the twenties or teens every morning and never warms up enough to thaw out the bird bath and I have been having to keep the hose dribbling so y'all's robins can get them a little sip.

It ain't natural for me not to go to the coast all the time. It is part of my business, I could call it "research and development" and take the traveling expenses and the Vienna sausages off my income tax if I had any income to tax, but actually, going to the coast is just something I do because I love to do it... as a matter of fact, there just aren't too many things that I do for any other reason. I think there is something about the water rushing down the hull of the boat that keeps me from becoming too satisfied with the present state of my opinions. You know the way wind and water treats a boat is one of the most complex real things in this world and ain't nothing like frequent exposure to mysterious reality to ward off the complacency of old age.

Which, I finally solved another mystery. You know how Swiss Army knives always have a corkscrew? Even the ones that are so rudimentary that they don't have a Phillips screwdriver or the little tweezers have a corkscrew. I couldn't imagine them mountain soldiers hauling bottles of wine on every camping trip. I have done a lot of camping and a six pack of beer in aluminum cans ain't worth the trouble and certainly not a heavy glass bottle. I lay awake at night worrying about that for fifty years before I finally figured it out. That corkscrew ain't for wine at all. It is there so they can get the first Vienna sausage out of the can... works best on the middle one.

So, it was the day of the Super Bowl. I woke up very early and trotted out the door to see what was what like I do first thing every morning and, by golly, it was warm and calm and the sky was brilliantly clear. I had spent the whole day Saturday running hollow-and-round tulip poplar strips for the big-deal inboard boat I am building. I don't normally build strip-planked boats anymore and back when I did, I beveled and tapered the strips instead of bead-and-cove because they lay better on the boat and you can keep away from the cheap-shot of having the strips run out at the sheer fore and aft. I started out beveling this boat like that but by the time I got planked up parallel to the sheer, I could tell that if I kept on with all that planing, old Arthur Itis would set himself down for an extended visit with some of these syndromes in my hands and elbows.

So, since all the tapering was done and I could finish the boat with parallel sided strips, I set up my junk and began what certainly must be the most boring boatbuilding related job of all. I stood around feeding the shaper all day Saturday and until daylight on Super Bowl Sunday, but I couldn't stand it any more when the sun came up so I loaded the felucca *Little Bullet* in the back of the truck and my Jane in the front and boogied to the coast. I didn't want to waste no time driving all over the world or fishing, I just wanted to sail and not stop until the time was up so we headed for the closest salty water... good old downtown St. Marks, my old stomping grounds.

Super Bowl Quickie

By Robb White

Which, I know the south is kind of recently populated by invaders from across the water compared with places up the coast (my own home town, Beachton Ga... 1832) but St. Marks is the legacy of the horrendous Spanish... inhabited by "civilization" since something like 1550. At the confluence of the St. Marks and Wakulla rivers, there is an old pile of dirt that they have dolled up and say is the remains of an old Spanish fort (Fort San Marcos de Apalachee). If I had been a conquistador, that's where I would have built my fort, too. That's also where Wakulla County built the public boat ramp but we'll get back to that.

There is another little bit of history about St. Marks. Back during the civil war, the Yankees sent a ship into these shallow waters with a bunch of troops to take Tallahassee. That was not a real smart thing because, to this day, Tallahassee ain't worth doodely-squat, but the stupidest thing they did was to set those poor foot soldiers ashore on the east side of the St. Marks river at the first high ground they came to... and left them. They didn't know it but that was the only dry place there was.

Those poor Mid-westerners and New Yorkers and all struggled and bogged (you can't just pick your foot up, you have to wiggle it a loose first) through the swamps all the way to what they call "Natural Bridge", the first place where the St. Marks River goes underground and comes back up like is so common with the rivers of this Karst region. When they finally got there, they were so wore out that they got whipped by a ragtag Confederate force of leftover old men and boys. I know just what they said as they hauled their sad asses back down the river through the swamps and no-seeums, yellow flies, mosquitoes, guinea wasps, dog flies, moccasins, alligators and leeches, "These son-of-a-bitches can have this son-of-a-bitching place."

I figured that all the government-related hot-shots from Tallahassee would be home... plop on the sofa, eating chips and drinking Corona beer, getting all hyped up for the ball game. Usually, if the FSU football team ("Noles") are playing in town, the coast is deserted even at yuppie hotspots like St. Marks and I figured that this would be at least as good as a Nole weekend but boy was I ever wrong. They were lined up at the boat ramp like the news reporters at the airport in Tallahassee after that woman took it upon herself to decide who the next president should be.

I could tell that there was some irritation and a possibility of boat-ramp-rage in that situation since the tide was very low and the ramp was still in the same piss-poor condition it has always been in... ready to catch some fool in the old trailer-wheels-dropped-over-the-end trap, so we put the little wheels in the rudder gudgeons on the *Little Bullet* and rolled it down the bunny trail and launched it through the bushes. When we came sailing back down the river, we saw a furious man with about a 20' metal-flake bass boat about half on and half off the trailer and half way up the ramp. There was such a motor on the stern that it looked like he had a whole car bolted to the transom.

What I think had happened was that when he launched the boat, all that motor worked with the steepness of the ramp and the low water so that the stern hit bottom before the boat was all the way off the trailer and then when he foolishly tried to pull out from under it, it refused to come off and he dragged its stern (outboard motor foot and all) about half way up the corrugated concrete ramp... left a pretty good streak of metal flakes. I ain't sure if that is exactly what happened because the river is very narrow right there and I was trying to hide behind the close-hauled sail so I could act like I hadn't noticed how he was fixing to either pull the bow eye out of the boat, break the cable, burn up the winch motor or boil his Diehard to death before he got that monster back on the trailer at that angle.

I was also a little afraid that something might not hold and the whole shebang might back down on us. It was a day full of mishaps. A little way downriver from the ramp, I had to cut one tack short to avoid two very fat women standing in the low tide mud looking disconsolately at a dead jet ski. I thought I smelled burnt paint... mud in the water intake?

It was close hauled, back and forth all the way out to the lighthouse but there was a good little breeze and that's all the little boat needs to go. I like to beat to windward anyway, it is sort of like doing a good days work and getting paid. Not only was the wind blowing straight up the river but the dark night's spring tide was rising against us, too, but we cleverly freed her up a little bit to scoot across the channel and did our close work back in the eddies and slacks behind the oyster bars and spoil banks. The old St. Marks is an interestingly structured little piece of water and if you know where you are, there are a lot of places you can go out of the main channel... which was a good thing.

I have never seen so many big-deal outboard motor boats. There were a few inboard boats (one with the loudest reciprocating engine I have ever heard in my life) but gracious what some outboard rigs. The air in the channel was kind of tan looking from all the exhaust. I don't know how in hell Evinrude managed to go bankrupt in the face of all that demand for enormous, expensive, expendable, two-cycle outboard motors. There is some hope, I guess. Maybe all those engines will develop some of the electrical problems my four stroke Evinrude did and there won't be any parts to cure the modultitis. That's just dreaming though. Those Japanese will take up that slack right away.

The most noticable thing of the whole trip was all those boats going up and down the river, wide open, in that smoke cloud. We saw the same boat (twin 250hp two stroke Evinrudes... 500hp on about a 21') make seven trips by us just running up and down the river. I bet that man and woman burnt seventy five bucks worth of gas and spread out two gallons of oil doing that. Fortunately, the further down the river toward the lighthouse we got, the more water there was and we could stay farther away from the channel but there is one series of transverse bars which have no cut-through and we had to get right out there with them.

I ain't fool enough to think for a minute that people like that have enough sense to know the sailboat right-of-way rule or would dodge us if they did, so we had to luff up in a little eddy behind a bar and wait a fair chance.

While we were doing that, two young fartfaces in a boat that cost more than a brand new airplane came tearing by. I don't know what it is about the roaring of engines that makes people think that other people who are not sitting right in the middle of screaming machinery can't hear every word they are bellowing at the top of their lungs. "I wouldn't have no goddam sailboat," one of the fartfaces hollered to the other one as they roared past us. Later, we saw where they had decided to go on the wrong side of a day beacon and now didn't have much motorboat either.

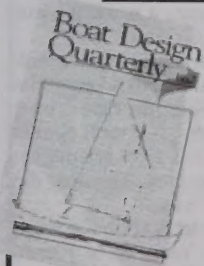
Years ago, I used to dive that river during the slack of the tide to see what kinds of artifacts were in the deep holes scoured out by the tidal currents at the ends of the limestone bars around the mouth of the river. Even then, there was a lot of aluminum on the bottom. Now I bet you could make a little re-cycling money just from busted outboard motor foots. Luckily for them, these fartfaces were running Suzukis and can get them some new foots. I wonder if there is such a thing as stupidity insurance?

Anybody with sense enough stays in the marked channel of rivers like the St. Marks, but as soon as we found a little water, Jane and I sailed out into the marsh away from all that carrying on. We kept on tacking up the creeks until the muffling effect of the Spartina grass had completely eliminated any hint of the foolishness back on the river. I wondered how our sail looked sliding along above the grass.

Pretty soon, we came to a little palm and cedar tree island (what we call a "hammock" down here). I already knew what it would be like because we have camped on many of those little things and there is no better place. Not only do the cedar trees (*Juniperus silicicola*, southern, coastal, aromatic, red cedar) shade out all undergrowth and cut the wind off you, they carpet the ground with their needles about a foot thick. After a long, hard day's sailing and marauding, ain't no bliss like a sleeping bag on that... especially in the wintertime. Usually there are ducks and loons all around in the marsh and lying awake listening to them all talking their own language is sort of like listening to the late-night AM radio when they quit fooling with the commercials and just play that old-style jazz and blues.

We should have stayed... after all, this month is our fortieth anniversary but I just can't help myself. That boat in the shop is just plain gnawing on me. Besides, the anniversary is already past... we gave each other a pair of white rubber boots... so we took out the daggerboard, trailed the rudder and ran back up the river with the fast water of the tide. It took some time before we realized that all the motor boats were gone. We surmised that they had all gone back to haul out and go home to watch the game and I think that is what happened. You ought to have seen the melee at the boat ramp.

Luckily we had a fair wind so we could get through all of that milling around and cussing but, unfortunately, all the exhaust followed us up the river to the hole in the bushes where the bunny trail was. We put the wheels on and trundled back to the parking lot without getting involved in that fury and frustration. I still don't know what happened at the Super Bowl. I imagine that it was sort of like a combination of the battles of the boat ramp and Natural Bridge. If I was a spectator by nature, I believe I would rather sit on one of the upwind park benches and watch the boat ramp than stay inside with the TV on such a fine day. So what did I do while the Super Bowl was on... stood around with my ear grubs in and ran the rest of those strips.



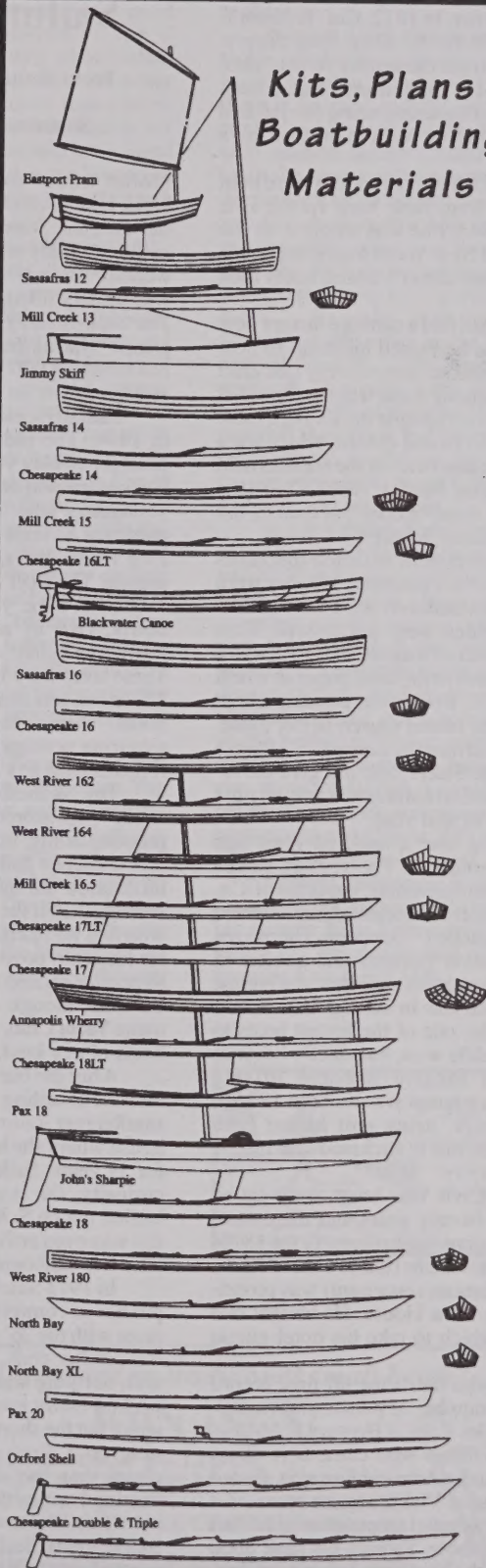
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CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT

Sailing began on Skaneateles Lake in New York state's Finger Lake district less than two decades after the arrival of the first permanent white settler. In 1812, Col. William J. Vredenburg built the 40' sloop *Four Sisters*. Lumber was cut from the nearby forest; labor was done by local carpenters. But a boat builder capable of superintending the job had to be brought from New York in the Colonel's carriage.

In the 1840s a few small sloops were built here. One came from New York via the Erie Canal and, in 1845, one was shipped on the newly completed New York Central Railroad. During that decade about a dozen boats took part in racing.

Charles F. Hall had a carriage factory here in the 1850s. But he turned his hand to boat building and produced several very fast craft 20' to 25' long. Among these was the *Blue Bell* (23'), often matched against the Cayuga Lake boats *Ashland* and *Island Queen*, which for a number of years came here for the regattas held by the Skaneateles Model Yacht Club (the quaint use of the word "model", of course, did not refer to miniature boats).

These gala occasions attracted spectators from all over the two counties. Honors were shared about even between the *Blue Bell* and her rivals. Trophies were impressive. First prize for the regatta of August 22, 1850, was a silver pitcher, stated in the local paper as worth \$40. In 1856, H. L. Roosevelt, desiring a boat that could put the *Island Queen* in her place, had Mr. Hall build him the *Laura* (25') from a design by George Steers. She did give the *Island Queen* a good trimming in a twelve mile race on July 4th of that year.

But yachting here a hundred years ago was scarcely Corinthian. The visiting sloops were sailed by professionals, captains of Cayuga Lake freighter schooners. Local owners took to using "picked" skippers. The prizes changed from silver pitchers and goblets to hard cash and the stakes rose higher and higher. Yacht racing died out in central New York, partly through the sale of the fastest boats to parties in the middle west, but chiefly because the sport had locally become utterly professional. An attempt was made in 1874 to rekindle the spark, using still higher cash awards as tinder, but it flickered out in one season.

Some pre-Civil War boats were sailed during the next twenty years, but there were only occasional impromptu races. In the 1870s and 1880s, Charles Krebs (father of Fred Krebs founder of the famous restaurant) was proprietor of the Lake View House. He bought two local boats in which to take his hotel guests sailing.

The man who holds the all time record for the greatest number of persons taken sailing on Skaneateles Lake is Howard F. Moffat, a retired naval officer who came here about 1885. Serving under Admiral Farragut aboard U.S.S. *Richmond* at Vicksburg, he received a wound that necessitated amputation of his left arm below the elbow. Though his rank upon retirement from the Navy was Lieutenant, Junior Grade, he was always called "Captain" Moffat in Skaneateles. He is said to have been able to coil a rope on the deck, using his one hand, faster than most men could with two.

He owned the *Sunshine*, a catboat 28' to 30' long, broad of beam and well ballasted. Standing in her deep open cockpit with the tiller under the stump of his left arm, Captain

Skaneateles Sailing Tradition

From *Skaneateles Yachting* 1953

Submitted by Joe Spaulding

Moffat tended the mainsheet with his right hand. Launched early in the season and hauled out late, the *Sunshine* was under sail practically every day when it was not raining or the weather was not too heavy. Her large cockpit was usually filled, often with school children. The *Skaneateles Free Press* of May 24, 1890, prints: "During the past five years Capt. Moffat has treated 6,000 persons to a sail on the lake and has never yet met with an accident."

Sailing races were revived at Skaneateles in 1894. The old professionalism had been dead for twenty years. This was a new, spontaneous growth of sailing for the love of it, by youngsters who had, at first, no thought of publicity. Several races went unnoticed in the *Free Press*. But nine contests were held that season. The fleet included: one double-ender about 18' long, yawl rigged; two small catboats; two or more spritsail rigged St. Lawrence skiffs; at least five sailing canoes. These latter were 14' to 16' long, by only about 27" beam, and carried two sails totalling about 100sf. They were one-man racing machines requiring perhaps greater agility and quicker reflexes than any other craft ever invented.

