

Special Features This Issue
"Lee's Mills Steamboat Meet"
"Opera House Cup Follies" - "A Foolish Thing"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 1

May 15, 2003

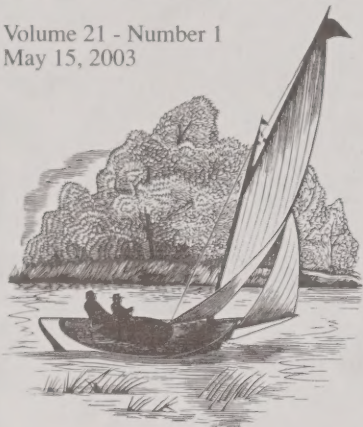


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29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 21 - Number 1
May 15, 2003



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

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

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

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

Looking Ahead...

Hugh Hagan's on the Chesapeake again in "Birds a Walking;" Sam Chapin experiences when "An Old Man Steps Back into an Old Boat;" Jon Weems tells us about "Sailing Jaws;" Jim Wilson recalls "My First Solitary Cruise;" Robert Tabb reveals his "Prequel to Kokopelli;" Hugh Ware is back with his monthly "Beyond the Horizon" look at the big ship world; 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 Atlantic Challenge Foundation has a progress report on "Our Alt Ed Canoe Project."

Doug Martin has designed a new recreational rowing shell and I tell you about it in "The All New Echo Rowing Shell;" Germaine Connolly has a look at a "Pedal Powered Bike Boat;" Phil Bolger & Friends bring us Part 3 of "An Introduction to Yonder;" and Australian designer Jeff Gilbert begins a new design series, "Dreamboats," with "Laws & Rules & Other Bull."

Duncan Wright espouses oil, tar and salt in his discussion of "Preserving Wooden Boats;" Robb White has a brush with the Terrorist Troops in "Pipe Bomb;" and Bill Zeitler tells us "How to Build a Nice Boat Ramp."

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Jim Thayer long ago found a market for some of his fiberglass boat hulls amongst the steamboat fraternity and so he travelled all the way from Colorado to New Hampshire last fall to take in the long running steamboat meet at Lee's Mills on New Hampshire's Lake Winnepesaukee. We once attended this meet back in 1985, and from Jim's report it seems that not much has changed. Steam powered boating is as much of an anachronism as rowing a dory or paddling a canoe, and like those ways of messing about in boats it endures for its true believers.

Recreational steamboating is different from the human powered old ways, though. It is not so much boating as it is steaming. The steam enthusiast is wrapped up in the arcane exercises involved in external combustion power, it's the engine and all its accouterments which holds his attention, the boat is something into which to fit the engine to give it something to do. Jim points this out in his Lee's Mills report, mentioning how most of the steamboaters dropped their engines into any old hulls that came to hand. Some eventually began to appreciate the benefits of good hydrodynamic hull design for ease of motion from low power.

I have sometimes hovered on the fringe of being drawn into this game, as the technology permits one with some machinist ability and tools to build one's own engine, boiler, and all the plumbing. The wonderful way that steam power acts upon whatever it is hooked up to is undeniably attractive, quiet chuffing along at a few hundred rpm max, slowly turning a big prop (or even sidewheels) thrusting the boat through the water at hull speed without the attendant irritation from the internal combustion engine's whine, roar, buzz, whatever.

I spent 8 years in a machine shop in my youth and still enjoy making up my own stuff for my bicycles, motorcycles, and even tools we use around the place. It would be real easy

to slip into the steam world. But, time does not permit.

Steam was the first power available for boats and got its start on inland rivers where sail was not effective within the constraints of the twisting and turning of the typical river. Once the steam engines got small enough they appeared in recreational small boating, the classic steam launches of the turn of the 20th century. One obstacle at the time was that one had to have an operator's license to operate a steamboat regardless of size. Those wealthy enough to own and enjoy steam launches hired professionals to run them. A gambit to avoid this was the innovation of the naphtha launch, no license required for this obscure power source, but it didn't endure.

While today many of us are attracted to the charms of rowing and paddling, imagine how eagerly recreational small boaters moved to steam as soon as they could to get away from the chores of rowing or paddling. Yes, paddling, there were steam powered canoes as well as launches. Then when the internal combustion engine arrived, it swept away the steam technology. Even the task of hand starting early gasoline engines was far quicker off the mark for a day on the water than building up a head of steam in the boiler.

Today's steamers are enamored of all that get-ready stuff, they are in no hurry, and when all is ready and the appropriate valves are opened, the chuffing commences, along with the sewing machine clicking of the myriad of external valves, rods and so on, and the boat moves out in a sedate and unhurried way for a sojourn down the lake. While passengers sit comfortably under the awning, keeping their legs out of the spray of droplets often thrown off by the machinery, the true steamboater bends to his gauges and valves, carefully tending his faithful machine as it goes about its job. And when he reaches for the lanyard and sounds the whistle, all is well in his world.

On the Cover...

Steamboating returns to our pages in this issue after quite along time away with Jim Thayer's feature report on the annual gathering at Lee's Mills on New Hampshire's Lake Winnepesaukee.

Why Build a Traditional Boat?

I've been amused by the debate on plywood as a building material but haven't been inspired to write until reading "Norm's Notes" in the February 15 issue. He seems to feel that we need to look for an "Alternative Boatbuilding Method". Alternative to what? To traditional wooden construction. He proposes fiberglass. I guess those fleets of wooden boats filling up our marinas and harbors and all those plank on frame Whitehalls, wherries and guideboats coming out of workshops and garages all across America are standing in the way of progress. Where has Norm been since 1963?

He seems offended by the tiny handful of dedicated souls in Camden and Mystic who continue, against all odds, to keep the beauty and tradition of wooden boat building alive. Even as brilliant a designer as L Francis Herreshoff (referred to by Norm as a "smart ass") couldn't effect the change from a boatbuilding method dependent on craftsmanship to one more suitable to mass production.

To debate traditional wood vs. fiberglass or plywood construction is pointless. The old ways lost that one a long time ago. At the *Wooden Boat Show* in Mystic a few years back only a tiny handful of small craft were plank on frame. To some of us this may be "progress" but it is very sad indeed.

So why, when you can nail together a plywood boat, cover it with fiberglass or epoxy and be out on the water in a few week-ends, would you build a traditional boat? A few observations:

They're non-toxic: The fumes from epoxy, polyester resin, etc., are dangerous. Fresh sawn oak may smell odd to some but it won't hurt you.

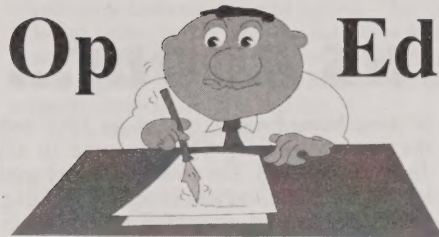
They require skill and patience: Skills are nice things to have. If you don't have them they're nice things to develop. Wooden boat building involves drawing, fine woodworking, tool sharpening, grasping spatial relationships, and most importantly, a quiet mind and patience.

They're durable and easy to repair: If I learned anything in my years at Mystic Seaport I learned that anything on a traditional wooden boat can be replaced or repaired. The more traditional the construction, the less glue, git rot, fiberglass patches, etc., the better.

They're easier: By easy I don't mean fast. To me, trimming a cedar plank with a hand plane is easier than grinding fiberglass tape. Maybe I should just say "more pleasant". One of the really nice things about wooden boats is the way they unfold. Nothing is critical, no hysteria. No panic because resin is about to set, no grief because the epoxy has permanently bonded the wrong parts. When you make a mistake just fit a new frame, plank, whatever. Easy.

They're beautiful: Naturally this is debatable. Tell you what. Beach a taped seam plywood rowboat next to a Rangely Lakes boat. Look.

These are just a few reasons. There are others. Find a copy of Pete Culler's *Old Ways Work Better*. It's a great read. All boats are enjoyable, no matter what they're made of. Let's allow those few anachronistic souls who love the grace and beauty of old boats to con-



tinue to create magic with a handful of copper or brass and some oak and cedar. It just may uplift all our spirits.

