

**Special Features This Issue**  
"The String is the River"  
"Queen Mab" - "Interlude in a Dinghy"

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# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 19 - Number 20

March 1, 2002

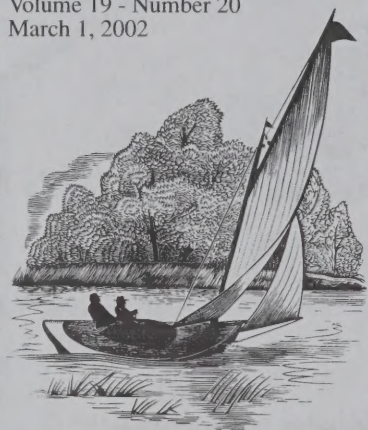


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# messing about in BOATS

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Volume 19 - Number 20  
March 1, 2002



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## Looking Ahead...

Events are sparse in mid-winter but at the end of January I attended the haulout of the Gloucester schooner *Aventure* and will have a report for you on "What's Happening at the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center".

The adventure tales continue: Moby Nick Scheuer chronicles last summer's cruise in "True North to the Door"; Jim Thayer is back with his "Rocking & Rolling at Kokopelli 2001"; Bill Gamblin begins a series of vignettes of "Long Ago Sailing Adventures"; John Potts continues on his "Circumnavigation 2001" with Part 7; and Ken Murphy returns with his monthly column on "The Joys of Nature".

Willard Flint presents a learned "History of U.S. Lightships"; and The Antique Boat Museum reports on its "Living Exhibit 2001, Building a Reproduction of Tomahawk", a historic decked sailing canoe.

Robb White concludes his series on "How To Build a Boat Like We Do It"; John Harris introduces his concept of "The Rowing Cruiser"; Herb Schneider tells us how to get "More Push for Your Prop"; and Phil Bolger & Friends will have something for us again of course.

## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Hugh Hagan's tale, "The String is The River", in this issue is more than just another nostalgic look back to the golden days of his youth afloat, for he sets a scene of a lifestyle long gone that is a familiar one for me. I did not live out my youth in boats as did he, but the ambience of that era that he portrays in his story, a time when parents allowed their children to get out there in the world and experience it, is something I fondly recall.

Hugh sort of summed up my experience of the times (although I was 20 years earlier than him) while describing a long trip to the river in an old VW bus in this way: "We were a self-reliant group of 16 year-old boys and were prepared and able to handle most mechanical problems along the way. We were frequently tested."

He later comments on how it is for him today: "I am now a parent of active teenagers, and I must credit our parents for the trust bestowed upon us. The thought of sending one of my children off into the night for a 250-mile drive on country roads makes me more than a little nervous. Those were different times."

Just a couple more of his remarks: "We would swim naked and shoot our 22s and nobody thought a thing of it. Try that now and its jail time, particularly at my age." "My friend's parents and siblings were tough and fun loving people and welcomed me into the fold. If I was willing to suffer the trials and tribulations of their many adventures, they were glad to have me along for the ride." "Out-buildings brimmed with all manner of wonderful and generally dangerous machinery including mowers of all description and there were old cars that we were allowed to drive around in the fields." Okay, enough of my stealing Hugh's thunder, be sure to read his tale, its a good one.

As I observe from my vantage point of too many years the way we collectively handle such things today as "self reliance" and "independence" and that holiest of holies, "safety" I am glad I was able to live a life of some adventure right in my own backyard, so

to speak. I rode the bicycle my grandfather gave me when I was 8 (an Elgin which I rebuilt a dozen times at least) until I was 18, without a helmet, usually in summer wearing shorts and sneakers, and often coming home with road rash on my knees and elbows. Nobody beat on me about "safety". My mother only insisted that I wash off the blood and dirt before I sullied the bedsheets that evening (she lived to be 100, a blithe spirit within a 69 year marriage).

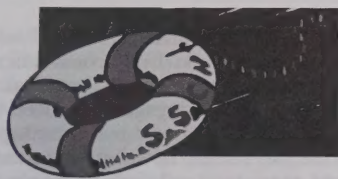
My boating took place each spring when the deep holes dug long before in a nearby gravel pit filled up as sort of vernal ponds, full of icy water in early April, into which we launched rafts we spiked together from old construction lumber laying around in the abandoned pit. PFDs? Are you kidding? We staged naval battles involving ramming. The only serious penalty of going for a swim when an engagement was lost was having to face mom at home afterwards soaking wet. How to explain, for the sport was, of course, forbidden.

I have to agree with my children's generation, who are raising their own children in today's weird ambience of fear and anxious concern for safety, where self reliance means depending on oneself to call for help as soon as something goes wrong, that it is different. There are a lot more of us, and so we interact much more in both good and not so good ways. The safety net slung underneath each succeeding generation's children is robbing them of any chance of learning self reliance and real world living skills, replacing this with 911 and its ilk, asking someone else to bail you out.

Well, so what's this all got to do with messing about in boats, you are by now wondering? It may be a bit of a reach to justify this polemic, but I feel our still mercifully obscure interest in doing small boats our own way does offer opportunities for experiencing some of those lost adventures in life from which we learn self reliance. Best we keep it obscure to avoid the benevolent attentions of society's officials who are determined to save us from ourselves.

## On the Cover...

Phil Bolger's tiny little "Queen Mab" design gets a full centerspread treatment in this issue.



## Small Boat SAFETY

### Operation BoatSmart From The Blinker

Publication of the  
U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary  
Fifth Coast Guard District  
Southern Region

By CDR Kim Pickens  
Operation BoatSmart Project Officer

"What is it that you are trying to do with Operation BoatSmart? What is it that you are doing with Operation BoatSmart that's different from what we are already doing?"

I get these questions a lot and they are fair questions. What are we trying to do with Operation BoatSmart? Nothing more nor less than changing the culture in the boating community in order to save lives.

"Whoa, what do you mean?" you ask. I mean change the culture. I mean making boaters, generally a pretty free spirited bunch, more conscious of safety issues and of one issue in particular, that the wearing of life jackets can save lives.

Our statistics show that if boaters did just ONE thing, wore their life jackets, we could reduce the number of recreational boating deaths by over HALF. Drowning is the number one cause of boating fatalities, accounting for over 70% of all recreational boating deaths. Currently, only about 23% of all boaters wear their life jackets.

But in the PWC community, it's different. Largely because of state laws mandating PFD wear for PWC operators, the life jacket wear rate in this boater group is a whopping 97%! And even though the number of PWC accidents is nearly the same as the number of accidents for open motorboats, the number of fatalities among boaters in open motorboats is over FIVE TIMES that of PWC operators. By far the greatest cause of death among PWC operators is blunt trauma, NOT drowning. Just think what would happen if boaters in open motorboats had the same PFD wear rate as PWC operators.

Think about seat belt use in the U.S. for a moment. Do you remember how that started? Do you remember when you NEVER wore seat belts? Do you remember when you first started wearing them regularly? Do you feel the same way I do, the way most people do who wear them regularly, when, for whatever reason, you CAN'T wear a seat belt in someone's car? A little anxious, maybe? Vulnerable? Maybe even kind of naked?

WHAM!!! THAT'S what we want people to start feeling about life jackets! And that, in large part, is what Operation

BoatSmart is all about. We want to inspire, encourage, cajole, pressure (nicely), and model behavior for Joe and Jane Boater in such a way that Joe and Jane Boater start feeling a little nervous about not having that PFD on when they go out on the water.

We want to suggest (nicely) to Joe and Jane Boater that it is in their best interest, or maybe it's in their young CHILDREN's best interest, for Joe and Jane to wear their PFDs anytime they are on deck on the water. Children DO what they see. Mom and Dad are the role models for their children. We have to convince parents that what they do on the water, their children will do as they get older, so they need to be good role models for their children.

The major emphasis in Operation BoatSmart is to get people to wear life jackets. That is one thing we want everyone, all partners, to stress to Joe and Jane Boater out there: Wear your life jacket, wear your life jacket, wear your life jacket! This is the mantra we are trying to develop. People learn through repetition and practice. We want to repeat this message over and over so the public knows it by heart.

We also want to "model" the behavior we want the public to do, so we'd like you Auxiliarists all to think about ways YOU can model the concept of wearing PFDs as you deal with the public. How about wearing your PFD while conducting a boater education class? How about wearing your PFD while participating in a school demonstration or at a booth at a boat show? How about wearing your PFD while conducting dockside VSCs? Now this could be hard, or it could be easy, as long as you have a PFD that's comfortable for you. And if you don't have one, well, how come? They are out there now, great PFDs that are cool and comfortable to wear, PFDs that you

need not be squeamish about wearing.

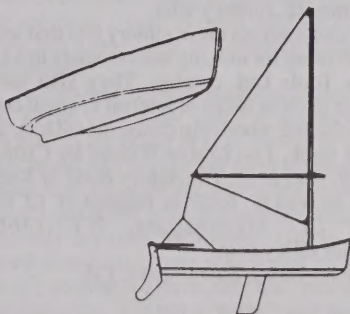
How about showing off your inflatable? How about proudly wearing the latest fanny pack design? When I described the newest Coast Guard-approved automatically inflatable fanny pack to my dentist, he said, "What? THAT'S A LIFE JACKET?!! Hmmm, I might even WEAR one of those!" (Ah, YES that's the IDEA!) How about wearing your jet ski vest, the one with the sporty colors, or donning the camouflage one your brother wears when he goes duck hunting as you teach a boating class?

Did you know the Coast Guard has just approved an inflatable PFD design for Coast Guard personnel? It's got everything, man, little zippered pockets for a knife, a whistle, all that other stuff. It is SO AWESOME that people are falling all over themselves to get one! State and other agencies want to get PFDs just like them to put on their troops. We are working with manufacturers to come up with other designs for Joe and Jane Boater. We want to get PFDs to become so practical that people will want to wear them.

The Operation BoatSmart Planning Partners recently signed an agreement with PFDMA that we hope will eventually put a greater supply of PFD samples into the hands of volunteers like Auxiliarists and Power Squadron members to show Joe and Jane Boater that so many practical and comfortable PFDs are now available, there's just no excuse NOT to wear PFDs anymore!

And while the major emphasis in Operation BoatSmart is on PFD wear, we also want to change the culture with regard to knowing and following the rules of the road on the water, maintaining your vessel, boating sober, and other safe boating concepts. All these are part of Operation BoatSmart.

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### Snow Row Last Minute Notice

Bring on the weather! It's time for the the Annual Snow Row on March 2 at 12 noon (coxswain's meeting 11:30am) in Hull, Massachusetts at the Hull Lifesaving Museum's Windmill Point Boathouse on Hull Gut. Rowers pay \$15 to enter but spectating is free. The race covers a 3-3/4 mile triangular course starting off the beach at Windmill Point, and continues around Sheep Island, past the Peddocks Island day marker, and back to shore. Huge crowds gather on the beach beside the Boathouse to experience the wild, LeMans-style start, unpredictable weather, and assembled mob of gorgeous boats and athletes. Entirely within view of the Boathouse, the event is as much of a thrill for spectators as for participants. It is also a rare opportunity to see, up close, rowers of all ages and flavors and their stunning array of wooden pulling boats on the beach and in action, peapods, dories, wherries, whitehalls, ocean shells, kayaks, pilot gigs, captain's gigs, and Irish currachs.

After watching the excitement of the Snow Row's one-of-a-kind start, come inside the Boathouse to warm up with a cup of hot coffee or cocoa. A mile from the Boathouse, the museum will be open throughout the day with free admission, and on display the small craft exhibit, as well as exhibits on Joshua James, shipwrecks, and lifesaving.

Ed McCabe, Hull Lifesaving Museum, Hull, MA, (781) 925-5433, [www.bostonharborheritage.org](http://www.bostonharborheritage.org)

### Summer Action on the Merrimack

On February 3 the Newburyport Maritime Society sponsored a Summer Camp Fair at historic Lowell's Boat Shop in Amesbury, Massachusetts at which scheduled summer activities on the Merrimack River were presented. Participants included the Custom House Maritime Museum, Lowell's Boat Shop, Coastal Discoveries, High Adventure Camp, and The American Yacht Club Sailing Program.

The Custom House Maritime Museum sponsors a Week of Waterfront Fun, which includes visits to Lowell's Boat Shop, The Coast Guard station, and a boat trip to Stellwagen Bank in the Gulf of Maine to look for the great whales. Hands-on activities include building a model dory.

Lowell's Boat Shop offers two summer programs. During the Boat Building Camp young people explore the Merrimack River, learn safe handling and care of traditional hand tools, and build a traditional wooden boat that is launched at the end of each session. The Fun Boating Camp includes rowing, sailing, motor boating, marlinspike seamanship, navigation, and games.

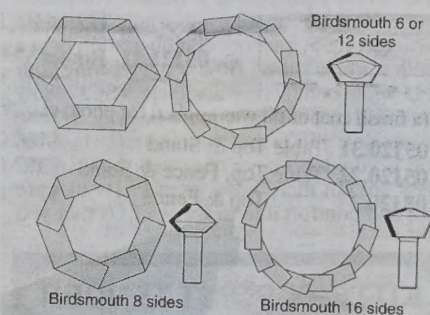
The Yeomans family of Newburyport has conducted Coastal Discoveries for the past several years. Children learn to steer a 40' boat, paddle a kayak or row a boat, haul lobster pots, fish offshore and explore the shore at low tide. Older children take the Massachusetts Boating examination for certification.

John and Nancy Halloran of Adventure Learning in Merrimac have conducted High Adventure Camp for more than 20 years. Classes of one or two week's length explore the shore, river, and mountains of New Hampshire and Maine. Activities include rope courses, sea kayaking, and rock climbing. An additional summer program will be held on board the *Ninth Wave* catamaran, focusing on sail training and marine ecology.

The American Yacht Club Sailing Program has offered two week sailing lessons for young people for more than 50 years. Minimum age for participants is 10 years old, beginner and intermediate classes are offered, all instructors are U.S. Sailing certified.

Custom House Maritime Museum, Newburyport, MA, (978) 462-8681.

## Information of Interest...



### Birdsmouth Joinery Bits

I came across these joinery bits that seem just the thing for making hollow spars in a Lee Valley Tools Ltd. catalog. They also had a number of other items of interest to small boaters, including woodstrip canoe model kits, and even a book, *The Yankee Whaler* by Clifford Ashley, who wrote *The Ashley Book of Knots*.

Lee Valley Tools is located at 12 East River St., Ogdensburg, NY 13669, [www.leevalley.com](http://www.leevalley.com).

John Parks, Sacramento, CA

### Preplanning for Fog

Lionel Taylor's fascinating article in the January 15 issue, "Single Handing in a Fog", reminded me of how I undertook to contend with similar foggy conditions here on Galveston Bay, Texas.

Some years ago I took my chart of Galveston Bay from the end of Clear Creek Channel and drew lines to various landmarks and buoys and to a channel marker at the entrance to our channel, and laid out their compass headings. When I was caught out in a fog and had some reasonable idea of where I was as the fog closed in, I could set a course that would come close to getting me home. It works.

Philip Hinton, Kemah, TX

## Information Needed...

### Looking for New "Perfect Boat"

Some years back, I had communicated my "perfect boat" to designer Tony Dias. He came up with the Billingsgate, included it in his plans catalog, and sent me a catalog for Christmas. My health, however, in the meantime had gone south and such a boat was out of the question. That catalog, however, remains one of my favorite all time Christmas gifts.

Now I look for a new "perfect boat", something that I can teach my three grandchildren to sail in. They're now 4, 3, and 1, so I've a little time for planning. I envision something in the 17' vicinity with ample beam and room for me, three kids, and a couple of other adults. Leeboards are preferable. Adequate sail area, if wind is so slight that sail area matters, I suspect we'll start the motor. Light enough to trailer behind the family sedan. Simple and basic as practical to keep costs to a minimum.

Maybe some of the designers and builders who advertise in this publication would give this boat some thought. Who knows, maybe we'll come up with a whole new class, the Grandpa Boat.

John S. Smith, 65 Glenwood Rd., Upper Montclair NJ 07043

## Opinions...

### May I Get in on the Networking?

In the January 1 issue on page 14, John Longbottom refers to the Tolman skiff as "a heavy workboat". Oh? Heavy compared to what? I might ask. Tolman skiffs are made with 1/2" bottoms and 3/8" topsides, which are standard for skiffs from about 18'-24'. Moreover, being sewn-seam (chineless, stitch-and-glue, take your pick) and longitudinal stringer construction, they have minimum framing. How do you build anything lighter and still have it sufficiently strong? Let's rule out high tech composites.

I rather think what's going on here is comparing apples and oranges. An 18'-20' Standard model Tolman skiff has a 5' bottom, a 7' beam, and a full 4' of hull depth forward. It will comfortably accommodate engines to 70hp although it will plane with 30hp, and madmen have used as much as 115hp (a Handybilly with 115hp?) In a minimum iteration it might weigh less than 600lbs and none will exceed 700lbs.

Come on, let's hear some dimensions, some volumes, some horsepower ratings, and above all some weights.

Although many Tolman skiffs were built for workboats in the early days of the breed (b. 1980), a decade ago we ceded the workboat market to aluminum. Typically, performance means little to a commercial fisherman, whereas ease of maintenance means a lot.

To Peter Hayes I say, "If you don't have heat, don't build a wood/epoxy boat, you'll just be frustrated, and may even get an inferior product."

Renn Tolman, Tolman Skiffs, Box 1343, Homer, AK 99603

## Projects...

### Pleased With Kid's Progress

I had a group of young people building a Wee Lassie on their Christmas vacation at my shop this winter. This one will be raffled off to benefit the local YMCA. This was the first time I have tried teaching a group of 10-15 year olds. Since I had a fairly large group of kids, and they only wanted to build one boat, we set it up into groups of three or four kids at a time. Each session was limited to three hours. There are boys and girls in the group. In the morning I might have four boys, and two girls and one boy in the afternoon. Since none of them had any experience it was interesting to me to watch who became the leader, and how they interacted. I was very pleased with progress, and the quality of the work. These kids are a lot younger than any I have taught before, so it was a learning experience for me also.

I insisted on several things: A signed release by the parents to protect me from lawsuits, a responsible adult parent to be there at all times, and a schedule of days and times

they would expect to be there. The kids brought their own face masks, and safety glasses.

One thing I have learned about teaching, is to be totally prepared. The strips should be easily available, and a bench set up for edge gluing. Any needed tools such as staple guns, hammers, nails, nail-blocks, and handsaws should be ready to use. Glue bottles full, and a replacement supply ready. I set up the molds, and plumb them beforehand, and laminate the inner stems, and bevel them, and in this case, I put the first strip on each side, so they had something to go to when they started.

I feel that anything you can do to get the kids off to a good start is a step in the right direction. I show them how to do each operation and then stand aside while they decide on who will do what. The girls were a little reluctant at first to get their hands covered with Elmers Glue, but after a couple of strips they were hooked. I put a strong emphasis on safety, especially as to the use of sharp tools, proper use of face masks and safety glasses, and sensible handling of epoxy.

Mac McCarthy, Feather Canoes, Sarasota, FL

## This Magazine...

### More About People

The thing that none of the other boating publications I read (or see) address very well, if at all, is the one thing life is really about, people. It seems to me that *MAIB* has more about people than these other magazines.

You also address the level of boating to which I can relate. *WoodenBoat* is good but runabouts from Switzerland are beyond my reach. *Yachting* is totally out of my world, yachts won't fit into a Texas lake. *Sail* describes cruising in Europe with 6'3" draft (not likely), or living aboard (leaving my home?).