The Skaneateles Yacht Club, organized in 1897, sponsored sailing races, with catboats predominating, until 1908. Before then gasoline launches had become a fad. By gradual infiltration the ownership of these gas boats increased until the club was dominated by men who had no interest in sailing. Racing of motor launches proved unsatisfactory sport. Automobiles enticed men away from the lake, and the club, though erroneously clinging to the name Yacht Club, ceased to be associated with boats of any kind.

After the bursting of the gas boat bubble, interest in sailing lagged. But in 1908 the old sandbagger *Laura* emerged from the boat-house where she had been carefully preserved for 33 years. Sailed one season as an antique curiosity, she rested for another five years, hauled out on S. M. Roosevelt's shore, where she was eyed enviously by the few youngsters who had sailboats.

In 1913 Sinclair and Alexander Reynolds put her in commission and sailed her in three races with the 26' cruising cat *Gadfly* and various smaller craft. In these tests the old *Laura*, with her long waterline and 700sf of canvas, walked easily away from her rival across the wind; but the short waterlined cat *Gadfly*, spinning on a dime and tacking several points closer than the sloop, made up the distance beating back to the windward mark.

The following spring (1914) the Skaneateles Sailing Club was formed. No motor boats! Only persons who had proved, repeat, proved their ability to "sail" a boat were accepted. In fact, some crew members were denied membership in the club for a year or two until they could "hand, reef and steer". The *Laura* continued to demonstrate the excellence of George Steers' design by her close competition with the modern *Petrel* (a Massachusetts Bay 18' knockabout) which joined

the fleet in 1914. In 1915 the small boats were placed in a separate handicap class.

The first one design boats to appear here were the Skimabouts, originally designed for the Syracuse Y.C. about 1901. A few of these had been on Skaneateles Lake for a number of years, but about 1920 several new ones were built and they raced as a class from 1920 to 1923. They were sloops 18' feet overall, 14' waterline and carried 225sf of sail.

The building of Mowers (Interlake Class) began in 1927, but for some time there were only two of them on this lake.

The Sailing Club which had been formed in 1914, died out. It was replaced in 1931 by the Skaneateles Mid-Lake Sailing Club, with races held at Five Mile Point and other places up the lake. The following year (with the expression Mid-Lake dropped from its title) the new Sailing Club arranged to have races start from the pier of the Skaneateles Country Club. The fleet was diverse: Barnegat Sneakboxes, 14' dinghies, 15' cats, Skimabouts, Mowers, Duxbury knockabouts, other knockabouts around 25'. There were no more than four boats of any one type. In desperation, the Committee tried out the Percentage System of handicapping, which rates boats upon past standing and necessitates changing handicaps after each race.

In August, 1935, the regatta of the Central New York Yacht Racing Association was held at the Skaneateles Country Club (with which the Sailing Club had by then merged). This C.N.Y.Y.R.A. regatta was the chief factor in the rapid rise of sailing enthusiasm and the persistence of keen interest in racing at our Club. It also marked the final discard of handicap systems on this lake and their replacement by one design classes. Comets became popular here at that time. Lightnings were added in 1939.

For many years the enthusiasm for competitive sailing ran very high. It was usual to have 10 Mowers, 20-25 Lightnings, 18-20 Comets, 8-14' dinghies.

The second World War curbed much of this activity. However, in 1946 the Skaneateles Club was host to the International Lightning Class Championship Regatta. This revived the sailing activities once more and a healthy growth of the sport was again under way.

The Skaneateles Club not only sponsors the sport of sailing, but fosters its growth through funds spent to construct launching facilities, docks, to purchase and maintain a power boat. A competent sailing instructor is provided to teach members and their children the art of sailing. Racing has not been limited to week-ends. Several times a week the juniors vie for honors in their classes.

At least one long distance race is held each year. Usually the race is to a buoy nine or ten miles up the lake. After the race is over, the sailors become campers, supper is cooked over open fires on the beach, tents are pitched and sleeping bags are unrolled. The next day the fleet returns to home waters.

The Skaneateles Country Club is a member of the Central New York Yacht Racing Association.

Fleet Charters: Comet Fleet Charter No. 13, 13 May 1936. Lightning Fleet Charter No. 1. Rhodes Bantam Fleet Charter 29, January 1949.

Past Regattas held at Skaneateles: 1939 Central New York Yacht Racing Association. 1941 Lightning National Regatta. 1946 Light-

ning International Regatta. 1947 Rhodes Bantam National Regatta. 1949 Central New York Yacht Racing Association (largest Inland Regatta of the world, 168 boats).

Wind, Soundings and Moorings

Skaneateles Lake is unusually pleasant for sailing. No railroads disfigure the landscape; no factories litter the shores with debris or discharge noxious chemical wastes. Moreover, a rigid inspection of camps and shores, maintained by the city of Syracuse, keeps the water pure for drinking. There is good sailing from May to October. Prevailing winds are in the NW quadrant, probably 50% of the time. About 30% of our winds are from S or SW. We seldom have NE winds and E or SE winds. The hilliness of the terrain causes just enough variation in wind strength and shift in direction of puffs to make racing interesting. Dangerous blows are rare in summer, except of course, in connection with thunderstorms. Banking of clouds in the west, with a dying south wind, give ample warning to those who watch their weather.

There are almost no rocks or shoals in this lake. To be sure your centerboard may touch on the bar of boulders jutting out from Mile Point (immediately south of the Club), but owing to the prevailing clearness of the water, a little reconnaissance will show how much offing to keep. Stay well off shore near the mouth of Shotwell's Brook (on the east shore a little south of the Club). And, in seasons of unusually low water, watch out for scattered boulders near shore anywhere between that brook and St. James' Church. Elsewhere the line of anchored boats and swimming rafts is sufficient indication of depth.

The water temperature averages about 68 degrees during July and August, though a strong wind stirring up bottom water may cause a drop of five degrees in 24 hours. It has been known to stay at 77 degrees for two weeks during a calm spell.

As to mooring, a Lightning or anything smaller is safe in most parts of the lake with a Navy anchor provided with a long enough line. Tying a bowline around the mast is a good precaution. We are reminded of the C.N.Y.R.A. regatta here in 1935, when certain visitors moored off the Club in 5' of water using 10' of line with little more than a brick bent on. Most of them apparently had never heard of a bowline or a clove hitch. We hired a watchman with an outboard motor boat from 9 to 1. One evening there came a gentle south breeze with little 2' waves, and our man was busy two hours overtime retrieving Comets.

If you go up the lake any distance, on a camping cruise or a picnic, plenty of anchor line is an absolute must. The lake rapidly deepens beyond Mile Point to 70' or 100', beyond Five Mile Point there are depths of over 200', and the maximum is nearly 300'. Of course, you are not expected to drop your hook in the middle of the lake in such places; but up in the high hills you can almost touch the cliffs with a whisker-pole before an anchor line of ordinary length will touch bottom.

For a boat up to the size of a Lightning, at least 60' of new 5/8" manila is advised for cruising, together with a 25lb. Navy anchor. The type with a swivel ball and socket joint is preferable to the hinge type, because it is free to turn in any direction without fouling. Equipped with such ground tackle as this, a safe anchorage is to be found in the vicinity of most of the large points (stream deltas) in the deep part of the lake.

But, why 60' of line? Because the bottom often descends in a series of shelves. You anchor in a picturesque place, with a beautiful shale cliff towering above you, in 15' of water. Having received permission from the nearest cottager to picnic on his beach, you go ashore and start your fire. The gentle breeze shifts direction, the holding ground is not quite as good as you had hoped, the boat drags off the first shelf, and the 30' line you thought

would be ample hangs down like a plumb bob! But with 60', the hook bites into good blue clay at a 35' or 40' depth on the next shelf and holds.

It is not a bad plan to keep this adequate tackle aboard permanently. Then, if you are sailing about in Mandana Bay (on a day when there is no race and the skipper of the Club launch is not on the lookout), you are pretty well insured against trouble. If clouds bank up in the western sky it is well to edge in under the west shore before the south wind leaves you flat, drop anchor and furl the sail. In an extreme case, when you have to drop sail in mid-lake, the long anchor line should keep you from pounding on a comparatively shallow lee shore. Exactly that happened to a Skimabout two miles up the lake in the hurricane of June 26, 1926. Trees were uprooted on land, 4' waves were kicked up in the one-mile width of the lake. But when the crew saw that their hook had taken hold a safe distance off the east shore, they crawled under the forward deck, away from the biting rain and hail, and rode it out.

In a few places the bottom is covered with smooth stones, over which an ordinary anchor will slide and fail to maintain a safe hold; and some sort of heavy object is needed for the mooring. Anyone renting or buying a cottage will do well to study the bottom nearby. But frequently a boatman is not a permanent resident in one spot; and his mooring, abandoned after a couple of years, remains permanently on the bottom to foul up another person's anchor lines. We therefore humbly suggest that you do not establish a concrete block or an old Model T motor permanently on a nice clay bottom where a 25lb or 30lb Navy anchor and manilla line will hold a boat.

Editor Comments: Reader Joe Spalding found this unique view into bygone sailing on his upstate New York lake in the local Historical Society and wished to share it with us, for which we thank him.

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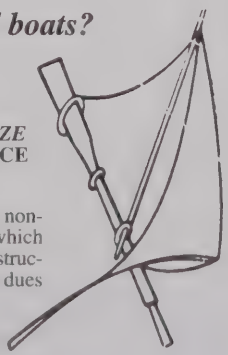
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Duen, not your typical cruise liner, would be our home for two weeks in the Inside Passage.

In The Inside Passage Part 1

By Hugh Ware

In our mutual "retirements" (well, she still has to cook but now I do the dishes), my wife Joan and I have been able to travel a bit; our motto is, "We travel while we can and will fix up the house when we can't." Thanks to a curious preoccupation with tugboats and Joan's birth in New Zealand, we have had some satisfying trips. One, a return visit to New Zealand in 1996, included five wonderful days cruising with sailors Mike and Dee Pignéguay. Back then, this husband-and-wife team operated the ninety year-old New Zealand coasting schooner *Te Aroha* on wildlife tours along the New Zealand coast, and readers with files of back copies of *MAIB* can read about it in Vol. 14, no. 6 (August 1, 1996). Recently, we cruised with them once again, but on a different boat and on this side of the Pacific Ocean.

Mike and Dee don't own *Te Aroha* anymore. It became a victim of New Zealand's infatuation with the defense of the America's Cup and a belief that, as a result of New Zealand's possession of the Cup, many megayachts were sure to become Auckland waterfront staples and sources of income for years to come. Creation of an America's Cup Village gained top priority and the area of the Auckland waterfront that serviced small vessels was the obvious site. The Pignéguays were informed that they could buy *Te Aroha's* berth for a little over half a million dollars or could pay exorbitant monthly rents.

It was the same story for owners of other "small boys" the small tugs, workboats, excursion vessels, fishing boats that provide so much character to a big-city waterfront. For example, San Francisco subsidizes old fishing vessels to remain tied up at Fisherman's Pier to provide the necessary tourist background. Few, if any, "small boys" could come up with that kind of money so the little guys lost out to the Big-Bucks, Big-Visions crowd. The America's Cup Village was created, and

Te Aroha was recently sold at a loss and went elsewhere. While Mike and Dee pondered what to do next for a living, they chartered a vessel, much like *Te Aroha* in some ways, in Canada. After all, it was the winter season Down Under and time for a few Kiwis to escape to a warmer climate.

Now meet Michael and Manon Hobbis, a likeable youngish husband-and-wife of Vancouver Island, British Columbia. He was a teacher by profession. Some years ago, Michael got a berth on a boat with considerable charm and character and he crewed on her across the Pacific as far as New Zealand. She was called *Duen* (Norwegian for *Dove*). Coming to love the vessel and appreciating her many virtues, he bought her. *Duen*, Michael and Manon have operated together since 1986, taking small groups on wildlife and cultural tours. Manon now stays at their home, running the business end of the business and taking care of their two youngsters.

Michael (usually called Mike, but I will call him Michael to avoid confusion with Mike Pignéguay) spends most of each year on the boat with a crew of one or two in a variety of cruise areas; lower Alaska, the Queen Charlotte Islands, or somewhere along the spiderweb of narrow passages through the mountains of B.C.'s Central Coast. He's at sea from March to October-November or so. Then home for a break until it's time to take *Duen* out on the next season's trips. His homestays usually include some drastic changes to *Duen* as he gradually revamps the boat towards some ideal he has.

Duen is slightly over sixty years old, an extremely sturdy double-ender that was originally a Norwegian fishing vessel from the Lofoten Islands well above the Arctic Circle. In 1973, it was converted into a world-traveling yacht for the Fletcher family. Built of Norwegian pitch pine on pine and oak and in

good shape, she is 50' long (72' if you include the overhanging spars at each end), ketch-rigged (more on that subject later), and powered by one of those Gardner 6WL diesels so beloved by British cruising-boat owners for their smooth reliability. All spars, the big rudder, and the hull (except for the bulkheads, which are painted white) are finished natural. Deckhouses are varnished.

In *Duen's* main cabin are four staterooms for eight adults, but bulkheads can be removed and additional space magically found elsewhere so that gangs of 18 schoolchildren are regularly taken on board (I won't give away how this is done but it involves some surprising changes that can be made in minutes). Forward of the staterooms is the saloon with a diesel-fueled stove we came to appreciate, an extensive nature library of reference books, and a table that can just seat Michael and guests when an extension or two is added. The gangs of eighteen are fed in shifts. Tucked under the starboard deck is a snug, upholstered nook with CD/cassette player, a cuddly hole just big enough for one person and perfect for getting away alone for a while. Forward of the saloon are the compact galley with a pass-through right onto the saloon table and, up in the bow, two heads, one with shower.

At the after end of the boat, there was, during our voyage, a small after cabin with a navigating desk that somehow got transformed into the skipper's berth at night while other crewmembers crawled into sleeping spaces beneath it and under the side decks. A young man named Tim is the only crewmember this trip, a combination of cook and deckhand. Tim has been with Mike for five years and manages a major ski lodge near Vancouver during the winter.

Atop the main cabin are two rows of opening skylights, two benches, and a low table for outdoors dining that can be flipped over to become a cradle for two kayaks when it becomes necessary to take them aboard. A lot of equipment is required to run a big sailboat and to entertain paying passengers so gear is tucked into every corner. For example, rubber Wellington boots, so necessary for shore trips, are stowed under the railcaps, one boot-top tucked into a pair's other boot-top and the whole thing turned upside-down so rain can't get inside. Up in the bow are coolers for food, bins for life preservers, and other storage. Raingear is hung under the main-cabin companionway where it gets dried by the engine's heat.

Back to my narrative. The Pignéguays arranged to bring a party of New Zealanders for two weeks in September, 1999, on *Duen*. We begged to be included and were, even though I am American. The fact that Joan is Kiwi-born no doubt helped swing the decision. We were told that we would join the Kiwi contingent and board *Duen* at Prince Rupert, a major Canadian seaport a few miles south of the Alaskan panhandle.

In delicious anticipation, Joan and I booked all our tickets over the Internet months before the cruise, especially after we discovered that one leg of our planned journey, getting to Prince Rupert by railroad through the Canadian Rockies, had already been sold out for the day we desired. Then Mike and Dee notified us that Michael had gotten an unexpected late charter of *Duen* and couldn't arrive at Prince Rupert as originally scheduled and we must embark at a town called Kitimat.

The flight reservations were not cheaply changeable so more searches on the Internet and additional reservations to get us from Prince Rupert to Kitimat by VIA (a railroad) were necessary.

Late in August, we flew into Prince Rupert. The scenery below us on the flight from Vancouver was (and here I will use the word with its traditional meaning) awesome, steep mountains with sharply pyramidal peaks marched past below, each a major upthrust of folded, broken rock and with snow in the upper hollows of each peak. A hard region for man to move except by sea and definitely not a good area for a plane crash.

After spending a night in a wonderfully funky bed & breakfast right on the waterfront of Prince Rupert (if you ever get to Prince Rupert, do stay at the Eagle Bluff B&B and say "hello" to Mary Allen for us), we took a VIA train to Terrace. The tracks ran alongside the Skeena River, quite scenic in places and the second-busiest fishing river in BC. We spent that night at a pleasant Best Western motel in the heart of downtown Terrace, an interesting little town of some sophistication since it caters to many European salmon-fishing parties. We were told that such parties often fly in, buy fishing and camping gear in the local shops, and simply discard it all when they depart!

Next morning, the New Zealand contingent flew in from Vancouver and we taxied to the Terrace airport to meet them. The lobby was crowded. Since Mike had grown a grizzled beard since we saw him last, I failed to recognize him. But Dee, seated behind him, spotted us and called out. She looked much the same. Others in the party were Gloria (avid birdwatcher), Jo (runs a B&B near Rotorua), Celia (English, a retired college instructor of hotel management, and visiting Jo-something about their sharing relatives-by-marriage), and Frances (businesswoman).

Two men, six women-sounds about right, eh? None of us young any more, with Gloria, perhaps in her late-forties, as the youngest. Mike and Dee would be part guests, part crew. We climbed into a small van, driven by a hilarious, typically commercially minded Hindu immigrant (yes, we were given his business card plus referrals to several relatives' businesses). He drove us some twenty miles to Kitimat and the marina where *Duen* awaited us. On the way, our Hindu friend spotted a black bear, very small and most unpretentious, but a bear for all that, lurking near a telephone pole and kindly backed up so we could inspect our first wild British Columbian animal of size.