Dan Marcus

In Praise of PT Lumber

With your concurrence, thought I'd offer an alternative to the great plywood debate, brought on by Robb White. Keep in mind, folks, that he cuts his 1/8" planks using poplar heart wood, then encapsulates each plank with fiberglass and epoxy. All that messing around with epoxy could cook anyone's brain, kidneys, lungs and cause rashes and brass parts to fall off. Very dangerous stuff!

As I understand it, traditionalists suggest we ought to own boats made from a material that expands when moist, contracts when dry and therefore leaks frequently. Furthermore, each time it goes through that cycle it expands a little less, so after some years, it always leaks. Meanwhile all that movement destroys the fasteners and it must be refastened. Furthermore, eventually the material cracks, splits, or rots and must be replaced with more dimensionally unstable material which is very expensive!

All wood rots! Fiberglass delaminates, aluminum corrodes, metal rusts, etc. All correct except all wood doesn't rot. Pressure treated wood does not rot! Furthermore, kiln dried, pressure treated wood has half as much expansion and contraction as untreated wood. Used for frames, keels, etc. the pressure treated wood will be better suited to support planking with plywood.

Perhaps I'll stand accused of putting toxic stuff in our waterways. False! There are millions of piers, docks, floats, power lines posts and towers, seawalls etc. and not one fish kill. Look under any marina docking system, schools of small fish prefer the environment. I thought I was being clever when I swept up all the pressure treated sawdust under my table saw and heaped it against the outer walls of my workshop. Surely that would stop the spiders, ants, slugs, termites, etc. False; it didn't stop any crawly things. I've even got anthills in the sawdust. I understand that there is just enough "stuff", including arsenic, to keep out microscopic wiggles like fungus, mold and bacteria.

Now, all wood will weather; so it must be protected from sun, rain, (acid?) etc. so seal it and paint it. Nuts to that epoxy stuff; it's really bad stuff. Try this: Take polyurethane glue (Pro Bond from Home Depot), cut it with mineral spirits and slap it on. Then a couple of coats of Sherwin Williams Duration latex house paint. Of course, the old prudential rule about wooden boats is still germane, "keep it dry and in the shade".

Just a couple more points. If you use pressure treated wood, the only glue to use is

resorcinol for stationary joints such as laminating frames. For the planking, I use 5200 and stainless steel screws through lapstraked plywood into the stringers (ribbands). If you insist on using epoxy, be sure to mix in a delaying agent so the epoxy has time to soak into the glue line.

Finally, all sawdust is bad for the lungs, particularly western cedar!

Finn Wilster, Piney Flats, TN

The Purpose of Rowing (continued)

Ed McCabe's "Op Ed" in the March 15 issue equated fixed seat rowing with sliding seat rowing. That's like, well, equating sit down sailing with windsurfing! His article was in response to my letter in the December 1 issue, in which I had said, *inter alia*, that my opinion was that usually the primary reason we were out on the water was exercise. McCabe's piece was entitled, "Rowing is Much, Much More Than Just Exercise." Of course it is, but for those like me, who get out on the water several times a week, exercise is the main object.

At the same time, while getting in our exercise with our sliding seat boat, we find the rowing more pleasurable. Concentrating on getting in maximum leg drive on each stroke, it is very satisfying to feel the boat shoot ahead. During the relatively longer recovery phase, shooting my hands out, then sliding the seat aft for the next stroke, I savor the speed. You don't have this with a fixed seat. It's one quick, short stroke after another. Furthermore, since apparently there is so little technique involved, it can get pretty boring on a day to day basis. I would particularly miss that old leg drive.

If it's sight-seeing in which you are interested, you are moving along a lot faster with the sliding seat, going farther and seeing more in the same time frame. And if your rowing is in frequently choppy waters, you can get open water shells designed for that. I have surfed my Alden Ocean Shell down the face of Atlantic ocean waves a number of times over the years. That's fun every so often, but actually I found it more satisfying to rack up the old daily miles on my Little River Olympus racer on calmer inside waters.

My last competitive rowing was as bow in a Kent School (Connecticut) eight in the Thames Cup final at the Henley Regatta in England in June, 1939, losing to Tabor Academy from Massachusetts. It wasn't until 1979 that I again took up rowing, single sculling when I moved to Amelia Island, a barrier island in northeast Florida.

McCabe reported that his first nine rowing years were with sliding seats. He apparently then retrogressed to a fixed seat. There was the World War I song, "How you gonna keep them down on the farm after they've seen Paree?" McCabe apparently prefers it down on the fixed seat farm.

Granted that fixed seat rowing has its place in workboats (the Grand Banks dory, for example) and in boats designed for some specific purpose (like the Adirondack guide boat), but once you've tried each one out, that's it. For sheer joie de rowing, and for exercise, give me a sliding seat, plus a craft and the skulls that go with it.

Bob Awtrey, Fernandina Beach, FL

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Connecticut Classes Offered

The Wooden Boat Workshop of Norwalk, Connecticut is offering the following courses this summer:

Weekend Courses: Building a Stitch & Glue Kayak, June 12-21 (two three day weekends).

Four Week Morning Program: Yankee Tender 12 Foot, May 13-June 5.

Two Week Marine Youth Program: June 9-June 27 (1st Session), June 30-July 18 (2nd Session), July 21-August 8 (3rd Session).

To register, call (203) 831-0426 or go to www.woodenboatworkshop.com.

The Wooden Boat Workshop of Norwalk, S. Norwalk, CT,

Adventures & Experiences...

Born to Plank on Frame Skiffs

In the April 1st issue Tim Weaver, in his review of *Mystic Seaport Watercraft*, says that if one were born after 1950 they probably had not spent time with plank on frame wooden skiffs. I was born in 1950 and when I went fishing with my Dad in the early 1960s on the lakes around Shreveport Louisiana, that was the only kind of boat we used. His favorite fish camp on Caddo Lake rented wooden skiffs. They were flat bottomed with just a little rocker. The sides were usually one plank of cypress and the bottom was cross planked with cypress or pine. A few of the boats had plywood bottoms. They had removable wooden grates between the frames to keep water off your shoes (or bare feet). They were all painted with a heavy dark green enamel paint.

When we moved to South Alabama in 1965 we found identical boats. My grandfather had one, as did almost every other local fisherman. There are two small lakes here created when the power company dammed the river in the 1930s. There was almost no building on the lake shore then as the power company owned most of the shoreline. My grandmother lived within sight of one of the lakes and I spent a lot of time there.

In those days most of the locals left their boats in the water or pulled up on the shore. When they finished fishing they would run up on the bank and tie up to a tree. They would take the outboard if they had one and leave everything else in the boat. Everybody on the lake knew who owned each boat and most boat owners did not care if we used their boats to fish or explore as long as we put them back the way we found them. We knew the two or three boats not to use. Since most of the boats were left with everything but a motor, if we wanted to fish all we had to do was dig bait. I spent many a weekend fishing and exploring on a borrowed boat.

They were heavy boats and seemed to weigh a ton but we did not mind then. Even though the boats were built locally they were identical to the boats my dad rented in Louisiana. The last time that I saw a new one

of these boats for sale was about 1966 and the price was \$60. They seemed to all disappear by 1968. The power company sold lots on the shoreline and everyone building on the lake wanted something a little fancier in the water behind their lake house.

I rarely go out on the lake now as the entire shoreline is built up and on weekends the lake is filled with 200hp bass boats and jet skis are everywhere. I don't think the people know what they are missing as they zoom around the lake. Rowing one of those old wooden boats just before dawn on an empty lake when it is so quiet you can here a screen door slam a mile away is a memory that I would not trade for anything.

I still like it quite and slow. I have two day sailers and do not own a motor for either. Love MAIB. I hope you can keep it going for many more years.

Bill Vines, Andalusia, AL

Superloquacious Robb

A reader recently described Robb White as "superloquacious Robb White". Indeed! Robb White is a silver tongued devil. I'll tell you of my experience with this man.