*MAIB* brings me something like Berk's Aqua Casa at 16' and 20' loa. Yeah, we can build and use an Aqua Casa. Some of us can even afford it. Or Bolger's Windemere, 31' loa, 8'3" beam, outboard motor power, affordable, buildable, useable, easily stored.

Thank you for what you publish.

Jack D. Hall, Arlington, TX

**Editor Comments:** Jack, we're just not good consumers with lots of money to spend so naturally the major publications do not address us, no money in it for their advertisers. But we can have good times messing about in boats and telling one another all about it on these pages. That's where the people come in.

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## Boaters Beware!

"A boat where I can light my hair on fire and do Margaritas at 110 Miles an hour." (Oakland Athletics slugger Jason Giamba quoted in *The New York Times*, on the toy he wants now that he owns a purple Lamborghini).

### Not Sure We're Whining Yet

Bruce Armstrong presented a compelling viewpoint on the January 15th issue "You write to us about..." pages ("A Disturbing Trend"). He views some of us as a small wooden boat community whining against big/overpowered craft. I'm not sure that we are whining yet but he brings up a good point.

I work as a marine surveyor and the larger portion of my work is surveying powerboats that are never seen in these pages, but many are the sort we have been complaining about as small boaters on these pages. Yet I am a small boater at heart. I would much prefer surveying catboats to triple tower, twin 600hp diesels, 40 knot sportfishermen. But the big powerboats are my bread and butter (all right, plain white bread and margarine).

The clients who buy these sort of vessels are spending very large sums for excessive toys. If this is "unfair income distribution" or "rampant consumerism" then so what? It provides me a living and helps pay my small boat habit. I don't happen to agree with their philosophy and life style but I benefit from it. I know other boatbuilders who would much rather build sweet, simple, cedar sailboats but they like to eat too and so they work on these "other" boats to survive. Don't be too hard on the big powerboat people, some day they may grow up and get religion.

As to the crowding of our waterways, I have never really had much problem with these invading powerboats while kayaking or canoeing, simply because I don't go where they are, or out at the times they are mostly out. The "stay off the freeway" analogy that Bruce Armstrong made is a good one, there are proper, and improper places for most boats,

on both sides of this argument. A rowboat trying to negotiate the entrance to Newport Harbor on a Sunday afternoon in July is out of place, we as small boaters need to be sensitive to that before we "whine". By the same token, very fast powerboats shouldn't be racing up backwaters at dusk. Education and sensitivity to the other group is probably the ultimate solution. I hate to open another can of worms, but it may come to licensing much like automobiles.

To continue the comparison to automobiles, in the very early years of automobiles there was no licensing or registration or regulation. Autos and horses and farm wagons and bicycles and whatnot all shared the road. As the roads got more crowded and the disparity in speeds created problems, Uncle Sam stepped in and said; "this is how you're going to do it", so now we have only the "privilege" of driving a car, it is not a "right", and horses, bicycles, Vespa scooters are pushed to the side and not even allowed on certain roads. I suppose in the 1920s and '30s people thought the open road was unrestrained freedom as we see our waterways today.

Part of what we like about small boating is the freedom of it. If we don't watch it, that may be curtailed. As more people wish to use the waterways, in whatever kind of craft, we may have no choice in that curtailment. Unfortunately, in our democratic and capitalistic society, the majority and the money usually win out. This is why the roads are filling with overpowered "performance" sedans capable of speeds well in excess of 120mph crawling bumper to bumper in rush hour with nary a Vespa scooter in sight. If the similar waterbased scenario is followed, we may be

"swamped" with boats described in the news clippings of dealer interviews that the editor commented on in his January 1st "Commentary".

As the waterways (and the world) get more and more crowded we all have to compromise and work with each other. We can't have all that we want. The 50mph bassboats may have to throttle back a bit and not race up river at 5am. Likewise, we small boaters have to accept that we won't have solitude and calm waters all the time either. If we don't all play nice together, then Uncle Sam will step in and tell us how to play the game, and he will probably will favor the majority and the money. This is beginning to sound pretty grim. Hey, I guess I'm even beginning to whine a bit!

Instead of whining or complaining about the other guys, we in the small boat community should make a greater effort to create a positive awareness of who we are, what we do, what we enjoy, and what we need, in the mainstream boating community and also in the non-boating community and government. We may be in the minority in numbers and money but the more vocal we are the more grease may be put on our squeaky wheel (or oarlocks). Not only will this help in educating the "other" boaters but it will introduce the joys of small boats to others who may then take it up. Wouldn't we all like to see more catboats, canoes and handmade wooden craft on the water? Live and let live.

Jet skis, however, are another issue. I believe strongly in freedom of choice and all that, but jet skis are just a general nuisance or worse.

Peter A. Hunt, Marine Surveyor, Norton, MA

# Tidecraft

## The Boats of South Carolina, Georgia and Northeastern Florida 1550-1950

By William C. Fleetwood, Jr.  
WGB Marine Press, P.O. Box 178  
Tybee Island, GA 31328

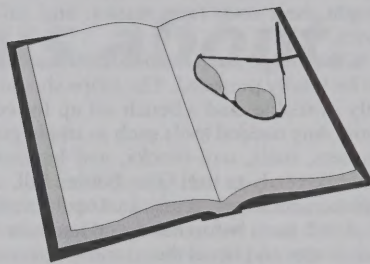
Reviewed by Robb White

I am going to briefly review this book in a minute but I got to do a little ranting and railing first. I am an unabashed Southerner. In places where we don't belong, it is kind of like being a foreigner or in a wheel chair or conspicuously disabled in some other way. Run of the mill non-Southerners who don't know you are apt to notice what you are instead of who you are.

I used to go visit my father out in California where he had become acclimated so well that he was completely homogenized in there with those people. At first I felt kind of like a sex-object the whole time I was there. I was a good looking young boy and I noticed that people were hanging on my every word kind of like some men do a good looking young woman who is showing a wide expanse of chest out the top of her shirt and I set to to explain every adolescent thing I could think of. I finally found out that it wasn't what I was saying that fascinated them but the way I said it. I was smarter than some of those women though. I finally buttoned up. And that's what I am going to do to this book review when I finally get to it.

That don't mean that I am going to ignore the facts of the matter: Before this book, if you wanted to know something about old Southern boats, you just about had to come down here and inquire from some old Southerners. I have always been fascinated by boats and could spend every waking hour reading about them and subscribe to every maritime magazine in the world and I did that for a long time. I might have been the only person in Georgia with a subscription to *The Maine Coast Fisherman*.

The boat lore of the Southeast doesn't travel all over the place like that though. Most old boat enthusiasts know more about the boats



## Book Review

of Portugal than they do about the boats of the Gulf of Mexico. Even Chappelle just hit us a lick and a promise compared to how he named a boat after every coastal town and inlet from Greenland to Virginia (never a word about the Wakulla Beach model-bow skiff) and, on the other side, all the way from Little Diomedea to San Diego. Except for the boats of a few errant commodores, you just don't read much about any indigenous boats from places south of Norfolk and even less about anything in the Gulf of Mexico. It is almost as if people think that Southerners didn't have any boats until the invention of Bayliners.

But they did. How the hell do you think they managed without them? This coastline down here is just about as difficult to get around on as any place on earth. It killed a whole bunch of Spaniards. I mean, there are mangrove swamps all the way from Tampa to the Keys where no man has ever set foot and, even now, there is no coastal road down there. There are old pieces of wood that used to be part of an old boat sticking out of the beach everywhere you go down here, good stuff too.

You know we have an old rule: You can take a Southern boat North but you can't take a Yankee boat South. I don't want to reduce myself by any regional prejudice or anything but Southerners couldn't get away with them slip-shod Yankee boatbuilding methods like cooking frames, or hiding how the planks aren't even tapered or fitted by covering all that up with canvas like a canoe, or "cedar-on-oak" mushroom farms. White pine planking... child, please.

The boats of the South had to be built right or they wouldn't hold up. "Right" means

rot-proof wood like heart longleaf yellow pine, red-heart bald cypress, live oak and red mulberry (did you know that one?) and old-heart tulip poplar (yes, Virginia, damn your eyes). On big boats they liked quartersawn planking fitted tight-seam, edge-set onto everlasting, thick, close-together sawn frames, no caulking, no leaking, no rotting. The old schooner, *Governor Stone* (Apalachicola, Florida) which has been in continuous service down here since 1877, and mostly left on its own, was built like that. You can take a little sail (850) 653 8708.

The reason folks don't read about those things all the time is because of...well, dammit...regional prejudice. Anybody can get any kind of half-assed book published about yet another tiny niche of Northern expertise, but a man who writes a good book about the boats of the South has to publish it himself.

That's what Fleetwood did and, like the boats of the South, he put it together to last. It is a big, durable, hardbound book (stitched, not glued) with thick paper and heavy-duty covers. The illustrations are sharp and the print is black and clear, an heirloom. The research is wonderfully accurate and well documented with copies of many, many original photographs and papers. Mr. Fleetwood is an eloquent and sensitive writer and had to have had a way with himself to be able to get next to the often taciturn and reluctant seagoing people of the South.

That regional prejudice might have been what put the quietus on Chappelle with his big-deal ways. Obviously these old timers invited Rusty Fleetwood to come sit on the porch for a little bit while they dug out the old pictures. It is a wonderful enough a book to make an old man cry, and I recommend it highly to anybody who is interested in boats, no matter where they come from. I leave you with this poem which precedes the chapter on Indian Watercraft:

Ye say that all have passed away  
The noble race and brave  
That their light canoes have vanished  
From off the crested wave;  
That 'mid the forests where they roamed,  
There rings no hunter's shout;  
But their name is on your waters,  
Ye may not wash it out...  
Lydia Sigourney



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# Lynx

## A Privateer Schooner

Launched July 28, 2001

By Greg Grundtisch

This past summer, my lovely bride Naomi and I were traveling Down East, along the coast of Maine. We decided to stop in Rockport to just have a look around. Upon our arrival, we noticed a large ship on an even larger trailer. There was a crew of about a dozen people maneuvering this monster into position toward the launch ramp of the town landing. There were others building a platform and installing a public address system, still others raising tents and setting up barricades.

We inquired as to what was going on and discovered we were going to see the launch of *Lynx*, a privateer schooner. It was to occur at high tide later that afternoon at 1700. There would be politicians, town fathers, owners, crew, invited guests, promising to be a fun filled event.

As the day wore on, more and more people arrived. Invited guests and hundreds of other onlookers like ourselves, lined along the harborside, up on the hillside, along the bridge and down the street. There's something about a launching, be it ship or rocket, that brings out people to gam and gather.

As the time grew near, bagpipers began to play, folks gathered closer, and the dignitaries began their speeches, congratulating one another, even though they had precious little to do with it. Then the real working people, owners, designers, builders, offered words of thanks and respect for the hard work and effort that went into this new vessel, how it came to be, and the use of the schooner in the future. A blessing was given by a local pastor, a proper christening was given, the band played and *Lynx* began to slowly roll (it was on a Brownell trailer) into the water.

Halfway off the trailer (or halfway on, depending on your point of view), the graceful *Lynx* got stuck. The keel wedged on one of the support pads of the trailer. Typical of a launch of any size boat, there were people scurrying around to try to assess the problem, offering unwanted advice on how to correct said problem, make failed attempts at a solution, and the usual cussing and swearing.

The problem was solved by pulling *Lynx* off with a stern line attached to a truck on the opposite shore. Not exactly the traditional way, but it was launched and floating. There were applause, shouts, whistles, the band again played, cannons fired, colors raised.

*Lynx* was brought up to the wharf and made secure. Her rigging and spars were to be installed and sails bent on by summer's end. Then a shakedown cruise and off to the Caribbean for the winter, where she will be taking out charters. Then sail to her homeport on the west coast. She will work as a sail training ship and as an instructional vessel on sailing life of the 1812 era.

The following facts and figures are from the *Lynx* website:

Owner/President Woodson Woods; Designer Melbourne Smith; Builder Rockport

Marine; Launched July 28, 2001 in Rockport, ME.

Keel, keelson, stem, frames and beams are laminated southern pine; planking is Angelique; decks are Douglas fir; hull color is black with a white gunport stripe; masts and spars are laminated Douglas fir and Sitka spruce; total sail area is 4,669sf.

*Lynx* is a scaled down interpretation of the original *Lynx*, a privateer in the war of 1812, a clipper square topsail schooner. She will have four six-pound cannons, and four swivel guns, muskets, pistols, boarding axes

& pikes. The crew will wear 1812 period clothes and uniforms. There will be classes and instruction of maritime history, sailing life, etc.

For more information on *Lynx*, go to [www.privateerlynx.org](http://www.privateerlynx.org). It is an excellent website with extensive information and photos. You can also contact Woods Maritime LLC, 509 29th. St., Newport Beach, CA. 92663.

And, if you want to contact me with complaints and criticisms, advice or admiration, you can reach me at [<grundy@fantasia-design.com>](mailto:grundy@fantasia-design.com)



Backing down the ramp.



Down she goes.



Stuck on the trailer, getting a tow.



Afloat.



Passing by Shepherdstown, West Virginia on the upper Potomac. A number of railroad bridges cross the river in this area, and the remnants of old bridges that once crossed the river can still be seen. The thin vertical object in the center background is the monument to James Rumsey, pioneer in steam navigation, who tested his steam vessel in the Potomac in front of present-day Shepherdstown on December 3, 1787.

*Rivers course through my dreams, rivers cold and fast, rivers well-known and rivers nameless, rivers that seem like ribbons of blue water twisting through wide valleys, narrow rivers folded in layers of darkening shadows, rivers that have eroded down deep into a mountain's belly, sculpted the land, peeled back the planet's history exposing the texture of time itself. Harry Middleton*

At the edge of the Potomac River in Cumberland, Maryland, an historical marker informs the passerby that in January 1775, Gov. Horacio Sharpe traveled by canoe to Alexandria, Virginia, in five days. An impressive trip in the middle of winter, 40 miles a day, the wind frigid, the rocks slippery with ice. Yet Gov. Sharpe, in a letter written to Lord Baltimore that March, devoted only one sentence, albeit a long one, to his efforts to explore resupplying Fort Cumberland by river:

"In order to examine the Channel of that River we came down Potowmack by water for the Distance of about 250 miles, the many Falls & Shoals in that River will, we find, render the conveyance of Artillery & other Stores to the Camp (Fort Cumberland, ed.) by water impracticable, the 5th day from our leaving the Camp we reached Alexandria or Bellhaven a Town on the South Bank of Potowmack just below the Great Falls of that River having purchased & secured all the Provisions & Forrage that was to be gotten on each side of the Water as we came down."

I was about to begin my own journey down the main stem of the Potomac from Cumberland to the mouth of the river at Point Lookout, a distance of 300 miles. In light of the governor's journey 250 years earlier, I almost felt a sense of guilt to be taking a similar, if somewhat longer, trip in the middle of summer in a modern boat with today's lightweight, highly efficient camping gear and with full maps and knowledge of the river ahead.

In the past, usually by myself, I've paddled down the Missouri River, crossing this country's Great Plains; on the Yellowstone across southeastern Montana; and through the Sand Hills of Nebraska on the Dismal River.

## Paddling The Potomac

By Don Besom

To start this trip, though, I would have the spirit of Gov. Sharpe as a companion.

The upper Potomac from Cumberland to Georgetown flows arm in arm with the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, winding its way across Maryland, West Virginia and Virginia countryside. From the first days of the canal in the early 1800s, a flooding Potomac has periodically poured into the canal, washing out banks, destroying locks and sometimes tossing canal barges into the river itself. And a demanding canal has sucked water from the river even during periods of drought. Were it able to speak, the river might complain of having its free-flowing currents curtailed by the seven feeder dams built to provide a steady flow of water into the canals.

River towns were frequently built to house workers on the canal or grew up to provide services for canal labor and later, traffic on the canal itself; their waters have been bloodied by wars, none more horrible than the Civil War.

To the casual observer, the Potomac River is one continuous stream of water: a branch dropping off a sycamore in Cumberland can eventually drift into the Chesapeake Bay. But personality-wise, there are several Potomacs. The upper region from Cumberland down to Great Falls above Washington is, on an ordinary summer day, a placid, gently flowing river with a quiet, pristine beauty, some sections have a wilderness feel, though it also passes through settled communities, marked by trailers, cottages and even large houses. The main current becomes swollen by tributaries such as the North Fork, South Fork, Cacapon and Shenandoah.

In the 15-mile stretch from Great Falls through Little Falls on the upstream edge of

Georgetown, the river has one last fling, slimming down to squeeze through a narrow canyon and roaring over a series of major drops. Then the Potomac boils over more rock obstructions to form several heavy rapids, such as S-turn and Wet Bottom, before it rushes through the spectacular canyon known as Mather Gorge and slams into the rocks to make a 90-degree turn at Difficult Run. Smaller rapids like Yellow Falls and Stubblefield Falls follow before the Potomac makes a final charge at Little Falls, where its powerful currents twist and turn before settling into a tidal flow at Chain Bridge.

From Chain Bridge, the Potomac widens from less than a hundred yards to seven or more miles when it meets the Chesapeake Bay at Point Lookout. It is a more sedate, urban river as it passes through Washington, where planes roar overhead at Reagan National Airport and, on a summer weekend, power boats create a nautical rush-hour scene. Below the Wilson Bridge at Alexandria, after a series of suburban housing developments, military installations, and Mt. Vernon on a sloping hillside, the shoreline becomes more rural, and commercial fishermen tend their traps in early morning and late evening.

After the Harry Nice Memorial Bridge over Route 301, the final crossing before Chesapeake Bay, the river is more sea-like and lacks its earlier intimacy. The smell of salt is in the air, sea shells are scattered on sandy beaches, cottages dot the shores, wind-driven waves have whitecaps. Most river travelers don't come this far downstream; paddling here is like being out on the bay itself.

My 18' sea kayak had carried me 2,000 miles down the Missouri River, and later was banged up badly when I went over a diversion dam on the Yellowstone, and I was tumbled around and around as if in a washing machine. Emergency taping allowed me to finish the remaining 400 miles to the Missouri. On the Potomac, an advertisement for its annual high water rampage was an RV nestled on a steep bank among the trees near the Oldtown bridge, in Maryland, tossed there by a past flood, its nose resting on the river's edge as if about to dive into the water for a summer swim.

In those upper reaches, I passed under many highway and railroad bridges that linked the two shores like stitching. Most of the railroad bridges stood abandoned but in their retirement they had a quiet dignity, birds nested in their superstructure, plants sprouted from their crevices and their rusting girders began to look less alien, more a part of their natural surroundings.

The first night I set up my tent in one of the frequent hiker-biker campsites along the towpath of the canal. They offer a flat location for a tent, a picnic table for gear and an outhouse. I used these sites all along the upper Potomac, though some were so disguised by underbrush that I missed seeing them. Some were pleasant and quiet; at others, nearby road traffic and working railroads roared through the night.

Most of the time I was by myself. After dark on the first night I was startled by a young woman wearing a headlamp that made her look like a small Cyclops. She asked if her group could share my camp; I was soon joined by a bunch of teenagers.

The next morning sparkled as the sun filtered through the trees, burning off the mist that hung in the air. I pushed off with renewed

energy and soon came upon a group of deer drinking at the water's edge and grazing on the lush grass of a small island. They quickly disappeared into the underbrush, but revisit me often in an indelible image.