Although Tim has sailed with the Hobbis' for five years, he is not always on *Duen's* crew. Much of this part of Canada has been turned over to what the government calls the "Aboriginal" tribes and whenever Michael cruises in Haisla Nation territory, the cook is a Haisla Indian. Just before we left Kitimat, two ex-crewmen came aboard. Both were Haisla Nation tribal elders and one was also a minister. They talked about the land and what it meant to them. A short prayer and blessing finished the meeting. As we were to discover later, we would need-and get-some help from above. That tale will be told in its place. We had come as "raw invaders" but, thanks to the two speakers, we felt we had become just a bit "avid seekers". They then departed, leaving us feeling good as we cast off and got underway.

Our bags went down the companionway in a great tumbling confusion and were sorted out below by others into the right staterooms. Perhaps that word gives a false impression of berthing arrangements on a small boat. Our stateroom has a door, true enough, but inside was mostly a large bunk, big enough for two and partly tucked under the side deck; that was my side of the bed. Above and across the bunk's foot was a narrow berth (fit only for a very skinny child) and several shelves. A vanity with basin and water faucet took up much of a minute deck. The remainder measured approximately one by two feet, one of us could dress only if the other stayed on the bed or stepped out into the corridor! Several hooks held most of our heavy clothing.

We had a porthole (which had to be closed every time the deck was washed or else...) and an overhead skylight (which dripped condensation on Joan each night until we opened it a crack to let out the accumulated moisture of our breathing). But we were safely indoors with a space for every bit of gear if one exercised judgement. This, however, was definitely not the accommodations on your average cruise liner.

We stowed everything temporarily and returned on deck for our first meal as Kitimat, with its little clump of industries, dropped astern. It has the world's largest (but inconspicuous from the marina) aluminium plant and a large wood-pulp plant but otherwise it is a small, tidy community. We were motor-ing down the Douglas Channel. Since wind is a scarce item when tall mountains squeeze in on each side, we would not set sail for some days yet.

As we ate lunch at the topside table, Michael told us that the general plan was to cover the 200 or so as the crow flies miles to our destination, Port Hardy near the top of Vancouver Island, in a leisurely manner over the next two weeks. Nights would be spent anchored in quiet inlets or tucked behind islands and these anchorages might be (and often were) a very few miles apart. There might be two daily excursions ashore in one of the Zodiac rigid-bottom inflatables, one trip in morning and another that afternoon. Tim would prepare tea at very frequent intervals, of course, since we had New Zealanders and a Brit aboard, and serve us good food at the customary times, with a choice of wines at the evening meal. Usually, one or more of us helped with the dishes.

A simple description of this part of British Columbia is, "narrow channels between high mountains." Nearer the Pacific coast, the hills seemed to be lower and more-rounded. Numerous inlets, snug coves, and river outlets can be found at convenient gunk-holing distances from one another. The basic structure of the land is a superb example of plate tectonics, and the movements of the plates and subsequent wrenchings-apart of rocky masses are quite obvious. Channels are narrow and deep and the mountainsides are steep, each covered with a shag rug of evergreen vegetation except where a rock slide has ripped away all soil and growth along an avalanche path to the sea.

We would explore an ice cave under a massive pile of snow that had tobogganned down one of these paths. Snow is visible in pockets at the upper levels, even in summer. Trees grow to the water's edge in most places, the lower branches of the outer trees at a pre-

cisely even height that made one think a giant floating tree-trimmer must periodically prune each tree. Much of the forest is of tree varieties and sizes not particularly attractive to loggers, but some logging had occurred years ago. Our shore trips sometimes revealed traces of old logging camps in the form of stumps of giant trees, abandoned wire ropes, stone ramps, and perhaps a discarded boiler.

A web of channels runs in all directions, and it is possible for very large vessels to steam along a continuous string of inside channels, most of the way safely away from the open sea. This is the "Inside Passage", and it runs from the top of Vancouver Island to Alaska in a generally north-northwest direction. Take a map of British Columbia and start an imaginary voyage northward at a few miles above the top of Vancouver Island. Fitz Hugh Sound comes first with only one place marked on the large chart Joan and I used to record *Duen's* track, a settlement called Namu (remember that name). The Passage then takes a sharp left swing through the short, twisting and narrow Lama Passage past the villages of New and Old Bella Bella, and through a short Seaforth Channel into a wide Milbanke Sound that is open to the sea.

The Passage next loops back a bit and to the right to get around Dowager Island and then enters Finlayson Channel, which leads to the long Princess Royal Channel. After some miles, this Channel meets the very-narrow, remarkably straight Grenville Channel (plate tectonics in action, no doubt), squeezed between Pitt Island and the mainland and leading northwards to Alaska. We would not enter Grenville Channel, where northwesterly winds occasionally blow along its constrained length so strongly that many northbound vessels simply duck into a convenient bay and wait for calmer winds. At the junction of the Princess Royal and Grenville Channels, Douglas Channel leads to Kitimat.

We would sail over most of this route in reverse, and most of it passes through the territories of several First Nations, Nations, or Bands, as the Aboriginal groups are called. We would pass only two villages, one former village, one soaking tub, and two abandoned fish factories, all of which we would visit. Only two of these appeared on my chart. We did not visit the few lighthouses we saw. Not far off our track there were a few other spots of civilization but, in general, it is country largely devoid of any land-based evidences of man.

Traffic on the Inside Passage is not heavy and is largely utilitarian in nature. As a tug-enthusiast, my favorites are the powerful tug-boats hauling big barges with containers and materials piled high on each end and vehicles and small boats protected between the stacks; these are the 18-wheelers of the Inside Passage. Also to be seen are barges with coal from local mines, perhaps headed for the collier-loading facility at Prince Rupert. There are several large Canadian and American ferries, the occasional large luxury cruise liner looking very much out of place, small and very utilitarian freighters, a wide variety of fishing vessels, the occasional small vessel hauling people much like us for viewing or sportfishing, and a yacht or two. It is easy to duck into a side inlet or cove and be away from any sight or sound of man; we spent three days in such solitude, admittedly helped part of the time by rain, fog, and low ceilings.

(To Be Continued)

When I started canoeing 26 years ago, nobody in his right mind would consider venturing out onto the open ocean in an open canoe. Well, times have changed and so have attitudes, equipment and skills. Comparing a canoe and kayak equipment catalog from those days with the latest 2001 issue one will see how far we have come, especially in kayaking.

The kayaks showed the way on the rivers with their new far-out play-boat designs and new virtually indestructible materials. Canoes were slow to follow, but did eventually. But the real revolution happened on the ocean with the advent of sea kayaks and surf skis. But there even fewer canoe builders followed. I know of only two: Mad River Canoe and Verlen Kruger. Canoe builders, along with most traditional canoeists as I see it, had several hang-ups which kept them from venturing into this new frontier of paddle sport. A canoe, by their definition, was open and had no rudder and was propelled by a single paddle.

I only buy the latter concept, and even that is debatable. Many older "classic" canoes, that one sees preserved in canoe museums all around the country and Canada, at one time were propelled with both single and double-bladed paddles. At times it was hard to tell a canoe from a kayak or vice versa. That's why some European countries still only use one name for both type of boats. Members in a German "Kanu Club" paddle mostly kayaks, and only occasionally Olympic or American-style canoes. In the end, it's just a definition, ours being shaped by the image of a skin-covered native Inuit/Greenland coastal boat for a kayak and the native American birch-bark lake and river boat for a canoe.

But that was then, and now is now. What determines a boat's shape and special features has always been the conditions and purpose for which boats are used, plus the materials available. This was so then, and still holds true now.

Modern sea kayaks or sea canoes are both adapted perfectly to the harsh conditions of the ocean. Seaworthiness and prudence demand that those boats are closed, are rounded and have some rocker to be cradled in the waves and ever-moving surface of the water. A double-bladed paddle is an advantage for control, but not absolutely necessary if you have a skeg or a kick-up rudder. A rudder thus seems more necessary for a canoe than for a kayak.

Put-in below Mactaquac Dam.

Beyond the Maine Island Trail

Riding the Fundy Bay Ebb Tide Express

By Reinhard Zollitsch

In the end, a sea canoe should look very similar to a sea kayak, since the conditions and use are the same. Modern long-distance canoeists also don't kneel any more but sit on their butt like a kayaker, but prefer a slightly elevated seat for better leverage with a single bladed paddle and for spinal comfort. For that, one needs a bit more stability built into the boat, which also translates nicely into more gear-carrying capacity for extended trips.

But the only visible difference between these two boats is the paddle. A boat paddled by a double-bladed paddle by our tradition-bound definition is a kayak, a boat paddled with a single-bladed paddle is a canoe. My Verlen Kruger Sea Wind, a newer version of the Mad River Loon/Monarch, is just that, and most people I meet think I am in a kayak until they notice that I only use "half a paddle". I personally find an 11oz carbon-fiber bent-shaft canoe paddle and a slightly elevated seat with foam hip pads much kinder on my joints and back, especially on longer runs. Gear-holding capacity and stowing is also much more advantageous in my sea canoe. Verlen's latest version even sports a sea kayak cockpit, so that one could roll the boat up. You could definitely paddle this boat with either paddle and look cool. So what kind of a boat is it? Who cares! Important is what you do in it.

I ventured onto the ocean in 1995, adapting the equipment I had and practicing my skills, first of course in a more controlled environment. I went around several big lakes (Moosehead and Sebago in Maine; Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire; Chiputneticook in New Brunswick), did a lot of bay paddling before I went around some bigger islands like Deer Isle and Mount Desert Island in Maine. Not until then did I feel ready for the ultimate test, the roughly 300-mile-long

Maine Island Trail from Portland to Machias.

The nice thing about the MIT is that you can almost always dash behind an island or into a bay or bight if the going gets too rough. And if you get out with the lobstermen before sunrise you are almost always guaranteed five to six good paddling hours, already 20-24 miles before lunch, leaving the afternoon for exploring the shore, reading, writing, or resting.

Rounding points like Cape Small, Pemaquid and Schoodic, one quickly learns, are best done in the early morning before the wind springs up. And yes, one does have to watch out for the strong ebb tides out of the bigger rivers or tidal estuaries as well as across bars, especially with an opposing wind. The mouth of the Kennebec River, the Bass Harbor and Petit Manan Bars are the most notorious.

I have very nice memories of my first long trip in my dear old open 16' Jensen solo whitewater racer, which I had adapted to ocean canoeing by installing a rudder and 3' decks. I averaged 23 miles per day that summer, but it took a lot of skill and prudence to keep the ocean out of the boat.

So when I decided to explore the almost 150 miles from Boston to Portland the next year, to go Down East all the way (*MAIB*, April 1, 1998) I finally decided to get a new Verlen Kruger 17' 2" Sea Wind sea canoe with rudder and spray skirt. This southern "extension of the MIT", as I call it, is quite different from the Portland to Machias coastline. It is very exposed and open to the sea, has hardly any islands to hide behind or bays to run into. It has either steep rocky shores or long shoaling beaches which whip into white froth a mile out or more.

I vividly remember poking my bow out of the Annisquam River near Gloucester into whitecaps as far as the eye could see. It was blowing 20+ from the ESE, and I thought it over long and hard, sizing up the waves, before I decided to go for it, trying to wend my way, dancing between shore break and outer big wave break. The 16 miles or 4 hours to Salisbury Beach taxed me to the max. I could not afford a single lapse of concentration, dancing with the quartering waves, outrunning the breaking part. Needless to say, I was glad I made it up the still-ebbing mouth of the Merrimack River, up through the dual breakwaters, to the beach, where I plopped out of my canoe, totally spent.

Nicer memories of that trip, but as always quite exciting, were mailing myself through the slot of the outlying ledges into Brave Boat Harbor, or riding the nape of a big cresting wave across the toothy Richmond Island bar, or bounding on the big waves around Cape Elizabeth and Portland Head. The only calm and sheltered spot along the entire 150 miles was the Cape Porpoise area. What a place, especially at low tide. And then there was Perkins Cove, right out of a van Gogh painting, wooden drawbridge and all.

Having found out how it feels going Down East all the way from Boston, as in the old schooner days, my curiosity now wandered even further down east, into the Bay of Fundy to St. John, New Brunswick, another 130 miles beyond Machias, Maine. If the MIT is the baseline for sea kayaking/canoeing skills, the Boston to Portland stretch added the element of being exposed to the open ocean and surf along the shoaling beaches.



Small boaters need much more skill and strength for the longer commitments, since there are no easy outs. The Bay of Fundy now adds significant tides to the equation, up to 29' in St. John, and still 21' in Eastport, Maine. And where there are significant tidal differences, there are correspondingly strong tidal flows and even rips. With a cruising speed of only 4mph (max 5mph), I knew it would be totally futile to buck the strong tides and get nowhere. So very careful preparation, chart and tide table reading and meticulous planning are a must in these waters, especially if one solos their boat unassisted as I do. I knew I had to catch the "Fundy Ebb Tide Express" to get back to Maine from St. John, New Brunswick, because that was going to be the direction of my travel.

Since I had paddled the St. John River from the top to the last dam at Mactaquac near Fredericton, New Brunswick, in previous years, I thought it would be neat to finish the river trip and use the 92 miles to the city of St. John as a warm-up and shake-down. And what a wonderful free-flowing perfectly navigable, often very wide river it was. Early settlers came up the St. John valley, mostly to establish farms in the wide, lush, marshy flood-plane of the mighty river, often referred to as the "Rhine of North America", vying with the Hudson River for that distinction.

A handful of big lakes drain into the St. John; the biggest of them is 25-mile-long and 3-mile-wide Grand Lake. Farming is still going on along its banks and even on the flat mid-stream islands. The first night out I pitched my little Eureka tent on Middle Island near Burton, when suddenly a herd of about 50 cows and a handful of horses came over to check me out. On another island, young kids had been haying and I met them rafting tractor and hay-load across the river to their farm, where their dad was waiting to help them ashore.

The third day on the river I canoed down Long Reach towards Harding, a straight 16 mile-long and almost 2-mile-wide arm of the river, by now slightly tidal. It felt like the Maine coast, like going down Eggemoggin or Moosabec Reach. A perfect sailing area, I thought, out of the vicious ocean tides and the ubiquitous thick fog, which St. John is known for.

I got a taste of it though the next day. I had only 12 more miles to go to Reversing Falls, the infamous narrow outflow of the St. John River. I had to steer a compass course across Grande Bay to the western shore, and from there I had two more crossings to make, before I could sneak into Indian Harbor just above the Falls. I set a course right under a power line cross-over. I only faintly saw the wires 25m (82') above me on the first half mile crossing towards Green Head at the entrance to the Narrows. The second crossover was only a quarter mile wide, but the fog was so thick, I never saw the power line 31m (102') overhead. I did not even see the tall masts on either side that held them up. But my compass and time/distance/speed calculations worked out and I made it fine, slipping into Indian Harbor to size up the situation.

The tide was still running out. I could hear the roar, and wanted none of it under these conditions and without careful scouting. From the harbor I cautiously inched over to the very edge of the whitewater stretch, to Prospect Point, where I pulled out and set up camp on a



Haying on the islands of the St. John River.

Barge at Hampstead, 40 miles upriver from St. John.



Flooding upstream at Reversing Falls.



small patch of level ground. I felt this spot must have been used a lot in the days of river travel.

This was it for the day, only 12 miles, my lowest mileage ever, but from now on, I knew I had to go with the flow, with the proper tide that is. I considered the old Indian portage from my spot up and around the Falls, but only for a very brief moment. Portaging all my gear did not appeal to me, and I was looking forward to the challenge ahead.

Later that afternoon the fog lifted somewhat and I had a chance to look at Reversing Falls from the high bluff behind me on river left. Except for maybe 60 minutes around slack tide (officially only 10 minutes!), the whole area from my tent site to the very restricted area of the highway bridge, the water was a solid mess of breaking waves, some as tall as 8'. My chart points out a 5m bar extending across the river to the big paper mill. A very

foreboding site for a small boater, fun only for the big powerful jet boats which take tourists into this maelstrom, soaking and tossing them thoroughly.

For a moment I considered slipping through at slack high at 4pm, but decided against it. Even though I liked the idea of catching the ebb tide on the other side of the Falls towards Lorneville, it was simply too late in the day to get there, too difficult to portage ashore at Lorneville at ebb tide, and the fog most likely was still out there or could suddenly waft in again. It was a no go situation.

At slack high, one sailboat slipped in and a small freighter steamed out. So it could be done. I liked seeing that and enjoyed my supper and reading immensely. I would catch tomorrow's slack low at 11:55am, I decided, and have enough time and hopefully better weather to get to Lorneville.