Some years ago I had a brilliant idea for a business. The product of this business was in almost universal demand. While developing my business plan and doing related research I determined that there was not a single competitor in New England. After a string of miserable business failures, I'd finally hit upon the ideal conditions, lots of demand and no competitors.

Robb White then entered the picture, talking up a storm and selling the very product I'd intended to offer on a rental and leasing basis. My potato rental business was destroyed before it got out of the ground. It was Robb White who done it!

Paul Schwartz, Beverly, MA

Designs...

Praise for Pedal Boating

I bought a boat this fall that might interest readers. I gave up sailing small boats some years back for several reasons, the main one being my body's loud complaints at the end of the day about the lack of activity: Too much sitting. Additional reasons were the flukey winds and short sailing season on Lake Champlain in Vermont. I loved the lake, but had to admit that sailing was not the best way for me to be on it.

For a few years, I dropped the question of what kind of boat might get me back on the water, but this fall the lake began to call me and I started looking. What I found was a delightful surprise.

There is a new generation of small boats powered by pedals attached to high efficiency propellers. This drive system has been adapted to many uses from canoe auxiliaries to canal barges. The variety is fascinating to anyone interested in the outer reaches of human inventiveness. Among the racing set, there is a current speed goal of 20 knots for a pedal powered boat and I suspect some of the sleek hydrofoil models will pass it soon.

Speed wasn't my dream, however. I wanted a boat I could take out on Lake Champlain in weather from dead calm to 20 knot winds, a boat that would be stable in the waves that often build on the lake even in a moderate wind, a boat that would give my body a chance to participate in the experience more fully, and a boat that would be fun to use in at least two of our seasons. The Escapade did it all and then some.

I liked the boat the first time I saw its picture on the web. I found out later the hull was designed by Gary Hoyt, which helps explain its pretty lines. It also explains the boat's performance when the wind rises. At 12' long, with a 20" draft, 100lbs of ballast, and overall weight of 325lbs, this is no canoe. It actually seems to like the waves. And I certainly enjoy riding them in it.

The Escapade is no barge in the speed department, either. I find it easy to cruise all day near hull speed, which is more than I could do most of the time I was sailing. Distance made good is much better too, since I don't have to tack. I've made a few trips on routes I sailed in my Gloucester 16 and was surprised to arrive at the lunch cove early every time. Needless to say, my body loves the boat. I pedal for five or six hours at a time. In the interest of honesty, I have to say this is not as impressive as it might sound: Water hasn't the resistance a Vermont hill offers a bicycle, so the pedaling doesn't require much torque. Nevertheless, it's a great workout, and when I want to move more blood, I just raise the rpms and push the bow wave a little.

The final bonus is that the Escapade turns out to be a three season boat. Actually, it might be a four season boat, but the launch ramps were starting to ice over on November 20th when I finally gave it up for the winter. However, I didn't stop because I was cold. The boat's windshield wraps around and over the cockpit in such a way that it gets warm quickly with no wind and lots of calories burning on the pedals. I've got Burlington friends watching the lake for me, give me an open channel in the ice and a thawed launch ramp and I'm out there!

The Escapade is made by Nauticraft in Muskegon, Michigan. They are some of the nicest people I've ever met. My trip out there to pick up the boat was the beginning of a great new relationship to messing about on the water.

Steve Hinds, The Yankee Pedaler, Montpelier, VT

Editor Comments: We did a comprehensive report on the Escapade in our July 1, 2000 issue.

Information of Interest...

Online Rowing Database & Software

The Rower's Almanac, Inc. has launched an online search engine that allows users to look up rowing clubs around the world, find contacts, directions, rower friendly restaurants, hotels and other useful information. Prospective college students can do a quick search for schools that offer scholarships to men, women or both.

The corresponding software product, The Rower's Almanac Database, is a sophisticated software tool designed to enhance business development, fundraising, and communication by simply providing up

to date information for rowing organizations, businesses, coaches, and regatta organizers. Included in the software are powerful reporting tools that allow the user to select and export specific data into MS Excel for use in direct mail marketing and mass email marketing.

The online search engine is free to the public and can be found at www.rowersalmanac.com. The database product is regularly priced at \$395 with a discount given to schools and universities. To learn more about it, visit the website and click on the link, "dbase".

Karen Solem, The Rower's Almanac, Inc. 9902 Parkwood Dr., Bethesda, MD 20814, (301) 520 8066, <karen@rowersalmanac.com>

Projects...

Building The Skerry

I have been looking for a small sailboat ever since I moved to Oregon and sold the old one in Massachusetts. Very few used boats show up around here, and none that I wanted. When I saw Chesapeake Light Craft's new 15' boat kit called Skerry, it looked like just what I want, and I bought it.

The kit arrived, and I began to work. I find the materials in the kit to be of good quality. The instruction book is very thorough, although it is hard to describe such a complex process, and I have had to puzzle out some of the steps. After two months of work and about 85 hours, I would guess it is about 80% finished. Of course, it didn't have to take two months to get this far, but each step is followed by 24 hours to let the epoxy cure, so no one could build it in two weeks even if willing to work that hard. She is a pretty boat, and it will be great fun to finally get her in the water!

Now for some warnings for anyone thinking of building Skerry. The ads from CLC suggest that this can be done by a first time builder. Well, I have my doubts. I had previously built a CLC kayak kit. I have also owned two wooden boats and spent a lot of time working on them and other peoples' boats. I am 70 years old, and I have worked with tools all my life on various projects. I know what a real boat builder such as Robb White can do and I am not in that class.

There are steps in assembling this kit that I found hard. Cutting the "gains" where the lapstrake planks come together at the bow and stern took a lot of careful work with plane and chisel. Although the parts are pre-cut, there are several places where I had to spend a lot of time trimming and shaping to get a good fit. Doing a good job of covering the wood with fiberglass and epoxy has been difficult, and I'm still not really happy with the result. A huge amount of sanding has been needed, and much more to go. When I get this kit done, I could turn around and build another in two thirds the time and do a better job of it. The learning curve is pretty steep! And who can afford to practice on a \$1,000 kit in order to build a really great one?

All of this is to say, "Go for it if you love a challenge, but be warned that the challenge is pretty big." When the Skerry is finished, and I have rowed and sailed her awhile, I'll write a follow-up report on how the boat performs. It is supposed to be

excellent at both rowing and sailing. That is a design problem, because the hull form that makes a great rowboat is different from what makes a great sailboat. I think Skerry will be a good compromise. We will see.

Jim Martin, Ashland, OR

This Magazine...

No Other Would Dare

No other magazine would dare to put a very pretty Culler launch going backwards on a cover, and in the next issue a Ford roadster towing a trailer with a Herreshoff runabout. You did and they are great. Thanks for another great year of *MAIB*, lots of neat stuff.

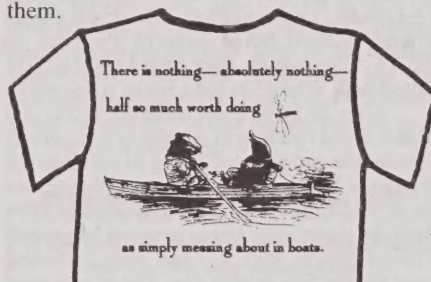
Myron Young, Laurel, NY

More on Outboards & Inboards

Please consider doing a bit less on, and about, sail boats and rather a bit more on small outboards and inboards. I would like to see a good article and photos of redoing either fiberglass or aluminum small boat about 14'-16' with an installation of a small used gasoline engine from an old lawnmower. Where does one find all the parts? The shaft, the transmission, the shaft supports beneath the hull, and so on.

Dr. James Munson, Scottsdale, AZ.

Editor Comments: How much we "do" on any one aspect of messing about in boats is entirely dependent on what we receive to publish. So, if anyone has articles such as Dr. Munson suggests, we'll be pleased to receive them.