Mental pictures remain of other wildlife seen on the Potomac: An abundance of birds, from bald eagles and osprey to cormorants, wild turkey and wood ducks; fox, raccoons, beaver, muskrats and river otter, plus the deer, were part of a shifting animal landscape. Then there is the physical pleasure of translating your energy into motion. An exhilarating feeling of power comes as the kayak surges ahead with each stroke. Blood pumping through my veins, I felt like a husky finally harnessed to a sled and running full out; a sense of both controlled power and wild abandon.

The upper Potomac sometimes heads straight for its distant target, sometimes meanders, as in the strikingly beautiful Paw Paw Bends area. On a map, "The Bends" looks like a snake crawling across the West Virginia-Maryland countryside or a child's scribbles with a crayon. At Harper's Ferry, where the power of the incoming Shenandoah seems to push the river eastward, the Potomac does an abrupt turn.

Through the trees, one catches glimpses of the nearby canal. Handsome, historic bridges carry the canal over gullies and streams, locks appear and disappear, hikers and cyclists on the towpath can be seen through the underbrush. One of the canal's best known constructions is the 3,118' Paw Paw Tunnel, a hard-won cut that bores through a ledge of solid rock.

Feeder dams that block the natural flow of the river to provide a regular supply of water to the canal are the major obstacles to paddling on the upper Potomac. Some dams have washed out and are easy passage. Others call for portages, the first below Hancock, where the backed-up river forms a large lake, and the West Virginia shoreline has become a resort area with an assortment of shacks, trailers and cabins. The Maryland side, part of the C&O Canal Historical Park, is lush with undergrowth.

I reached this Dam 5 in a steady rain and had to carry boat and gear up a gradual incline to the towpath, then across two footbridges that spanned the remains of an old lock. The scramble back to the river was down a steep incline as was the finish of the next portage, which ended with my bushwacking through heavy undergrowth to the river. It took two hours to get myself, my boat and my gear around 200 yards of river, and I was glad to be back under paddle power again.

For many days I had rain, sometimes a patter on my tent at night that soothed me to sleep and made me appreciate being under cover. Other times it rained for hours; my only night indoors during 12 days on the river was in a motel in Williamsport, to escape almost two days of rain.

At Swain's Landing, just upstream from Great Falls, there came such a downpour after lunch, call it a cloud burst, that I could hardly see, when I spotted a figure on the bank lathering up in the downpour. Was he for real? I called out for help to find my take-out spot, and he ran along the bank, soap flowing down his back, to lead me to the place.

Day after day of paddling require good nights' sleep, so I always searched diligently, and with apprehension, for a campsite. On the

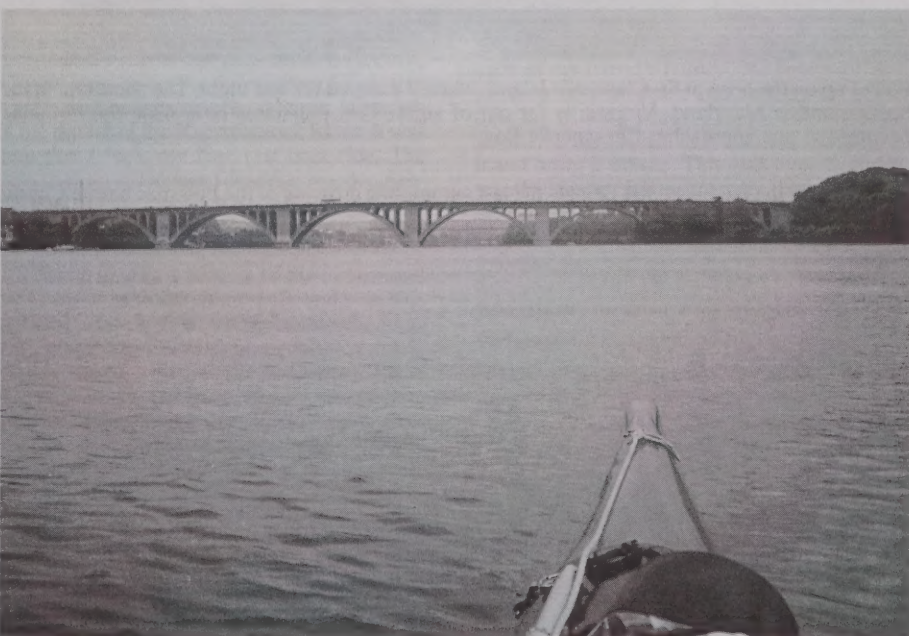


My campsite at Bald Eagle Island campsite on the C&O Canal Historical Park on the upper Potomac. Note the train on the railroad track that passes within yards of the campground.



My 18' Necky sea kayak, used on the trip. The location is Fletcher's Boat Dock, just below the fall line of the river outside of Washington, D.C.

Approaching Key Bridge that links Arlington, Virginia with Georgetown in Washington, D.C.



upper Potomac, one river bank was so steep and high I had to pull my gear up by rope. Another site lay between Interstate 70 and the main tracks of the CSX railroad; the roar of cars and rumble of trains filled the night. The worst location was Bald Eagle Camp, just upstream of Brunswick, yards away from a busy set of train tracks, where freight and passenger trains powered through my troubled dreams all night.

On the lower Potomac, where the wind was a constant threat, just finding a campsite was difficult. The first day out of Georgetown, so much of the shoreline was privately owned or part of military reservations posted closed to the public that I had to paddle in the dark to reach the small town park in Quantico, Va. Other times I found small clearings near the water already inhabited by mosquitos and other bugs; I took home a sizeable number of ticks.

St. Clement's Island stood out, with a big dock and a picnic area where I set up my tent. A large cross memorializes the landing of the first settlers in Maryland, led by Leonard Calvert in 1634. The island's original 400 acres, which later had a farm with several out-buildings, a lighthouse and a small hotel, has been eroded to a tenth that size and is now a rustic state park.

On the Missouri, people were genuinely interested in a river traveler and eager to talk, but here I encountered fewer people, who mostly took kayaking the river for granted. The man showering in the rain at Swain's Landing was from Australia and camping with a large group of friends in what became a lake, with

the downpour. I was startled along a lonely stretch of sand near White Point Beach on the lower Potomac, as I was resting after a long crossing from St. Clements Island to the mainland, without seeing a soul for many miles, by a cheery cry of "Good morning!" A young woman was running the beach with her dog, looking for arrowheads. She tipped me off to a public phone at a nearby marina where I could call my wife.

At Point Lookout, end of the journey, I met a retired police official from Washington, D.C., who served as ad hoc trip photographer, taking the traditional shot of me standing by my boat at the end of my long paddle. We talked fishing, raising kids and his belief in the power of education to change the world.

But perhaps the people I was most grateful to meet were the three fishermen sitting in their boat in the rough, choppy water. They laughed when, with trepidation, I asked them how far to Point Lookout. "It's right over there," one of them pointed to the shoreline in front of me. What a relief; I didn't have to paddle miles more down the windy shoreline.

History surfaces everywhere on the river. Sometimes signs record events such as Gov. Sharpe's journey, the settlement of St. Clement's Island, the notorious Civil War prison and cemetery at Point Lookout, and just below the 301 bridge, that in "February 1766, Washington's schooner ran aground off this point." At other times I could sense the history of an area from glimpses of the C&O Canal through the trees or rusting railroad bridges or old bridge abutments that stood mid-river like forgotten monuments to the past.

Or the obelisk on a high hillside in Shepherdstown, West Virginia commemorating James Rumsey, the neglected inventor of the steamboat who tested his first boat on the waters I was paddling through. Old towns and famous landmarks flashed by as I moved downriver, Harper's Ferry, White's Ferry, the Virginia Canal built by George Washington.

Further downstream, I could imagine the night John Wilkes Booth was rowed across the river to Virginia to escape pursuing Federal troops. There also was history in the cross-roads I stopped at to make phone calls, to take on drinking water, to buy food, to ask questions. In Tall Timbers, a marina that had once been booming, was fading into oblivion, its large restaurant open only on holidays, the tables already set for Labor Day even though September was weeks away.

Unfortunately, much of the charm and lure of the river is from the past, from the days when, as novelist Larry McMurtry has noted, rivers were "the great roads of 19th-century America". Today, too often, the towns that line the river banks have turned their backs on the waters that for some were their reason for being built and now look toward highways leading inland. Rivers are too often now thought of as inconveniences to be diked, dammed, bridged, no longer to be traveled on, fished from, given the respect they are due.

To people who say to me that paddling such-and-such a river "must have been fun," the answer is that traveling with a spectral Lewis & Clark, a Bodmer, an Audubon, a George Washington, a Maryland governor working his birchbark canoe through the icy chill of a January day, can be enriching, compelling, stimulating, exciting. But not fun. Asked the same question, writer William Least Heat-Moon said, "When people asked, as they often did, 'Is it fun?' I remembered the perpetual threats, a sure depressant of that so American thing called fun. I thought, Toys are fun, cross-country river trips are something the hell else."

Although alone, the river traveler feels himself a participant in a larger sense of life. A companion of history. At the same time, because rivers are living things, he is physically involved in the natural world. He can feel the pulse of a river when he puts his paddle into the current.

For the river traveler, there develops a special relationship between him and the valley he passes through. He becomes a part of the present and the past of the area: "As men have shaped the river," wrote Frederick Gutheim in his book, *The Potomac*, "so it has shaped them."

A sense of peace, and something more, comes with sharing so many days with a living river. Wrote naturalist Jack Wennerstrom: "I know that nothing can unravel me as long as the river winds, weaves among the valleys and hills and flows beside the floodplain. Somewhere on the edge of my reason, I grasp this thread of reckoning that this is the charm that all rivers wield, everywhere on the planet. And if this is not real magic, then no real magic exists."

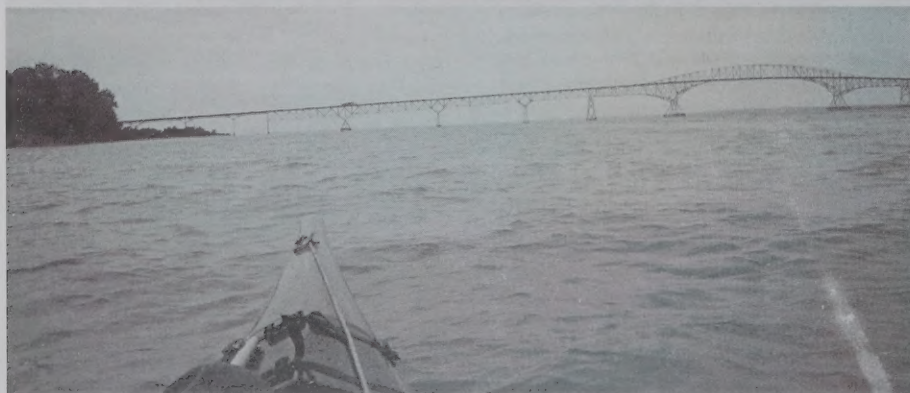
I felt that magic on the Potomac, and would like to believe that Gov. Sharpe felt something similar when he canoed the same river nearly 250 years earlier.

(Reprinted from the *Potomac Review*, Fall/Winter 2001-02 with permission of the author).



Pulled up on the dock at St. Clement's Island, where I camped for one night. The shoreline in the background is Maryland. Virginia is far out of sight. This illustrates how wide the Potomac becomes as one approaches Chesapeake Bay.

Approaching the Highway 301 Bridge, the last automobile crossing of the Potomac before Chesapeake Bay.



A cold spray stung my face as I steered my friend's Island Packet 31 up the Rappahanock River channel on a brilliant October morning. He was below putting together some hot breakfast to bake off the morning chill. We had just spent a delightful two days and nights out cruising on the Chesapeake Bay with a stop in Onancock, Virginia, a rounding of Tangier Island and a beautiful night's anchorage inside of a protected peninsula just north of Windmill Point, Virginia. Both nights out were a tapestry of black sky and stars.

The morning had dawned with the interesting combination of breeze and fog and had cleared admirably. We were heading in and watching for my friend's brother who was rowing out the creek with his son to meet us for breakfast.

The most intrusive sounds on this cruise had been flocks of geese winging south, and the buzz of the 15 to 20 knot breezes in the rigging of the boat. This mini cruise was put together on a short notice when we both noticed holes in our schedules. My understanding wife saw my need for a fix of The River and encouraged my short notice departure for the coast from our home in Roanoke, Virginia. This trip was typical of the short assaults I have made with my friend to Middlesex County, Virginia over the years. It has become progressively harder to find time to get away to The River. Somehow, though, we do it a couple of times per year and it is always worth it.

I grew up in the 1960s in Roanoke, an industrial town in the mountains of Southwest Virginia and developed a love for boats and the water at an early age. My first exposure to sailing came when I was around 9 years old. A friend of my father's had a Sailfish he had built from a kit. We took it down to a pond and my Dad and I took turns trying to sail it. I don't remember how my Dad fared, but I recall running into everything that couldn't get out of the way. I eventually got the hang of the basics but remained far from proficient and did not get many opportunities to try sailing again for a while.

My uncle later got a Flying Junior dinghy. My cousin and I sailed it on Smith Mountain Lake, a large power company reservoir near Roanoke. This was around 1967, which was not too long after the dam had been built and the lake had filled. It was a pretty wild place back then, with lots of stumps and snags and shores that were wooded and deserted. It was a far cry from what you will see now, the shores being lined with million dollar homes built by wealthy northern retirees. The Yankees have established a strict social order that stands in stark contrast to the pleasant anarchy we learned to love as kids. We would swim naked and shoot our 22s and nobody thought a thing of it. Try that now and its jail time, particularly at my age.

We raced the FJ in weekend regattas and were generally beaten by older guys on bigger boats. We did not care. It was just good to be out sailing. My cousin and I would argue (always a losing proposition with my cousin, now a busy lawyer) about the finer points of the racing rules and how to squeak the last few ounces of speed from that FJ, but that did nothing to dim our enjoyment of the sailing experience.

Motor boats became available to us after passing the requirements for motorboating merit badge for our Boy Scout advancement. There were some classic trashy old aluminum

## The String Is The River

By Hugh J. Hagan III



power boats down on The Lake in the late 1960s. These boats are to be distinguished from the masses of high dollar, loud and over-powered motorboats and PWCs that now tear around on any given day. The bottoms of our old "drownders" were all grimy from the red clay that made up the shore. The outboards were generally heavy 9.9 horsepower motors. These boats, as shaky as many of them were, extended our cruising range and got us to the swimming hole, but were not as much fun as sailing.

As sailing and power boating became more appealing, I began to wonder what it was like to navigate on really big water. My family would generally go to Virginia Beach for a week or two in the summer. We became very familiar with sand and surf but there were few opportunities to get out onto the water and look back at the beach from the deck of anything larger than a surfboard.

When I was about 12 years old, I went to a week long camp for Safety Patrol kids that was located in Kilmarnock, Virginia, just north of the mouth of the Rappahanock River. It was here that I took my first real boat ride. The camp had an old inboard deadrise wooden fishing boat of the classic Chesapeake design. The boat must have been about 25' or 30' in length. We got to fish off this boat a couple of times and I remember the rumble of the engine and the smell of salt water, bait crabs and fish. The skipper was an older waterman who was brown as a berry. I thought the whole experience was about the coolest thing ever. There was no way, of course, that I could appreciate the hard nature of the life of the Chesapeake watermen. It was all romance to me, hillbilly that I was.

Now, if it had not been for my aforementioned best friend, the one who now has the big sailboat, I would likely have never had my life ruined as thoroughly by boats and water as it has been. As a young boy I heard from my friend about their place on The River. He

would tell us about his power skiff and his family's house. We thought he was making it up. There couldn't be such a place. It was not until I was about 15, however, that I got to actually visit my friend's family's summer place in Middlesex County, Virginia, and it was at the moment of my arrival that my life was changed forever.

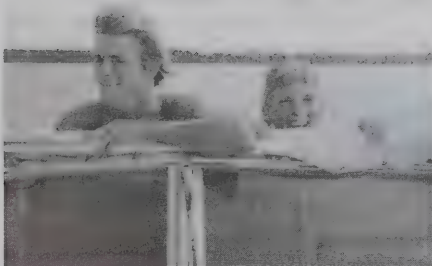
There were crabs, gas and boats, tangled fishing lines and WD 40. There was more to do than time allowed. Everything my friend had told me was true. His family's holdings covered acres of rural farmland and creek front that opened onto the broad expanse of the eastern Rappahanock River. My friend's parents and siblings were tough and fun loving people and welcomed me into the fold. If I was willing to suffer the trials and tribulations of their many adventures, they were glad to have me along for the ride.

The family place had a simple layout. There was the main house. It was a clapboard affair with a 1930s kitchen, a dining and family room and three real bedrooms crammed with beds and a couple of closets that had been converted into sleeping quarters. The large yard around the house sloped down a bluff to the water where there was a wharf and boat-house. The creek in front of the house was about 100 yards wide and rimmed by marsh and shallows. It maintained a depth of at least 4' at low water all the way up to the wharf, making it possible to get boats of significant size up to the house. The creek led north for about a half mile and opened into the main body of the Rappahanock about 8 miles from its mouth along the southern shore.

There was another older house on the property (the Haunted House), and outbuildings brimming with all manner of wonderful and generally dangerous machinery including mowers of all description and there were old cars that we were allowed to drive around in the fields. The cars always required some repair before we could drive them, so we became accomplished mechanics. There were acres of land to mess around on. The property being largely rural and secluded in those days, the explosions of fireworks and shotguns, and the roar of old engines at strange hours did not seem to disturb anyone.

Boats of all types were found on the creek, including a variety of deadrise crabbers and an old log canoe that belonged to an associate of my friend's father. This boat was later to die a natural death and sink in the creek near my friend's wharf. This provided us with an interesting project as we attempted to raise it and bring it ashore. This endeavor was ultimately successful technically, but provided little in the way of practical benefit, as the hull was unusable. We did salvage the ancient one cylinder gas engine. It had a large flywheel that you would spin by hand to start the engine. I don't think we ever got it running but it was a great project anyway.

There were also some functional craft, including an old mahogany Century runabout with a big Johnson outboard. There was a larger fiberglass inboard/outboard in the boat-house as well as several small skiffs with oars or ancient outboards that we were allowed to use. There was a Johnson powered homemade hydroplane that you would kneel in to drive. It was the perfect size for a limber teenager and was fun to pilot even if it was not really too fast. In later years, a small fleet of Hobie Cats has appeared, along with numerous sea



kayaks of varied designs and more recently, some sizable cruising sailboats. There was a flurry of windsurfer interest, but the nettles tend to sort out the true enthusiasts from the beginner.

All these boats were used for a variety of expeditions on The River. We would search for fossil shark teeth along the shores of the Rappahanock and found some whoppers. My friend found one the size of two big toes put together. We didn't even like to think about that tooth's original owner when we were swimming.

There was a group of us in the early 1970s who were Scouts together in Roanoke and shared experiences at The River as teenagers. We would go to the coast any chance we got. We were, and still are, great friends. Like beads on a string we have hung together. Sometimes a bead will temporarily fall off, or a new bead will be added, but the string is The River and it is always there. For the most part, the same core group of us is still showing up 30 years later.

It was a common occurrence in 1970 for us to pack up some clothes and basic gear after our last high school class ended Friday afternoon and pile into my friend's 1963 VW bus for a trip to the coast. To diverge for a moment, this bus was unique. The 40 horse VW engine had been replaced with a 110 horse Corvair 6 cylinder engine that gave the bus remarkable performance. It would jump up on its rear wheels and run over steep mountain roads in 4th gear. It ran sort of hot, in spite of air scoops and other cooling modifications, but it ran 100,000 miles and took four of us to California among other places. The bus finally died of a seized piston and broken connecting rod on I-64 east of Richmond. This was my friend's fault. You got to keep those air-cooled engines well fed with oil. I am diverging.