Next morning I was 35 minutes early sizing up the last of the ebb tide. The big waves had miraculously diminished; it was still running hard, but more level. Suddenly I heard this little voice in me saying: "This is it. You can do it. Go for it!" And I did, confidently and swiftly, with a few bounces, but no face slappers towards the bridge. I had read about the big whirlpool there on the left, but all was smooth sailing. People were standing high up on the right on a viewing platform cheering the lone paddler, who must have looked like a tiny white speck in the dark churning waters of the St. John. I managed a quick heli-twirl with my paddle. How frivolous, I thought, but I felt relieved to have made it through. This was my brief moment of celebration of having finished the first leg of my trip, 92 miles in 4 days.

(To Be Continued)

A few summers ago I cartopped my Delaware Ducker up to Maine, getting as far as the town of Blue Hill. I searched out the town ramp but found it dried out at low tide along with many surrounding acres of the harbor bottom. I think there's about a 10' tidal range. I checked my watch and resolved to try again the following day.

It was sunny and breezy as I launched my boat at high tide the next morning for a row around the harbor. My exit from Atlanta had not been a smooth one, involving a lot of last minute flapping around, including the construction of a new rudder, which I'd belatedly realized was a necessity. This item's last coat of Easypoxy was still tacky as I loaded it the morning of my departure. The long drive

Blue Hill Buoys

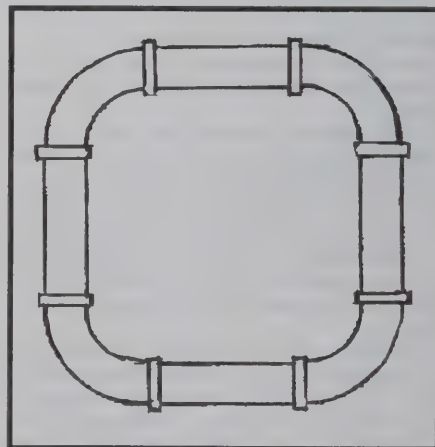
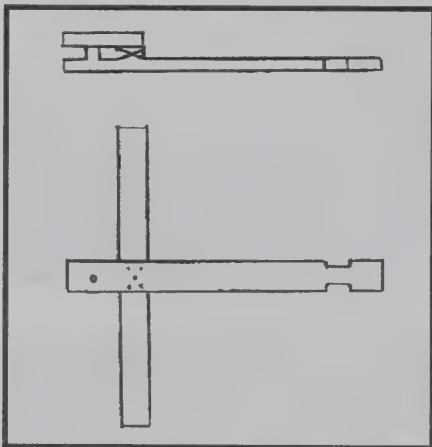
By Bill Perkins

up the eastern seaboard gave me a lot of time to think and when I considered the many important things I'd left behind, I most regretted the pintles, sitting with their attachment hardware in a heap on my workbench. This was why I was rowing and never got outside the harbor that day.

Being under oars did allow me to get closer to the exquisite granite and spruce shoreline on that blustery day, and allowed me to contemplate the whole scene with more time and attention than if I'd been screaming around under sail (the Ducker is a spirited performer in such conditions).

This was the furthest east I've had a row. What most impressed me, besides the natural beauty of the spot, was the number of small boats moored with outhauls, and the length of some of these outhauls, 40 yards or more, running up to iron pins driven into the granite ledge. The nearly universal buoy was a simple 2' square made with 3" diameter PVC pipe and long sweep 90 degree fittings at the corners. The mooring line was securely hitched to one corner and the hauling line bore against the other. The whole buoy was a dumb sheave, which seemed nearly foolproof. It was late August and these buoys carried no growth, although, of course, the crystal clear water was ungodly cold.

Some of the floats were a bit bigger or used 3.5" diameter pipe. They were sized proportionally to the weight of line they would need to float when the boats were absent I believe. Any buoy for this purpose has to resist being flipped, or hopeless twisting of the line will ensue. I saw only one wooden buoy, a cross made of cedar to a very old design I suspect. I think the crosspiece was about a 3' 2x4 and the body about a 4' 2x6. Even this had a short PVC pipe bushing where the hauling line bore. The mooring line was hitched to a notch in the body of the buoy. I include drawings of both these buoys. These aren't scaled drawings but rather are records of what I saw on a windy and sparkly late summer morning.



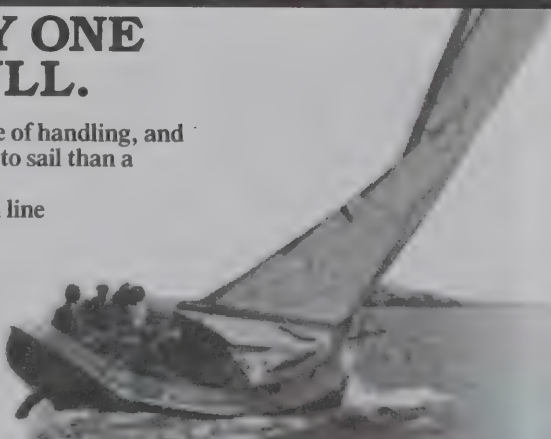
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Most of my history has been a tale of dreadful and chronic failure. A urine specimen was the turning point. Most narratives featuring such a catalyst describe the ruination of formerly successful lives. Busted for some illicit substance the subject goes straight down the chute. My experience is the opposite. Today I have credentials, a title, dignity, and worth.

I always wanted a Captains' License. As a kid going out to the islands of Boston Harbor I'd fantasize about adventures at sea. As an adult I had "adventures at sea" working offshore draggers and doing a bit of ocean sailing. I worked on four draggers, only one of which was captained by a licensed master. Billy Sheppard clearly knew things the others didn't. He put the bug in me. This spring I ran into Bill the lobsterman. He was going to school for his 100 Ton Masters' ticket. He said it was difficult but that he had an excellent instructor. Bill gets up at 4:30 and has an infant at home. My excuses were gone. If he could do it so could I. I called New England Maritime and signed up.

I wanted a Near Coastal Masters' License with sail and towing endorsements. That covers all U.S. waters out to 200 miles offshore. Requirements include 720 days sea time, criminal and driving background checks, good physical health, good character references, a current first aid certificate and passing a drug test. I took a Coast Guard approved course from an outfit which also administered the various exams. Required sea time is at least 360 days seaward of the boundary line and a least 360 days on auxiliary sail. This time must be properly documented.

The course was demanding and fairly expensive. It took about 100 hours of class time and at least as much study time. The students were a uniformly good group. Jay, our instructor, was superb. His disposition and sense along with 16 years Coast Guard experience suited him ideally to the task. Much of the material was familiar like plotting, international collision regulations, shiphandling, and so forth.

Some was truly horrible and boring like the "Code of Federal Regulations". A near death experience for sure. Areas like vessel loading and stability, firefighting, passenger safety, etc. are not difficult but do require effort to learn. Jay let us know that his intent was to prepare us for the work as distinct from just preparing us to pass the tests. The base cost was about \$1,100, but costs were added for radio certification, towing, sail, first aid, and so forth. I also spent money on various supplies. I had character references from two captains, a maritime publisher, and a friend in U.S. Naval intelligence.

I studied, took the tests and got the various certificates in first aid, towing, sail, radio, 100 Ton Masters, etc. Got an excellent physical. Have 20/15 vision corrected. Had more than enough sea time and so forth. This left the final hurdle, the drug test. I was quite frankly afraid of it. I was a teenager back in the '60s when the idea of "sex, drugs, and rock and roll" really took off. But I never fit in. I stood firm on the issue of promiscuity but never cared much for drugs and truly despised rock and roll. Not only that but I've been abstemious for decades. What a handicap!

I just couldn't let my lack of knowledge and experience with drugs stop me. People say that success isn't a matter of genius or great

Captain Pablo... Certified Master

Or How a Urine Sample Changed My Life

talent, but rather a matter of persistence and hard work. I resolved to study for the drug test. I stopped by the local Drugs R Us emporium for the 1967 party platter. It looked like a bowl of multicolored confetti. Just where to begin? A few looked familiar but it had been so long. Hmmm... Oh, those! They were Fast Eddie's favorites back when he was alive. I took a few and came to two days later.

I said, "Hey those were downs, right? So the first quiz went okay. Next night I took a couple of unknowns on speculation. The room began to melt and Carole turned into a giant caterpillar. To no one in particular, yet simultaneously to all sentient beings in the Universe, I said, "That was acid, right?"

And so it went. The more confidence I gained, the more mind I lost. I became ready and went to Gloucester for the test. Astonishingly enough it entailed nothing more than providing a urine sample. My score was a perfect zero. Of course that wasn't the first time that I'd garnered that score but it was certainly the first time it was met with such approbation.

Our instructor had made it clear that we should have all original documentation and photocopies thereof when applying for Coast Guard licensing. He said that the examiner might well question us regarding anything we studied or any of our documents. He emphasized that we not waste the examining officers' time with incomplete or incorrect paperwork. Only two steps remained; to photocopy documentation, and to go to the Boston Coast Guard Base and apply for licensing.

I took the list of requirements and the documentation to the local office superstore. Each item was copied exactly as it appeared on the list, the quality of the print was verified, and the originals and duplicates were stacked in two neat piles on a small counter adjacent to the machine. Each was checked off until the final item was reached, which was the drug test. I poured a small portion of the sample into the machine and took a moment to consider which paper size would be appropriate. The machine spluttered and emitted an acrid scent.

"Gee, whiz," I thought, "I hope this machine doesn't let me down now. This is the final item." Fortunately an older gentleman wearing a red Staples shirt was approaching. He looked like the nervous type. He asked if I were having any difficulty with the machine. I explained that I'd been copying documentation for a Masters' License and that all had gone well until the last item which was the drug test.

"Drugs!" he said, "You can't be using drugs in this store! It's against the law. Besides it's dangerous to operate machinery under the influence of drugs. Now, is this machine working properly?" I told him that he'd misunderstood me, that I wasn't taking drugs at all, that I was just copying documents for

the Coast Guard and that all had gone well up to the point of trying to copy the urine sample. He looked at me for a moment then launched himself into another oddball speech.

"You can't use these machines to photocopy euros! Why that's counterfeiting! You cannot use these machines to copy any official document whatever. You could be arrested for copying currency!"

"Photocopying euros," I thought, "What the hell would I do a thing like that for? I don't even speak European. Besides, if I were into counterfeiting I'd be peeling off greenbacks, American hundreds."

By now the manager had arrived and asked if she could be of any assistance. It was good that she'd come because, of course, the clerk had upset me and I was afraid that some seemingly innocuous little thing might put him over the edge. How do you handle someone like that? He seemed harmless enough but you never really know. I explained very deliberately and clearly and in a way that would be non-threatening to the clerk just what had happened. "I am here because I hope to become a certified Master. These documents are required by the Coast Guard." I pointed at the two neat stacks. "Your machine was performing flawlessly until I got to the final item which was this urine sample." I held up the bottle to show them and was chagrined to notice that I hadn't been as neat as I should have liked.

They both looked at me in a curious sort of way and then they looked at each other for a rather long moment. "Oh I see," she said. Then she said, "Sir." She then asked if the copies that I did get were of high quality.

"Why of course," I said. "It's hard to tell them from the originals, they're great."

She looked at me and said, "Sir, you may have all of those copies at no charge. As far as the item that you had difficulty with is concerned it's not necessary to provide a copy. Even if the original were to be lost or stolen you could produce another. Furthermore, there is no doubt in my mind that if you explain to the Coast Guard what you just explained to me, the examining officer will certainly realize that you have what it takes to be certified. And, Sir, for your requirements the machines at Office Max are much more suitable. Now you'd better hurry on along your way because the Coast Guard closes early on Thursdays. You'll just make it if you hurry."

I gathered my stuff, jumped into the truck and headed directly for the Boston Coast Guard base. My emotions were mixed and excited. There was anxiety about getting there before they closed and also about how tough the examining officer might be. On the other hand the manager's words of encouragement rang true. "They'll know that you have what it takes to be certified." You know I'd heard these words many times before from parents, teachers, friends and various people in authority, but it had never really sunk in. I seemed to lack faith in myself. But at that moment I finally realized that I really do have what it takes.

And now I have a marvelous document which reads, "United States Coast Guard" above an ink drawing of steam driven merchant vessels at sea. Just below the drawing it says, "License". The third line reads, "To U. S. Merchant Marine Officer". The next line is, "This certifies that (followed by my name)". It goes on to say, "Master of Steam, Motor or Auxiliary Sail." I am certified.



Sailing and paddling through modest surf.

Here is a photo sampling of my messing about in my sailing kayak trimarans on the North Carolina coast.

My double kayak is a Wilderness Systems SeaTwo sailing prototype that was never put into production. It was the interim design step leading to the Windrider concept, according to the Wilderness Systems gang. I got to know these guys when I did a college project setting up their first computer data base bill of materials in 1989. At that time they were building all fiberglass and kevlar handmade boats.

My single kayak is a Prijon Yukon Expedition. I bought the Prijon to paddle but quickly developed a feeling that I wanted to sail it

Cruising in the shallows in the double.

Messing About In Sailing Kayaks

By Dan Swan

when I realized that the double was a pain to haul around when I wanted to daysail solo. I spent a pretty \$ for the BSD sailing system (sail rig, aka and amas) but it was worth it. I wanted to be able to paddle or sail with a quick conversion. The Prijon has the forward bulkhead modified to allow the entire sail, aka and amas to stow between my legs forward into the bow compartment. I have been able to do a total sail rigging setup while seated in the

boat way offshore with a temporary paddle float rigged out to provide a bit of additional safety stability while so doing.

I have more fun sailing the single but it has limitation on payload and is somewhat slower than the double. The single carries a 32sf sail, the double has about 42sf, and I can also rig a small jib on it and still sail closehauled.

I have had the double out in sizeable surf, and the rudder and leeboard once needed extensive repairs from my failure to successfully launch through the surf. The boat did a neat ender in the sand as a wave pushed her stern down.

Some comments I have on my kayak trimaran sailing experience include: The ability to reef sail really enhances upwind sailing especially in a stiff breeze; an 80/20% rudder is very efficient, 20% forward of the turning axis helping balance; large amas really are not needed.

I have gotten a wealth of information on kayak sailing from the internet where I belong to a kayak sailing mailing list. I met a guy this way who led me to building my Wharram Tiki 21 trimaran, *Noha*, and am now active on a Wharram builders mailing list also. One fellow on the kayak mailing list recently decided to quit pursuing kayak sailing because his boat wouldn't hit 20 knots. Okay by me, that's why Windrider offers the Rave. I prefer to sail 8-10 knots in shallow waters in which I cannot even paddle.

I might bring my kayaks to the Cedar Key meet in May and possibly later on think about bringing either *Noha* or the Core Sound 20 which is now taking shape in my boatshed. I also have heard of a sailing kayak cruising race from Tampa to Key Largo which should attract a good variety of sailing kayakers.

Next I am contemplating building an 18' twin hulled sailing kayak, the Seahawk design by Windhorse Marine. It's a small world for small boats.





Three can be good company in two boats.



My Tiki 21 *Noha* sailing out to sea through Lockwood Folly Inlet on Oak Island, North Carolina with five onboard.

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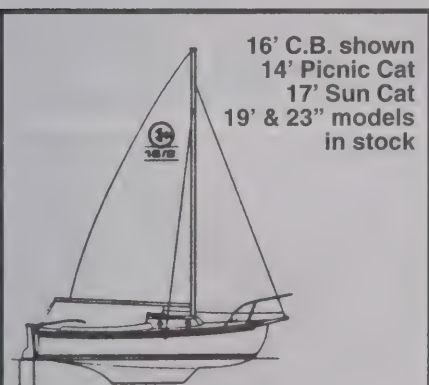
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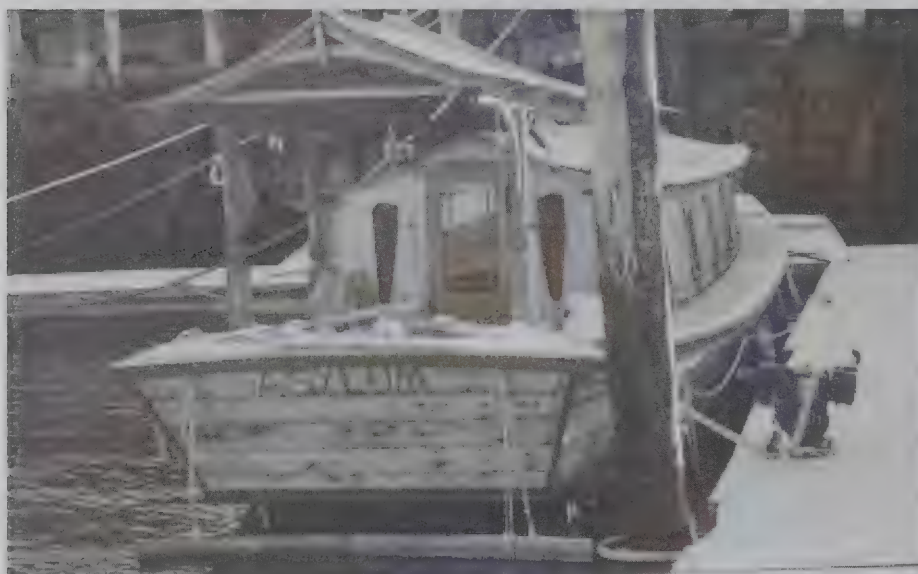
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Many Welcomes From Asylum

By George Davis

Many welcomes from *Asylum*, my home afloat year round in Maine. She is built of spruce, pine, roofing tar, roll roofing and galvanized spikes. So far she has cost me about \$3,700, but is not yet finished.

