

Special Features This Issue
"Taming the Thames" - "Spirit Sails"
"Grumman Sport Boat Improvement Project"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 24

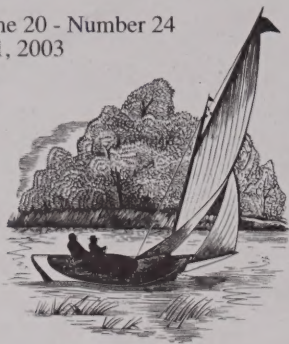
May 1, 2003



messing about in BOATS

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

Volume 20 - Number 24
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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

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



When Robb White told me last year that his agent had hooked him up with Hyperion, a major publishing house in the Disney empire, to publish a collection of his stories, he seemed surprised that they'd be interested. Robb has shared many of his tales with us in our obscure nautical journal because he found that here he'd reached his kind of boat people. The major boating magazines have no interest in his down home raconteurism, his writing doesn't sell boats.

This was delightful news to me, for I have often explained to persons inquiring into why I launched my small magazines over the past 40 years that I did so because it was the only way I could get my writing into print. This is not quite accurate because my earliest boating stories did appear in the late '70s *Small Boat Journal* when Dave Getchell, Sr. was editor. When *SBJ* was sold to Hemmings Motor News this tiny market for my scribbling evaporated. While my stuff is not like Robb's, it does share a down home perspective that just doesn't float in the commercial boating magazine world.

When Robb's first articles turned up here I was instantly smitten, for here was writing that I was in tune with, Robb and I do share certain anachronistic views about how the world is going to hell in a handbasket and how it's best to cling to the simpler ways, so it was instant rapport. Obviously from reader responses, he has also struck a sympathetic chord with many of you.

When a preliminary uncorrected proof copy arrived here from Hyperion, presumably for me to review, I was afraid I'd find that, hey, I'd already read all the stories. Well, not so, while many of those which have appeared on our pages do appear in the book, I found that Robb had a whole bunch more tucked away that I hadn't seen, so as I got into reading I found that I was not only enjoying re-reading those we have published, but was led into other vignettes of Robb's somewhat unique lifestyle. Jane remarked when she read it that it would be interesting to be able to observe reader reactions to Robb's viewpoint on raising small children, like turn them loose really young so they can learn about life first hand.

The title story is one we've not seen, but it brings back youthful memories of when we went about pursuing our dreams on our own resources, the days when mom's involvement

with our play was something like, "Go outside and play!" Robb tells about building his first boat from tin roof sections off a collapsed outbuilding, how it floated but would turn turtle instantly if not kept in motion (sorta like a bicycle). The fact that he could go for a swim inadvertently did not concern his family, for he had long been out there experiencing the world, including learning to swim.

Robb's a bit younger than me (but not much) so we had similar childhood experiences, not in specific details, but sharing that "on our own" lifestyle when turned loose from our daily chores to do what we wanted to do. Our parents were too busy earning a living and keeping a home to undertake to direct every waking moment of our childhood years. And so we pursued some activities that would be regarded with shock by today's heavily hands-on supervisory parents and surrogates who coach the organized activities into which most kids are herded.

Yes indeed, Robb and I grew up rather indifferent to the visions of the success presumably to be achieved by running with the herd and went off in our own directions doing what we wanted. And lo, here we both are entering the period of life that my establishment father relished referring to as becoming a "senior citizen" (an awful term) still doing it. No retirement, no pensions, no golf! No, who needs them, life's too much fun still doing what we do, and we also continue to be useful contributors to society. While I very much enjoy turning out this magazine, it also supports us without need for any underlying financial props. Best of all, in my view, what I do appears to bring pleasure to the several thousand of you who loyally read what we publish, and to the hundreds who enjoy seeing what they write out there for others to share.

Robb's book will add to this pleasure for you and will also remind you that it is possible to go through life living on the edge financially having a helluva good time. You can get your copy of *How to Build a Tin Canoe* at any major bookstore chain or, I believe, from the internet. It makes a great summer reader aboard your small boat, and every time you read from it to a captive audience crewing with you, you'll get another shot of fun.

Looking Ahead...

Jim Thayer stops by "The Lee's Mills Steamboat Meet" on New Hampshire's Lake Winnepesaukee; Bill Rowe crews in Nantucket's "Opera Cup Follies" last summer; and Tori Gilbert & friends row New York harbor in "The Governor's Island Flotilla".

Hugh Hagan's on the Chesapeake again in "Birds a Walking"; Sam Chapin experiences when "An Old Man Steps Back into an Old Boat"; Robb White admits to "A Foolish Thing" and follows progress of his "Grumman Sport Boat Improvement Project"; Ken Preston continues on "The Seagull's First Trip to Baja"; and Chris Kaiser continues observing through her "Window on the Water".

Bill Smith chronicles "Building the Vagabond"; Charlie Schmitt discusses instant boats in "A Long Time Coming"; and the Rockport Apprenticeship launches in winter in "On a Chilly Morning".

Doug Martin has designed a new recreational rowing shell and I tell you about it in "The All New Echo Rowing Shell"; Mississippi Bob Brown announces that he's had "Enough OPBs!"; John Welsford wraps up his "From the Drawing Board" series with "A Design Puzzle"; and Phil Bolger & Friends bring us Part 2 of "An Introduction to Yonder".

Duncan Wright espouses oil, tar and salt in his discussion of "Preserving Wooden Boats"; and Bill Zeitler tells us "How to Build a Nice Boat Ramp".

On the Cover...

That's the cover snapshot from Robb White's book, *How to Build a Tin Canoe*, just out from Hyperion and scheduled for national distribution in major book outlets and on the internet. I have more to say about it on this page.

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the surface. I disturb several diving
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Tom Peters, *Forbes*



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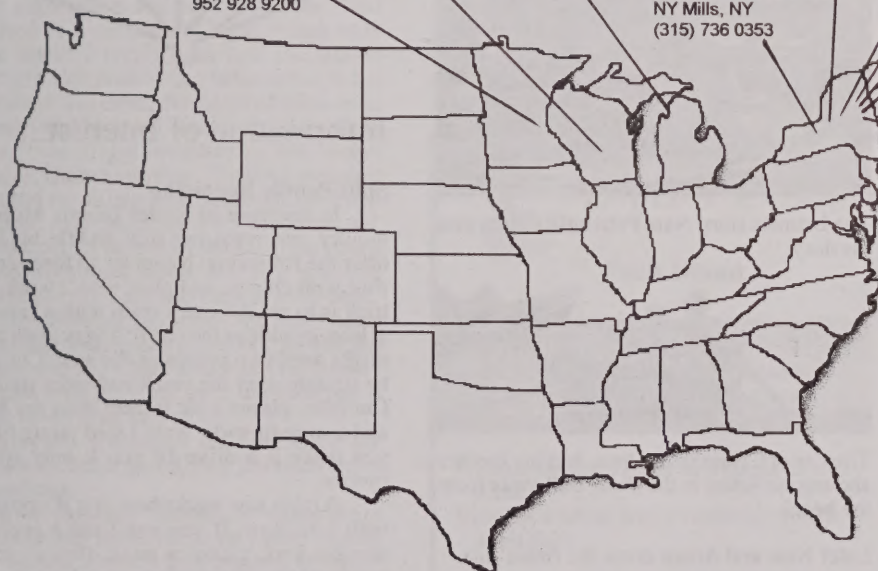
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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

CROPC Reports: 2003 Our 20th Year!

Well, here we are ready to start another season, with a decent selection of boats and upgraded gear for member use. Of course there's a bit of maintenance to be done...but it's spring and we should expect some work after the boats have been tucked under the snow for an unusually long time.

The two club Atlantic 17 boats need only a sanding and touchup before finishing with paint and then hardware installation. The Freshet class boats need paint jobs and some stiffening on the decks. The faithful *Current* needs a bit of grinding along the keel before glass reinforcement is laid on. The standard oars need to be sanded and trimmed up before painting with new epoxy. And a little creative work is required to streamline our launch and retrieval dollies and blocks, and develop some secure and convenient storage areas for oars and PFDs. We have some great, flexible, family boats, we'll get them on the water early so we can use them all at once.

We have been asked to participate again in the Groton Maritime Academy programs for high school age kids; last year's participation went well and we can do even more this year if we like. The community outreach program for youth is coordinated by the Groton Town Police, and last year we put 26 high schoolers on the waters of the Bluff Point estuary complex in Groton.

The Club approached Saybrook's Park and Rec department for a discussion of our offerings and we'll probably provide an on-the-water staff orientation in the spring, and may end up with a six week, one morning a week program for kids in the summer.

Connecticut legislators again this year seem to be pursuing two themes affecting small craft: Licensing (safety certificate training and testing, with fees) and registration (with numbers and fees) for operation and ownership of all craft longer than 8'-10', regardless of power. CROPC, JGC, and state kayak groups testified in February at hearings in Hartford. The bills, purporting to increase safety, accountability, and access, appear to re surface in other forms, however. Virtually no input from the working, on-the-water small craft community was solicited in the formulation of these proposed bills, so we can only assume that motivations other than safety or water access are afoot. Stay alert! For ongoing details, see websites for ConnYak, the TSCA, and the Coalition of Connecticut Sportsmen (www.ctsportsmen.com).

Design work is proceeding on the new Atlantic 19 open water rowing boat. The new design will be set up as a single/double, fixed seat, oar on gunwale boat. With a longer waterline in proportion to length than the Atlantic 17s, but with the same waterline beam, this boat will offer the speed potential needed to be highly competitive in the open water circuit. This same turn of speed will also widen the practical cruising range.

Construction is to be batten seam plywood on plywood frames. A narrow side deck will increase hull rigidity considerably.

Fiberglass set in epoxy will make for a highly durable, low maintenance hull.

A prototype of this new design will be under construction this spring, sponsored by a syndicate of interested parties. The target launching date is the Mystic Small Craft Workshop June 7-8, where it should prove interesting to match the new boat against an array of venerable models.

As part of *WoodenBoat* magazine's nationwide Family Boat Building Week, the Persson boatyard and CROPC will be sponsoring a week of boatbuilding courses aimed at family participation (July 12-20, 2003). The objective of this event is to get more people involved in small boat building, and, ultimately, small boat use. The boatyard will be supplying complete kits, instruction, and space for families to build a boat of their own (www.perssonmfg.com). CROPC will use this event as an opportunity to introduce more people to small boat use, including safety and handling techniques, with the potential for adding to the club's active membership.

For more information about our Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club (CROPC), we can be contacted at 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, or email <jpstratton@snet.net> or <grconklin@snet.net>

Adventures & Experiences...

Last at the Snow Row

Herewith a photo chronicle of two enthusiastic oarsmen at play at the recent Snow Row in Hull, Massachusetts:



The Lemans start, Nate Pettengill jumps into his dory.



They're off. Nate in the bow, and his brother and engine Adam in the stern, pull away from the beach.

Later Nate and Adam cross the finish line.



The crew of Pettengill's dory slap a high five after finishing...last!

Designs...

Something Very Special

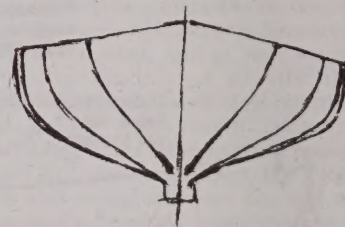
The *Butcher Boy* article in the April 1 issue was something very special. I'd heard of her way back, but never saw her lines or such good action photos. I can picture Goularte and Madruga stretching a string around their model and nodding to each other...

My appreciation to Joe Ditler for good research and good writing.

I think the lines drawing is not quite accurate. It shows strong hollow in the after waterlines which does not show in the photo from the weather side. She would have a stern wave piled up on the lee quarter and not be as fast if her stern was the shape the drawing shows. I enclose a quick freehand redrawing of her afterbody, the shape I think is closer to the actual boat.

The bow and most of the sections look right for an inside ballasted boat and a sweet shape it is.

Phil Bolger, Gloucester, MA



Information of Interest...

Split Paddle Repairing

In response to reader Dennis Murray's inquiry into repairing split paddle blades, I offer the following: Never try to force cracks shut with clamps and glue; won't work. The trick is to cut the crack open with a saw kerf at least as wide as the crack. A very wide crack might need two passes of the saw. Cut must be straight over the crack and sides parallel. Cut filler pieces a bit thicker than the blade and a snug fit wide. Note I said "snug fit". If you make it a drive fit you'll only split it further.

A table saw works best, but it's possible with a skilsaw. If you can't cut a perfectly straight kerf, clamp a guide (fence) to the paddle blade. Glue with any good marine glue or epoxy and clamps. If you don't have clamps, you can improvise a simple wedge system on an old board or scrap of 3/4" ply, in which case put some wax paper under your paddle!

Charles W. Schmitt, Glen Cove, NY

Information Wanted...

Looking for Publisher

I have completed my Civil War/slavery novel, the story line is presented from an African-American seaman's perspective as told from the deck of the *U.S.S. Hartford*. The last 9 chapters (of 32) are taken from historical facts. I want you to know that without you and a number of MAIB readers who responded to my prior article about this effort that I could not have accomplished this feat from my death row prison cell in Georgia.

I am hopeful that one of your readers might help me find a publisher.

Brandon Astor Jones, EF-122216/G3-77, Georgia Diagnostic & Classification Prison, P.O. Box 3877, Jackson, GA 30233

Projects...

A Great Boat in All Respects

My Bantam ("Bolger on Design", June 1, 1999 and April 15, 2003) is a great boat in all respects. Thanks for publishing the Bolger page where I saw it. Very economical, 20mpg 10hp 4-stroke Yamaha, 5 knots. Roomy, light and airy, more should be built.

John Bartlett, Ft. Pierce, FL



Opinions...

Jib Only Sailboats

I've a few comments on Norm Benedict's recent "Tailor Your Sailing" about jib only sailboats. I've an acquaintance who built a SO DO IT, and then designed a similar International Offshore 14. Both had "A" frame alloy masts and backstays. The IO14 switched to a carbon rig later, which only broke once! I recall both had interesting steering: Close hauled they balanced well, but as the sheet was eased the center of effort went outboard and forward. This caused the helm to go from slight weather to lee rather suddenly. Quite a surprise. The IO14 switched to a cutter rig as two sails made this shift less dramatic. And checking www.members.aol.com/nilsail/IO14.html, I see the rig is now a more conventional sloop. But Nils puts lots of interesting design into such a small boat.

The standing rigging of the three boats Norm illustrated seems at least as tall and has as many wires as a similar sloop. This doesn't interfere with the flow over the sail, but is still as much drag as a sloop.

Staysail schooners once were all the rage, not for better speed, they just rated better on handicap.

And finally: "Immense spinnakers contribute only about 2% as they have to push away so much air..." Two percent of what? Downwind all the air around and before a spinnaker is moving the same direction as the boat, and slightly faster. In order for the sail to be pushing air the boat would have to be going faster than the airflow. Sails can't push any more than a rope can.

Dana Munkelt, San Diego, CA

This Magazine...

Let's Hear It from the Missus

I've been on the edge of my chair to write this letter for a while now and since we can't seem to stop beating this poor dead horse yet, here's my two cents. I think everyone missed the point of the plywood story by Robb White. In my opinion at least, the last paragraph makes the point of the whole story. "If you cause the death of a tree that was alive before your grandmother was, you're doing the wrong thing." I thought it was a simple plea to try to encourage intelligent use of our natural resources (which he makes in most of his stories) and not an outright condemnation of everyone who has ever sawn a sheet of plywood (on the other hand... if the saw fits...).

The second reason for this letter is to try to support a movement to solicit a story from Mrs. White. With each new issue of *Messing About in Boats*, after I've read the letters and the Robb White story, I usually make my wife listen while I read Robb's latest to her. We've learned a lot about life at the coast house, in the boat shop, the Reynolds crew, etc. Now we would really like to hear his wife's take on life with "the man". Now I'm not talking about something like the feature that *WoodenBoat* did, I mean the inside scoop.

I know what my wife would say about life with me, and although I think I share a lot of opinions with him, my life is surely tame in comparison. I know if I brought home a string of fish or a deer and said, "Honey here's dinner," she would say... well you get the picture. So what do you say, how about a story or two from the missus?

Lawrence Beck, Pittsburgh, PA

Window on the Water

I am remiss in not writing sooner, but I do need to congratulate you for upgrading your fun publication by including in the February 15th issue the beautifully written introspection by Chris Kaiser. Her "Window on the Water" essay was not only delightful to read, but she struck a particular chord with me personally by describing almost to perfection the kind of "window" my

"significant other" and I are seeking as we approach retirement in a year or so.

Happily, your March 1st issue contained an equally enjoyable follow up article. I think it would be of interest to your readers if you would share with us a little information about who this talented author is and how she came to be part of the "Messing About..." scene. It would also be nice to have your assurance that her insightful writings will be a regular feature in future issues. Keep up the good work!

Jerry Mackey, Oak Park, IL

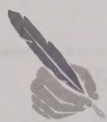
Editor Comments: We have known Chris and Kurt Kaiser since the early '80s through our local small craft group. Chris is well ahead of us right now with follow on columns and we'll run them as long as she writes them

Great to See Melonseed Ad

It was great to see Roger Crawford's full page ad in a recent issue, because he, and you, both produce such great products. My Melonseed has consistently provided enjoyable hours afloat while my subscription has kept me afloat, particularly during this past winter season. They are a combination that can't be beat.

Anyone who desires a truly unbiased assessment of either the Melonseed or *Messing About in Boats* can give me a call at (248) 470-5788.

Steven Rossi, East Haddam, CT



Poet's Corner...

Plum Island

By Bunny Fernald

She's a long sandbar not far out at sea,
Beach plums and cranberry but hardly a tree.

A home for deer, geese and ducks of every kind,
Visit for a while and greenheads you'll soon find.

Summer will bring a cool sea breeze,
Bundle up in winter or prepare to freeze.

Her ocean waves will sound like thunder,
Don't venture out, they might pull you under.

Her Nor/Easter storms you can't hold back,
Heavy surf has claimed many a shack.

Many ships have found her shore,
Hard aground, to sail no more.

Visitors come from afar for that cool ocean breeze,
But scatter in fall when ponds begin to freeze.

(I often sit on the side of my bed and look down the Parker at Plum Island. I look at the sand dunes and wonder if one day, after a severe winter storm, I'll be able to see the ocean.)



Bunny Fernald ©2001

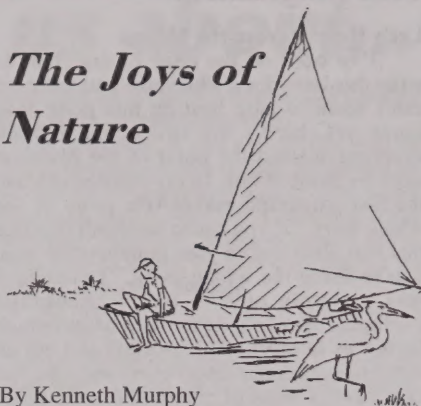
Sanity is anchored in Warehouse Creek, Kent Island, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. It's very early morning and water is on the boil for that first delightful cup of coffee. Life is good. The boat has drifted within feet of the marsh and so I am in the catbird seat once again to witness the morning events. What will I see this fine day?

In the hush of morning I realize it's more a matter of sound than of sight. Every marsh has its own unique intonations. In the chill of this particular morning a sparkle is added to each sound. Fish jump and splash, wind vibrates the sedge grass, the crab and clam snap and crackle along the shore. The coffee's aroma mixes with the pungent odors from the peaty soil gripped so tightly by the sedge and rush roots, and a trace of iodine is in the air from decaying detritus exposed at low tide. So it's the sounds and smells that wake my addled brain.

The sun begins to shine through the pine trees of the opposite shore and the marsh takes on that special early morning glow. Now the marsh birds begin their day and I hear the first red-winged blackbird. He starts with a silvery "tee-err," than a louder gurgling "konk-laree." I catch sight of him as he flashes by. He grabs onto a high cattail, lifting his head as he bobs and sways, repeats his call, and flashes his red shoulders. I am told the call may be a territorial warning, like keep out of this patch of grass, it's mine! Well, soon the whole marsh is awash with blackbird calls. One naturalist writes, "With glee he plays upon his magic flute." Lucky me, I'm right in the middle of it all! What a start to a day of sailing.

The name red-winged blackbird actually describes the adult male bird. It is deep black

The Joys of Nature



By Kenneth Murphy

The Marsh and the Redwing



except for a patch of red that is bordered by a narrow band of yellow on the shoulder of each wing. These patches are called epaulets. The females have the same body shape and the same sharp-pointed bill as the males, but are

dark brown on top and brown streaked with white on the bottom. Some have a splotch of orange or red on the shoulder. Young males are a sooty brown but still with the epaulets. They gain their adult coloration in August of their second year. The accompanying drawing shows the male redwing on top, the shaded area being red, with the yellow band just below. Above the red are black feathers that sometime cover the red epaulets. The female shown below is brown with lovely brown and white stripes on her breast.

From where I sit, the males are obvious black shapes bobbing on the high grass blades. I can't see any females, they are so well camouflaged, though I'm sure they're there, why else would the males be acting like little clowns and flashing their red shoulders so vigorously?

Now the marsh is fully awake with birds and animals. I look over the boat's side and see young mud minnows and shiners swimming about. Heads of muskrat slide through the water along the marsh edge. Great blue heron glide and make their prehistoric cries. Things are really cooking along now as the sun heats things up. Actually there are two suns, one in the sky and its reflected sister in the water.

This is a large marsh and I expect a number of the male redwings have already built their nests near the ground among the cattails. With the arrival of the females, things must be really jumping with the males defending their territories zealously. This explains why I see the males so busy, it seems in hot pursuit of trespassing males. However, I understand that when the redwings are threatened by predators, both males and females will band together into tough gangs, working together mobbing and dive bombing intruders.

The sun is getting high now and a wind is stirring. Time to clean up, put the night things away, and get the sail up. With some reluctance, the anchor is retrieved and the sail hoisted. I settle down at the tiller and look over my shoulder at the retreating marsh. The redwings are still playing their flutes. I think, "they'll be here the next time I return." The thought fills me with joy. Happily *Sanity* steers toward the Eastern Bay.