With cheerful hearts and a few dollars in our pockets we would take off for The River in the bus. Gas was 35 cents a gallon. There was a drive of about five hours over the pre-Interstate highways that carried us from Roanoke's mountains, through the rolling hills of central Virginia, across mid-town Richmond (at night) and into the sandy flats of the Tidewater. We were a self-reliant group of 16 year-old boys and were prepared and able to handle most mechanical problems along the way. We were frequently tested.

I am now a parent of active teenagers, and I must credit our parents for the trust bestowed upon us. The thought of sending one of my children off into the night for a 250-mile drive on country roads makes me more than a little nervous. Those were different times.

There was a happy routine upon our arrival that included putting out crabpots for food and bait, getting the boats in the water, cranking up the old cars and mini bikes and making plans for the upcoming days. Farmers in the neighborhood would provide us with produce in season. We would buy some chicken necks to bait the crabpots and a few other necessities at the market in Harmony Grove. The crabs provided the bait to catch spot & croaker whose heads went back into the crabpots. This cycle continued as long as we were at The River, so food was seldom in short supply. We developed a taste for fresh seafood. We became tanned and tough in the summertime, staying down at The River for one or two weeks at a time as summer jobs and responsibilities allowed.

Activities at The River are land or water based and can be further broken down into responsible or irresponsible and productive or non-productive. In general, much of what goes on at The River is both responsible and productive, such as boat maintenance, grounds care and housing repair and upgrade. There are examples of activities that even by the loosest standards fall well into the irresponsible and non-productive category.

Some activities involved big firecrackers, the kind you can't get anymore (thankfully). Coffee cans were sent soaring into the air, to be clipped by a carefully placed shotgun round. Another land based, highly irresponsible and stupid activity we loved as teens was mini-bike jousting. We had three old mini-bikes. We would joust in the cut cornfield using wild onions with the "clods" attached. The contestants would ride toward each other on adjacent rows swinging the onion clods by their stalks. The object, of course, was to plaster your opponent. We never thought much about the consequences of a fall. Though we ate some dirt, nobody was ever knocked off or hurt.

A water based stupid activity involved bailing out of a moving boat running at speed in the Rappahanock. I still shudder at the thought of this. We were aware of the need to have a lifejacket at hand, but we seldom wore them unless the weather was foul. We used to jump off the boat, while underway, out in the river, for the heck of it. Nobody was ever hurt. The occasional sting from a bay jellyfish or "nettle" seemed a small price to pay, for the fun and thrill of flying off the boat like Navy frogmen. As the principals in these activities have aged and now have their own children as witnesses, these particularly blatant examples of irresponsible and non-productive pastimes have become less common at The River.

Some of the things we did as teens were done out of necessity. We did not have any electronic navigation equipment. We understood the basics of navigation from what we learned as Scouts in the mountains of Western Virginia. In general, piloting was easier than mountain map and compass once we figured the basics out. We routinely crossed the bay, regardless of weather, 17 miles over to the Eastern Shore in the fiberglass inboard/outboard. The boat had a canvas top and side curtains for foul weather. We navigated with a compass and dead reckoning. We saw green water wash the windshield on rough crossings. We never had an engine failure.

On one occasion, we made the crossing on a glass smooth summer day, running at planing speed and accompanied by porpoises. We saw rays jumping. We had a brief grounding on a tricky channel on the Eastern Shore, but time and the tide fixed it. On the return trip that afternoon, the wind had freshened and the notorious Bay short, choppy sea was running. Haze obscured the horizon. It was a little scary. Nevertheless, we safely piloted our way in and passed the Rappahanock River buoy, converting our day into a memorable adventure, instead of a disaster.

My friend and I have always loved to sail together. We both became fairly proficient Hobie 16 sailors. The summer is the best time for beach cats, but we stretched the season into the fall and generally started sailing in March.

Hypothermic deaths are most common in the spring as the weather gets pretty before the water warms up. We were sailing one gor-

geous March day around 1978. We did have the presence of mind to dress warmly in wool and wear our kapok life vests. Sure enough, we capsized. I don't remember how we did it, but there was a slow roll and in we went. The water was remarkably cold.

Somewhere there exists a recorded record for righting a Hobie 16. Whatever that record is, I am sure we broke it that day. We were up and sailing in well under a minute. A nearby island provided a place to beach and dry out. Another tragedy averted.

On another adventure that I did not attend, my friend, his father and brother decided to take a beachcruising trip to Virginia Beach in the two Hobie Cats. Somewhere down off Stingray Point, the "dolphin striker" on one of the boats failed, allowing the mast to collapse and the supports for the trampoline to fold up. The resourceful group of sailors managed to lash the destroyed boat and its various parts together and then tow it home with the second Hobie Cat. This resulted in a more memorable adventure than a successful sail to Virginia Beach.

There were numerous fishing trips up and down the Rappahanock and into the Bay proper. We would go out early and come in late. We generally used crabs we had caught for bait. You learned how to handle crabs by their back fin without getting bitten (often). Crabs were kept alive until needed, and then executed swiftly with a screwdriver between the eyes.

We would take the fiberglass inboard/outboard down to Cape Henry, watching out for ships, and fish under the Bay Bridge. We were fishing for the mythical Black Drum, but all we caught were spot and croaker with the occasional Sand Shark thrown in for excitement. What we would have done if we had actually hooked into an 80 pound Drum, I hate to think.

One day we were fishing in the Rappahanock. We were pulling in spot. I got a particularly nice hit and was pulling in what I hoped would be supper. Suddenly, there was a vicious pull on the line and my rod bent double. The drag screamed on the reel and line burned out and then, nothing. I reeled in my line and found one half of a nice size Spot, bitten cleanly through. This made us think a little harder about playing Navy frogman in the river.

We developed an appreciation for the regional wildlife. One April Saturday morning, we were getting ready to flip over the old

planked wooden skiff that had been up in the marsh grass for the winter. It was allowed to stay upright and full of rainwater through the winter to keep the seams tight. Standing in the cool mud up to our knees, we pumped out the hull and then worked to lift the boat onto its side to empty the last 2" of water. The thought of snakes and other noxious critters living under the boat crossed our minds, but nothing prepared us for the squirming nest of cottonmouths exposed as the boat flipped. We levitated and admired the snakes from a distance. Fortunately, the snakes were cool and lethargic.

There are birds galore at The River. We have always carefully protected these creatures. The Herons and Egrets will poke around in the marsh grass beside the creek. We try to get close enough to see them in kayaks, but they always see us coming and leave. The Blue Herons are particularly majestic. They are up and gone with a deep "squawk".

Every channel marker has a family of Ospreys living on it. In the spring and summer, the babies are still in the nest. We see them waiting for their parents to feed them. They watch us carefully as we go by. The young birds are there every day and you become familiar with them. Then, one day, they are gone. Off to start a family and find a nice "starter" channel marker.

We now will see eagles fairly regularly and take this as a sign of an improving ecosystem. The Bay is noticeably cleaner now than when we were teens, though it still has a way to go to achieve the level of purity described by John Smith in his 16th century accounts on Chesapeake Bay exploration.

My own wife and children have been going down to The River with my friends and me for years. It takes a while for them to catch on, but after a day or two, they swing into the routine of pulling their weight with things that need doing and having fun the rest of the time. I can only hope that this place will mean as much to my kids as it has to me. I want them to learn how to handle themselves around boats and the water. I hope they will learn to use the bounty provided by the Bay wisely and see that it is worth preserving. I know they will treasure the fellowship this magic place seems to create.

So we pulled into the creek and tied up my friend's Island Packet to the wharf in front of the old clapboard house. We had met up with brother and son in their rowboat and had a fine breakfast at anchor off the island at the

mouth of the creek. We were windburned and happy and tired. It had just been a great little cruise. We were a little late getting in and will be a little late getting home, but we'll be back to The River for more adventures on the water and the sooner the better. It is hard to get enough of the place.



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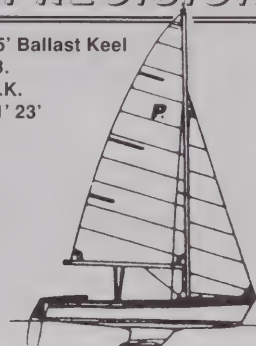
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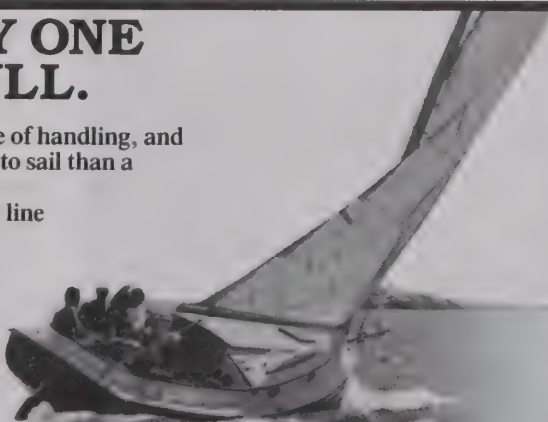
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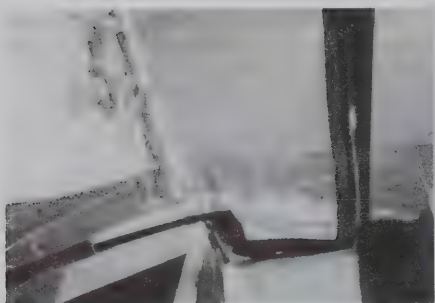
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## Circumnavigation 2001

### A Journal of a Circumnavigation of the Delmarva Peninsula

#### Part 6

By John Potts

**Day 10, Wednesday, May 16, 2001**  
**Kiptopeke Beach, Virginia, to Fishing Bay,**  
**Piankatank River, Virginia**

It is 7:38 AM, and after a very restless night tossing wildly in this so-called "sheltered" anchorage snug behind these big old WWII concrete ship barriers, exposed to the one direction the wind God happened to choose last night, I weigh anchor in slightly improved conditions, it seems. I am en route to the western side of the Chesapeake Bay, a hopefully nice anchorage in Fishing Bay at the mouth of the Piankatank River, Virginia. It is a 31-mile trip on a northwesterly course. The wind, as I poke my bowsprit out from behind

the break water, is forecast to be from the northeast at 12 knots. It seems to be OK so far. I fly all sails and stop the engine.

In about 20 minutes the wind increases to 25 knots, still from the northeast. I finally manage to wrestle in my genoa to about a third reef which helps some; I am unable to deal with taking the single reef in the main under these conditions. I just don't see how I can manage that on a solo voyage in 25 knots of wind. The genoa is a furling system, manageable from the cockpit, but the main must be handled at the mast. The seas are now 4' to 6'!

What a wild ride, close-hauled as close as I can to the wind. The track across the bay is a straight shot to the entrance of the Piankatank River. If I allow myself to be pushed toward the southwest by this northeast wind, I will have to tack and, under these conditions, that is undesirable. So I try and maintain a course as close to the wind as possible and, hopefully, I can stay either on the track or a little to the north of track as a cushion against the tendency to drift southwest. No relaxing this day!

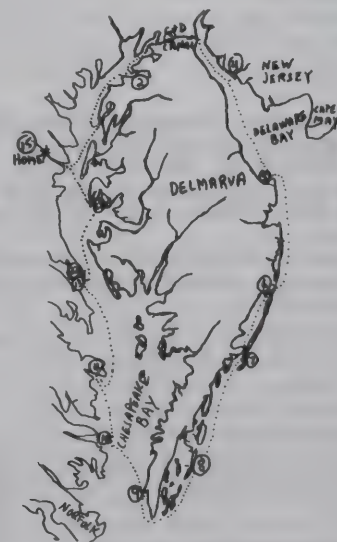
I arrive really close to the shoal off the town of Cape Charles (where I should have spent last night) and what do I see on the shoal but about a 30' sloop, anchored, being tossed about like a chip of wood, streaming toward the southwest. I sail within about 100' of the sloop and a man comes up into the cockpit and waves to me. I yell, "Are you OK?" I doubt that he can hear me for there is no response. What a place to spend the night, his anchorage makes my rough anchorage last night seem like a pond. After passing the sloop, I look back and see him underway heading south. I guess he thought, "Well, if that idiot can sail in this weather, I guess I can, too!"

I begin to think (a dangerous occupation) that maybe I really should sell the *Sandee Lee* when I return home. The wind is so unpredictable, why would I, or anyone knowledgeable about the fickleness of weather, want to deal with this kind of abuse? It was like this about my Coast Guard sea duty; I dearly loved it, but in 1977 it felt like it was time to give it up and so I retired from the Guard and never looked back. It feels like that now about sailing.

I could use the sale proceeds to pay for a trip for Sandee and I to Australia and New



Leaving Fishing Bay with rainbow and another sloop.



The route by days.

Zealand, and pay for some repairs and upgrades on our home. Yes, the *Sandee Lee* is a fine classic design boat which I should have no trouble selling. I am ready to retire from sailing. I will call the marina and arrange to go straight there, by-passing the mooring buoy, have the shaft seal tightened and the boat hauled and put up for sale. I have had enough! Please get me home safely!

I finally wrestle the whole genoa into a tight furl as the boat just became overpowered with too much sail in too much wind. My speed drops from 6.1 knots to just under 5 knots.

Thank goodness for the dodger and bimini as the 4' to 6' seas blow over the starboard side of *Sandee Lee*. By keeping close watch on the GPS and the wind, I am able to gain some distance to the right of track. About 8 or 10 miles from the river entrance, I find myself about a mile to the right of track; this has been no easy feat, a lot of work, determination, and some skill. I can now relax a little more off the wind the last hour or so. My strategy worked as planned.

Oh! You should have seen me today wrestling my snow suit on in the morning cold and later, as the temperature moderated, off again, all the while controlling the tiller in all that wind and sea. It was a sight!

After sailing in these strenuous conditions for nearly seven hours, we arrive at the entrance to Fishing Bay, motoring the last hour to the anchorage. It is real restful here and very sheltered from the northeasterly winds. I see a marina tucked in the corner of the small bay and a lot of nice expensive homes through the trees. I am glad to be here, at last.

Sandee's note for today says, "I'm placing you in God's hands and looking forward to holding your hand in mine." ME, TOO!

**Day 11, Thursday, May 17, 2001  
Fishing Bay, Piankatank River, Virginia, to  
Great Wicomico River, Cockrell  
Creek, Reedville, Virginia**

It is 6:30 AM, and I am underway with a beautiful rainbow in the western sky. I take a photo of this beautiful phenomenon. The sky is partly cloudy with an easterly wind at about 8 knots. A smaller wooden sloop with a man and woman on board join me heading out the channel; they are towing a dinghy. I don't think I have seen a smaller sailboat than mine this whole voyage.

At 7:17 AM I head northeast out into the Chesapeake. By 8:41 I am able to turn into a northerly course that allowed the east wind, still about 8 knots, to fill the sails, so I secure the engine. By 9:00 the wind increases to 10 or 12 knots and pushes us along at 5 knots. I am thinking about arriving back at the Severn River and what to do about the boat. I call Smith's Marina on the cell phone and make arrangements for a temporary berth for the task of tightening the shaft-packing gland. That will also make the task of unloading my voyage gear easier from dockside rather than in the dinghy from my mooring buoy. The dinghy part wouldn't be so bad, but then I must push the dinghy up a steep hill about a half-mile to my house, or else load it into a car. I also inquire about prices to haul and store the *Sandee Lee* until it can be sold.

It is 10 AM, the wind starts pooping out and, you guessed it, by 10:45 it stops altogether as the sails flap in the chop of the Bay, so I start the engine and secure the sails. Around

11:45 I begin my turn towards the northwest to Great Wicomico River Light; my speed is 4.6. I had hoped the wind might cooperate and move me on up to Smith Island today, but it was not to be.

A little after noon I am abeam the entrance light. Soon I turn right into Cockrell Creek where the town of Reedville, Virginia, is situated. There are several impressive gray menhaden fishing boats about 100' long, maybe ten or so. They look like rusty old Navy ships converted into purse seining ships and left their old Navy paint. I did see one of these ships leave port and head down the Chesapeake this morning. These boats fish as far north as Rhode Island and south into North Carolina. During the summer months, catches are most plentiful in the Chesapeake. Purse seining is the most efficient way to gather menhaden, but it is illegal in Maryland waters, but OK in Virginia and other coastal states.

The town of Reedville is very small, located on a peninsula in the creek. I continue on just past Reedville to a location recommended in the 1994 *Guide to Cruising Ches-*

*apeake Bay*. I anchor close to crab pot floats in 10' of water; it is 1:00 PM and, of course, the wind is now blowing again. The sun is intermittent between clouds and the temp is in the upper 60s. Today's voyage was 26 miles in 6.5 hours with only two of those hours under sail.

Sandee's note for today says, "I admire you so very much for following your dream." I have not told her yet that I now dream of selling her namesake. Although we did joke before and say that this trip would make me want to either sail on longer trips or sell the boat.

As I look over the side, I notice that the midnight blue hull has turned nearly white with dried salt crystals, an unknown condition in the northern half of the Bay where I normally sail. The water is just brackish there and salt is not an issue. I tie a sponge to a boat hook and, while dipping it repeatedly in creek water, manage to make the hull her true, clean color again. The ole gal was really salty, probably for the first time in her 23-year life.

**(To Be Continued)**



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Dave Carnell of North Carolina has turned me on to his fabulous do all sailing skiff (Nutmeg, aka the \$200 Sailboat), it's affordable, safe, fast, simple, dry, and easy to build. I have built two and the second came out like a piece of fine furniture. One of my hopes is to involve the people of my community in building this Renegade sailboat and feel the pride. Hey Dave! How is that for a possible name? It speaks for itself Renegade Pride. I am contemplating the installation of a removable bowsprit and a lexan sea window along with sail changes.

Here in the Beachmont section of Revere, my home is about a ten minute walk to our shore of Boston harbor; Short Beach, Rocky/Pebble Beach, Crescent Beach, Pines Beach and Revere Beach can all be seen at the same time from Beachmont. Were it not for Logan Airport nearby it would be the nicest location in Revere.

With the drop of my jeans and the hoisting of swimming trunks I go aquatic. Sailing and lobstering with the possibility of striped bass on the menu fills the day. The sailing skiff is always waiting for me in the driveway setting on a 4 x 4 with inflated wheelbarrow tires, now load up and away we go, on foot with everything you could ever want or need in the vessel. It pushes on the asphalt like a breeze, in fact, on a mean low tide I used the mainsail to move the boat across the sand and up the ramp. GET UP!

So, what am I talking about? Hoist your jib, lift the leeboard and gently work your homebuilt oars. Set out one or two tube lures with minnow chasers, I like the quarter inch size diameter on the tube. SHHHH, mum is the secret The big smart fish don't suspect anything different in their territory. Fish on! Now release your jib sheet haul in the bad boy. Hoist the mainsail, tack back, Jack and do it again. I have an Eastporter lobster boat moored off Rocky Beach the sailboat gets me there. Don't forget to release undersize seafood as undamaged as possible. They'll be back later.