Asylum measures 48' long and about 10' wide, draft is a mere 10". This winter she is docked in Rockland but we'll return to our home port of Thomaston in the spring.

Her tender is a skiffer named *Working Monkeys*, powered by an 8hp Briggs & Stratton motor capable of doing 15 knots. She's 24' long and 40" wide, wicked shallow draft, tons of fun. Construction is AC ply, spruce and construction adhesive.

Last summer I messed around with a two masted junk rig on my canoe, more fun than the law allows. This has led me to toy with the idea of a junk rigged three masted scow schooner. I might just have to build it one day, what a trip.

I have been eyeing a few of the small steel barges here in the harbor. Yep, I could junk rig one of them, build a house and shop on top of it, and sail off into the sunset laughing like a fool and howling at the moon. No, really, think about it.



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ping and handling.



Everybody Should Have a Boat

By Larry Williams

While my son and I were taking a few days vacation, we visited Amelia Island, Florida. We saw a freshly molded traditional looking boat in an old boat yard. We stopped to find out more about it. Inside we found Fred Sepala who had moved from the Massachusetts to Amelia Island in the '70s. Fred had managed a large marina, worked in restoration, and is now retired. He is still called on to use his specialty, the adz, in some restoration projects.

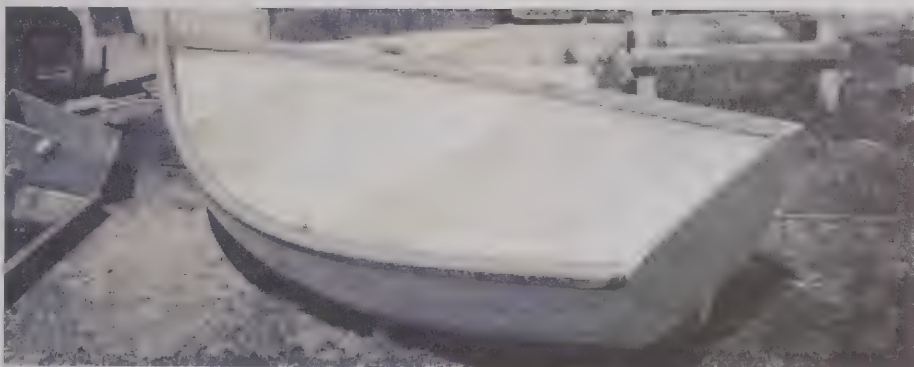
He is following his dream that "everybody who wants a boat should be able to afford one." Fred has developed two fiberglass boats by the "eye" method. He has produced several 8', 10' and 12' flat bottom boats for use with small outboard or electric motors. To keep the prices low, these boats were left rough inside without an inner liner. Because the demographics of Amelia Island have changed toward more affluence, the locals are now demanding smooth molded interiors. So he is working to please that portion of the public.

His dream is to produce an affordable traditional boat for rowing and sailing. He has developed molds for an 8', 10' and 12' with 54" beams. For two and one-half years he has been trying to satisfy the Coast Guard requirements for flotation.

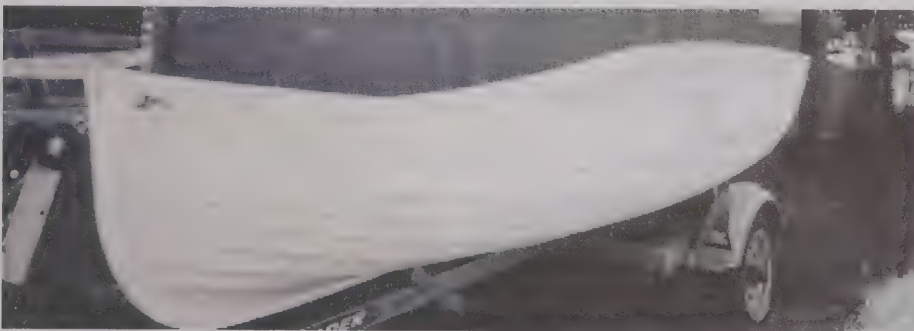
As I have heard before about good craftsmen, they are happy to share their work ideas with you. Fred seemed delighted that we had an interest in his dream. As we left, he said, "come back in a few months and I will have the sailing version ready." I enjoy being around people who have a dream and are willing to share it. Fred can be reached at Old Towne Marina, P.O. Box 6126, Amelia Island, FL. 32035



Fred Sepala contemplates his latest boat.



An early 10' model.



The latest 12' model that caught my eye.

Fred's production molds.



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Grilse, a 50-footer for fishing and hunting on the coast of Newfoundland, was built under unusual handicaps.

All told, there are several places on the earth where one may have a motor boat built and operate it; fortunately, in a way, most people don't do it in Newfoundland; in fact, it had not been done at all, I might add, in the parts of the country to which we refer, the southwestern part of the Island. It was done, however, during the winter of 1927 and the boat is now in commission, a remarkable achievement, when we consider that most of the people in this part of the country have never seen more of the world than that which lies within a radius of 15 miles of their homes and that their experience of modern invention is practically limited to the single cylinder gas engines, mostly of unknown age and forgotten origin, installed in the few fishing boats based in the locality.

There are probably more salmon and trout in the innumerable tributaries of western and southern Newfoundland than anywhere on our Atlantic Coast. And we are sure that no one living in this locality, or anyone who fishes in these waters, will object to our broadcasting this information. We mention several reasons. There are so many fish that it actually becomes monotonous to try to land all the strikes. It is too far and too tiresome a journey to tempt many and the accommodations are inadequate, to say the least.

Grilse was conceived, designed and built with the sole purpose of transporting and housing a party of six to eight for a period of ten weeks each year in Newfoundland waters. The idea originated in 1925, urged and developed by the almost complete inaccessibility of the country and the very limited shore conveniences. The subject was first discussed with a local boat builder. He had attempted nothing beyond a few round tubby schooner-rigged fishermen, ranging from 35' to 45' on deck, equipped, occasionally, with a single-cylinder engine. Aside from the illustrations in several old and worn boating magazines, he had no conception of a modern power cruiser. Thus equipped, he constructed a half-model. We have no doubt that a hull from this model would have been a good sailer and a good fisherman, but as for fulfilling the requirements of a summer home and ferry, it would not rate at all.

Next, it was decided to have a naval architect draw the plans. He was impressed with the requirements of producing a power boat of the most rugged type, capable of staying at

How It Is Done in Newfoundland

Of the Building of *Grilse* and the Difficulties that Had to be Overcome

By H.G. Outwater

sea in Newfoundland weather and being used for fishing. But he lost the point that the boat would primarily serve as a home for a party of six to eight, and in addition, provide quarters for crew and guides. As it was getting late in the fall, there was no time for further consideration of drawings, so the naval architect's laying down plans were sent up by messenger, a trip requiring over two weeks from New York. These plans showed a hull 70' x 14'.

Until we heard from the messenger we felt that everything was set. But here was another snag. The builder had never constructed a hull over 45' and had never built from plans, so a compromise had to be reached by telegram. It was decided to cut 20' out of the mid-section, making her 50' in length, and follow the working drawings, if possible, but to refer to the model when necessary, and wait for revised drawings of profiles, deck and cabin layouts. Cross-breeding of animals is successful at times. This is a case where it was eminently successful.

The drawings give an idea of the general arrangement. There is from 6' to 7' freeboard forward, extending to the end of the raised deck. Aft of this point it is about 4', terminating in a broad flat transom stern with outboard rudder. The deck arrangement is conventional, forward the flush deck with companionway to forecabin and hatch to chain locker; then a 15' deckhouse with the floor depressed about 2'. Aft of the deckhouse is the trunk over the main cabin. There is a deck 2' wide extending entirely around deckhouse and cabin trunk, protected by a railing.

The interior arrangement provides a chain locker forward; next, a locker with toilet for crew, partitioned off from the forecabin. This contains four pipe berths for crew and guides. The accommodations of the forecabin created

considerable comment and placed the seal of approval on the entire ship by the hundred or so sailormen who came aboard at various ports to look us over. It was remarked that "if the forecabin is right, the 'holl' of her's right." The deckhouse, about 15' x 9', has steps from the deck with doors and companion slides. This compartment is provided with tables on the forward bulkhead, radio desk, heating stove and folding metal beds for four people, two on either side. The gasoline tanks are located on the floor beams of the cabin against the skin of the hull, under the deck and behind the deckhouse sheathing.

The engine, a 65hp Lathrop, is installed under the deckhouse floor and is accessible through a large hatch. A deadlight is installed in the after end of the roof, and the compass and a convenient electric fixture are immediately under, making clear readings by the helmsman possible at all times. In Newfoundland a compass is used probably 90% of the time, even in running small rivers. Newfoundland fogs are not like those of Maine nor like any other of the Atlantic Coast varieties. They are man-sized and fully respected. Any transatlantic aviator will bear us out on this point.

To go back to the description: The main cabin is equipped with lockers under the side decks and an arrangement under the after deck for storing four additional metal beds and mattresses. Way aft is a large storage space, in which are located four steel water drums and a coal bunker. Aside from the unusual amount of usable floor space, there is headroom of from 6' to 7' throughout the entire arrangement below deck, a somewhat uncommon feature in a boat of this size and type and one that has been accomplished without sacrificing appearance.

The builder and his shop furnished perhaps the most interesting aspect of the enterprise. He had never constructed a boat of this size, he had never seen a power cruiser nor handled a gas engine larger than a one-cylinder. His tool equipment consisted of approximately two hand saws, an axe, brace, and a few bits, a couple of planes, a pair of dividers and two screwdrivers. His nearest market, a small trade store carrying the most meager line of general merchandise, was ten miles down river, accessible only on such days as there was not too much sea a-runnin' round the point.

The only local material available were the timbers used in the frame of the hull, which had to be cut from the trees. To get them, it was necessary to go as far as 20 miles up-country, cut the stock, draw it to the river and drift it down to the shop. The only items entering into the boat available in Newfoundland were the fastenings and dressed lumber for planking and ceiling. These had to come overland 600 miles from St. John's to Port au Basques by narrow gauge railroad, wait for as long as a month for steamer to La Poile and then come ten miles up the river by ferry to the shop at Bay Norde. The saw mill operated in connection with the shop is the most primitive and ingenious contrivance imaginable. It contains all the improvements known to the art up to 1776. The only boughten parts are the belt and the saw and these two pieces have been in the family for generations.

Steam bending of frames or planking is unknown. In all boats built in this region natural bends of the timber are used. A set of wooden templates of the various frames is

carried into the forest and matched to misshapen trees. These are cut down by a hand axe and dressed on the spot to conform with the templates. The entire operation of construction is correspondingly primitive.

For some months we worried as to the drilling of the shaft log, knowing that they did not intend to make it in two halves and gouge them out. The log was over 12' in length, with a longitudinal hole for a 2" shaft. The permanent engine bed was put in before the hull was planked. An old discarded engine, with a steel shaft and propeller rusted together, was temporarily mounted on the regular engine bed but not bolted down. Of course, the bed gave the proper alignment of the shaft and hole. The old engine with its shaft made a first-rate auger, all but the cutting bit. The rest was easy. They merely cut off the propeller blades and forged the hub end into a cutting edge, started the hole with a gouge chisel and fed engine and shaft through the shaft log by "merely cranking" the whole works and sliding it aft on the engine bed. We can vouch for the accuracy of the installation of the power plant by this method.

Aside from the materials already mentioned, the entire equipment of joiner work, hardware, fittings, furnishings, engine and parts was shipped from the States. The boat was started in November and was to be finished and turned over to the owner on June 8th, ready to start to sea. Well, on the arrival of the owner at 5am on the date specified she was finished, "fully found" and put to sea three hours later. Probably you will say that, with any number of mechanics available, this was easy. But with the exception of the installation of the mechanical equipment only two men worked on the entire job. These two men, however worked daily for 16 to 20 hours, six days a week.

As for the skill of the Newfoundland mechanic, the foregoing surely indicates unusual ingenuity. His axe can take the place of a whole kit of cutting tools. For example, we could get no pipe tobacco, but found a piece of chewing plug, about 8" long and hard as an oak block. This was sliced for us with an axe. We don't think a single slice was over an eighth of an inch thick. The axe is used as a pencil sharpener, not by drawing the pencil over the blade, but with good bold strokes. We did not see the axe used in place of a razor, but have no doubt that it serves this purpose as well. The blade is I generally sharp enough and is actually kept to a hollow ground.

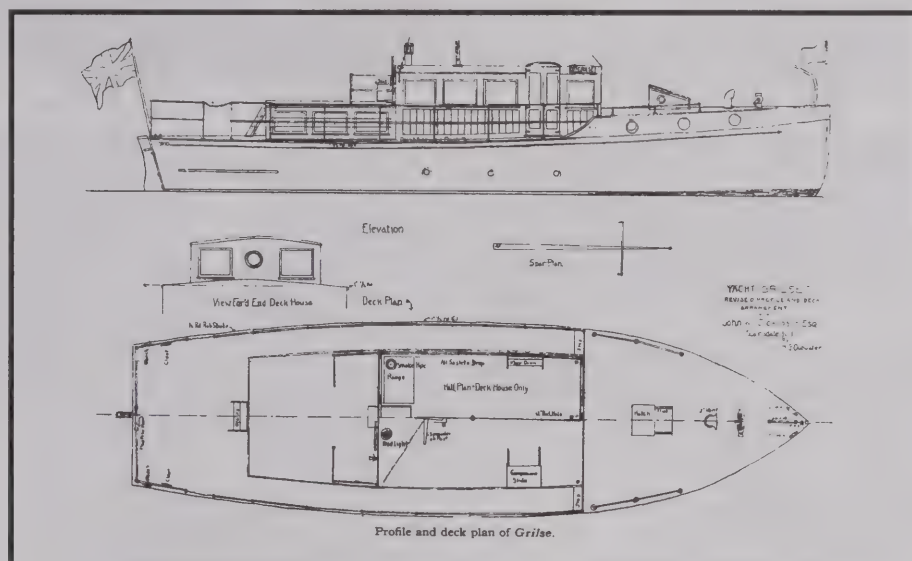
Of course, we have left the most important information to the last, the coast and tributary waters. As for scenic beauty, there is nothing on our Atlantic seaboard comparable. The coast line is rugged and rocky, with innumerable deep water harbors. These usually are from five to twenty miles apart and afford good protection in any blow. The shore line, for the most part, is a matter of precipitous cliffs with soundings of from ten to one hundred or more fathoms, carrying right to the shore. There is no beach, and we advise anyone in trouble along this coast to just write-off his whole outfit, including himself. This statement is based on the past experience of others. Alibis and post mortems among the seafaring population are very rare. When you get in trouble here, you stay in trouble.

The fogs have already been mentioned. Throughout the year they are of almost daily occurrence. A good sample of the weather was

afforded us when we brought *Grilse* from Bay Norde to Port au Basques, a matter of about 60 miles. We started in a hard rainstorm which turned to a cold, misty fog. When we got out from the high lands of the river to salt water, we left the fog and came to comparatively clear weather. Continuing down the coast, we struck a heavy head sea from the west, with small drift ice on occasions. Later, we ran into a very heavy snow squall out of the north, followed by light fog. Port was made in bright sunshine with a south breeze to help. The temperature on this stretch changed from 40 to 24 to 60, and all within eight hours.

It is in order to mention the government officials with whom we came in contact. From

the superintendent of the Newfoundland Post Office, and including our first contact in North Sydney, N. S., the captain and officers of the government steamer from here to the Island, the collector of the port, who is the ranking government official at that end of the Island, all went not only far beyond their lines of duty, but far beyond our expectation of friendship, to make this little expedition successful. We must mention that the duties of the customs officials are just as exacting there as in the United States, but the method of receiving visitors is put on a much friendlier basis. Here, a government welcome to the traveler is to be remembered as a very personal, pleasant experience.



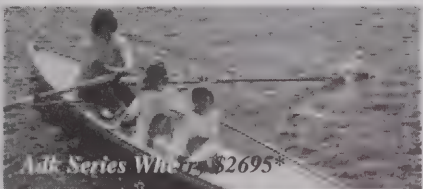


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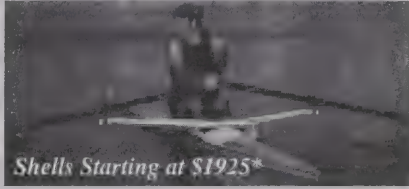
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My 12' x 2'3" kayak built by my Novelite System.

My Novelite Small Boat Building System

By George Johnston

I have designed several small boats for homebuilders. I have given all of them very rigorous testing in all types of conditions, and found them tough and gutsy craft. I call my building method the Novelite Boat Building System. I think they will be a boon to all DIY builders as when they are completed they have a professional look about them not normally found in homebuilt wooden craft. My first three designs are:

A modular canoe in three sections measuring 9' x 2', x 14lbs, building plans for \$45.