(New e-mail address for column: <kgmurphy@Comcast.net>)

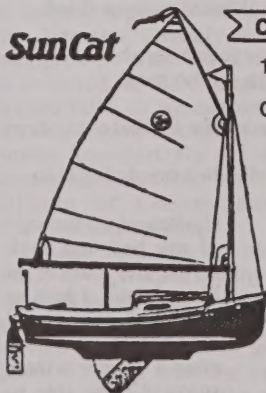
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says the Lord"**
(Milachi 3:6)

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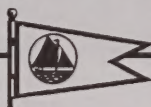


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When I left home this morning, the front room window was rattling under the assault of the latest nor'easter. I couldn't see across the street, let alone compose any coherent description of what was occurring out on the Sound. I know there were no hunters struggling with the violent action of waves and winds. The birds were all tucked away wherever they go when the weather turns brutal. I was feeling pummeled by the persistent deluge. Both our boats were sitting on the front lawn. It was a comfort to know that if the weather didn't let up, Kurt and I could row to higher ground in the Swampscott Dory and the Melonseed.

Any of you who have taken the slippery stairs down into the cave beneath and behind Niagara Falls can picture what I was witnessing. Sometimes the wind drove the rain horizontally past the house. Meeting resistance on the old maple's trunk, it collected, coalesced, and then blew off the lee side in a thickened stream, like apple jelly sheeting from the spoon just at the soft jell stage. When the wind let up, the Niagara effect took over. The water sluiced down in impenetrable sheets. The boats parked 20' in front of the window disappeared in the dense silvery film. Then the wind would get its second and third "winds" and tear through the heavy rain, flipping the sodden leaves off the saturated lawn like pancakes from a griddle.

Now and then there would be a break in the rain, leaving the wind to romp about on its own. The reverberations of a 12-gauge shotgun drew my attention to the Sound again. I couldn't see anyone so foolish as to



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Nor'easter

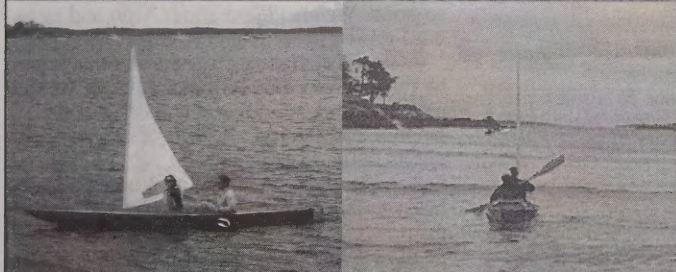
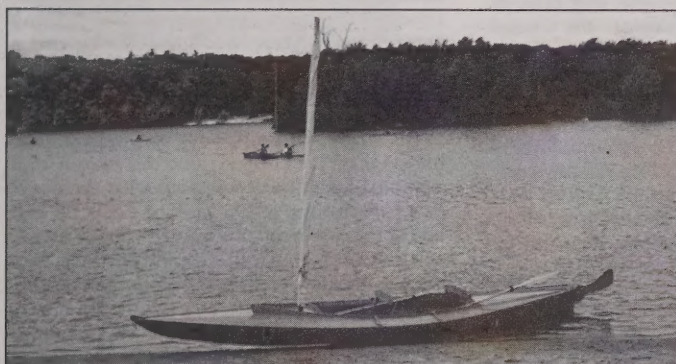
tempt the fates on shore or in a boat, what was the noise? There again, it sounded like it was right out front. Indeed it WAS just out front. To protect our entry porch I'd installed the heavy-duty clear plasglas vinyl sheeting. Now into the second season it had stretched, with just enough give it has the unnerving ability to mimic deep shotgun-like reports with the wind coming from a certain direction.

Once the wind backed a bit the noise stopped. By the time I left for breakfast downtown the bad weather had eased and a fine Scotch mist was all that remained. I came off Great Neck and crossed the marginally raised road between the Great Saltmarsh to the east and the shallow bay west of Eagle Hill. It is just five days from a full moon, so the tide at 8:45 AM was well advanced into the marsh. Looking at the inner crescent was like look-

ing out across a vast bowl of sodden Shredded Wheat. Spartina was spiked and matted, swirled by the wind and tide. Puddles of water washed out of the drainage channels cut in the colonial days to provide pasturage for the cattle. It was as bleak a scene as any avant garde movie producer could have imagined. All it needed was a coastal Eliza trudging along with her matches to sell.

After savoring the last cup of hot coffee, I headed to work, leaving Ipswich center to drive along the river and through Topsfield. The hemlocks were dripping, their boughs drenched. A few hardy or lost ducks were meandering along the top of the dam by the Foote Brothers canoe business. Coming up Route 1 past the Topsfield Fairgrounds, I noticed a pair of swans resting in the grassy verge by the side parking lot. The low soccer meadows were overflowing with river runoff and ducks and geese liked the easy grazing there. Local children were safely inside the draft horse arena for winter soccer games. The swans were resting, bills nestled into the warm down behind a wing. I wonder if these are the past season's young from Clarke's pond around the corner from our home. It is too dim to spot the birds on the pond when I return at 3:00 PM, I'll have to count bills another day.

While my Window on the Water is usually in the front room of the house on the hill, it can also be the windshield of my Outback wagon when I drive across the Ipswich River's watershed to and from work, past the many ponds and streams that make up Essex County's topography.



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At Sea In The City:

New York From The Water's Edge

William Kornblum
Algonquin Books, Chapel Hill, N.C 2002

Reviewed by Bill Coolidge

Circling La Guardia Airport, I took a break from reading *At Sea In The City* and tried to image William Kornblum's journey in and around the waters of New York City. I saw a few beaches, abandoned docks, ferries, tugs, fishing boats, and a handful of sailboats. I hadn't thought much about sailing when I visited Manhattan. But for sailors and non-sailors who, like me, are drawn to a sense of place, this is a book filled with details of ports, neighborhoods, bars, history, and a hope for the future.

Kornblum, a native New Yorker, is a professor of sociology at the Graduate Center, City University of New York. He started sailing with his wife Susan while serving along the Ivory Coast as a Peace Corps volunteer in the early 1960s. In 1979 Susan and Bill purchased *Tradition*, a catboat built in the Crosby yard in Osterville on Cape Cod.

Kornblum's sails *Tradition* past the World Trade Center, through Hell's Gate, and out into the Atlantic. Along the way he tells us about shipwrecks, politics, neighborhoods, bars, and treacherous waters. In addition, he tells a story or two about his family who worked the waterfront during the last century. His guiding vision for this book comes from a quote from Thoreau, "To know the way from the front door to the path..."

We get an inside look into the normal problems associated with sailing, engine breakdown, oppositional tidal currents, becalmed near bridges, tugs and dredges, storms, conflict with Susan and friends as he navigates up dead end tidal creeks.

Tradition is neither a fast nor sleek racing boat. She has a wide beam, a fixed keel, is a bit on the heavy side, carries a singular large sail, and needs more than average wind to make headway. Kornblum loves her. He is my kind of sailor.

In 1976 I bought a wooden Flying Dutchman, *Sugar*, whose bottom was fiberglassed. I sanded and varnished, dreamed, and consulted charts. *Sugar* and I went everywhere together and along the way experienced a capsizing in the inlet of Wrightsville Beach on an outgoing tide. We survived.

Kornblum's circumnavigation concludes when he sails into his homeport, Long Beach, yet we know he is not finished with us nor with sailing.

The major weakness of this book lies in Bill's strength. He knows the water and land so well that we are offered sketchy, black inked maps. I kept asking myself, "What's land and what's water?" I'd like to have seen a regional map on the inside cover of the book and then a detailed map with a sailing destination at the beginning of each chapter.

As a returned Peace Corps volunteer and a sailor with a demanding career, Kornblum could have offered some reflection on the



Book Reviews

interaction of sailing and work. For me sailing has often been the vessel for career transitions as well as the seed of new visions.

What this book does exceedingly well is give us a perspective and love of place. Not from a car, nor airplane, nor by foot or bike, but from the cockpit of well-built wooden sailboat. At the end of the journey, Kornblum offers us a hint of what might be next for him and for us. He shares a secret. He has discovered another Crosby catboat which had been laying in wait under canvas in a neighborhood marina. He purchased it and hired woodwrights to bring her back to life. And he found a buyer for *Tradition*, a resident of Maine with a gleam in his eye and a dream on his mind.

In his Epilogue, written September 19, 2001, Kornblum offers us a word of encouragement: "I hope more people will take to the waters of my city to explore the creeks and coves, to ride on the powerful river tides, and to see the city from sea level, where it appears as a place within, and not outside, nature's domain."

I recently purchased a 24' sharpie, fiberglass and wood, trailerable. I've already consulted the charts of the Chesapeake Bay and northward, believing the waters Kornblum lives on will offer me a renewed vision of what is wild and optimistic at sea in the city.

Hand Troller

By Mike McConnell
Published by Universe
(A subsidiary of Barnes & Noble)

Reviewed by Brooks Elgie

My father was not an educated man but he had a quick natural intelligence and always, always, an active curiosity about the world and how it worked. One of his habits, which delighted me, was to bring home books and magazines on a wide variety of strange and wonderful topics. It might be a magazine devoted to small farming (though we lived in the city), a book on gun smithing (though we didn't own any guns), or a catalog of taxi-dermy supplies. Once, I remember, it was a trade magazine for undertakers. As a small boy, the stuff that Dad brought home seemed an endless supply of bright pebbles from a distant beach, each to be studied for at least a moment, some to be kept for a day or two

and some to become the basis of a lifelong study.

Dad would have loved Mike McConnell's book about hand trolling for salmon in Alaska. He would have liked Mike McConnell, a guy who has pretty much managed to find his own comfortable path through life, been pretty much able to do only work that he loved and, when the time came, was been able to go off in a different direction. For 20 years or so, until changing times and mountains of rules made it no longer pay, Mike McConnell was a last of a breed of Alaska fisherman who worked alone on small boats and caught salmon one at a time, pulling them in by hand, hence the term "hand troller." There are a few hand trollers still out there but most are gone, casualties of the economics of the game these days which dictates that one can't make a living catching one fish at a time.

Hand Troller is a great book on several different levels. Mike writes in a simple conversational style that often leaves one imagining being propped in the corner of the pilothouse in his little old wooden boat as he works the rocky edges where the fish are. Often the weather is fair and, as the little old gas engine thumps along, the talk about fishing and fishermen rolls deep and easy, ebbing and flowing between past and present, the living and the no longer. When the little bells on the poles jingle signaling that fish are on, he ducks to the cockpit, leaving *Nomad* to herself, while he cranks in the line, unhooking the beautiful athletic fish, one at a time, gutting as he goes, fish upon fish into the icy hold. One will wish one could help. Sometimes other boats will come prospecting around a secret hot spot and Mike reveals a trick or two for hiding his success.

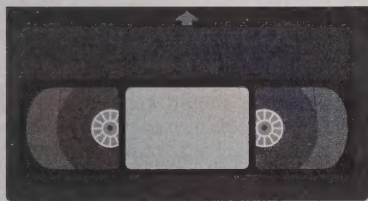
The reader will also be out with him when the weather turns bad, and the weather in SE Alaska can turn very bad indeed. One listens in on the clipped radio discussion with a friend on another boat about what their best defensive action might be. The decision will be for the two of them to run ahead of a gale across Chatham Strait at night in thick fog, neither boat with radar. When, in spite of current set and wind drift, chart work, and luck, have gotten them safely into Port Alexander anxious hours later, that beer will never taste so good. We also learn about Alpo and eggs, but I mustn't reveal everything.

It was characteristic of Mike that when he turned to writing to make a living, he did not even think of getting involved with agents or publishers or middlemen of any kind. If one is going to write a book, sit down at the laptop computer and write it. When it's done, learn to use a simple publishing program and print it, one page at a time on a cranky old printer. That part finished, make a jig to smooth the page edges with a sander and then figure out a good simple way to drill them and lace them together into an attractive and sturdy book. If this sounds like a lot of work imagine doing it all while living aboard a 30' sailboat with a wife who is an artist, in Alaska in the wintertime!

When Mike first put his book on the market, he sold the copies himself, one at a time, just like the fish. He has found a better way, now. It's almost a kind of ying/yang solution to the old problem of how to use the new technology to everyone's advantage. To order a copy you go on line at www.amazon.

com or www.barnesandnoble.com and place your order. The new technology allows the books to be printed as they are ordered and mailed off direct from the printer. It works and Mike gets to keep more of the money than he would under the old system of a publisher keeping a huge inventory of books. Your book will be a full size properly bound paperback, the hand bound first editions are gone. Mike also has a website where you can read a sample chapter and see old photos of Mike.

Don't get the idea that everything has changed though. The men and women who fish in Alaska these days are still a mighty formidable bunch of people. Some would say they have to work even harder with their bigger and more complex boats and the gang of insurance men, lawyers, accountants, and brokers they have to carry as non-working crew. The hand troller went alone in a small simple boat. He sent to market the very highest quality fish. He got to keep most of each dollar he made and he could quit for the season when he'd made enough to see him through the winter. *Hand Troller* is a chance to ship out with nearly the last of them. Don't wait for your dad to bring it home.



The Visual Approach Video Review

Steambending For Woodworkers

VHS Videotape 65 minutes
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<http://www.woodencanoes.com/>

Reviewed by John Hawkinson

Techniques of bending wood are high on the list of boatbuilding skills. This video illustrates both theory and method of steam bending in a brief authoritative presentation, produced in 1993 and still valid. The frugally chosen script and careful camera work combine to provide us with a clear understanding of the process.

Rollin Thurlow, who heads the Northwoods Canoe Company, prepared this film. He has devoted himself to building, repairing, and using traditional wooden canoes in Maine. A graduate of the Maine Maritime Academy and the Wooden Boat Construction program in Lubec, Maine, Rollin currently is a lecturer and instructor in addition to producing canoes books and videos. One look at

his shop tells us it is about earnest canoe building, which means a lot of ribs to be bent.

One basic bit of knowledge is needed for successful steam bending. The author teaches that whenever we force wood into a curve, the outer surface is in tension since it is getting longer, while the inner loop is in compression as it gets shorter. He clearly illustrates this point by showing three long thin strips held together and bent. In steam bending, tension failures in the outer surface are more common than compression failures of the inner portion. Rollin covers this outer surface with a thin steel compression strap before bending to eliminate tension disruption.

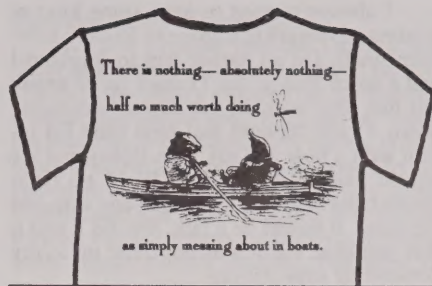
The film explains other key steps and techniques, including the selection and preparation of wood for bending, the advance arrangement of clamps and jigs for securing steamed pieces, and the basics of steaming itself. He shows us how to generate steam from a keg of water over a burner and apply it to a wooden steam box. Recommended duration of steaming is one hour per 3" thickness. If you exceed this by more than a factor of two the wood dries out. Steam heated wood remains flexible for one minute after coming out of the box, but once the wood has been compressed into its initial bend there is ample time to secure it to the jig.

Preparing specific canoe components illustrates the use of compression straps and how to move quickly to get a workpiece secured within the fatal minute just out of the heater. The author shows us numerous proven bending jigs and clamps as well as the method of replacing broken ribs to fit an existing canoe. To steam outside the box, wrap the work piece in a towel and saturate with boiling water. Bend the rib over the canoe while still wrapped in the towel, gradually allowing the wood to take its shape before you remove the towel and secure the ends.

Alternate methods of applying moist heat add to the versatility of the builder. This towel technique can be also be used to keep a work piece hot after it is out of the steam box.

Innovation is needed to accomplish an odd shaped rail, a short wide deck, a curved plank, or a tightly bent coaming. Rollin Thurlow shows us how to apply the basic principles of timed steam heat, respect for tension fracture, and prompt placement into final form to handle unusual pieces.

The ultimate triumph is when, having shown about all there is to know about wood bending, the author and his helper extract two lobsters from the steam box and proceed to dine.



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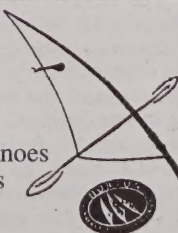
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I always wanted to have some kind of boating adventure in Europe or Britain, however small. On an earlier trip to England I had a quick look at the Thames (once again, but this time with an eye toward venturing down it) and thought that next time I'd return with a boat and my wife Bobsy and we would paddle it together. We'd go right through the heart of London, in one side, out the other. It would be a lark. We did it and it was just that, but it was not quite up to my demanding expectations.

I want to give an honest accounting of this adventure. Let me say right here, lest you think there is some tragedy about to unfold, that it was plenty fun and exciting. I write the following, thinking of others who may contemplate such an adventure, and I'll give my pros and cons about it all.

You can't do a river without some kind of craft. I wanted to do our trip in our very own boat (not a particularly rational requirement). Fortunately, a used Folbot came up for sale, and one winter night I drove to Dover Foxcroft, Maine, and I bought this 17' two person kayak which comes apart in myriad pieces of plywood, aluminum, and fabric to fit into two large canvas bags. The total weight with paddles, seats, and spray cover was 70 lbs. The price was \$800. The only redeeming feature of this kayak's construction was that it made into two bags that one could carry on an international jet liner.

About our itinerary. I knew London but I didn't really know the Thames. I knew one could, somewhere, probably up near Oxford, rent elegant river rowing boats and row leisurely down the Thames, staying at inns and like that. What I didn't know was the lower Thames, the tidal Thames. Where did it begin? Was there a tidal current? Was it swift? Was one allowed to paddle the lower Thames? Could it be hazardous? I wondered where the scenic, somnolent, bucolic Thames turned into an urban thoroughfare, flowing finally into a broad and open featureless estuary, the water body of those wonderful opening pages of Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*.

What happened is that I went to England and found all the answers to all my questions. More challenging were the problems of logistics. Where could we put in, where could we get out and, the central question of every river rat, how does one get back to one's car? Car? That was another concern. Boat? Car? Things were getting complicated. Another worry, where would we stay? At B and Bs? In London? Might there be campgrounds? It wasn't like we could toss 17' of boat up on top of our little Fiat or Ford or Renault and zing around town and leave it on the roof overnight. All I can say is that these things worked out. We packed, we flew, we paddled.

Here's the way the trip turned out. I flew over early, taking the boat with me, and did a little premature (rainy, snowy) climbing in Scotland. I was glad to drive 500 miles south to the temperate climate of London where I did some preliminary scouting out of our paddling route. Fortunately I knew of a great campground in Hurley on Thames about 20 miles west of London. This was to be our base camp. I ran myself ragged looking for scenic stretches to paddle, for put in and take out locations and nearby car parks. Marinas seemed to abound in the non-tidal Thames, but seemed not particularly useful to our needs.

Taming The Thames

By Val Thompson

On the morning of May 19th I met Bobsy at nearby Heathrow Airport. She'd had a good flight over and was ready to hear my game plan. She had already told me she wasn't about to paddle ten hours a day, and I was beginning to feel the same way after investigating the put ins and take outs and overnighting possibilities. With our perfect Hurley campground on the banks of the Thames, it made perfect sense to use it each night we were kayaking rather than face the near impossible task of planning a continuous trek from way up river to our final wherever down river destination.

In other words, in not knowing the terrain and not knowing how fast we could travel, we could not locate convenient way points to eat, sleep, and rest. How much easier it would be to do the Thames in segments, returning to Hurley to carouse each evening. I noticed how to the west of London the Thames winds in great eight or ten mile loops. By careful selection one could paddle and have a short walk back to one's starting place.

So that's what we did. Day 1 of paddling started with a short drive west from our campground to the village of Wargrave, a few miles up river from Henley of regatta fame. Without a lot of difficulty we found a place to park and a place to assemble, for the first time abroad, our Folbot. We laid out varnished frames, aluminum extrusions, and the gray hypalon hull covering. Dozens of pieces all over the grass. "Lose one and it's all over," I said to Bobsy. About 11 AM we got away, with the first mile being one of getting used to the boat, getting into the rhythm of paddling, and getting seats and spray covers adjusted.

At Henley we stopped for a sponge to get at those pesky puddles in the bilge and for two Guinnesses for quick energy at the riverside Angel Pub. Then on in light rain, down the one mile race course, through our first lock, past an abbey (now a classy house), and to our campground. Hooray! Jolly good fun. But wait! A car to retrieve. With no bus stopping at the Black Boy Inn as we had hoped, we walked through beautiful rolling countryside the five miles back to Wargrave. We celebrated our first day with fish and chips and more Guinness at Henley before returning to Hurley. This day's run was pleasant, scenic, but not outstandingly scenic, and certainly not exciting. Just comfortable, interesting, foreign, flat water paddling.

The next day was very overcast, rain threatening, so we made it a day of rest. We shopped around and bought a de rigueur propane camping stove, fancy cheese, jams, pasta, sausage, and wine, then dined in fine style at our campground. We decided to do the big one, the river segment through the heart of London, the next day. Iffy weather prompted our decision to get on with it. Prior investigation showed the suburb of Putney, just down river from the first tidal lock on the grubby riverfront of Richmond, to be the best put in location. It had a long paved slope to the river, alive with rowing shells and rowers. Here we assembled our kayak, left it, and drove into the city to a parking lot near Tower

Bridge. We left the car and took the tube back to Putney. Just thinking about that pre-paddling preparation makes me tired.

We put in late, as we waited to catch the highly desirable ebb which started at 3:45 PM. Right off we felt the tug of the current. I had figured a trip of less than four hours, hoping it might be less, for on this overcast day darkness would come early. Quickly we realized we were metropolitan. No more green lawns, willow trees, swans and ducks. Now there were barges, new construction, old abandoned buildings, a church in ruins, and the huge derelict Battersea Power Station looking like a haunted cathedral.

Then it seemed there were bridges galore. Although we had passed under four or five, they seemed to come on faster now, foot, rail, and auto bridges in stone and steel, Vauxhall, Lambeth. Then the oh so familiar Big Ben and the House of Parliament, then more bridges, Westminster Bridge and the Victoria Embankment, and then Waterloo, Blackfriars, Southwark. Though the bridge abutments were streamlined, the tidal current piled water high against them and I visualized us being pinned against an abutment, tipping, then swamping. We were a little anxious, but excited, too. A gentle headwind against the ebb created a noticeable chop and we feathered our paddles.