## Why I'm Going Sailing

By Arthur MacDonald,  
Assistant Harbormaster, Revere, MA



## Where I'm Going Sailing

Our city is belatedly beginning to think of our waterfront as an asset, the following is from the mayor's report on the latest effort:

"The City of Revere, Massachusetts, Office of the Mayor, October 25, 2001: On Saturday, October 13, 2001, over 70 stakeholders, citizens, business people, and public officials, gathered together and spent the entire day collaborating on ideas to revitalize our exceptional waterfront and began to focus on a process to put their ideas into action. By every measure, this Revere Beach Planning was a success and a great beginning. I am grateful to Save the Harbor/Save the Bay and to all those who willingly gave up a fall Saturday to take part, and to those who volunteered to provide their services and goods in support of our effort.

Now, we must keep the process moving forward. If we are to launch a viable grass-roots movement to further the goals of

Revere Beach renewal, we will need the sustained creative involvement of those who took part and the recruitment of other citizens, business people, and public officials who share our vision.

Thomas G. Ambrosino, Mayor."

I offered my own thoughts on the subject as follows: Possible Coastal Activities in Revere: I would like to promote the idea of safe and sound recreational activities along Revere's coast such as sailing, physically propelled watercraft, low speed watercraft, scuba diving, fishing and more. In a nature park setting established by state and city officials, these friendly activities would be conducive to the overall prosperity. The nature park reservation could be buoyed off seasonally if necessary. The suggested boundaries of this defined area would range from the Garfield school location on Revere beach to the northern tip of the breakwater and stretch due south to Seal Point at the Winthrop highland.

The beaches within the reservation will be Crescent Beach, Rocky/Pebble Beach and Short Beach. I would like to suggest a boardwalk or pier that would span from the first aid station area to the west, or land side of the breakers for maximum protection against wave damage. I would suggest at this time additional armor stone be added to the top of the breakwaters.

A seasonal floating recreational station/law enforcement facility/educational classroom of modular design could be towed into place in the spring and towed away in the fall and disassembled for storage. It would consist of trailer type structures on floating platforms anchored inside the L shape breakwater at the end of the pier.

Other activities that could be possible at this station might be as follows: A concession area, boat rentals scuba diving trips and bait and tackle sales. The center of the four-part mobile office type station would be open storage for large recreational equipment. The exterior perimeter of the trailers would be a railed dock area with benches for resting and viewing the sights.

Additional food for thought might be to welcome the floating casino now docked in Lynn for off-season utilization of the pier with an office located at the west or land end of the boardwalk for added security.

These suggestions express just some of the ideas and possibilities for Revere's wonderful shoreline.



## Arts in the Park

To promote my interest in seeing more sailing on our waters, I displayed boat #2 at a city Arts in the Park event last summer. My message posted with the boat for all to read was:

"I wanted a boat that was versatile specifically for use on Revere's variety of seascapes. After searching for one and a half years in the internet, magazines, libraries and more, I was ready to buy a plastic boat that really was not what I was looking for. Then it happened that I found it at the right price. The beautiful design looks like a new antique.

The hull is BC pine plywood, spruce strapping and 2x 4s, two parts epoxy 50/50 mix and stainless steel fastenings. She is a tough and rugged 15-1/2' craft and acts like a molded hull (no leaks). She can take four adults safely and has 400lbs of flotation. Staying dry is important in our waters and dryness is delivered.

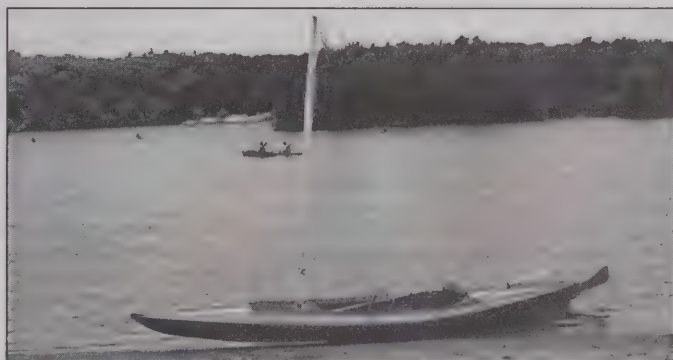
The cost for you to build a pretty wooden durable boat is an embarrassing \$300. Wow! The cost to buy something comparable is \$3,000 or more. The price that I would charge to build you one is \$2,000 but I would rather you build your own and we all sail together wherever we can. Fun is what it's all about, feeling free and easy is special.

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Another fine weekend of kayak/kamping, this time under the direction of Karl Richardson and the auspices of the Owl's Head Memorial Row-Around. Originally, this event was organized to raise money to build a Memorial at Owl's Head to commemorate those fishermen and fisherwomen lost at sea. The memorial is now built and maintained by the community. But the event is still in existence and pledges are accepted to contribute to the upkeep of the memorial, although the endurance part of the event is no longer a factor.

Karl has become less of a hard task maker and the event is more geared to enjoying that beautiful part of the province. Although I had hiked the area in the past I had never been on the water there. Quite a nice change from the busier South Shore. We did not run into a soul the entire weekend until we were coming in to shore on the Sunday.

Saturday dawned warm and foggy when we met at 9am for a 9:30 launch. In total there were four kayaks, two dories and nine people; Karl and Gordon Richardson, Frank and Ken Stevens, Fraser and Jennifer Howell, Ulli Hoeger, Chris Bennet, and I. Karl hosted as usual and started us off with his wife Pat's famous cookies. Charts of the area were passed out and a possible route discussed. Things were kept pretty loose though, as the weather would determine our direction. We were told to head over to Cable Island, which was not visible through the fog and then were to circle on the inside of the island and meet at a beach on the far side. Fraser gave Ulli a heading for his GPS and we played follow the leader.

However once we sighted the island we realized that the group had split up. One dory and one kayak were indeed heading around the inside of the island. The rest of us found ourselves at the outside point. So we decided to go around that direction and join them on the other side. It turned out to be a bit of a hairy ride. The wind was blowing freshly from the south, and there was a lively sea building. We had to head into the wind and waves for quite a ways into the open water so that we weren't forced into the shoals or rocks on our turn. Slapping into the chop made for a wet and rocky ride.

And when we did turn, we were Surfing USA, Yee Haw! Fraser admitted to some trepidation at the sound of the breakers coming up behind him. As soon as we rounded the outer point we pulled in to a sheltered beach to catch our breath and wait for the other half of our group. The ride certainly got our adrenaline pumping.

We regrouped and discussed our next leg, with more attention being paid to sticking together. We headed (on the inside) to Wolfe's Island. We crossed over in a much more civilized manner and on the far side followed Long Creek into a sheltered area of the island.

The rocks rose straight up from the water and at the head there looked to be a sandy beach. This turned out to be a very large slick slab of rock, which would only be exposed at low tide. Gordon tempted us with marinated octopus as a snack. We decided to have lunch there and soon discovered that initials had been carved into the slab. They dated from 1912, 1937, 1949.

We refueled and continued around Wolfe's Island through various rock outcroppings. On one there was a nest of young osprey. The parent birds were circling the rocks indignantly crying at our intrusion.

## A Nova Scotia Row-Around

By Liza Hageraats

Our next stop was further along the Wolfe's Island shore. We came to a beautiful white sand beach. Karl immediately challenged us to discover what was different about the sand as we stepped out to explore. This was not obvious to the eye but as soon as you started to walk on the dry sand, it became clear. It was a singing beach. The friction and pressure of the movement of our feet over the sand created a lovely musical tone.

We left the beach, much to our regret, rowed and paddled back past the osprey nests and crossed over 2km to Charles Island (also called Borgles Island). This crossing proved to be challenging as well. It was what I have often read in literature described as a sea's cauldron. Wind, waves, wakes and swell coming from all directions. Everything short and choppy. I mentally thanked Gerry for the stability of his design and was glad I had the experience to know the limitations of my boat. I was not afraid or uncomfortable at any time but after 35 minutes of intense concentration to keep our boats moving in the right direction in a stable manner, we were all very glad to reach sheltered waters. The fact that the sun finally came out was a bonus.

Charles Island is L shaped with a very sheltered cove at the inside apex of the angles. The sides of the island are wooded and rise fairly sharply but there is a rickety old dock and a cleared road leading into the woods. Karl tells us that a group from Boston owns the island and they planned to build condos on it. In fact there are lot markers here and there and a gazebo at the mouth of the cove on a bluff. However he also suggested that the road is suspiciously appropriate for the landing of a light aircraft.

Whatever the owners' motives, they seem to have abandoned it for now and it made for a lovely camping spot. As we paddled into the cove we passed a rock covered in seals, their silvery pelts glinting in the late afternoon sun. Jennifer immediately started lusting after a parka. But the seals were soon disturbed and slid and belly flopped into the water. Once we reached the shore they returned and we could observe them easily from land.

We landed, reconnoitered and started setting up camp. Changing into dry clothes was a priority as was building a fire. The wind was blowing onshore and the wood a little damp after all that fog which made it kind of smoky but it was a great help with the mosquitoes. Lots of grub was consumed as well as wine, hot rum and beer.

After supper Gordon decided to go for a swim, telling us that the water was warmer than the air. He returned an hour later with a dozen or so scallops. Karl shucked them and pointed out the 104 eyes (52 top, 52 bottom, along the inside rim of the shell) Cool. He had me hold a shucked scallop in my hand to feel the creature pulse a strong muscle contraction. Amazing. They fried them up including the eyes, and roe sacks. Another gastronomic adventure.

We finished the evening and libations watching Fraser's underwear dry on a pole by the fire. He had some aversion to arriving home with wet underwear. Ulli's GPS in-

formed us that we had covered 18 km that day.

Sunday dawned sunny and although the winds were light in the morning they certainly picked up in the afternoon. Breakfast was consumed and although some dipped into the octopus again I stuck to my cereal. We left our cozy cove around 9:30am and paddled towards Ship Rock so named for its prow like cliff rising straight out of the water facing out to the open ocean. The seals we had seen the night before played around us and followed the dories as they had mackerel lines out.

Chris found an outcropping where piping plovers were feeding. We both bobbed in the waves to observe them, but as he left to try and find footholds on Ship Rock I attempted to get a closer look. They were so cute that I failed to notice a seemingly harmless wavelet which picked me up and deposited me on one of the sharper rocks. I maneuvered myself away from the rocks only to discover that I suddenly had a very wet bum. I opened my spray skirt and started to sponge out the water I suspected had come in through the skirt. But the sponge was not very efficient. I motioned to Ulli who wasn't far and told him I needed him to brace me so I could remove the water from my cockpit.

I soon realized the sponge wasn't going to do the trick. With Ulli's pump I exposed the hands-width breach in my hull. The water was coming in as fast as I could pump it out. Ulli suggested towing me to the nearest landing spot so I could continue pumping, where we could assess the damage. There was an island quite close. Always prepared he had some 5-minute epoxy with him. (this is now an essential in my kit). One of the dories joined us. We patched the kayak with the epoxy and taped booth inside and out with Fraser's duct tape.

The experience was a good one as any rescue exercise is. It reaffirmed the need for cooperation, paddling in company and being prepared for any eventuality. Thank you Ulli and Fraser. I admit to being a little tentative when we set out again and I stuck fairly close to the dory. I soon realized that the repair was a success and that my boat was staying perfectly dry. We stopped on the lee side of Passage Island for a lunch break and out of the wind it was warm enough to brave the waters for a swim. No scallops were found however.

But when we left this island we realized that the wind had definitely picked up. We had to cross DeBaies Cove and Owl's Head Bay with the wind blowing around 20kt directly on our bow. There was no windbreak and quite a fetch over that distance as well. We had to paddle non-stop or face losing ground all the way to our departure point. It took about 40 minutes of constant paddling. We all came to shore and helped each other unpack and load up the boats on our respective vehicles. There was another moment of panic when Ulli's car failed to start. But Frank called the local mechanic and they soon had it working.

We couldn't leave without another feed of course as we had burned a few calories on the final push. I guess it is tradition to have a boil-up and Frank supplied us with buckets of steamed mussels, which we consumed under the trees by the memorial site. The official portrait was taken and the weekend was over.

(This article first appeared in the November 2001 issue of the *Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia Newsletter* and is reprinted with their permission.)



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## Bolger on Design

In *MAIB* of November 15, 1996 (Vol.14, No. 13), p.28 we introduced Design #638 as "A Small Yacht". Soon thereafter she was finally named Queen Mab after the mythical very small fairy queen described in Shakespeare's *Romeo & Juliet*, Act 1, Scene 4. She proved irresistible to a number of builders, first of whom was Dave Thibodeau of Marblehead MA who wrote about his *Just Ducky* rendition in *MAIB* of Oct. 1, 1998 (Vol. 16, No.10). When he showed up out of the blue we hurriedly grabbed the video camera and shot a 30 minute video of him launching and sailing his boat.

Since then, a small fleet has begun to emerge, albeit not in the same waters; not that she would be hard to carry on or in your car to wherever a sisterships seems in need of company. She does exceed airline carry-on standards though. From small freshwater ponds to saltwater tidal waters Queen Mabs have offered quiet pleasure. Some builders preferred strip-planking while other tried their hand at glued plywood lapstrake. Her shapely curves on short length require a good eye to reproduce the hull in either approach.

On the other hand, she is so small that materials costs are for all intents and purposes insignificant and if your first effort ends up crooked, lumpy, or the lay of the laps is not quite perfect, remove for kindling the offending structure from the strongback and molds and start anew. Painted strip planking is quite forgiving to the novice and will readily allow a touch-up with filler and still come out well. Lapstrake plywood must be just right or hurt the eyes forever. It seems that the builders of these boats here have mastered their chosen approach. Incidentally, we still do not know whether the client who originally commissioned the design ever completed the project.

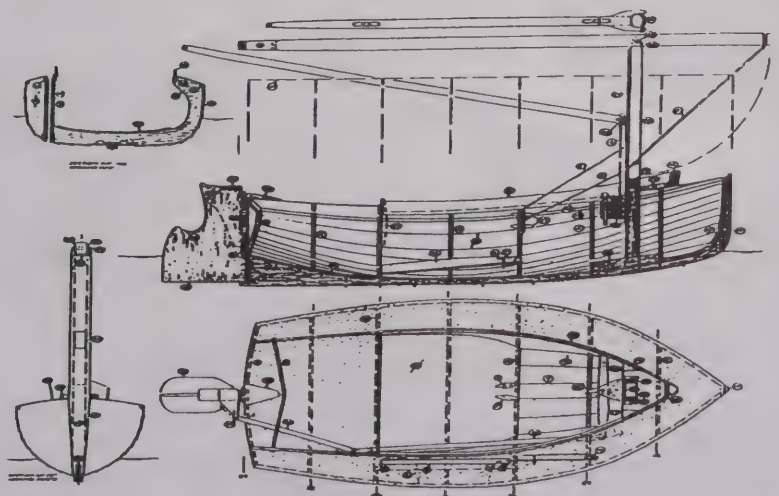
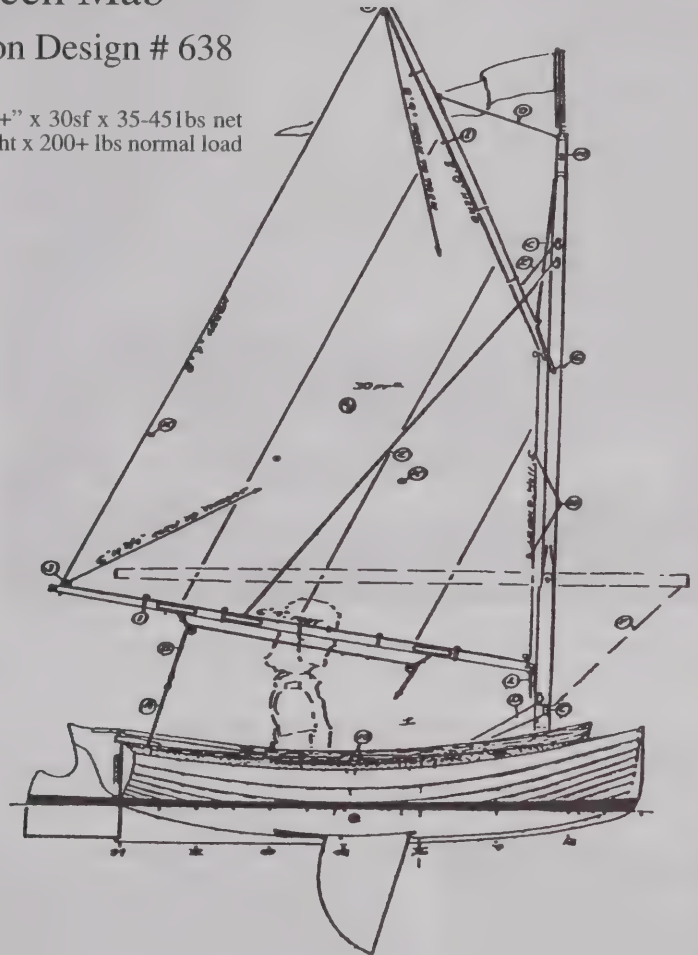
As the pictures show, some boats were built exactly as designed while others were modified here and there. One recent builder insisted that nothing should be changed and his "100% original" rendition works well, while others have found the need or just the urge to tinker some. However you do it, she should satisfy the thirst for an elegant, quite capable, piece of wooden sailing sculpture, beautiful enough to make her part of your living room decor for the off-season; standing on her transom she can take bookshelves inside.

Plans on six sheets for Design #638 Queen Mab to build one boat are available from us for US\$100 rolled in a tube post-paid. The 30-min *Audience With Queen Mab* video is available for US \$20. Purchase of plans includes video.

## Queen Mab

### Update on Design # 638

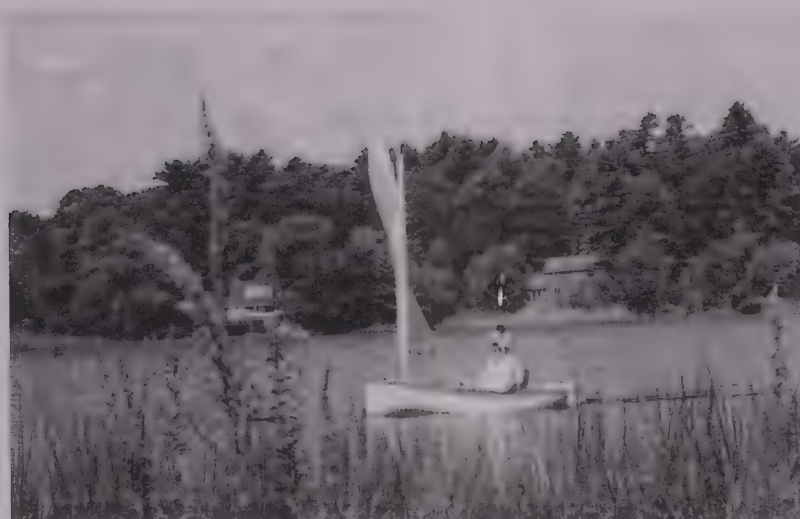
84" x 32" x 5+" x 30sf x 35-45lbs net  
 shoulder weight x 200+ lbs normal load  
 displacement







After having already completed our Cartopper and Sweet Pea designs, Bill Burgess shows the comforts of "crewing" his newly launched strip-built Queen Mab.



Here Bill Burgess' superb photo really captures the flavor of quiet unstrained sailing, likely far away from jetskis where the water is too small for their noisy speed.



Building in a room of his downtown apartment, John Storow did not really intend to move along as fast as this but "as you can see I got carried away and finished planking. Not bad for a first lapstrake boat..." At this rate of progress he'll launch her this spring.