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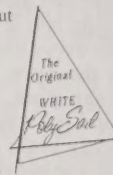
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The *Versacat* has a totally flat, 7' wide, 10' long deck and is extremely stable. It may be set up for: Coaching; Fishing; Diving; Touring; or Patrolling and serves equally well as a Race Committee Boat; Work Boat; Ferry Boat; and Rescue Boat. Electric or 8 hp to 15 hp gas motors are optional with spacious below deck storage for gas tanks, batteries and gear. Optional accessories include: bimini top; "T" top, side curtains; leaning post, hand rails, and many seating options.

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The *Versacat* weighs under 350 lbs without a motor and takes up very little space at a dock and stores easily in a garage. It turns sharply allowing safe load transfers to and from other boats; The 30" wide hard chined hulls plane quickly, & create very little wake.

Designer: Don Rypinski
US & Foreign
Patents Pending
www.versacat.com



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Here's a true story of the iron men and wooden ships of the north Pacific in the years 1910-1950. After reading this, one knows better why they were called "iron men." Most of the three-masted schooners were built of Douglas fir in Humboldt Bay, California (near Eureka) in the late 1800s for the timber trade down the coast to carry lumber from the northwest ports of Seattle, Aberdeen, Portland, Astoria, etc. to San Francisco, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. Many excellent photos of the picturesque ships at sea, dories, and men are included.

The author's father, J. E. Shields, a Canadian, got a start as a sales representative for a California salt company, providing salt from California to the fishing boats of Puget Sound. He then took over that business and later bought several lumber schooners and converted them for cod fishing around Unalaska Island, Alaska, subsequently also in the Bering sea.

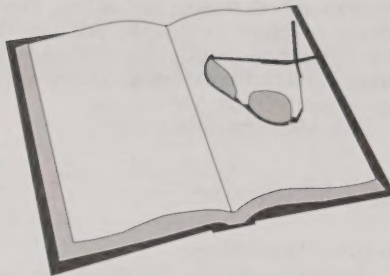
This is a hazardous and difficult area to fish in the best of boats, foggy, rainy, snowy, and often stormy, but based on a wooden schooner mother ship with no engine or electricity and launching out in 15' one man dories every day to catch cod on two hand lines in the open ocean, weather permitting, is rough work. The dorymen always went upwind from the schooner at anchor so they'd have a better chance of returning. They made a living but suffered mightily. The great contrast with our comfortable modern life helps one realize the heroic days of yore at sea.

The log kept by Captain John Grotle of his 1911 trip on the SS *John A* is at the end of the book, and it tells of a year of especially nasty weather. They left Seattle on 4/20/1911, with a tow from the tug *Mystic* to Point Wilson at the entrance to the Strait of Juan De Fuca. It took three days to sail the Strait to Cape Flattery, the exit to the Pacific Ocean.

From there, they sailed a course of W by S, when possible, often in cold, rainy, snowy headwinds for 20 days and 2000 miles to get to the fishing banks off Alaska. (Yes it surprised me too that the course was W by S, to go north to Alaska. But this is a magnetic course and the compass variation is 22 degrees east, so it checks; i.e., W by S Magnetic, is W by N True). Much of the time in headwinds the best they could manage was six points off the wind; i.e., 67 degrees off.

This was ocean crossing at an average of 4.1 knots. Off the shores of Alaska near the fishing banks off Iktatan Bay they found some shelter, precious little, anchored, and waited for the storms to blow over to launch the dories and get some fishing done. They waited with a 10/1 scope on the anchor rode, two 2,000 pound anchors holding, to withstand the ocean's wrath. This is a real test of anchoring, off SW Alaska with the whole of the ocean coming at them. The schooner at anchor was sometimes rolling her rails under with the seas coming aboard threatening to wreck everything on deck.

But they survived, got their 15 dories launched, usually at 4:30AM, back in for dinner at 11:00AM, unloaded, off again and returned at 5:00PM with enough fine cod to make it pay. On 6/12/11 two men deserted in one dory. On 7/2/11 one fisherman and his dory were lost at sea. Another man died during the stormy summer, but the rest of the dory men continued on, working into August when the fall storms start to arrive.



Book Review

Salt Of The Sea The Pacific Coast Cod Fishery and the Last Days of Sail

By Captain Ed Shields
2001, Pacific Heritage Press, 236 pages,
\$39.95

Reviewed by Jeff Douthwaite
Skipper of *Luard*, Seattle, WA.

On 8/17/11 they departed with a full hold for another 18 days of hard sailing to get back to Cape Flattery, two more days to Port Townsend, and finally a tow down Puget Sound to their home base of Poulsbo on 9/6/11, after which they unloaded 162,931 salted cod. Whew! What a lot of hard work.

After 20 long, cold, miserable days and nights at sea heading to Alaska, it seems only reasonable and humane to me to pull into the village of Dutch Harbor for some respite, but no. Shields never mentions the idea. The thought seemingly never crossed his mind. The schooners were stocked with sufficient food for the five-month trip. The men signed on to work and it was all work. But they did manage a day off, on 6/19/11, working ashore to refill their water barrels with fresh water from a stream at East Anchor Cove on Unimak Island.

The author does relate at length, however, the yearly struggles the captains had in Seattle, finding and getting their crews aboard in whatever condition. Many sailors were habitually drunk and others were in jail under the influence of "white lightning," which probably explains why no stops at any ports or towns were made en route, none due to the high probability of losing all or part of their crew. Also, without a tug boat handy, getting in and out of a harbor was problematical. Sometimes after they made it into a protected harbor they were stuck there for days, unable to sail out because of unfavorable winds and/or tidal currents.

The year 1932 saw the beginnings of radio communication on the schooners, first by Morse code and later by voice. This allowed them to occasionally call the USCG for emergency medical help. Then gasoline engines arrived on the wooden schooners' decks. The 12hp engine was used for the winch to hoist sails, anchors, and dories. Gas

engine powered dories were used, too, and sometimes during calms the dories would be lashed alongside to tow the schooner. Engines were coming on and when they began to compete with the sailing ships the schooners, alas, were done for and scrapped mostly.

One that remains, fortunately, is the *Wawona*, 156' x 36' x 12' draft, in Lake Union, Seattle, as a national historic site. Another is the *C.A. Thayer* in San Francisco. The rugged and inspiring way of life of the deep water sailor is over, alas. Maybe when we run out of oil the beautiful sails will return. Let's hope so, for it challenges men wonderfully. Remembering and marveling at the abilities and virtues of men living and working in great hardship conditions is energizing and inspiring. One's present day troubles pale to nothing in comparison. One hopes that some of their courage and grit may be transferred from their old log books to the modern reader.

Captain Ed Shields, who holds a master's degree in civil engineering, writes in typical engineering understatement. One surprise is that he indicates it's easy to find one's longitude from a sun shot and, with this, to correct the ship's chronometer. I remember reading in Raban's *Passage to Juneau* of the difficulty Captain Vancouver had calculating his longitude in nearby NW Pacific waters. It was a continual problem he and his officers could not solve and his charts were in error by some 50 miles longitude. But the men of 1911 did at least know where Seattle was, so they had a much better chance to locate themselves.

Shields even suggests it is easy to be Captain! "In the spring of 1933 Father decided he would go to the codfish grounds as captain of the *Sophie Christenson*, though he had never previously held any position in a sailing vessel crew. This eliminated the cost of an outside captain. Father had a cracker-jack crew and came home with a record cargo of 455,000 fish." Note the huge understatement there? I suspect the author has omitted much interesting material about the many problems encountered by his father cum captain on this trip. He acknowledges his father was a hard driving, intensely competitive man, but to become Captain by his own fiat, and make it work, strains credulity.

The *Sophie* and the *Thayer* were the only ships with wheelhouses to protect the helmsmen and officers on duty from the weather. On all the rest of the fleet the men at the wheel stood out in the weather all the time. One wonders why. Better visibility and control maybe, but what a price to pay! I remember arguing this point with the men at the tiller on the replica of the brig *Lady Washington* in March 2000 when I made a trip from Washington to California while we shivered out there on deck in the cold wind at night. They insisted, "Tradition requires it!"

