



PHILLIPS LIBRARY
PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM
EAST INDIA SQUARE
SALEM, MA 01970

messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 18

February 1, 2003

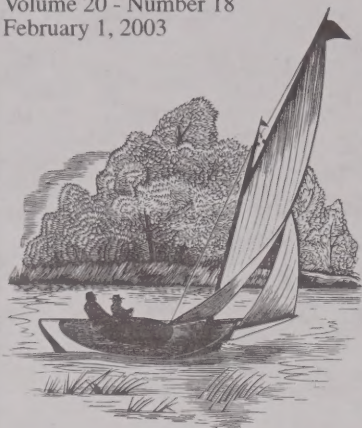


Special Features This Issue
"Mystic Seaport Museum Boathouse Update"
"Hey, They Both Have Airfoils" - "Anchors"

messing about in BOATS

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

Volume 20 - Number 18
February 1, 2003



Published twice a month, 24 times a year. U.S. subscription price is \$28 for 24 issues. Canadian and overseas subscription prices are available upon request.

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

Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks. Production and subscription fulfillment is by Office Support Services.

Circulation inquiries and problems: contact Roberta Freeman, Office Support Services, 978-777-3557, e-mail: officesupport@attbi.com

Looking Ahead...

Since I am revealing to you in my—"Commentary..." at right the full extent of the possibilities for this and upcoming issues, I'm going to skip the details for this issue and just promise that I'll be making choices from the various categories I list for your enjoyment in the February issue.

This list is not presented in the order in which the articles will be published, I sort amongst them for each issue to choose an interesting mix. Priority is given to time sensitive articles, but most are not so afflicted and so they can patiently await their turn in the limelight. And as the days go by more arrive, some of which might go right to the top of the list.

On the Cover...

Three Balogh rigged sailing canoes about to depart to view a Blue Angels jet plane show. George Jacobs tells us how it was in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



I always leave this page until last in anticipation of some late breaking topic hoving into view, upon which I can base my remarks. A major attraction of this job is anticipating the arrival of lord knows what about messing about in boats. Often there is no such stimulus and so I fall back on my own resources.

It happens this time that I have been doing a deep dig into all the various material in hand for publication, deeper than I usually do for the wild promise column to the left, "Looking Ahead..." because I wanted to gain an overview of where we stood for content for the rest of the winter. Herewith I will share it with you, a really long "Looking Ahead..."

Adventures

Blow...No Blow Kokopelli - Jim Thayer
Bolger Schooner & Some Really Heavy Weather- Dewitt Smith
Boundary Waters Discovered - Jack Hornung
Electric Cruising Amongst the San Juan Islands - Dan Pence
Crossing Chesapeake Bay in a West Wight Potter - Greg Welker
Bahamas Adventure with Bottom Times Adventures - Hans Scheuter
Sailing on Barnegat Bay - Jake Millar, Mike & Tammy Walters, Paul McGovern, Morry & Linda Kapitan
Birds A'walkin' - Hugh Hagan III
The River Runs Wide - Turner Matthews
Circumnavigating the Okefenokee Swamp - Robb White
My Honeymoon In and Out of a Canoe (1889) - A. Astican
Beyond the Horizon (Ongoing Series) - HughWare
Seagull's 1st Trip to Baja (New Series) - Ken Preston
Window on the Water (New Series) - Chris Kaiser
Row Your Boat (New Series) - Chris Kaiser

Projects

Build a Boat for Someone Else - Marshall Katz
Restoration of *Priscilla* - L.I. Maritime Museum
Building Model Boats from Scratch - George Bottger
Model Your Own Dreamboat (1954) - Weston Farmer
Butcher Boy - Joseph Dittler
Family Boatbuilding Regatta - Center for Wooden Boats

A Boat to be Transported by Bicycle - Fred Groenier
Repairing a Penn Yan - Gary Grinnell
Boatbuilders in Hartford? - Vi Beaudreau
My Favorite Things (Ongoing Series):
The Cama Beach Wherry - Richard Kolin

Designs

Herreshoff's Little Known Designs - Greg Grundtisch
Non-Acceptance of Multihulls - John Morwood
Sailboats for the Handicapped - Bill Zeitler
United States Steamer *San Jacinto* - James Garland
Small Sloops from the Twenties - Wes Farmer
14' Cloutman Sloop - Sharon Brown
Mockingbird - 37' Newick Tri - Tony Muldoon
Handliners of the Pacific Northwest - Larry Westlake
From the Drawing Board (Ongoing Series) - JohnWelsford
Bolger on Design (Ongoing Series) - Phil Bolger & Friends

Techniques

Inexplicable Things - Robb White
Naked Machining - Robb White
Norm's Notes (Ongoing Series) - Norm Benedict

Gear

The New Briggs & Stratton Outboards

Nature

(Ongoing Series) - Ken Murphy

Reviews

About a dozen are in hand with more in the works.

Cartoons

Shiver Me Timbers (Ongoing Series) - Robert Summers

At one time someone at *WoodenBoat* told me how they had their issues for the next couple of years all blocked out for major articles. I thought to myself, how boring it would be for me to operate like that, knowing what I'm going to be working on so far ahead. I don't even choose the content for a succeeding issue (other than ongoing serialized articles in progress) until the very moment I write this page.

"It pretty much spoils you
for any other rowing
boat."

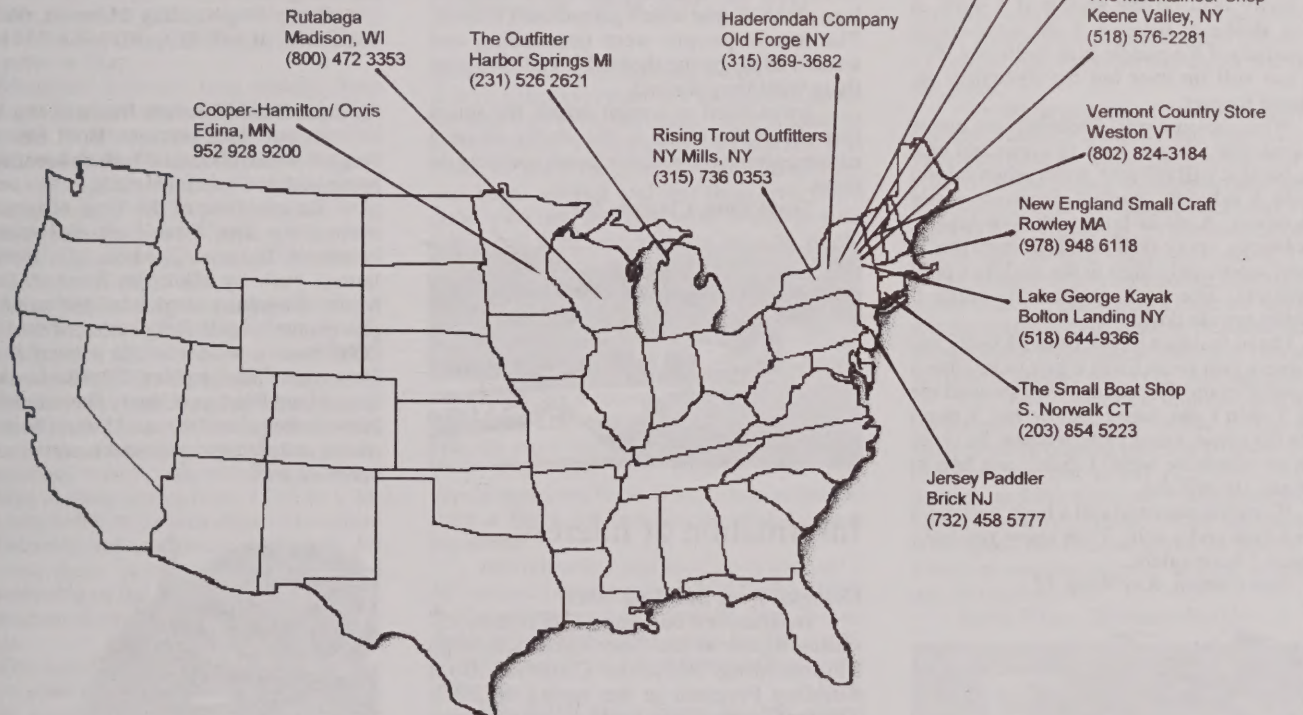
Yachting

the ADIRONDACK GUIDE BOAT

Charlotte VT 05445 (802) 425-3926
adirondack-guide-boat.com

"It is 5:15 a.m. I am rowing my
Steve Kaulback Adirondack Guide
Boat off the coast of Cape Cod. The
waters are glassy. My prow slices
the surface. I disturb several diving
cormorants. I am transfixed. I am in
touch. I am human. Great stuff.
Trust me."

Tom Peters, *Forbes*



Cedar Guideboats

Cedar Guideboat Kits

Kevlar/Fiberglass Guideboats

You write to us about...

Activities & Adventures...

The Debt

I appreciated your great notes on Bart Hawthaway in the December 1 issue. 35 or 40 years ago he designed a series of kayaks for Old Town, the first kayaks they ever built, I think, slalom, downriver and cruiser. I bought one of the downriver canoes back then and still use it. It is the boat in the following article I wrote for our local sailing club and power squadron.

The Debt

Thirty five years ago on a lake in central Illinois, I was motor boating and passed a kayak paddler. We stopped to visit, I had a new kayak at home. This fellow had a spray skirt on. I asked him if he could roll his boat. He nodded, slipped on the nose clip that was around his neck, and flipped over. We were looking at the bottom of his boat and then he was back up on top with water streaming off his nylon jacket, head and big smile.

He came to my house that afternoon and spent an hour in the water with me. He held the tip on my paddle at the right angle until it was natural for me. There is something about being upside down, holding your breath with water running up your nose that makes learning rushed and slow at the same time.

Now it takes more than just knowing how. It starts with knowing how and then a little practice. Maybe it is like riding a bike. What difference does it make? It makes all the difference in any kind of paddling. Now I can really lean on the paddle if I wish. A strong stroke or balance. I am more stable particularly if the paddle is in the water. Yes, you can still tip over but the dynamics are changed forever.

What can you roll? Probably any canoe or kayak that you can lock your legs and hips into, but if it will fill with water when it is on its side, it is hardly worth it. Some are easier than others. A sit in boat with foot braces, knee braces, spray skirt and deck form that is at least moderately high in the middle would be easiest. The deck shape will make it unstable upside down.

I have that first kayak from 35 years ago and every two years I roll it just to be sure. I just did it again. The fellow who showed me how, I didn't pay him to show me. I don't know his name. I don't know where he came from or where he went. I didn't ask him to help me. He just did.

If anyone wants to roll a boat, call me. I have a boat and a skirt. I can show you how, because I have a debt.

Sam Chapin, Key West, FL



Reliving the Glory

The movie *Madison*, which is supposed to be released (at last) this January by MGM, is all about Gold Cup Racing and a local driver from Madison, Indiana, winning the Gold Cup against all odds. The city of Madison is on the Ohio River and has been sponsoring an unlimited hydroplane since the 1950s. In 1971, racing against Budweiser, Atlas Van Lines, Thriftway and other big corporation boats, they came up the winner.

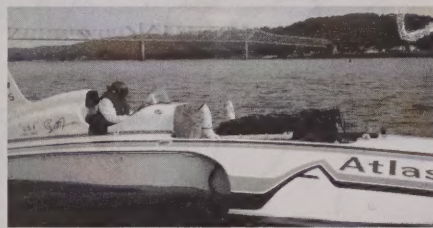
The filming was done back in 1999, scheduled to be released each spring since then. It took about seven months to film it on the Ohio, and in Chicago, Seattle and Long Beach. They needed old unlimited hydros and got four from Seattle's Antique Hydro Museum, along with crews and drivers. They needed two more and my friends in the Thousand Islands, John Freeman, *Atlas Van Lines*, and Bob Schroecker, *Tempus* (changed to *Miss Budweiser* for the film), had them.

John asked me if I wanted to drive and I jumped at the chance. It wasn't all glory and I knew that before as we worked for months getting both boats ready, and arranging for trailers and tow vehicles. Keeping old 1,750hp Allison running, stopping oil leaks and keeping the leaky old hydros afloat was a constant job, three bilge pumps going all the time.

Anyway, we had a good time. When I met the other drivers for the first time, they were wondering if this old guy (I was 70 at the time) would be able to keep up. They were all in their 40s. But I did and ran a couple of laps of the course which gained their respect. The movie people were demanding and wanted all the racing shot at 120mph. We gave them what they wanted.

I was hired as a stunt driver, the actors just sat in the boats at the docks or on a rocking simulator with fire hoses spraying on them.

Ernie King, Clayton, NY



Information of Interest...

Colonial Boat Building 2003

Join the crew building a 17th century 25' sailing lighter at the Essex (Massachusetts) Shipbuilding Museum Colonial Boat Building Program in the spring of 2003. Curator Courtney Ellis Pinkham wrote a grant proposing a second lighter for the Saugus Iron Works (*MAIB* August 1, 2002). The second lighter will more than double the attention focused on the role that this historic waterway played in transportation before roads. The Museum's partnership with the Saugus Iron Works continues.

The boat will be of oak, trunnel fastened, with a spritsail and jib rig. Work will include joinery, spar making, rigging, sailmaking and hardware construction. Use of period tools will be stressed.

Construction will take place at the Museum's Waterline Center on ten consecutive Thursday evenings starting February 27, 2003, from 7pm to 9pm. The cost to participate is \$300, which includes all materials and use of tools. Enrollment is limited. The concepts will provide a useful foundation in wooden boat building. To register call Jane at (978) 768 7541.

If you had a chance to visit the Saugus Iron Works last summer you saw the mast, sprit and sail poking up above the phragmite. The rig matches that of Chapelle's great Iron Works Boats, which are pictured at the dock. Visitors' attention is now drawn to the river, water transportation, and the ecological situation in the basin.

The Iron Works staff has photographed the *Alewife* in the basin. The photos have been helpful in obtaining funding to expand the transportation portion of their interpretive mission.

Last fall an Army surplus flat bed trailer carried *Alewife* back to Boston Street. A crew from The Salem Maritime Heritage Site manned the boat. Then a movie was made showing *Alewife* sailing and iron bars being loaded aboard. It was filmed in the rain at the river's bend just before the RR Bridge. The film is being edited this winter in Boston to be included in a documentary film, to be shown at the Iron Work's Welcome Center.

With the 55' jigger *Fame* under construction across the crick at Harold Burnham's yard, boatbuilding in Essex is attracting attention.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, 66 Main St., Essex, MA 01929, (978) 768-7541

Antique Boat Museum Boats of the Year

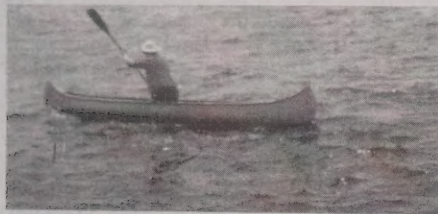
At our 2002 Antique Boat Show last August at our Thousand Islands location, we presented two special awards.

Antique Boat of the Year, *Magnolia*, is owned by Jim Grand of Toronto and Muskoka, Ontario. The boat is a 1908, 18' launch built by Michigan Steel. A Detroit Motor Company engine of the same year powers the launch. Jim purchased the boat in 2000 from a vendor at the Annual Antique Boat Show Marketplace. Dan Sutherland of Sutherland Boat and Coach, Hammondsport, New York restored the steel hulled boat. Both owner and restorer are past winners of several show awards.



Magnolia - owned by Jim Grand

Small Craft of the Year was awarded to *Grace*, a 1900 Rushton Indian Girl restored by owner Edward F. Beadel. Edward is a resident of Mexico, NY, and Thousand Island Park. Last year the award of Best Historic Craft was presented to *Grace*. This photo illustrates the grace of the boat's owner as he paddles in the parade route along the Museum's main dock.



Grace - owned by Frank Beadel

On August 1-3, 2003, at our 39th Annual Antique Boat Show, we will be offering two perpetual awards to winners of a judging amongst boats which have won either the Antique Boat of the Year or Small Craft of the Year. The list of qualifiers goes back to 1971. The two awards will be for Queen of the River and Best on the River. We are currently engaged in tracking down all past winners' present owners to apprise them of this special judging.

Antique Boat Museum, Clayton, NY

Carolina Maritime Model Society

The inaugural meeting of the Carolina Maritime Model Society was held in December, 1994, for some 25 interested members. Since then the society's membership has grown to more than 50 members who meet at the museum, generally on the last Saturday of the month from September to May.

Members' interests vary widely, from building miniature steel warships and ships in bottles to large scale radio controlled models, and from rowing skiffs to ships of the line and clippers. The smallest model any member has built (so far) is a 1 1/2" long representation of a Coast Guard cutter while the largest is a 22' long model of the guided missile cruiser *Bunker Hill*.

An exhibit of members' models which ran from November 9 through January 26, well illustrates this diversity. It includes models of destroyers that are 3" long to over 6' in length and a wide range of vessel types: Sailing ships of many rigs and sizes, fishing boats, tugs and other working craft, recreational watercraft, steel or wooden warships in many scales from 1:700 to 1:24. Some are models of famous ships while others are of obscure and anonymous workboats. All have one thing in common, the care and craftsmanship of the builders in their efforts to reproduce accurately the prototypes of their models.

The Carolina Maritime Model Society is a program of the Friends of the Museum, and all members are also members of the Friends. For further information, or to join the society, please contact Paul Fontenoy or William Prentice at the museum.

Paul Fontenoy, Curator of Maritime Research, North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.



One of many boat models on exhibit, the *Anni B*, a fantail salon launch built by Norman E. Brailsford of Wilmington, NC is a radio controlled model, 33" long overall.

Opinions...

Sliding Seats Not for Everyone

I want to advise Bob Awtry, in response to his letter in the December 1 issue, that not everyone who is interested in the pleasures of rowing cares for, or indeed is physically capable of using, a sliding seat. I have arthritis in my knees and do pretty good just getting into and out of a boat.

I have been fortunate enough to own, and enjoyed the pleasures of rowing, a new 15' kevlar Adirondack Guideboat, and still have it in storage here in Florida. If Mr. Awtry is interested in a test row, we can pop her into the water for his evaluation. He maybe should bring along his checkbook, though, for she is for sale and falling in love is a frequent happening around these boats.

Don Dane, 398 Oleander Dr., Melbourne, FL 32935, (321) 254-8721.

About Fixed Seat Rowing Boats

It seems that everyone has an opinion about the best way to do anything. I had to chuckle at Bob Awtry's opinions about fixed seat row boats. He made the point very well that sliding seat boats are fast and that they give you a good workout. All very well if that is your thing, but there are some of us who might rather take some young lady out for a picnic. Try to do that on the boat he has pictured.

Mississippi Bob, Apple Valley, MN

Is All Plywood Created Equal?

Sadly, in a recent issue, I see proof of one of my Dad's old sayings: The more you talk, the more likely you will find a way to fit your foot into your own mouth. The superloquacious Robb White has managed to take a flyer on his recent rant against plywood.

Just recently I was looking at my Dad's 18', stressed skin plywood skiff, built in 1969 (before epoxy) and used some 40 days (before dawn to late afternoon) a year for fishing 40 60 miles out in the biggest ocean (not some little estuary).

While the grain in the ply has raised enough to be visible in spots, and the weeping chine finally got fixed right, I can't say the ply has had any failures. We did rebuilt the transom seat a year ago; it was intended for 40 50 hp., and we had 70 on it for a few years. There was some rot in the solid white oak skeg. Of course it wasn't built to fine furniture

standards, and really wasn't meant to last this long either (and why would I want to build a boat to outlast me? Let the kids have their own creative frustration!).

Is all plywood created equal? 'Course not. Is it more appropriate in some uses than others? You bet. Does it require maintenance? Ya, sure, you bet. It's just a boat, go use it up.

Projects...

That Little Honda Eight

We got to find out a little bit more about the little Honda eight on the skiff. As usual, for this summer, it was rough (wind right down the bay out of the east about 20-25). The absence of that extra 30lbs on the transom certainly makes a world of a difference. Going against it, the bow doesn't pitch up over the waves as bad so the boat sort of just shuffles through. Running with it, the yaw of the stern is much easier to control and, even if you just hold it straight, the boat will recover from the passage of a big wave all by itself where, with the heavier engine, I had to steer it out. It isn't just the extra 30lbs (we hauled quite a load of junk both ways) it is where it is situated. Thirty more pounds hanging off the bow would be just as bad. I don't think a boat should be loaded on the ends any more than necessary.

As for the performance of the little engine (and it certainly looks little on the boat), I am very pleased. For one thing, it starts, first pull, every time. It also has instant throttle response whereas the damned Evinrude four stroke fifteen had to think about it with its addled brain for while, sort of like a single lens reflex camera, before it would give it to you (or take it back). The Honda is more "torque style" than the other motor and, as I suspected, I believe it is under pitched in the prop.

We did have a little time when the wind switched around more to the southeast and gave us a little lee along the bayside so I was able to run the engine wide open long enough for the GPS to combobulate itself and, I was right in my estimation... 13.6 nautical knots and it will do that empty or loaded. I was going to tap a little cup into the trailing edge of the wheel to pitch it up a little bit and keep it from cavitating but it doesn't cavitate nearly as bad as the Evinrude so, hell, ain't no sense in fooling around just to be fooling around.

One indication of the improvement in the performance of the boat is that it runs at its most efficient planing speed at 10 knots where the Evinrude had to get 12.5 to reduce the wake to as little as it gets. You guessed it, 10 knots is now my speed. I'll be interested in what speed the Rescue Minor likes now that I have re worked its prop. It used to smooth out just right at 10.5.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA



The Piscataqua Gundalow:

Workhorse for a Tidal Basin Empire

By Richard E. Winslow III

2nd Edition 2002, Paperback \$20
Portsmouth Marine Society
Box 147, Portsmouth, NH 03802
Reviewed by Bob Hicks

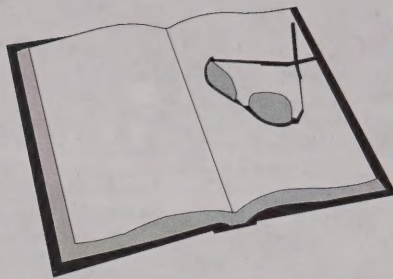
Since 1982 a replica Piscataqua River Gundalow, the *Edward H. Adams*, has been in seasonal operation on that New Hampshire tidal river and the inland Great Bay it drains. For its first 13 years it was operated by its builders, the Piscataqua Gundalow Project; then in 1994 it was taken over by the Strawberry Banke Museum in Portsmouth; and now, its operation having been discontinued by the museum in 2001, by the Gundalow Company. Dick Winslow wrote this book in 1983 to historically support this replica effort, and now as the *Edward H. Adams* begins its third life on the waters indigenous to its uniqueness, the book has been re-issued with an introduction to this new edition by the skipper of the *Adams* for the past 13 years, Mike Gowell of Kittery Point, Maine.

As the book's subtitle states, gundalows served as workhorses for a tidal basin "empire" for 250 years since earliest colonial times. The nature of New Hampshire's Great Bay and its several tributary streams rendered overland travel from town to town difficult and circuitous. Waterborne travel was the only way to move goods and people from place to place. The gundalow evolved as a sailing barge to take advantage of the wind over the open bay area, even sailing on the tributary rivers to the towns which sprang up around the bay to serve the area agriculture and, after the 1830s, the industries that arose along the rivers to utilize waterpower.