On this late spring afternoon, a Wednesday, the river was busy, one had to pay attention. Police in their boat motioned to us to get to the south (right) bank of the river. I learned later one should keep to the right, passing other vessels port to port. We slipped close alongside the battle cruiser *Belfast*, between it and the nearby shore. We were shipping a little water now, the river chop was finding a way into the kayak, and we were getting wet and chilled. The stone quays that lined most all of the river of central London looked formidable and afforded little opportunity to land.

We saw the great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral above the clutter of lesser buildings, then the crenelated gray walls of the Tower of London, (which is a castle not a tower). Close by stood that Victorian marvel, Tower Bridge, and I saw just beyond it a tiny beach revealing itself in the falling tide, above which a stone stairway led into a grimy granite building. In just a few minutes we were there, grounding out nicely on the dirty gravel and jumping ashore. Though cold and wet we were nonetheless jubilant. The modest size of our undertaking did nothing to diminish our enjoyment of the moment. We hugged and cheered and took pictures.

The idea of continuing farther into the new/old Docklands district in the chilly gathering dusk never entered our minds. We were ready to treat ourselves right. After pictures and self congratulations, and with not a soul around to applaud us or show us the slightest interest, we dragged the kayak up slime covered stone steps and into an archway of this riverside building in the midst of metamorphose from warehouse to offices. Once again the boat came apart and each piece I carefully bagged as Bobsy stood by "on guard" as suited, hatted, umbrella toting passersby stepped over and around us, never once glancing at us in our river attire. I dashed for the car, paid the fee, and got back to Bobsy and the boat. Then we sped off west across town stopping finally in Chelsea where we dined

in fine style upstairs in a pub where we could look down on the noisy melee below. We pretended the hubbub was somehow connected to our exploit. We had tamed the Thames. Well, at least to our satisfaction.

What do you do after you've done what you set out to do? That was our dilemma the next day. The walled in Thames through central London, the lack of known take out points, and the problem of car parking near a take out all conspired to make yesterday's trip the biggie. To ponder our situation and decide our next move we took some time off for an excursion. By car and on foot we explored Runnymede down river from Windsor, which we all remember from our history books as the place where in 1215 King John caved in to his barons and reluctantly signed the Magna Carta.

We took the train back to the toney town of Maidenhead and walked over to where we had earlier assembled and left off the kayak at Boulton Lock. We bought from the lock keeper an after the fact permit to navigate on the Thames. Again, we departed mid-afternoon, and enjoyed a leisurely paddle to Windsor. Here was another kind of Thames, not pastoral as up river above Hurley, not urban like yesterday, but suburban. Elegant houses had smooth lawns coming down to the river. The yards seemed alive with plaster figures, cherubs, nymphs, lions, dragons on faux marble pedestals. The dockside boats here ranged from the gross and ugly to the refined and elegant.

The shoreline scene then reverted to the pastoral-like scenes from 19th century paintings, the kind that make you sleepy just looking at them. Our first narrow boat approached us, one of those converted 6' wide barges that are a source of relaxed cruising for those on board. We passed the famed Ascot race track and a few minutes later spied Windsor Castle, its big round castle keep high above the trees, flags and banners flying in the wind. Who, we wondered, was at home? We pulled into the Windsor Promenade, the waterside park, and called it a day. Feeling chilled, we hurriedly disassembled our kayak once again and hastened to a pub right below the castle to

enjoy double whiskeys, chicken stir fries, and lamb bourgulfnonne.

Our Thames adventure was now complete. We could have done more, and in hindsight we wished we had. In no way had we kayaked the Thames, we had only sampled it. But the reality was that we had done enough. More might well have been the same and repetition can dull the senses and make remembrances blur. I didn't need to paddle the upper reaches of the Thames near Oxford where the river can look like the one near anyone's hometown. And if some reaches below Oxford were, in the word's of one traveler, "as beautiful as any you will ever see anywhere," we would just have to miss them. If we traveled in segments instead of one long paddle, we had our justifiable reasons.

Regrets? None, really, but we have an unfulfilled longing to swing to our anchor and to write in our journals Conrad's words: "The sea reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and sky were welded together without a joint... A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness." To experience that we needed another time and a different kind of boat.

Epilogue, Notes & Comments:

We left London and the Thames and drove north into Norfolk and paddled for several days the watery labyrinth of the Norfolk Broads, that unique area of connected winding estuarial rivers, canals, and broads, broads being shallow lakes and ponds formed by the subsidence of medieval peat diggings. Think Holland and you'll have an idea of the countryside, endless watery pathways, old windmills, distant church steeples, vast acres of reeds, and pastures all but awash.

The Broads are quiet in May but to be avoided later. The number of bulbous plastic cabin cruisers we saw awaiting hire attested to a hideous mid summer scene. Cruising on the Broads, I recall one knowledgeable writer saying, was for the very young or the very old. We didn't qualify, but still enjoyed our brief sojourn there, camping on the banks of the River Thurne and leisurely paddling, lunching, and day dreaming under sunny skies. Bird life abounds here and the tranquility is unsurpassed.

In honest retrospect I wish I had gotten a better idea of what was a comfortable day's kayaking, before we started and I fault myself (now) for not having learned better the



Tower Bridge coming up. To the left is the cruiser *Belfast*. The towers are joined high up with a fixed walkway, the roadway below it lifts for vessel passage.

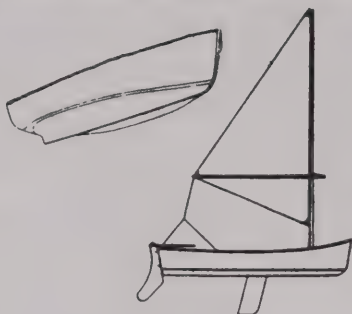
Tower bridge and intrepid, victorious kayaker. Note sideline, indicative of substantial tides and, therefore, currents.



Our doughty Folbot and co captain Bobsy resting on her paddle. At high tide the "beach" would be missing and one would have to make grab for the staircase (out of sight to the left) to exit the river.



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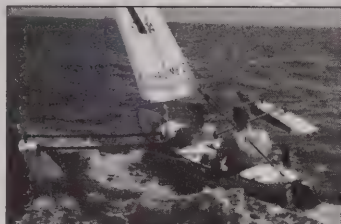


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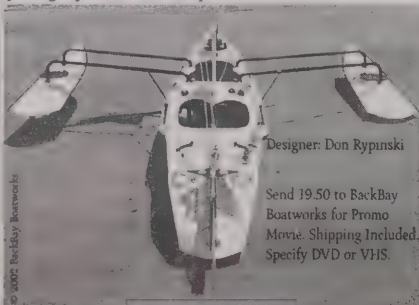
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A typical Norfolk Broads scene, windmill, reeds, and classic "for hire" wooden sloop.

tidal current and the speed we could have anticipated through central London. My druthers would have been to have started farther upstream, perhaps near Hampton Court and ended at Greenwich with the *Cutty Sark* and *Gypsy Moth* as a backdrop. But we would have needed the start of the ebb no later than mid morning and that was not to be.

The late ebb indeed curtailed our trip through central London. Finding put ins and take outs with the proximity to car parking was daunting. I must add here that our watery viewpoint of London, while far surpassing one from a taxi or bus, was a bit, but only a bit, of a disappointment, which is not to say it wasn't worth all the preparatory effort. I think of other cities one could paddle through, and the views kayaking would afford, but we have no experience (yet) about these.

The idea of taking a small boat to Britain is not a crazy idea, but I would not recommend a Folbot as old as ours. I would look for something simpler, perhaps an inflatable kayak, either single or double. This market is constantly changing, which is to say improving. Renting a boat is definitely a logical and

obvious option, but getting information in this country is difficult. One can row or paddle the length of the Thames, some 100+ miles. Above Richmond are simple locks to be navigated and the current is all but absent. Below Richmond it is tidal and the current can help or hinder.

Geographically Tower Bridge is central London, and the old Docklands to the east have been transformed into a huge glittery area of highrise, lowrise, and everything else. We would have had to paddle many miles past Docklands and on through a dreary, dull, commercial waterway of tank farms and moribund industry to get to Conrad country below Gravesend. While I think of it, this fact, along the entire River Thames is a public footpath. One could walk the Thames instead of paddle it, or do both for a total upper and lower body workout.

There are few big lakes in Britain, but no place is further from the sea than 50 miles, meaning there is a vast array of rivers and estuaries and an irregular coastline. It's small boat country for sure. We are ready to sample it again.

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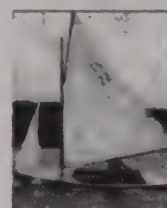
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BAYBIRD

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It did not start out to be a race. We had no intention of such an activity. It just seemed to happen to us. We had driven north nearly 500 miles the day before and stayed at the nearby Hungry Bear Motel in order to get a relaxing start the next morning, launch our canoe, load the gear, and paddle to Killarney Lake. There we would find a campsite and enjoy solitude and beautiful surroundings. We had been here before, so we knew just what to do and right where we wanted to go. We hoped our favorite site would be available.

The day was perfect. The sun was shining, there were few clouds, and there would be a light breeze at our back as we began. We arrived at the Visitor Center check-in station, confirmed our reservation, received the usual pack-in, pack-out and can and bottle ban information and were given our specially numbered trash bag. As we were leaving, a young couple drove up with a canoe on their car, clearly with intentions similar to ours. We waved.

A word about our reservation might be in order here. Killarney is a large provincial park in northern Ontario with many clear, beautiful lakes set among pink granite cliffs and white Quartzite mountains. It is a canoeing paradise, with well-maintained (for the most part) portages between many lakes that form a wide variety of lake chains to suit almost any ability and interest. Motors are not allowed.

Most of the lakes are dotted along the shore with widely spaced, secluded campsites. Many of the sites are beyond shouting distance from the nearest neighbor. Known as backcountry sites, you purchase the rights to a site on a lake, or within a lake group. Specific sites are not reservable. You paddle to your destination area and hunt up an unoccupied site somewhere on the lake.

However, all canoe routes in the park are not equal. In some you may not see many mountains and others can have long, difficult portages. The most popular route tends to be to, or through, Killarney Lake, which is clear and stunningly beautiful. That is where we were headed.

Lest this begin to sound too good to be true, you ought to have a little more information regarding the camping. First, there are no docks, often not even a reasonable place to disembark and unload. The lake is very deep, often right up to the shore, and if you make a misstep it will dunk you and swallow your gear without even a thank you. Everything is rock, so if there is wind, which occurs often and is unpredictable in direction, you need to secure your tent with ropes.

At the site there will be an orange identification triangle nailed to a tree, and a box with a hole in the top in the woods behind the campsite. Usually, this box will have no sides for privacy, although it will have a lid to keep the seat dry. There is nothing else.

Bears are frequent in the park, and they know all about human food, although so far we have never encountered one up close. Your food must be secured out of reach of all types of critters whenever you are not about to need it, and especially at night or when you are out on the lake.

We had registered the color of our 18' canoe at check-in. The park apparently uses canoe color to help locate a camper in an emergency. You can see the color of a canoe hull with binoculars when it is on the water,

The Race

By Hugh Groth

or placed upside down, displayed like a flag, on the shore of the campsite. You need the binoculars because the lakes are large and campsites are spaced as much as 1/4 mile or more apart. Our canoe is white, as were 90% of all the boats we saw.

This information theoretically saves a little time for the rangers, who zoom through the canoe routes as if they are paddling in a marathon, periodically checking on folks like us. I am glad they do. We would be at least eight paddling miles and two portages away from any other help.

We drove to the put-in point on George Lake, unloaded, and secured our van in the lot. Several trips down the steep path to the lake with canoe and gear and we were nearly ready to go. At that point the young man we saw at check-in appeared at the landing with his canoe on his shoulders. We shoved off.

The paddle down George Lake was easy and enjoyable. In about an hour we arrived at the first portage, and as we unloaded we saw the young couple coming toward us, rounding the last point of land. We began to hurry. We did not want to lose a chance at the best campsite by a few strokes of the paddle.

This first portage is an easy 50 yards and relatively level. Although it is rocky, it is well maintained. We were into weedy Freeland Lake in short order, and I picked up the pace. The young couple was right behind us.

The take-out at the other end of the mile-long lake is muddy but wide. The two canoes landed nearly together, and we began to unload gear. Fortunately, I had secured the camp

chairs in the canoe. I stowed the paddles, threw the food pack on, and lifted the canoe over my head. My wife took her pack and most of the rest of the gear, but I would have to make a second trip for my large pack.

This portage is about 1/4 mile long, uphill, rocky, and muddy. I took off at a trot with the young man right behind. At the Killarney Lake put-in I shed the canoe and pack and started back on the run. At the Freeland Lake take-out I had not taken time to change shoes, and part way back a strap broke on my sandals. After a slow go for the rest of the trip back I pulled my shoes from the big pack and changed. Now he was ahead of me, but I grabbed the pack and ran back to join my wife, who had the canoe almost ready to go.

There are times when packing light (although not light enough) pays off. We were boarding our canoe while the young couple headed back for a third load. Hurray!

But our advantage did not last. They were fast and gaining on us as we wound our way through the inlet to the main lake and our destination. My wife urged me "Paddle! We can't lose now." I did, but should point out that the young couple appeared to be near 30 years old. We were approaching twice that age. I was beginning to tire.

Finally we made it through the narrows, rounded the last point and could see our hoped-for camp site ahead. The site appeared to be empty. I redoubled my efforts. We had made it. Time for a rest, then unload the canoe, set up camp, and enjoy four days of relaxation.

And the young couple? They seemed to have no idea we were in a race. They had headed off down the lake in the opposite direction.

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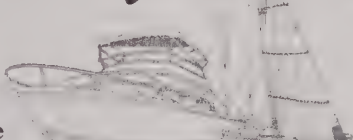


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Grand Duc and Gaviota at anchor.

Visiting in Nopolo

The next day, Wednesday the 23rd of January, began promptly at midnight with a sudden and violent burst of wind shaking the boat and whining in the rigging. I crawled out of the bunk, slid back the hatch, and stared out into the utterly starry night at the loom of the mountains. The wind was fresh from the Pacific, romping in over the peninsula, funneling down the arroyo, and whipping the flat water into tiny spiky whitecaps only a few hundred feet from the beach. We were quite secure there with no fetch at all, but the wind whipped the boat back and forth on her anchor line like a kite with no tail and sleep was a sometime thing the rest of the night.

I sat a long time in the hatchway watching the stars pivot ever so slowly around Polaris. I realized all my life I've known the Big Dipper well but never seen the little one at all, although I have star charts that show where it should be. With the moon gone and no other light on the face of the earth, I saw more stars than ever before and the Little Dipper was fine and bright at last. At length I crawled back in the bunk and slept (if fitfully) until the first hint of dawn crept in the cabin.

Lying against the cliffs just north of me was a panga with three men sitting on a huge pile of shiny white seine net watching the prospects. The wind still howled down the arroyo and a mile or so out in the open you could see the backs of goodly whitecaps rolling away to the east. From where they sat waiting and the shape of the bay I suddenly wondered if I were sitting right in the middle of their fish shop, so I waved and hailed, asking if I were in the way. They couldn't hear over the wind but saw me wave, so motored away from the cliff and came alongside. I asked if I should move so they could fish and they assured me I was fine where I lay, they were just sizing up the situation and deciding whether to set in this bay or the next or perhaps not at all, given the wind.

We talked quite a long time and the skipper warned me that although I'd be fine from a NW wind where I was lying, he worried that we would probably get a norther the next day and I'd be in a dangerous place. I probed him a bit trying to find out where he got his

The Seagull's First Trip To Baja

A true story of a long drive &
some fun sailing from Seattle to
Seattle by way of Puerto
Escondido and La Paz, Baja
California Sur, January 13 -
February 15, 2002

By Ken Preston

Part 5

forecast, but I think he had none, simply knew the place well and expected north wind for whatever good reason. Polaris was still dimly visible, perhaps 10 or 15 degrees clear of the protecting point with no sign of anything to break the wind from that direction for a very long ways.

We praised each other's boats. They looked into my cabin and pronounced it very pretty. I admired their panga, white with blue interior and really a fine vessel, though heavily laden with the great mound of fish net. I didn't ask, but if they filled the net with fish there would be no room in the boat for one or the other. Perhaps they set the net, corral their fish, and somehow dip the fish from the net to carry them ashore. The boats, they said, cost about 20,000 pesos, or \$2,222 U.S., which I think makes them a fabulous value for what they can do. The motors, OMC, Mercury, Nissan, and less often Honda, cost much more, about \$7,000 U.S.

After our visit they motored away to the north and I didn't meet them again. However, after breakfast I paddled ashore to the beach and the mangrove filled lagoon behind it. This was the first time I saw free standing water that might have been at least brackish on the trip, but there wasn't much of it. The splash of dark green from the mangroves made the place pretty, not just grand from the mountains, and many other trees and shrubs grew in the bed of the arroyo.

In fact, it's the arroyo, along with the fish in the sea, that makes life here possible for people at all. Reaching far back into the mountains it gathers the runoff from many miles around and brings it to the sea here. Up the arroyo a short way is a hand dug, stone lined well ("piso") from which comes water good enough for cooking and washing though not sweet to the taste, it's too brackish. For good sweet water they have to go up the coast five miles to Rancho Dolores on the site of the old Mission Dolores, where the water comes from the well sweet enough to drink and to use for irrigation.

On the beach in front of the house with the glimmer of light last night I met a gentleman, born and raised here in the house on the beach and living there with his wife and son now. I had seen them in the background last night but they never came to meet me. I learned that the arroyo runs full of water for one or two days a year when a chubasco blows through the mountains. It rarely rains more than that. There are 13 families living in the three little settlements, though one (the house I saw dark last night) is living elsewhere right now, in La Paz, but will soon return.

He complains of the wind, it will make pulling his net very hard since he'll have the weight of the boat in the wind to pull upwind as well as the load of fish and net to pull up out of the water. I point out that it's more wind than I really need, too. He sees my kayak trying to pull loose from its stone and fly away and digs out a homemade rebar grapple for me to tie off to. I ask if I may walk up the canyon.

"Certainly," I ask if there are any dangers. He looks puzzled. I try to elaborate (remember my Spanish is awful) and ask about animals.

"Oh, yes there are burros and coyotes, but not many of them and they are not dangerous." We shake hands and smile and mom and son peep out behind the fence and wave.

Up the canyon a way I come across a small cemetery clinging to the hillside above the water flow. There are not many graves and some of the stones and crosses are very ancient. Perhaps few people die here.

The bottom of the arroyo is strange to the northerner's eye. You see all the patterns of a vigorous whitewater stream, waterfalls, boulders with eddies behind them, gravel bars, beaches of white sand, all dry and gleaming in the sunlight and with flowers peeping from between the stones, and all sorts of bushes and small trees growing up from the stream bed. Here and there the wreckage of a tree pulled up and rolled down the arroyo lies tangled in the ones that have held on, but clearly it's worth the risk for them. Here, not far below the hot surface, is cool water for leaves and flowers. If the chubasco floods you out and washes you away, well, at least you were here and flowered and grew for a time.

Walking to the beach down the opposite side of the arroyo I came to a house I hadn't see from offshore, small, L-shaped, with a porch over the open area, and nobody in sight. I stood and stared quietly for a few moments and spoke a "hello" softly. Nobody answered. I turned to leave. Suddenly came the sound of a light door closing and steps on the ground and "Ola senor, buenas dias, bienvenidos," and an older man smiled as he walked across the yard to meet me. On the porch suddenly

his wife and a younger woman with a baby on her hip were busily sweeping and straightening chairs. With four chairs on the porch and the last bit of sweeping finished he asked if I would like to sit down in the shade.

First were introductions. My name, Ken, is hard to say in Spanish. My middle name, Tony, or better, Antonio, rolls much better from the tongue. I've forgotten all their names but one now, that was Viviena, one year old, the obviously well-loved granddaughter. We sat. Nobody spoke but we all smiled. I looked around the porch, the stuccoed surface lightly washed with blue and dark blue painted sea stars for decorations. I admired the house. It's very pretty. "It looks almost new, did you just paint it?"

"Oh, perhaps two years ago, no, maybe it was last year, and, yes, it is new, only seven years old." Gramma pointed to the wreckage of a small adobe shed 40' feet away, half its roof missing, no windows or doors. "That was our house for 35 years, all our babies were born there. Now we have this house. It is better." Indeed it was. The cool dark interior looked tidy and welcoming.

A panga landed on the beach, just visible through the trees, and a vigorous woman in red shorts jumped out with a white plastic bucket and carried it quickly up to the porch. We all stood up to smile and there was a torrent of unintelligible Spanish around my head. Full stop, my hosts introduced the stranger, there were more smiles and a quick good-bye and the woman tromped quickly up the arroyo out of sight. I looked in the bucket with Gramma. She fingered the huge fresh shrimp heads it was filled with, sniffed them, smiled, and sat back down. I had to ask, "What do you do with the shrimp heads?"

"Soup," she said, but no more.

I followed up, "What do you put in a shrimp head soup?"

"Whatever you have," she said, "but we don't have much, some potatoes, maybe some other vegetable, we have a problem with money right now."

"How is that?" I asked.

"We just don't have any right now, none to buy vegetables with, the motor of the panga broke and we had to find money to fix it, so right now we have a problem with money. But now the motor is fixed again so my husband and my son-in-law can go fishing again so then we will have money for other things maybe, but right now, no, there is none."

That simple. The boat and its motor have to come first. They are the source of food, fresh water, transport, without the panga there is no life for people on that beach. Grampa excused himself and went to the beach to launch the boat. I arose also, asked to take a photograph, said my good-byes, especially to Viviena (who had never looked away from me the whole visit) and walked back to the canoe.

Drawing Water in Nopolo

Back at the canoe I found my first acquaintance visiting with another fellow about his age, 40 or so, and a young woman, standing among a huge collection of 5-gallon blue plastic jugs just offloaded from the panga I'd seen approaching earlier. A burst of excited rapid Spanish and the two men ran a short ways up the arroyo. They wrestled briefly with a 2" black plastic pipe lying in the arroyo bottom. A short length of inner tube was wrapped around and around the pipe and held

with tie wire, but it was vigorously squirting water out onto the sand. They twisted and shoved the ends of the broken pipe against each other and tightened the bandage and the leak almost stopped. The younger woman held the far end of the pipe in one hand and a tin funnel in the other, crouched over a jug. "Is it coming out yet?" "Yes, it's coming, it's good."