But I shouted that they used GPS, radar, diesel engine, VHF, fathometer, etc., which also violated all tradition. "Why not at least have a heater up here on deck from that diesel engine?" I pleaded. I don't remember their answer but I think it included the word, "sissy." I also noted Captain Grotle used the word "miserable" many times in his log book. No wonder! Yes they suffered, but yes they succeeded too, and I'll bet many moderns would gladly sign on should the opportunity arise. But we probably would insist on a wheelhouse and a heater!

Dawn broke in a filmy tatter of low clouds, giving way to an uneven fog along the horizon, but other wise clear and mild in the high forties. It was still dark when I spotted the running lights of a small armada heading out from the vicinity of the Ipswich River delta. They may have launched from the beach on Little Neck. They were now heaving along on a truculent ground swell.

As the sun spread light, still below the edge of Cape Ann's isthmus, it became evident that this was a group of very determined hunters. Dedicated souls who were prepared to rise in the predawn cold and engage in a physically demanding sport. Like earlier craft out on the sound, these were wrapped in a camouflage topping. Riding so low in the water it's not possible to identify what sort of boat is swathed in the splotchy goose shit green material. My earliest impression was that they were of the inflatable family. The bows rose and hung above the swells rather than busting and bouncing like a metal or glass boat might have.

They anchored in place after leaving one partner on shore with a pair of German Shorthaired Pointers. As the light became brighter there was a lot of frenzied activity below decks and a resulting spill of materials overboard. Before any groggy geese were up and flying the stuff tossed over the side started to spread out in a line. It is amazing that real birds can be fooled by these plastic replicas, for that is what the three groups of flotsam turned out to be. Decoys, cleverly dispersed into a few groups of geese randomly set in a gaggle, and others set in a line facing up stream.

Today's vacuum molded technology makes a goose decoy look as realistic as the live one sitting next to it, so perhaps the geese shouldn't be ridiculed for not knowing that this is a mess of overly sophisticated bathtub toys, set out to lull them into a feeling of security. An old man explained to me as a child that he carved decoys to be representative to the ducks flying overhead. That it wasn't to lure the ducks into join the decoys on the pond as much as to provide a scene of tranquility, and pique both the curiosity and feeding greed of migrating waterfowl. He said he'd shot as many geese over duck decoys as he had goose decoys.

If you are interested in wood carving find a decoy show to visit, or a gallery that is exhibiting old decoys. The older ones tend to be a lot simpler. What has survived tends to be from the thousands of rough and ready ones made for the turn of the century market hunters. In the Chesapeake area, as well as here, the hunters would go out and kill thousands of waterfowl, some for food but a lot just for the feathers to adorn ladies hats and fashions. This was well before anyone had the concept of conservation in mind.

We as a species ruled the earth and had dominion over the birds of the sky and fish in the sea. No one questioned the right or wrong of killing a snowy egret just for a fistful of feathers, leaving it's partially plucked carcass under the nest of cooling eggs in the tree above. James Audubon captured our wild birds on paper and inspired a movement that is today a world leader in assuring there will be ducks and geese for future generations of men to duel wits with in the early winter mornings.



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

It would seem that the man and dogs was not part of the boating contingent as they are nowhere to be seen and a Shorthaired Pointer is an upland bird dog. I was confused to acquaint the two groups as one unit. Obviously a coincidence of hunters' paths crossing in the predawn hours.

Many of the decoys are now retrieved, perhaps a dozen shots have been discharged but no birds seem to have succumbed this morning. It's not as simple as it looks. I'm beginning to feel that if they bag a goose or two, they've actually earned it. I am not anti-hunting, just not willing to sit in a cold boat myself and wait for a flight of fast moving birds to draw my frosted fingers into action on a cold and heavy gun. I prefer to raise my own geese. The family has stories of finding goose down three years later in the upstairs linen closet from the time I did the wet plucking and rough dressing of our Christmas goose in the tub. I'll buy my next goose from the market thank you.

It's warming up outside, at eight-forty-five, the maple on the lawn is steaming like a kettle on the stove as the sun warms the overnight frosted bark. Out on the water the hunters are hunkered down, leaving only a few decoys deployed around their canvas and netting islands. The tide is receding, exposing the mussel beds, opening the gulls snack bar for a few hours. Moderate combers are rolling off the sandbars, a rising smudge of fog obscures the far headlands of Halibut Point, and it draws near time to leave for the day job.

Again the report of guns, and as I watch, the lead boat disengages from the other to pursue whatever they have shot. No dogs in the water for this bunch, they do their own retrieving. As they power up stream, I'm scanning for a fallen bird, all I see is a bit of white. A second round fired underway by the hunter in the bows. The shot rips a line in the water's surface. The white disappears, only to bob back to the surface. Pulling alongside the helmsman reaches down and plucks the goose or large duck up and deposits it in the center of the boat. Having formed up as a pair of ersatz islands the boats and their occupants settle down to wait once more.

The Sound is as thinly populated by birds as my various feeders are overpopulated. The visitors to the suet and sunflower hearts wouldn't make a mouthful for a hungry cat let alone human consumption. No wonder the French overthrew a royalty that dined on lark's tongues. Well, enough musing on the activities of the hunters and hunted. In the next few weeks I'll be watching for a new predator to arrive on it's seasonal travels. Seals come to winter in our warmer bays and haul out on the rocks of the day beacon like a Disney directed nature film. The antics and opportunity for anthropomorphizing are endless.

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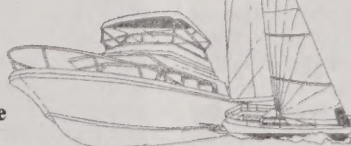
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Some of the steamboats at Lee's Mills.

Lee's Mills Steamboat Meet

By JimThayer

The story of my attendance at the Lee's Mills Steamboat event on New Hampshire's Lake Winnepesaukee is a bit involved, but not that remarkable for someone enmeshed in the boat building game.

Carl Kreigeskotte, who has built two steamboats on my hulls, got the itch for a longer one and got on the phone. He's a persuasive fellow and a check for a cool K pretty much clinched the deal, although technically, I was entitled to hold out for three deposits. Stan Garfield came onboard and I was assured that another check was in the mail. With that I reached for the Sawzall.

The Novia project being fresh in my mind (that story will be told in due course when I get my emotions under control), I determined to go at this Western Lady project using the latest thinking. I therefore glassed two longitudinal 2"x4"s into the bottom of the hull before cutting. Once the 3' gap appeared, two new 2"x4"s could be fitted alongside the originals to give strength and perfect alignment. It worked pretty well. However, nothing is perfect or as easy as it looks, a reality continually driven home when building boats.

In addition to the 3' stretch, we needed more freeboard and a thicker skeg to take a bigger shaft. I often wondered if it wouldn't have been easier to loft the thing and start from scratch.

Anyway, time passed. Health problems commensurate with advancing geezerhood, aggravated by an inborn cautious and studied (some would say procrastinating) nature, resulted in slow progress. Stan, a Western Sloper as a kid, was in the neighborhood about the time the mold should have been finished. The plug had a way to go and he was clearly disappointed but still upbeat. I trotted out the idea that I could bring the hull east for the Lee's Mills affair. No problem.

Ever since being sucked into my first cruise by my girls, I have been getting E mails from *Princess*. A mid-September cruise to Bermuda from New York caught my eye. What better way to guarantee that I would get the hull done. As a deadline incentive it was certainly deductible. Also, breaking new ground with the IRS would be a service to boat builders everywhere. I called in my card number and resolved to get to work.

Well, it gets awfully hot here in the summer. By 10am I had to give it up until a peculiar, quickly constructed shade affair extended daily work until noon. Another worry was the neighbor's swamp coolers sucking in styrene fumes. That delicious "new boat" smell is not welcomed by everyone. I should have trucked the whole project to Collbran. No doubt you have guessed the outcome.

To try and salvage something I loaded a Mountain Girl hull for the trip east. Thus, we arrived one sunny morning at the gathering, where we ran into about forty steamboats, many with steam up and whistles hot.

Steamboaters are nothing it not hospitable and enthusiastic. There is no problem getting a ride. The essence of steamboating is watching the wheels go round while the rods and gizmos dance up and down accompanied by a gentle chuffing.