A modular three section dinghy/tender measuring 12' x 4' to row, motor or sail, building plans for \$53.

A kayak measuring 12' x 2'3" x 11" x 28lbs, building plans for \$49.

All my plans come full size and with complete instructions. All prices are in Australian dollars which at present are close to half of US dollar. Postage is \$5USA.

How it came about was: I advertised in our local newspaper for people interested in forming a canal & river canoe cruising group and got a group together for weekend cruises. A number of women rang wanting to join but none of them had canoes. They wanted to go canoeing but did not have anywhere to store a canoe and could not handle one on and off a car roof rack anyway. So it set me on a search to build a lighter canoe at a low cost.

After much searching and looking at different materials (I even tried paper), I discovered sheet fiberglass. At first I thought it would

be too fragile for the job but I gave it a try, and found it to be an excellent and tough material to work with, and made a tough and gutsy canoe, very light and at a very low cost. It is, I believe, a material offering the easiest way to make small craft ever for the home builder, easy to work with, possibly the lightest, also the easiest to construct, no stitches nails or screws, cheapest material cost, doesn't need painting and is totally maintenance free. The cost of materials to build this canoe is about \$120AUS.

I now have completed a new four section canoe, 9' x 2' x 10-1/2" x 14lbs, nested size 2'4" x 2' x 10-1/2". This one has aluminum angle gunwale which leads to only a 1-1/4" taper from transom to forward joint (as opposed to a taper of 3" in the three section backpack canoe). As it is about the same size as a suitcase, I am considering calling it a Suitcase Canoe.

It is much superior to the backpack canoe, but much more difficult to construct. I am considering manufacturing and selling them for around \$590AUS plus freight.

I have built wooden canoes before and tried waterproofing with fiberglass, but they still mouldered away in my back yard eventually, and all the good work I put into them was lost.

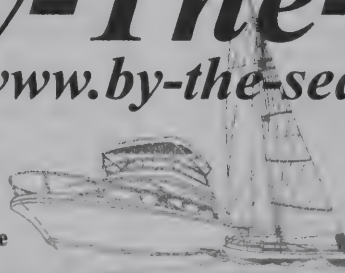
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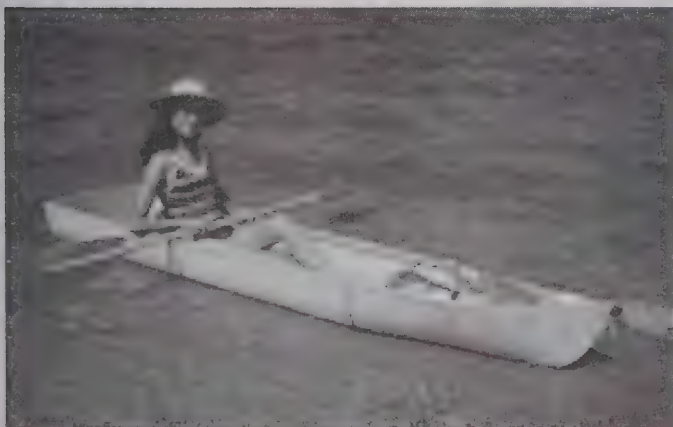
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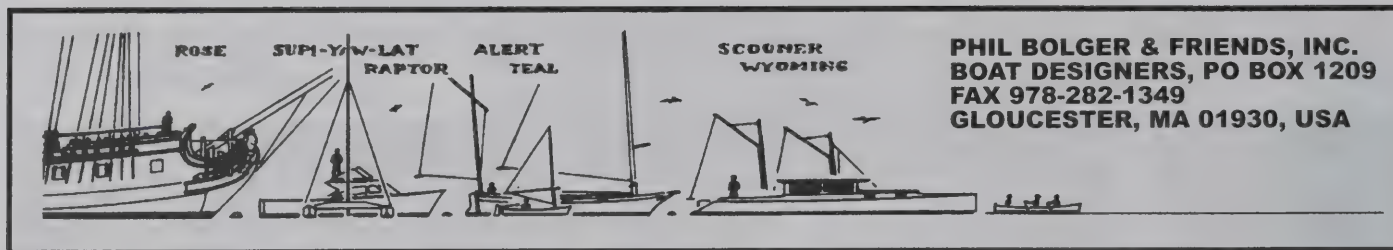


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Getting on the Water in My Backpack Canoe





Bolger on Design



Recreational Rowboat

Design #300

13'6" length overall, 4'0" breadth.

We keep arguing that the design of rowing boats doesn't have to defer to people who always think in terms of athletic competition. That's well for athletic people when they're feeling ambitious, but it's not half of the possibilities. A rowboat can be an ideal place to relax, as good as leisurely walking, much better if you have things to carry.

This design was given a lot more initial stability than rowboats intended to row fast usually have. She has her feet wide apart, doesn't have to be trimmed carefully and won't leave a novice with the idea that rowboats are cramped and tiddly. She's also buoyant and high-ended, to go through motorboat wakes dry. Neither the shape nor the compact length makes her hard to row as long as you don't try to row her fast; she has small wetted surface and good lines at both ends, and is actually easier to row than a much longer boat (with more wetted surface) at gentle speeds up to three knots.

There are innumerable lakes and harbors with pleasant and interesting things to enjoy within a three-mile radius of some convenient starting point and nowhere to go further. Such places have room for a lot more rowing boats than they do for jet-skis, and the rowing boats are more popular with the neighbors and better for the quality of the water even than four-stroke boats.

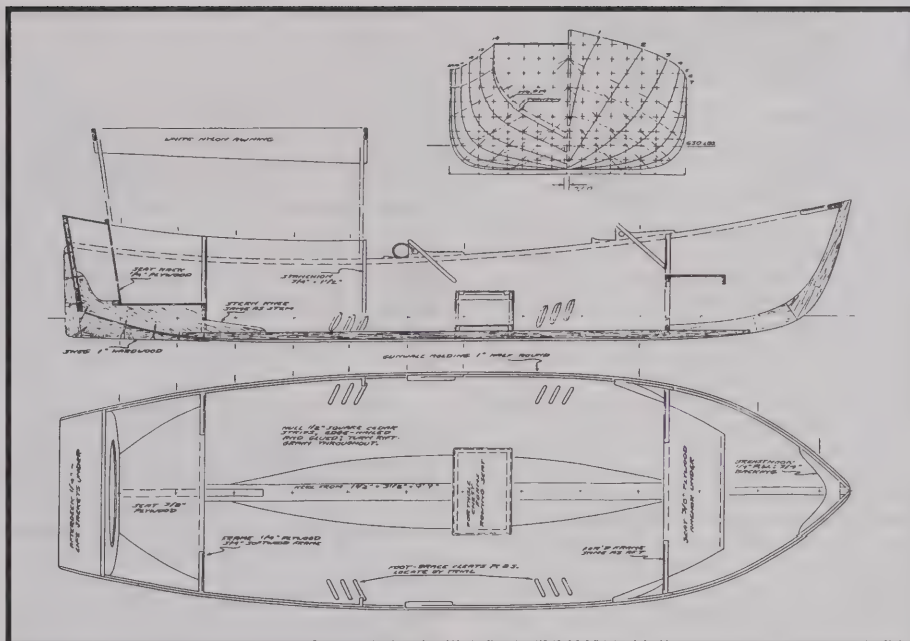
The middle of the boat was kept clear, with the movable rowing seat, to allow napping and sunbathing at full length. It used to be fairly common in England to make fairly long river and canal cruises in boats more or less of this type, camping quite luxuriously with an overall tent; an improvement over camping ashore and chancing rattlesnakes or landowners according to locality. The awning shown on the plans was meant to allow a passenger, or one of two alternating rowers, to relax in shade. Keeping it short and far aft made it less of a hazard in a sudden squall; it would tend to swing her around head to wind. It reminds us pleasantly of the elegant ceremonial barges with shelter for nobility in Europe (it could be ornamented like them, but in this country there's no obligation to be pretentious).

This design was made for a test hull and mold plug for a proposed fiberglass production boat which never materialized. There was no effort to cater to an unskilled builder. The one in the photos was built by a very skilled

builder indeed, Bruce Tyson of Port Sorell, Tasmania. He isn't a professional, but we wish more professionals were as good as he is. He has built five boats to our plans including the beautiful Romp that we showed in the November 15, 1998 *MAIB*. This one was just in passing, though the finish was partly intended for exhibition at the Tasmanian Wooden Boat Festival. It has some nice touches not on the plans but which we decidedly like.

It's necessary to note, before we're asked, that this hull could be turned into moderately good sailing boat, but that there are no plans for the conversion and won't be any soon, if ever. There are lots of good sailboats including some we designed. We like to sail, but don't like to see good rowboats spoiled by a conditioned reflex. This one would be degraded for her intended purpose by the sailing gear; spars, sails, partners, sheets, centerboard, leeboards, or keel, rudder, etc. Incidentally, it all costs a lot as well as being in the way and delaying getting going.

Plans of the Recreational Rowboat, our Design #300, are available for \$50ppd. to build one boat, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., 66 Atlantic Street, Gloucester, MA 01939-1627



Recently there have been several articles in *MAIB* on the subject of pedal boats. I agree that the concept can be developed to produce an effective method of propulsion while facing forward, however, in my opinion using the legs alone is an inefficient use of the human body and better use can be made of it.

If you go into almost any health club, tucked away in a corner you will find a rowing machine, often given the high-tech title of an "ergometer". Whatever its name, it is an excellent piece of equipment, using all the main muscles in the body in a manner similar to rowing a boat. The following design uses this simple concept as a means of boat propulsion and if one is ever built I am sure it will be superior in performance to any pedal driven system.

The operation of the ergo-boat is simple. The operator, sitting on a sliding seat, pulls on a chain led around the drive sprocket of a bike wheel, which in the shore based model is fitted with vanes to absorb the energy expended. In the nautical model there are no vanes, but a secondary fixed chain drive to a small right-angle gear box driving a propeller shaft. The harder you pull the faster you go...well, that is the theory!

The Ergo-Boat

By Mike Hinsley

To reduce potential lateral windage, I have designed the unit round a 24" diameter wheel. A series of lead weights are fixed round the rim to provide more inertia and a light weight protective cover has been designed to keep fingers out of the works. One of the side advantages of the wheel is the steadying effect it should have on the boat when in motion, utilizing its gyroscopic action. This is the same force that stops you falling off a bike when riding along and in a similar way reduces the likelihood of capsizing in the narrow beamed boat I have chosen to house the system.

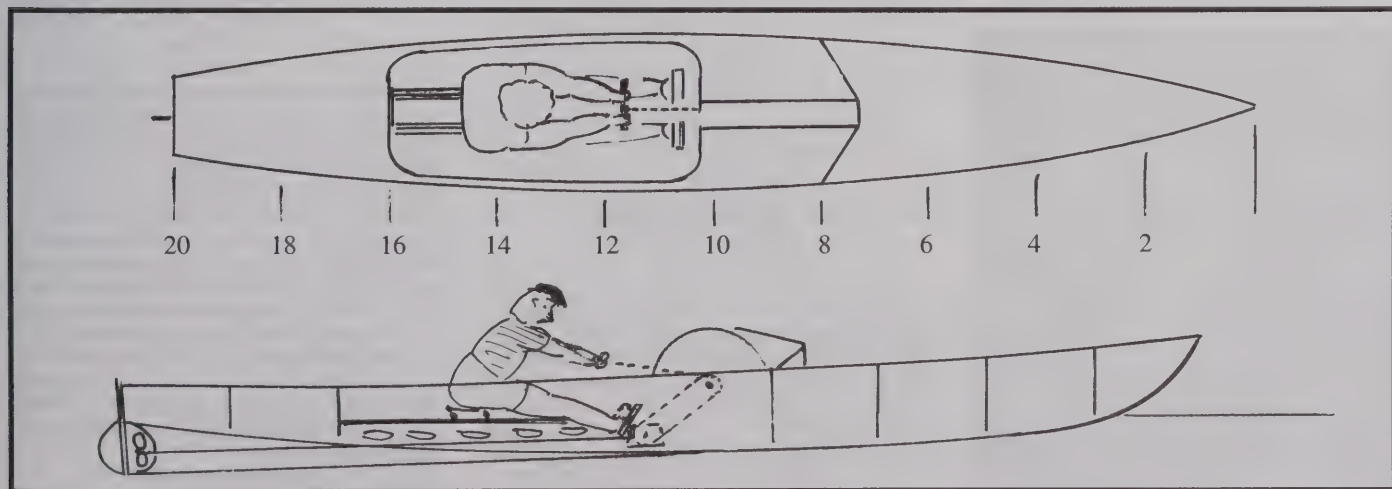
I have installed this in a 20' skiff with a beam of 3'. Initially, I drew the hull as round bottomed and constructed of cold molded ply, but on second thoughts, I opted for a vee bottomed shell with a skeg to house the propeller shaft. Steering is by means of a small transom hung rudder controlled by lines attached to the sides of a balanced stretcher assembly.

The one flaw in the design is that there is

no simple way of stopping the boat as there is no means of driving the propeller astern. To date the simplest emergency brake I have been able to think of consists of pair of paddles pivoted on the rubbing rail that the operator would push into the water, though a simple canoe paddle kept in a handy place could well fit the bill.

A final point in the design is to make the "power unit" independent of the hull. The health club ergometer has a rigid tubular steel frame to take the bending stresses with wide steel feet for stability. Anyone who has tried to pick up one of these would realize that it is too heavy and cumbersome for the marine application, so I have drawn up a plywood box to house it, reinforced with ply angle beams that sit in the shell and are bolted to the frames. The propeller gear box is permanently fixed to the hull with the drive chain accommodating any minor mis-alignment.

I have been dreaming of this design for some while but to date lack of space and time has prevented it getting past the concept stage. However, if the idea is good enough, may be there is someone out there with the time and energy who is prepared to make one just to see if it works?



Capsize, a Study of an Adventure

By Don Elliott

Introduction

This is Part 3 of a series of articles beginning in the March 1 issue which will be an interactive study of a small boat adventure, an analysis of events described in Chapter 12 of Stephen Ladd's book *Three Years in a 12' Boat*. Each article will include a question or questions for interested readers to consider answers. Suggested answers will be included in the following articles.

The purpose of this series is to look at the problems facing people who go off adventuring in small boats. Stephen's boat was self-designed and self-built. Was it designed correctly for the conditions it might face? That question is the focus of this study; to look at not only Stephen's boat but also design aspects of all boats used for such adventures.

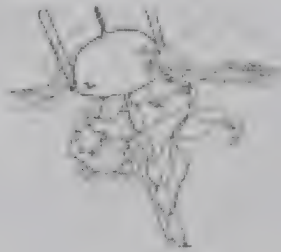
Safety of the boat and its crew must be the very first thing any small boat designer must consider when he designs a boat.

Poor Seamanship

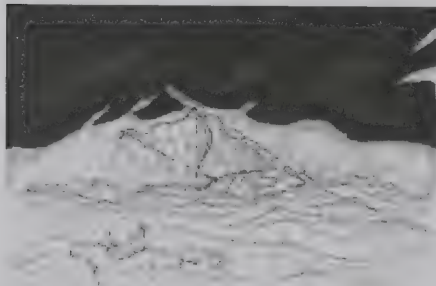
There is a thing called "chain of events", the idea is that one thing leads in progression to another; in effect the first event is linked to the last.

For the readers who picked Answer #3 (Seamanship) to last article question, you were correct. But don't feel too smug. Follow this description of the events.

If you recall from former articles the boat had slowly rolled over. Stephen ejected himself into the black sea.



This drawing is the likely scene that Stephen viewed upon surfacing.



It was 11pm, a mere two hours before he had retired and gone to sleep in *Squeak's* cabin. Poor seamanship was the major cause of Stephen's situation. The signs of bad things to come were all there. The wind rotating to the north, the beginning of the rain all were indi-

cations that things could get worse. Good seamanship would have been to remove all the spars. However, the answer to the last issue questions could be all of the five things listed as they all could contribute to a capsize. But the major one was poor seamanship.

Now we should look at how good seamanship could have been applied. Or maybe it couldn't have been due to design faults. Well see.

How would you approach the problem of returning *Squeak* to a boat useable for Stephen's safety?

The Spars

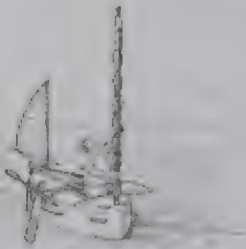
Was it a mistake to not remove the spars before retiring. Would you have thought to remove them? How would you know they had to be removed? For Stephen it's too late for that, *Squeak* has capsized. Not removing them could have cost him his life. Stephen however is made of the stuff that works to overcome problems.

Four-foot seas are not big seas. I'd estimate the wind at 18 knots to create waves this size. The seas had built up quickly and the gusts could have been very strong at the time of the capsize. How strong is the subject of the next discussion.

Squeak's spars heeled over from the wind and wave action. With their weight levering against the small buoyancy of the hull *Squeak* was on her way over. Adding greatly to that lever was the weight of the water on the mizzen sail and the furled sail of the main.