I'd noticed the pipe on the arroyo bed earlier but hadn't clearly understood its use before. I followed it perhaps 1000' or more up the canyon and found a stone and concrete box there, built just inside the bed of the stream, five sided, with the pointed end upstream, standing above the streambed perhaps 3-4'. The woman in the red shorts was standing on top of the box, which was actually a hand dug well going down several feet below the stream bed, with 2' of water standing in the bottom.

She hauled a 5-gallon bucket of water up from the well through a trapdoor in the lid and hoisted it up over her head to pour into a half barrel perched on a stand at about head height. The black plastic pipe came out the bottom of the half barrel and began its winding way to the beach. The woman's face glistened with perspiration though the morning was still cool. She didn't rest between buckets. There were a great many jugs waiting on the beach. When she had the half barrel filled for a moment she quickly got down on hands and knees and went to scrubbing baby clothes in a tin basin.

I offered to bail water for a while, though I told her I was a poor office clerk and not likely to last long. She assured me I was welcome to bail as much water as I liked, she'd be happy to scrub baby clothes while I did.

I asked whose the clothes were? "My granddaughter's."

And where did they live? "In the first of the camps, close under the cliff."

And how often did they come for water? "Every eight days or sometimes on the seventh."

And is the water good for drinking? "No, for that we go to Dolores, this is too salty."

And is there a school here? "Oh yes, but the maestra is sick and the school has been closed this month. She's in La Paz right now."

I asked how old she was? "44."

And was that her husband with the panga? "Yes, and my younger daughter, she's 16 (I had thought perhaps she was 18 or 20, a handsome young woman, muscular and straight, but still very feminine)."

I was tiring and only just keeping the flow of water out the half barrel. My host kept an eye on me, finished scrubbing the baby clothes, and wrung them out. "Are you finished yet?" she asked. I grimaced but kept going a while longer. "Well, how old are you?" she asked.

"Fifty-five," I said and dumped yet another ton of water in the half barrel. No doubt my face was bright red to the back of my bald spot by then.

"Oh, well, you're still quite strong for being so old."

Gee, thanks. I gave up and handed her the bucket's rope (complete with the chunk of fishing weight that made it tip over in the water and bang on your knee cap and the knots that pull the hide off your palms as you lift the bucket out of the well). She said thank you quite nicely then started when she saw

how low I'd let the water get in the half barrel and quickly tossed two buckets in to catch up. Whew.

I hiked back to the beach and saw the boat about a third full of jugs, with the skipper just easing it off the beach to keep it floating as the load increased and the daughter neatly shifting funnel and pipe from jug to jug without spilling more than a spoonful or two at a time. Dad walked up from the water's edge, picked up a 5-gallon jug in each hand and strolled casually back to the boat.

Thinking to be helpful one more time, I bent down as I walked by and put my hands around the toggles of the next two jugs in line, bent at the knees and darned near didn't straighten up again. Goodness. I staggered through the loose stones and sand down to the water's edge and set down my load. Stared at the jugs in the boat, back to the jugs still waiting to be filled and decided to make one more trip. I said my good-byes and grabbed the canoe to head for the water. It came hard and loud giggles came from the crowd on the beach. The neighbor's anchor was still firmly tied to the painter. Oops. Someone I hadn't met yet strode to the rescue, untied my half hitches and tossed me the line, then packed the anchor back away under the fish cleaning table at the top of the beach.

Kids and Babies in Nopolo

I paddled first to the boat, then decided to paddle rather than sail to the other two camps to see what could be found, thought it might be a mostly crosswind trip. Hah! With the arroyo and cliffs around it somehow contrived to be mostly a headwind trip both directions. I'm still not sure how that worked. In any event, I arrived at the second camp, where I could see people walking about or sitting in the shade of one of the houses. However, as I beached the canoe and dragged it up above the tide they all disappeared.

Not sure of the etiquette, I stood around for a while to let people make whatever adjustments were appropriate for unexpected gringos arriving, then walked slowly toward the first house. These were much tidier houses than many along the roadsides in Baja, well plastered, tidily built, painted pastel colors, well provided with shady porches and brush arbors in front and behind. An older woman in apron and kerchief was scrubbing clothes on a washboard under an arbor behind the house and nobody else was in sight. I approached slowly and stopped 10' away to offer my "buenas dias, Senora."

She answered in Spanish deliberately slowed to gringo speed, "Muy buenas dias Senor, bienvenidos." Once again the conversation stalled.

I fell back on my one good trick, "Your house is quite lovely and the place is beautiful." It worked again. Gradually we worked through all the topics my Spanish would handle: The number of families in the settlements (14) and the number of people? "Not so sure, these things change as people come and go. Right now maybe 28 or 30."

The school? "Right over there," pointing to a tiny building, a lot like a storage shed in a back yard in Seattle, then again the explanation that the maestra was away in La Paz, sick.

The fishing, is it good? "Yes, just last night the men caught a tonelada (2,200 pounds) of sierra fish (a tasty fish, popular in the city) and they've gone to sell them."

Then the kids started coming out of the woodwork, along with at least one of the moms. It was busy visiting, trading names, describing Seattle's weather (hard to get them to believe rain every day all winter), my work, where I'd sailed from, trading names and ages, where is my family, how old are my children, and on and on. Finally I asked if I might take pictures. We started pretty formally with rigid poses but then things loosened up, especially when the spoiled 2-year old grandson decided to open a water jug and pour it out on the ground. Older sisters and cousins came from everywhere to scoop him up and I got a good photo of the culprit. We traded addresses and I promised to send the photos when they were developed, said my good-byes and walked down to the beach.

Suddenly the 10-year old young lady of the house shouted that there was one more picture to take, the baby, please. Well goodness, wouldn't want to skip the baby or his very young mom, still basically lying in with her first. I was escorted by most of the kids into a bedroom in the next house where the new mother got out of bed and carefully showed off her young son. A few more photos for luck and then the real good-byes, I thought.

Once again, already seated in the canoe, I was stopped by a shout from the 10-year-old young lady, this time running down the beach with one hand held out in front of her. "I give you these," she said and held out five perfect little jewels of snail shells, gleaming like cloisonne, each less than 1" long.

I studied them carefully and thanked her as graciously as I could, but then said, "These are very precious, can't I pay you for them?"

"Well, you could," she said.

"Then, how much could I pay you?" I asked.

"Maybe 10 pesos?" I dug in my pockets. The wallet was on the boat and all I came out with was one 5 peso coin. I held it for her to see. "It is all I have with me."

"That is okay then, I already gave them to you."

"But would you take the five pesos?"

"Well, yes, thank you, I will take the five," and finally the visit was done.

Nopolo to Isla San Francisco... or Rather, San Evaristo

Another sailboat, the 42' long sloop *Grand Duc* had sailed into the cove below the second camp while I was visiting and anchored. The skipper was standing aft fishing when I paddled past, and his lady was just finishing bundling the jib into its bag and cramming it down the forehatch. I stopped to visit a bit and found them a great deal of fun, about my age I'd guess, French, have been sailing the past 30 years, first a five-year circumnavigation in a 25' bilge keeler, then a year-and-a-half building *Grand Duc*, and sailing and chartering her through the Caribbean, up to Labrador, through Polynesia and the Indian Ocean and up to Prince William Sound, and last summer in Puget Sound, and now here.

They knew my home waters as well as I did and this was not their first time here, I gathered. We talked about anchorages and winds and finally I paddled around the point back to the boat, got the anchor aboard and made sail, one reef down and the working jib.

Realizing I didn't even ask their names, I sailed back north one long tack offshore and back in to luff up and heave to right astern of the *Grand Duc*. I asked their names, Alain and Me-chew the skipper answered. I didn't hear that well enough, so tried again. Alain smiled hugely, made motions as though playing a guitar and sang in a loud, heavily accented voice, "Me-chew, Me-chew, deedly deedly doo." I hadn't recognized the tune and was drifting offshore at that point, so waved as though I'd understood, let the jib fill, and jibed around on my course.

The boat surged ahead on a close reach and grand speed. I finally studied the chart for the day ahead and decided to skip Puerto San Evaristo, even though by then I'd decided I should have brought more potatoes and there was said to be a shop in Evaristo. It was simply too close and this was such a fine fair wind for Isla San Francisco. I held course a little offshore of the approaches to Evaristo to save a little in hand to weather in case the wind should head me as I approached Isla San Francisco.

Man proposes and the wind disposes, in this case by simply blowing itself out halfway to Evaristo. There I sat on a leftover chop with nothing in my sails and a reef pulled down. Shook out the reef and coaxed another mile or two out of her to the south and suddenly a strong breeze came up out of the southwest of all places. I was now dead downwind from Evaristo, well downwind and 17 miles from Isla San Francisco and the wind was freshening. Pulled the reef back down and settled in to beat into Evaristo. Good grief.

It was another three hours before the anchor was down in the excellent harbor of San Evaristo. On the beach were several palapas and a number of pangas. The crew of one panga was just finishing offloading fish onto a rough wooden table set up right at the water line where they'd beached. The palapas turned out to be the fish buyers for the region, with large plywood boxes insulated with foam, covered with tarpaulins, and filled with ice and new-caught fish.

The bottom was excellent sand where I anchored, about 400' from the beach and the fish buyers. The anchor never budged from where it landed, I think. I went ashore for a

hike and some visiting. Things were a little busy around the fish buying palapas so I didn't bother them just then, waved and walked up the road behind the beach. A pair of much older, graceful but tired pangas sat behind the beach filled with junk too good to actually throw away yet. Evaristo is served by yet another dirt road to the highway, but this time it's over 80 kilometers. It's actually quicker to drive up the unpaved coastline road and over or through the coast mountains to La Paz (or so I'm told) about 150 kilometers. I've not seen either road but can imagine they might both be very interesting.

Although there were 11 other yachts in the bay and it was a fine day for a hike and a lot of afternoon and evening left, there was only one other couple from a yacht ashore. We spoke briefly and the lady of the pair rolled her eyes as she said that the store was a bit meager and the hike up through the houses was "interesting."

Well, the truth of the matter is that San Evaristo really isn't a pretty little town. Its harbor is probably the second or third best on the coast for yachts to anchor for shelter, but the town exists to serve the fishermen bringing their catch to sell and the men working the salt pans just north of the village. The people, however, are very friendly and fun to visit with, however briefly. I was nearly run over by a pickup loaded with fresh oranges. "Sweet oranges, senior, much better than you can get in the States."

"How much," I asked.

"Ten pesos per kilo senior," he handed me a plastic bag which I filled with five or six pounds of beautiful oranges. I handed it to him across the pickup bed and asked how much it weighed. He hefted it very briefly and passed it back. "One kilo senior." Wow. I paid my 10 pesos with a 20 peso bill, got a 10 peso coin back and ate oranges every day for the rest of the trip.

The school was closed as I walked by, looked like two full rooms, white paint, chain link fence, cooking and toilet facilities behind the building and a little apart, all very tidy but nobody there at this hour, several kids, in fact, visible riding bikes and playing in the area.

I hiked on over the little hill to overlook the salt pans, the first I'd examined on this trip. The site was perhaps originally a mangrove swamp or just a swale behind a beach which faces almost due north and has thrown up a tall dike of coarse cobbles and sand. The bottom of the area had been neatly divided into squares by low dikes. Evidently there was some easy means to fill the place with seawater and wait for the sun to do its work. On the beach was a mound of salt of many tons, quite a bit of it bagged in burlap bags labeled "pinto beans."

I'd rather hoped to find somebody selling tacos or soup or something on shore, but notwithstanding some excellent cooking smells from some of the houses, nobody seemed to have anything to sell. I asked to be sure but my suspicion was confirmed, no restaurant at all in San Evaristo. Oh well, back to the boat for another one of my variations on fried potatoes, sauteed chiles onions and garlic with an egg scrambled in and an orange for dessert. Perhaps I'd find potatoes for sale next day, though when I'd asked around it hadn't sounded promising.

(To Be Continued)

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Having an overabundance of vacation leave and a desire to go somewhere warmer, I loaded up the pickup with kayak and gear and headed south in February 2002. Five hundred and twelve miles later I was in Colleton State Park, just a few miles off I 95 in South Carolina. At the bottom of the hill from the camping area lay the Edisto River. This section of the Edisto River is designated as the Edisto River canoe and kayak trail, which is 66 miles if you read the brochure or 49.3 miles if you add up the river sections shown on the brochure's map. Minor point. I set up camp out of the pickup and went to bed.

The next day was a spare day in the schedule before getting on the river, and I headed up to Lake Marion for some paddling through the cypress swamps in the lake. Since this section of South Carolina was experiencing drought conditions, there was a nice sand beach at the parking area of Santee State Park to launch from. With winds out of the north for the day, I paddled toward the north end of the lake and explored the cypress swamp and part of Halfway Swamp Creek. The cypress trees are surrounded with enough water that I could easily paddle deep into the heart of the forest, to the point that I was using the deck compass to navigate a route northwest through the trees. Spanish moss, cypress trees, the occasional live oak, herons, wood ducks, and osprey were excellent scenery. At the mouth of the creek large carp were tailing in the shallows and bumping the boat.

After lunch, I headed back downwind, surfing the 1' waves. Halfway back I noticed an elderly couple paddling out of the cypress swamp back toward the cottages on shore. They looked a little uncomfortable in their Loon and had their PFDs and a cooler securely strapped to the stern deck. They had spent the night in a cabin/duck blind in the swamp. I talked to them until they got into shallower, calmer water. Back at the parking lot I had to ask for help to get the boat back on the truck because of the increase in the wind during the course of the day. Day 1 of paddling, 15.6 miles, 4.7 hours.

On the way back to Colleton I scouted out the other public ramps and bailout points on the river. There are ramps or public access points about every 10 miles on this section of river. Because the river is bordered by swamps in most locations, it is difficult to bail out at any other points. The Edisto Watershed Alliance has plans to put numbered duck boxes along the river at one mile intervals, and guides or river users will be able to use marine radios to call out and give their locations by duck box number. Almost as good as call boxes, and environmentally beneficial!

This part of South Carolina is economically depressed, with unemployment just recently down to 18% in one of the counties. Major employers are the lumber companies and the power generation station next to Colleton State Park (you hear it at night). It shows in towns, which are slowly dying and disappearing. Restaurants and rooms are not readily available, except at the Interstate interchanges.

Several guide and livery services operate trips on the river, mostly during warmer months. I had previously been in touch with a couple of them and had selected Richard Mikell of Adventure Carolina to help me with the shuttle logistics. Richard and I had conversed via email several times over the last

A Brief Winter Trip to South Carolina, With Kayak

By Greg Welker

couple of months regarding the trip details and timing. Deer season runs from November through January, perhaps not the time to run the river. Winter water levels have been low this year, exposing more of the sand bars along the river where one can backcountry camp. High water levels severely limit campsite choices. The river has a definite current and there are numerous fallen trees (strainers), especially at the bends, so paddlers need to have some basic river running skills. It is generally not possible or necessary to get out and scout upcoming river sections.

I met Richard the next morning at his outpost south of Branchville, where I left my vehicle. Richard dropped me off at the ramp at Whetstone Crossroads. He was skeptical that all my gear would fit into the kayak. It did. My original plan was to paddle down about 13 miles to a backcountry campsite on the first day, get to Colleton State Park 8 miles further on Day 2, use Day 3 to go 21 miles to Givens Ferry State Park, and take out on Day 4, 10 miles further down river at Long Creek Landing. Due to an oncoming wet weather front, I opted to reduce the trip to two nights on the river, staying at the state parks and still covering the 49.3 miles.

The section from Whetstone down to the Colleton power plant is the most remote section and was a very enjoyable paddle. In fact, the scenery and the sandbars were so inviting that I ended up stopping for the night on a sandbar with a nice southern exposure about a mile above Colleton. There was enough space on the bar for the kayak, the tent, and for me to lay in the sun. All I needed. Following my standard operating procedure for camping along rivers and places I can't walk out of, I tied off the kayak to a tree, stuck a stick in the sand at the water line to see if the river level changed over time, and took a nap. At one point I looked up to see a deer come out of the swamp about 15' from me and drink from the river. That night I listened to owls, snug in my winter bag as the temperatures went below freezing. Day two of paddling, 20 miles, 5.3 hours on water, and a night in the woods.

On the morning of Day 3 I found the water bottle outside frozen. The ones inside the boat were fine and a hot breakfast started the day. Today I paddled past the gas and coal fired power plant on the river and Colleton State Park. Colleton turned out to be the only public landing/access point on the river that was marked from the river view. Some of the other access points are difficult to distinguish from private ramps when viewed from the water. This second section of the river has a few less sandbars than the first section, and a few more cottages. Many of the cottages evolved from house trailers, which eventually get buried under the addition of rooms, porches, and decks. However, since the Edisto is less than two hours from Charleston there are some large new homes going in.

The river starts to deepen and widen in the lower half of this day's section. At one

point I came upon the first of only two people I saw on the river during the trip. A fisherman was reeling in a fish from his john boat. I could see the rod bend and hear the drag release a couple of times. As I approached, he netted a carp that measured over 3'.

Approaching Given's Ferry, the land starts to rise on the north side of the river as a formation of limestone emerges into 40' tall cliffs. This formation is supposedly the only stone formation on the Carolina coastal plain. As I looked up at the top of the cliff, covered in laurel, I noticed a picnic pavilion in that typical style found in parks across the country. This was a bad sign. Given's Ferry State Park was the only takeout I had not scouted down to the water. It now appeared that it sat at the top of the cliffs.

Paddling on, I found the canoe beach for the park. The ranger office sat at the top of a 40' hill and the camping area was about 1/8 of a mile inland. I was tempted to wait until the ranger went home and camp out down by the water and the boat rather than drag my gear up the hill. I did end up taking tent and sleeping bag up to the camp area using the large net duffel I carry for camping, but ended up eating and spending much of my time down at the boat after a nice hot shower.

At the campsite I found that the coals in the fire pit were still live and the previous user had left a large stack of firewood, so I had a small fire as I watched the western clouds blanket the stars. The cloud cover warmed up the night and a few mosquitoes made their appearance. No need for the winter bag tonight. Day 3, 20 miles, 6 hours paddling.

Day 4 was an early start. It was warmer than the day before, and a quick pack up and launch got me on the river by 7AM. A cold breakfast on the river revealed that the bananas had not survived the previous cold weather, but my standard granola bar fare was fine and I ate as I drifted down river. I knew that with only 10 miles to go to the noon takeout that today would be a relaxed easy day. I floated along, paddling enough to maintain steerage, and enjoyed the scenery. There were some cottages, more than the previous two days, but still there is a large amount of undeveloped swamp land.

Timber companies own most of the land surrounding the Edisto and they maintain a good setback from the river, plus much of the swamp land is not even well suited for timbering, so it is left alone. The companies allow camping on their land at the sandbars but require a no open fire policy. I noticed at several of the bars I stopped on in the last three days that I didn't see the typical toilet paper flowers left behind at many heavily used backcountry campsites I've seen. Whether this is due to a leave no trace philosophy among the majority of users or seasonal flooding, I'm not sure. One of the locals and I had a chat while I drifted by his riverside porch. I declined the beer but shared his enjoyment of the day.

Long Creek Landing is not on the river. It's on an old section of the river now cut off from upstream access, requiring a paddle down the river and then back up into it like a creek. If one didn't know it was there it would be easy to miss it. Richard arrived after I had packed and finished my lunch, and we headed back to get my truck and I headed back north. Day 4, 10 miles, 2.7 hours.

Prestige

This tragic comedy continues. The European Commission proposed banning single-hulled tankers carrying heavy oil from European waters. Many single-hulled tankers were ordered and escorted out of Spanish and French waters. The Spanish energy company Cepsa was finding it difficult to charter double-hulled tankers to carry heavy oil to Spain. Crude oil shipments to Spain were being diverted to the U.S. as a result of new legislation banning tankers over 5,000dwt carrying imported crude and fuel oils lower than grade 30 on the API scale from entering Spanish ports.

The European Parliament considered that protection of the environment of the marine environment was of greater significance than freedom of the seas, while major shipping industry organizations condemned the continuing contravention of the Law of the Seas Convention by coastal states (mostly aimed at Spain and France) in ordering certain foreign ships out of their waters. Merchant ships are entitled to freedom of navigation through the EEZ, and such flouting of international obligations by two important maritime nations sets an inexcusable and damaging precedent.

As French beaches became soiled with oil, the French government opened legal proceedings aimed at identifying and prosecuting those responsible for the pollution on French beaches. Many observers doubt that Spain and Portugal will be prosecuted for failing to allow access to a port of refuge in which the relatively minor initial damage to the *Prestige* could have been repaired. Tug owners demanded that tug operators and salvors should assist the competent governmental authorities when deciding adequate salvage measures.

Greece attacked Spain's handling of the whole matter and defended the master's behavior. He is still held in a Spanish jail for his "crimes." The French submarine *Nautile* patched 20 cracks in *Prestige's* hull in 15 dives but the ship continues to leak 80 tons a day. The province of Galicia banned three foreign anti-pollution ships chartered by neighboring Catalan to protect against invasion of a foreign mussel into its waters. (Spain does not own a single anti-pollution ship and relies on its EU fellow nations for such equipment.)

The firm that chartered *Prestige* was sold to its managers and its name was changed. Spain and France will simulate a major anti-pollution exercise in the Mediterranean this summer that features a tanker accident. Spain proposed pushing two sea lanes farther out to sea, but admitted this was not the final answer since "the sea and storms have their own laws." Portugal supplied a port of refuge to an aging recently EU blacklisted single-hulled tanker with a flooded engine room, with the provision that no engine room water be pumped into the harbor after Spain had refused any help. (It now seems that almost any ship in trouble will be denied any aid by Spain if there is the slightest chance of pollution.) Stay tuned until another tanker has problems in Spanish waters!

Tricolor

Let's see if we can remember how it all went. In thick fog, the French-owned 3,000-ton container ship *Kariba* plowed into the Norwegian-registered 50,000-ton car carrier

Beyond The Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Tricolor. That vessel sank in 90 minutes and lay on its side, complete with 2,862 BMWs, Saabs, and Volvos, in French waters right in the middle of the English Channel. A third ship, the Singapore-flagged bulk carrier *Clary*, was said to have played a part in the accident but that was later denied.

Then the Cypriot-flagged RO-RO *NSD Provider* almost ran into the awash (at low tide) *Tricolor* but was, the British claimed, warned away just in the nick of time by a British surveillance aircraft that flew right at the ship wagging its wings. The ship's managers denied that the ship was within 15 miles of the wreck.