Albert Straub's lapstrake rendition of his "Ultimate Personal Water Craft" shows what John Storow is looking forward to. Straub went all the way, from clean crisp lapstrakes, over leatherned mast in way of the gaff, to the fully rigged tabernacle allowing the mast to fold to reduce tophammer in a sudden blow, then getting home under paddle. She is shown sitting on her model boat-like stand during rigging, or seemingly eager to get going at water's edge, the results are indeed worth the effort. Straub reports, "In spite of information that I received from another builder that contained a long list of 'design changes' that are 'required' for a successful result, I chose to build to the plans and am very satisfied with the results."

She does not just look good, as he points out, "...I was careful to adhere to the sail plan and made sure the mast was plumb to the water line as shown. I believe that this effectively eliminated any 'perceived' need to move the seat farther aft. I found that the helm is well balanced and feel that the sail plan as designed is 'on the money'. Of course it helps to have a good sail. I am particularly impressed with the effectiveness of the rudder. With any appreciable forward speed, say a couple of knots, the boat will turn smartly with a 10' radius (estimated). My impressions are that the end plate affords a significant increase in the effectiveness of the rudder, and that the rudder size as designed works well. My experience to date has involved nothing smaller than a El Toro. Since I am used to using substantial weight shifting to compensate for wind gusts I initially found it a little unnerving to be confined in such a small space. I found that the mainsheet is a primary control element and that constantly playing with it is the solution to the variable conditions." In his caption under the portrait of 'him & her' sailing, Straub noted, "smile may require surgical removal".

Phil Ditterich's varnished strip-built Queen Mab turns even a compact pickup truck into a hulking yacht carrier for a quick sunset sail after work.



The fun probably started when Brian first crewed a dinghy for me at the age of three. About a dozen years and a few thousand dinghy miles later, we took our Albacore round the Wight from Chichester; but this was not enough to cure the fever. After many more miles in other boats, dinghies and cruisers, my sons owned their second Javelin dinghy.

Now genuine cruising people are not likely to know this boat, so let me describe her: 17' 7" long, 5' 6" beam, weighs about 250lbs stripped, carries 170sf of working sail and 340sf with spinnaker set. She has very little freeboard for her length, but this does not matter at all, as the seas come in over her bow so fast that there is not room for them all in the cockpit at once, so they have to hustle out through her transom!

One day, about 25 years after the fever first started, Brian said, "Dad, Pat and I are thinking of taking the Javelin round the Island at the weekend, would you like to come?" Well, what would YOU say?

We left Itchenor at 9am with a light northeasterly wind, how lucky can you get, and set the spinnaker immediately. The spring tides round the Island were all wrong for our trip that weekend, but the Javelin is very fast and it was the only weekend available, so we were off.

To counteract possible criticism at this stage let me say that we carried six flares, large and small torches, two built-in compasses, chart, extra bailer, two paddles, anchor and warp, spare clothes, food and hot drinks and a spare Firefly mainsail. This latter we knew from experience was ideal in force 7-8, and we all had life jackets and bad weather gear. On top of this my sons normally reckon to carry full-sail, including spinnaker, in force 7 when racing, so the boat is not just a fair-weather butterfly.

Outside Chichester the wind was easterly and the previous long spell of fine weather looked like breaking, there was a grey murk building up which could have foretold anything, including thunderstorms. With spinnaker still set we were doing 5-6 knots, so we decided to aim for Bembridge ledge and to choose whether to go inside or outside the Island first when nearer to it.

At the selected decision point, about 1-1/2hrs later, the wind had increased slightly to give us about 7 knots and the sky had darkened, but uniformly. There were no obvious storm centres forming, therefore we decided to go round the outside of the Island first, so that we should be safely inside the Wight if the weather deteriorated later.

There was a messy sea on our way past Princessa shoal, due to the strong, foul weather going tide. I was looking after the spinnaker and several times had to ease the sheet as she slid down the front of a sea. Brian told me afterwards that I overdid it, but I still can't get used to seeing green water over the foredeck on a run, especially with a spinnaker chute swallowing it!

Unfortunately the wind gradually died and the tide was still foul, so progress became slower and slower, until eventually we spotted some boats beating along the shore near Sandown. Their ground speed was so slow we decided that they must be in a foul eddy, which would be a fair one for us, so we joined them.

The combination of a fair stream and dying wind rendered the sails useless, so we stowed the spinnaker and I started paddling

## Interlude In A Dinghy Or Were We Foolish?

By Alan Earl

gently along the coast, giving the boat about 1/2 knot through the water, which was soon increased to a useful speed over the ground by the first of the ebb. I did the initial, easy paddling, as I remembered that on our previous Albacore trip we had had to paddle about seven miles, much of it against a foul tide. If there was any serious paddling to do this time it would probably fall to Brian, so I had to at least pretend to do my share!

We took advantage of the calm to have a peaceful lunch and reached St. Catherine's easily; there, right in front of us, was a line of broken water stretching half a mile or so from the shore. Studying it confirmed that the seas were obviously nothing compared with what the Javelin had coped with safely innumerable times in the past. The race was where the strongest, now favourable, tide was, so we allowed ourselves to be carried into it. Brian and I swapping tiller and paddle so that he could provide more steerage way in the broken water.

Shortly after entering the breakers we noticed that the bilge water was getting deeper very quickly. A check on the self bailers confirmed that they were closed, virtually no water was coming in over the side, so why? We suddenly realised that every time her bow rose to a short sea her stern buried in the one behind. Now in our Javelin only the bottom half of the transom ports are covered by flaps, cuts down windage on a beat, you know, so with each wave water poured in over the tops of the flaps. This doesn't happen when she is sailing, but we now know that it does when she is becalmed, bows on to the seas in a tide race! Brian promptly placed her beam on to the seas to stop this lark and some hard bailing re-established a more sensible situation.

By then we were nearly through the race and a new westerly wind, with rain and poor visibility was coming in. In a matter of minutes we had three on the gun<sup>1</sup> and were beating into the murk for the Needles. We debated which was the best tack; it seemed quite possible that the wind might back to SW, but I was keen to use the fast stream along the Island shore and Brian thought it best to lay as near the Needles as possible, so we stayed on port tack. Soon Atherfield appeared and we made a short seaward leg in the fast stream over the ledge and then went back onto port.

As we approached Freshwater Bay the wind veered to NW and strengthened, with heavy rain and even worse visibility. Conditions were getting foul, so we took it in turns to sail the boat and to don more wet weather gear and then settled down on starboard tack, thankful that we had not made that long leg out to sea.

As we came up to the Needles, the wind was at the top end of 4 and we could see the ebb, now at half tide, streaming out to form overfalls on the Bridge. We therefore short tacked right up to the Needles in the slack water on the south side, put in a short starboard tack and then went back to port quickly to try to clear the rocks. With three on the gun<sup>1</sup> and the sheets slightly eased, the Javelin must

have been doing at least 5 knots and yet at times she stood still.

I would not have believed that the stream could be so fast just there. However, we gradually inched our way past the rocks and as we crept across Alum Bay the tide eased to allow us better progress. Even so it was a real fight to reach the Hurst Narrows, as much of the time we could not lay them and daren't tack. Of course when we got there the wind went light and headed us more, so that it took a long time, to get past Yarmouth!

We again took advantage of the quiet conditions to have a meal. But in the middle of our supper our good luck really started. The wind backed to NW once more and strengthened considerably, and we took off. We went up the Solent with the first of the flood on a continuous plane at an estimated 9 knots over the water (over, not through!). Brian and I were on the gun<sup>1</sup>, with Pat still on the centre thwart dishing out food. Whenever the spray became particularly heavy she clasped the sandwiches into her life jacket in a vain attempt to keep them dry, but at least it saved something for us. This was one of the best parts of the trip; we were inside the Wight with plenty of shelter around us if we should need it, so easing the tension, and we were homeward bound at about 11 knots over the ground!

Just before reaching Cowes we were overtaken by a small Naval vessel. Some premonition warned us about this ship and as it was getting dark we got the large Pifco lamp handy and furled the low cut jib, so as to give us a better view. We watched her disappear into Cowes safely, but no, out she came again stern first and then swung straight towards us. I shone the lamp on her bridge for a time and then onto our sails, which had the desired effect. We thankfully watched her turn towards Southampton, but then, round she came, straight at us again. This produced a repeat of the lamp drill and a few rude thoughts, particularly as her stern light was very dim!

Pat had the best eyesight in the crew, so, going through Cowes roads, we made her responsible for spotting any more horrors coming out of Cowes. Brian and I concentrated on avoiding unlit buoys, particularly as we must have been doing 7 knots over the ground, even without the jib.

From Cowes we edged our way across the channel towards Lee-on-Solent, away from any big shipping. Incidentally, what would you make of a large, lit up ship with a riding light, but also carrying a red light low down abaft amidships? You've guessed, of course, an anchored tanker with a harbour launch along side! But how, if you were in a strong tide, could you be sure she really was anchored and not moving ahead very slowly?

By now the wind had dropped somewhat and the visibility had improved noticeably, although it was still overcast. We were doing about 3-1/2 knots under mainsail only, with phosphorescence in our wake and life seemed good, if a trifle damp. Crossing Portsmouth entrance we put Pat on "horror watch" again, while Brian and I concentrated on unlit nasties and picking up the flash of the Dolphin beacons.

All went well until some way past the beacons, when Brian suddenly yelled "gybo" and took us out to sea rapidly. He had spotted the unlit wreck buoy off Langstone right in front of us against the glow of shore lights. Luckily he knew it was there and had been

keeping a good look out. This wreck, in shallow water is about on the line from Chichester entrance to the Dolphins. Admittedly this is not a course used by commercial shipping, but it is just where many yachts pass. It seems a little hard that there is not a glimmer of a light on it even during the summer months.

We still had the flood helping us and reached Chichester entrance at 11pm, where the wind again strengthened. Back in home waters we reset the jib and roared through the entrance, which is now much better lit than a few years ago. Turning sharply at Hayling Island SC, we kept carefully to the middle of the channel, as, in spite of the new lights, there are still quite a few unlit posts and buoys waiting for the unwary and by now it was very dark with most of the shore lights extinguished. In fact we know that we passed quite close to some unlit marks without seeing them.

Approaching Itchenor, with the jib furling, we realised that we were still doing about 4 knots over the ground, with no hope of seeing moored boats in time to avoid them. We therefore dropped the mainsail and completed the trip sedately but safely under bare pole, landing at midnight after a very varied but enjoyable sail.

**Epilog**

I would imagine that quite a few people would condemn our trip as being foolhardy; but was it really? Consider the following facts:

1. Because of her movable ballast a big dinghy is normally still thrashing to windward well, with full sail up when the average pocket cruiser is reefed and wallowing, perhaps barely able to reach her destination under sail if it is to windward.

2. Because of the high average speed of a big dinghy she usually has a good chance of making a short passage before the weather has time to turn really unpleasant.

3. If the weather looks like turning nasty after she has started, she can probably reach shelter quickly. For example, the Javelin has done the five miles from the Dolphin to Chichester sailing against a foul tide in 27 minutes. This was in a NW wind of force 6 gusting 7, measured with an anemometer in a yacht on the same course, and the Javelin crew of two were carrying full working sail, but no spinnaker. In the Solent area shelter would normally be within 5 miles.

4. A modern dinghy with adequate buoyancy, self bailers, transom ports, etc, normally empties herself as fast as the seas come in, provided that she is kept sailing. She is therefore unlikely to be swamped, unless her crew takes her into very bad conditions. Whether she capsizes or not depends on the vigilance and skill of her crew.

Considering the circumstances of our particular trip:

5. Except for the 22 mile stretch from Sandown to the Needles, we were never very far away from some funk hole. Even on this stretch there are Freshwater Bay and Puckaster Cove, for those who know them

6. We knew the boat well, had built her ourselves and made the gear extra strong, as a result of experience with earlier boats; although we obviously need to do something about those transom flaps before the next trip.

7. Two of us knew the area quite well and had gradually acquired a fair experience of handling small boats in less sheltered water. It had been doing long trips in dinghies since before the war and Brian and a friend had al-

ready sailed the Albacore from Chichester to Helford River and back, sleeping in the boat each night and covering well over 400 miles in under four weeks.

I hope that we know the limitations of ourselves and the boat well enough to recognise a dangerous situation developing in time to get out of it safely. Although, of course, anyone who goes to sea is liable to meet real trouble sometimes. I would argue that our trip was not particularly foolish.

I would not advocate this sort of sailing along an ironbound coast, such as the Bristol Channel, but I believe that it is not necessarily foolhardy along some stretches of the south and east coasts and it can be a lot of fun.

It is easy to produce a case for the prosecution. The most obvious point is that a cruiser looks after her crew, while in a dinghy the reverse has to happen. A dinghy is therefore safe only so long as her crew are competent to handle her in the light of the prevailing conditions, their ability and their own physical state I would admit therefore, that this dependence on the crew's ability is potentially dangerous, in fact I would underline the point myself. But is not the same true for a yacht with a poor navigator among the Channel Islands in bad visibility?!

Provided that the crew always leave themselves a comfortable margin to cater for an increase in the strength of the wind, the sea

state, or their own tiredness by the end of the trip, then I do not believe that sailing coastal passages in a dinghy is any more dangerous than many other sports. After all, is not the essence of any sport worthy of the name that one is pitting oneself against natural forces, whether it is upon the sea or among mountains.

I sometimes wonder, in these expensive times, whether there is not room for a modern version of Uffa Fox's Jollyboat, fitted with extra lockers on top of her buoyancy and a tent over the boom. In such a boat the energetic but impecunious could learn that there is more to sailing and seamanship than racing around buoys. I know that there are already excellent dinghies available which can be used for cruising, but usually these are rather heavy and comparatively slow. A long, light fast boat might be more attractive and interesting to sail, providing an opportunity for the enthusiastic but hard-up to try a little cruising at a fraction of the normal cost of buying and running a cruiser.

(Reprinted with permission from the Dinghy Cruising Association (GB) newsletter, summer 2001. The author is also author of the definitive book on the subject, *Dinghy Cruising*. For more information on the DCA contact Ted Jones, 67 Thorley Hill, Bishops Stortford, Herts CM23 3NF, ENGLAND, <edward@summithouse.freemove.co.uk>



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Making a pair of planks is more complicated than anything I can memorize so I have these instructions, like a check-list, taped on the wall behind the bench so I can keep track of where I am. The instructions cover general planking, not just the first broadstrakes.

Plank making ritual:

1. Clamp the spiling batten onto the boat overlapping the plank that is already on there. It has to lay right. Mark the batten along the top of the previous plank, the ends and stations. Put the magic marker up so Will won't get it.

2. Lay the marked batten on the board on the bench so that it matches the curve pretty good. The sap side will be the bottom of the plank. If it is one of the broad strakes in the bottom of the boat, let the stump end be forward. If it is a bilge strake that has to cup a lot around the transom or a topside strake that has to accommodate tumblehome, let the stump end be aft (the stump end of a butt-cut poplar board is cross grained and hard to split if it has to be forced).

3. Make two marks on the plank near the ends of the batten to clear any bad place on the ends of the board. Try to avoid wild grain in the vicinity of the gains if you can.

4. Set the dividers so they will clear the bottom of the batten anywhere along the line.

5. Align the batten on the board so that the line is spaced by the dividers at least 5/8ths up from the mark. you made in the clear... check to make sure that there is no bad place in the board within the lap width (5/8ths") span of the dividers when they are on the line. Check both sides. Check that you have enough width of board to make the plank too. If not, head back out to the lumber shed.

6. Tack the batten to hold it right and splice the line onto the board. Mark the positions of the mold station wires (hold your horses, I'll explain that later) too. Put the batten up.

7. Nail the 5/8ths inch bending batten below the bottom of the spiling marks and fair it up. There is no such thing as a kink or a flat spot that is right. If it has to look like a snake, make sure it is a pretty snake.

8. Mark along the bending batten which will space the line 5/8ths below the spiling marks which represent the top edge of the plank that is already on the boat.

9. Measure and mark the plank width (I'll explain how to get that later too) at each station. Mark the top edge fair with the bending batten and saw it out. Leave the line so you'll have something to plane to. Plane the edges fair.

10. Dress both sides of the plank to standard thickness then re-saw (don't forget to tighten the blade before you start and loosen it back up when you get through). Then plane or sand the inside (resawn side) of the planks to thickness. Clean up, and put down the plastic to get ready for the fiberglass.

11. Tape the inside of the end of the planks where you don't want them to cup.

12. Heat the face of each plank that was the outside of the board and will now be the outside of the boat. Fiberglass them on the outside.

13. When the fiberglass is just through being sticky, turn the planks over and pre-cup to suit with the heat lamps. Manipulate the cupping by varying the distance from the lamps and covering the places that are already right with plastic.

14. Trim the fiberglass (knife, carbide

## How To Build a Boat Like We Do It

(At this time anyway...)

### Part 2

By Robb White

edge-plane, and longboard the bottom edge) and round the edges. Check that the planks stayed identical in curvature and width and fair along the edges. If they ain't, doctor them. If you can't do that, abandon them and start over.

15. Scribe the lap-line on the inside, bottom of the planks with the little doohickey.

16. Cut the rebates if you know how they are going to do (not backwards), wash and sand the fiberglass in the lap and screw the planks on. If they don't fit, do it again. If you think you will want to force the plank some more, leave the rebates uncut until you are satisfied with how they lie.

17. Screw the plank on. Don't worry if the laps don't close completely up yet, there is still some cupping to do.

I screw the strakes of the bottom of the boat from the inside so I don't have to crawl around under there on the floor and kank up my old joints. I use however many screws it takes to make it fit fair. I no longer mark a fastener line (though I do carefully mark the 5/8ths lap onto the fiberglass with my little carbide thing) or pay any attention to the spacing of the screws. I sometimes have to stagger some of them to close the lap. I carefully hold the old plank straight while I drill the screw hole into the new one.

It is a tricky business. I sit on my little stool most of the time and stop and look often. I use little brass plated steel (#4 x 5/8 square drive McFeely) screws because the epoxy doesn't stick to the brass quite so bad. The fiberglass makes the plank stiff enough to work right. I usually wind up with just about the same number of screws as there would have been rivets or tacks in the lap of a conventional boat, which is a lot if the planks are as thin as ours.

If I don't know exactly what the plank will do, I put it on there before the rebates are cut and space it away from the stem and transom with a little planking scrap so it will lie fair. Once I get it on there, I fire up the dehumidifier and maybe the old wood heater and the AC, the clash of the titans. I watch and tighten screws and add new ones as the plank cups. When a place gets to looking cupped enough, lap closed up good inside and out, following my idea of a boat, I cover the inside of that place with tape to act as a vapor barrier and temporarily stop the cupping.

Where there needs to be a lot of cup, I spray the inside of the plank with water. This causes the reverse of what I want for a little while and the wood swells. I think that water only penetrates the interstices between the wood cells and the swelling compresses the cellulose cell walls against the vacuoles within beyond their elastic limit and when the water dries out, the plank is cupped more than it would have been if I had just dried it once. Sometimes, like at a hard bilge or some tumblehome, I have to wet the plank over and over, sometimes getting up all through the

night.

If it is a particularly quick turn, I will pre-cup the plank with tape as a vapor barrier on the outside before I fiberglass because the tape will bend better and allow more cup. Sometimes, like at the hard corners of a planing boat transom, I have to force the wood with little jigs and clamps. That cupping process is a tricky business and sometimes I have to take the planks off the boat and start all over.