The little bugger demands some attention. The gauge must be kept at the right number by judicious addition of a stick or two in advance of the need. Some boats use oil or propane but wood is the romantic favorite. There is the odd coal boat but it is filthy stuff.

Most guys have built their own engines and they hover over them as one would a delicate child. A barely audible click is cause for concern. The hotwell must be monitored, the injectors checked, and if she's condensing, there's a vacuum gauge to watch.

It's a wonderful hobby for the technically minded as one can argue the fine points of several different kinds of boilers, water tube vs fire tube, simple vs. compound, and on to arcane stuff like cutoff points.

In the past, engines were dumped into all kinds of disgraceful old buckets, but as more proper fantail hulls have become available, the boats are more shipshape, prettier, but, some would say, less interesting. Carl, anxious to get on the water, put his new engine into an old transom sailboat hull, suggesting somewhat the *African Queen*.

I knew some of the boys as they had built boats from my hulls. Two other pros, Walter

Beckman from Rhode Island and Pat Spurlock of Elliot Bay, all the way from Seattle, were there pushing product. Carl had his new engine casting kit on display.

At one point we accosted a smiling blue eyed, bushy browed fellow who we took to be someone we wanted to talk to. It wasn't him but instead we had lucked into Ray Hasbrouck, well known engine builder. Wonder of wonders he was a dedicated *MAIB* reader and acquainted with our own exploits.

Ray has an aluminum canoe with an elegant little v twin. I marveled at it years ago in western New York when it was screw job. It is now a sidewheeler with the nicest sheet metal work you are likely to see.

The meet was enlivened by the appearance of a couple of Stanley Steamers. I've never been close to one running before. Wonderful outfits.

We took a long ride with Charlie Roth, founder of the North American Steamboat Association and, until recently, editor of *The Smokestack*, who once built out one of our Victoria hulls. Dean Merrill, who finished out one of our Mountain Girl hulls, gave us a long ride down the lake to a group lunch stop. We caught a ride back with the Legaces, a gracious couple on the imaginatively but aptly named *Iron Butterfly*.

Much to our enjoyment, we were squired around and put up at his lakeside villa by Stan Garfield, who is in line to be the most patient customer I've ever had. We also got to chat with Dave Thompson who, with his boys, organizes the whole thing.

In passing I might mention that Grand Mesa Boatworks LLC produce a line of fantail hulls, 16', 19', 22', suitable for steam, gas, or electric propulsion. The 16 would make the most elegant rowing boat available anywhere and the longer ones would create a "magazine cover plank on edge cutter". Dream a little, and reach for your checkbook.

I happen to have a video of this affair, about 40 minutes of good steamboat stuff. It's on the same tape with the 2002 Kokopelli and the Starvation Meet. You get two hours of varied messing about for 18 bucks. Send \$18, cash, check or money order to: Grand Mesa Boatworks LLC, Incredible Video Offer, 15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624.

Keep your steam up.



The hospitable *Iron Butterfly* people, the Legaces.



Carl's sailboat hull.



Rich Richardson's 16' Mallet's Bay which morphed into the 19' Mountain Girl, and now into the 22' Western Lady.

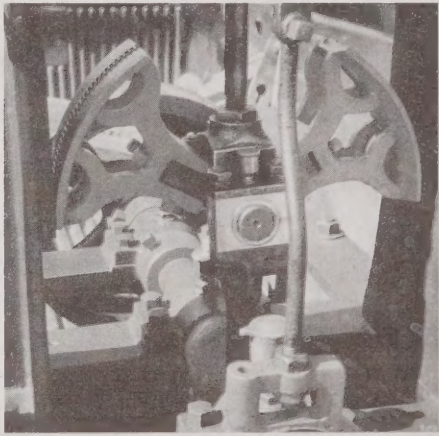
Mountain Girl hull finished out by Rappahanock Boat Works.



Stanley Steamer being preheated.

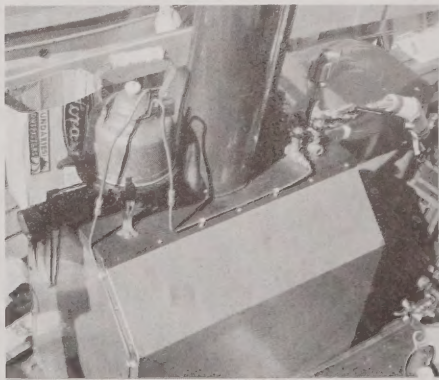


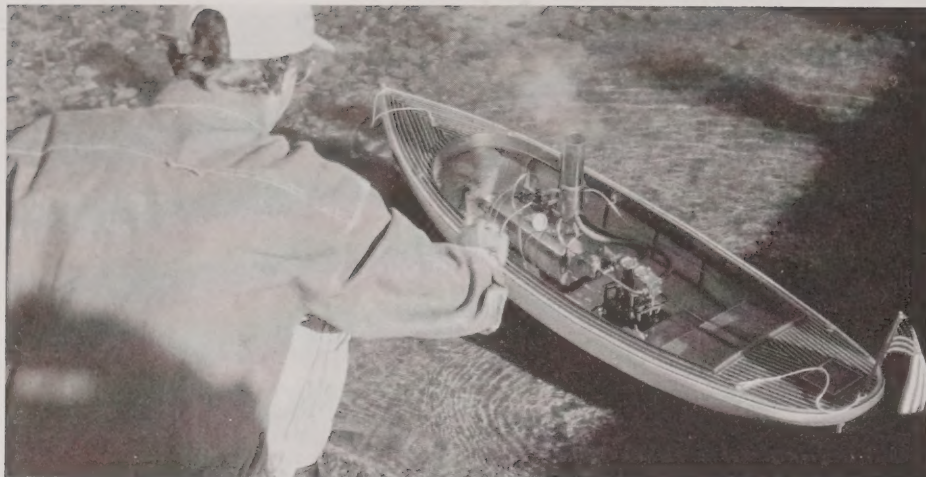
Ray Hasbrouck with super sanitary sidewheeler.



Steam engine with wierd crosshead rocking on rails.

Boiler fitted with teakettle.





Elegant RC steam model attracted a crowd.



Carl Kreigeskotte with finished engine and casting kit.

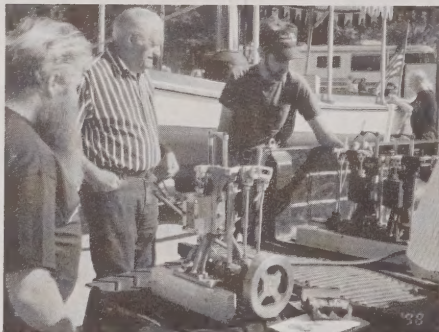


Lee's Mills organizer Dave Thompson and sons.



Steamboaters gabbing.

Salty pilot on Charlie Roth's boat.



Walter Beckman looking at engines.

Charlie Roth's big all weather boat.



Pat Spurlock with Elliot Bay T-shirt.



Damian McLaughlin wanted to race his 51 year old Sidney Herreshoff designed ketch, *Arion*, in the 2002 Opera House Cup and invited me to crew. The Opera House Cup is a race off Nantucket Island for classic wooden sailboats. *Arion* is fiberglass, but has the distinction of being the first large fiberglass sailing auxiliary ever built and at one time was the largest fiberglass boat in existence. Given her age and lineage Damian hoped she'd be allowed to compete. At the time of the race he'd been told that he'd at least be allowed to sail in the Feeder Race from Martha's Vineyard to Nantucket the day before the Opera House Cup race.

Now, *Arion* is an unusual boat. A 42' long double ended ketch with 8' beam and around 5' draft, she displaces 10,000lbs. She resembles a scaled up Rozinante, Francis Herreshoff's famous canoe yawl. *Arion* was known to be fast on a reach in light to moderate breezes. Damian had found her in a field and completely rebuilt her with bright spars and a new deck and relaunched her on her 50th birthday. Interior accommodations were a bit sparse, but *Arion* is about sailing, not kitchens and bathrooms.