The Piscataqua River drains Great Bay into the Atlantic at Portsmouth, a major seaport from colonial times right on up to the age of steam. The gundalow was the connecting link to the world through Portsmouth for all this "tidal basin empire" that author Winslow describes so well in this book. The book's historical perspective evokes a time when everything took much longer to accomplish than today, perhaps more tedious but possibly less stressful. The gundalow often had to await favorable tides and winds to carry its cargos, so its arrival at its destinations was scheduled by natural conditions.

The last chapter chronicles the building and launching of the *Edward H. Adams*, itself a fascinating project for any wooden boat lover to learn about.

Note: The Portsmouth Marine Society is a non-profit, educational organization established in 1982 to develop maritime historical research in the Piscataqua River Basin of New Hampshire and Maine. Each illustrated, clothbound volume is complete with index, references and bibliography. Selected titles are available as paperback editions. As of May 2002, twenty-seven volumes have been published in the series. For a list of the titles visit www.perpublisher.com.



Book Reviews

Cruising in Seraffyn

By Lin & Larry Pardey
25th Edition, 2001 - \$21.95
Pardey Books Arcata, CA
Reviewed by Jeff Douthwaite
Skipper of *Luard*

Author of *The Flights of the Flamingo*

A pleasant and courageous trip by a plucky couple from San Diego to England on a cutter rigged (two jibs), 24 footer discussed in an attractive way; neither patronizing the lubber nor appealing only to the old salt. They built their beloved wooden *Seraffyn* themselves. They did push me to the nautical dictionary, however, for the many sailing terms tossed around. They stress simplicity, frugality, and common sense at sea and their motto is, "Go small, go simple, go now!" No GPS, VHF, radar, fathometer or computer, they navigated with sextant, compass, lead line, taffrail log, and used oil lamps. Instead of a built-in head, they used the "bucket and chuck it" method.

But doing without an engine is, I think, their most radical decision, for which they worried dearly a number of times, especially when caught by a small hurricane inside Cape Charles, Virginia and being at its mercy. But their anchoring skills and their CQR anchor are excellent and so their beloved *Seraffyn* was spared from the rocks. Just. Even Trystan Jones, the famous Welsh masochistic single hander, believed in having an engine. And

John Guzzwell, who sailed around the world on his 20.5' *Trekka*, had an antique British outboard motor which he used in the Panama Canal. The Pardeys borrowed an outboard motor which she referred to as "it", which got them through the canal. What price the purity of sail?

Their sailing expertise is fine (as it jolly well had to be sans an engine), and is well described, but it is the human quality of the rugged experience they share, which is best part of their story. Both Lin and Larry Pardey write, but it is Lin who notes well the poignant moments which sometimes reduce her to tears, and me too, as I read it. Like when they were caught in a Atlantic storm off Cape Finisterre, Spain.

"The radio from Cape Finisterre, reported north winds, force 10 (48 55 knots), *Seraffyn* slammed into the seas heeling to the gusts. Life below became miserable.

"I'm going to heave her to, Lin," Larry said... Larry uncleaned the staysail sheet and handed it to me through the companionway. 'Let it go when I yell,' he said. I listened to the howl of the wind in the rigging, the sound of breaking rushing seas and spray, I heard Larry yell and let go of the sheet.

Snap! Crack! The flogging staysail shook the boat from stem to stern banging like a cannon gone mad. I froze and my mind went blank with fear. Tears rushed to my eyes as *Seraffyn* rolled sail less in the trough of crashing seas.

The noise diminished when Larry hoisted the triple reefed main, which pointed *Seraffyn* into the wind, and tied the tiller slightly alee. I mentally caught hold of myself as our motion eased and the noise died away.

Larry came below and found me crying. 'What's wrong?' he asked.

I managed a smile, 'The noise scared me,' I said."

Another time in Kingston, Jamaica, after they had taken a friend for a sail who was impressed and asked, "Will you sell *Seraffyn*? I'll give you \$19,000 for her. "Larry turned white before answering quietly, "Would you sell your child?" Emotional overreaction? Maybe, but true to life and touching. Why is it we often feel such a deep kinship for our boat? Good question. I suspect it's due to the fact that she alone lies between us and death on the seas, and her protective strength and balance always comes through. And the graceful dynamics of her motion at sea makes her seem alive as she comforts us within her womb.

Maintaining the original beauty of one's boat can be overdone, and I was glad to note the Pardeys struck a sensible balance here too. After *Seraffyn* took a beating from the wind against a dock in Miami where she lost some wood by the scraping, Larry set to work to patch her. "She's a cruising boat, Lin," Larry said as he worked. "That's why she's strong and painted white instead of varnished. If we can't take a few bumps without worrying, we won't have much fun." Well said, Larry Pardey. Reminds me of what I have said to my partner after leaving a few bits of our ship in the Ballard Locks.

Cruising in Seraffyn has many lovely pictures of their life and sailing at sea, and Lin has very nice legs too, which she often shows off clad only in her bikini. Larry's are okay too, I guess, if you care for that sort of thing.

Good Skiffs



presents a tantalizing variety of skiffs together with building and materials commentary. For a free catalog that includes this and other unique books, write or call:

Devereux Books, PO Box 503
Marblehead, MA 01945
(781) 631-3055
www.devereuxbooks.com

Mystic Seaport Museum Boathouse Update—Fifteen Year Anniversary

By Sharon Brown, Boathouse Supervisor

Mystic Seaport's Boathouse on the Mystic River estuary in Mystic, CT closed to the public on October 14, 2002 after a great 97-day season. Despite weeks of temperature and humidity in excess of 90, staff and volunteers worked hard to exceed 2001 statistics, putting 10,793 people (and their dogs) on the water in traditional small craft. It was our 15th year of operation, and passed without fanfare except business as usual, the business of renting traditional small craft, teaching people how to use them, and providing boat rides in a unique and friendly environment. We are stewards of an exceptional fleet built by men like John Gardner, Pete Culler, George Kelley, Bart Hawthaway, and Leo J. Telesmanick. These men understood that boats are meant to be used by the young and old, and that only by leaving the dock do you gain experience.

The 20-foot Crosby catboat replica, *Breck Marshall* carried 3,375 passengers, the 26-foot restored 1917 Herreshoff launch *Resolute* carried 2,970, and 4,448 people used the lively fleet—row, paddle, and sail. Albeit not that large to begin with, our revenues were the highest in 15 years of operation, an accomplishment in these economic times. Thirteen dedicated part time employees (10 of whom are U. S. Coast Guard licensed skippers who generously filled the 7-day week schedule) and 74 volunteers, who donated an amazing 4,238 hours, helped make this possible.

More than 60 people of all ages celebrated at our end of season potluck. We toasted those no longer with us who supported our programs over the years, men and women with whom we worked side by side. We are much like a family, whether dealing with the injuries of colleagues, Ginny Colbeth and Ginny Pynne, or the loss of friends like John Baird, Bill Ames, Roland Marcotte, Ken Hodgson, Jim Jewett, Walt Stubner, Barb Johnson, Art Bouchard, and Karl Steinmeyer. A tough season of shared personal grief. We acknowledged individual accomplishments and paid tribute to Volunteer Co-ordinator, Rhoda Hopkins. Results of The Boathouse sponsored Beetle Cat Series, won by Douglas Bonoff of East Hampton, CT, were announced and prizes awarded.

Some highlights of our season include the following. At the 33rd annual John Gardner Small Craft Workshop, we put 331 people on the water including 78 registrants who used the boats gratis, and the Traditional Small Craft Association donated \$750. This generous donation from the association which John Gardner helped to launch reflects the high regard that members hold for The Boathouse. The Anderson Island Irregulars, an independent local group supporting museum sailing programs, donated youth PFDs which were a summer hit. Nine students of the Center for the Environment at Southern



Under the watchful command of Captain Jim McGuire, catboat sailor Merrill Dunn takes the helm of *Breck Marshall*, while passengers Tia d'Alessandro and Sarah Kate Ragsdale tether their sailor ducks (Sharon Brown Photograph).

Connecticut State University took a special boathandling class in June and 48 students and one dog (a first), took our Friday Boathandling Classes in July and August. Adi Chesley of Boulder, CO enjoyed the class so much she wrote a letter of support to Mystic Seaport President Doug Teeson and returned later in the summer to rent boats and do some knot work. Employees of Beetle Inc., members of the board of the New England Beetle Cat Boat Association, and the Commodore of the Low Tide Yacht Club of New Bedford, MA all visited and sailed the Beetle cat, *Leo J. Telesmanick*, giving a boost to our spirits. Bart Hawthaway fans, Helen and Bulkeley Smith, Jr. of Noank, CT made a generous donation to the museum in our name. There were 11 charters of the restored 1945, 29.5-foot L. Francis Herreshoff designed ketch, *Quiet Tune*, with participants coming from CA, PA, MA, NJ, RI, and CT. On Members Day, we put 304 people and two dogs from 14 states on the water all gratis and then after closing at 5 P.M., weary and worn, hosted members of the CT Dept. Environmental Protection and the State Organization for Boating Access. A visitor from Oregon managed to row through our fleet on this day, using a check off sheet he printed from one of our well-hidden web pages. Ray Temple, a boatbuilder, sailed on *Breck Marshall*, and rowed our Rangeley Lake boat, a 17-foot Swampscott Dory, a Boston Ship Chandler's Whitehall, a Good Little Skiff, and the Herrshoff/Gardner pulling boat, *Green Machine*. Twenty-two people participated in the 10-week Tuesday night racing series for Beetle Cats and Portsmouth Handicap plank-on-frame sailboats (less than 17-feet L.O.A.). During slack times Girl Scout Troops and other day camp youth groups were treated to special

boat rides and impromptu rowing lessons. For museum staff there were 424+ free rentals and 180 boat rides.

Each day we demonstrated on the water, that traditional small craft, critical elements of our maritime heritage, are relevant today

Waiting for *Resolute* and *Breck Marshall* to depart, these passengers are not deterred by a little shower (Sharon Brown Photograph).





Frequent visitors to The Boathouse, Gail and Mark Russell of Mystic, CT enjoy an afternoon sail on the Beetle Cat *Pip* (Sharon Brown Photograph).

in terms of their educational and recreational potential for all ages. Young people learn by example from mentors and share with their peers; stewardship and seamanship are metaphors for life. In addition to improving their boathandling skills, young volunteers learn the importance of constant vigilance with regard to boating safety, self reliance, responsibility, independence, patience, communication, and problem solving. They thrive. They enjoy being helpful to one another and visitors and are eager to row to rescue or teach neophytes. They share what they learn with their parents and relive the

day's hilarious situations at the dinner table. Parents send letters of appreciation and observe changes in their children; those once afraid are now keen to row and sail, and bring family and friends to share the experience on their days off. The Boathouse provides an opportunity for real hands-on maritime experience at Mystic Seaport. It is not virtual. And these skills will last and serve (see also "Youth At The Boathouse," *M.A.I.B.* June 1, 1997).

For some visitors, The Boathouse is a primary destination on the Seaport grounds. Over the past 15 years we have serviced 129,883+ people—customers of all ages and

From the aft compartment of the classic launch *Resolute*, a young family of five enjoy a respite from the heat on an inexpensive, narrated tour of the riverfront (Sharon Brown Photograph).



expertise. Many are repeat customers including the Butzinger and Potter families of RI, the Bradfords of MA, the Angels of Montreal, and the Waitzmans of London. They each have their favorite boats, as with Jacques Devantoy of NJ. He likes to come sailing at The Boathouse on the Seaford Skiff *Helen Packer* or the Woods Hole Spritsail Boat *Sandy Ford* when his wife Joanne goes ballooning. They come back because of the unique opportunities at Mystic Seaport's Boathouse and because they like the way they are treated. We are proud to receive visitor accounts of great service. Their praises reflect on all of us and attest to the fact that as Captain George Moffett of the schooner *Brilliant* recently remarked, "The people that work at The Boathouse really care about the small craft." It shows. The seasonal figures are always an important goal but it is the daily interactions between people that make The Boathouse such a joy to enter.

Guest book comments are entertaining and come from every state in the union and many countries abroad. "The boat ride was very cool. Great sailing in the *Helen Packer*! Ben's first sail on a gaff rigged boat! Jara-Cox, Sean-Stroke, Kevin-Bow=The Macdermott Double. We had fun, lots of FUN. Great rowing on the river. Lovely, wet and wild! Awesome ride. Kevin's first rowboat. Lot's of fun, especially the rescue. The best half hour spent with my kids. I loved rowing on the *Morsel*. A row to remember. Great day, great sail! We didn't hit anything. Great fun, want to do it again! Thanks for the laughs for those of us who don't know how to row a rowboat. There is nothing more relaxing than a little row. Boats float. *Captain Hook* is great fun. I want one! We had fun going to the bridge and back. We had fun getting towed around. Thanks! Lucky to be alive. Sunk the pirates. Good to give children the opportunity to sail. Nice enough to sail to Australia. My sister can't row. My man is so romantic. We're coming back!" Josh and Kellie Peterson imagined, "A similar trip as Anne of Green Gables and the Lady of Sherlot." While, Ariana Caprio added, "I had a rocking time." And a delighted Ed Neal of Westlake, OH, opined "A great opportunity to sample boats I've read about in books. Thanks!" Helen Jankoski wrote, "Loved the opportunity to sail a Beetle Cat and row *Mary* and *Captain Hook*." Simone Masse wrote, "We're back. Love this place," and Will Hare shared, "I rowed the *Captain Hook* 15 years ago when the Boathouse first opened!"

The comments are easy rainy day reading, especially those of the children who stand at the bench and draw or slowly carve each letter. Jorge Hierro printed, "I loved riding the boat." Ivan Carija shared, "It was a good sail." And from Anya, "I loved the rowboat ride with my dad. I hope to do that again." They are sincere gifts offered in appreciation and sometimes simultaneously in receipt of wooden sailboat models built by John Blaiklock, with sails sewn by Charissa Hammond.

The rapport among colleagues is tangible, acknowledged by The Boathouse Alphabet: "A, boathouse, crew, dynamic, energetic, fun, great, happy, industrious, jolly, kind, light hearted, mature, natural, optimistic, polite, quick, resourceful, stimulating, tremendous, unfailing, vivacious, wonderful, x-cellent, youthful, and zaney!"

prepared by retired school teacher Ginny Colbeth on the occasion of her recovery from a broken hip. Mike Dunn, proudly wearing his grandfather's clothes, made lunch for *Resolute* Captains Granville Beals and David Motherway. His parents brought coolers of Italian Ices to ward off the intimidating humidity. Dr. Dan Kenefick prepared gourmet treats, Captain Brian Hill performed impromptu harmonica solos, Captain Peter Littlefield distributed recipes for cod cakes, and Ralph Eldridge left the drop—cold cash—its whereabouts revealed via voice mail. Everyone made a contribution. Countless times Tibor Pusztai, Spencer Butts, or Drew Comrie bolted out the door to the beach and into the water to ward off a grounding rowboat laden with laughing families, oars flailing. They wore themselves out, rowing out to tow an "expert" from the channel or I95, and hovered nearby to coach for the duration of some rentals.

In light airs, *Breck Marshall* is drawing away from the Boathouse toward Hobie's Dock on a port tack. Skipper Jim McGuire is sitting aft on the coaming on the port side, his right hand is holding the sheet draped over one horn of the mainsheet cleat and his left hand is braced on the coaming. He is looking ahead and coaching Merrill Dunn who, also looking ahead, has his left hand on the tiller, steering. To his right, the two young volunteers, Tia d'Alessandra and Sarah Kate Ragsdale, seemingly in another world, are talking and preparing to take their yellow sailor ducks for a ride, one of which stares aft. It is classic Boathouse. Multiple things happening simultaneously and to the casual eye, perhaps not professional. But those who rest on the retired *Sabino* benches on our deck and observe soon conclude otherwise. Serious learning is underway and respect shown for the boats and each other. It is an education, with a reasonable price and frequently offered to the public without charge.

Sarah Kate and Tia prepared nautical lists in the comfort of the Chamberlain dory skiff at the dock. Engrossed, yet ready to help the next customer when summoned, their spirit is infectious and not lost on visitors, or the town dock monitor, Gordon Woodbury. They circumvent the bridge opening and tourist crowds by rowing to town for the crews' Mystic Pizza take-out order. Gordon watches over them and sends back nautical notes for Dr. Brown. "August 2. Nice to see other people rowing on the river. They did such a good job, I didn't throw them off the dock. Nice looking wooden rowboat, too. Almost as good as a Puffin". We banter with Gordon, an enthusiastic student of our Boathandling Class, who often rows by with his wife in the evenings.

From the Good Little Skiff, *Waldo Howland*, in the middle of the Beetle Cat race course on Saturday morning in September, I watch Douglas Bonoff in *Elvira G. Tucker* heading to the finish line to windward and ahead of Marilyn Stevens in *Tango*, both under reefed sail in a brisk southerly. In the background, *Breck Marshall* also under reef. Her Captain, Brian Hill, looks back over his shoulder, checking the channel traffic for his next tack, while his four passengers enjoy the unique circumstances of their voyage. Having just sailed by *Florence* a small western rigged dragger, they are about to pass first the New



To the delight of her passengers, *Breck Marshall* reaches along the Mystic River estuary on a sweet summer southwesterly breeze (Sharon Brown Photograph).



Terry Remeika braces to catch the *Whitehall Tender* returning to the dock after a private rowing lesson (Sharon Brown Photograph).

Bryan Hammond and Tommy Benson row the new Chamberlain dory skiff in the rain (Sharon Brown Photograph).





With a whole fleet to choose from, Mike Dunn derives a great deal of pleasure rowing his favorite, *Mary*, the apprentice-built Susan Skiff donated by Wil and Carole Langdon of Mystic, CT and named in honor of their mother (Sharon Brown Photograph).

Haven sharpie and then *Nellie* the oyster boat. A scene that never lacks appeal.

Bill Ziegler visits for a last sail of the season. He is all cranked up and here to play as he clearly states on entering. He grabs a PFD while inquiring about everyone, determines his tender and Beetle Cat and its condition, and strides through, in one continuous motion. A long term supporter of Mystic Seaport's sailing programs, Bill often brings his wife Agneta for a row. His teenage daughters Kristina and Amanda are busy. Their smiling young faces upon return from a Beetle Cat sail or row in the *Elysea*, emanating pride over the model boats they once built, now only our memory.

Bill participates in the Sunday down river row each John Gardner Small Craft Workshop. He is the only person to ever select the Pete Culler designed and built 10' 2" Sampan for the job. Wary of its vintage, and tired condition, he did it to honor a boat he respects, for fear it may be retired after 27 years of service.

These are fleeting images of the summer gone by. They are seconds in a 97-day season where each day stretches from 9:30 A.M. to 6+ P.M., with a crew of three staff, 4 to 10 volunteers, and on a good day, 100+ customers that we put on the water, not to mention service in a myriad of other ways.

Alden Shells in eastern New England



"Oarmaster 1" parts

Rowing Sport

Ipswich, MA
978 356-3623

We chronicle a litany of vacation chatter. "How long is the half-hour sail? How hard can it [sailing] be? I've rowed before. We don't do boats. Daddy, daddy, can we please get a rowboat? Please. We have to catch a bus. Two dollars for *Resolute*? I'm a Member." *Ad infinitum*.

After threatening all season to do so, on our last day of operation we shut down early. We took in the oars and closed the doors at 3 P.M. and went for a row. Norm Bliss, Bryan Hammond, and I each rowed a boat, and chased down our sole customer, a man from Norwich, CT, bullied into a row with the threat of our impending closing for 2002. Mr. Sawyer grew up gunkholing on the Mystic River with his father, and despite the guilt of rowing without his children, ultimately spent hours on the water. He had an adventure in the new Chamberlain dory skiff, rowing in circles all the way to the town dock, where he set off in search of an ATM, purchased a bag lunch, and returned to row upriver.

In succession, he tied to a mooring, ate lunch, took a nap, and rowed back to town for dessert and refreshments. We had a blast rowing to the Route 1 bridge to catch up with him and regretfully headed to The Boathouse dock much later after circling him asleep on another mooring. We should have given in to our boat needs more often. But only vigilance and dedication saw us bring in 10,793 customers and increase our revenues. We each tried to take personal time on the water in one craft or another throughout the summer, but there were rare opportunities to go together.

Once at the end of the day in August when the kids were heading back to school and other states, four boys, and myself, each in our boat of choice rowed down river through the bridge to the Powerhouse condominiums and then back with the tide. We were swept through the bridge, laughing

and chattering all the way, our only regret, that one of us, late for parent pick up, received three phone calls while underway.

Our other joint row, included a lot of planning by Bryan Hammond and coordinating of schedules via afterhours emails and cell phone voice mail. At the end of a long Sunday, we brought in the oars and night-tied the fleet, prepared the drop, and helped Bryan tie up the seine boat which he and Joe Pelletier brought to our dock. We got aboard, took our positions, and began our adventure. Bryan at the steering oar, Merrill, his son Mike beside me, Bryan's dad Grant, Sarah Kate, Tia, and Joe. We developed a rhythm and headed down river with one goal in mind, to pass through both the Route 1 bridge and the Amtrak bridge. And so we did, down to West Mystic Shipyard to hail the Sparkman Stephens yawl, *Niui*, recently recommissioned after restoration by Taylor & Snediker Woodworking. We learned from her owner Carlton Chase of the daunting possibilities underway on a large vessel drawing 9 feet in unfamiliar waters. In the setting sun, chill, and chop we turned back across the channel yelling our responses and straining to hear the last of Carlton's tale. The rhythm settled down in the boat and we stroked in harmony aware of our good fortune. "Squeak." "Squeak." Calling the stroke. Mystic is a small town, and people on the river applauded, including the whole passenger complement of *Sabino* steaming past us, leaning over the rail and cheering us on from the confines of their formal attire. We slept better with warm memories that night and no one the wiser.

Never has the end of the season come so suddenly, been so difficult, caused so much reflection, anxiety, dread, and for some, real tears. Lost in contemplation, Erica Brown outside alone in *Elysea* at the dock, rushed in to ask permission to jump in the river, appraising me of her swimming skills. With a mischievous smirk on her face, she cleaned out her pockets, removed her jewelry, took off her shoes, and went charging out the door. "Out of my way, clear the dock, I'm coming through," she called to her bemused colleagues. And she cleared the last six feet of the dock in the air. Down she went, laughing all the way.

At John Gardner's memorial service, November 18, 1995, Ben Fuller challenged the audience to demonstrate commitment by supporting institutions that devote time and dollars to projects that John Gardner mentored. Mystic Seaport's Boathouse is very much indebted to the contributions of small craft aficionados. Money, time, and equipment donations are all a big part of our making budget and demonstration that people do care. We are dependent on these contributions and rates that have remained unchanged in 15 years are due for some adjustment.

The last of our fleet was hauled after Thanksgiving and we are now in the thick of winter maintenance on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. If you wish to lend a hand or a word of encouragement or get warm by the fire, visitors are welcome at The Boathouse. Our 2003 on the water season begins May 17 and information about our calendar and classes can be found at <http://www.mysticseaport.org/boathouse> or 860-572-0711 ext 5094.

You are driving down the highway and a shape appears ahead. It's a boat enroute somewhere. You wonder what it is and slow down to get a better look. It is an Etchells, or maybe a Star. After a good long look, you pass it as it slows to go up the next incline. While this practice won't put you in good standing with your insurance agent, it indicates that you love boats.

Watching boats might whet your appetite. Sailing your own or crewing for friends might satisfy your need to be on a boat. However, for true boating pleasure, consider what Mystic Seaport has to offer. The Traditional Boathandling Classes at The Boathouse allow you to sample all kinds of traditional small craft. You can row, paddle, and sail. Imagine that you love antique cars, and a friend invites you to view his collection. Before you is a garage packed with Bentleys, Buggattis and Rolls. Not only do you get to look at them, but he hands you the keys and allows you to take each one out for a spin. Well, that's what the Seaport does, only with boats. The Boathouse has over 20 different traditional rowboats and sailboats that you can sample.