Next, the empty 3,000-ton *Nicola*, registered in the Dutch Antilles, ran completely out of the water (at low tide) atop the *Tricolor* and had to be pulled off at high tide. Next, the Turkish-registered tanker *Vicky*, carrying 70,000 tons of diesel oil, struck and stuck on the submerged *Tricolor* and then took a beating from 70mph winds before it could lightened of some oil and freed.

It was sometimes hard to tell whether authorities were talking about the same wreck, at various times in the above sequence French authorities stated the wreck was well-buoyed and at least one French Navy vessel was nearby, but British authorities said there were no buoys or warning ship where the *Tricolor* lay. Shippers called for an airline-style traffic control system for the English Channel. Salvor Smit's giant sheer legs *Asian Hercules II* acted as a base for oil removal and other work but no plans were announced for removal of the *Tricolor*. In all this there was little or no oil leakage, but loss of the luxury autos alone should cost insurers something like \$60 million.

Navies

A Russian admiral admitted that since the Navy is receiving just 12% of the budget needed to keep its ships afloat, many Russian Navy ships are unseaworthy relics of a time when quality was not of highest priority. As a result, one-fifth of its fleet will be scrapped to provide funds to support the Navy's best vessels. But the Navy still continues to commission a few new nuclear and diesel submarines and surface craft.

In the Singapore Strait near the disputed island of Pedra Branca, the Singapore Navy patrol boat *RSS Courageous* was hit by the Indonesian-flagged 55,000-ton container ship *ANL Indonesia*. Everything abaft the patrol boat's wheelhouse was either torn off or became mangled junk. Eight of the crew of 44 were slightly injured, the body of one crew was recovered from her submerged quarters in the stern, the bodies of two female crew washed ashore, and a fourth female was missing. Singapore promptly hired three salvage and diving firms, including Smit, to retrieve the missing section, which includes the craft's laundry room, from the seabed 57m (about 180') down.

Saturation-diving was used to lengthen the divers' bottom times, but bad weather hampered their preliminary salvage preparations and search for a body. A Smit crane will lift the section, estimated to weigh as much as 55 tons. *Courageous* was also described

as an anti-submarine vessel and the women were full-time specialists in weapons and equipment.

A Scottish submarine base has a sign stating, "No trespassers. Violators will be shot. Survivors will be shot again."

As of early January, the British Ministry of Defense had chartered about 40 RO-ROs and other ships for transporting British equipment for a possible conflict with Iraq. A U.S. Navy ship being deployed to the Near East came to the aid of a Bermudian fishing boat that sank off Bermuda. Nine died but one was rescued suffering from hypothermia. He received very good medical care because he was on the *USNS Comfort*, a Navy hospital.

The Russian Navy is sending two cruisers and a tanker to the Near East "to defend national interests" (whatever that means) in case there is an invasion of Iraq. Iraq had been a Soviet client state, but a big oil deal recently fell through when Iraq learned the Russians had also talked to the country's enemies.

In an experiment called "Sea Swap," the Navy decommissioned *USS Kincaid* (DD 965) and transferred the entire crew as a unit to Darwin, Australia, where it relieved the crew of *USS Fletcher* (DD 992), which promptly went on patrol. Both ships are Spruance-class destroyers.

Ferries

Much of the world depends on ferry service for transportation and, unfortunately, authorities in many countries aren't as diligent and thorough as the U.S. Coast Guard, so accidents are all too common. Here's the latest batch of ferry-related news.

A ferry and another vessel collided in thick fog in the Chongqing section of the Yangtze in southwestern China and at least 11 drowned and 29 went missing.

In Liberia a ferry capsized and sank, throwing nearly 200 passengers into a lake. Only 15 survived. The ferry had been bringing people back from the funeral of a popular local footballer and the master had pleaded with people not to overload the vessel.

In Brazil the master and owner of the ferry *Dom Luiz XVI* may be charged with homicide since the ferry, licensed to carry 149, had up to 342 people on board for the several days' journey from Manaus to Belem. Forty-four died in the December sinking on a branch of the Amazon.

An Irish man was accused of pushing a Swiss citizen off a Red and White Fleet ferry into San Francisco Bay. The boat was on a Halloween party cruise.

In the UK, the sinking of the ferry *Princess Victoria* in a fierce gale cost the lives of 124 passengers and nine crew while there were only 44 survivors. The vessel sank in the North Channel in sight of Northern Ireland. Luckily for British pride, this all happened in 1953, 50 years ago this January 31.

Finally, British authorities have not yet finished an inquiry into a fire aboard the ferry *P&O Norseia* last September when automatic firefighting systems failed to quell the fire. Help from shore was needed as lifeboats and 11 support vessels stood by. But the same organization noted a steady decline in merchant shipping accidents even though ships are getting bigger, crews are getting smaller, and more hazardous chemicals are being carried.

Three Pacificat-class high speed ferries, each capable of carrying 1,000 passengers and

250 vehicles, will be sold at an unreserved international auction. Virtually unused, they were found unsuitable for operation in British Columbia waters.

The Environment & Punishments

A tug company was put on probation for three years and paid a fine of \$7,500 while the owner received six months of home detention with work release and was fined \$3,000 for sins involving an unreported oil spill in 1999 at Salisbury, Maryland.

Swift action by South African officials kept the 131,232dwt dry bulk/oil carrier *Inville* off the beach when it lost power and was being blown landwards. A Smit salvage tug summoned by the South African Maritime Safety Authority got a line on the ship when it was about a kilometer off the shore.

Unusually cold weather with temperatures down close to -40 (C or F, it's a cross-over point on the two scales) hit the Baltic and five Finnish icebreakers went to work keeping sea lanes open in spite of ice up to 20" thick.

Off West Sumatra a container-ship carrying 5,000 containers of cement and 12 passengers capsized and sank during a storm. Fishermen saved two passengers. The area has been plagued by heavy winds, torrential rains, flooding, and landslides. Local officials assigned much blame to illegal logging.

Alaskan authorities have concluded that wastewater discharges from large cruise ships have minimal impact when conducted in accordance with federal and state requirements. Discharges from small passenger vessels and ferries, however, may have an adverse impact.

Oil from over 30 incidents spread on Lake Maracaibo, either deliberate or inadvertent results of a nationwide strike against the rule of Venezuela's president Chavez.

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency ordered two firms in the Northern Mariana Islands to clean up their yards of spilled oil and visibly contaminated soil. One of the firms, Clean Earth, Inc., is engaged in environmental protection work.

Road Traffic Amelioration

The U.S. Maritime Administrator is giving speeches advocating the use of short-sea shipping to reduce traffic congestion of the nation's rail and highway systems.

The New York/New Jersey Port Authority has launched a Port Inland Distribution Network that will move containerized cargo by barge and rail between New York/New Jersey terminals and regional terminals in New York, New Jersey, and three other Northeast states (probably Connecticut, Delaware, and Rhode Island). The Port of Albany is the first Northeast port to participate. Money was funded to examine a railroad tunnel under New York Harbor that would link Brooklyn piers with the railhead in New Jersey.

Odd Bits

Twenty to 30 tons of steel salvaged from the ruins of the World Trade Center towers will go to sea on a U.S. warship. It will be melted down and formed into the water-breaking portion of the stem of *USS New York*, an amphibious assault ship being commissioned in 2007.

In Louisiana, port officials and the Coast Guard are beginning to crack down on vessels that leave their navigation lights burning while at a pier. They interfere with a master's

ability to recognize safety lighting. The fine is \$5,000 per violation.

West Coast dock workers started a vote on a contract deal that would boost wages and benefits but allow job losses (estimated at between 440 and 500 jobs) due to advances in technology. The ILWU suggested that the workers approve the six-year deal.

In an episode uncomfortably reminiscent of the *New Carissa* grounding in 1999, the 623' cargo ship *Tai Shan Hai* lacked enough power in high winds and 30' swells to maneuver outside the entrance to Oregon's Columbia River, so it dropped both anchors and had the engines full on. It dared not enter and it couldn't get back to sea and safety. The bar pilots realized the ship needed experienced help, so a helicopter lowered pilot Mike Dillon onto the vessel in nearly 70mph winds. He kept the ship off the beach for more than five hours, then raised the anchors and took the ship about 12 miles out to sea. He was airlifted back home by the helicopter. The next day, a bar pilot brought the *Tai Shan Hai* over the bar. The Columbia River Bar Pilots is the only U.S. organization that regularly uses helicopters to put pilots on ships.

In Indonesia, the owners of seven foreign dredges refused to pay fines equal to 15% of a vessel's value for "sand smuggling." A Sumatra district court decided that a fine equal to \$2,700 was more appropriate. The owners of two other dredges had paid the huge fines to get their dredges back collecting sea bottom sand for Singapore construction projects.

Rotterdam pilots are not pleased that the port management cut pilotage tariffs by 25% at a time when many Italian ports had just raised pilotage fees. The Dutch move may bring more ships to Rotterdam. In Malta, pilots have been warned by their union to take indefinite industrial actions (i.e., strikes) because the government has failed to implement a 30% port tariff increase and create a harbor pilots' cooperative.

Fastship America feels sure it will get U.S. Government backing to build two 1,432-TEU high-speed container ships for operation between Philadelphia and Cherbourg. Fastship plans to capture much of the trans-Atlantic airfreight business with four ships traveling at 40 knots.

A U.S. court ruled that aircraft are an appurtenance of an aircraft carrier and thus a claim regarding alleged injuries from a bomb dropped by a plane based on the *USS John F. Kennedy* arose in admiralty. The incident happened at the Vieques Island bombing range in Puerto Rico.

A leading priority of American shipyards is to train tomorrow's workers since it takes an average of six to eight years to train a fully qualified worker to the level of a journeyman mechanic qualified to work on nuclear submarines or aircraft carriers. Half of today's shipyard workers are over age 50. In the next 10 years shipyards will need to hire and train an additional 1,400 workers to replace those dropping out. The Navy plans to add 125 apprentices at each naval shipyard during fiscal 2003.

On July 1 Canada will shift sea lanes in the Bay of Fundy in order to better protect right whales summering there.

Repairs of the French tanker *Limburg*, holed and set on fire by a terrorist boat, will require 6,000 tons of steel to replace about

15% of the ship's lightweight, making this one of the biggest ship repair jobs ever, and expensive too, figure about \$2,000 per ton for repairs made in the Middle East or Singapore.

Smit finished its work in South Africa on the burned and stranded RO-RO container ship *Jolly Rubino* by a controlled explosive demolition of the hull and torching of the accommodations. Perhaps satisfying to the salvage workers, hard on the insurance companies, but pleasing overall in that there was no disastrous oil spill. The remains will be an artificial reef.

Chinese authorities were thrown into a quandary when the Panamanian registered *Jin Bi* arrived at Singapore from India minus its captain. The Canadian-born master had been killed and thrown overboard in a fight with a crewman during passage of the Straits of Malacca. Who had jurisdiction since the crime occurred in international waters? Canada? Panama? China? In any case, Singapore officials said they lacked jurisdiction so the vessel went to Guangzhou where the crewman was detained and the ship sailed again. Panama seems to think it has jurisdiction but lacks both diplomatic ties and an extradition treaty with China.

India was the world's biggest shipbreaker last year, scrapping 10.5 million dwt, up from 7.9 million tons the year before when Bangladesh was first with 9.4 million tons.

Head-Shakers

The U.S. Government released a report stating that there were 21 outbreaks of acute gastroenteritis on 17 cruise ships up to December 2nd last year. But sickness continued breaking out on cruise ships based on both U.S. coasts in spite of washdowns with bleach and strict preventative measures. Even so, a group of travel industry executives fell sick on a Caribbean cruise on the *Brilliance of the Seas* in late December. Their statement upon return to Miami? "We won't take reservations for this ship until further notice."

The U.S. Navy took much flak from some Puerto Ricans and activists from around the world after a stray bomb killed a local security guard at the Vieques bombing range in Puerto Rico. The decision was made by President Clinton to close the range and it will be closed in May, and maybe the Roosevelt Roads Naval Station will close soon after. The Commander of the Atlantic Fleet recently stated that, "without Vieques, there is no way I need the naval facilities at Roosevelt Roads, none." The naval station supports ships using the bombing range. It contributes about \$250 million a year into Puerto Rico's economy and is the largest employer on the island.

A Michigan-based publication sent to Michigan teachers carried an article about the annual migration of freshwater whales and freshwater dolphins back to Lake Michigan. When called on their goof, the publication lamely explained it was all a joke to teach children not to believe everything they read.

Some 16 years ago, 2,500 tons of Philadelphia garbage was loaded on a barge for disposal in some foreign country. But country after country would not allow the barge to unload and so it wandered on and on and on. Last July, the garbage returned to the City of Brotherly Love and was very quickly buried in a local landfill.

You may remember from my article in the December 15th issue about the Scout, a 9' cartop sailing tender designed after the Columbia Lifeboat Model of Captain Nate Herreshoff, that it was my favorite small sailboat. As I wrote that article I was already planning a larger version of that boat which I dubbed the Ranger. The new boat is stretched to 10 1/2'. The beam is the same at 4' 1". The angle of the transom has been reduced and the sheer raised. What results is a bigger, more burdensome boat that retains all of the advantages of Scout while improving its performance.

I first became intrigued with the Columbia Lifeboat Model many years ago after reading L. Francis Herreshoff's book, *The Common Sense of Yacht Design* (Caravan Maritime Books, Jamaica, New York, 1973). Through inquiries at the Hart Museum at MIT, I obtained a construction drawing dated 1910 that showed a small tender with a rounded hull form, raked transom, and pronounced rocker. With the exception of the transom stern, this design seemed to be influenced by the New Bedford Whaleboats and Life Saving Surfboats of the late 19th century.

These boats were lightweight, seaworthy, maneuverable boats that evolved over the years well defined characteristics which rivaled the Whitehall boat as a reference for many other small boat designs. These boats had stems with rounded forefoots which made them easy to plank and gave them lift and maneuverability in rough conditions. The pronounced rocker added to their maneuverability and, in the case of the whaleboat, made them good sailors.

After selling Scout, I vowed to build a larger version some day, but it took almost seven years to do it. To come up with the new design, I again contacted Kurt Hasselbalch of the Hart Museum. He sent me some drawings of Herreshoff's Columbia Lifeboat Model as it had evolved in the 1930s. This type has a pronounced knuckle or hard spot (usually added for additional stability) at the turn of the bilge (the rounded area of the bottom making the transition from the bottom to the side), the transom rake is reduced and the rocker is flattened midships. I decided to stay with most of the 1910 design elements, including the easy rounded shape and the full rocker.

In designing the Ranger, I increased the rocker slightly from the original Scout design in order to make it easier to bend in the keel and batten. When I redrew the Scout design, I added this rocker to her as well. Sailing Scout and Ranger proved that this design is a successful one and the boats work just fine without the flattened keel or added shape to the bottom.

Other developments to the Ranger design are the use of a kickup rudder, a modern sail design, and an adjustable sprit placed low on the sail. The kickup rudder makes it possible to have a deep rudder while making the boat beachable. The sail is a blend of modern and traditional elements. For the sail design, I left it to Chuck Queen of Uhlman Sails (Shilshole Marina, Ballard, Washington, 206-789-2171) to come up with a design for me. I gave Chuck the basic dimensions and he took it from there. The sail is built of 4-oz. dacron. Chuck has built several sails for me and I find that he does good work at a very reasonable price.

My Favorite Things...

Ranger A 10 1/2' Sailing Boat

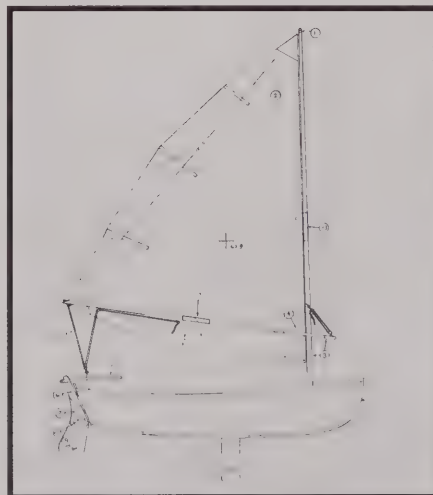
By Richard Kolin



The sail is designed with a high clew that is held out by a sprit placed low on the sail almost like a boom. The sprit has an advantage over a boom in that it has an angle to the sail that holds the clew down, which eliminates the lift that affects the boomed sail and requires a vang for sail control. The drawback of the sprit is that on one tack the sprit pushes against the sail, compromising its shape. The low sprit minimizes this drawback while retaining the vang effect. Another advantage to the low sprit is the ability to easily adjust sail shape. This is an important ability as sail efficiency can be improved in different wind conditions through adjustments to the snorter, the tackle attached to the forward end of the sprit.

On the Ranger, the tackle is one single block and a single block with a becket. I use Harken blocks that are lightweight, inexpensive, and have ball bearing sheaves. The snorter is led to a fairlead on the mast and then to a cleat within reach of the crew. This makes for easy adjustment of the sail shape, baggy for downwind, full for light winds, and flat for heavy winds. For this boat I also made the downhaul adjustable. As I found this to be minimal in effect, I will in the future lead the downhaul to a cleat on the mast.

The mast and sprit were split in the middle in order to facilitate packing the sail and spars into a sleeve that is under 8' long. This allows me to easily store the mast, sail,



and sprit. For ferrules to hold the parts together, I used a 1' length of 2" ID copper pipe for the mast and 1-1/2" ID PVC water pipe for the sprit. The PVC proved to be too flexible for the mast, but I retained it for the sprit for its light weight. Both the mast and the sprit can be put together with a short bevel at the joints so that parts index as they are joined. Since the accompanying photograph was made of the Ranger under sail, I added a foot to the mast to enhance visibility under the sail.

The hull was built in my lapstrake boat building class in the fall of 2002. Every year I schedule four boat building classes at my shop in Marysville, Washington, 30 miles north of Seattle. The classes are held through the auspices of the Center for Wooden Boats (CWB). We will build another Ranger at my lapstrake class later this year. I really love this boat and I am going to resist selling her, at least until we have another one on hand.

If anyone is interested in my boat building classes, feel free to contact me or check the CWB's web site at cwb.org. There are inexpensive accommodations available for people from out of town. During 2003 we will be building lapstrake and carvel boats as well as some great skiffs. I also conduct classes on lofting, marine carving, oar making, half models, and tool making.

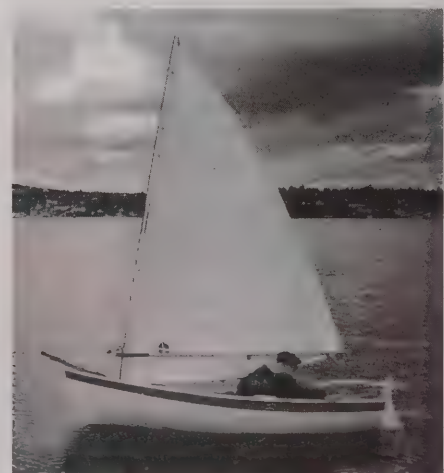
Plans for the Scout and Ranger are available from me for \$65 each and include lines, construction plan, and sail plan. My contact information is: Richard Kolin, 4107 77th Pl. NW, Marysville, WA 98271, <kolinl@gte.net>

My books are published by WoodenBoat Books: *Traditional Boat Boatbuilding Made Easy: Building Catherine* (building a 14' pulling boat in the Whitehall tradition) and *Traditional Boatbuilding Made Easy: Building Heidi* (a 12' skiff for oar and sail).

For more information about the Herreshoff collection at the Hart Nautical Museum at MIT, contact Kurt Hasselbalch, Curator, Hart Nautical Collections, MIT Museum, (N52 2nd floor), 265 Massachusetts Ave, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139, <kurt@MIT.edu>

For more information about the Herreshoff tenders and how they were built read: *Building the Herreshoff Dinghy*, by Barry Thomas, Mystic Seaport, Inc., 1977, Mystic Connecticut.

For more information about the amazing Herreshoff family read: *The Boatbuilders of Bristol*, by Samuel Carter III, Doubleday & Company, Garden City, New York, 1970.



Construction Plan

Page 1 of 3

Ranger

A yacht tender in the spirit of N. G. Herreshoff
Length: 10' 8" Beam: 4' 1"

© Richard S. Kolin, August 2002, Marysville, Wa.