A small cruising sailboat should have its spars removed in such conditions. Frank Dye, of Wayfarer fame, knew his craft well. Even under violent condition this tough old knot got the spars down on his Wayfarer. But on the Wayfarer the mast could hinge, it is surely difficult at sea but it could be done. In Stephen's case, I doubt if they could be removed safely...even in a calm sea.



Stephen's main spar is buried in a hole. The mizzen sail along with its mast should have been removed when the rain started. Did Stephen think about these things? I wonder? Is there more going on here than just the problem of the spars?

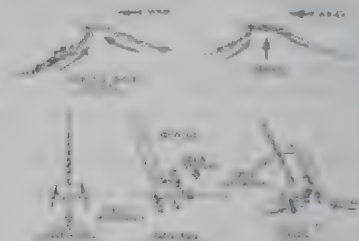
Questions: Is the boat inadequate for the task as designed? Would a different type of

boat have been better? Could ballast have been used? Would a masthead float have done any good?

Was It Wave Action?

Was it the action of the waves that caused Stephen's boat to capsize? Let's look at wave physics.

Surfers are very familiar with waves. They know as the wave builds there is a force moving up the face or the wave. If your feet were dangling in the water on that face your legs would be pushed toward the crest.



Note as the wave heaves, it draws the water up to the crest of the wave. The motion from the wind driven wave is moving in the opposite direction, this of course is what causes waves to break. What is significant here is the direction of the forces.

Now look at the drawings at the bottom of that sketch. In a static condition there are no heeling forces. As a boat is sailed the force on the sail is countered by the weight of the crew, he steers and luffs as needed to control the heeling force.

What's so different from this to Stephen laying ahull, not very much? The wind blows on the sail, he's sleeping below. So things are not a lot different then when he's sailing. But now we have another element, the waves. As the wave lifts the boat in its heave it rotates the boat suddenly and if enough to tip the spars over far enough, over *Squeak* goes.

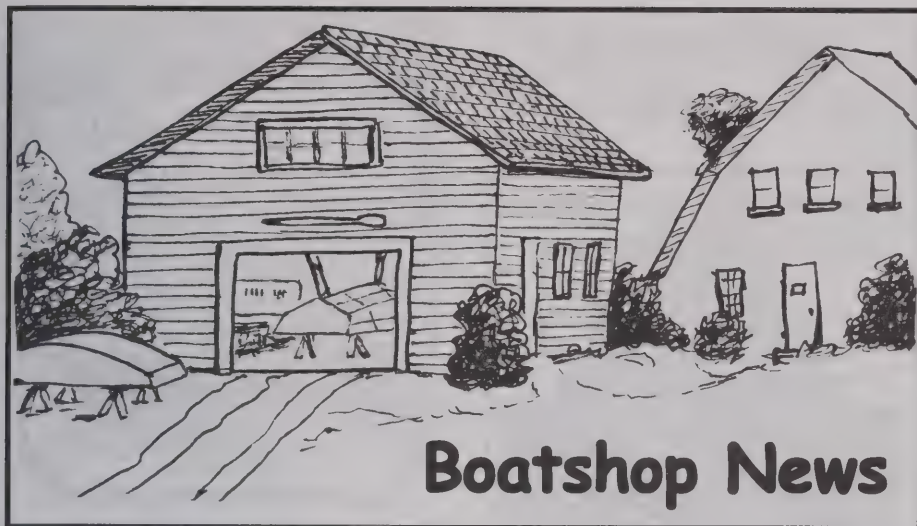
Look now at sketch, and you'll see the effect of wave motion on *Squeak*.



Notice that the raising force of the wave will push against anything sticking down in the water, such as the rudder and the leeboards. In addition, on the wind driven side of the wave, you can see that the ledge that keeps the leeboards off the hull provides a great surface upon which to push. The force on the wind driven side is a stronger force, then that on the rising side, placing that ledge under a lot of force. To make things even worse, the ledge on the raising side is tripping the boat.

Are these the only factors that caused his capsize? Are any kind of appendages sticking down in the water a bad design feature? What can be done to eliminate these problems and make boats safer?

(To Be Continued)



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each day.

Your instructor is Paul J. Bennett, designer of the Frugal Skiff series and the Pilgrim's Pride 16. Paul is a licensed marine engineer and naval architect. He is a member of the Society of Naval Architects & Marine Engineers, the American Boat & Yacht Council and the Massachusetts Maritime Academy Alumni Association. Bennet Marine Enterprises, dba Shoestring Shipyard, is a member of the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce.

The courses run from March 23 through October 21, request our information brochure and registration form for full particulars.

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Boat Building Classes at Seth Persson Boat Builders

Starting in April, we will offer a series of boatbuilding classes utilizing kitboats produced by our company. Participants in these classes will build the boat of their choice under our guidance and will take home a complete boat ready for painting. These classes are open to individuals and families, with boats of varying skill requirements and uses available.

The kitboats offered in this program include a choice of 12' or 14' traditional skiffs; the Atlantic 17, which is an open water rowing boat for one or two rowers; 12', 15', or 18' fabric hulled touring kayaks (a wood/epoxy version of this will be available at a later date); a 12' catboat, fully rigged (available in July), and, for larger group projects, the Expeditionary Rowing Vessel, a 30' vessel for up to ten rowers.

Each of the kits provided includes all materials and pre-cut parts to build a finished boat ready for painting. Classes will be held in our boatshop, with building racks provided. The primary benefits of this program are an opportunity to experience the building of a small boat with professional guidance, and acquiring a finished boat for a reduced price.

Jon and Rick Persson, Seth Persson Boat Builders, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2343, www.perssonmfg.com, <perssonmfg@abac.com>



Small Craft
Boom
Keeps
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Sails Alive

Sifting through our Dabbler Sails' databank (file folders stuffed w/ inch-to-foot drawings) recently, I was struck by the diversity of small-craft sails made in my loft since 1991. I counted more than thirty distinct types and variations.

Here's a condensed summary:

Mains and mizzens: Leg and shoulder-o' mutton, Marconi, gaff, full battened, wishbone, sprit-boomed, club-clawed, and gunter.

Jibs: Ordinary and reefing, furling, club-footed, half-wishbone, and balance/club footed.

Lugsails: Standing, balanced, full-battened, and Chinese.

Spritsails: Boomed and loose footed, with and without brails.

Also: Fisherman and mizzen staysails, square sails, raffeas, lateen, batwing, and crab-claw sails.

The boats for which we built these sails ran the gamut from skiffs to sharpies to schooners, not forgetting catboats, dories, prams, canoes, kayaks, peapods, and pond yachts.

Our smallest sail was 3sf for a pond yacht. The largest was 500sf for a schooner.

My business wouldn't be worth much without the designers and builders who create the small craft that need these sails. Names that repeat in my files include Chapelle, Herreshoff, Joel White, Phil Bolger, Ruell Parker, Karl Stambaugh, Ian Oughtred, Pete Culler, John Gardner, Doug Hylan, Mark Barto, Tony Diaz, Aime Fraser, Hugh Horton, Robb White, Andy Wolfe, Thomas Firth Jones, and Rob Barker.

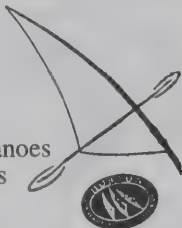
Then there are those two publications in which I advertise: This one, and that other one all about wooden boats. Without that captive audience of small boat nuts, no way could I have made nearly 400 sails these past 10 years. First years were a little lean; last year I made 71, mostly traditional small craft sails. Dabbler sails have gone to customers in 36 states (including Alaska and Hawaii), Canada, South America, and Africa.

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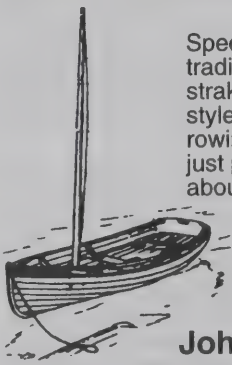
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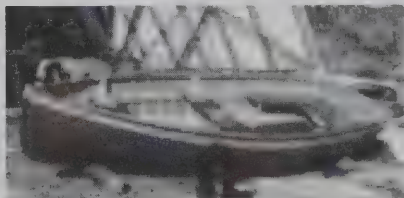
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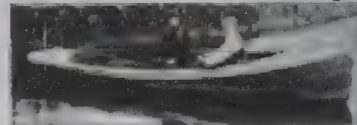
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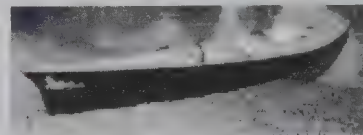
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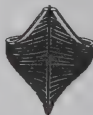


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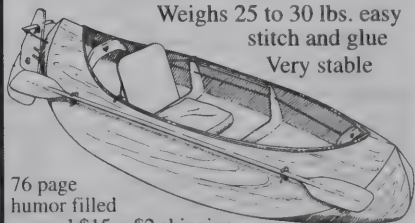
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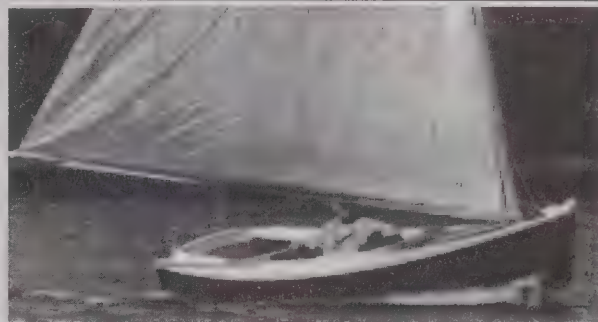


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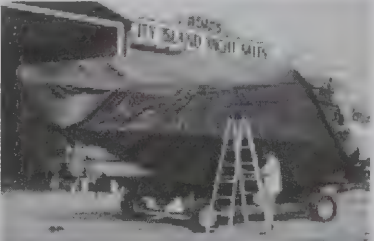
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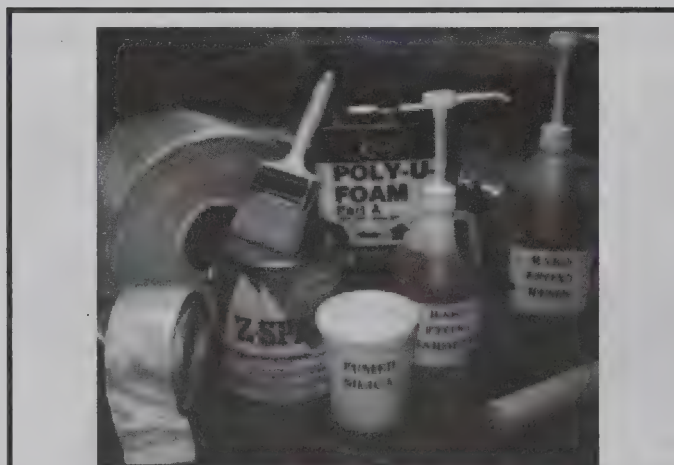
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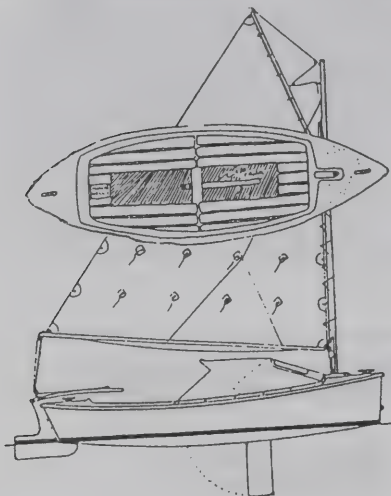
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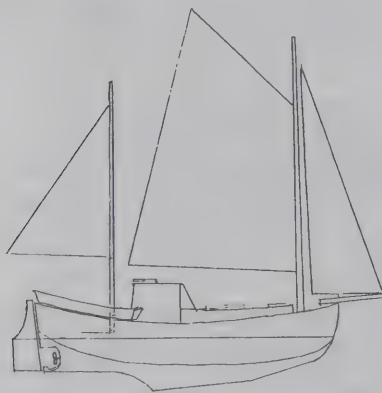
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Mud Hen, 17'x6', '84 by Florida Bay. Shoal draft, beachable, roomy (6 adults) camp cruiser (slps 2). Gaff rig catboat, 6" board up, 3'6" board down, tabernacle mast. Dodger, tent & screens, foam mattresses, teak seating, porta potti. Anchor, rode, dock lines, fenders. 10' Cataract carbon fiber oars, Yamaha F4 longshaft OB in well w/2 6gal tanks, less than 10hrs use. Also 65lbs thrust Minn Kota electric w/2 batteries (100ah) & charger for really quiet poking. Arrow trlr w/bearing Busddies & 2 new tires & wheels. Sail in gd cond, canvas serviceable. Kept under cover since new. Change in health forces sale. \$5,000 for compl package. PHIL FRISBEE, The Plains, VA, (540) 253-5149. (22)

Boston Whaler Squall, 9'2" x 4' dinghy w/sail package. Legendary Whaler safety & durability. 2hp Honda 4-stroke ob w/clutch, only 6hrs use (barely broken in). Exc tender in gd serviceable cond. Exc Arrow trlr w/new tires & wheels. \$1,500. PHIL FRISBEE, The Plains, VA, (540) 253-5149. (22)



Blackie, 26' Odx 7.5' x 4'. Riveted, Dynel sheathed hull, cedar on oak, 6' hdm. Roller genny, inner jib, spinnaker, squares'l, storm jib. Lanyards & dead-eyes. Volvo 10hp diesel. 30 gals fuel, 30 gals water. Wind vane, awnings, dinghy. Ocean proven, Atlantic circuit '99, 9,000 miles/12 months. No gear failure. A fast, dry, trusty, personal little ship. \$12,500/ offers, or trade 30'-34' nothing fancy. See badly written article in *Soundings* "New 2000 Issue", "Father, Son Dare High Seas". Son now large, nd next boat. JIM SUMERLIN, Groton, CT, (860) 445-0587. (22)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to us of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.

12' Old Town Pack Canoe, Royalex, 33lbs. Used only twice. \$300. **Bell Wildfire Canoe**, beautiful carbon fiber/kevlar solo canoe, 15' x 28", 28lbs. Ash, cherry & walnut trim, cane seat. Exc cond, used only once, stored under cover. \$1,500. **Berrigan Canoe**, the original "Banana Boat" designed by John Berry & Bob Harrigan. Expedition kevlar layup made by Apple Line '84. Converted for open solo use w/pedestal. Rough around edges but still handles a rock garden like a dancer & takes blows like a tank. Health forces sale. \$250. PHIL FRISBEE, The Plains, VA, (540) 253-5149. (22)

Collectors: New 100th Anniversary Special Old Town 16' wood/canvas Guide Canoe, beautiful. For former factory list of \$4,000. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (22)



15' Beaton Sneakbox, '48, rblt from bare hull '94 using West System. Hull finished bright. 3 sails, full cover & trlr. Stiff, dry & fast. \$2,500. JIM STEARLY, Duncanville, PA, (814) 942-4010, <Gslam@nb.net>. (22)

17' Octa Sailing Canoe, by Old Town '52. Incl rudder, leeboards, sails & spontoons. Partially restored. Must sell. \$500. BOB PARENT, Coram, NY, (631) 736-5605. (22)

Boreal Design & Wilderness Systems Kayaks, we are now new regional dealer. Still dealer for Old Town canoes & kayaks going back over 50 years! Hundreds are on display at our store. FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A (at Parker River), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (TFP)

Glanders 23 FG Bare Hull, full keel, 6' hdm, w/ ports, mast, rigging & sails. \$2,900 OBO STEVE RITZENTHALER, New Carlisle, OH, (937) 882-6869, <ssritz@erinet.com> (22)

24' Bristol Sloop, 9.9 Yamaha w/remote. Tanbark main & furling genny. Spinnaker & working jib. 7 coats of West barrier coating on bottom. Bow & stern pulpits, lifelines w/2 gates. Cockpit grating, stack pak main w/lazy jacks. Totally restored in '95. VHF, compass, speed, depth. 5 jack stands. \$5,900. Motivated, bought Devlin Surf Scoter. JIM TOMKINS, 2783 W. River Rd., Grand Island, NY 14072, (716) 773-5268, <jtboatwork@aol.com> (22)

11'6" Wee Lassie, 28lbs, custom blt by & for Mac as seen in his book on building the 28lb Wee Lassie. Caned seat, 2 paddles, setup for sail. Beautifully finished for row or show. \$1,750. C.P. MOORE, Venice, FL, (941) 504-3809. (22)

Appledore 16, 2 Oarmasters, 2 sets F. Collar oars, travel cover. \$2,500. ALAN L. VAN REESE, Perham, MN, (218) 346-3077. (22)

Windward 15, Karl Stambaugh design. Unfinished plywood hull, epoxied seams. Have exc wooden mast, gd used dacron sail. \$300. PETER BROWN, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163. (22)