You might start your day by slipping back in time one hundred years with a turn on *Elysea*, a 16' Whitehall. Imagine yourself delivering supplies to square riggers anchored out in the harbor. The Whitehalls were fast and could deliver large amounts of cargo. They were the UPS of the harbor and fortunately were not

The Traditional Boathandling Class at Mystic Seaport's Boathouse

By Mark Kondracky

painted brown. You will enjoy the varnish, white paint, and the classic lines of this vessel, especially her sweet wineglass transom. You might then move on to sample the Sampan. This model is sister to the Butthead Skiff, *Skye*, that even a lubber like Beavis could row. It is extremely stable, and perfect for novice rowers. If you really want a challenge then the staff will be happy to show you how to scull this craft with one oar. Just make sure you have the other oar as a back up, since the technique requires practice.

I am sure that we all go green with envy when we see a Herreshoff design sail by. The Boathouse has two of his designs for your rowing pleasure. There is the *Green Machine* (MAIB December 1, 2002), a John Gardner modified, fast pulling boat that will make you the envy of all your boating friends. Or, perhaps you should try the Herreshoff Double Paddle Canoe. This craft looks and behaves like a kayak but naturally, is made from traditional materials, not kevlar or molded plastic. Herreshoff designed her for off season gunkholing in the Rhode Island intertidal. There are other rowboats to sample and you

most difficult task will be deciding which one to try next.

After a relaxing lunch, you move on to sample the sailboats. Volunteers will show you the ropes, and instruct you. Even very young people take a turn at the helm of these craft once they feel comfortable. Of course if you have sailing experience, they will let you solo, perhaps in one of the classic Beetle Cats, *Elvira G. Tucker*, *Pip*, *Wilbur Langdon*, or *Leo J. Telesmanick*. I know one person, who, if you let her into a Beetle Cat, you are not going to get her out.

But if you can pull yourself away from these craft, you might sample the *Sandy Ford*, a Woods Hole Spritsail boat. She is a stable boat, perfect for a leisurely sail with the family. Which is better a wheel or a tiller? The next craft has neither. A Swampscott sailing dory uses a continuous line to control the rudder, attached to a yoke over the head of the rudder. This is a lively craft, with great sailing qualities, but you might get a sore neck from repeated glances aft to see how the rudder is aligned.

These are only some of the craft that you can sample during the Traditional Boathandling Classes, each Friday in July and August at Mystic Seaport's Boathouse. You'll enjoy the day, but if you can't steal a Friday, the boats can be rented during the weekend. The only problem is you might have to spend time all summer sampling every boat.

Sea Pearl 21

The answer to safe and comfortable family fun in an easily trailered sailboat. she is a deluxe camp cruiser with a comfortable style cabin or roomy daysailer with privacy features. She is quick and easy to rig and launch.

- **Unstayed Cat-Ketch Rig**
For Convenience, Safety & Performance
- **Ballast Tanks**
Offers Increased Performance, Comfort & Safety
- **Tested, Proven Leeboards**
Sail Right Up on the Beach
- **Convertible Cabin**
Transforms in 2 Minutes to a Great Overnighter
- **Unique Trailering**
Allows for Complete Set Up in 10 Minutes

For literature or to Reserve
"The Not Quite Professional Video"
on the Sea Pearl 21
CALL TOLL FREE:
1 (800) 881-1525

Marine Concepts
MANUFACTURING AND SALES

243 Anclote Road • Tarpon Springs, FL 34689 • www.marine-concepts.com



The Caillou

A BETTER SMALL BOAT.™

877 CAILLOU

www.sail-or-paddle.com



Rigged and ready to get underway. Don't forget those wallets!!

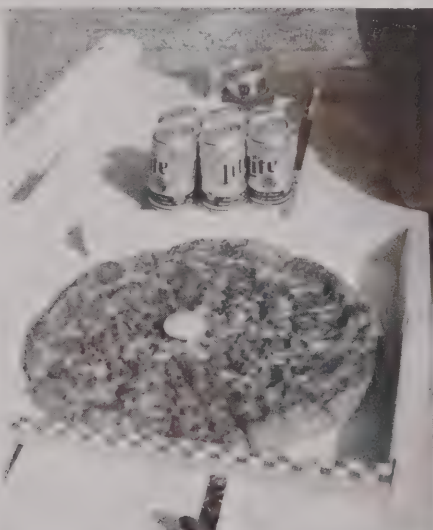


Chris checking his telltales.

The traditional diamond formation.



Lunch!



Hey, They Both Have Airfoils!!

By George Jacobs

Chris picked me and my canoe and sailing gear up around 9. We were on our way to meet our buddy, Marv, who lives on the intracoastal waterway to do some canoe sailing. Since today (Friday) and tomorrow is the Blue Angels Homecoming Show, we decided to watch it from the water, thereby avoiding traffic jams, crowded parking, long walks, standing for hours,—and at the same time, having front row seats in the comfort of our craft. Marv has been sailing his canoe since 1995. Chris and I are more recent addicts. We all have been sailing together 23 times a month for about the last 8 months.

Before heading for Marv's however, we had to stop at the animal shelter. Chris' six year old cat, Squeaky, had run away and now been gone for 5 days. Squeaky had recently grown fond of sleeping on the hood of Chris' neighbor's car, much to his neighbor's chagrin. Did he perhaps call the dog catcher??? After looking at probably 100 cute, pleading cats, I had to keep reminding myself I had a bird, my wife wouldn't appreciate another animal in the house, and I was, after all, going sailing. Squeaky wasn't there.

We got to Marv's and assembled our rigs. We all have 16' 17' canoes with Balogh sailing rigs, 32 38sf Batwing sails, leeboards, and outriggers. We are all on the far side of 200 pounds and 50 years. I call these canoes "old men's windsurfers". With a 10 knot breeze, it feels as if you are flying. Chris has a GPS, I have a VHF radio, and Marv has an anchor. So between us, we are almost a full fledged yacht. I mentioned to Marv's neighbor (a big sailboat yachtie) that the low tech canoes were going to see the high tech airplanes. He correctly mentioned that we both used airfoils and rudders. And, we both singlehand. And their aircraft stand about 16' high, our boats are about that long. Yeah, I guess we do have a lot in common after all. But, they cost around \$30 million and weigh maybe 50,000lbs. OK, there's a small difference in speed too, Mach 1.7 vs. 5 knots.

The usual situation in sailing is that the wind is from exactly the direction you want to go, and so naturally we were beating to windward as we made our way toward the naval base. It was a gorgeous day mid 70s, sunny, blue skies, and maybe 6 8mph winds out of the east. As we approached Sherman Cove Marina I got to thinking, why not pull in there, order a pizza for delivery, and have lunch before the Blues started flying at 2. Then I remembered I left my wallet in Marv's garage. Chris pulled alongside. He liked the pizza idea, but he too had no wallet. We figured Marv left his too. But fortunately we were wrong. So, \$25 (of Marv's money) and 45 minutes later, we were dining on a large pizza and a six pack of brewskis.

Back out to the intercoastal. It was still a close haul east as the wind shifted slightly south/southeast. Chris apparently ventured too close to shore as the Naval Air Station Security Boat (with a large machine gun mounted in the stern) pulled up to him and blared on the loudspeaker, "move away from

the shoreline". Come to think of it, Chris does look a little shady.

We were in good company on the water. There were several large cruisers anchored along the coast (probably all enjoying crab salad and chablis), there were fishing boats, bowriders, and pontoon boats all watching the show. Our three canoes were the only sailboats underway. And what excitement when the Blues F/A 18 Hornets took off! And to have them fly over us with engines breathing fire and the ground (sea) shaking. I've probably seen them over 100 times but I still get goose bumps. Awesome doesn't even describe the feeling. Maybe it's corny, but I really feel proud. And patriotic.

Their show lasted 45 minutes. We watched the traditional diamond formation doing loops, the graceful fleur de lis, the two solos passing 50' off the ground sideways, and my favorite, the part of the show when they all converge from different directions and pass over the crowd at 400mph.

Then it was time to head back to Marv's. The wind is now only 4 5mph and it's out of the south, so it will be a slow beam reach returning. And as we're sailing west, the low sun and the reflection off the water is very bright in our eyes even though it's quickly getting cooler with a little bite to the air. We arrive at Marv's beach for a celebratory brew

from his well stocked garage refrigerator, then Chris and I load up, finishing just before dark. It was a satisfying day. Good friends, fabulous flying, and how can you top pizza and beer?

We like to say that there are only two kinds of sailing days, good and excellent. Today was indeed excellent. And Squeaky was waiting for Chris when he got home.

A quick stop at the spoil island on the way home.



PADDLES & OARS



Maine Craftsmanship at its finest. Surprisingly affordable. Most shipped UPS. Write for free catalog.

SHAW & TENNEY
Box 213MB
ORONO, ME 04473
(207) 866-4867



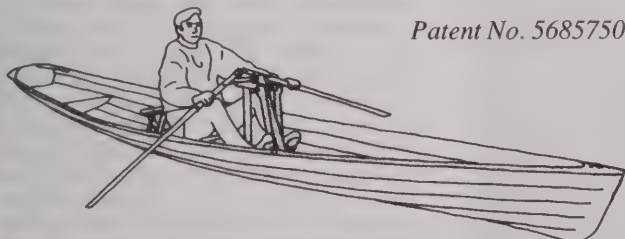
ALDEN OCEAN SHELL & STAR
APPLEDORE POD
MAAS AERO & 24
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
EASTERN 18 COMMERCIAL OB
BRIDGES POINT 24
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930



The thinking person's answer to the PWC! **Jozebote2**: fast, stable, lightweight, super easy and quick to build for **under \$175**. Step-by-step instruction plans \$20 from Joe Reisner, 9600 Seventeen Mile Road, Marshall, MI 49068.

Easy to use. Powerful. High quality exercise.
FRONT-ROWER *Forward Facing* Rowing Rig.

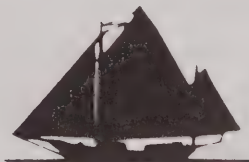
Patent No. 5685750



Send \$1 for brochure of \$5 for video.

Ron Rantilla
30 Cutler Street
Warren, RI 02885

401-247-1482
www.frontrower.com



Greens Point Boatyard

Storage ~ Service ~ Salvage
Native White Oak
Rough Sawn, Live Edge Boards
Logs and Pilings

31 Greens Point Road, Ipswich, MA 01938
Tel: 978-356-7416 Fax: 978-356-7424

On Tuesday the thirteenth Amy, our navigator, headed uptown a few blocks away and bought the charts we needed to get us safely across Lake Ontario. As soon as she was onboard we got underway eastbound in The Bay of Quinte. We spent a large part of the day getting out to the lake. When we cleared this long thin bay we turned south into the lake. Our plan was to stop and anchor for the night in the lee of an island called Main Duck.

Plans sometimes change. We were just starting offshore headed toward Main Duck when we began getting beat up pretty good by the waves. We backtracked a few miles and headed into a small bay that we found filled with moored sailboats. The charts told us that we were in Prinyer Cove. The 15mph wind that chased us off the lake increased to something over twenty. The number of boats that shared the mooring also increased. We decided to wait it out in our sheltered cove.

In the morning it was still blowing so we stayed put and did chores around the boat. Some of our neighbors left but still more came in and moored. Late in the afternoon we all, at about the same time, decided that it was probably a good time to head out. An hour later we were out past the Ducks. The sun was setting and it was a bit hazy on the lake but the lake was nearly flat so we set a course for Oswego New York, USA. The GPS told us that in six hours we should be there.

It was somewhat murky as we neared the westbound shipping lane and I was very relieved when I spotted a ship about five miles

A Busman's Holiday

Part 2

By Mississippi Bob

away. We shouldn't get run down in the fog with a five mile visibility. We rigged up our radar reflector as high as we could without a mast, got some running lights going for the first time on the trip, and sailed off into the dark.

The lake stayed calm, and right on schedule the coastline came into view. We found our way into this port and tied up just below the first lock on the Oswego river. It was hot in the cabin so that night I slept in the cockpit.

We were back in the United States but getting through customs in the morning was another story. Amy called several numbers and finally learned that we had to go to a marina just downstream from our boat and talk to a video phone to be legally re-admitted to the US. I felt like big brother was watching. I have been getting that feeling a lot since George the Second started his war on terrorism.

About 1000 we finally got underway headed up the Oswego River. We traveled through seven locks getting to the Three Rivers area, locks much larger and more

modern than most of the Canadian locks that we had been through. At three rivers we turned east into the Oneida River, a part of the New York State Barge Canal (Erie Canal). We traveled upstream one more lock that day and stopped for a couple of days at the town of Brewerton.

Dale went to collage in Ithaca, New York and he wanted to go back and visit his old school. He rented a car and he and Amy were gone all the next day visiting the Finger Lakes area. I did a few chores on the boat and visited the around the marina. I also walked uptown and bought some sodas and found some ice cream.

The Brewerton Marina is just off the western end of Lake Oneida and the traffic past our mooring got quite heavy at times. Every imaginable type of boat passed by that day going at a no wake speed some making a horrible noises. When they passed out of sight under the highway bridge I could hear them accelerate as they headed into the lake.

On Saturday morning the 17th we got underway again and headed eastbound into the lake. The route across the lake was quite simple, nearly a straight line but looking at the markers it was imposible to tell if they were red or green until you were alongside. Looking into the morning sun all we could see were a silhouettes. The lake was very busy with other boat traffic so we just stayed out of their way and motored across. We spent about three hours running this lake before we entered the canal again and within a couple miles were out of the traffic.

We traveled up through two more locks and entered the ditch that passes Rome. From Rome east the trip would be downhill. We traveled down through a couple—of more locks that day and stopped for the night above the lock at Little Falls at a terminal that was being used as a school and a dockage place for the school's big boat. Not fancy but we found showers in the building and a large grassy area.

On Sunday morning we got underway and went down through the highest lock on the Erie. When you enter this lock from above you see no lower gate, gets you wondering. You drop about thirty feet before you see the lower gates coming into view, they only open the bottom fifteen feet with a gate that lifts overhead.

At the town of St Johnsonville we stopped at the marina for fuel and a pump out then continued down river. I use the term river because the canal in this area is a mix of river and sections of man-made canal. We have been traveling downstream in the Mohawk River since leaving Rome. We went from lock 17 to lock 10 that day and stopped for the night just below Amsterdam. There is a shower for boaters use in the basement of the lock house. There are also toilets available during the times that the lock is open.

On Monday the nineteenth we set out to complete the east end of the canal. We passed through a couple of more locks, then reached a section of river that ended very abruptly at a power dam. On the left bank the canal disappeared into the river bank. There is a short section of canal then a set of guard gates. The canal builders didn't want the canal to accidentally drain any of the larger lakes or river sections. I believe that these gates are usually kept closed and only opened long enough for boats to pass.



A canal barge on the Erie Canal.

The Catskills on the horizon from Poughkeepsie.



Once we cleared the guard gates we came to a really big lock and another and another. The last two miles of the canal has five locks with a total of 170 feet drop. This is really spectacular as you tie up in one lock you can look back and see the gates closing on the one you just left. You can look over the top of the lower gate and see the next lock below, a long way below. There is a small section of waterfront that has been restored below the last lock with some old canal boats tied up there. Just to the north of the canal are the ruins of the old canal. Most of the stonework is still standing but the wooden gates are history.

We entered the Hudson in the early afternoon and went downstream past Troy and pulled up to the Troy Lock, Lock 1 on the system. Lock 1 is run by the Corps of Engineers and the service or lack of service showed it. Once clear of the Government Lock we were in tidewater. We had traveled thru 75 locks since leaving Georgian Bay, and all of us aboard said good riddance. Enough is enough.

We motored past Albany on our way down the Hudson and started making plans to get the mast back up. I had done this in Catskill on another trip so we called Hop In Nose Marina but they declined the job, being short handed.

We had met several sailors on the trip who all mentioned the Castleton Marina, so Amy called them and they asked, "How long will it take you to get here?" We told them a half hour and they said to come on in and they would help us next. We arrived at Castleton on the Hudson and were directed to land just below a small yawl that they were just finishing up. The dock master from the marina met us and filled us in on the procedure. The club would take no responsibility for accidents, we would have to raise the stick ourselves but he would join our crew for an hour or so for a good tip. Dale and I have both raised and lowered masts before so we had no problem with this arrangement.

The club had a very good boom to do this work and we had the dock master running his boom. Dale and I walked the bottom of the mast into place as he lifted it. As soon as it started thru the deck I went below and guided it into place. Amy stayed out of the way and relayed info. All went well and we spent the next hour connecting wires and winding up turnbuckles. The dock master went home to his boat and we all headed up to the showers. Later we went to the club's bar where the dock master spent his tip buying us all beers.

In the morning we headed uptown in Castleton and did our laundry. The town looked to me like it was dying. Got a few groceries and got underway downriver late in the morning with the tide, motoring past many towns including Hudson and Catskill, both towns that I had stopped at on an earlier trip. We began to see many tugboats and seagoing ships in this section of the river.

When the tide turned against us we got to the marina at Poughkeepsie and caught a mooring for the night, a good place to stop. We were returning from the dock in our dinghy when we got flagged down by another boat. They had dinner ready, how can you turn down an offer like that? Nice couple from Salt Lake City. From our mooring at Poughkeepsie

we could look upriver and get a nice view of the Catskill Mountains.

On the 21st we did chores around the boat, finally getting our backstay rigged and put on the sails. We were a sailboat again, for all the good it would do as the wind was straight up the river. It was nearly noon by the time the tide slackened and we got underway. We were still motoring as we passed many more towns and West Point. The river is very deep but quite narrow at this point, easy to see why they built a fort there.

The sun was very low in the west by the time we reached Nyack. We crossed the river motoring thru the anchorage and found a mooring near the shore. The river is wide and shallow at this point and with the upstream wind it was very choppy so I chose to say aboard while Dale and Amy went to shore in

the dinghy to check out the club. They had a race going as we moored and it finished about sunset and the racers all headed back to their moorings. The club has something close to 300 filled moorings but they also have a motor launch darting about bringing folks in from their boats. Sure beats rowing. The Tappan Zee Bridge lit up at sunset, very pretty with all the green lights.

The next morning we crossed the river to Tarrytown to get fuel and stores. They have a nice marina so we stayed at their dock while Dale and Amy ran uptown. About noon we got underway and went under the Tappan Zee Bridge. We moved downriver fast with the tide and soon were passing the Palisades. When we went under the George Washington Bridge—we got into trouble, running into a strong headwind. The wind and tide were at



Pier 57 in New York City.

Looking upstream at 92nd Street in New York City.



odds and we were suddenly into 4' 5' waves. The Morgan handled them fine but not the dinghy. I looked back and noticed that it was half full of water.

Dale cut the power but it was too late, the dinghy was already full. Both boats were pitching a lot and the dinghy was trying to beat itself to death on our transom. We had a few minutes of pure panic with me on the helm and Dale and Amy trying to hold the dinghy alongside while Dale bailed. I had the Morgan running as slow as I could and keep steerage but the GPS told me that we were moving at over five knots down the Hudson. We were closing on our anchorage and beginning to get some shelter from a pier about the time the crisis was over.

I rounded up into the anchorage and we found our buoy just like we knew what we were doing. Dale and Amy dressed up some and headed into town in the dingy. I have seen New York before and preferred to remain onboard.

The next morning we headed downriver and across to the New Jersey side. Dale was going to meet his daughter and a friend at the Liberty Landing later that day and I was getting off. We had a very bumpy ride due to all the rush hour ferry traffic and a strong downstream wind. We got into the marina and tied up. They had one of the old lightships tied up there used as an office and a restaurant with the heads for the marina. I got a shower and went back to the boat and repacked my gear, said bye, bye, and jumped ship.

My plan was to catch an evening bus back to Toronto so I had time to kill and I headed into Central Park. In the park I found a pond where they rented radio controlled

sailboats, so for the next half hour I was the skipper of my own boat. As small as it was, it went were I said.

I arrived in Toronto the next morning just as the town was waking up and headed downhill from the terminal. I figured the lake had to be downhill. I was right. I spent hours walking along the waterfront enjoying all the neat boats that filled this city's marinas. The Toronto lakefront is a park miles long and I found it very enjoyable. On my way back towards downtown I came to an area that I had passed before that was dedicated to canoes. Earlier this spot was quiet but now it was swarming with folks dressed for canoeing. They were holding classes in both canoe and kayak so I had to stay and watch to see how the Canadians teach the game.

Epilogue:

The Hour and a Half Sunset

I had spent the day in Toronto seeing the sights and finally arrived at the airport in plenty of time for my flight home to Minneapolis. I checked in and got seating assignment for a window seat, cleared customs and went to my gate to wait. I waited and I waited. I was hoping to fly home in daylight but that wish was fading fast.

Our plane finally arrived about a half hour after its departure time and we all boarded. I didn't have much hope of seeing much on the flight but I got a very pleasant surprise. As we climbed heading west into the sunset I realized that I could make out many features below. The sky was hazy but out to about 45 degrees I could see quit well.

Off to the north I could see a large lake that I guessed to be Lake Simcoe. Soon we

crossed a coastline and there was no more guessing, we were flying over the very southern tip of Georgian Bay. From 28,000' the scene below looked just like the chart that we had used finding our way into the Trent Severn. Looking to the north I could see the Thirty Thousand Islands stretching off into the haze.

Soon we were flying over Lake Huron. That is one big lake. We spent 15 minutes crossing this lake, then we crossed the Michigan shore and I was over strange territory. As we approached the western side of lower Michigan I saw a very large bay that I guessed to be Grand Traverse Bay. When I spotted North and South Manitou Islands there was no mistaking them.

It didn't take long to cross Lake Michigan and very soon we were over Wisconsin's Door County and I could make out the Sturgeon Bay canal very clearly. I had been there before on a different trip when crossing the lake was an all night trip from the Manitou Islands to Sturgeon Bay. On that trip we had a seasick skipper, a following sea and a snow storm. This time it was much easier at 28,000' in a DC9.

When we crossed the St Croix river I was now over my home state and in a minute we were crossing over my playground, the Mississippi. I don't fly much any more. Most of my time has been in a single engine plane looking out thru the prop. I was really glad for the window seat as the trip brought back many memories and I got to watch an hour and a half sunset.