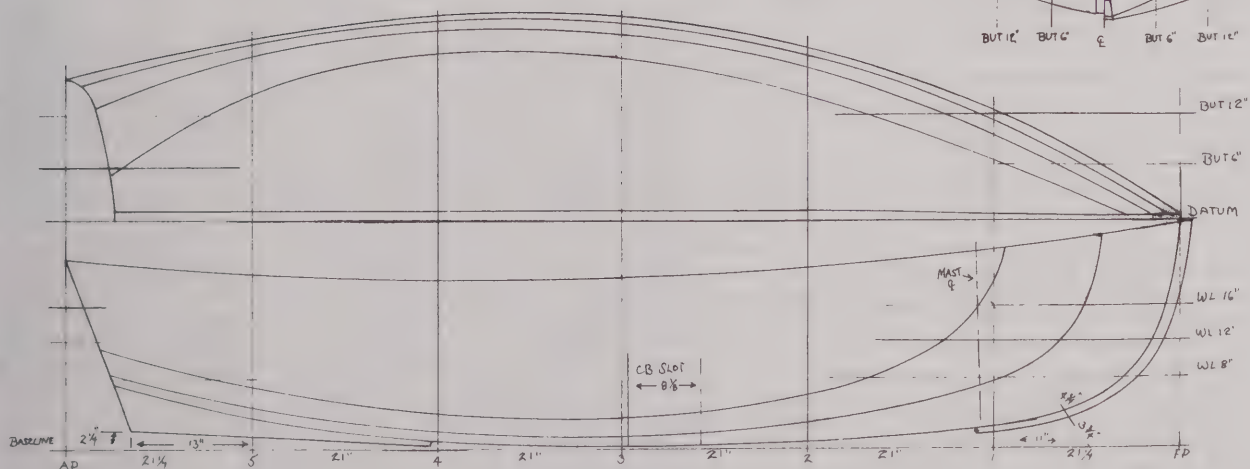
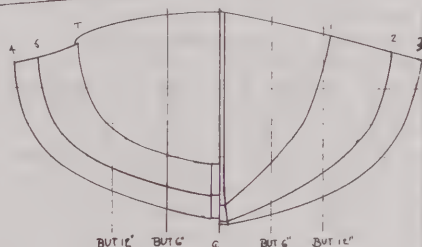
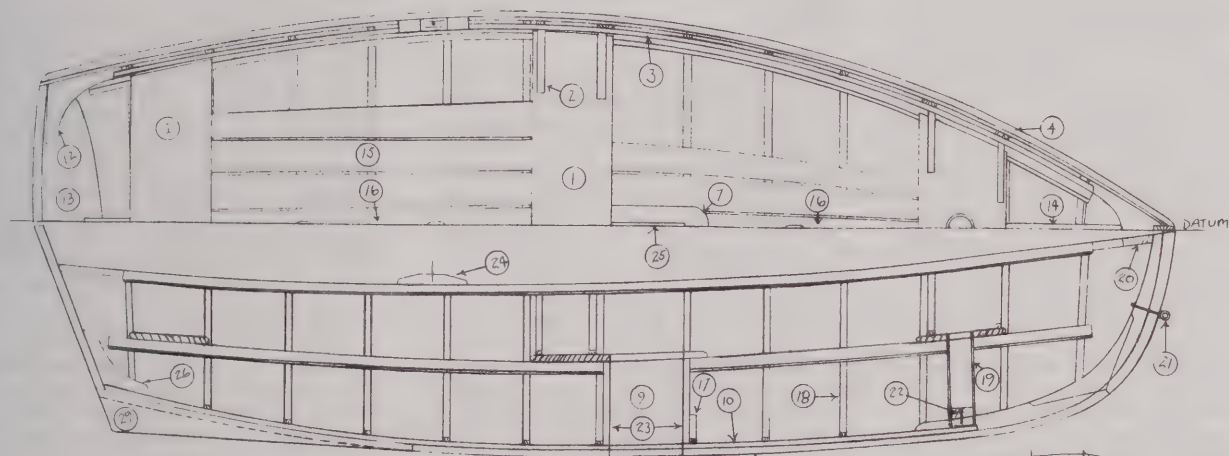
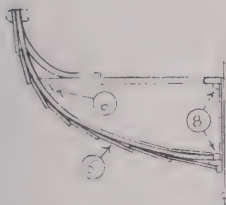
Bill of Materials

1. Thwart - 13/16" cedar
2. Thwart knee - 1/2" x 3/4" white oak
3. Inwale - 5/8" x 1-3/8" Honduras mahogany
4. Guard rail - 5/8" x 1-3/8" Honduras mahogany
5. Plank - 5/16" cedar
6. Riser - 5/8" x 1-1/4" Honduras mahogany
7. Dagger board case cap - 3/4" Honduras mahogany
8. Dagger board case frames - 3/4" x 3/4" Honduras mahogany
9. Dagger board case sides - 1/4" marine mahogany plywood
10. Keel batten - 5/8" white oak
11. Keel - 3/4" white oak
12. Quarter knees - 13/16" Honduras mahogany
13. Transom - 13/16" Honduras mahogany
14. Stem - 1-1/2" Honduras mahogany
15. Floor boards - 5/16" cedar
16. Lift out floorboards
17. Floor - 1/2" x 3/4" white oak - forward of daggerboard case
18. Frames - 1/2" x 3/4" white oak
19. Mast tube - 2-9/16" ID PVC water pipe
20. Breast hook - 3/4" Honduras mahogany
21. Eye bolt - 1/4" brass or bronze bolt
22. Mast step 1-1/2" Honduras mahogany
23. Daggerboard case headledges - 5/8" x 3/4" Honduras mahogany
24. Oarlock pads - 1-1/2" Honduras mahogany
25. Dagger board slot - 5/8" x 8-1/8"
26. Transom knee - 13/16" Honduras mahogany
27. Plank lap fastenings - 3/4" copper tacks or clenched nails
28. Fasteners - bronze screws or bolts
29. Skag - 3/4" white oak

Plank Widths

Plank	Trans	Sta 5	Sta 4	Sta 3	Sta 2	Sta 1	Stem
Sheer	0-3-6	0-4-2	0-4-5	0-4-5	0-4-5	0-4-1	0-4-1
2	0-2-3	0-2-6	0-3-1	0-3-3	0-3-1	0-2-5	0-2-1
3	0-2-3	0-2-6	0-3-1	0-3-3	0-3-1	0-2-5	0-2-1
4	0-2-3	0-3-0	0-3-1	0-3-3	0-3-1	0-2-4	0-2-2
5	0-2-2	0-3-1	0-3-4	0-3-3	0-3-1	0-2-4	0-2-2
6	0-2-3	0-3-2	0-4-2	0-3-6	0-3-1	0-2-6	0-2-6
7	0-3-5	0-4-0	0-4-2	0-4-4	0-3-5	0-2-6	0-4-0
Garboard	0-4-2	0-4-7	0-5-2	0-5-4	0-5-0	0-4-0	---

Plank widths are for guidance only. Run battens through these points to determine final shape. Add 5/8" lap to planks 2 - Garboard. Data is in inches and eighths.





I have 11 boats, which I suppose makes me a typical boat nut, harmless, but a little bit obsessed. I'd have more, but I've come to an understanding with my wife, buy a boat, sell a boat. Keep the fleet under a dozen and there will be no raised eyebrows about endangering the family budget. I've fallen off the wagon once or twice, having got up to 14 once in the last few years, but I always bite the bullet and sell (or give away) a couple.

I've found little ways of bending this arrangement. There's the Compac 23 that lives at the boatyard and the dinghy stuffed behind the shed. There are the two old Sunfish that are beached at the neighbor's house where my kids went to sail when they were younger. I have a couple of antique dinghies hanging discreetly from joists in the shop and an old railbird skiff on loan to a little museum. Doesn't seem like there are too many if they're scattered about.

I don't always have to buy boats. I can feed my habit by building a boat or transforming one boat into another, and that's what I did last fall with an old poly kayak that hadn't seen much use in years. I bought this boat some 10 years ago when I thought I needed a kayak to get around better in the marshes where I work. I'm a wetland delineator, which is a specialized sort of environmental consultant, and although my company's focus is on forested swamps and freshwater wetlands, we do have clients whose projects require us to occasionally prog around in salt marshes.

I'd never been in a kayak before but I have a friend who is an expert. I asked him what he'd recommend. "Something cheap," he said, and proceeded to sell me his old plastic 17' boat, complete with a spray skirt and paddle. Ed also agreed to show me how to paddle the thing, but first he insisted on giving me some rudimentary drownproofing lessons, mostly about how to keep the boat upright by using the paddle as a brace and how to exit should it go turtle.

For the turtle exercise, I was not to react like some novices and panic and try to get my knees out first. This can get you into a sort of Chinese finger trap, the more you struggle, the more you're constrained. What you're supposed to do is just lift your butt out with your head pointed at the bottom and then your legs will follow. This didn't seem

Spirit Sails

By Spencer Rowe

like it would be too difficult since I had spent a bit of time in upside down boats. The yacht club that taught the neighborhood kids how to sail did a smart thing. In the first lesson they put us each in a full rigged dinghy and then had us sit on the lee rail until we flipped. We were to unrig the boats in the water and get ready for a tow. It was fun and I never again had a fear of capsizing a sailboat.

I've been in some pretty hairy capsizes in the years since, including pitchpoling a Hobie Cat in ocean surf while doing a screaming broad reach across the face of a breaking wave. Not too big a deal if you've been nine years old and had a reassuring adult show you the ropes and laugh along with you as the boat went over.

We kids got so used to upside down boats that we would turtle the little wooden prams and then swim up into the air pockets inside. By holding onto the thwarts and kicking our feet we could propel them around the creek like little Monitors, ramming into one another just for the hell of it. Makes me wonder if kids could do this today? The Marine Police would probably bust you instantly for any number of violations. You'd land in court. "Yes your honor, guilty. I was indeed having Too Much Fun."

Speaking of fun, when Ed stationed his kayak alongside for my upside down test, I got a little devilish and slid out of the overturned boat and went straight for the bottom. I stayed down as long as I could and frog legged over to come up just to the side and behind Ed, whom I supposed would be anxiously scanning the water for any signs of his student. "BOOGA BOOGA!" I hollered. Ed nearly jumped straight out of the cockpit, and I took on a bunch of water from laughing so hard.

I paddled this boat off and on for a couple of years and enjoyed learning some kayaking skills. But like always, the more I got to know the boat, the more I noticed its shortcomings. It was a little big to haul around in my pickup. It also weathercocked badly. So I bought a little 9' Keowee that I could

throw in the back of my truck. It's stable and maneuverable. I wouldn't want to paddle it all day, but it's great for yawing around narrow marsh guts.

For day voyaging and playing around in the open bay, I bought a 15' Cape Horn, which happened to come with a rudder. This was a revelation, a rudder would be just the ticket to correct the old boat's tiring habit of always trying to point into the wind.

Thinking how to fit a rudder, I realized that I didn't even know what kind of boat I had. I called Ed, but all he remembered was that it was once part of a rental fleet. I had never even washed this boat, just dragged it around and abused it. But looking close, I found some traces of lettering on the faded yellow hull where some long lost graphics had been applied. I could just make out Searunner and Hydra. Doing a search on Google I found the boat was made by Rotonics in Tennessee. They were helpful when I called. But, bad news, they were not making the boat anymore.

The good news was they'd had some leftover rudders and miscellaneous parts. I ordered the whole shebang, including a custom stainless mounting bracket, Feathercraft rudder, cable, fittings, and Yakima foot pedals. They even patiently took my phone call when I got stuck on how to put it all together. The installation was not too difficult, and in the course of it I realized that they had supplied a wide rudder blade, the one Feathercraft makes for doubles or for sailing. This got me thinking. Why stop here? I like to sail better than paddle and I had looked at kayak sail rigs more than once on the web, daydreaming when I should have been working.

People have been sailing canoes and kayaks for a long time. There are a lot of choices out there, from the tried and true with traditional appeal to the wild and woolly rigs with the high tech look. At some point I'd like to try 'em all, and maybe I will if I live long enough and I don't get too many raised eyebrows from my wife the bookkeeper. In the end I decided to keep my first efforts simple. Sailing a kayak upwind is probably pretty cool, but truth to tell, I'm more of a downwind guy.

Once thought that you could divide all people into upwind or downwind types, more or less like I think you can divide everyone into two political parties, the LBM, or Loose Bowel Movement, and the ARP, the Anal Retentive Party. I'm definitely a member of the LBM and I much prefer the wind at my back. So for now I passed on the more complicated and expensive upwind rigs. I liked the simplicity of the rig built by Spirit Sails (spiritsails.com), a western Canada company that makes a downwind sail that was supposed to be easy to use. I called and spoke with Spirit's Bob Blad, who took the time to explain what I should get and how it worked.

I bought the big sail, 17sf, and the mounting hardware. The sail and spars weigh less than two pounds and stow in a bag about 3" round by 27" long. There is a backing plate which must be heat formed (using the microwave) to the shape of your deck just forward of the cockpit. This is placed on the underside of the deck and the female gizmo that holds the base of the spars is through bolted from the top. The gizmo is made to receive a Y-shaped piece that can be locked in three positions, straight downwind or 30 degrees

off the wind port or starboard. The spars slide over the Y and lock together with a clever internal shock cord system.

Blad recommends that you practice with your boat on land. It looks tricky, but after a few tries unfurling and setting the sail is pretty easy. Getting it down in a hurry is not much of a problem either. I had more trouble stowing the sail in the little bag, but that's just because I'm one of those people for whom stuff seems to grow after it comes out of its container, like the sleeping bag that I've never been able to get back into its original duffel despite Herculean efforts.

On the water, the rig's a blast. I first tried it in our canal, as the picture shows, and even though the winds get fluky as they funnel down the long canal, I was able to scoot right along and douse the sail with little problem. Out on the open bay, in about 12 knots of wind, it was fun to surf in little waves. My son was in the Cape Horn and we rafted together and let the sail push both boats along. This worked well, the only drawback being my teenager's obvious discomfort with being that close to his father for any length of

time. He was torn between going along for the ride or paddling. He chose paddling. He'll learn.

As the wind pipes up, the spars bend, spilling the wind in the upper, wider part of the sail. It's a built-in reefing system. If a puff comes from the side, all you do is brace with the paddle on the opposite side and give the boat some rudder. It's a grin. I was doing this in late fall so only got in a few sails before the weather turned. My days of messing with boats in cold water are long over, but come summer I plan some long downwind jaunts.

Meanwhile this winter I'm rigging the Cape Horn so it can also sail, but in doing so I made a startling discovery. Firmly affixed to the inside of the hull is a 4" x 6" sticker. It's a toned down version of the scary orange and red sticker I saw on a Walker Bay dinghy at a West Marine showroom. "WARNING," it said. "IMPROPER USE MAY CAUSE INJURY OR DEATH" (mmmm...thanks for the tip, Walker Bay folks). "A HOLE IN THE BOAT COULD MEAN IT'S UNSAFE (you don't say)." "DO NOT USE THIS BOAT AS A TOY" (Heaven forbid). And, of course, the

last line, "DO NOT REMOVE THIS STICKER."

As you may know, these stickers are not easily removed. Hair driers help.

Not all warning stickers are attached with Lawyers' Wonder Glue, however, because a couple weeks later I found a small one on my office floor. It had come loose from the underside of my new chair. Apparently the chair was equipped with wheels for soft surfaces, like carpet, and hard surfaces required different wheels. To use the wrong wheels was to risk life and limb. Well, my floor is wood and I'd already learned that I could push off from my desk and shoot over to the filing cabinet 10' away, sometimes doing a 180 en route. Now I knew why. My new fancy office chair had the hot rod wheels!

But don't tell anyone. I worry that the Occupational Safety people could show up at my door. Before you could say "stuck indoors," I'd be charged with Dangerous Office Stunts.

"Guilty, your honor. I'm a boat nut, you see, and it's winter and well, I'm hooked on Cheap Thrills."

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I have been trying for 42 years to compete in the skiffboat business with aluminum and fiberglass and the only way I can do it is to build a better boat and, with some boats, that is kind of hard to do.

One of the best skiffboats ever made was the old aluminum Grumman Sport Boat. Among some of us it is a cult object. I don't feel comfortable on a frosty, early spring morning unless my ass is sitting on that freezing aluminum seat and my feet are exactly the same temperature as the water. It is nearly a 50-year-old tradition with me to fish the fresh water in the early spring in my old aluminum boat. Normally it stays pulled up, turned upside down, in a little live oak cove down at our old, big, swampy pond.

One spring I took my grandchildren to do a little messing and we saw some small alligators that had been hatched the spring before. I carefully poled the old boat as close as I could in the weedy shallows and, when the little alligators submerged (they back down), I jumped out and made a cold splashing, high stepping gallop and caught two of them, one in each hand. Boy, that old Grumman has been "The Alligator Boat" ever since.

What I am trying to say is that a good boat is a valuable thing and the longer you have it, the more valuable it gets, particularly when you start to get old. You don't want them to do like an old dog and leave you before you get tired of them. I know I'll get to the day when I won't be able to make an early spring fishing trip in my old aluminum boat, but I'll certainly fight it 'til the bitter end. Them alligators better keep on their toes because, even when I am too old to trot, my grandchildren will be perfectly capable of the cold splashing, high stepping gallop and they'll have just the boat to make the initial approach.

Guess what? I don't know all the ins and outs of it, but you can, now, after many years of regulatory and corporate nonsense, buy a brand new Grumman Sport Boat built in the same factory in Marathon, New York. Does that put me out of the skiffboat business? Nope. I can build a better sport boat than Grumman can. Though the Grumman is a mighty fine little skiff and dear to my heart, it ain't as good as it could be, too heavy for one thing, ain't marine grade aluminum for another, and it has an aluminum canoe bow which pounds and splashes.

You know, a man's relationship with women is sort of like that. By the time you realize that your true love has a slight imperfection here or there, you are too old to attract up any of these other objects of perfection on display. Besides, by the time you have had enough experience to notice any irregularity, you have gotten too fond of the damned thing to get rid of it. Of course, a man can have more than one pretty good boat.

So I am, right now, building me an improved Grumman Sport Boat. I think any capable amateur could do it, too, and I want to find out exactly what it would take so I am going at it like I was an amateur and am not going to use anything that is not available to anybody. It'll be strip planked out of store bought, old growth Atlantic white cedar. I paid \$38 for the lumber and am already well into the project. I took the boards (actually fitches) to a cabinet shop and got them planed to a uniform (?) thickness. I ought to have

Grumman Sport Boat Improvement Project

By Robb White



done it myself on my own sharp planer, but I am trying to play like I am an amateur. The people at the cabinet shop refused to let me pay them for doing the job, but I put down \$20 in the project book.

I ripped the strips with a skillsaw (I super glued a little fence on the bottom) and one of Dave Carnell's blades, works wonderfully, except that I had to move the operation outside because, whoooo, that cedar dust in a small shop will assault the nostrils most amazingly and I haven't figured out how to hook up the dust sucker to the skillsaw quite yet. Besides, most amateurs wouldn't have a dust sucker. There was a brief delay because, finally, we are getting a little rain which would wet the wood so I had to knock off and take the old Grumman and go fishing. I can't rip strips in the rain but I do have a slicky suit and a Bert Dow hat. I am going to keep up with all the expenses and the time for the whole project and I'll keep you posted. We'll find out exactly how much a capable amateur can build a real good little skiffboat for.

I heard that. Somebody said, "No matter what kind of erroneous drivel you spew out, you, Robb White, opinionated fool that you are, are not actually an amateur and so your damned experiment is not going to be valid." I realize that. My son Sam is going to build the boat. He is a capable man but has never built a boat in his life. Right now he is sort of intermittent with various freelance, high tech related jobs so that he can keep his little one-year-old daughter out of the wretched, yuppie driven day care system while his good wife brings in the bacon.

How it will work is that I'll keep the girl and he'll build the boat. Of course, I'll have to pay him good money because he is not like most amateurs who think their time is worthless, but then again, he'll have to pay me good money for the day care. If I can work it right, it'll be about an even trade. I think most wood skiffboat builders make about the same thing as most daycare workers, if they make anything at all.

So, how will I keep my big deal, opinionated, professional self from supervising Sam while he is building the boat (so as to keep this experiment perfectly valid)? I'll take that little girl fishing. I've already ordered her a Bert Dow hat from Hamilton Marine. You know nothing will set up a child for a life-

time of adventure like an early exposure to excitement and the cold drizzle of early spring rain. Maybe she'll turn out like my wife and be sort of nonstandard. I'll leave this new juniper boat to her in my will. She'll remember that her daddy built it while she was fishing. Of course, I'll try to wear it out first. Of course, she will want the old aluminum boat, too.

Oh, yeah, if I keep this project pure, I won't be able to use my beloved shaper and power feed to edge the beads and coves on the strips. I could (Sam could) easily and quickly edge them by hand with the two little planes that I made to edge all those damned stealers I had to put in the Rescue Minor to make all those wild convolutions in that complicated hull. I mean, you know, to bead and cove a 1/4" strip ain't all that big of a deal. I could even bevel the strips by hand like I used to do back when I was discovering that building strip planked boats by the old standard method was unprofitable.

I don't know if the cute little planes are within the capability of the average amateur or not, so I am going to take a different tack but it is going to hurt me. I do not like a router and don't even own one. It is not that I am ignorant of the damned things, hell, I bet I have routed out more sink holes in flakeboard countertops and more window holes in aluminum and Iauan plywood on the sides of house trailers than any other boatbuilder in this country.



I know that a lot of y'all watch Norm, the New Yankee, on the TV and marvel when he says, "Now, it's time for my rowta," and takes the cursed thing (did you notice how they turn down the sound for the actual routing just like they turn it up for the commercials) and work a minor miracle on some valuable project. Of course the "rowta" is already set up and a trial run made several times or else the whole show would be taken up by cussing and fooling around. A router is a trailer factory tool, a gimmick for those unwilling to learn a little skill. The only reason Norm is pushing them so hard is because the router salesman, let me stop right here.

Whew, all that was to set the scene for a new invention my son Sam and I are working on. It'll be a homemade strip edging rig

that any capable person can make for himself and, get this, it'll do the bead and cove on the strip in one pass. Of course it'll take two routers to do it, but it won't take but the cheapest kind of the damned things. I'll include the money for the two routers and the bits in the overall cost of the project, but I won't add up the development time because I will give the world that knowledge as soon as we get it figured out.

As far as figuring things out goes, I am going to deviate completely from this whole theme. I was gossiping down at the bait store with some other fishermen who were watching to see if the downpour would ever taper off into a cold, all day drizzle so we could go fishing, and we figured out what we need to do to avoid this pitiful war we are looking at.

You know they just shipped out the whole 148th Transportation Squad from Thomasville. I know a bunch of those people. They are not actually a lean, mean fighting machine but just some folks who were trying to supplement their financial situation by going to meetings with their camouflage suited friends. They understood when they signed up that they might have to win a war in defense of this country but, you know, except for the Cuban Missile Crisis, I can't think of any war since WWII that actually qualified for that job description.

The whole outfit (a lot of mothers and fathers and grandparents, too) is gone. They even sent all those old trucks, some from the 1950s, over there. I tell you what. I don't like Saddam Hussein. If I had the chance, I would jump on him like a saber toothed tiger (with these false teeth) but I think there must be a better way to do this thing.

Here is the bait store proposal. We should just buy those "weapons of mass destruction." All it'd take would be an advertisement saying that we will pay big cash money for any little vial of germs or poison or any radioactive particle or any mobile, hideous weapons factory. I bet anything that a truck driver would say to himself (no chance that it would be "herself" in that wretched place), "Hell, man, I'm driving ten million bucks. Give me 40 acres and I'll turn this rig around." We wouldn't even have to burden the taxpayers. We could just charge an entry fee for any Liberian or Panamanian tanker. "So the gas would go up," you say, "and that would burden the taxpayers." Yep, but it is going up anyway and looking at the evidence on the roads and waterways, it ain't near high enough yet. The citizens don't have to buy all that gas but they do have to pay the taxes, unless they ain't making any money, which brings us back to the beginning of this circle.