Once the plank looks like I want it to, I mark for the rebates, take it back off the boat and fiberglass the whole inside of it, cut the rebates and put it back on while it is still sort of at the leathery stage of cure of the sheathing. That way I can get the laps pulled up and looking fair before things get too rigid to change. Sometimes I have to screw clear through the plank lap into a longleaf pine ribband to take out the bumps and fair out a place in the lap. There is a ten (or so) hour window of opportunity to fair up a plank that is fiberglassed on both sides. After that, the plank becomes too rigid. It is possible to heat the epoxy with a heat gun and do a little but not much. Best not to go to bed too soon.

I establish how many planks the boat will have to begin with by measuring the height of the planking at the stem in inches (Wes does it in metric, much easier but he don't have to practice his brain to keep it in shape like I do) and dividing that height into however many planks it will take for them to be wide enough for the cursed registration numbers (it is amazing how the government has insinuated itself even into aesthetics). I make the broad strakes of the bottom as wide as I can to eliminate lap-drag on the water and to try to avoid a bad looking dip of the lap-lines in the middle of the topsides of the boat at the waterline.

Some boats have the bottom planks wider than the topside planks at the stern too. It all depends on the shape of the bow. Some don't look good like that and some do. I used to make the whole bottom of some boats out of very wide garboard strakes and those two planks were shaped into the whole cutwater of the boat too. Wasn't a bad looking way to do it either but I had to re-saw on the sawmill because my re-saw rig won't handle that width of planking so I sort of got tired of fooling with it.

After I get to the turn of the bilge just eyeballing the plank widths to try to get them to run with the sweep of my quarter sawn lumber (I keep saying "I" do this and that because it is just me doing it now, but Wes had just as much to do with figuring out this foolishness as I did), I set up my station wires. They are just old copper power line ground wire salvaged from Dog Island after hurricanes. They fasten to the boat with a single screw at the end and little clips at the edge of the plank. I bend them to what I imagine the boat ought to look like (my eyeball method works by imagining the planks, not molds which interfere with my sight, hence the single screw) and measure around them and divide by the number of planks left in the topside to get the width of the topside planks so the planking lines will look good. That's important to me.

One of the few boats of ours that I own and will always keep has a slight plank line anomaly back by the stern. I keep it so I can explain why it looks like that in case a knowledgeable person comes along. I don't know if I could trust anybody else to make my excuses right. Sometimes, if it is a boat that is really

different to me, I will tie little stick ribbands to these wires so I can see each lap in the topsides but normally, I just put a little stick where I think (at that particular time) the sheer ought to be and eyeball each plank. I like for the topside laps to look like they are the same width at each station to a person standing kneedeep in the water looking at the boat.

That makes the planks at the turn of the bilge have to be a little wider than the sheer strake and the one under it. That might seem odd to some people but it looks good to me. On sharp bowed boats, I like for the planks that form the cutwater to have a little hint of powderhorn to them to remind me of my youth in Puerto Rico. Full bowed boats don't look good like that and I whip a little upsweep into the plank ends. That carries into the line of the sheer strakes where they come into the

stem so obtusely real well, I think. Powderhorn, even in the lower planks is hard to do right in a boat with a wide bow.

If I ain't sure what I am doing (happens less and less all the time), I'll mark the lap width extra wide, put the plank on there and maybe the next one too and then mark a new bottom line on the plank and take it off and re-do the lap line. Though I seldom do that anymore, I do re-shape the top of the latest plank with a plane (modified carbide, corner rounding Radiplane, Taiwanese knock-off) quite often. I come right behind that operation with a vacuum cleaner too. It takes several days to get the sheer to suit me. Sometimes I get all the frames put in while I am adjusting.

I try not to go too far. I have a nice collection of already fiberglassed sheer strakes that I have taken off boats. I make sure not to

glue that before my consultants are absolutely positive I got it right. It is pitiful to have to throw a whole boat away because you boogered up the sheer.

Usually, the topside planks can be put on there, all together, without having to take them off, one at the time, to fiberglass and stabilize them after shaping. The strain of the fastening screws and manipulation of the humidity in the shop will usually close the laps and shape the planks. In the wintertime, I sometimes have to run a powerful humidifier (just a "swamp cooler" which will evaporate over ten gallons in twenty four hours. One night my grand daughter turned both it and the de-humidifier on at the same time and they fought each other all night long. The results easily visible on the electric bill).

(To Be Continued?)

## What's Happening At Winters Brothers?

By Fred & Rand Winters

### 1956 Aristo-Craft 'Sea Flash 13

Forty-five years ago in Atlanta, Georgia, the Aristo-Craft people said that they would give you tomorrow's boat today with an exhilarating responsiveness that engineers would try to capture in boats of the future.

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and brought back to a brilliance that probably exceeds factory specifications. All wood has been sealed with West Epoxy inside and out. All controls are original including the unique

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## Another Atkin Tunnel Hull Skiff Abuilding

By Alex Hadden

At the prompting of Robb White I'm sending you a bit about our ongoing current project, another of Atkin's tunnel skiff series, as it might be an interesting follow-up to Robb's articles, and the reprint of the *Rudder* magazine 1942 article, on Rescue Minor (January 15 and February 1 issues).

When taking on this commission, my initial focus was entirely on building such an unusual hull, both in terms of convoluted shapes underwater and construction techniques employed which we were not used to using here in Maine. Like batten-seam planking, rabbetted chine logs, upside down chines Atkin referred to as "doublings", sawn frames that were three feet apart instead of steamed ones every 12". Added to that was a hollow New Jersey style box deadwood keel that hung below it all.

A lot of the extra trouble was aimed at keeping the hull light enough for all this to somehow work, as well as the notion (which I find increasingly often mistaken) of being "more easily built by an amateur". This last has plagued my boatbuilding career to date from the getgo. The suffering and toil, the excessive abuse of hard-to-find wood, is repeatedly demanded in designs intent on saving the builder the simple (with practice) task of putting a slight bevel on the top edge of a cedar board. Sawn frames, chine logs, especially rabbetted ones, from a contractual point of view simply are more things to make, and ignored on our standard round and steam-framed normal boats.

Anyway it was with some trepidation that I hazarded a guess that it could be done and for how much, etc., thinking that once the hull was done we're on easy street; she'd be just like any other shapely sedan cruiser from 1950. Indeed, we got her planked up and even rolled over inside the shop (with no overhead support, using a 36" Iowa pig-spit rotisserie thanks to my co-builder Don Conry, master woodworker hailing from Ainsworth, Iowa (also master rotisserie welder and, come to think of it, master at just about anything forced upon him) with not too much trouble, using the term lightly. We were a bit longer than I'd hoped but still in the running. Spring launching still in the picture, maybe.

The real challenge to this whole project has been an unforeseen one, namely that of designing into a light sedan cruiser, Jersey Sea Skiff type, all the contrivances of the twenty first century's typical life at home on land. I had relegated all this stuff to "system guy's" headaches, to be taken in stride hopefully in

moderation and, you know, hope for the best. I wasn't unduly concerned until we began stopping our work to lay out all this stuff, the list of which grew steadily; with the completion of one would emerge the next, each time trying not to lose Atkin's original theme, look and performance.

Our client is not one to take a simple no for an answer, and is intent on living aboard in comfort and with today's concept of safety, i.e. all the electronics, etc. As a practical guy I originally left, as I always do, all these store-bought things under the category of "extras" and made no attempt to contract or fix the price of any of it except in the broadest of terms. This leaves brand names, quantity and quality up to the owner, much easier than trying to predict all these initially. However it makes for more of a hassle when confronted with it later. So, as for Spring launch, its now Spring launch again, albeit the wrong one. A rough list of these changes runs as follows:

In the interest of quiet: "Aqua-drive" CV-jointed drive train and "sound downed" engine room with an over-sized muffler full of water.

In the interest of safety and reliability: Overhead valve Yanmar diesel with a drop reverse gear that puts engine up higher than original straight-drive flat head six. New engine at first wouldn't fit under platform nor inside box deadwood, as well as requiring another set of mounts to take Aqua Drive's thrust bearing. Hydraulic steering to accommodate an extra steering station aft. "D-8" house battery to accommodate the following extra items in the electrical realm: Microwave oven and inverter, automatic anchor windlass, refrigeration, autopilot, radar, GPS, VHF, chartplotter, pressurized fresh water, etc. Add to that AC power. Today's houseboat requires a lot of tanks inside: Grey water, freshwater, blackwater, and the tubing to pump them in all the different places required. Propane locker and plumbing. A mast and rig on which to put all the electronic stuff. Folds down for bridges. With dual stations come dual readouts for everything there as well as up forward.

I find that pretty much all of these are standard on today's complex and increasingly expensive boats. It's been a real challenge to design them into a boat which had none of them in mind. Our fear is weight: At what cost convenience and safety, especially on a power boat where I think nothing is more painful than an engine working hard at a snail's pace. The overall picture remains one of beauty and at least outwardly, simplicity. We're still wiring at this point in order to finish off the galley.

We will definitely have her to show off the Maine Boatbuilders Show this March, and launching ought to follow shortly. Only then can we find out whether the limb our client has boldly gone out on holds up. If it does, stand back: A cruiser with huge but low-slung house that's stable and non-rolly offshore, capable of carefree grounding out in 16" of water inshore, better fuel economy than your big displacement slow "trawlers" with semi-planing performance. We'll let you know. Look for a bright-red, black, green, gold striped varnished mahogany 34' sedan with teak decks and that elegant '50s look Atkin captured so well, hopefully gliding by on, as Robb White hopes, her own sternwave, effortlessly. More later.

Alex Hadden, Hadden Boat Co., 11 Tibbetts Ln., Georgetown, Me. 04548

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# What Is A Pop-Pop Boat?

Pop-pop boats use the most simple marine propulsion engine ever invented. Even though they do not have any moving parts, pop-pop engines have basically three cycles. These cycles, Steam, Jet, and Convection, are repeated approximately four to ten times per second. There are two types of pop-pop engines. One is a copper tube coiled in the middle with both ends protruding from the rear of the boat. The other has two tubes connected to a boiler with a diaphragm that improves thrust and produces a popping sound. Most pop-pop boats run on candles, some on alcohol, and others on fuel pellets. Because of the engine's remarkable efficiency, they have a much longer run time than most modern electric or fuel driven toys.

The inventor, Thomas Piot, patented the pop-pop boat in 1891. Between the 1920s and the '40s it became the most popular toy in the world. When the toy companies started using plastic and electric motors to make toys, pop-pop boats slowly faded away so that now they are only produced in a few places. Today toy lovers and collectors are rediscovering the joys of old-fashioned tin toys and the pop-pop boat is making a big comeback. The U.S. Navy has done much secret research and it is rumored that today's nuclear submarines are pop-pop powered!

To learn more go to [Pop-PopBoats.com](http://Pop-PopBoats.com) or write to Joe Nickel, 3898 Plum Run Ct., Fairfax, VA 22033.



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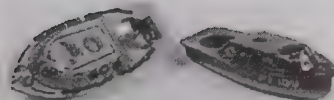


**Passenger Ship - Bremen**  
13-1/2" long

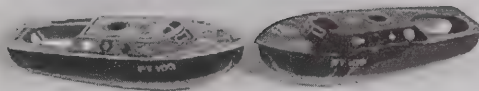
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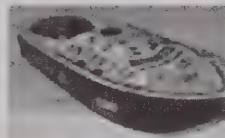
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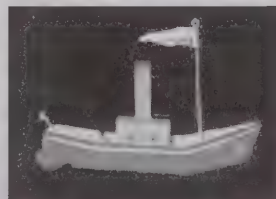
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**Mail Steamer - Triton**  
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**Barge - for Triton  
or Taurus**  
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## Boat Portraiture

By Robert F. Kimball, Sr.

Everyone loves boats. Boat portraiture is "do it yourself" fun and doing it for others can be profitable as well.

Here are a few dos and don'ts to help you get started:

Do choose a 35mm single lens reflex camera. Old workhorses from the sixties and seventies such as Nikon F, Minolta 101, Konica T4, etc. are cheap, work fine, and many telephoto lenses are available.

Do use one film to set a standard. Use Ektachrome 400 at dawn/dusk and Kodachrome 64 midday. Use Kodachrome 200 if you have only one camera body. All major films are quality today but stick to one until you know its characteristics.

Do shoot from a solid base such as the shore, docks, piers, and breakwaters. Steady your camera on rocks and seawalls, or against posts and fences.

Do keep camera and lenses clean, spray, mist, sand, grit, etc. can build up and ruin your pictures.

Don't waste time with cheap film and processing, you want quality as well as sharpness. Getting that once in a lifetime shot on junk film is a heartbreaker. Many portraits will end up as 15x enlargements. Save \$\$ by shooting more selectively.

Don't forget to bracket exposures, try two stops under and two stops over.

Don't leave your camera in the sun. Cool water breezes can deceive you. Black bodies can absorb heat and ruin your film.

Benefits from shore shooting boat portraits benefits are numerous:

Solid support is necessary for sharp photos. High shutter speeds, small apertures and slow speed film, and perhaps a Polaroid filter are difficult factors to combine and still get quality pictures. A pier, wharf, or rock jetty can provide perfect base for your tripod.

Your equipment is easier to protect on shore. There is less spray. Bouncing around in a boat is eliminated. You are closer to your car if the weather turns ugly.

It is less expensive to sit on a wharf than to hire a helicopter at \$600 per hour or to maintain a chase boat and crew. You can always do that later if a customer requires a special view and is willing to stand the extra expense.

How to get close: Make the boat come to you. Set up near a channel, beside a gap in a breakwater, at a wharf near a fish buyer or fuel station. Many times you can capture a boat as it leaves or approaches its own berth.

Use a 300mm to 500mm telephotos, old 300mm preset lenses are usually razor sharp and dirt cheap.

Ask the skipper if he would pass near your perch when he leaves. Departure times are more predictable than return times.

Light can be a problem: Many times you will have too much, for example a refrigerator white boat, white caps and spray, and a clear sky can be real trouble. Try a slow film such as Kodachrome 64 with a Polaroid filter.

At other times you will have too little.

Most lens openings were f5.6. Shutter speeds were usually around the focal length of the lens. All processing was by Kodak. All photos were taken from shore with a tripod.

Top left: *Connie M*, fishing vessel, Point Judith, RI, 1970, daybreak, Nikon F camera, Accura 300mm preset lens, Ektachrome film.

Middle left: *Valiant Lady*, fishing vessel, Point Judith, RI, 1972, late afternoon, Nikon F camera, 105mm telephoto lens, Kodachrome film.

Lower left: *Ocean State*, fishing vessel, Point Judith, RI 1970, mid-morning, Nikon F camera, 135mm telephoto lens, Ektachrome film.

Below: R12774E, lobster boat, Point Judith, RI, 1969, Exacta camera, 135 Accura preset telephoto lens, Ektachrome film.



Usually the best light for marine scenes as well as boat pix is at the beginning and end of the day. Light, at these times, will rise or drop dramatically in the period of a few minutes. The only way to know is to keep checking your meter and hope that bracketing will save the day.

Light can be coming from the wrong direction. Light behind the boat can give you pleasant artistic surprises but you want the light behind you or at least to one side. Shooting into the light will lower the quality of the picture. If you must shoot onto the sun, use a sunshade and a single focal length lens (usually less flare).

Weather changes near water can be sudden and severe. Prepare for the worst and hope to enjoy the best.

Rain can literally wash out boat pictures. Marine "scenics" are still possible with poly bags to protect you and your equipment. Put a few inside your gadget bag for emergencies. Watch for rainbows opposite the sun and cross lighting opportunities if it clears suddenly after a storm.

Heavy winds will send most fishermen to port. This fact may bring in a boat that has been difficult to capture on film. Many fishing boats leave and return port only at night and can be a challenge to photograph.

Fog will ruin many opportunities and provide others. Switch to black and white film. Try infra-red with a red filter. You can intensify fog with a blue filter.

Boats covered with ice and snow do not look good. Stay home and edit your slides, make a written list of improvements you can

make for the next season. Contact boat owners for sales.

Backgrounds can be great or devastating. If you are blessed with a nice little fishing village as in the *Connie M* shot, great! But sometimes you will have a mess behind the subject. Watch out for telephone poles, water towers, and other uglies. Try panning with the subject or put the background out of focus with depth of field. Try moving to eliminate it or get higher and shoot downward or get down and shoot upward. The secret is to plan ahead and watch behind the subject.

Boat owners are usually very fussy about appearance. Boats look best after the spring paint-up and when they are leaving port.

Today's cell phones make communicating with the skipper a snap. Get his number.

Releases are needed for any recognizable faces or boats if you plan to sell the photos to an ad agency or other commercial buyers.

Commercial fishermen are the best kind of water customer to deal with. They know what they like, are used to making decisions, will pay well for excellence, and will tell others.

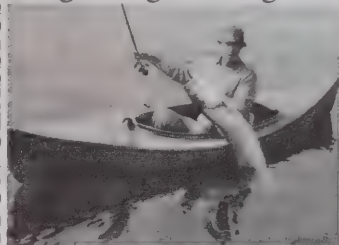
When in doubt, take the photograph, 99% of all photo opportunities will never be repeated.

The development of digital camera equipment and computer graphic manipulation allows for greater flexibility. The technology, however, is expensive and usually beyond the means of the average photographer.

Robert F. Kimball, 36 Edgewater Rd., Wakefield, RI 02879, (401) 783-2318, <rfkbf@aol.com

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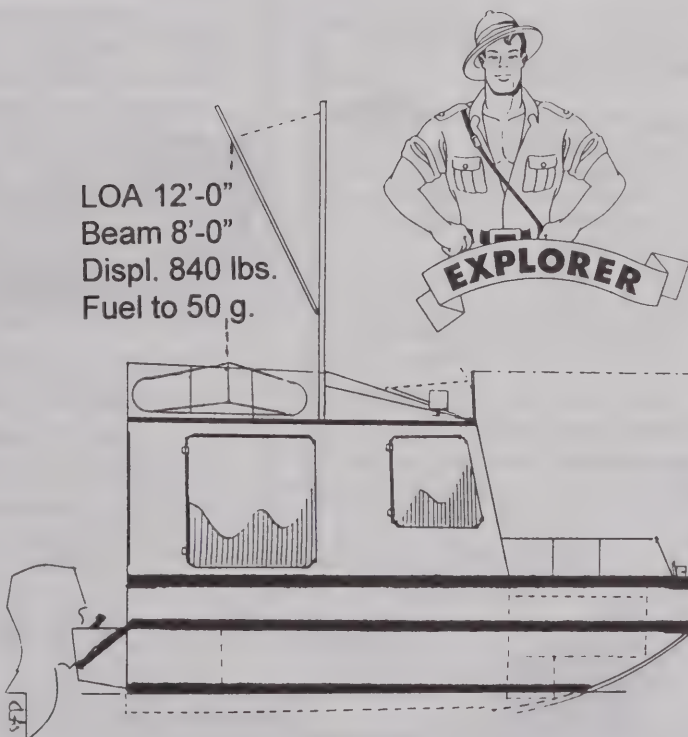
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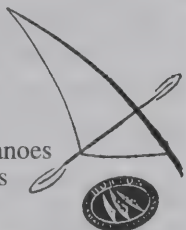
LOA 12'-0"  
Beam 8'-0"  
Displ. 840 lbs.  
Fuel to 50 g.



**NOTE TO GP-16 FANS:** Another one launched. See it at web site [www.hotkey.net.au/~robruce](http://www.hotkey.net.au/~robruce). (This one is in Australia.) Shows 50 photos of building and in the water. See past ads and articles in *Boats* and story in November/December *Boatbuilder*. See study plans and photos at [www.bateau.com](http://www.bateau.com). (See also SO-DU-IT! 14' sailboat.) Do check out the bateau chat feature - lots of good stuff.