FEATURES

LARGE 45 SQUARE FOOT SAIL
COMPLETELY PORTABLE
FAST RIGGING ACTION
HIGH STRENGTH TUBING
MARINE QUALITY THROUGHOUT

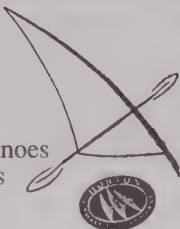
America's Largest Iceboat Manufacturer

Wind Products
2485 Rosstown Road
Wellsville, PA 17365
(717) 432-1074
windproducts@email.com

Check out our website
www.sail4joy.com



**SOLID
COMFORT
BOATS**



Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampans

HUGH HORTON SMALL BOATS
29474 Old North River Rd.
Mt. Clemens, MI 48045
(586) 468-6456
huhorton@tir.com

New from Compass Classic Yachts

14' CLASSIC CAT

Good looks •
Easy handling •
Speed •
Versatility •
Forgiveness •
LOA 14' •
Beam 7' •
Draft 10"



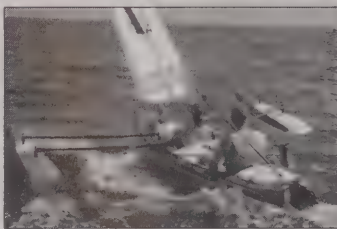
• Seats
• Cockpit room
• Comfort
• Stability
• Low maintenance
• Affordable price
• SA 130 sq. ft.
• Displacement 600#

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Compass Classic Yachts, Inc.
Box 143, South Orleans, MA 02662
Shop 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA
(508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032

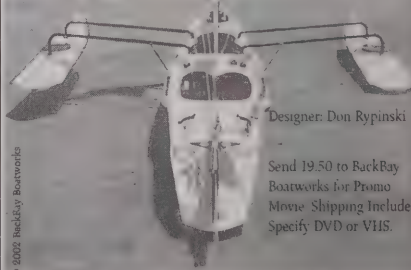


TRITON 14
TANDEM SAILER™



ONE string to pull, TWO pedals to push

Unique features include: foot steering; roller furling mast; boomless high roach sail with vertical panels and battens; patented "wedge stern" with sweep action rudder; fore and aft separate cockpits for two adults; built in flotation and storage compartments in each hull. The **TRITON** is light enough to be transported on a roof rack and small enough to be suspended from a garage ceiling rafter for quick loading and unloading. The **TRITON** is a folding swing-wing Trimaran that is 5 feet wide folded and 12 feet wide open. It is 14 feet long and can be disassembled by pulling 8 pins - no tools required



Designer: Don Rypinski

Send 19.50 to BackBay Boatworks for Promo Movie Shipping Included. Specify DVD or VHS.

www.TritonTS.com
 Call (949) 515-8748 or E-Mail rypdesign@aol.com

It is about 500 miles as the GPS flies from Urbanna, Virginia to Cape Canaveral, Florida. This is further than I can generally see, even on a clear day with a good night's sleep. This fact makes the following story improbable but it is in fact true as I can attest.

It was October of 2000 when my pal Kit and I decided to take one of our lightning sailing cruises down on the Chesapeake. Kit owns a place on the Rappahannock River a few miles up the southern shore. He has an Island Packet 31, *Throttleback*, that he doesn't sail enough. I have always felt it my duty to make sure that other people's stuff gets used, so I will filch sailing trips on Kit's boat when I get a chance.

This trip was typical. After a few phone calls, some hasty preparation, and loading up the car, away I went on the easy four hour drive from the mountains to the seashore. Virginia is a great state for taking a drive. There is every kind of terrain and you can enjoy fabulous valley views crossing the various mountain ridges. A car trip across the state is always a pleasure.

My arrival on this particular trip corresponded with the fall of darkness. "Where have you been?" asks Kit. "I have been waiting for hours!"

"Liar," says I, knowing that he only arrived minutes before me from his home in Fredricksburg. This banter continues. Both of us understand the rules. We have been friends since we were born and know each other like brothers. We may not see each other for six months, but can pick up a conversation as if it had only been six minutes.

The wind was blowing on this mid-October evening. We went down to the dock to open up the boat. After looking at the dark creek, listening to the wind and checking the time, it became apparent that the amount of fun to be had sailing out into the dark river and anchoring hardly justified the work it would require. Bad work to fun ratio. We retired to the cottage.

A comfortable supper and planning session followed by an hour of BSing rounded out a fine evening. When we finally ran out of lies, it was nearly midnight. The following morning dawned with the 3 B's, breezy, bright and beautiful. Two chores needed to be done prior to our departure. The first involved repair of a leaky fuel filter housing and poorly seated gasket. It seemed that the placement of the filter in the engine compartment was designed to provide maximum frustration, but we eventually succeeded. Next, the injectors needed to be bled but that actually worked the first time. Remarkably, the Yanmar 3 cylinder diesel started right up. Finally, the jib sheet winches had to be serviced, but that took no time.

Now we were ready. We tossed our gear into the boat. Sleeping bags, food, GPS, and cameras were loaded and we freed the lines and were off. The sails were hoisted as we left the wharf and headed out the creek and into the river. We were shortly sailing on a beam reach toward Windmill Point. This is my favorite type of sailing. You have nowhere in particular to go, so you make your point of sail a reach or a run and take it easy.

That was a great day of sailing. We followed the wind. Eventually, we found ourselves reaching up river. Lunch was afloat. The steady 12 18 knot breeze allowed *Throttleback* to sail herself while we goofed

Space Shuttle

By Hugh J. Hagan III

around, read and chatted. We passed Urbanna to our port and continued upstream until sunset to Carlotta point. As the sun went down, we figured a return downstream to anchor at the mouth of the Corrotoman River would place us within reasonable striking distance of Kit's home creek the following morning. I needed to be home for Friday night high school football and Kit, an airline captain, had a trip the next day.

The sail back down the Rappahannock was peaceful and smooth. We remained on a broad reach, ten knots of wind, so the sailing was low maintenance. The sun went down behind a fine cloudbank and Kit went below to fix some supper. The menu for the night was *Throttleback* Stew, at the heart of which was a can of Dinty Moore Beef Stew reinforced by whatever else was in the galley. It smelled pretty good wafting up from the companionway. Of course, hunger is the best appetizer. I stayed on deck steering *Throttleback* downstream.

By now it was full dark. I looked to the east and in the distance could see the lights of the Rappahannock Bridge at Whitestone, Virginia. As I studied the bridge I could make out the navigation lights of a tug and barge coming upstream, still several miles away. We were the only two vessels on the river. After a period of observation it became apparent that we would pass each other opposite Towle's Point at the western mouth of the Corrotoman River. At this spot on the river, the deepest channel is only about 700 yards wide. Knowing that the tug and barge would likely be confined by their draft to the center of this channel, I was keeping well clear to the north of the channel and planned a rounding of the point next to the red bell buoy marking the point. As we drew closer, I was hailed on the VHF radio.

"Sailing vessel approaching Towle's Point, how do you intend to pass?" I suspected his radar was giving him a much clearer picture of us than we could get of him.

"This is sailing yacht *Throttleback*," I replied. "We will pass to your starboard, north of the central channel."

"Thanks, skipper," said the tug captain, tagging me with an undeserved title.

We safely passed the tug at the point, starboard to starboard, and continued sailing toward our intended anchorage for the evening.

A minute later, the tug captain came back on the VHF. "Hey, *Throttleback*," squawked the radio.

"Go ahead," I said.

The tug captain continued, "If you look to the south in about ten minutes, you will see the space shuttle go up."

"Get outta here," I said, "that's 500 miles from here." I did recall, however, from listening to the news the day before that the space shuttle was scheduled for a launch that evening, October 11.

"Just watch," said the captain. "We can see Florida launches from the Bay."

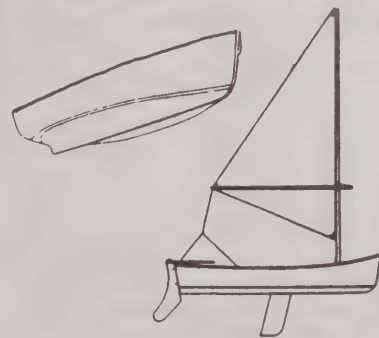
I thanked the captain and we continued sailing east. I told my friend what the tug captain had said and he came up on deck and we started watching the southern horizon. There was enough haze that night to obscure the stars. Only directly overhead were they visible. The time was about 19:15. Just as I figured that we would see nothing, there appeared on the tree line to the south a glow. At first, there was only a faint, yellow smudge but then the clouds lit up and the smudge sharpened into an orange circle of light within a surrounding yellow aura.

The clouds brightened and the glow rose ten to fifteen degrees above the horizon, where, after ten minutes, it diffused, faded and finally vanished. Once again, the sky was black. The only sound was the wind in the rigging and the rush of water along the hull of the boat. We had just witnessed the launch of STS 92, Space Shuttle Discovery, from launch pad 39A at the Kennedy space Center in Florida. Thanks, NASA, Commander Duffy and crew for the show.

"Well," said Kit, "that was worth seeing."

I agreed. You just never know what might happen if you keep your eyes open. I am sure lots of folks have seen a shuttle launch. I saw one at midday once from Orlando, Florida, forty miles away from the Space Center, and it was a sight to see. Spectacular! There was something special, though, about the stark beauty of that silent nighttime launch as seen from the deck of a vessel under sail on the Rappahannock River. This was just another one of those experiences that those of us who are lucky enough to be sailors are privileged to see.

KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing
Two Rowing Stations
Row & Sail Models

BAY & MAINE BOATS

Gooch's Beach, P.O. Box 631
 Kennebunkport, ME 04046
 (207) 967-4461

(Hugh regularly writes for professional mariner publications, the sort of news that is of interest to those earning livings messing about in big boats.)

Adrift on the Briny Waves:

A Florida man was rescued in early October some 42 miles off the North Carolina/South Carolina border. He and his broken masted 23' sailboat had drifted from off the Florida keys since July 19, unspotted in spite of a Coast Guard air search for him. When rescued, the sailor was dehydrated and delusional.

In contrast is the story of Richard Van Pham. He fled Vietnam in 1967 for the US where he became a successful businessman. But a car accident put him in a coma for six months and cost him his three furniture stores and a car repair garage. He started to live aboard a 26' sailboat. One day, he sailed from Long Beach for Santa Catalina Island, an easy 22 mile journey. Nearly four months later, the frigate *USS McClusky* rescued him off Costa Rica. His mast had snapped, his outboard and radio had failed, and he drifted southward, living on the seabirds, fish and a turtle he caught, and drinking rainwater. The solar panel worked so he watched videos on a small TV from time to time. He was in good condition when rescued. His summary of the voyage? "If you travel at sea, you take what you find. If you are scared, you will die."

Technology:

Super rust was an inexplicable mystery for a while. The fast growing rust, which can grow up to 30 times faster than normal rust, was seriously weakening and sinking ships, especially tankers, but now it is understood as a natural phenomenon. One of several causes is that bacteria in the crude oil cargo create acids that accelerate the oxidation of steel plating. Double hulled ships are especially prone to super rust because the double hulls both offer much more surface area (and hard to paint corners and crannies) and form an insulating layer that keeps internal temperatures much higher than in a single hull ship. Corrosion rates approximately double with each 20 degree Fahrenheit rise. But Canadian brothers Stephen and Michael Kennedy have devised a sandwich of steel plastic steel and this SPS composite may slow super rust. It can also allow reduction in the numbers of stiffeners needed and cuts the number of welds in half. The material has already been used on a several ships including a Canadian Coast Guard icebreaker and a big Rhine River barge.

Strikes:

The big strike of the month was the lockout of union workers from 29 west coast ports. Several hundred ships arrived and anchored while port management and shippers argued with the union. At issue is the necessary port growth to handle expected container volume growth, and the workers fear that they will be hurt, although part of management's proposal was guaranteed job security for current workers until each chose to retire. After about ten days, Pres. Bush invoked the Taft Hartley law so backlogged cargoes will be worked, at least for some weeks.

But strikes are becoming popular worldwide. A union "stay away" was staged

Beyond The Horizon

By Hugh Ware

in South African ports protesting possible privatization. The British union for ratings protested the high salary of the P&O chairman by a demonstration outside London's Chamber of Shipping; some observers feel this demonstration may lead to strikes. Spanish docker unions planned weekly demonstrations to protest reforms of port laws that may threaten their jobs and safety. Spanish towage company employees at Tarragona called 24 hour strikes on Oct 22, Nov 5, Nov 22, and Nov 26 for reasons not reported. In Nigeria, youth blocked the Escravos waterway, forcing airborne changes of the crews on oil platforms plus other precautions. The grievances of the youth were not immediately available.

Salvage:

Smit Salvage was named salvor of the Italian RO/RO container ship *Jolly Rubino* when it drifted aground in South Africa after attempts to tow the burning vessel in rough waters failed. Smit was also named salvor for the 16,000 ton Hong Kong registered bulker *Tai Ping*, which ran aground while leaving the South Island port of Bluff, New Zealand, but Smit may find this job has special challenges. So far, there has been a demand by one of the owner's representatives that the ship be promptly towed free since "the ship floated free twice yesterday." This was rebutted by the government's spokesman, who said the man was in "a fantasy world" and we do not need "mavericks sitting behind a desk in Sydney talking nonsense."

Other oddities included suggestions that a signpost, removed the day before the grounding from Stirling Point for repainting, had anything to do with the grounding. The signpost is for drivers, not mariners, the Automobile Association stated. Finally, some people, confusing ammonium nitrate with urea, feared that the *Tai Ping's* cargo of fertilizer might combine with any spilled diesel oil and cause an explosion.

Titan Marine completed removal of oil from the freighter *Joseph Luckenbach*, sunk off San Francisco in a collision in 1953. The job was especially difficult because the ship had broken into three pieces, cargo blocked access to oil tanks, and sub-sea and surface conditions were nasty most of the time. Titan also assisted in the recent recovery of the sunken Confederate submarine *Hunley*, from its watery grave in Charleston, and has been hired to provide the National Park Service with information on how long the sunken battleship *USS Arizona* can survive the ravages of time in its war memorial berth in Pearl Harbor.

Collisions, Fires, and Similar Events:

When the Senegalese ferry *Le Joola* capsized, only 64 of 1,034 passengers and crew survived. The ship was rated for 536 passengers and was listing when it departed port. Ferries are widely used in Senegal, partly because tribal warfare has split the country into two parts.

The 158,000 ton French tanker *Limburg* was apparently rammed and set afire by a

small high speed motorboat off Yemen. Pieces of fiberglass and what might be an outboard motor were found on the tanker's deck and a neat 5' hole was punched inward at the waterline. Are terrorists may now using some form of shaped charges in their suicide endeavors?

The French trawler *Cistrude* and the Norwegian tanker *Bow Eagle* were on converging courses in the English Channel with the *Bow Eagle* having the right of way. They collided. The two Filipinos in the tanker's wheelhouse decided that since the hit was a glancing blow, like the slap of a wave, and there was French radio traffic afterwards, they wouldn't tell the master. But the trawler sank, drowning four. Norwegian, French, and Dutch (where the tanker was bound) authorities reacted promptly and soon the French government announced that the trawler's crew was at fault while the Norwegians will put the mate on trial for failing to stop and help after an accident. This may cost him six years in a Norwegian prison.

The nearly completed 113,000 gross tons cruise ship *Diamond Princess* was ravaged by fire at Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, Japan's leading shipyard. Now, although seemingly a constructive total loss, the ship will be rebuilt and delivered somewhat late.

Hoegh's car carrier, *Hual Europe*, went aground in Tokyo Bay after being hit by an unusually strong typhoon. Her engine room and holds up to car level 6 became flooded.

Africa is a different sort of place! The 38,963 gross tons Italian RO/RO, *Jolly Zafiro*, went aground while entering Tema port on Sept 24. Fleetmate *Jolly Verde* and four tugs broke bollards and six lines in unsuccessful attempts to free the ship. The rest of this story was reported by the *Ghananian Chronicle*, a daily Ghana newspaper. According to it, local religious traditionalists demanded 4 million, two bottles of schnapps, and a sheep to free the vessel. The Italian owners tried 1 million but this was refused so they paid the full amount. Next morning, the ship simply floated free of its own accord. "Magnetized rocks" was suggested as a possible explanation.

The Environment and Violator Punishments:

In something of an environmental breakthrough for that part of the world, the world's largest ship scrapping yard, the Alang Sosiya at Alang, India, is to get a treatment, storage, and disposal facility that will handle hazardous materials from scrapped ships.

Ship exhaust emissions are gaining increased attention now that land emissions are beginning to decrease. A similar area of concern is maritime related truck emissions and California has mandated a fine of \$250 on a marine terminal for each truck idling more than 30 minutes while waiting to enter or leave the terminal gates.

Canadian officials arrested the freighter *Tecam Sea* south of Newfoundland after a new satellite borne detection system allowed them to spot waste oil the ship was deliberately pumping into the sea in the dark of night.

The US has filed a complaint against a New York building owner and management company for allowing heating oil to leak from an underground tank into Sheepshead Bay in 1999. Cleanup of some 2,300 gallons cost

more than \$295,000 and the government wants some money.

The US Coast Guard issued an alert after an explosion on a tanker. Apparently, while a tank was being stripped of its cargo, the bearings in a cargo pump failed and the impeller and shaft rubbed against the casing, causing extreme heat. When the tank top cover was opened and air flowed in, boom! Owners were advised to ensure proper maintenance of cargo pumps.

Odd Bitts and...

Two scientists reviewing seismic data found the crater of a meteorite that struck the earth about 60-65 million years ago. It hit about 80 miles from Hull on the east coast of England and lies under 120' of seawater and more than 900 feet of sediment. The crater measures about 6 miles across and is described as "small but well preserved".

The US Navy will not be using the traditional Union Jack at the bow of its warships for a while. In memory of the 9/11 attacks on the World Trade Center towers, a Navy Jack will be flown for the duration of the war on terrorism. The new flag has a rattlesnake wriggling across thirteen horizontal red and white stripes with the motto, "Don't Tread On Me".

A manpower study predicts that the current shortfall of 16,000 seagoing officers (one eighth of the total) will grow to 46,000 within 10 years. The study notes that the average age of senior ship officers world wide is 60 years. Most come from the UK, western Europe, and Scandinavia. Junior officers tend to come from the Philippines, but many will be coming from India, China, and eastern Europe, where training schools have greatly improved, probably due to the requirements of the IMO's Standards for Training, Certification and Watchkeeping (1995).

The "Love Boat" may be in retirement by the time you read this. The *Pacific Princess* (ex *Sea Venture*), star of the TV series of that name, made her last voyage to Bermuda and headed for the Mediterranean, where she will be tied up.

The US Coast Guard and the Department of Interior are transferring twenty more lighthouses to local governments and non profit organizations at no cost. They must keep the lighthouses open to the public. This is the second installment of a program that will eventually rid the US government of 300 uneeded lighthouses.

The 200' freighter *Teza* has been built entirely in Burundi and will travel the 429 mile length of Lake Tanganyika, Africa's second biggest lake, carrying 1500 tonnes of cargo or 40 20' containers.

It looks as though the days are numbered for the mighty Trans Atlantic record breaker *United States*. The owners have given up on all efforts to revive the beautiful vessel, the fastest ocean liner of all times, and plan to sell the ship for scrap. A sale should bring them an estimated \$2.6 million.

The Syrian Government now allows private companies to apply for licenses as shipping agents at Syrian dry cargo ports, thus ending a state monopoly.

Northern Ireland's famed shipbuilder Harland & Wolff may cease operations, the firm's owners have issued a notice that they will reduce the working force to 121 from January 2003.

The 43,000 ton condo/cruise ship *The World* took a beating when it encountered the tail end of Hurricane Gustave while sailing in eastern Canada. Damages of over \$100,000 included smashed windows and, of course, the ship's concert piano

The bulkier *Jody F. Millenium*, recently rescued from a grounding in New Zealand's Gisborne harbor, has been renamed *Millenium Bright*. It had been reported that the ship was originally named after actress Jody Foster, a favorite of the owner.

Scientists are studying why a dead zone has suddenly appeared in Lake Erie between Sandusky, Ohio and Erie, Pennsylvania, but know that excessive phosphorus causes little or no dissolved oxygen in the water.

The British Government has agreed to split the riches (when salvaged) from the *Essex* with American salvage firm Odyssey Marine Exploration. The frigate sank in 1696 while carrying a cargo of coin to ensure the loyalty of the Duke of Savoy in the war against France. The cargo is estimated to be worth \$3.9 billion. This deal may save the Royal Navy from having to lose up to ten warships to provide funds for the two large aircraft carriers it will soon have built. But the Royal Navy has announced that the venerable destroyer *HMS Sheffield* will be the first to go into what it calls "extended readiness".

Highway congestion is getting increased attention. A GAO report noted that US spending on waterways remained constant during 1991 2000 while usage increased. Congress was advised to focus on the entire systems rather than specific modes. In Europe, the Europe Commission decided not to object to a German subsidy plan for

building combined transport terminals. The goal is to shift traffic from roads to rails and inland waterways.

Head shakers:

The Canadian navy will get its four trouble plagued ex Royal Navy submarines someday, but not soon. This time, it was *HMS Ursula*, which sprang a leak around one of its two signal ejectors. The redesign and repair process was variously described as either "minimal...not complex" or "it's a complex system". After satisfaction is achieved, the sub will become *HMCS Corner Brook*. The four dielectric subs were built in the early nineties but mothballed after only three years of service. Canada is leasing four subs for eight years and two are already in Canada. None are operational.

France and Russia are still arguing over some unpaid pre 1917 loans and a group of investors threatened to arrest the naval training vessel *Sedov* when the square rigger arrives at Marseilles. Once before, the vessel has been arrested, at Brest in July 2000, on behalf of a Swiss hotel group.

After the small tanker *Qing You 4* broke in two and dumped 950 tons of petroleum products into the sea, one crewmember lit a flare. Due to the intensity of the resulting fire and generally bad conditions, 2 of the crew of 16 went missing.

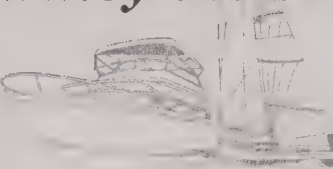
A would be stuntman bungee jumper jumped from Vancouver's Lion Gate Bridge, trying to land on the deck of a cruise ship passing below. He almost made it, bouncing off the tennis court, hitting the volleyball net and a deck railing but was left dangling as the ship steamed onwards without him. Police took a dim view of his stunt and arrested him.



By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com

- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale



- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: info@by-the-sea.com

FIBERGLASS REPLICA CLASSIC SAILBOATS

RAINBOW

12' Cape Cod Catboat



LOA - 12'4"
Beam - 6'2"
SA - 100sf
Displ. 440lbs

Construction

Varnished Oak Trim
Bronze Hardware
Wooden Spars

NEW!
Compass

CLASSIC CAT

14' Classic Half-Decked Catboat

BAYBIRD

18' Gaff Sloop



LOA 18' 0"
Beam - 5'6"
SA - 145sf
LWL - 16'
Draft 0'8"

Dealer Inquiries Invited

COMPASS CLASSIC YACHTS, INC.