Postscript

When I write something, I let it ferment for a week or two (at least) before I send it off for consideration for publication. That way, if I made a mistake, I can correct it. As you can guess, most stories go off in their original condition, but not this time. I made a mistake. I'll be damned if I'll drive to the big city to the Home Depot or Lowes or call up any of these 50 pounds of catalogs I get every month and buy a router, let alone two of the disgusting things so as to do something that doesn't take as much horsepower as sharpening a pencil. I'll hollow and round these strips with my tiny hand planes, as a matter of fact, Sam is almost through already. It is not good to encourage consumerism, helplessness, and waste. I'll show you exactly how to make a set of the little planes for yourself. Ain't nothing to it and they work wonderfully.

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I had a call from a friend the other day who's getting geared up to build a Pathfinder, his first boatbuilding project, and he's all worried! John, do you think I have the skills to do this?

Someone's been feeding him "you're not good enough pills." By his perception boats are objects to be revered, a bit like books to a librarian or cameras to a photographer. To create such sacred things requires a builder who has amazing skills, special training and tools, hands-like precision machine tools and eyes that take in the whole sweep of the horizon in one glance. For a mere mortal to aspire to such heights is sacrilege, and this is a guy who has supervised the building of huge factories! Someone has really done a number on him!

First thing to remember is that building a boat, even a really big one, is only a matter of one job at a time. A bit like the man leaning on his shovel who when asked, "how are you going to move that mountain?" He replied, "one shovelful at a time!" No job is big in itself. If it is a big job, then apply the teaspoon theory to it (I can hear the puzzlement from here, if you can't handle a shovel then try a spade, if that's too much use a spoon, or a teaspoon). Every job can be broken down until the immediate task is within your grasp. The skill factor is in recognising the method of breaking the job down and prioritising the order of the jobs.

Now, that's not too hard, you have to start somewhere and if the plans don't have a building guide that outlines the sequence of events, then pick on a small item that can be built and laid aside, then do another, and another.

So, how about the actual skills? Well, it helps if you can read. It helps if you can visualise the finished product when looking at a drawing, although this is something that will come with time (until then, trust the designer, if he can't do that then you're both in trouble).

I like my clients to be able to measure with a rule, draw a straight line, count, cut to a line, and sharpen tools. I like them to be able to plane a piece of wood smooth, although I am quite happy for them to go away and practice. It's nice if they can drill a hole where needed, put a screw in, and drive a nail straight more often than not. I bend my share over, and with ring barbed boat nails this can mean it needs to be broken off and punched down below the surface so as not to gap your plane when you are smoothing the surface off. Better to get them right.

Power tools: Experience helps, but for everybody there is a first time. Experience starts when you begin! Or, as I like to remind people, "An expert is a beginner with experience." If you've never used say, a power plane before, get it out of the box that it came in, DON'T PLUG IT IN YET! It bites! Read the handbook. Have a good look at it, see the flat surface on which it slides along the work, look at those little knives on that wee drum shaped holder, and imagine them screaming around wanting to chew on anything within range! Hold it by the handles so that your fingers are well clear of those blades and slide it along the edge of a piece of wood, making sure that the wood is securely clamped first. You are well on the way to learning a new skill, you know what part of the machine is dangerous, you know how to hold it safely, and you are

From the Drawing Board

John Welsford
Small Craft Design



Occasional Ramblings From a Small Craft Designer On Skills

very close to using it for the first time. Not hard now was it?

Hand tools are not quite as easy to learn, but much less likely to bite you, and much the same applies. Pick up your Stanley #4 smoothing plane that you coerced the family into buying you for your birthday and take it and the book on sharpening and setting wood-working tools off to your workspace and sit down in the thinking chair (every workshop needs a comfortable place to sit and think). Look it over, get the grand uncle, or whoever in the family knows about these things, to come and show you, and set up a piece of nice even grained wood clamped in a vise or to the bench and plane a few shavings off. Practice, practice planing down to a mark, straight, a rounded curve, a rounded edge. Practice. Don't the shavings look nice! You made those! A skill you didn't have a few minutes before.

Skills: They're deceptive things, some of those who have them need to feel important so they make their skills sound wonderfully complex, but even a complex skill is just a series of simple jobs. It is a rare one that Joe average cannot teach himself with help, patience, and application.

I'd suggest that an enquiring mind is an essential skill, given some curiosity as to how things work and a willingness to ask what may sound like a silly question, and with some application and determination most people can learn pretty well any skill. Boatbuilding is not a skill per se, it is a whole bunch of skills, each one a series of smaller skills. If each one of these skills is broken down to the basics, these elements of skill are easily achieved. There are many complex tasks in our daily lives, and if we can cope with those then the basic elements of boatbuilding can't be too much trouble.

As an example I learned to type, not that well (oops, fat fingers) and although I am not very fast (about 20 words a minute with lots of spellos, I can't think much faster than that so don't need to go any quicker) I now do all of my own typing which frees up Denny who typed all of the *New Zealand Backyard Boatbuilder* from my handwritten notes, a long and laborious task which took endless time and stressed both of us more than enough. But once I made up my mind to try it didn't seem that hard.

Funny thing about skills, they're sort of exponential, one skill plus one skill doesn't make two, when you approach a new task there are parts of earlier skills which apply to the new one and you won't have nearly so much to learn. Boatbuilding is definitely one of those where there is a cross fertilisation of

skills. A boatbuilder can build kitchen cupboards (hide this so she won't see it), can do a pretty fair job of painting a porch, building tree huts, and even laying a cement path. Conversely, people who can already do those things bring those skills to their new vocation.

I would add that a woman who can read a sewing pattern will have a lot less trouble sorting out a set of boat plans than many men, existing skills are far more transferable than you might think, even sharpening a pencil with a pocketknife is woodwork, and quite demanding woodwork at that.

But more to the point, when a tyro has begun at the beginning and learned to do tasks that are fairly simple on larger bits of the boat, has gradually worked through to smaller and smaller pieces of boat, and at the end doing the bits required to finish the parts of the boat that the spectator sees, that person will find that the skills have been improving all the way and that the wobbly lines from the first cut with the power jigsaw (my favourite is the Makita BV4200, my old one has built close to 20 boats, has done some awfully tough work, has had one set of bearings and a new set of brushes in its long and hard life, and still performs like a champion) have disappeared, planed smooth, glassed over, hidden under a stringer or whatever and cleaner, smoother, edges will have appeared, the better for the practice and improving all the time.

Your choice should also suit your intended usage, a Jonboat will not make an ocean sailor happy, nor will a deep keeled double ended sailboat enrapture a man who wants to explore the bayous and salt marshes in the lower reaches of the Mississippi. Make sure your selection is appropriate.

It pays to pick a project that is achievable, to start out on a 60' schooner when your building space is only 20' long means that you will have to engineer a pretty effective pair of hinges or perhaps complicate the design by making the boat telescopic. If your budget will stand a sheet of plywood once a week then don't start a boat that will need 20 tons of imported hardwoods. If you have two hours a week to devote (while your better half visits with her Mah Jong buddies) then you need to choose a design that is not going to take forever to complete.

So the point of this rambling diatribe is that you can do it. If the challenge of building a first boat is looking a bit daunting, find a part of the boat that looks achievable and build that. Then do another, and another. If you are really worried, build a part of the boat that you could sacrifice on the bonfire of experience. Before cutting a treasured and expensive piece of wood, practice a little with your tools on pieces that can be thrown away. Gain the skills a little at a time, but begin. Get started. Get on with the learning process. There was a time when the most skilled boatbuilder was a raw beginner.

Coming Next Issue: A Design Puzzle

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



PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.
BOAT DESIGNERS, PO BOX 1209
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The original Romp beating towards the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco Bay.

Rollin Dal Piaz had sailed on occasion in company with our Romp design (#372) along the coast of California and had admired the way she went and looked. Romp is a 30' x 8' x 1'6" centerboard cat yawl, free form hull with firm bilges, buildable in strip or cold molded veneer construction. Romp has no power, as any inboard installation would ruin her agreeable layout, and efficient larger prop outboards were as yet unheard of some nearly 300 designs ago.

This particular Romp weathered the full onslaught offshore of a Caribbean hurricane with 180 degree windshift and "eye" display and all. Later another Romp, built in Tasmania, would do offshore cruising along the southern shore of Australia and well beyond the Great Barrier Reef Coast to Noumea, New Caledonia, about 900 miles northeast of Brisbane.

Rollin liked her as she was, except he wanted:

Two feet more beam for a rounder plan view and added interior.

Bulwarks surrounding the foredeck.

Ability to do the West Coast, including most of Alaska.

Better thermals for northern exploits.

More acceptable liveaboard/extended cruising accommodations than spartan Romp.

More ruggedness and safety to deal with "deadheads" ready to puncture the craft all along the West Coast or just put her down on less than perfectly smooth beaches.

Added sailpower for light air conditions.

And he needed reasonably substantial power in addition to sail to really feel comfortable on a perpetual leeshore, with increasing tidal currents the further north he'd go.

And he would call her Yonder.

Bolger on Design

An Introduction To Yonder

Part 1 of 3

Retaining strong family resemblance in her hull shape, Yonder gained:

Two feet of beam and 7" of draft.

Full headroom where it matters.

A private head.

A reasonably open 2+2 berth arrangement.

Decent electrical storage with 1800ah.

One hundred and ten gallons potable water capacity with matching holding tanks.

The comforts of a hard dodger.

Two dinghies stowed on deck ready to be launched with davits.

Twin retractable outboard screws for significant propulsion on demand but no drag under sail, also offering reliable motorsailing capabilities on leeward engine.

An off centerboard, removable from its case for maintenance and repair with onboard means while afloat, with its slot through the hull bottom actually located just enough off center to clear the joint between garboards and box keel sides, keeping it from being routinely clogged with sand, gravel, and bottom debris.

Significantly higher ballast ratio, using a 2" steel ballast shoe that superbly protects her full length box keel, keeping the more

vulnerable hull proper about 5-6" above that armorplate.

Adequate positive buoyancy tucked away inconspicuously to keep her afloat upon hull breach, all to double Romp's displacement and likely more than that in cost.

The back and forth between Rollin and us came to give rise to a 30' freeform based cruiser of serious competence, superior mechanical reliability, and at least at first glance conservative styling elements. For cruising under sail, both props cleanly retracted for zero drag and zero corrosion. Rollin wanted a relatively over canvassed light air correct sail plan to match prevalent wind conditions in certain preferred cruising grounds. We agreed that reefing is always simpler than breaking out additional cloth, associated hardware, requiring on deck proceedings, all nowhere near as reliably managed in day or night light conditions as a well tuned fore and aft rig requiring no on deck activities for enhancing or reducing sailpower on demand.

Romp would routinely set 381sf of sail plus, on occasion, a reaching spinnaker of 249sf. Yonder will readily fly all of 865sf "overcanvassed" on mast height of just 38' above her waterline; running backstays and a running forestay offer some comfort in severe chop or during an exhilarating sleigh ride. In heavier conditions, with the main furlled, power sailing under jib and mizzen and the leeward engine would both move her well and steady her motion. With three easily controllable sails on hand, spread out to well over 47' in length, she should always be hung well, whether hoving to in severe conditions, or just sailing well choreographed tight maneuvers using the club jib and mizzen as air rudders, with the main for power.

While Romp had featured freestanding masts in rigid keel stepped geometry, Yonder's freestanding main and mizzen masts are fully tabernacled for on demand reduction of the boats vertical silhouette to 9' to either reduce windage running under power or in an exposed anchorage ahead of a storm, or just to shoot a bridge to open up inland cruising grounds. Bowsprit and boomkin fold as well to shorten her in length sensitive quarters such as marinas and lock chambers.

Only weather considerations should stand in the way of dal Piaz heading for Europe to enter without ado even the tight and low clearances of the French canal system to explore and sample temptations throughout the heart of Europe. Lowering and raising the

masts quickly with onboard means would also allow impromptu setting of sails on suitable stretches of rivers, canals, and lakes, either for enjoyment, pushing uphill with free wind, or to do without combustion noise for a change while making progress.

To move her under power she could lower on demand 2x25 four-stroke gasoline hp into the water via the two solid 12.5" x 8" three-bladed props. With her WL of about 29' her maximum hull speed is just above 7kts. Under power she should be able to maintain 6kts cruising, perhaps in smoother waters under just one engine, producing 150 miles/24 hours. Using nearly all of her 2 x 25hp should push her to full hull speed across a range of tougher conditions, stemming tidal

currents, exploring up rivers far inland, or avoiding weather hazards by running away from them.

In light of the desirability of not swamp-ing her leeward engine under power sailing, along with other space constraints, we located both outboards as close to centerline as possible, keeping them from being swiveled to any useful extent. Locked into a fore and aft position still allows comparatively favorable maneuvering characteristics, certainly in principle on par with twin screw inboard powerboats, since hard turns ahead under lowest hull speed would be initiated by blowing the hardover rudder with the inside engine, kicking her stern around with authority.

Exploring her characteristics employing conventional twin screw thinking in choreography with that big rudder should open up other capabilities, such as walking her stern off to port from a float by putting the rudder hard over to starboard, blowing it with the starboard engine while keeping her movement forward to zero with the port engine in reverse.

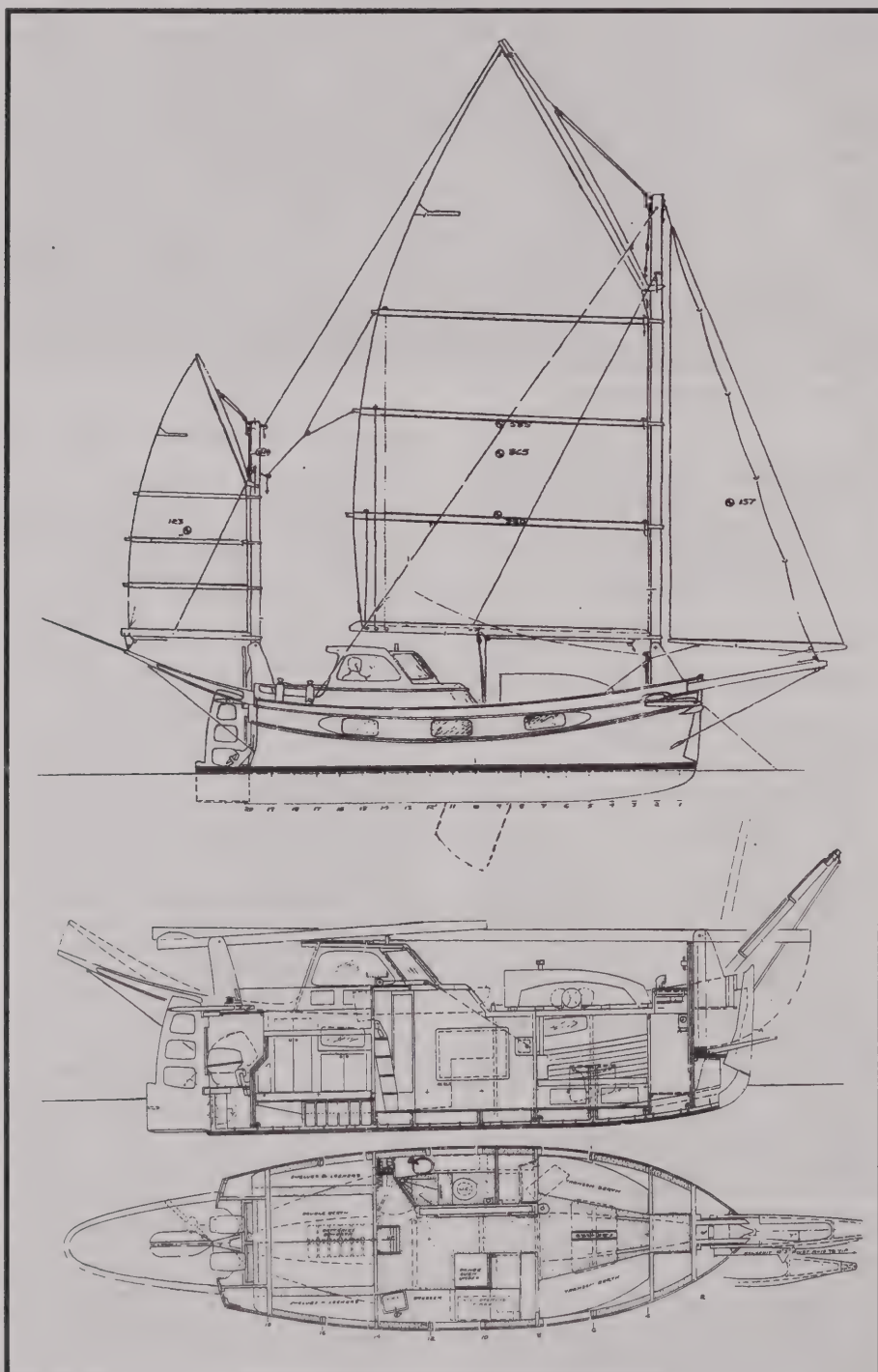
The ballast, water, and consumable loads, such as fuel and foodstuffs, are placed where they have modest effect on her trim. Locating her gasoline tanks of 130+ gallons just ahead of her transom was a matter of keeping fuel out of her interior while being well supported by the buoyancy of her box skeg. In terms of permanent weight down low, her 2" thick steel ballast bottom and her good sized battery banks combine to just above 6,350 lbs. of dedicated permanent ballast or 37% permanent ballast ratio.

Before setting out under sail into a particularly nasty stretch of water, topping off her freshwater tanks while also filling her holding tank with saltwater would add a maximum of 1,570 lbs. of temporary ballast for a combined hard and soft ballast of 7,920 lbs. and a ballast ratio of 46%. Of course, the holding tanks are readily dumpable on demand to lighten her later.

Regardless of soft ballast additions, she offers a conservatively evaluated minimum of 1,500 lbs. of hard positive buoyancy, making her sinking resistant in case of violent hull breach, without attempting to compartmentalize her 24' x 9' + open interior. In addition, she has no underwater through hulls for any purpose, using above WL valves into the centerboard trunk for effective and inconspicuous pumping out her holding tank. Saltwater washdown would be via hose, 12v cable, and bilge pump trunk sent over the side on demand, offering very high levels of flow rate with big submersible bilge pumps.

To round out her conceptual integrity when it comes to safety, she has a lifeboat type range of stability, accomplished, as it is in lifeboats, by assuring reliable buoyancy high above the center of gravity. Though many of her weights are not carried extremely low, all the major items are well below the center of buoyancy at any angle up to bottom up.

Two massive catheads can carry, for instant dropping and retrieval, two oversized anchors to either keep her solidly planted on demand on given ground or drop massive drag off her bow when off soundings to slow her movement during harsh conditions under zero power, bare main pole and set mizzen keeping her bow head to.



Steering is straightforward via transom hung rudder and tiller, mounted on bearings both well above the waterline. The shallow rudder is effective due to the large end plate on its bottom and the close attachment of the leading edge of the blade to the sternpost, with no aperture ahead of the rudder. The grip of the tiller is 5'6" from the rudder axis, giving good leverage to swing the approximately 8sf immersed rudder blade. In port the tiller folds up against the mizzen leaving 6.5' x 6'+ of uninterrupted cockpit.

Integrating tabernacles and bowsprit and boomkin geometries, along with her twin outboard installation and the twin dinghy arrangement, into this otherwise rather conservative free form hull allowed for a number of unexpected aesthetic exercises, subjective as usual, but not without justifiability. With a conservative paint scheme she'd appear predictable upon first glance until her details begin to accumulate after a 360 degree inspection, and certainly after an invitation below. Rollin dal Piaz was particularly interested in a range of traditional styling cues overlaid on a rather advanced hull geometry, structural envelope, and functional/ergonomic advantages.

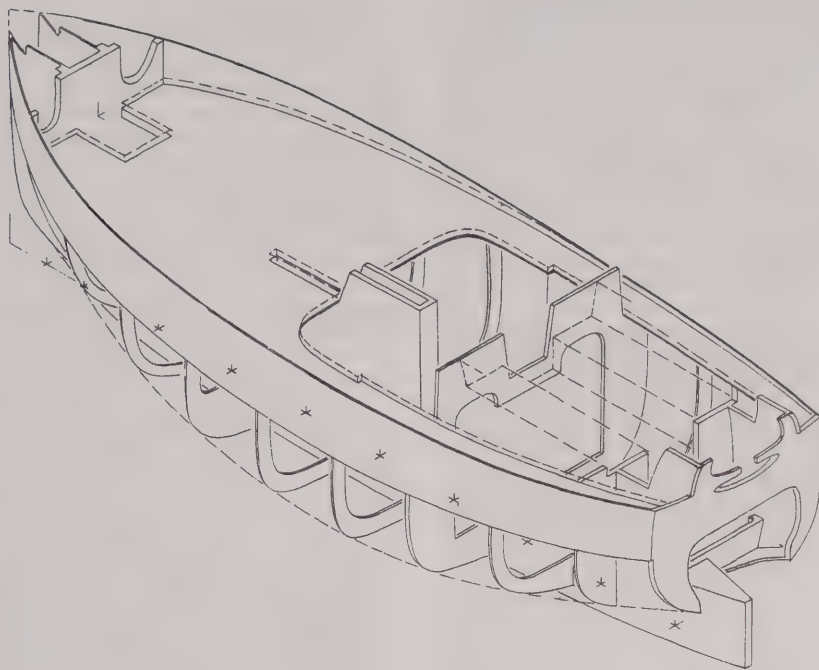
Notes On Basic Attributes

Construction: Shapes like this have been put together successfully by amateurs and professionals alike, with the former certainly becoming the latter after this type of project. There are a number of ways of assembling a freeform hull one off in a small shop. Primary consideration should be doability, as defined first and foremost by reduction in injury potential, reduction in emotional stress from perpetual risk of misalignment as weights and structural elements are added, often unavoidably asymmetrically at a time, and anticipatory fretting over major issues such as rolling the hull during various stages of assembly and then structurally and cosmetically correct finish of the exterior hull skin.

Doability, in the case of Yonder, is exemplified by the right-side-up philosophy underlying the assembly of her major structural members. Building permanent frames and bulkheads on a decent height work table is conventional sound practice. So is erecting them on a keel, along with stem and sternpost etc. Employing an I-beam gantry or two with a chain hoist or worm gear winch to lift and hang sizable and weighty components, from outboards, over transom, raised deck sides, or tabernacle cheek assembly, to locating (horizontally) her masts, is a sensible investment with instant returns reducing injury and damage potential while allowing careful alignment of items without rush.