Damian, Howie, Art and I got on board in Wood's Hole early the morning of the Feeder Race. There wasn't much wind so we motored a bit as well as sailed to get from Wood's Hole to Martha's Vineyard in time for the start. Arriving at the line just in time for the gun we found a couple of NY 30s and Buzzards Bay 25s, but no wind. Other boats, schooners and sloops were drifting around behind the line trying to find wind as well. At the gun we moved VERY slowly across the line. The first stage of the race was mainly a search for a breeze. The NY 30s seemed to have an advantage at first, but we slowly crept by them. Then little by little the wind freshened and we pulled away from the other boats. By the time we finished the 22 mile race we had a nice breeze and were 59 minutes ahead of the next boat. *Arion* is very fast, exceeding 7 knots in a light breeze.

After a victory sail around and through the moored boats in Nantucket harbor, we rafted alongside our mother ship for the event, the beautiful 90' schooner *Alabama*. One of

The Opera House Cup Follies

By Bill Rowe

Damian's customers was racing a Buzzards Bay 25 in the Cup and his father chartered *Alabama* for the weekend for friends and family. They had graciously invited us to tie up alongside them, which was great as the harbor was filled to capacity.

After dinner, being sailors on a Saturday night, we had to go ashore to sample the delights of Nantucket. This got us involved with Damian's latest creation, the *Chloe & Fiona*. He didn't want to tow a dinghy behind *Arion* and needed a tender that he could store on the after deck. So Damian designed and built a 14' double ended peapod with double bulkheads amidships. The peapod was then sawn in half between the bulkheads and equipped with fasteners to make her whole again. The bow section is *Chloe*, the stern, *Fiona*. Reassembling her on board is a tricky procedure involving laying the two ends athwartships in the cockpit supported by the oars, buckling and bolting the halves together, then carefully sliding the boat into the water.

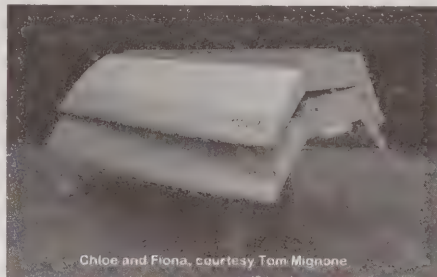
We had a large audience on board the schooner for our first attempt. It was successful and off we went to shore. Howie and Art had lived on Nantucket at various times so knew some of the locals and the best watering holes. It's always good to have someone along who can get you into a crowded club though the back door. We met their old friends and made some new ones over the course of the evening.

We weren't allowed to participate in the official race so decided to shadow the course. What a sight! There were five beautiful old 12 Meter America's Cup boats including *Gleam* and *Intrepid*, NY 30s, Buzzard Bay 25s, schooners such as *Brilliant*, and many other classics in the fleet. *Arion* was able to stay up with all of them except the 12-Meters. After the race was over we did our sail

through the moored boats again, looking for a place to tie up and swim while we waited for *Alabama* to return. This led to an unfortunate contact with the harbor bottom as *Arion* lacked a depth sounder. Lucky for us a friend of Damian's happened along in a powerboat so we soon were underway again after our swim.

That night we all attended the buffet, party and award ceremony on shore. It was clearly a moneyed crowd. The buffet was mundane, except for the smoked bluefish pate. *Arion* was recognized for finishing first in the Feeder Race, but collected no hardware, as she isn't made of wood. The most interesting part of the evening was the dancing. A small dance floor had been set up and a DJ was playing current selections early in the evening. The dance floor quickly filled up, mainly with young women dancing alone or with each other. Their gyrations were incredible; I hadn't seen such moves since the last bachelor party I attended. They appeared to smell the money and hoped to attract some. Unfortunately none of the money smell adhered to the four of us. So after the beer was exhausted we returned on board.

Sunday morning we needed coffee and were invited up on board *Alabama* for breakfast. I couldn't find a mug, so went below to the galley for one. There the cook asked me how I'd like my eggs; fried, scrambled or poached, with or without cheese, bacon, ham or sausage on a choice of bread. Five minutes later my order was delivered. While I ate I watched the paid crew clean up the breakfast dishes and swab the decks. Now that's the way to cruise! After breakfast we thanked our hosts on *Alabama* and had a leisurely sail back to Wood's Hole to end a most interesting weekend.



Chloe and Fiona, courtesy Tom Mignone



Alabama



Arion, courtesy Tom Mignone



Governor's Island Flotilla

Whitehall Gigs Take Back the Harbor

By Tori Gilbert

Photographs by Christopher J. Stephens &
Mary Nell Hawk

Reprinted from *East River Crew News*

On June 2, 2002, boats of all shapes and sizes gathered in New York Harbor to celebrate the bright future facing Governor's Island. Originally organized as an event to "reclaim" Governor's Island for the people of New York, the agenda was happily overtaken by events as the federal government announced its intention to return ownership of the island to New York State.

Working with the Metropolitan Waterfront Alliance, John Doswell of the Fireboat *John J. Harvey* assembled maritime vessels from the *Clearwater* to New York Waterways ferries to gigs and kayaks. Heavy winds made keeping a straight course a challenge, even for the larger boats, and the majestic spray of the fireboat reached even further than expected. The Whitehall gigs, including East River CREW's *St. David*, regrouped at the end of the day at North Cove, forming what was probably the largest gathering of Whitehall gigs in one place at the same time in decades, if not longer, boats from East River CREW, Weehawken, Floating the Apple's Pier 40 and Pier 84.

American Star Race

By Tori Gilbert

Photo by Doris Brosnan

Once again our New York harbor rowing year came to a dramatic finish with the American Star Race. The action photo illustrates that rowing in a fixed seat boats can be just as thrilling as the sliding seat shells that skim along the Charles and the Schuylkill.



On a chilly winter morning with a crowd of 100 strong, apprentices of the Apprenticeshop launched three small wooden boats into the chilly waters of Lermond Cove in the harbor at Rockland, Maine. A gunning dory, an Atlantic Challenge Foundation fleet boat, was put into the water early to try and break up some of the ice that clung to the shore line, but the pancake ice persisted.

The launch began with a welcoming speech by Atlantic Challenge Foundation's new Executive Director, Warren Kaericher, who thanked the crowd for coming to support the special event despite the cold temperature. With champagne and cheers from friends and supporters, apprentices John Grote, Travis Fuller, and Jessup Coffin launched a 14' Joel White Peapod. The three builders rowed around the harbor for her shakedown cruise, a sweeter little row than her nary you'll find.

Liam Moody and Joe Taylor launched a cedar on hackmatack framed Nutshell pram that was built for Ronnie Lawn of Camden. The pram will be a tender for an International

Apprenticeshop Successfully Launches Three

500 that he is having renovated at the Apprenticeshop. With little wind, they took her out for a row and a sail around the inner harbor. Built with traditional materials, this Nutshell is elegant as well as serviceable.

Finally, when fingers and toes were at their chilliest, Timm LaCasse, Mark Peters, and Adam Stanis launched a beautiful 18' sliding seat pulling boat. With little experience with sliding seat rowing, it took a few minutes for them to figure out exactly how she worked, but once up and going the sleek and beautiful craft sprinted around the inner harbor. The owner, Richard Housh, who lives out of state, was not on hand to witness the launch of his thoroughbred.

Apprenticeshop built boats are launched with a short speech by the builders, followed by some champagne first poured into the sea, done to appease the Greek God Poseidon. Champagne is then poured over the bow to christen the vessel. Finally, the builders are rewarded for their labors with the last of the bottle. The Apprenticeshop holds two boat launches per year, one falls right in the middle of the winter, the other in late July. Apprentices will begin new construction on a 14' sailing peapod commissioned by Dale Young of Hope, and three restoration projects. The lobster boat crew will continue their year long project on the Carney 24.

The Atlantic Challenge Foundation is a not for profit educational organization with a wide range of programs designed to assist individuals developing positive life skills through apprenticeship, wooden boat building, seamanship, and community experience. For further information, please call (207) 594 1800 or e-mail at info@atlanticchallenge.com.