Box 143, S. Orleans, MA 02662 * (508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032
(Shop @ 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA)

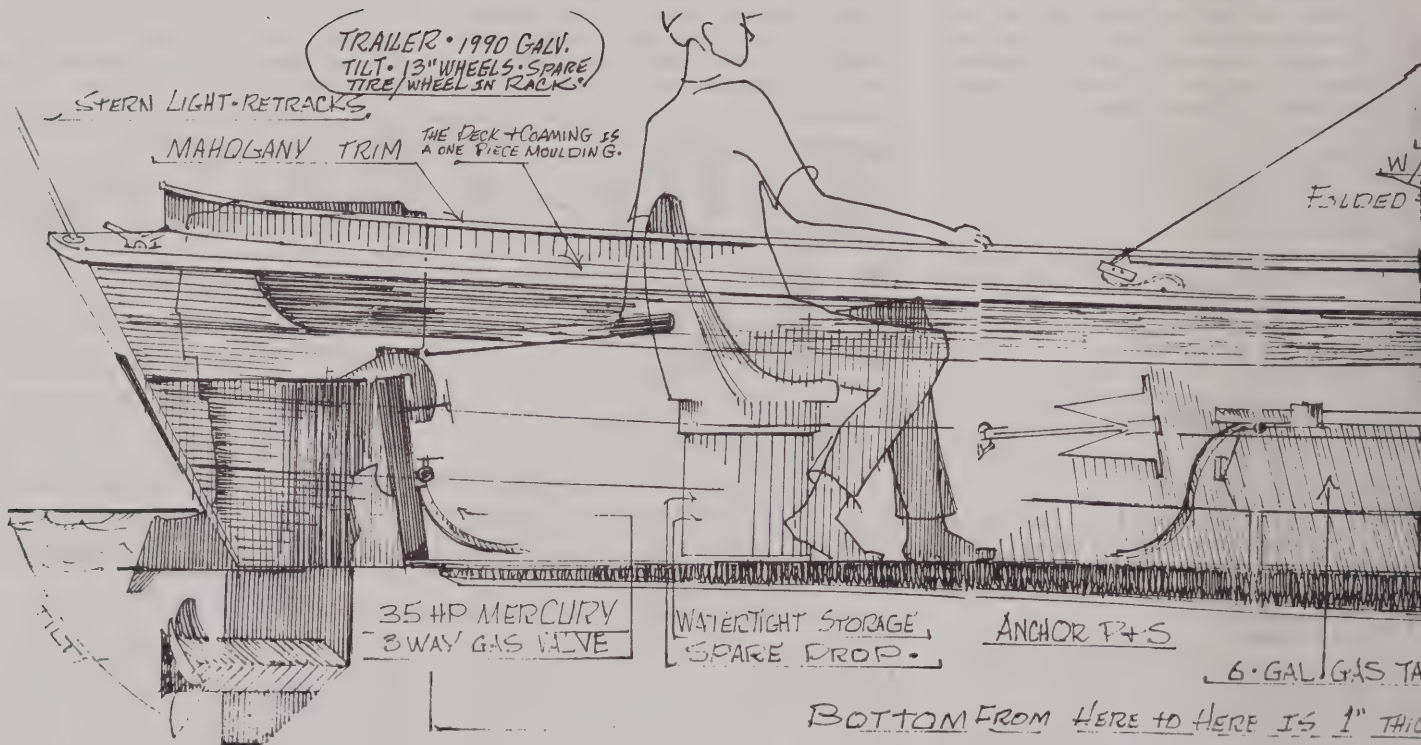


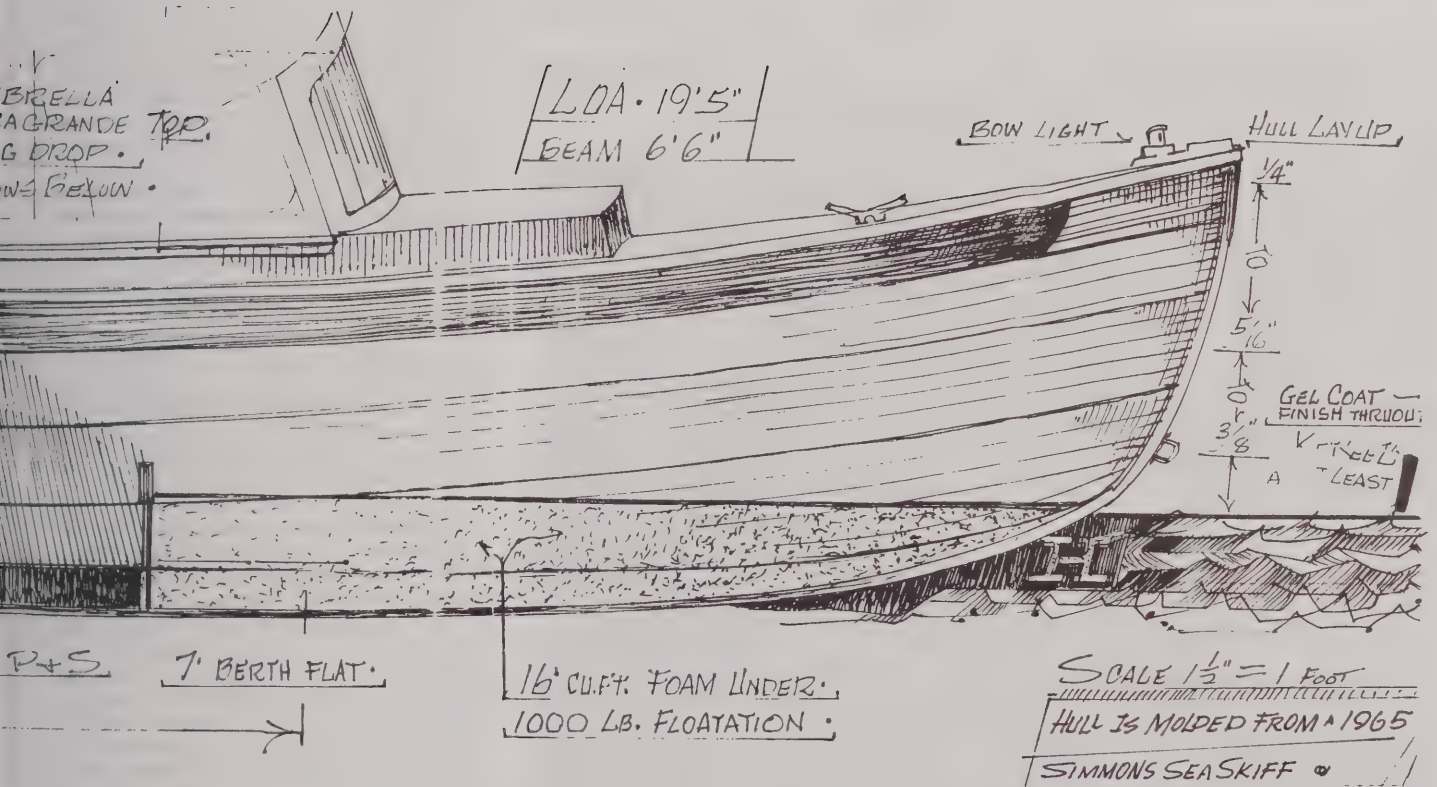
From a 1965 Simmons Sea Skiff

By Harry Hershey

Here's a look at my molded fiberglass skiff built from a 1965 Simmons Sea Skiff used as a plug. The lapstrake glass molding made a very rigid structure. In smooth water she was past 25mph nudging 30mph with 35hp.

I trailer her about 5,000 miles a year at highway speeds with a VW Rabbit, all of 70hp, 1,500lbs all up.





The big family party ended early this morning and was a great success. After a couple of hours of sleep, however, I started packing for tomorrow's 6:45am start at Travemünde. I decided to save myself retracing the 13 miles down the Trave River and start instead right beside the *Passat* windjammer at the very mouth of the river.

The first 14 miles of coastline were a stark contrast to the busy, affluent resort areas to the west of the Trave. This coast was literally empty, hardly a house or hamlet in sight until I reached Boltenhagen. People must have been kept away from the border to the west. A couple of watch towers along the beach were a grim reminder of this country's most recent past. I suddenly remembered reading that these buffer zones, as well as the restricted areas surrounding the access roads to Berlin, have in turn become havens for wildlife, unintended nature preserves, if you will.

At Tarnewitz Point, separating Boltenhagen and Wohlenberg Bays, I saw my first German eagle ever, a "Seedler", a sea eagle, which looks very similar to our American bald eagle: same size and build, even some white on its tail, but not the head. I saw it several times, very clearly, perched and in flight with its broad straight dark wings. It was an eagle. And it was around a former military installation with restricted areas all around it. I felt it was there just to prove this point. And since I had paddled my set miles for the day, I pitched my tent just south of the still closed harbor on a minimal beach surrounded by reeds. That afternoon, after the rain stopped, I enjoyed a chorus of birds, the likes of which I had never heard before. Even several ravens joined the chorus. I was impressed.

Windbound at Graal-Muritz.



Paddling Solo Along The Baltic Coast Of Germany

May/June 2002-Part 3

By Reinhard Zollitsch

Wismar is the first larger city to the east of Lubeck and has a large shallow bay and a large island at its doorstep. The wind was freshening from the SSW, and I had an exciting ride to the narrow channel behind Poel Island. I would have to hole up in the last bight at the end of this channel, because to the north was first a bird sanctuary and then a 5 mile nature preserve extending a mile and a half into the sea. If that was not hard enough to get around without violating any laws, the shore plus a mile and a half out was labeled "Sperrgebiet Munition", which means watch out for unexploded ordinances, or better yet, stay out. I would have to negotiate this problem early in the morning, real early.

Unfortunately it was raining and the wind was quite fresh (which meant whitecaps) and there was no way for me to stand offshore over a mile. So I tip toed and danced through the tulips, being ever so watchful for any floating object as well as chase boat. (I obviously made it, otherwise you would not be reading this).

At Trollegrund, "troll ground", I headed east, and the wind turned with me. At the point

some surprisingly large waves were forming, but I had to turn my tail to them, which I never like because I cannot see them coming. Then suddenly it happened, my stern is lifting more than usual, my boat begins to glide, faster and faster like a surfer or like a runaway truck. I AM SURFING! With all my gear, for the first time ever, at a speed I am not familiar with. The boat begins to turn left into the trough.

The words broaching, rolling, washing machine raced through my mind. "Ohhno," I shouted and wrenched the bow back and kept bracing. By then the breaking part had caught up with me and rumbled under the boat while I was leaning back as far as I could while still holding my low brace. After about 20 seconds the show was over. I had to take a deep breath and wipe some sweat off my forehead though.

The rest of the day was less exciting. Kuhlungsborn and Heiligendamm were two of East Germany's major Baltic resort towns. As a matter of fact, Heiligendamm claims to be the first spa ever on the German Baltic, and it showed its age as all GDR (formerly East German) towns do. A lot of new building, reconstruction and remodeling is going on everywhere. There is a distinct need to catch up to the glamour and affluence of the old Bundesrepublik (formerly West Germany), and there is envy on one side and bickering as to who is going to pay for it all on the other, and it still overshadows the otherwise happy unification process, even 12 years later.

My overnight spot was nothing special, but very serviceable, with rows of wooden breakwaters extending straight into the water. It rained again and the wind kept up, even the next day to Graal Muritz. I had to make an exciting surf landing on the beach and weight down my tent before I could set it up. At times I wondered whether my tent was going to be reduced to a tarp. It caved, buckled and slapped, but stopped short of ripping to shreds. The later the afternoon, the worse it got. Needless to say, I did not get much sleep, also because the air was filled with the finest of sand, which sifted through the vent screens onto everything inside my tent.

The morning was even worse. The ocean was white as far as the eye could see. In places the beach had been swept clean of fine sand, and rocks were appearing, while behind my boat and tent, little sand dunes were forming. This was clearly a no go situation; I should not even be on this beach totally unprotected from the wind. I literally grit my teeth and got back in my sleeping bag.

At 7:00pm the wind finally let up a bit and by next morning the storm had blown itself out, leaving a mess of seaweed on the beach. I felt I had to hustle to make up the lost day and was on the water even before my usual 6:00am. It was a long 14 mile haul to Darss Point and a long way around the shallows surrounding it. I passed close by "Bernstein Insel", Amber Island, looking for that precious, golden gleaming jewel made by nature millions of years ago from the pitch of conifers, but found none. Instead I again saw lots of stately swans drifting by with their young in tow.

But I was pushing on along a seemingly endless beach running straight to the east. It was Saturday, the sun had come out, and so had the people. I wanted to go to the edge of the large Nature preserve to get a good head start for the difficult rounding into Stralsund

tomorrow. So I set up my tent just beyond the last beachcombers, who often set up little colorful nylon wind screens or tent shells. No sign or fence for the nature preserve, so I had to still be outside of the park and legal, marvy.

Then suddenly out of the blue a severe thunderstorm hit, just as I had put up my tent. And the wind was rising again and kept up all night. At 10:30pm two uniformed guys with bright flashlights informed me that I was camped about 300 yards inside the park and had to move. That was a good one, and I tried my best to talk myself out of it; but I had to promise to be off the beach by 6:00am next morning, weather permitting, I added.

The night was at least as windy as the night before, with sand drifting around my tent and boat. But at 6:00am the wind suddenly calmed considerably and I was off; first 5 miles along the preserve and then around the biggest sand bank I had ever seen, 6 miles long and a mile and a half wide, which translates into breakers on all sides. It was a long hard and tense haul, because the wind had picked up again and I was dancing. Rounding the last point, I was rewarded for my efforts with my second eagle sighting and even a wild boar. That cheered me up, but I still needed a break.

The rest was easy, down the Strelasund to just before the city of Stralsund. I even found a tiny beach under a tree with the silhouette of the city in my tent door. Perfect. I had decided not to go around the large island of Rugen, which would have added at least 70 miles to the trip, and time was running short. I had to get back to Maine to teach summer school.

Stralsund is another significant city of the old Hanseatic League (so were Wismar and Rostock which I passed by earlier.) Its gothic brick town hall and church are massive and a proud expression of former wealth and greatness. But needs and styles change. A newish looking humungous shipyard building now dwarfs the entire city and, in my eyes, is a major distraction. But I admit, it must be nice to be able to build a 10,000 to 20,000 ton (PANMAX) ship inside a 330 yard long, 119 yard wide construction hall. Just imagine, 6 football fields under one roof!

I also noticed an icebreaker moored next door, which reminded me that the Baltic freezes over in a severe winter, and shipping lanes have to be kept open by huge icebreakers. The salinity in these waters is low due to the restricted outflow of the Baltic north of the Danish islands in the Kattegat-Skagerrak area. For the same reason, tides are practically non-existent. They are higher near the Kattegat, but in these waters negligible. All that people are concerned about here are "wind tides", storm surges, water that is pushed into the shallow bays by strong winds and then sloshes ashore. Therefore most of the lower coastlines have dikes or artificially created beach dunes. For a small boater this is ideal and easy, compared to what I am used to on the Atlantic and the Bay of Fundy in Canada.

Next day took me 32 miles down the sound towards Greifswald and beyond. It was a quiet paddle with little excitement, except when I got to Riems Island. "Seuchenschukgebiet", dangerous, keep out were printed on my chart. An infested island or quarantine station? It couldn't be a leper colony, could it? I found out after the trip that

there was a research facility on this island studying Mad Cow Disease and they did not want anybody in the vicinity. Not knowing this, I checked out the ducks and swans around the island, and determined they looked healthy and normal and could survive whatever was in the water, and so could I, I thought bravely. I gave the place a wide berth though, always looking for oozy, slimy sludge and marker buoys, but there were none.

I had to stay off the next island also since it was yet another nature preserve, but eventually I made it into Greifswald Bay, a very shallow one at that, with serious algae bloom, surrounded by tall reeds, the type used for thatching houses. But a rather large deeply forked red tailed bird of prey (Gabelweih/ Roter Milan, a kite) led me across the bay to a much steeper, pine clad shore with a beautiful beach. It was perfect, and I saw that bird and a couple of ravens several more times from my tent which blended perfectly with its surroundings, down to my green boat on a patch of lush green beach vines.

This was the longest paddle-of-the-trip so far, 32 miles or 51km, but by far not the hardest. I was beginning to make up the zero mile wind day. Two more days to Ahlbeck and only one more overnight. The trip was winding down. Tomorrow would take me across to the island of Usedom and just north of the resort town of Zinnowitz.

And this is exactly what happened. I passed by a decommissioned nuclear power plant, but I noticed a lot of activity at the huge plant site and heard a lot of deep industrial rumbling and electrical noises. Even the private harbor entrance was being dredged.

It looked very active to me, and I felt a bit uneasy passing so close to a communist built major nuclear power plant. Chernobyl was still too vividly in my mind. Then I saw three German eagles floating, gliding, soaring above the adjacent marshland, and all my worries were wiped away.

When I crossed the mouth of the Peene River to get to the island of Usedom, recent history overcame me. This was Peenemunde, the rocket research center and launching site of Hitler Germany's rocket program. It was here that Wernher von Braun tested his V1 and V2 rockets which later harassed London and other British cities. For the bombing of Coventry, the RAF retaliated and destroyed 20% of the city of Lubeck in one night.

I was having lunch holding on to the very edge of the runway the spotter planes must have used to check on the new rockets' accuracy. When asked after the war about his involvement with government policy, von Braun brushed it off: "I only send them (the rockets) up. Where they come down is not my department." As we all know, he eventually ended up in Huntsville, Alabama and became an American citizen and the US design chief who eventually sent Neil Armstrong to the moon in basically his design, the Saturn V rocket.

And while I was shaking my head about the strange turns history takes, I saw my three eagles again, plus a fourth one, soaring above this very runway and area of destruction. Four eagles over Peenemunde, that has to be a good sign for the new Germany and a peaceful Europe.



Newly formed sand dunes after the storm at Zingst.

The shipyard at Stralsunds dwarfing a 2,500 container ship (16,000 tons).



The shallows around the point were extensive. I had to go out several miles and then some to get around the wrecks of several freighter hulks. I have no idea how they got there, whether they foundered in the shallows or were targets from the Hitler or East German regime. At that point I did not care, but wanted to get to my take out for today, which was not going to be easy because it was getting real hot, and the wind was piping up from the SE, following the shore perfectly.

I passed the most beautiful beaches so far, wide and white, rimmed with undulating dunes sparsely covered with beach grass. Vacationers were on the beaches and in the water. I had to stay outside the buoyed areas, but I did it gladly to avoid the noise and blatant nudity. At Zinnowitz I stopped one mile before the boat landing pier where excursion boats came and left all afternoon. I pulled up high on the beach near the dunes at the edge of the grasses and sweltered. I heard later that my sister and her husband wanted to surprise me with lunch and coffee, but they never found me, even though I had told them exactly where I was planning to stay: 1 mile NW of the pier. Other people, though, found me (mostly men), and wanted to know all about my trip and the boat, standing in the

buff in front of me, while I was sitting on my low Crazy Creek chair in my tent, a very uncomfortable situation for me.

17 more miles to Ahlbeck! I had figured out my departure time so I would arrive exactly at high noon at the pier, plus one hour for breaks and unforeseen delays like a headwind. But instead, the wind came from the NE, onshore and a bit from behind. In order to go straight, I had to paddle much harder on my left, and when the wind increased and the waves began to break, I had to paddle even harder, even sprint to outrun the breaking parts of the waves. So I ended up in Ahlbeck much sooner than expected. I was not going to dilly dally just to show up on time. At one point I even worried if I could make it there at all. But I quickly dismissed that notion and dug in harder.

I rounded Ahlbeck pier when a customs officer stepped out of his house and asked me sternly where I was going, etc. I was delighted to find out that this was the official check-in/check out point on the German side of the border. He then seemed to enjoy learning that I had made it from one German border to the next in that little open boat. "Gut gemacht well done!" in a very official voice were his only words as he waved me past, watching

me head for the beach on the Poland side of the pier. By now the waves were really breaking and I had to get through four sets of breakers. One of them almost got hold of me and was about to toss me unceremoniously onto the beach. But I had my pride that that would not allow this to happen and jerked the boat straight with a mighty pry and a last low brace. I had landed! But I had to quickly drag the boat onto the beach before it filled with water.

Nobody was there to greet me, nobody I cared about saw me come in. Too bad. I took a hand held shot of my grinning self, capturing the feeling of elation on film. Then suddenly my sister arrived, shocked that I was already there, and why could I not have waited and arrived when I said I would... And then she disappeared and moments later returned with a newspaper reporter in tow, digital camera and notepad in hand.

The article in the local paper came out fine and shows me sitting in my beached canoe, grinning, weighing my Zaverall paddle on my knees as if it were a Viking sword. I then enjoyed some "Kaffee und Kuchen", real coffee and a piece of cheesecake in the beach cafe, before we packed up and loaded the canoe on their fancy Saab. And while we were careening through the countryside on our way back to Lubeck, the car phone rang; it was my dear wife Nancy, calling from Orono, Maine. My trip was now complete.

440 miles (700 km) in 20 days total, averaging out to 22 miles a day, not too shabby for that boat and those weather conditions, and considering that one day was a no-go wind day. But the real importance of this trip for me was not how far and how fast I paddled; it was experiencing the entire German Baltic coast with all its official and personal history. Neither was it a nostalgia trip, but rather a trip of understanding of Germany's and my past and the way they are intertwined. Sure, I also liked the raw paddling experience on this 12,000 year old glacial melt puddle, and yes, I delighted in showing Germans how we Americans paddle open canoes in the US and Canada, but that was not the main focus of my trip.

I think Nils Holgersson and his German cousin Peter Junk would be proud of me for finally, at age 63, fulfilling my boyhood dream of seeing the shores of the sea surrounding my childhood world and seeing it open to encompass the world.

Resources

Charts: Sportschiffahrtskarten, Ostsee (set 1,2,4) by: Nautische Veröffentlichung Verlagsgesellschaft mbH, Arnis, Germany, www.boat.de/clown/inv.htm

Info books on the Baltic: HB Bildatlas Ostseeküste Schleswig Holstein. HB Bildatlas Ostseeküste Mecklenburg Vorpommern.

August Clausen: Peter Junks Reisen mit der Silbermowe. Verlag Heinrich Möller, Rendsburg. 1936/65'

Selma Lagerloff: Wunderbare Reise des kleinen Nils Holgersson mit den Wildganssen.

Gear: Old Town Penobscot 16 canoe, Zaverall bent shaft carbon fiber canoe paddle, Ritchie canoe/kayak compass, Iridium satellite phone.

Reinhard Zollitsch, 61 North Main Ave. Orono, Maine 04473, (207) 866 4872, fax: (207) 581 1832, reinhard@maine.edu



Last night on the beach on the island of Usedom near Zinnowitz.

Arrival at Ahlbeck pier near the Polish border.





KAYAKS

Boreal Design
Wilderness Systems - Old Town
CANOES

Ranger - Old Town - Radisson
Hundreds on Display

FERNALD'S

On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

COME TAKE A LOOK AT THE FUTURE

CAMPANOE.COM



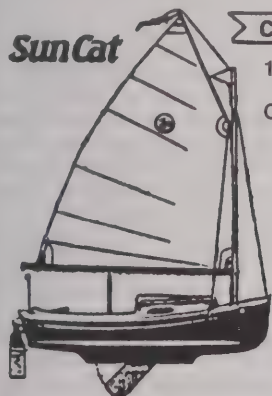
**200 POUNDS
OF SMART, PORTABLE
AND AFFORDABLE
FUN.**

TOLL FREE 1.888.865.3688

KLEPPER FOLDING KAYAKS

Best Selection • Best Price

Klepper West Toll Free: 888-692-8092
6155 Mt. Aukum Rd. www.klepperwest.com
Somerset, CA 95684-0130

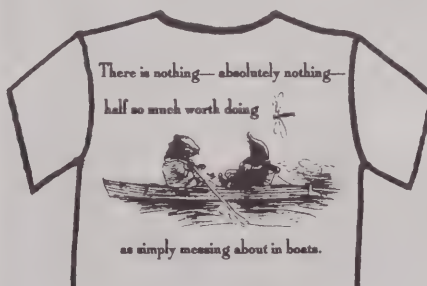


COM-PAC

14' Picnic Cat
17' Sun Cat
Other models
in stock

FERNALD'S MARINE

On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312



Simply Messing About In Boats
Nautical Apparel & Accessories

from

The Wind in the Willows

The Design Works

toll free 877-637-7464
www.messingabout.com

Mess About in a Heritage Featherlite!



Only \$349.00

Compass Canoe & Kayak

Little Compton, RI
1-888-642-9929
compasscanoe@cox.net
"We Ship Anywhere"



Loon with a bone in her teeth at Beaufort, NC.



Loon snuggled down for the night.

Plenty of room for breakfast for four.



Voyages of the *Loon*

By Tom Lathrop

In 1994, I decided that Liz and I needed a small daysailer for knocking about the coastal area of North Carolina. My friend Graham Byrnes had designed a 15' boat that could be built as either a powerboat or a sailboat, but he had never actually installed the sailing rig until 1993. After being used as a powerboat, rowboat and crab skiff, he decided to fit the cat ketch rig, rudder and centerboard to the boat. It proved so successful that a couple of us local boatbuilding addicts decided to build two for ourselves.