Thus, Yonder's box keel, easily assembled, rolled over, and finished like a very stout hull in its own right, would accept straightforward insertion, permanent alignment and attachment of frames, bulkheads, and floor timbers. As these are spaced closely enough to allow strip planking right over them, they only need temporary stiffening to retain their transverse flatness. Once in place, the deck plate can be added as one piece or in sections, supported by clamp, off center-board case, transverse and fore and aft supports.

Since the transom is to be laminated to final curvature on a separate jig, installing it



PARTICULARS

Two some Long Range Yawl

Length on deck: 30'0" (9.14m)
Length including rudder: 33'6" (10.2m)
Length over extended bowsprit and boomkin: 46'5" (14.15m)
Length WL at rest upright: 29'7" (9.0m)

Beam over rubrail: 10'4" (3.15m)
Beam DWL: 9'10" (2.99m)

Hull draft at DWL: 25" (.63m)
Draft board down: 6'6" (1.98m)

Mast height from DWL: 38'2" (11.63m)
Rig height from DWL: 48'6" (14.8m)
Minimum bridge clearance at DWL: 9'0" (2.74m)

Sail area total: 865sf
Sail area main: 585sf
Sail area jib: 157sf
Sail area mizzen: 123sf

Displacement at hull draft: Approx. 17,000lbs (8.5 tonnes)
Pounds per inch immersion: Approx. 960lbs

Dedicated ballast in steel (4,790lbs) and batteries (1,560): 6,350lbs, 37% permanent hard ballast ratio plus
Max. potable water weight (most retainable in holding tank): 820lbs, 7,170lbs for a more temporary ballast ratio of 42% plus
Max usable holding tank capacity, saltwater floodable on demand: 750lbs+, —7,920 lbs maximum for a most temporary ballast ratio of 46% setting out into a nasty body of water and weather, with these 750lbs drainable on demand

Conservatively evaluated net positive buoyancy: 1500lbs+ for sinking resistance
Two large prop 25hp four stroke outboards w/2.4:1 gear ratio and 12.5" x 8" props

Approx. fuel tankage: 134gals/507 liters of Diesel
Approx. water tankage: 110gals/418 liters
Approx. holding tankage: 137gals/518 liters (nominal), 100 usable
Battery capacity: 1400ah @ 12v in 2 6v x 2 banks, ie. up to 6590ah useable for well over 1000 cycles

via the mizzen tabernacle supports puts it in its permanent location, while the main tabernacle formers forward, properly braced, would now allow hanging the completed and prefinished plywood raised deck/bulwark sides. With the latter in place, the whole hull skeleton should be torsionally stiff, starting at the rugged box keel and locked in by deck and ply raised deck panels. Nor can it sag fore and aft or distort laterally laying on her side.

Now this structure can be rolled to convenient degrees of heel/roll to begin the planking process, assuming local temporary reinforcement to stand the increasing weight of the structure on her sides. Theoretically, at least, it should be possible to plank, fair, finish, glass, prime, and paint one whole side at a time without conventional concerns of introducing and locking in distortions from the growing weight on just one side of her, not to mention moving within the structure of molds, braces and as yet undersupported keel.

We'd still be paranoid and tempted to roll her periodically 90 degrees one way and then 180 degrees the other, "just in case," however improbable. Total travel of 180 degrees (from dead level 90 left or 90 right degrees) should suffice as her topsides finish would be more or less horizontal, while any mild occurrence of runs and other imperfections on her now vertical below waterline bottom surface would likely be a secondary concern. Indeed, heavy glassing down there with inherent buildup of minor lumps and ripples is both of obvious structural advantage and yet of limited aesthetic concern, as long as the imperfections don't get out of hand.

We'd collect some old mattresses and dead comforters to guarantee smooth travel from port to starboard and back. If the shop is not wider than 20', sliding the hull sideways on a small group of dollies after rolling back to vertical would allow enough room to roll her the other way. Full final paint and detailing treatment are thus possible without serious overhead ministrations attempting gravity defying acts of persistence with tools and low blood pressure in the hands.

Only when fully done with the last paint coat dried to the touch and her sitting upright again, would the seven section ballast plating be rolled piece by piece under her via dollies for preliminary alignment of fasteners, bedding, and final attachment to her box keel, while likely seven box keel supports are

carefully moved out and then back in again during this ballasting process.

Propulsion: Larger scale production of well designed and assembled four-stroke outboard power has been around for over 20 years with initially Honda and some Yamaha outboards. In recent years, environmental concerns have dictated the development of low emission outboards across all manufacturers, many of whose models follow the gasoline based four-stroke principle. This has resulted in a broader range of available models and configurations with horsepower ratings from 2hp to 225hp as of 2002. For propulsion and authoritative maneuvering of displacement speed hulls such as Yonder, larger prop outboards can now be specified in sizes from 9.9hp to 60hp.

The most attractive attributes of four-stroke outboard power on an auxiliary are ready retractability of the propeller for uncompromised sailing capability without propeller drag, when fully retracted dramatically reduced corrosion potential on lower unit and zero fouling problems, moderate weight per given output, ready removability of engine for serious repairs or quick replacement, no drivetrain related underwater holes in the hull, the option of allowing outboards to swivel along with rudder action for maximum maneuverability in forward and reverse (not used on Yonder), smooth, quiet, and reasonably efficient gasoline power without explosion hazards from the engine and, at last, a reasonably well shaped propeller in larger diameter than traditionally available offering decent thrust for more authoritative action on heavier craft. Larger than 14" diameter propellers for a 50hp would be even more desirable for heavier duty propulsion in pleasure and commercial applications.

Shortcomings of outboards in a cruising craft are raw water cooling, inexplicably undersized alternators, and likely moderate durability in comparison with a well maintained diesel inboard. Yonder is drawn with two 25hp Mercury Bigfoot/Yamaha High Thrust models. In order to allow motor sailing on at least one motor to near any angle of heel, the two units are mounted very close to the hull's centerline for least motor swamping risk. Flanking the outboard rudder they are able to effectively blow its blade for reliable action under power; between this geometry and the inherent space constraints they are mounted non swiveling but can, of course, still tilt up

for least drag under sail and least corrosion/electrolysis when she is at rest. With two separate tanks, fuel contamination issues can be kept at a minimum and therefore engine problems; one of the two should always be ready to power her.

Raw water cooling should be less of an issue in an outboard which routinely rests retracted above the waterline with little chance of growth on intakes and inside passages and corrosion of passages and water pump shaft; for instance, still regular flushing of system with freshwater seems sensible to force out likely pockets of accumulated salty sediments.

The wimpy alternators are a serious handicap, here mildly mitigated by having two 15 amp units for this boat, still less than half of that of a sub compact car's output! Still certainly on a cruiser such as Yonder, photovoltaics are a necessary addition to generate at least a moderate charge for an equally modest but sustainable pattern of use.

Engine durability is only a relative issue as an auxiliary's primary propulsion is sail power, and with modern four-stroke outboards manufactured to tight specifications to match emission standards and litigation potential by companies involved in engine design and production in general, thus offering these outboards on a vast background of expertise and reputation. Furthermore, most conventional inboard diesel engines in auxiliaries never reach rated life expectancy either, due to poor maintenance and corrosion typically a result of engine location by poor design practices and conceptually inferior engine internal and bolt on attributes, reducing possible reliability.

Unlike conventional fully exposed propeller shaft and propeller geometries, an outboard's lower unit inherently offers better protection of the running propeller blades. And at least on Yonder the box skeg ahead of the rudder offers not just vital internal volume and displacement where advantageous, but protects the rudder and thus to quite an extent the outboards' lower units as well. Finally, be it at rest or under sail, the outboard is retracted and thus out of harm's way, also shaded by the outboard rudder.

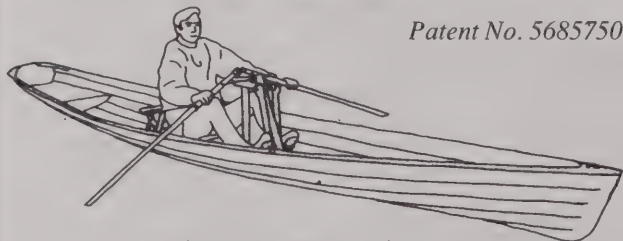
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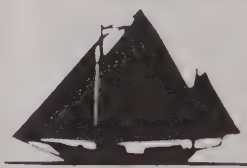
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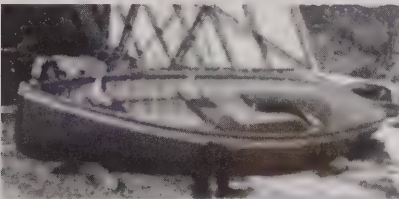
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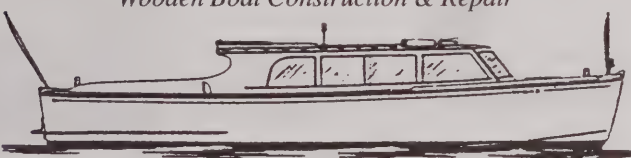
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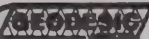
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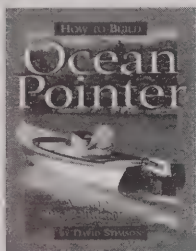


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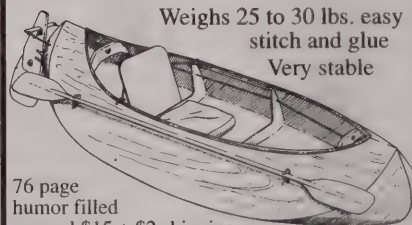
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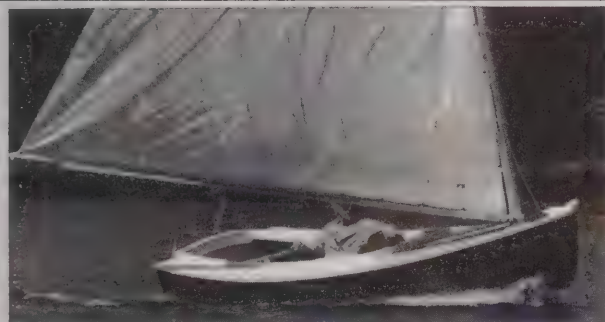
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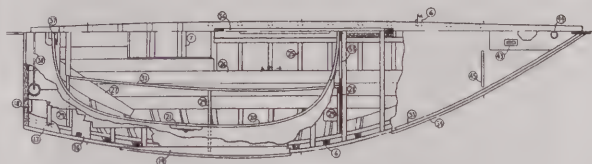
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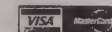
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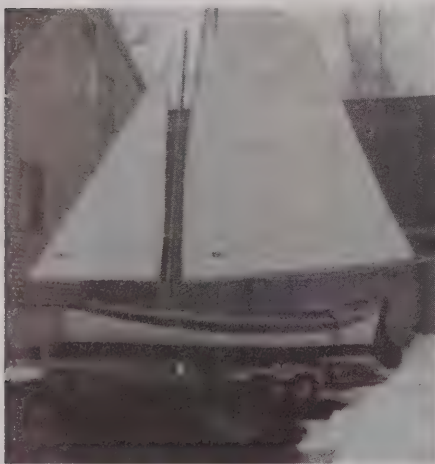
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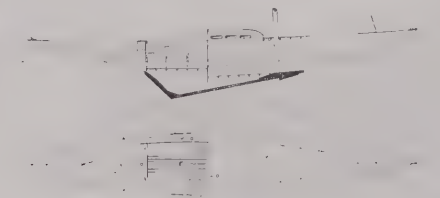
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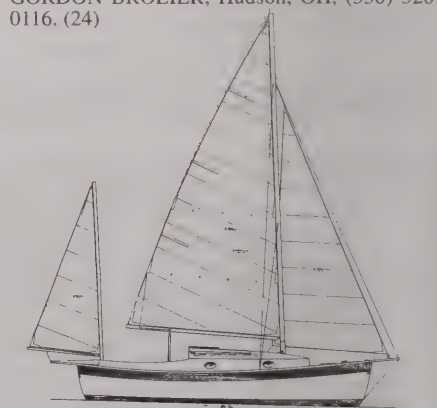


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16' Classic Wood Sloop, compl rblt, marconi rigged, full keel, cuddy, OB, trlr. Insured, surveyed. \$6,000. HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (24)

18' Lyman OB, '67 w/'78 85hp Evinrude. New deck/wiring/electronics. Wooden windshield w/pop out windows. Mooring cover & full bimini, side curtains & aft curtain. Seat & back cushions. Trlr. In vy gd cond, does not take on water. Extras incl. Turn key & you're ready for the season. \$5,000. GORDON BROLIER, Hudson, OH, (330) 528-0116. (24)



23' Rob Roy, '87 canoe yawl, Ted Brewer design. FG keel/CB, 19" draft, well equipped, gd cond. '98 Honda 8hp, low hrs, '98 galv trlr. \$12,900. JOE VANDERWERF, Hendersonville, NC, (828) 692-7718. (01)



Newport 17 Sailboat, overnighter (2 berths) w/ huge cockpit. FG constr, CB, lifting rudder, 4hp Mercury, trlr. Fully equipped. \$1,500 takes it. PETER JEPSON, Newbury, MA, (978) 462-1175. (1)

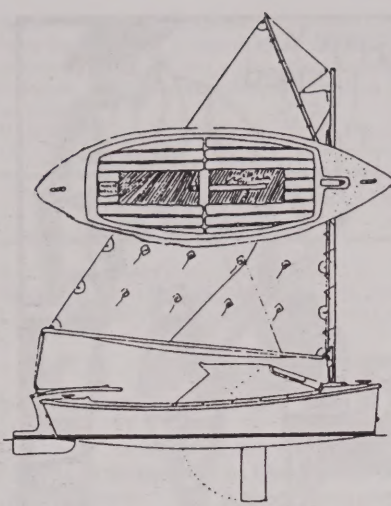
16' John D. Little Lapstrake Plywood Catboat, '89, vy fine cond; 1 owner, professionally stored & maintained. Sail, cushions & cover also in exc cond; Spartan Marine OB mount, anchor, compass, portable toilet incl. Gorgeous boat, blt by a real craftsman, winner of Catboat Association Broad Axe Award (see *WoodenBoat* "Launchings" Sept./Oct. 1990, p.108). \$15,500. PAUL BURKE, Worcester, MA, (508) 752 6523 (h), <pburke@clarku.edu> (1)

'83 Freedom 21, shoal draft, main & staysails, gun mnt spinnaker gear but spinnaker ripped. Triad trlr. \$2,900. PENN PFAUTZ, Middletown, NJ, (732) 957-0474, <ppfautz@comcast.net> (1)

19' Easy Rider Sailing Kayak, kevlar constr, outrigger, leeboard, fully battened sail, front sheeting, comfort seat. \$5,600 new, asking \$2,600. HARVEY BRILLAT, Clearwater, FL, (727) 595-4744. (1)



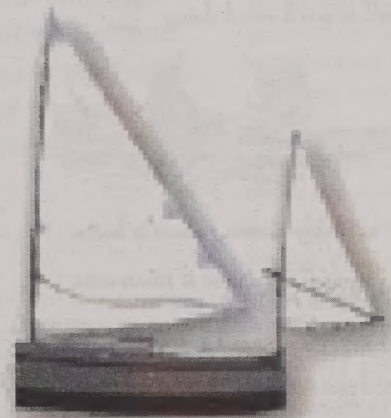
Heidi Skiff, Rich Kolin's 12' skiff w/spritsail rig, birdsmouth spar. Traditionally blt cedar on white oak. \$2,000. RICK LAPP, Muncy, PA, (570) 546 8372, <Lappfam@alltel.net> (1)



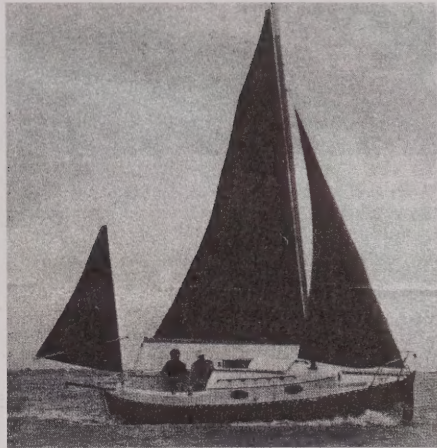
Mud Hen, 17' x 6', '83 by Florida Bay. Shoal draft, beachable roomy (6 adults), camp cruiser (slps 2), gaff rigged catboat. Draft 6" board up, 3'6" board down, tabernacle mast, teak seating, anchor, docklines, 5 life vests, 6hp Suzuki long shaft OB in well w/5gal tank, 30hrs. '88 Arrow trlr w/bearing buddies. Sail exc cond, kept under cover since new. Change in health forces sale. \$5,500 for compl package. DANIEL KLINE, Harrisburg, PA, (717) 545-5075. (1)



13' Peterborough (Canada) Sailing Skiff, ca. '55, compl restored, new sail. \$5,000. FULL SEA, Greenport, NY, (631) 734-7409, <cutwater@earthlink.net> (1)



Bolger Micro, lovingly blt FG covered marine ply, mahogany; bolted lead keel; ss rudder assembly; extra flotation, et al. Full sitting headroom; 6'6" berths w/storage. Beautiful hollow spars. Always turns heads & creates smiles wherever she goes! Many, many extras! Like new. \$3,900 OBO. RANDALL ROBAR, Essex, MA, (781) 354 4301, www.corporatevisions.org/tenagra (1)



'87 Nimble 20 Canoe Yawl, Ted Brewer designed canoe yawl *Chatterwug*, bottle green hull, buff deck, tanbark sails, featured in MAIB, April 1, 1993. Custom cabin incl pine paneling, teak shelves & cabinets, ample sail & anchor locker, Origo dble alcohol stove, salty oil lamps, curtained & screened ports, curtained potty for privacy. A comfortable weekender for 2. Bronze cleats, winches, & ports; compass, bimini, boarding rope ladder, 2 anchors, misc kitchen, docking, & safety equipment. Reliable 7.5 4 stroke Honda OB showing some wear, Holsclaw trlr. Free mooring at Pine Island Marina, Groton, CT, for the 2003 season also incl. \$8,500. Sailing dinghy w/all equipment & new oars available to buyer for \$550. Inq at Pine Island Marina, (860) 445 9729 or www.pineislandmarina.com. Details also available from owner. JIM LACEY, Willimantic, CT, <LACEY@EASTERNCT.EDU> (1)

30' Allied Seawind Ketch, '70, Monitor windvane, Force Ten propane stove, Albin diesel, many improvements to rig for blue water sailing. \$18,500. FULL SEA, Greenport, NY, (631) 734-7409, <cutwater@earthlink.net> (1)

11.5' Beverly Sailing Dinghy, '88. Cape Cod Shipbuilding FG hull, alum mast, beam 4.5', CB, 207lbs, 66sf main. Ex cond. \$1,500 incl galv trlr. Located ME. J. FAY, Weston, MA, (781) 893-5086, <jfay@mit.edu> (1)

Bolger Seahawk, LOA 15.5', blt 2002, like new cond. Mahogany marine ply, epoxy fiberglassed, SS hrdwre, PVC gunwale guards & spray rails. \$1,950. **'02 Mercury OB**, 15hp short shaft 2 stroke, both used 6 hrs, barely broken in. \$1,650 (new \$2,100). Save \$300, buy both for \$3,300. HANS WAECKER, 47 Bowman's Landing Rd., Georgetown, ME 04548, (207) 371-2282. (1)



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> (1)



'79 Drascombe Lugger, ex cond, ex sails & hrdwre. Half wishbone boom for main, sprit boom for mizzen, whisker pole for jib. All teak & flrbdbs natural and in gd shape. Ex trlr & trlrng rig. \$5,200 wo/motor.

MASON SMITH, Long Lake, NY, (518) 624-6398, <masonsmith@telenet.net> (1)

25' Cutter Rigged Ketch, blt '74. Solid coastal cruiser for 2. FG w/mahogany trim. New 20hp Universal diesel. New sails w/roller furling jib. Minimal galley (gimballed stove) & self contained head. All required safety equipment. Located Dorchester, MA & can be prepared for launching. Photos available. Asking \$12,500.

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JACK DICE, Oceanville Boat Shop, Stonington, ME 04681, (207) 367-2687, www.gwi.net/oceanvilleboat/, <oceanvilleboat@gwi.net> (1)

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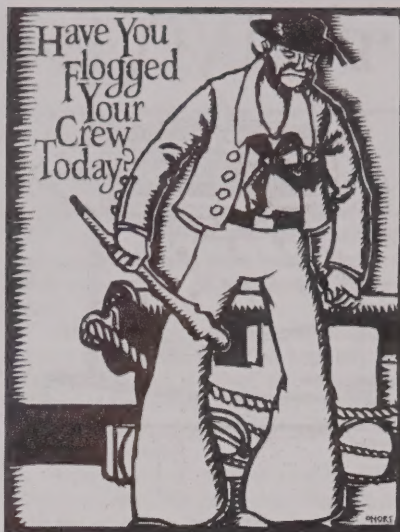
New Bedford, MA, (508) 991-4828, www.forterts.com.(7P)

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Building Forms, for strip planked Cosine Wherry, incl ladder frame. \$225. **Building Buck**, for 9' plywood skiff Martha's Tender, incl 3 issues of *WoodenBoat* outlining building procedure. \$125. Can coordinate delivery southward.

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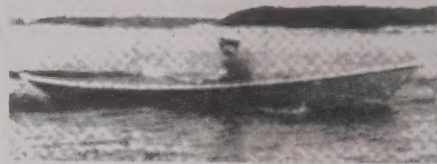
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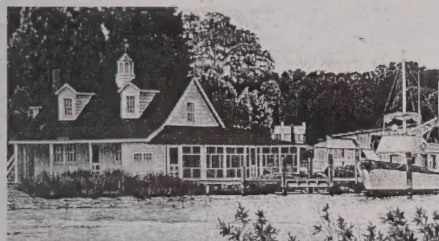
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

Boating Magazines: *Rusty Rudder/Rudder*, winter '90 to present, 43 issues. \$50. *Brass Bell*, winter '89 to present, 41 issues. \$50. *WoodenBoat* #52. \$6. *WoodenBoat* #136 to present. \$30. *Boat Design Quarterly* #8. \$8. *Yachting* '29 Feb, Mar, Apr, Jul, Aug, Sep, & Oct '30. \$12 ea. *Antique & Classic* Vol 1, issues #1, #5, #6. \$12. All prices plus shipping.

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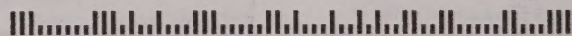
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