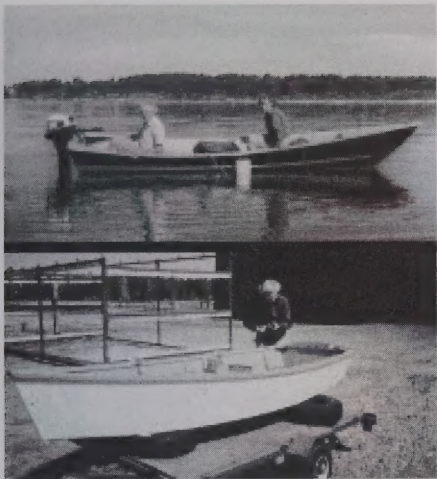
Windrider 16, w/trlr. Hvy weather cockpit w/windshield, many other extras. \$4,500 value, asking \$2,200. JOE LA GRASSO, Fenton, MI, (810) 750-9188. (TF)

Free Sailboat Hull, 23' cat sharpie. Well made hull nds some remodeling; original plans available. Conversion to powerboat vy feasible. Sails, OB, & trlr also available. DAVE BREDEMEIER, Rehobeth, MA, (508) 252-4613, <bredemeier@aol.com> (23)

19'6" Lightning Class Racing Sloop, restored to high gloss finish. Red cedar stained mahogany w/3 coats polyurethane. Looks like fine furniture. Green bottom coat. 2 suits sails, galv trlr. Engineered for single handed mast raising. Sails great & draws attention on the ramp and on the water. \$2,000 OBO. ERIK INDZONKA, New Windsor, NY, (845) 568-0905. (23)

MacGregor 26X, '97 w/Honda 50hp OB, trlr w/brakes, boom vang, cockpit cushions, compass, depth sounder, transom ladder, mast raising gear, stove, bimini, topping lift, AM/FM/CD/VHF, steering bar. \$21,500. BOB KNIENE, 554 Mott Rd., Duanesburg, NY 12056, (518) 356-2518, <Bobkniene@excite.com> (23)

'51 Corson, 15' all wood constr. Wood is natural finish inside, painted outside. New galv trlr, older OB. In grt shape. Asking \$2,995 OBO. Inquire for more info. PETER IAGOBUCCI, S. Hampton, NH, (978) 828-5668, <jpeteri@yahoo.com> (23)



Bolger Seahawk, 15'6" x 4'2" dory skiff. Marine mahogany ply, spruce, epoxy, PVC rubrails, half-oval reinforced stem & skids. Used, vy gd cond. \$1,100. **Payson Monhegan Skiff**, 12' x 4'3" rowing skiff. Marine mahogany ply, spruce, epoxy. Several in use, a pleasure to row. Ready for delivery in spring. New construction. \$950. **HANS WAECKER**, 47 Bowman's Landing Rd., Georgetown, ME 04548, (207) 371-2282. (22)

17' FG English Sloop, '73. Sold in US as Hurley but believed to actually be a Silhouette. Swing keel, 3' down, 1-1/2' up. 2 quarter berths, new sails, trlr, no motor (you can paddle this boat). Grt little cruiser, have had many grt trips in Keys, Wilderness Waterway, St. Johns, island hopping in ME. \$2,900 firm. **C. BANCROFT**, POB 1724, Palatka, FL 32178, (904) 328-2755, <bancr@webtv.net>, (22)

Nimble 20 Yawl, vy little used tropical version, '87. 20'11" loa, 7'9" beam, 11" shoal draft w/cb up, 4'3" w/cb down. Weighs approx 2,200 lbs. On factory Magic Tilt trlr. 7.5hp Honda 4-stroke ob, sailcovers, much more. For more info visit Nimble website at <http://www.nimbleboat.com>. \$7,800. **KIRK**, Corpus Christi, TX, (361) 949-8365 or **PAM**, (361) 825-2434. (22)

Dirigo Kayak, 17' x 29" (approx), made in Maine before the company moved to Kansas. Serviceable cond, bottom has scratches but nothing serious. Rudder & deck rigging. \$250. **BRUCE GIVEN**, Virginia Beach, VA, (757) 474-0787, <bgiven@exis.net> (22)

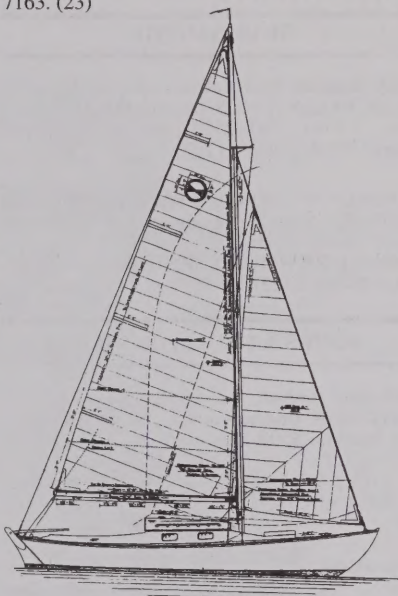
16' Sturdee Dory, 15hp Suzuki electric start long shaft 4-stroke, 2yrs still on warranty. Karavn trlr, KB 1500. All new '97, low hrs (only used 3 yrs). Exc cond, compl tuned, ready for launching. Replacement cost is \$7,000. Sell for \$4,000. **STEVE KELLY**, Wethersfield, CT, (860) 529-7517. (22)



South Shore 30', Maine classic '85 Beal Island design. Solid glass hull, aluminum deckhouse, canvas enclosure, 220hp Detroit Diesel, radar, Ioran, fishfinder, VHF, epirb, power windlass. \$73,500. M.V. MA. **JIM MURRAY**, Ft. Montgomery, NY, (212) 477-6606. (22)

J-14 Daysailer, '96 model w/2 sets sails (standard main & hi performance), self furling jib w/sun cover, cushions, OB motor mount, cover, 3 storage compartments & trlr. \$4,000 OBO. 2hp Johnson OB & boat cart also available. **FLOYD BEAM**, Bensalem, PA, (215) 245-4297, <J.Beam2Ajuno.com> (23)

20' Grumman Guide Model Canoe, \$450. **JOHN SULLIVAN**, E. Walpole, MA, (508) 668-7163. (23)



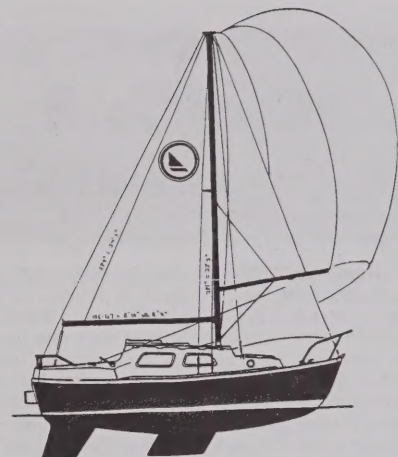
24' Ostkust Sloop, weekender-cruiser designed by Al Mason of Sparkman & Stevens for *Rudder* in 1944. Blt by Joel Johnson '59. Mahogany hull on oak refastened '98, superb cond. Slps 2-4, new cushion covers, new sails, new covers. Roller reefing on boom. 12hp Vire IB, reliable power w/vy little use. Stove, depth sounder, anchor, lines, compass, battery, pumps, extinguishers, fenders, all new. Located Maine. \$13,750. **DAVID KELLAND**, Lexington, MA, (781) 861-8981. (23)



Beautiful Hand-Laid FG Launch, dependable Yanmar diesel power, a head turner in any harbor. Not your everyday boat. Only \$31,995. **JAY HOTCHKISS**, John Jay Marine, Inc., (207) 772-6951. (23)



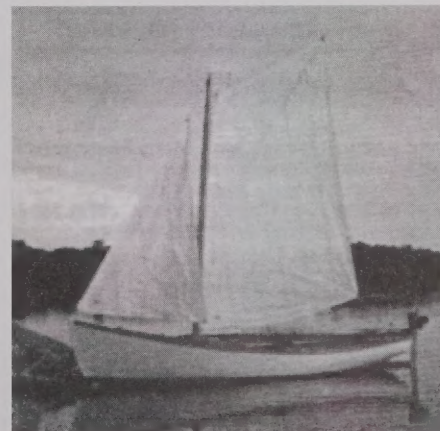
17' MFG Tri Hull, walk thru windshield, w/running 75hp Evinrude OB w/electric satr. Have boat title. Nds work, too many projects. \$950, or \$1,500 w/trlr, OBO. **JOEL PETERSON**, E. Falmouth, MA, (508) 540-2962. (23)



Leisure 22, twin keel English blt sloop, vy high quality, a real seagoing vessel. Dual axle trlr w/brakes. Located in VA. \$8,000 OBO. Consider partial trade of Mud Hen. **KEN PAGANS**, Corpus Christi TX, (361) 949-9386, <grove777@aol.com> (23)



Sea Pearl 21 Cat Ketch, teak rub rails, new convertible camper cover, white sails in gd cond, 9' oars, lights, compass, Bruce anchor, water ballast tanks, leeboards, kick-up rudder, free standing Marconi rig, 3.5hp long shaft Nissan OB, Sea Pearl trlr. In vy gd cond w/few small scratches from trailering. Ready to trailer & sail. **MIKE NOTARFRANCESCO**, Staten Island, NY, (718) 981-1017, www.mikesteel@msn.com (23)



Island Creek 18, designed & blt by George Surgent. FG hull w/blt-in flotation tanks, rudder & CB. Beautiful wood deck, seats & floor. Hollow wood mast, gaff rig, Beirig sails, wood shell bnlocks, oars & Seagull OB (like new). Licensed trlr & canvas coevr include. A vy specail boat.. \$2,500. **ANDY ZIMMERMAN**, Royal Oak, MD, (410) 745-2073. (23)



16' Aluminum Skiff, 48hp Evinrude SPL, ready to go, electric start, remote controls & Teleflex cable steering, dodger & bimini top w/side curtain & windshield to extend seasons, carpeted walk thru interior, bow light, stern light, spotlight, interior light, VHF radio, compass, bilge pump, battery box & battery, galv trlr w/guide on bunk for easy loading, rollers & bunk glides, trlr jack, galv axle, submersible trlr lights & bearing buddies. OB operator's manual & parts book. Have boat title. Wife says too many boats & nd to replace Sable station wagon w/ 190,000 miles. Trade for staion wagon or \$4,500 OBO.
JOEL PETERSON, E. Falmouth, MA, (508) 540-2962. (23)

BOATS WANTED

Flying Scot, in gd cond for use as a daysailer.
RICHARD SPRINGER, Brooklyn, NY, (718) 996-8461. (23)

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White Polytarp Sail Kits. Construct a sail in about 4 hrs. No sewing required.
DAVE GRAY, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038, (317) 842-8106. (11P)

Used Sails, fair, gd, exc, some new, all sizes. Need your luff, leech, foot or useable mast & boom lengths.
PETER BROWN, Alexandria Boat Shop, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163. (3P)

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US25 Buccaneer Mainsail, luff 25', boom 8'. Also storm jib or working jib.
DAVID NAAR, Exmore, VA, (757) 442-2128, <madnaar@itercom.net> (22)

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3hp Evinrude Fold-Twin, '66-'67, stored since '68, superb cond. 50hrs since new, gd compression. W/stand & case. Should be seen, Asking \$450.
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Yanmar 12hp Diesel, new w/controls. \$2,900.
STEVE RITZENTHALER, New Carlisle, OH, (937) 882-6869, <ssritz@erinet.com> (22)

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

Carburetor or Complete Engine, for '78 Italian moped called Beta, 50cc engine. I need this bike on my son's boat.
CLIFFORD RICHMOND, SR., Tarpon Springs, FL, (727) 937-4037. (22)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Small Boat Journal, full set pilot issue-71, all in binders. \$200. **WoodenBoat**, 1-158 (missing 146) all in binders. \$500. Plus shipping, or pickup in Guilford, CT.
ELLIOTT J. WILCOX, 81 Spencer Ave., Guilford, CT 06437, (203) 453-4691, <ejwilcox@aol.com> (22)

WoodenBoat, issues 1-158 (missing 9, 13, 14, 32, 53, 56, 71, 73, 76). \$445 plus shipping. **Small Boat Journal**, issues 25, 29, 30, 32, 34, 35, 38, 39, 42-70, 72. \$114 plus shipping.
BRUCE GIVEN, Virginia Beach, VA, (757) 474-0787, <bgiven@exis.net> (22)

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM: Customer photos. **FREE** how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes **FREE** Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" Manual \$2.00.

GLEN-L, Box 1804/MAI, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258 **www.Glen-L.com** (TFP)



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6"x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

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WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391 (TF)



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DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

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

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.

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

WoodenBoat, 14 yrs compl. Also 28 issues **Boat Builder**, many yrs **Chesapeake Bay**, many **Small Boat & Boating World**. Interested readers please call.

RUTH B. SCHMOYER, Macungie, PA, (610) 966-4985. (23)



Build 13-1/2' of Bliss, from 2 sheets of plywood. Plans \$26. Illustrated leaf let of 16 craft \$2.
DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford EX39 1TB, England. (EOIP)

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Old Canoe Catalogs.
LEROY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19977, (302) 653-2628, (302) 653-9487. (TFP)

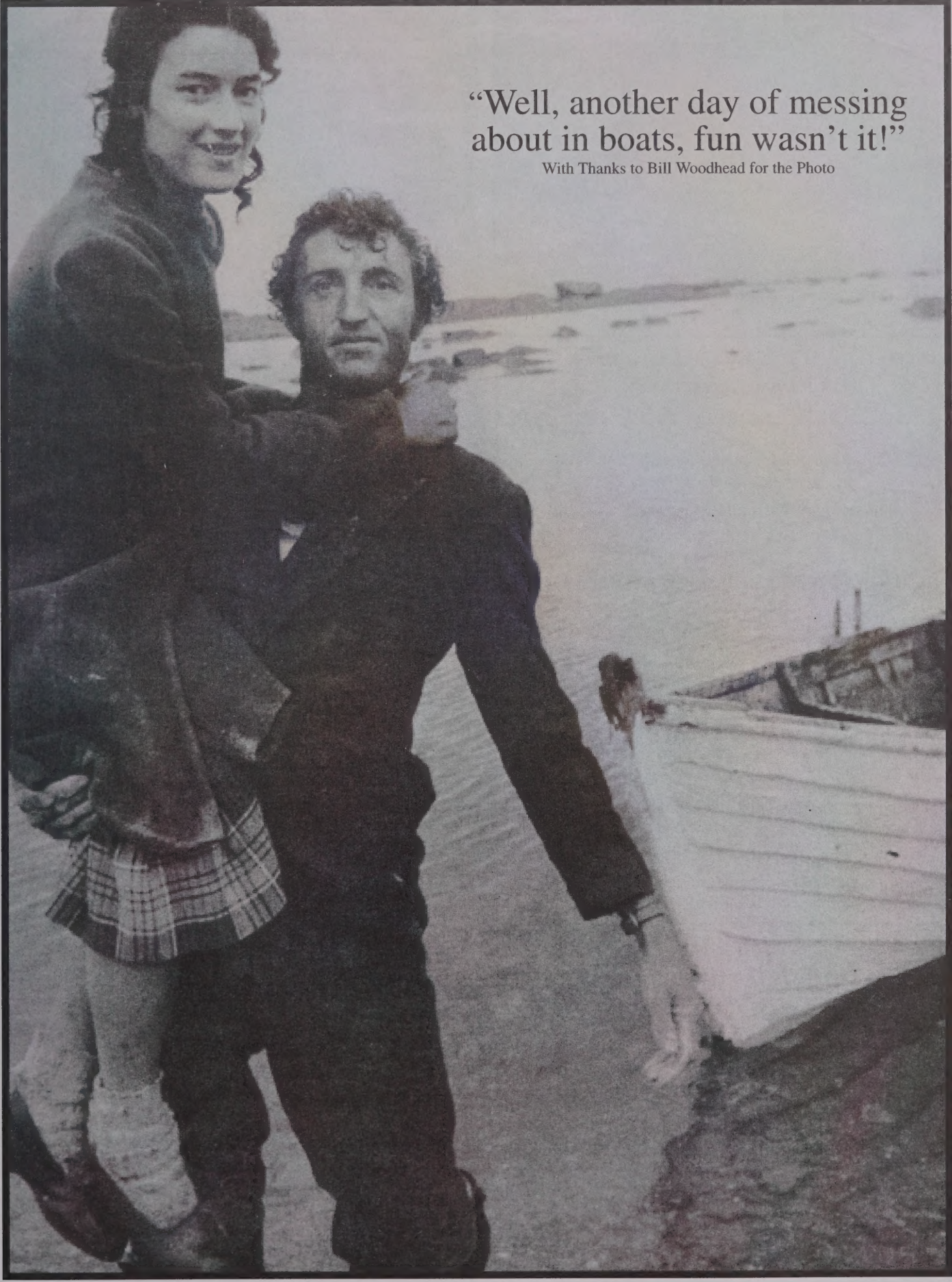
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IVER LOFVING, Swan's Island, ME, (207) 773-9505 or (207) 526-4121. (22)

Birchbark Canoe & Kayak Building Course, September in Quebec. 6 days each, \$795US incl meals & lodging.
D. GIDMARK, Box 26, Maniwaki, PQ J9E 3B3. (22P)



“Well, another day of messing
about in boats, fun wasn’t it!”

With Thanks to Bill Woodhead for the Photo

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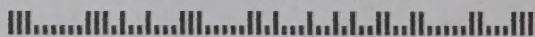
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