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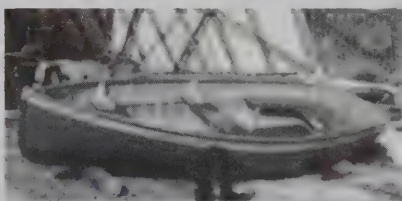
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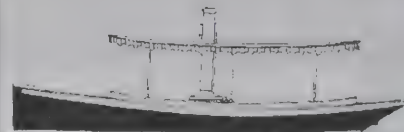
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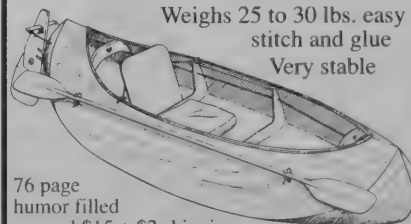
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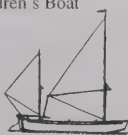


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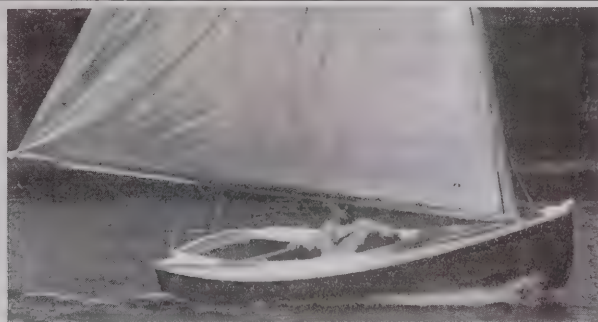
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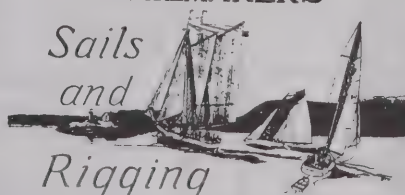
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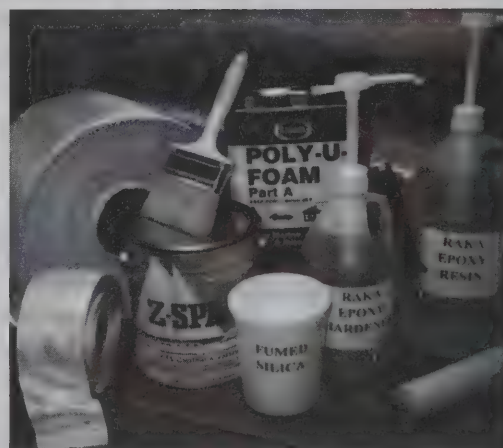


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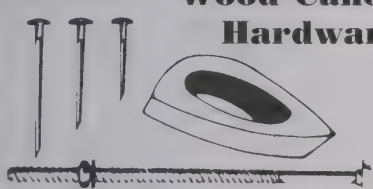
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**Bolger Micro**, in progress. Hull 80+% compl. Nds raised deck & sliding hatch. Masts are laminated & tapered, nd finishing. Lead keel poured & ready for attachment. Most small parts fabricated & ready for installation. Comes w/blueprints & building key. \$750.

BOB GERFY, Lopez Island, WA, (360) 468-4992, <rgerfy@interisland.net>. (20)

**Diablo**, 15'6" fast light motorboat, 25 Mercury, bimini, Bandit trlr, covers, fishfinder, titled, epoxy & wood. Asking \$3,750.

DAVE HILGENDORFF 519 P11, 2160 Reeve Rd., Mattituck, NY 11952 (21)

**25' Seabird Yawl**, '49, nds compl rblnd. Gd sails, hardware, rigging, booms, planking & frames. Mast patterns. No trlr nor motor. \$800 to competent craftsman who will compl.

SAM HUMMEL Greensboro, NC, (336) 274-0892 (Gary Lowell Boats). (21)

**FG Lightning**, grt roomy daysailer, seaworthy camp cruiser, fast, stable classic. Alum mast, SS CB, foam flotation, every control known to man, all Harken. Trlr like new. Grt sailer, over 14,000 happy owners. \$2,200, a steal for a classic of this quality. Spring delivery up east coast possible.

JOHN BARTLETT, Ft. Pierce, FL, (561) 464-7633. (21)

**12' AMF Windsurfer**, beginner's board, gd cond. \$200.

JIM HARVEY, Binghamton, NY, (607) 797-6149. (21)

**11' Penguin**, beautifully executed and maintained example of this fun little Phil Rhodes design. Blt of mahogany plywood & epoxy, trimmed in varnished Honduran mahogany. Regged w/tapered Proctor spar, cruising & racing rudders & sails. \$4,000. **17' Cat Boat**, Newman/Whitholtz designed, marconi rigged, solid FG hull/deck, alum spars, Palmer PW27 IB engine, new berth cushions, gd sail, folding mahogany table, too much to list. \$4,500. **11' Pete Culler Sailing Sampan**, wonderful little yacht tender or youngster's 1st boat. Stable, solid, 2 rowing stations, loose footed sprit sail, varnished spars, new rear thwart, CB cap & mast partners, all bronze hrdwre. \$1,800.

TONY DELIMA, Mattapoisett, MA, (508) 991-4828 days, (508) 7586265 eves. (21)

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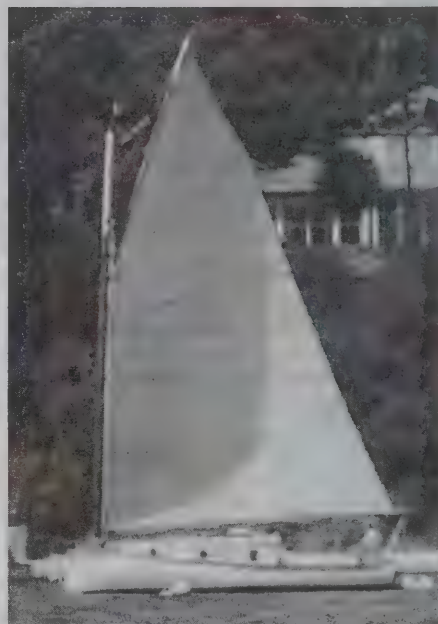
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**Boreal Design & Wilderness Systems Kayaks**, we are now new regional dealer. Still dealer for Old Town canoes & kayaks going back over 50 years! Hundreds are on display at our store. FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A (at Parker River), Newbury, MA 01951,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



**'72 Marshall Catboat Hull**, '83, 26' x 12' x 2'6". FG is about 7/8" thick at keel, solid, no core. Finished out by Concordia Yachts, S. Dartmouth, MA. Chosen for its stability for a man in a wheelchair. 75hp, 4cyl FWC Volvo diesel, 2:1 reduction w/less than 100 hrs. Edison hydraulic steering & wheel. Twin bilge keels. 2 bronze seacocks are only holes in bottom of boat. 5 dbl bronze steps on rudder & hull, 4 10" & 1 12" cleats, 4 chocks, 12 HD chainplates for any combo, dbl rubrails w/1/2 rd guard, all above hvy bronze. Cabin section about 1" of insulation, 9 cabin windows all opening, molded in deck shelf entire hull length, full length engine stringers 2" x 10", extra stiffeners in hull. Crows nest, 2 gin poles. Gear that goes w/boat too much to list or remember. Also scale model of boat incl. \$25,000. **'72 Marshall 22**, new sail & sail cover '99. 22hp Palmer (gas) runs vy well. Larger sail area than normal. Open arrangement below. Nds cosmetics & repairs around deck icebox. Sailed every day from May to November weather permitting. \$19,000.

BOB REDDINGTON, 235 Lake Ave., Bay Head, NJ 08742-4750, (732) 295-1590 before 9am or after dark, at 81 I still go out to play every day. Sorry, no email. (20)



**'06 WW Phinney Cat Boat**, *Matchless*. LOA 26', Beam 11' 6", draft 3'5", Power Westerbeke 4-107, Sail full batten Gaff 620sf area. This boat is a floating museum, an antique, not unlike my grandfather's axe I inherited, (3 new handles, 4 heads). She is offered fully found for \$45,000 firm. Serious parties can request a listing document for \$5. Viewing by appointment.

PETER HANEY, PO Box 3262, Bourne, MA 02532, (508) 759-9613. (20)



**Classic 18' Pete Culler Kingston Lobster Boat**, dbl sprit rig. Professionally restored in '90s, now used as electric launch w/onvboard charger. Perfect picnic boat, well maintained. Trlr. Pd indr storage until spring. \$8,500 OBO. **16' Lowell Kayak**, from Herreshoff design. Dbl paddle, folding seat, bright interior, coaming, transom & rails. \$2,500 OBO. JANE MOODY, Newburyport, MA, (978) 462-4470, <janemoody@aol.com> (20)

**12' Bobcat**, spars & sail exc, trlr gd, hull nds work. Asking \$350.

AMEY OR RICHARD GARBBER, San Francisco, CA, (415) 863-0361. (20)

**Fleet Reduction Sale, #1 Whitehall Dinghy**, 12' x 4' rowing/sailing Jarvis Newman FG replica, 60sf sprit rig, pivoting CB, water-tight flotation-storage compartments, varnished mahogany gunwales, 2 rowing stations. Vy solid clean cond. \$400 firm. **#2 Whitholtz Catboat Dinghy**, 11' x 5' FG, nds only minor interior work to compl. Vy fair & pretty; comes w/rudder, wood spars & brand new 75sf gaff sail. A grt project boat! \$500 firm **#3 Panther Daysailer**, ultra high performance FG, 15.5' x 7', similar to Vanguard Vector but without asymmetrical spinnaker. Planes in 12kts of wind. 100% ready to race or daysail. Comes w/exc sails & trlr. \$400 firm. **#4 MX Ray**, as their ads say, "Simply the world's fastest single handed monohull." Has repeatedly been clocked at over 22kts, planes in 10kts of wind. 13' x 5', 120lbs, carbon fiber spars, asymmetrical spinnaker. Comes w/dolly & trlr. Cost over \$6,000 in 1997, sacrifice for \$1,300 firm. **#5 Whitehall Dinghy Hull Shell**, 10' x 4' FG rowing version. New, never finished, lt wt has bulkheads installed to enable it to be made into nesting dinghy. \$150 firm. All boats are located in central Florida. JAY LUDVIGH, Deland FL, (386) 734-7129 eves 6-8pm. Please talk to answering machine, we screen all our calls, <eludvigh@stetson.edu> (20)



**33' Knutson Pilot Sloop**, designed by Aage Nielson at Sparkman & Stephens. Blt '48. Universal 3cyl 21hp diesel, Nat Wilson sails. Exc cond. Specs & photos available. \$38,000. BARBARA CELTO, Centerbrook, CT, (860) 767-0425. (21P)

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**Pulling Boat**, 18'-20', wherry preferred. Looking for fixed seat double for recreational & competitive rowing in New England. CRAIG ROBINSON, 156 Lincoln St., Hingham, MA 02043, (781) 749-7954, <ctrobinson@media one.net> (20)

**Ued Iceboat**, any cond. GERMAINE CONNOLLY, Springfield Center, NY, (540) 338-5556, <gconnell@cvm.fda.gov> (20)

**Sail or Motorsailer**, about 25'-30', FG hull, full keel. Cape Dory or Nauticat preferred. TOM MORSE, Gloucester, MA, (978) 283-0869 (21)

**Micro Cruiser Sailboat**, under 21'. Prefer twin keel w/trlr. Reasonable price paid. Full details please via email. CLAY TEPPENPAW, New Port Richey, FL, <graced@gte.net> (21)

**14'-16' FG Catboat**, compl in gd cond, incl trlr, reasonable. SHELDON HILL, Mattapoisett, MA, (508) 758-8974 / Fx 7863 / E-mail <Sheldonhill@direcpc.com> (21)

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**Sail Rigs**, salvaged from 2 vintage 15' loa Snipe Class. 2 masts approx 17', 2 booms approx 8', 1 daggerboard. 2 sets older dacron sails (mains & jibs). No rigging to speak of. Free to a good home, take one or both. No guarantee. DANIEL COAKLEY, Arlington, MA, (781) 646-6355, leave message. (20)

## SALES & RIGGING WANTED

**Lightning Mast**, wood (preferred) or aluminum. AL FITTIPALDI, Titusville, NJ, (609) 818-0350. (20)

**Catboat Sail**, used, approx 180-200sf, no holes. ART KLEINER, Florence, OR, (541) 902-0979, <boats@artcanoes.com> (21)

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**Engines & Parts**, 2cyl Ferryman R30; 2 Johnson motors 5hp; Atomic 4 engine & parts; 4cyl Perkins 4-107; 2cyl Volvo MD 11 D; 2cyl Coventry Victor gas engine; Volvo 2003T compl w/panel. JIM ARMITAGE, Westbrook, CT, (860) 399-5191 after 6pm. (21)

**Thule Roof Rack**, fits car w/gutters. Kayak stacker & adj cradles for kayak/small boat. \$70. LARRY TYTLA, Waterford, CT, (860) 444-2538. (20)

**5hp OB**, \$200. ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (20P)

## GEAR WANTED

**Boom Brake**, for 30' sloop. **Iceboat Skate** for Ice Fish alum iceboat (pr. okay). Blt unknown. Have front skate. E. CASS, 81 HCR, Wellington, ME 04942, (207) 683-2435, <edeshea@tdstelm.net> (20)

**Kickup Rudder**, for conventional hull w/transom, CB sailing dinghy. Anything from Penguin, Blue Jay, etc. should do fine. LEE TRACHTENBERG, POB 490, Brownsburg, IN 46112, (317) 852-5212, <FINNUS505@aol.com> (21)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

"Sleeper", 7' 10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3. EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 (TFP)

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**Copies of Plans**, from 20 *Boats*, *Boatbuilder's Annuals*, *Boatbuilding Annuals*, *Motorboating Ideal Series*. BILL SHAUGHNESSY, 16219 Lake Saunders Dr., Tavares, FL 32778. (20)

**MAIB**, 103 back issues from '97. \$25/OBO. e-mail for compl list. DENNY ORTMAN, 20 Maple Rd., York, PA 17403, (717) 741-4345, dennyo@juno.com (20)



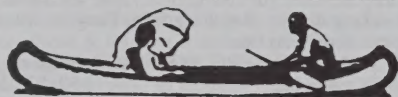
**Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat)**, Bolger design, 15'6" x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

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*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)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)



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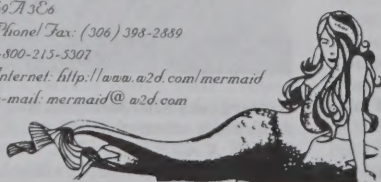
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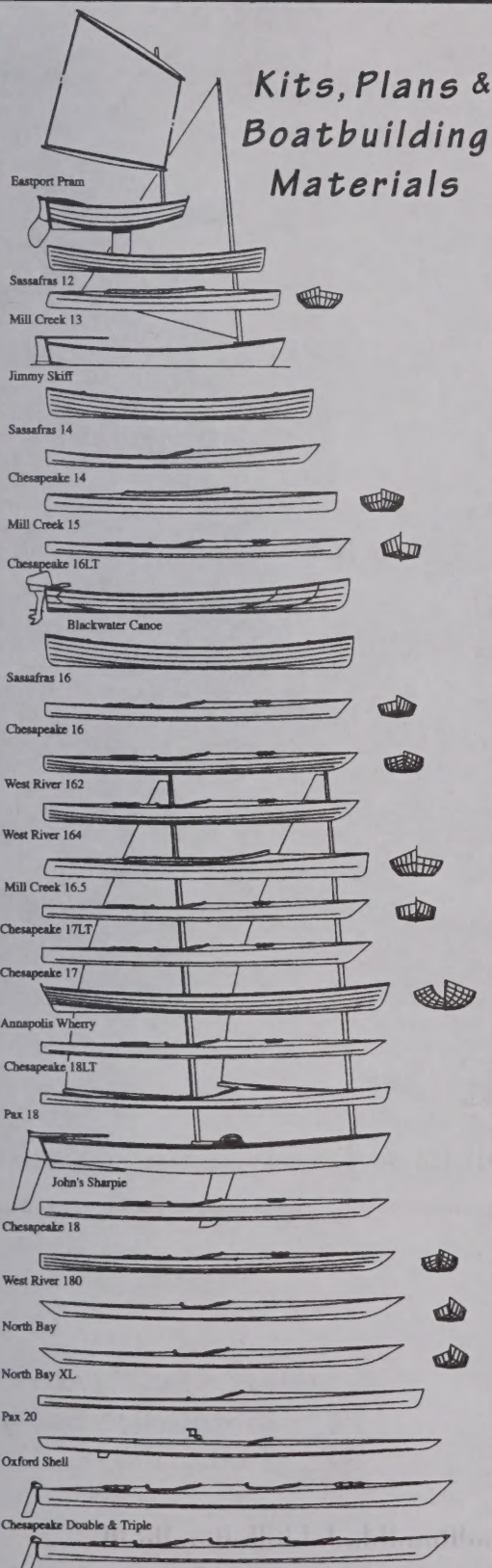
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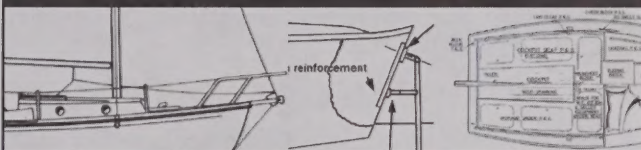
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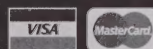
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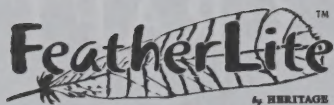
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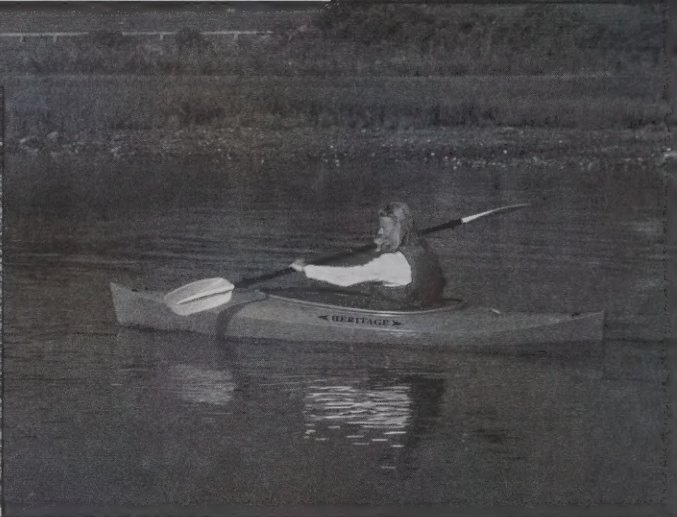
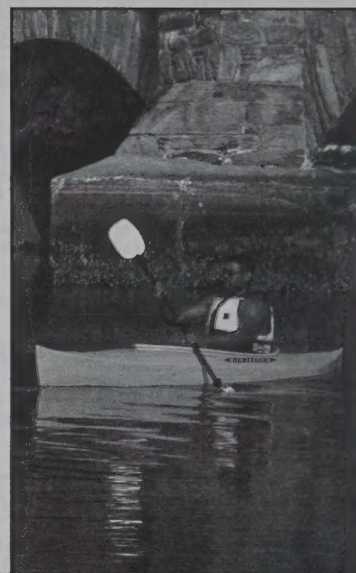


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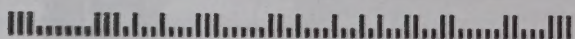
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