My boat was built in 1994 and christened then *Loon* by my birdwatcher wife Liz. She was conceived to be an all round boat for sailing, rowing and powering with an outboard engine. *Loon* has a self-draining anchor well in the foredeck to keep a muddy anchor out of the interior and a self contained canopy to make her snug for overnighting while beach cruising. There are four separate air tanks for flotation in the event of capsize and three (almost) waterproof lockers for storing gear. The side air tanks each have access ports for more storage if needed and provide very comfortable seating plus serving as a dry sleeping platform with the floorboards raised to the same level.

Loon proved an extremely quick and simple boat to rig and pack up at the launch ramp, with the sails never having been removed from the masts once they were first attached. The masts, with the sails rolled on are inserted in a canvas cover and set in brackets slipped into the mast steps and rudder gudgeons. In this fashion, we trailered *Loon* to Maine, Quebec, Ontario and Lake Superior, camping and sailing along the way at some places far removed in distance and character from our usual shallow water sounds in North Carolina. In Penobscot Bay, Maine, we were approached by a classic schooner with Sunday afternoon sailors aboard who called out, "What a beautiful little ketch". We returned the compliment and felt very proud of our little skiff. We did not tell them that it was a plywood boat with glass/epoxy joinery.

After learning the few differences in handling of a sprit boom rigged cat ketch, it has become our favorite rig for cruising and daysailing. With the larger foresail rolled up on the mast, it is easy to come into a downwind landing with the mizzen weather cocked and it is actually possible to both tack and make windward distance under mizzen alone. This may be hard for many to credit, but *Loon* happily does it anyway.

We sometimes camped on board *Loon* on the beaches of North Carolina. The photos were taken at Cape Lookout at Easter sunrise after a night when the wind blew about 25 knots with *Loon* safely on the beach on a windward shore.

I would have to disagree with John Sperry that a Sea Pearl would be easier to handle than a Bay River Skiff though (See "Beach Cruising on the Sea of Cortez, MAIB Oct 1, 2002). The Sea Pearl is at least three times heavier, much longer, more tender under sail and costs many times as much. The Bay River Skiff is, after all at 15', only a small

open boat. It can be wet in rough conditions but I thought I had installed an Andersen self bailer in *Loon* that works so well that hand bailing should not be necessary. On several long races of over 80 miles in our coastal sounds, the Bay River Skiff has held its own against several Sea Pearls. In all but light wind waterline contests, the Skiff is the faster of the two. This is no condemnation of a very nice boat like the Sea Pearl, which has its own good attributes, but rather just a personal statement from experience gained in sailing and observing both boats.

Trips such as John and Lynn are taking might be better done in another of Graham Byrnes designs, the Core Sound 17. This boat was designed specifically to address the issues that John brings up. It is much larger, but with lighter scantlings, it weighs no more than *Loon* which was built ruggedly to handle rough water with an outboard engine. Being beamier and with higher sides and an easier bow entry, the interior volume of the CS 17 is much larger and it is drier in a blow. It retains the simple rig of the Bay River Skiff and will out sail a Sea Pearl on any course in any conditions.

Later, I decided that I wanted to design and build a small cruising powerboat. Since my boatbuilding habits need to be self supporting, we needed to sell *Loon* to build up cash to buy materials for the new boat. I expect that many others support their boatbuilding addictions in a similar fashion. At this time, John and Lynn Sperry, who were then faculty members of Duke University, showed up in our yard and took *Loon* away after leaving enough money to get the next project underway.

We lost touch with them for several years and only recently received a note telling us of their move to Salt Lake City and the great beach sailing trips that they had taken to the Sea of Cortez in *Loon*. We also made a camping trip to Baja, Mexico just north of the area they cruised in. However, being retired, we were able to make our trip in January, which afforded us much milder weather conditions. Of course, the afternoon wind from the northeast, called "el tormento" by other gringos often kept us off the water and tying our lawn chairs to trees.

Travel in Baja is often an experience in wonder and tolerance. The coast is as beautiful as John and Lynn say and the road (there is only one primary paved road) can make your travels interesting, to say the least. Leaving the main road can be a real adventure but is also necessary to get to many of the best areas on the Cortez coast. Many (most) of the Mexicans are unimaginably poor by our standards and public infrastructure is often almost absent. On the other hand, good drinking water and ice was always available and cheap.

We also found that food bought from streetside vendors and small local restaurants was better than—"Mexican" tacos and enchiladas found in the US. Excursions to gringo restaurants brought higher prices and generally less tasty food. There is much more to say about Baja but anyone wishing to travel there outside of the resort areas should obtain some of the excellent guides available from the Vagabundos Club.

One highlight of our stay in Baja was to see the green flash three mornings straight as the sun came up over the mountains on the

mainland coast 70 miles away. Neither of us had seen the flash before nor have we seen it since, in spite of looking numerous times. We speculated that the extreme distance and the completely clear air made it possible for us to see even a small bending of the suns spectral rays that would not be visible with a much shorter horizon.

Getting back to the Bay River Skiff, several years ago, *WoodenBoat* magazine held a design contest for what would be called "The Perfect Skiff". I have often wondered what their criteria were in judging the entries. The winner of the contest exhibited major flaws for a general purpose skiff while the Bay River Skiff properly handles these issues.

There is the large single sail that cannot offer the balancing qualities and low center of effort of the split rig. There is the daggerboard which can, when raised, as when

running aground, cause a capsize by hanging up on the foot of the sail. There are no comfortable seats and the crew sits in the bilge along with any water that will inevitably come aboard. All buoyancy compartments are in the ends of the boat so that a swamping will take in the maximum amount of water to be bailed out. This is a bit of a rant, to be sure, but it points out the nice features of the Bay River Skiff and its larger cousins that avoid these problems to make sailing less stressful and more pleasure with no penalties that I am aware of.

Because of the great features included in such a small and simple sailboat with its classic good looks and ability to plane under modest outboard power, I consider the Bay River Skiff to be as near to being a "perfect skiff" as has come along the waterways.

Bay River Skiff Designer's Notes.

By Graham Byrnes

I originally conceived a personal need for a good all around skiff design not long after moving here to Vandemere, NC. I needed a small workboat that could be used by the family to set out a few crab pots or throw a gill net. I wanted it for building a dock and also to take our guests out on the river. Getting it down on paper and building it became a priority after my neighbor kindly loaned me his traditional Carolina skiff to take my visiting sister and brother in law on a river tour. The boat broached and nearly rolled in a little 8" breaking chop. So much for famous traditions... I was annoyed and vowed at that moment that I would design a GOOD skiff. I had long felt that the Carolina skiff type had regressed through development. The use of larger outboards encouraged the use of wider flatter sterns; a case of poor evolution.

I chose 15' so that the boat could be built of two lengths of standard size plywood. The V bottom was a natural choice. Flat bottoms lack directional stability and pound too much. Furthermore, it is much easier to get stiffness with a V bottom than with a flat panel bottom. I wanted to keep the V quite shallow, as working in shoal waters near shore was a paramount necessity.

Because I wanted the boat to plane under minimal power, I kept the run as flat as I dared, and had a high Cp. (prismatic coefficient). Nevertheless, it was imperative that the boat would also sail well and row decently. I kept her ends fairly balanced and gave her generous beam for sail carrying power. The kick up centerboard and rudder were an obvious choice for these waters. I further enhanced the directional stability with a small keel protected with a metal rubbing strip. The centerboard is just offset, to accommodate the keel.

With this, she had a chance of tacking off a shallow shore with no board until the depth allowed the board to come down. The keel also aids in the launching and retrieving on a trailer.

For the aesthetics, I wanted to maintain the flavor of the Carolina workboats. Within that tradition I decided the boat would be a good platform to experiment with the New Haven cat ketch rig. The boat worked out in practice as well as I had hoped. The boat planed with one person and a (very) old 6hp engine. With a modern 8hp she will plane very easily with a larger load. She is handy and quick under sail... a point that was reinforced when she won the inaugural "Great Race" against much larger boats, like the Sea Pearls and larger traditional Carolina sprits'l skiffs.

We cruised her extensively from Maine to the Florida Keys, camping on board. At home, she has landed her fair share and then some of the bounty of the sea. Our son used her to crab professionally for a season. My wife and I often took her out for and evening row after supper and our daughter loved to sail on afternoons home from college. Our guests, whether nautical or lubberly, all enjoyed tours of her namesake Bay River.

Over the years, we are always pleased to hear how well the design has worked out for her builders and owners. The Bay River Skiffs have performed well in many capacities and many places. You might call it "the little skiff that could".

Loon on an island in Lake Superior.



Most of the towboats on the Upper Mississippi River have crews that are pretty professional. The deck crew has to know what they are doing and they have to work with the pilot or caption. They are moving some very heavy cargos and they can weigh as much as 25-26 thousand tons. A fifteen barge tow, common on the upper river is nearly 1,200' long and 105' wide. All of the locks below Minneapolis are 110' wide and either 600' or 1,200' long. Oil tows are often wider and needless to say are a very close fit.

On a very rare occasion a skipper will bring a boat down the wall with the head of the tow 2' off the wall and the mate talking him in. When things are going right the boat glides down the wall at 2mph and a lock man is walking down the wall at a slow walk carrying the eye of a 3" mooring line, the mate is talking to the captain keeping him posted as to the distance off the wall and the distance to the end of the outer wall. As long as the distance off the wall is less than 5' and the stern is also close to the wall they keep on coming ahead.

Most often the pilot chooses to take a more cautious approach and will try to get the head of the tow close enough to the wall so the lock person can get a heaving line across to the tow and the mooring line is sent across to the wall. The standard bow line on a tow is 300'. The crew now has a line across but they don't instantly pull the head into the wall. The normal procedure is to take a wrap or two with the line around a kevel or timber head and keep the line snug as the skipper works the stern around. The goal is to get the tow to close on the wall stern first. No experienced pilot wants to have his stern out in the current. You don't want a 1,200' tow across in front of the dam.

The normal landing goes more like this, the lock man catches a line and carries it halfway down the wall at which time the pilot is getting nervous because the stern is farther out than he likes, so a line gets put on a bollard on the wall and the mate and helpers keep the line only tight enough to give the pilot something to swing on. Often as the stern is brought in the bow is heading out. Once the stern is close, the slack is taken up on the headline and the boat lands on the wall stern first. This operation can be very time consuming but than so is repairing broken lock gates. I never criticized a man for using caution.

I have spent a few April nights on the upper wall helping a boat in during a snow

Line Handling The Way The Big Boys Do It

By Mississippi Bob



storm and fighting high water. I have more than once watched the mate play out the whole 300' line and the stern didn't come around. You throw it off on command and the crew hauls in a wet freezing line while the pilot backs up river a mile to start a new approach.

I have often seen the tow moving down the wall at a good walk with the head leaving the wall every 200' so the mate had to check it back in. You can burn up a lot of 3" line that way. A line that has been burned a few times takes on a glossy look.

The polypropylene that it is made of melts from the friction of the line passing over the bitts and hardens again as soon as it is clear. I could look at the bowline of a tow and tell you what kind of pilot I was working with.

Yes I said polypropylene or a product called Poly D. No tow boat crew will use lines made of nylon or other high stretch fibers. They are killers. When a line is stretched out 40% of its length before it breaks the ends snap back and can clear the deck as well as an old twelve pound cannon.

The referred deck hardware to make the line up on is a kevel (a very large cleat) that is less likely to foul than the timberheads often found on barges (often called bitts by non-river men) which are vertical round posts set up in pairs, knee high and about 8"-10" in diameter. They hold lines very well unless the line leads up at a steep angle from the post, then it can foul. They can still be used but many folk seem to have a hard time learning how. Kevels are nearly foolproof. Good ones are 3'-4' across. They need to be that large to fit 3" line. Most smaller boats have much smaller cleats, usually too small for the line you should use. The rules are the same.

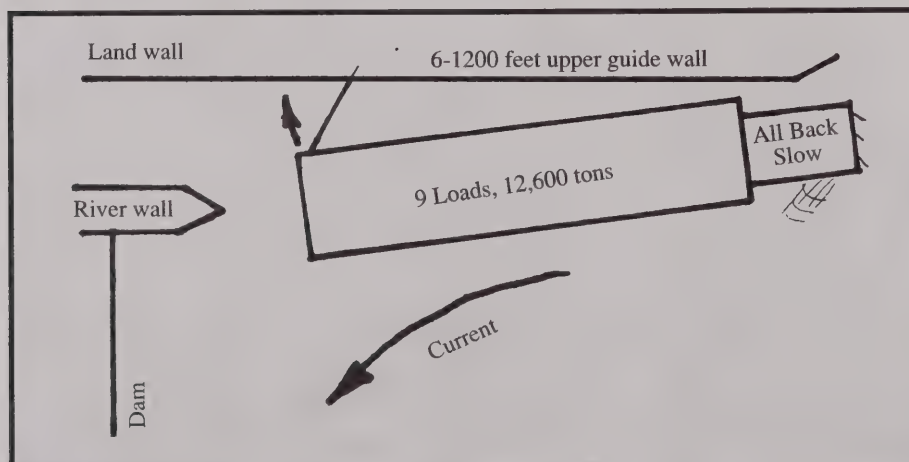
Never take a full turn around a cleat. I mean NEVER. It will jam. I don't care if it's a tow boat kevel or a 4" cleat on a runabout, they should be handled the same way. Whichever way the line leads, run the line under the horn at the farther end of the cleat with the line coming toward you. Now cross over the top at the center and around the other horn again with the line coming toward you from under the horn. This single wrap creates a lot of friction.

If you are using a cleat to stop a boat you will probably only use the first two wraps. A man holding tension on this hitch can create a lot of friction. This friction will stop the boat in a short distance. A second set of wraps will give you most of the holding power that is built into the line. Any more turns will likely break the line. With this hitch you can have a very good control over the tension on a line. With the second set of wraps one must take care and let the line check out as needed shy of parting the line.

When all forward way is off the boat it is often advisable to ease the line so you don't send the boat back from where it came. The lead may need to be changed as the boat drifts into a new spot. Reverse the lead if need be and when satisfied that you are not going to change things again. Only after everything is stopped should you take a couple more wraps and then a single lock hitch.

For years the experts on boating, the Coast Guard Auxiliary and the Power Squadron, have been giving classes in locking through. While I was a lock man I put together a slide presentation about locking through and offered my services to both groups. I did a good presentation for each and they never had me back. I said different things from what they had been preaching for years so they would not accept what I said. Both boating groups said, "Never, never tie up at a lock." They never said, "Learn how to do it right." They never made the attempt to teach folks how to use a line.

The point that I'm trying to make is learn to take advantage of your lines and use them wisely. All of the deck hardware should be clear and ready to use, never committed to a function that you may use hours later. The same should be said for lines. Don't commit them to only one function. Keep your cleats clear and your boat handling and line use flexible and you will probably enjoy boating much more.



Anchoring a boat is serious business, sometimes, for some people. I don't think there is any easier way to tell a seaman from a potential menace to navigation than by watching how he or she (there are a few women seamen) puts the anchor in the water. My wife usually does it around here and she lets it down over the side... the windward side... until it hits the bottom and then feels the line out until she can tell that it has begun to dig in. Then she flips one turn around the bit and waits for the boat to round up before she lets out ever how much line she wants and makes up for good.

I'll stop right here and get some nomenclature straight. I don't know about real seamen elsewhere (and I ain't talking about joy riding seagoing folk but people with hard hands and hard heads) but nobody but a fool would want to call attention to what a pedant he (or she... plenty of women pedants everywhere) is by calling the anchor line a "rode". It ain't a "rope" either. A line is only rope when it is still on the 600' spool.

Once you unspool it and put a whipping or an eye on it, it becomes a line of some sort and we are talking about anchor lines here. While I am establishing the depths of my language prejudices, I'll deviate completely from my intended path. Anybody can "hammer" a nail but it takes some skill to "drive" one like Jimmy Carter and that's why these "drill drivers" are so popular.

It took all that to cover the proper way to let out the anchor but I can cover the antics of an idiot in one short sentence. He (or...) throws the anchor. The only good time to throw the anchor is when you are trying to kedge off the hill. Any other time, it is ridiculous. The most ridiculous antic I ever saw was this man who had a house just down the island from us. He had this big deal sports fisherman (black hull... famous name) that he usually kept on a mooring so far out in the bay that it might have been in international waters but, when he was fixing to load up his stuff, he came in as shallow as he could and anchored the boat so he wouldn't have so far to row his ridiculous little inflatable dinghy with those ridiculous little plastic oars.

So, he came idling in with this behemoth and pulled both the engines into neutral and scurried up on the foredeck and threw the anchor back to seaward in an attempt to stop the boat before it ran aground on the flats. Fortunately, it ran aground anyway and that was fortunate because he had his foot in a hockle of line and when he threw the big, heavy, genuine Simpson Lawrence stainless steel plough, he went in the water right along with it and it might have hurt more than his dignity if the boat had tightened up on the line instead of fetching up on the flats.

It is interesting about the evolution of anchors in this family. The first ones I can remember were little iron lump style Navy anchors... what they call "stockless". Actually, they are pretty good if they are big enough, but by that, I mean over 30lbs for just a skiffboat if you intend to leave it overnight in an exposed situation. A Navy anchor in hard sand ain't much and is nothing at all in grass, but it does have the distinct advantage of, when it is properly set, not having anything sticking up above the sand to catch the line when the boat swings all the way around with a thunderstorm like an old style fisherman anchor or a Northhill.

Anchors

By Robb White

My father discovered the wonderful Northhill about 1948 or so. Now, there is nothing I have ever found that will get into the ground as good as a Northhill. It'll penetrate grass or even oysters better than anything except a grapnel and it is strong, too. For years, I used a little 5lb Northhill for the squirrelish hole anchor for my old whaleboat and then the Morgan 30 down in the Bahamas. I could swim it out and hang it up and it would hold the boat even in a bad thunderstorm. Of course I used a light (3/8") line so the boat couldn't get much snatch to either bend the anchor or gnaw out of the squirrelish hole. I always wished I had two so I could set the Bahama moor easier, but I had to use a 20lb yachtsman for the other anchor, and I tell you it'll test you to swim around for very long with that thing trying to find a squirrelish to displace. When my boat was looted after Hurricane Opal in '93, they stole my old Northhill and if I ever catch them, I'll expand their level of sensitivity.

Down here on the Gulf, shrimpers hardheadedly adhere to the Northhill. They work hard all night (try it sometime) and, when morning comes and it is time to cull out the last haul, they are tired. They want to rinse off, eat breakfast, and dive into the throbbing depths of the air conditioned cabin to sleep all day without having to worry that the anchor ain't in the bottom good. Of course, they can't afford a big genuine galvanized Northhill (are they still in business?) so they weld them up themselves. You don't hardly ever see a shrimpboat dragging anchor, either, but a skiffboat on the flats in a thunderstorm will wrap up the line on the up fluke and pull the anchor. When my father had those Northhills, it wasn't uncommon to find three or four wraps around when we went down to dig the sand out of the boat. One time, the line was tied in a clove hitch, I ain't ever figured that out.

So the next thing was a Danforth. They'll hold mighty good when properly set but they have that damned little plate that sticks up to catch the line unless they are set to be buried which is hard to do in hard sand and impossible in grass. I don't think the "standard" Danforths are any good but the "high tensile" models certainly are. One time, I decided to pull a great, big, rotten boat off a trailer by the anchor to the stern and the tractor to the hitch method. The old plywood boat (not one of mine... I bought the whole rig for the trailer) had become so involved with the bunks and rollers that it didn't want to come off and I bent hell out of its (not mine) standard Danforth and finally had to go get my own precious 5H which pulled the damn thing off in short order.

I used 5H Danforths on skiffs (12H on big boats and I have a 30H just in case) for over forty years and know exactly what all I can get away with. I have always provided my customers with ground tackle so that they will get started off on the right foot and I fixed up some little chocks to stow the anchor in the bow of the boat so it wouldn't get loose and clank around and gnaw up my boat while they are bouncing obliviously down some rutted road to the boat ramp.

To keep from skinning up the boat with the anchor while I am fitting the complicated chocks, I have a perfect copy of a 5H Danforth made out of wood. One of the ways I test the metal of visitors to my shop is to leave it lying around so I can see how they react. Most of them just give it a glance and decide not to comment. Matt Murphy, the editor of *WoodenBoat* looked it over pretty good and then said, "You'll have to explain that."

When Mr. Bruce invented his anchor, we were all very interested. The original, made in Belgium, jobs were too expensive to buy just to experiment with, but my buddy over here on the island managed to borrow one from some visiting yachtsman. He did various experiments with his old whaleboat and found out that it was a pretty good anchor. When properly done, it would set just about as short as a high tensile Danforth and hold almost as good (nothing, pound for pound, will outhold a Danforth in hard sand).

It seemed a little slower to get in the ground and he wanted to see what was what so he made it up to the stern of the whaleboat with a 100' of 3/4" polydac and set the whaleboat to big wake hull speed and tipped the 5kg Bruce off the stern. He said it made about three hops and then put him, nose down, in the bilge. He still has a funny look to his nose.

Simpson Lawrence makes two sizes of Chinese Bruce (was Bruce Lee, the karate chopper, Chinese?) knock offs small enough to be useful for skiff boats. The 2kg size is just right for lightweight boats up to 18' or so and the tiny 1kg is alright for little boats like Sunfishes and dinghys. I use one of each for my skiff with the big one offshore and the little one almost on the beach. I also furnish my customers with an appropriately sized little Bruce. I don't need to fool around with wood mock ups and chocks for them because they stow most perfectly with the knee of the shank just sticking down in a crack in the floorboards. The ears will even capture the coil of rode (oops).

Does this new defection mean that I have given up my forty five year old love affair with the high tensile Danforth? Have I thrown the wood mock up into the fire? Are shop visitors no longer in doubt about the state of my nuttiness? Certainly not. My old personal 5H collection is hanging on the wall in the coast house right now. I had the oldest one (1956) re galvanized for the third time and it is shining like new money. No telling when I might have to pull a junk boat off the trailer. I wish my father's old Northhill (1948?) was hanging up there with them along with the hide of whoever stole it off my boat.

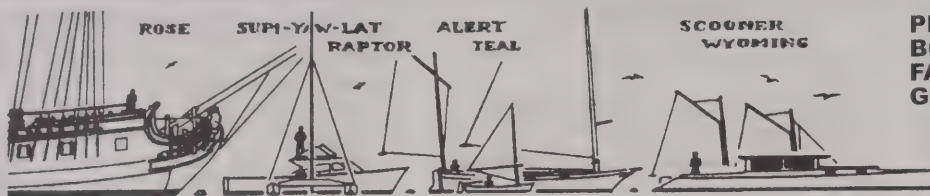


**COLUMBIA
TRADING CO.**

BUY - SELL • Nautical Books
FREE BOOK • Ship Models
CATALOG • Marine Art & Antiques

On Line Catalog:
www.columbiatrading.com

1 Barnstable Rd., Hyannis, MA 02601
(508) 778-2929 Fax (508) 778-2922
nautical@capecod.net



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

Wish II was designed on speculation, one of several attempts to produce a good small cruising sharpie. I gave it a chapter in a book called *30 Odd Boats* (long out of print). The text was mostly devoted to comments on why I found it unsatisfactory, though with defensive remarks about why it was as it was. Understandably nobody built one or took any interest in it, until lately when Jim Caldwell decided it fitted a plan of his. Long ago he had commissioned a design for a world cruising auxiliary, and for a dry run had built a Wisp cruising canoe (our Design #411). He and the very good looking canoe were the cover story in *MAIB* of February 1, 2001.

His interest in the Wish II design was on account of a plan to make a long cruise with his daughter Sarah, then 13. The canoe

Bolger on Design

Wish II Sharpie Cat Yawl Design #399

20'0" Length
 5'7" Breadth
 8" Hull Draft
 3'7" Draft w/Max. Leeboards
 2170lbs Displacement
 700lbs Ballast, Lead or Steel
 178sf Sail Area
 25' 8" Mast Height from Waterline

had been an exercise in demanding carpentry (though they did actually go cruising in it). It had taken a long time to build. This time he needed something with hard shelter and less strenuous handling demands, and the plan called for it to be built fast and (comparatively) cheap. He thought the elaborately worked out prefabricated construction of the Wish II design was suitable. He preferred it to the more popular Martha Jane, (See *MAIB* Sept. 15, 2002 and June 2000) because it was smaller and had a pointed bow rather than the transom bow of M J.

The basic trouble with the original Wish II design was that it was an attempt to make it a four sleeper cruiser on too small a footprint. The fallacy was that while it had four usable berths, unless two of the four stayed in the cabin, the little boat would be badly out of trim. Also, the people on deck were placed uncomfortably high in the boat. The drawings show what it was like; the sail plan shows a lower afterdeck for a more sensible two sleeper. Caldwell adopted this change and also cut the raised sheer down where it was clear of the raised deck proper for a more conventional visual effect. The parts lowered were bulwarks and the difference was only in style. He also changed to a conventional tabernacle to make it easier to get the 25-1/2' mast down for bridges (and overhanging trees in riverside berths).

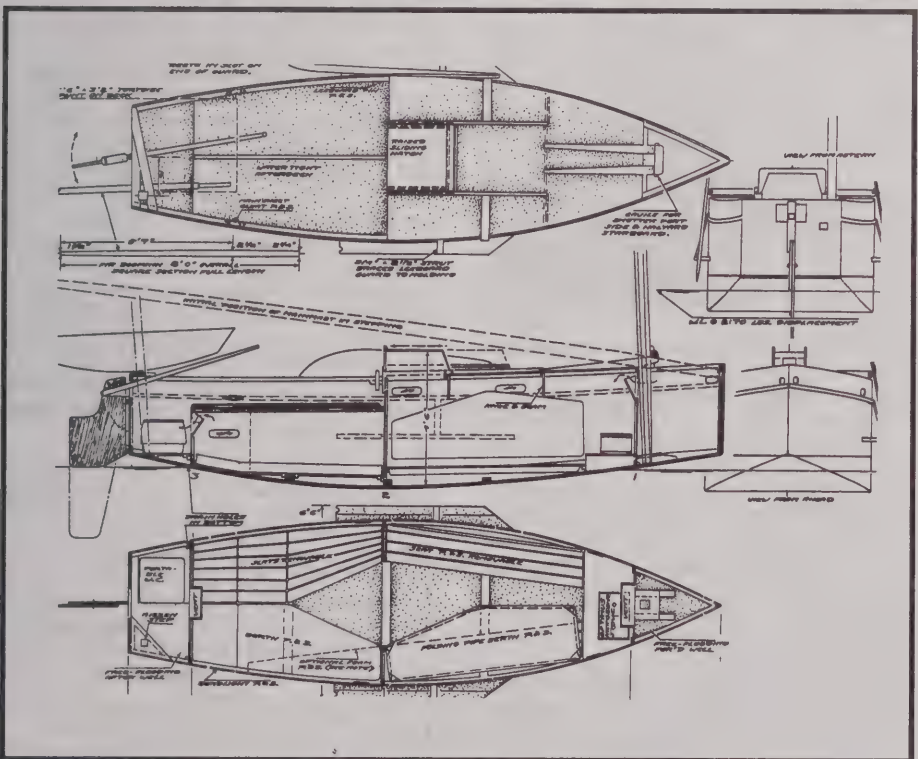
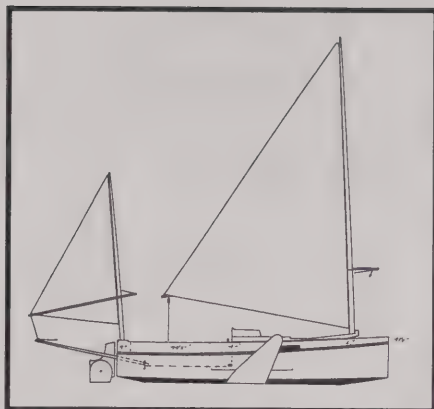
"The building went fast, about 300 hours over 2-1/2 months, but I rushed a lot and did not do a slick job (deliberately)... The boat, sails, and (Honda 4 stroke) motor cost \$7200.... I could have bought a used (stock boat) for about what I have in this, but that isn't the boat I wanted at all! Sarah and I talked about this boat, and built the model, for some time before deciding to put it together, and deliberately decided that a plywood home-built should look like a plywood homebuilt, that the leeboards are either wings or fins and do not detract from the appearance when you get used to them, not to mention clearing the cabin and making the hull stronger..."

They launched at Keokuk, Iowa and hauled out at New Orleans two weeks later, mostly motoring at 4-1/2mph. at half throttle. On several days the fair current gave them 100 miles, getting 20 miles per gallon past the land. Next summer, it's along the coast to Clearwater and Key West.

We have our doubts about the pretty bright finish of the epoxy in the Gulf of Mexico sun (or anywhere for that matter). We would give her a coat of white Latex exterior house paint wherever the sun reaches. And it should be kept in mind that this is one of the older generation of sharpie designs that have a limited range of stability, especially with the lowered after deck. She was designed in pre computer times, but from computer



Plans of Wish II, Design #399, are available from us for \$200 ppd. to build one boat.



KayakCraft
A Magazine for Kayakers

Call Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447



ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

**Would you like to
read more, lots more,
about sea kayaking?**

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker
will bring you 40 pages
monthly all about sea
kayaking, 10 times a year
(March through December)

**All this for only \$22
(10 issues)!**

Like to see a sample issue?
Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Send check for \$22 payable to:

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker

P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938
(978) 356-6112 (Phone & Fax)

Not a word that I would have associated with boating. A good word though, in its broader sense of questioning our institutions, but the connection with boating was not one that I would have made, at least until last week.

I had the privilege of being asked to give a talk to a group of community college students, adults all, working part time to learn boat building. They are building two of my Navigator design and six of my Tender Behinds, a huge compliment in itself, so I was keen to go and have a chat. My friend Richard Williams came with me, as much to see what the social interaction was like as anything. Richard is a very respected barrister and solicitor, one of the few lawyers I've come across who has a real social conscience, and a very enthusiastic small boat enthusiast getting close to beginning his first building project (possibly a Truant, a small and simple boat that suits both his lanky frame and the notoriously windy area in which he lives.)

So I gladly shook hands with all of the 20 students, darned if I can remember their names, but they are as varied a bunch as you could find, with the common factor being a real enthusiasm for what they are doing and a respect for their tutor, master boatbuilder Bernie Perano. Their awed demeanour toward me the designer is something that I always find discomfiting but I figure that they and I will get over it as we get to know each other, and it was with this in mind that I stood up and spoke for half an hour or so. I talked about the design process that had led to the boats they were building, gave them insights into the people for whom I'd originally drawn the boats, and spoke at length about my philosophy in building and using small boats.

The talk went down a treat, and after looking the boats over we left them to get on with the building. I was on a buzz as I left, the energy and enthusiasm was contagious and my parting promise to return on launching day (it's about a six hour drive) was totally sincere.

Richard and I were talking on the phone a week or so later, and he remarked upon my "preaching sedition to the masses" ??? The tenor of his remarks suggested that he thought it a good thing??? A Now Richard, English born and English University educated, a student of the English language and a man who makes his living by using words absolutely in context, is a man whom one should listen hard to. But sedition? Images of the gallows springs to mind, our government is not so barbaric as to execute those who don't follow its laws, but you never know.

He laughed at my puzzlement and reminded me of my insistence that the student boatbuilders did not have to pay through the nose in order to achieve their boating goals; I'd told them of the process of design that had made the Navigator's yawl rig achievable from simple alloy tubing. To explain, in most parts of the developed world there are manufacturers of alloy sections, the sort you see around windows and so on. These are made in lengths that ship conveniently in a 20' container, in New Zealand they are typically 5.2 meters long and the range invariably includes drawn seam tubing of various grades and sizes.

These mass produced general purpose sections are a fraction of the price of the

From the Drawing Board

John Welsford
Small Craft Design



Occasional Ramblings From a Small Craft Designer

Sedition

custom designed and extruded specialist mast sections from your local (if you have one!) rigging shop. To give you an idea, I got prices from both and have converted them to US\$ for you. The "yottie rigging shop" with its rockstar sailor staff all preoccupied with the America's Cup challenge starting here in a couple of months (I have some thoughts on that too, not all negative) quoted me US\$725 plus tax and freight for a mast, mizzen, main yard, main and mizzen booms. That's and arm, a leg and two fingers out of my budget! And the delivery was two months!

Jock, the storeman at my friendly Ullrich Aluminium shop, quoted me US\$128, tax included, and he not only had it in stock but would cut it to length for me. No contest, especially when I have serious suspicions that the "yotshop" would be buying the stock from the likes of Ullrich Aluminium anyway!

I also mentioned that by reinforcing a nice straight length of bamboo with some epoxy and glass cloth, the neighbour's hedge could be a really useful source of spars, and that winning races with such spars was not only possible but was worth the effort just to see the expressions on the faces of the other skippers.

My philosophy on boats and boatbuilding is to question the conventions that set our perceptions, the ethic that suggests that we have to be members of those elitist groups that comprise some of the yacht clubs, that tells us that those wallet emptying establishments called ship chandleries are the place to buy our boating needs, that convinces us to buy wet weather clothing that looks like liquorice allsorts and costs like gold plate when what we need is the stuff that the road repairmen use. Those guys don't care what they look like, as long as they are warm and dry and that's how I feel about it as well.

Magazines are, for the most part, in cahoots on this, they are, through their need to pander to their advertisers, busy telling you, the readers, that you cannot possibly go boating without spending a whole lot of money on this and that and the other (expensive) thing.

The whole boating image thing has gotten well out of control, out of the hands of ordinary guys or gueses with kids and a mortgage and a car that needs replacing

yesterday. It has been hijacked by the compulsively conspicuous consumer who goes boating to show off his success and wealth (I like to remind myself that in most cases the bank owns most of it, it makes me feel less envious). People like these don't have as much fun as we do, they are not there to enjoy the boating, they are there to climb some invisible ladder of pecking order and social status based upon how much they can afford to spend on something not immediately connected with getting a meal on the table.

It doesn't have to be like that. The aluminium people (and Chuck at *Duckworks Magazine*) sell amazingly cheap stainless steel screws that make a really good job of holding wood together and that's only one example of an alternative supplier of useful things.

And on the subject of plywood, (here we go again) almost all plywood mills that make BS1088 or other certified marine plywood also make a very similar "exterior bonded" product that is significantly cheaper. It can be much more economical for them to make the certificated grade only and just leave the stamp off the product that will be sold at the cheaper price. The cost to the factory of running two veneer selection criteria, two "prebooking lines" two sets of grading and stacking bins and so on far exceeds the savings, so, many just run one line making all "good stuff" identifying the "different" grades with a rubber stamp (I've worked in a couple of plywood factories and helped one reduce costs by developing this very policy, another example of "seditious" thinking).

I note that an increasing number of small boat owners are making their own sails from polytarp. Great! I have tried the stuff and its limitations brings to mind my friend Nick Skeats who sailed his 32' steel *Wylo II* from New Zealand to England several times on a suit of sails made from UV stabilised polyester awning cloth, about 30% of the cost of "real" sailcloth so if your boat is a bigger one there is an alternative.

There are many, many analogues of these alternatives, for some the differences may make boating possible, bringing a modest craft within their reach. For others, it may mean the difference between a boat that is only enough to get them around the bay, and a boat that can stay out overnight. But whatever your situation is, question the conventions, challenge the institutions, wear your hardware store rubber boots and your bright yellow slicker, pull on the hairy reduced price fishing boat rope running through the galvanised iron blocks and get out there on the water, think about how much the stuffed shirts in the millionaires row houses along the waterfront had to pay to watch you enjoying "their" water, and laugh.

Sedition? Let's have more of it.

Coming Next Issue: "Started the New Boat"

(To learn more about John Welsford's designs, contact Chuck Leinweber at *Duckworks Magazine*, 608 Gammenthaler, Harper, TX 78631, online at www.duckworksmagazine.com)

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.



Custom Small Boats

Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

Hansen & Company
Builders of Practical & Impractical Boats

Gloucester Gull Rowing Dories,
Kayaks & Other Small Boats

Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehanen@aol.com
Spruce Head, ME 04859

Cullison SmallCraft

Builders of Traditional and Contemporary Rowing and Sailing Craft

Richard Cullison 301-946-5002
11515 Kenton Drive Silver Spring, MD 20902

www.CullisonSmallCraft.com



REDD'S POND BOATWORKS

Thad Danielson
1 Norman Street
Marblehead, MA 01945

thadd@mediaone.net 781-631-3443 888-686-3443

Wooden Boat Building, Classic Designs,
Traditional Construction and Materials

Builders & Restorers

(607) 547-2658

Tom Krieg's Boat Shop

(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
Cooperstown, NY 13326

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

Reproduction of Charles Lawton

10' Yacht Tender

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

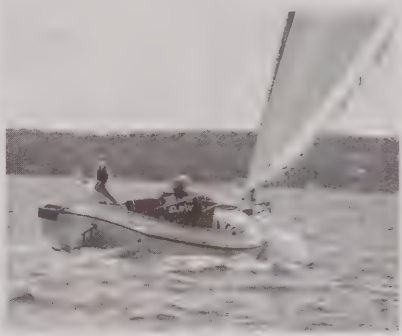


C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.
HC 61 Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857
(207) 372-8543
email: stickney@midcoast.com
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

AREY'S POND

Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951

**Proud Builders of
Arey's Pond Catboats**



14' "CAT"

12' Kitten - 16' Lynx
20' Cruising Cat

Traditional elegance with a
fiberglass hull, teak trim & floor-
boards, all fittings solid bronze
sitka spruce spars

Box 222, 43 Arey's Ln. (Off Rt. 28)
So. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
<http://www.by-the-sea.com/areyspondboatyard>
E-mail: catboat@cape.com

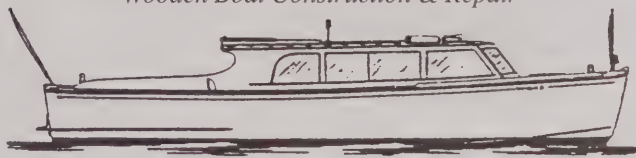
Robb White & Sons, Inc.

**Custom Small Boats
Forty Years**

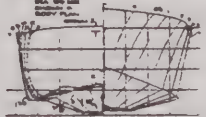
P.O. Box 561
Thomasville, GA 31799



HADDEN BOAT COMPANY
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



Currently building
34' W. Atkin tunnel stern
Sea Bright Skiff

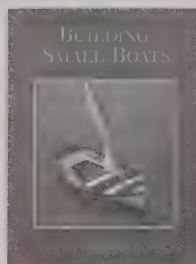


11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548 207-371-2662

My Wooden Boat!...On-Line
Forum...Calendar of events...
School Courses...Books...
Boat Plans...and more!



www.woodenboat.com

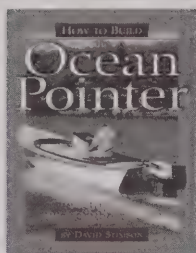


Building Small Boats

by Greg Rossel

Traditional lap-
strake and plank-
on-frame construction
methods are
featured in this thor-
ough yet reader-
friendly book.

278 pgs., hardcover.
\$39.95 + \$5.50 postage.
The WoodenBoat Store,
PO Box 78,
Brooklin, Maine 04616
www.woodenboatstore.com
Call Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447



How to Build the Ocean Pointer

A 19'6"
Outboard Skiff
by Ted Moores

This new book
shows you how to
strip-build this good

looking round-bilge skiff.
57 pgs., softcover.
\$17.95 + \$3.85 shipping (US)
The WoodenBoat Store,
PO Box 78,
Brooklin, Maine 04616
www.woodenboatstore.com
Call Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447



Bluejacket 24



A lightweight, trailerable cruiser that planes
from 22mph down to 10mph on only 50hp. A
handsome cruiser with roomy forecabin and
pilothouse, private head, and classic lines.
Stitch & glue plywood for ease of construction.

Plan package \$150
Tom Lathrop

P.O. Box 752, Oriental, NC 28571
(252) 249-2646
Harbinger@cconnect.net

Plans & Kits



Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$5.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95

Monfort Associates
50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578
(207) 882-5504



www.geodesicairoliteboats.com

Don't be afraid to STRIP!

Build a Beautiful Canoe, Kayak or Rowboat



Kits • Plans • Books
Cove & Bead Strips



the NEWFOUND
WOODWORKS inc. Catalog
\$3.⁰⁰

(603) 744-6872 fax (603) 744-6892

67 Danforth Brook Rd. • Bristol, NH 03222
email: info@newfound.com • www.newfound.com

This Space for Rent!

Only \$9 Per Issue

Contact us at:
Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943

SWAMP YANKEE BOATS



Three Ultralight Stitch & Glue Versions
1. Ruston's "Wee Lassie" Solo Canoe
2. Rob Roy Type Decked Solo Canoe
3. Touring Kayak

Information Packet \$2.00

Robert W. Sparks

36 Soundview Hts., Branford, CT 06405
(203) 488-5932



ATKIN

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

Over 200 designs. Famed Atkins double-
enders, traditional offshore and coastal
cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies,
utilities, and houseboats. \$10 U.S., \$15
Canada, \$18 overseas airmail. Payment:
U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

ATKIN DESIGNS

P.O. Box 3005, Noroton, CT 06820
apatkin@aol.com

TOTO



13' x 30" DOUBLE PADDLE CANOE
TAPED SEAM PLYWOOD
NO JIGS - NO LOFTING
\$15 PLANS

\$1 INFO ON 18 BOATS

JIM MICHALAK

118 E Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254



SWIFTY 12



A light-
weight,
sturdy
wooden
beauty
anyone can
build from
our pre-as-
sembled
kit. Price, including sail, \$975. Catalog of 13
kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Two-
hour demonstration video, \$23.

SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645
www.by-the-sea.com/shellboats

WEE PUNKIN



"Wee Punkin" has traditional good looks, is fun
to build from inexpensive materials, and her
performance will delight you. Innovative foam
core deck and ample flotation make her extra
safe and comfortable. She is ideal for children
if they can get her away from dad. Truly a break-
through in small boat design. Hit of the Port
Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. No lofting.
Plans with full size station patterns and detailed
instructions \$36. SASE for more info.

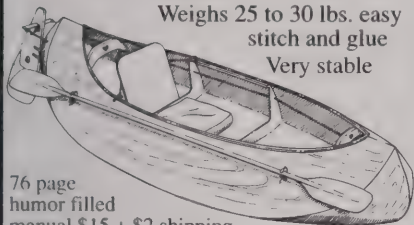
GRAND MESA BOATWORKS

15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624-9778

BUILD A LITTLE DUBBER

KAYAK size 7-1/2' or 9'

Weights 25 to 30 lbs. easy
stitch and glue
Very stable



76 page
humor filled
manual \$15 + \$2 shipping
Peter Hunt - The Shed for Sail Studio
PO Box 135 Norton, MA 02766 508-285-4984

HUGE BOAT BUILDER WEBSITE: WWW.GLEN-L.COM

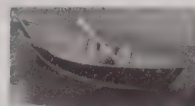
Most informative site on the web: "Project Registry"
lists boats in progress, online catalogs & ordering,
customer boat photos, FREE info on various building
methods, online newsletter & much more! Your one-
stop boat building resource! Hard-copy catalog \$9.95-
216 pages illustrated.

Glen-L marine designs



PO Box 1804/AM33
9152 Rosecrans Ave.
Bellflower, CA 90707-1804
562-630-6258
fax 562-630-6280

DORITA



Build a scale model of this
11' mini dory. Laser-cut basswood
kit shows you how to build
the full-size boat.

Then . . . build the boat



\$29.75 for
plans, photos,
detailed
building
instructions
plus model kit

Add postage \$3.80 (U.S. or CANADA)
Ted Jones' Gundalow Boat Shop
603 Brown's Ridge Road
Ossipee, NH 03864 (603) 539-3625
e-mail taj@worldpath.net

Shoestring Shipyard

Boat plans, books, kits and
boatbuilding classes for
the backyard boatbuilder.

www.shoestringshipyard.com
PO Box 117, Sagamore Beach, MA 02562
508.888.7960



It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip,
Performance, Sea Kayaks

Kits, Plans & Finished Boats

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
Apt. M, 824 Thompson St.
Glastonbury, CT 06033
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>



DUCKWORKS MAGAZINE

written for and by those wacky homemade boatbuilders

BUY BOAT PLANS AND BOOKS BY:

JIM MICHALAK and JOHN WELSFORD

online, using credit card or Paypal

visit our online magazine for:

ARTICLES W/ GREAT COLOR PICTURES
HOW-TO'S, REPORTS, BOOK REVIEWS
and the ever popular BOAT INDEX

www.duckworksmagazine.com



Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

Designer Phil Bolger and builder Harold Payson have de-
veloped a tack-and-tape multi-chine version of the classic
catboat that puts the charm and performance of this famous
type within the reach of home builders with a minimum
investment in time and money.

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ Complete construction plans and instruc-
tions for \$40.00 ☐ Study plan packet for Bobcat and 36 other easy-
to-build Instant Boats for \$5.00.

BOOKS: ☐ Instant Boats, \$16.00 ☐ Build the New Instant Boats,
\$19.95 ☐ How to Build Your Own Boat, \$20.00 ☐ Build the Instant
Catboat, \$12.95 ☐ How to Build the Gloucester Light Dory, \$7.95 ☐
Keeping a Cutting Edge: Saw Filing, \$7.95 ☐ Boat Modeling with
Dynamite Payson, \$19.95 ☐ Bolger's 103 Small Boat Rigs, \$28.95
☐ Boat Modeling the Easy Way, \$19.95 Add \$1.00 S&H

Name

Street

City State Zip

Harold H. Payson & Co.

Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Road • South Thomaston, ME 04858
207-594-7587

Help Save Old Boats



Bone Yard Boats is the only national newsletter listing abandoned,
forgotten boats - big, little, sail or power - all for under \$5,000.
To subscribe for three issues is \$17, to list a boat is \$15 per list-
ing. Send photo, basic info plus asking price to:

★ Nautical Stars ★

P.O. Box 2065
Vincetown, NJ 08088
609-859-2370

Wood Canoe Hardware



CANOE HARDWARE

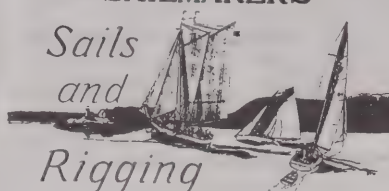
1/2", 11/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16" Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear White Cedar. Price List Available.

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP

Ph: (888) 564-1020
Fax: (207) 564-3667
Web: www.woodencanoes.com

Supplies

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS



*Sails
and
Rigging*

16 Limerock St. Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.com

CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS

We have old Atlas Co. mahines. Pure half hard hand drawn copper. Just the thing for lapstrake canoes, skiffs, dories.

3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8"

12 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8"

Send \$3 for Sample Packet & Info.

STRAWBERRY BANKE MUSEUM

POB 300MB, Portsmouth, NH 03802

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.

Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick. New

supply ready to ship.

Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

1780 Remlik Dr. Urbanna VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

SEE SMALL-CRAFT SAILS

AND GET A QUOTE AT

www.dabblersails.com

OR CONTACT US AT

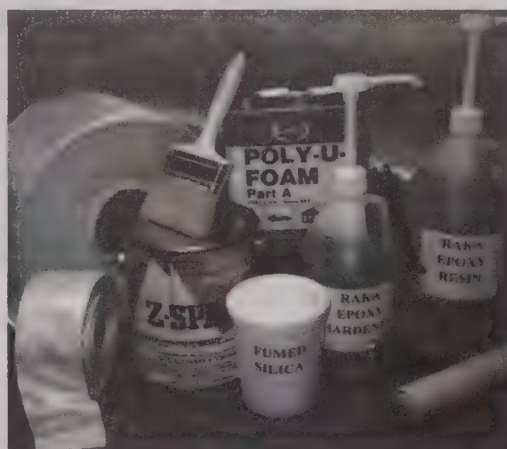
- dab@crosslink.net
 - Ph/fax 804-580-8723
 - PO Box 235, Wicomico Ch., VA 22579
- Stuart K. Hopkins, Sole Prop



telephone (413) 783-5589
20 TREETOP AVENUE
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS 01108

SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY

DROP RUDDERS • TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory include many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday, but calls are welcome seven days a week until 10pm. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA, INC.

41 No. Congress Ave. #8B, Delray Beach, FL 33445
Ph. (561) 279-8929 - Fax (561) 279-2539
www.raka.com

MAINE COAST LUMBER, INC.

17 White Birch Lane
York, ME 03909
(207) 363-7426
(800) 899-1664
Fax (207) 363-8650
M-F 7am-5pm



66 Larrabee Road
Westbrook, ME 04902
(207) 856-6015
(877) 408-4751
Fax (207) 856-6971
M-F 7:30am-4:30pm
Saturday 8am-12pm

HARDWOOD LUMBER • SOFTWOOD LUMBER •
HARDWOOD PLYWOODS • MELAMINE • MDF •
MARINE PLYWOODS • MDO • PARTICLE BOARD •
SLATWALL • LAMINATE • EDGE BANDING • VENEER •
HARDWOOD MOLDINGS • CUSTOM MILLING

We Deliver
ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

www.maine coastlumber.com

email: info@mainecoastlumber.com



We ship UPS



Clearly the best

WEST SYSTEM® Brand 207 Hardener



Kayak built by Ted Moores, master builder, teacher and author of *Canoecraft & Kayakcraft*. Ted has used WEST SYSTEM Brand products for 29 years. He recommends 105/207 for the ultimate clear finish. www.bearmountainboats.com

For fabric applications and clear coating,
WEST SYSTEM 105 Resin & 207 Hardener

- Maintains clarity and has extremely low blush formation—as low as "no blush" epoxies
- Requires fewer coats to fill fiberglass weave than other epoxies
- Apply three or more coats in one day and sand the next—your projects get finished faster

WEST SYSTEM® BRAND

■ Epoxy products Reliable solutions



Gougeon Brothers, Inc.
989.684.7286
www.westsystem.com

Call today for your FREE User Manual & Product Guide

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up to 24'.

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307
Smithfield, RI 02917-0704
Tel (401) 232-2372
Fax (401) 232-1029

Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

Simple 2:1 mix ratio • Available in 1.5 qt.-15 gal. units
Fast, med, slow hardeners for use in temperatures as low as 35°F

3 Gal. Unit \$147.00

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KNITS

- REICHOLD Polyester Resins (gals, pails, drums)
- NESTE GelCoats
- Sikaflex Urethane Sealants 
- Gloucester Marine Paints (40-50% discount)
- 2 part Urethane Pour Foam

Microballoons • Silica Powder • Wood Flour Pigments • Milled & Chop Fibers • Squeegies Syringes • Brushes • Rollers • Paper Pots • Gloves Coveralls • And More

LOW PRICES ON: Silicon Bronze Wood Screws Nails & Stainless Fasteners

Top Quality Products • Competitive Prices • Fast Knowledgeable Service
All items in stock and ready for immediate shipment.

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

SUPPLYING QUALITY MATERIALS TO BOAT OWNERS, HULL FINISHERS AND BOATYARDS FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

P.O. Box 399, E. Longmeadow, MA 01028
Fax (413) 736-3182 - www.mertons.com

Free Catalog! **800-333-0314**

YANMAR Diesel Power

ORR'S ISLAND BOAT WORKS

Award Winning Dealer 9hp-500hp Diesels

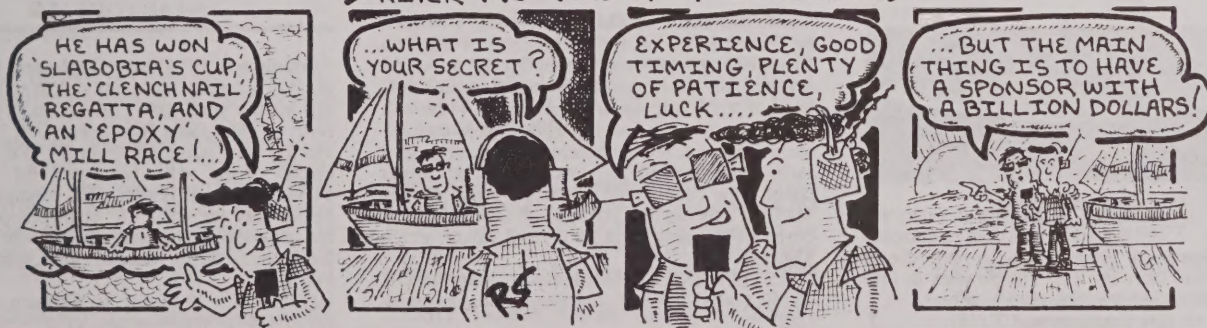
Full Parts Inventory

Expert Technical Assistance

8 Park Place (800) 339-6777
Orr's Island, ME 04066 (207) 833-5852

E-mail: oibw@gwi.net

SHIVER ME TIMBERS by: Robert Summers



Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE



Chesapeake Deadrise, 32' x 10', built '89, Deltaville, VA. Hull in exc shape, cross planked bottom, strip planked from chine to rail, all about 1-1/2" thick, monel & stainless fastened. Volvo Penta (just rblt May, '02) w/280 outdrive. Small cuddy forward, pilot house aft, all open between. \$14,000 OBO.
NED COSTELLO, Middle Haddam, CT, (860) 267 6847, <nedcoz@aol.com> (18)

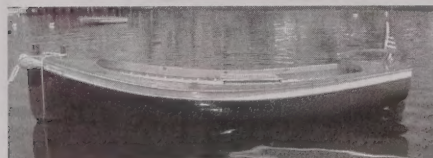
Sea Pearl 21 Cat Ketch, Hull #201. Marconi rigged, leebeds, green hull & gold sails, Hutch trlr, Johnson 4hp long shaft OB, pram top. One owner boat that has been garaged since new when not in use. Has not been sailed for over 3 yrs. Extensive boat & cruising equipment include, list available on request. Selling as package only. \$7,000 firm, \$7,250 after 4/30/03.
RICHARD J. DIX, POB 103, Hesperia, MI 49421, (231) 854-3545. (18)

Kittery Skiff Kit, new \$300. **Alden (Merry) Wherry**, new constructed 19', 70lbs. Beautiful. \$3,000.
BILL GRAHAM, Ipswich, MA, (978) 356-3623. (18)

23' Birdwatcher, '87 Phil Bolger design. Luan mahogany ply w/1" marine fir bottom w/West System ® epoxy, SS fittings. Professionally blt. Galv trlr, 3.5hp Chrysler OB, porta-potti, oars, row box/seat, many extras. All in gd cond. A ltwt shallow draft cabin/cockpit sailboat, Bolger's favorite design. Asking \$3,900 OBO.
STEPHEN ANDERSEN, Estes Park, CO, (970) 586-2787. (18)

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)

'42 Cape-Cod Knockabout, LOA 18', dk green hull. Well kept, fast, rare & beautiful. EZ Load trlr. \$3,600. Located Charlestown, RI. Email for photos.
CYNTHIA GUILD, Wilbraham, MA, (413) 596-5036, (413) 348-7535. <clep799@aol.com> (18)



'60 Poulso Launch, a Pacific Northwest collectible. 17' cedar on oak, teak deck, mahogany interior. Restored 2002, incl new 17hp diesel engine w/less than 100 hrs. For pictures & info contact <peasouppublishing.com/boat.htm>
HUGH MARTIN, Farmington, CT (18)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

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

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

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

'69 Bristol 24, LOA 24'7", Beam 8', Draft 3'5", Displ 5,900lbs. Dk green hull, Bristol Beige deck, white topsides. '95 tanbark stackpack full batten main w/lazy jacks, '95 roller furling genny, '95 white working jib, '79 spinnaker w/pole, mainsheet traveller. Bottom 7 coats WEST (tm) barrier system. Teak cockpit grate. Below insulated, compl wooded out, ss sink w/foot pump, green/blue interior cushions, porta potty & icebox, new wiring & circuit breakers, shore power 30amp, electr & manual pumps. VHF, compass w/light, new digital depthfinder, speed w/sumlog, fire extinguishers. Danforth w/chain & rode, bow & stern pulpits, lifeline w/2 gates, 9.9 Yamaha 4-stroke '89 w/tank, electr start. 5 jackstands, \$5,900 OBO.
JIM TOMKINS, Grand Island NY, (716) 773-5268. (19)



Newfoundland Trap Skiff, open model. Designed by Walter Simmons, blt by members of Marietta Boatbuilding Workshop. Compl Oct '02, launched & tested Nov 23. Now in dry storage. Length 19'6", beam 5'4". White cedar planking on white oak steam bent ribs. All framing white oak. Mahogany seats. Copper & bronze fastenings. Ketch rig, sprit sails, panels by SailRite sewn here, fitted canvas cover, new customized Yacht Club trlr. Owner Marietta Rowing & Cycling Club Inc., a 501(c)3 corp. Boat being sold as a fund raiser. Price \$14,000.
JIM STEPHENS, 425 Muilberry St., Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997, <lstephen@localnet.com> (19)

Kevlar 15' Guideboat, 2000 model from Adirondack Guideboats. Cherry decks, ash rails plugged & varnished, cherry backrest & oars. Stored indrs in perfect cond. Priced at \$2,700. Located in east/central Florida.
DON DANE, Melbourne, FL, (321) 254-8721. (19)

Alden Ocean Shell, Piantadosi rig & oars, plus carbon fiber oars, bailer, Trailex alum trlr, etc. \$1,100.
JERRY BAKKE, Muskegon, MI, (231) 755-7528, <rowboy_@yahoo.com> (18P)

Loudon Rowing Boat, by George Rossiter, 17' FG w/teak trim. Incl custom fitted tent. \$1,900. Located Newbury, MA.
NAT STONE, Boston, MA, (617) 827-7850, <n Timer> (19)

Model Jersey Speed Skiff, 33".
ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (18P)

18' Alden Ocean Shell Double, will hold 2 sliding seats, equipped w/2 carbon fiber oars. Row w/1 sliding seat & carry passenger. Vy stable & seaworthy. 86lbs, 30" beam, 450lb capacity. Installed sturdy towing eye in bow. Has been towed behind sailboat across a choppy Chesapeake Bay w/no problems. Rowed regularly on Severn River & occasionally on Chesapeake Bay. Cartops easily. Approx 4 yrs old. Grt shape & ready. Compare new cost over \$2,400. Priced to sell at only \$960. Located on Severn River nr Annapolis, MD. Can email photo.
JOHN POTTS, Crownsville, MD, (410) 923-2904, <sjpotts@earthlink.net> (19)

BOATS WANTED

AMF Alcott Minifish.
AL COURTINES, Springfield, MA, (413) 731-9393, (508) 428-8943. (TF)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Appledore 16 Sailing Rig, w/rudder & CB. List \$1,200, sell \$500.
BILL GRAHAM, Ipswich, MA, (978) 356-3623. (18)

Wooden Masts, 2 unused professionally blt solid spruce masts, 23.5' & 24.5', both 6" thick at base, 3" at top. Varnished, no hrdwre has ever been attached. \$400 ea, \$750 both, plus shipping.
BOB KUGLER, Westport, MA, (508) 636-2236, <rkugler@optonline.net> (18)

SS Sail Track, 29'5" w/16 slides. \$45 OBO.
JOE ROGERS, Framingham, MA, (508) 872-4206. (18)

GEAR FOR SALE

Parting out 18' White Outboard Runabout, nobody wanted to save her so I'm starting to part out all the stuff that won't burn in her Viking funeral. **35hp Gale Buccaneer OB**, '50s vintage electric start w/remote controls. Was in running cond, turns over but will nd servicing. **\$100.£Holsclaw Trailer**, '50s vintage, exc cond heavy duty for up to 18' boat, prepped for hwy travel w/bearing buddies, new 12" wheels/tires, 2" hitch, lights. \$250. More to come, watch for ad in Feb 1 issue.
BOB HICKS, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984, (978) 774-0906 6-9pm best. (19)

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



as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration
from *The Wind in the Willows*

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world.
T-shirt \$17, Long Sleeve T \$22, Sweatshirt \$27,
Tote Bag \$18, Shipping \$4.75, orders up to \$50,
over \$50 pleas inquire.
THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver
Spring, MD 20918. Toll free 877-637-7464,
www.messingabout.com (TFP)

Petter 8hp Diesel, 2:1 gear, exc cond. \$975.
CHRISTIAN DAHL, Woodbury, MN, (651) 714-
4311. (21)



A Tough Jacktar, holding his billy stick (18th C.
British sailor) is featured on this T-shirt. Dramatic
woodcut printed on an Ash Grey shirt. The words
say it all! Perfect gift for any sailor, rower, or old
salt! Medium-X large \$17.00, XXL \$19.00, S&H
\$4.50 in North America. We accept Visa, Master
Card & American Express.
NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA,
(207) 986-6134, Fax (207) 985-7633, <crew
@norsgear.com> www.norsgear.com (TFP)

**"Life's Too Short To Own An Ugly Boat" Bumper
Sticker**, \$2.00 ea, add \$1 postage for up to 20. Call
for prices on T Shirts & Coffee Mugs too!
SOUTHPORT ISLAND MARINE, P.O. Box 320,
Southport, ME 04576, (207) 633-6009,
www.southportislandmarine.com. (TFP)

Parting out 18' White Outboard Runabout,
nobody wanted to save her so I'm starting to part
out all the stuff that won't burn in her Viking
funeral, **35hp Gale Buccaneer OB**, '50s vintage
electric start w/remote controls. Was in running
cond, turns over but will nd servicing. \$100.
Holsclaw Trailer, '50s vintage, exc cond heavy
duty for up to 18' boat, prepped for hwy travel w/
bearing buddies, new 12" wheels/tires, 2" hitch,
lights. \$250. More to come, watch for ad in Feb 1
issue.
BOB HICKS, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984,
(978) 774-0906 6-9pm best. (18)

About Done Cleaning Out the Boat Shed, only a
couple of items left. **Danforth Anchors**, hvy guage
galv steel, 4lb (1) & 6lb (2). \$15 ea. **SS Stemhead
Fitting**, welded up w/12" curved stem flange, 17"
flat deck flange, 7" forestay tang. \$10. All plus
shipping via UPS.
BOB HICKS, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984,
(978) 774-0906 6-9pm best. (18)

Roof Racks, 4 sets new gutter attachment Thule
copies. \$25. **Spruce Oars**, Shaw & Tenney 195cm/
90" w/leathers. Used once. \$190. **Alden X-
Oarciser**, for Oarmaster 1, 2 or 3 sets used. \$100.
BILL GRAHAM, Ipswich, MA, (978) 356-3623.
(18)

Flotation Logs, blue styrofoam, 8' x 21" x 10".
\$50 ea, \$250 all plus shipping.
BOB KUGLER, Westport, MA, (508) 636-2236,
<rkugler@optonline.net> (18)

X-Oarciser, converts Alden Oarmaster I drop-in
rowing unit for indr workouts. Hydraulic pistons
fit on outriggers & accept 3' alum stub "oars". \$75
plus shipping.
BOB KUGLER, Westport, MA, (508) 636-2236,
<rkugler@optonline.net> (18)

Wood Bartop, orig 21" x 10'5" x 1" (full inch
thick). In a fit of severe stupidity I cut a piece 7-1/
2" x 5' for transom of a friend's sloop leaving 15sf.
\$35. **Hardboard**, 1/8" x 4' x 8', 2 sheets/\$5.
JOE ROGERS, Framingham, MA, (508) 872-
4206. (18)

About Done Cleaning Out the Boat Shed, only a
couple of items left. **Danforth Anchors**, hvy guage
galv steel, 4lb (1) & 6lb (2). \$15 ea. **SS Stemhead
Fitting**, welded up w/12" curved stem flange, 17"
flat deck flange, 7" forestay tang. \$10. All plus
shipping via UPS.
BOB HICKS, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984,
(978) 774-0906 6-9pm best. (19)

GEAR WANTED

Small Winch, brass or ? wo/handle.
CHRISTIAN DAHL, Woodbury, MN, (651) 714-
4311. (19)

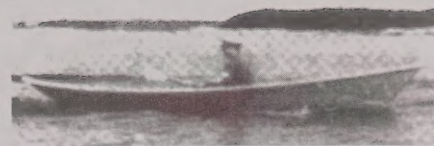
BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

"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)



New Design! Tape seam skiff built w/lines taken
from a Westport work skiff. 17'10" x 6'3" lt wt,
strong & easy on the eyes. Building Plans \$75,
Visa/MC JERRY MATHIEU, CUSTOM SKIFFS,
Box 3023, Westport, MA, 02790, (508) 679-5050,
(508) 636-8020 (01P)

Small Boat Journal, 45 issues incl #1 & several
earliest issues. \$60 plus shipping. **Motorboat's 363
Designs You Can Build**. \$12. Lg collection 1st
person sea narratives. \$5 ea. Call for list. Other
misc plan books & general boating. Call with
needs.
LARRY HARRIS, Everett, WA, (425) 258-4033.
(19)



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)

Magazines: *Canoe* Vol 1 No 1 - Vol 16 No 3;
Wooden Canoe Nos. 9 -29; *American Canoeist*
12/72; *Small Boat Journal* Nos. 20, 22, 24, 32,
53; *Down River* Vol 4 Nos 1, 3, 6, 7.
WILLIAM PATKA, 307 E. De La Guerra St., Santa
Barbara, CA 93101-1501, (805) 965-8791. (18)



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)

**BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-
L.COM:** Customer photos, **FREE** how-to
information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-
PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes **FREE** Supplies
catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55". "How
To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.
GLEN-L, Box 1804MA33, 9152 Rosecrans,
Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258
www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

**Give to me and I will give to you,
says the Lord"**
(Milachi 3:6)

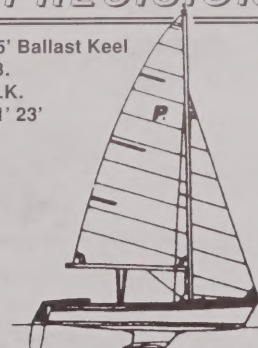
Small sailboats needed for youth sailing
program

Cruising Ministries

6110 Florida Ave.
New Port Richey, FL 34653
(727) 849-3766
<graced@gte.net>

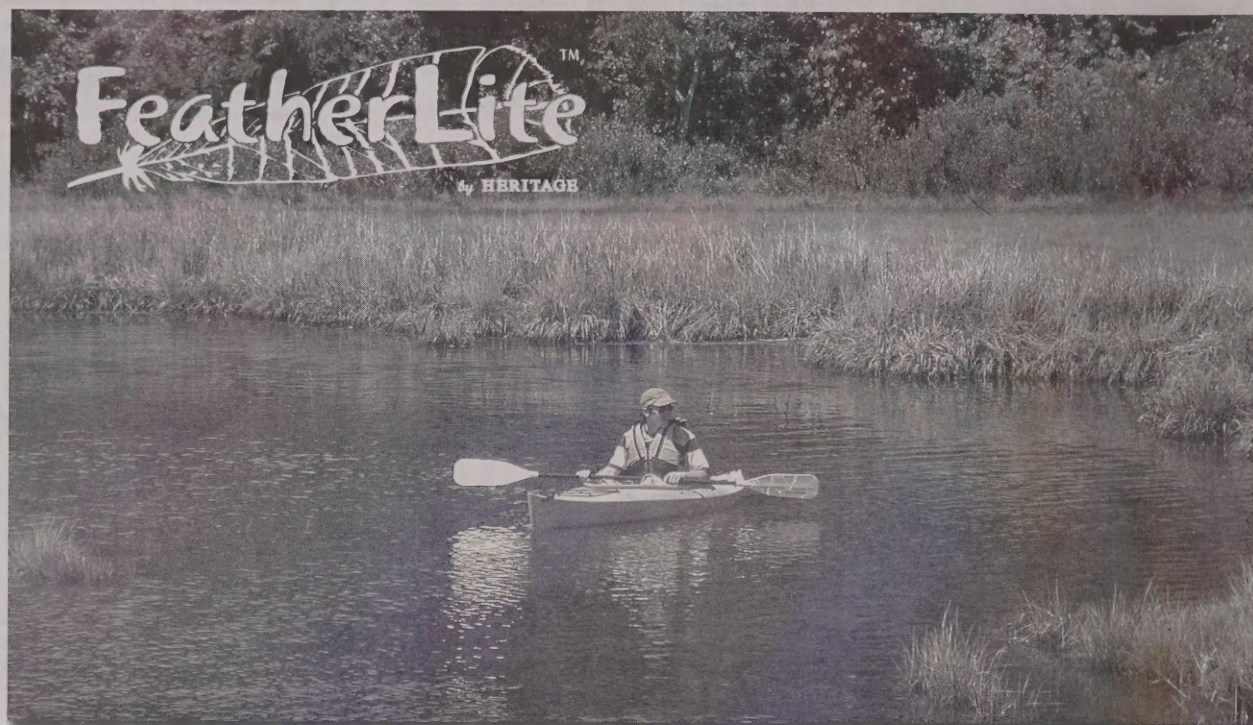
PRECISION

New 15' Ballast Keel
15' C.B.
16'-" B.K.
18' - 21' 23'



FERNALD'S MARINE

Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312



SUGGESTED RETAIL \$349

Length	9' 5"
Width	30"
Weight	37 lbs.
Capacity	300 lbs.

- Only 37 Pounds!
- Large Non-Confining Cockpit
- User Friendly - Versatile
- Rugged Polyethylene
- Built-In Flotation
- Two Deck Webs
- Comfortable Padded Seat
- Adjustable Footbraces
- Convenient End Carries
- A Built-In Skeg for Straight Line Tracking
- Easily Maneuverable - A Breeze to Handle!
- Great Stability . . . NOT a "Tippy" Kayak
- A Runaway Sales Leader!

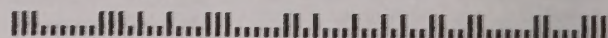
◀ HERITAGE® ▶

55 Ballou Boulevard • Bristol, RI 02809
(401) 253-3408 • www.heritagekayaks.com

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

XX-18

**PRSRT STD
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMIT #148**



*****3-DIGIT 019

**S1 P2
IRENE AXELROD
PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM
161 E INDIA SQUARE MALL
SALEM MA 01970-3723**

messing
about in
BOATS

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