A Foolish Thing

By Robb White

from working all day teaching little four year old children how to be successful adventurers.

"But they say it's fixing to rain all weekend," I wailed.

"No, it won't be raining early in the morning. Go get the boat hooked up and don't forget to load up the slickey suits and Bert Dow (that's from the truly wonderful childrens' book Bert Dow, Deep Water Man by Robert McCloskey... an icon in this family) hats."

Damn, if I didn't forget them and it was a bad thing. It was so rough going over on Saturday morning that I had to crab up into the wind and idle. Even at that, that damned Rescue Minor was throwing sheets of water clear across the bow. It wasn't any design flaw or spray rail inadequacy, it was just plain rough. We passed old A.P. coming back downwind and his big, 45', legendarily dry, inboard boat was trying to root into the back of every wave and throwing water like a destroyer.

I have observed that it is big boats that throw the most water. In a shallow bay, big starts at something like 18'. What happens is that the stern is still on one wave when the bow tries to climb the other and the boat is floating by the ends and the front end can't rise. We have made some reckless trips in little 12' boats in very rough water and, except for an errant hip pocket whitecap, the little boat just rose and fell with no fuss.

I watched the Rescue Minor all the way over and it was obvious that she was about 3' too long for the set of the square cornered waves of that situation. It was a rough trip and I couldn't tell a darn thing about the new spray rails because they were under the water at least half the time and, in that situation, ain't no spray... just solid water.

You know I have become pretty good at estimating wind speed. The way I do it is to find out how fast my boat would go by timing a measured mile. On boats that I am real familiar with, I can accurately tell the speed by looking at the wake and listening to the engine... good enough to reckon when I'll get someplace anyway. What I did to learn this rare talent was to turn and run downwind until there was no apparent wind. Anyway, I think it was blowing about a steady 24.9 knots which, after a little while, will make a 16' depth of water downright aggravating. There was no unusual danger. Rescue Minor, despite only having 12" freeboard and 24" worth of bow out of the water, is very seaworthy but we sure wished we had our Bert Dow hats.

About that freeboard business: I believe it's a myth that a high sided boat is safer than a low sided boat when it is rough. I think sailboats prove that. A high sided sailboat won't sail as well as a low sided one so the designers push that all they can get away with and the resulting boats are still real good seaboats. That Crawford Melonseed on page three in March 15 is a real good example of that. I'll add my two cents worth to that advertisement. That's a fine little boat right there and fits my rule which says, "If your boat isn't too pretty to walk away from, you ain't getting all the goody out of life."

I would rather cross the bay in that little Melonseed when it is rough than a 25' Bayliner (which, if you have to take a second glance at one of those you should have had someone like my wife for a teacher when you were four years old so you might have the strength to break out of the mold). High sides are all right in big old heavy fiberglass boats that sit like loaded barges in the water but not for light boats which might try to blow off downwind and become unmanageable.

I am still astonished about how much that tiny rudder on the Rescue Minor will do. I had no trouble keeping the boat headed up into the big ones and steering off and boogying along to make a little headway in the right direction when I got a chance. The only inboard boat I ever saw that would steer that strongly (besides a tug) was an old Navy motor whaleboat but it takes a bronze rudder 2' high and 18" long to do that and this little thing is no bigger than a legal pad. I am glad I have always had respect for the Atkins because I took a hell of a lot on faith when I built this thing. Another worrisome oddity was that offset to the shaft where it comes out of the sternpost pushing about 5-1/2 degrees to one side.

Great day. How in hell did they figure that without an engineering certification and a CAD program? It works though. In calm weather, the boat will back down perfectly straight or run straight forward with the rudder centered... steers better than an outboard motor (much better than a thru hub exhaust motor) either forward or reverse. Uncanny.

So we got there and opened up the house and then moseyed down the island about three miles to the harbor. There was a regular chop in the lee of the island and I found out that the spray rails work fine. I was going to do all sorts of experiments to see just how low I could put them and not have them dip under and throw up but this project is way overdue so I just put them right where Atkin had the chines in the real Rescue Minor and capped them off with half round bronze and let the hair go with the hide. I figured I could unscrew the caps and plane them off (I don't use metal fastenings except to fasten metal) and start all over. They work fine. Before, there was only just a funny little creep up the sides but they stopped that. They stick out 1 1/4" at the widest place and are made of two 5/8" strips laminated together. I bet I could have gotten away with one little strip. Oh, well.

If they do dip under, they just make a little white streak down under there and don't throw water at all. The old boat is big enough and has an uncanny fore aft trim steadiness so I could lean over the stem and look down the sides of the boat without altering the trim too much to see what was what. I normally have to have another boat to do my scrutinizing. What I think was causing that creep of water up the side was that little sub pirogue, Seabright whatchamacallit under the big hull of the boat. Its sides are exposed when the boat is running and, their little flare wedges water almost perfectly horizontally out from under the chines and, where it touches the big hull, it doesn't splash off but just continues in a laminar sort of way up the hull... or used to.

Another thing I observed was proof of what I call "the 5/16" rule." That says that

This has been the coldest winter and the wettest spring I can remember. Winter time is when I normally do any varnish jobs because it is cool enough so the varnish works real well and the bugs and pollen aren't too bad but this was a different situation. I had the little bit of bright wood on the Rescue Minor (transom, rails and stern deck) all epoxified and sanded just right all winter so, when it warmed up like usual, I could slap the two part polyurethane to it. It only takes a day and a half to do a two part job because the stuff dries so fast and that's a good thing because a day and a half is exactly what I had between freezing cold and torrentially wet. I got it done, but I almost had to rent a mini warehouse to keep the uncured varnish from getting rained on.

I am not talking about a slight drizzle, either, I mean an off and on driving rain that put 6" on the ground in one day and it did sort of like that off and on for two weeks. I am glad to see it, though. It has been dry around here for the last five years. Our old big swampy pond has a pretty good stand of almost pulpwood sized pine trees growing in the bottom. I wonder what they look like down under all that new water.

So, I couldn't go to the coast. This year of superlatives also claims the longest time that I have ever been away from salt water in my life. The last time we went was February 4 and here it is March 9 and we just got back. Whew, we should have let that record breaking hiatus last a little longer. The weather forecast was for a short break in the rain on Saturday morning and then a resumption in the night and all day Sunday. What I figured to do was make a run for it early Saturday morning and spend the night and try to find a little lull in the drizzle predicted to come back on Sunday. I needed to do three things. One was to check our old pitiful sailboat which swings on an all chain mooring down at the harbor on Dog Island.

That, right there, is proof of one thing. The last time that boat went anywhere or had any maintenance was in the summer of '94 when we went to the Bahamas with son Wes as usual for the whole summer. Married life changes some things, but not the everlasting nature of a pretty good (1967 Morgan 30) fiberglass boat. Even though I have the engine lying crossways in the dinette, I bet it wouldn't take but two days of steady work to have her ready to head out for the Bahamas again and that includes a paint job and a bottom job and rerigging the halyards. I don't think you can beat fiberglass for a big boat but not a little boat... too heavy.

That was one thing and if I keep on this way, the other two things will take up all the space in this magazine. So... real quick. We had to see how bad the house was from all the roof leaks and set up a ventilating fan to sort of help out and we had to see how the Rescue Minor runs in rough weather with the new spray rails and we did those things.

You know some people need a little nooge or else they won't accomplish anything but nonsense. I am about the best example I know of. If Jane didn't gently explain a few facts every now and then, I would be the worst nincompoop you ever saw. Fortunately she has her ducks all in a row and her priorities straight.

"Man, we need to go to the coast," she said on Friday afternoon after she came home

the widest stem band that won't peel an irritating little spit of water all the way up an almost vertical stem of a boat is 5/16". This boat's is a bronze rod that diameter and it doesn't do it. I made a boat that had a 3/8" rod that did... had to file it down. Peculiar how minute the details are. I wonder if a CAD program can calculate that?

The old house wasn't too damp and we cooked our little frozen sheephead fillets and had us a little hot toddy (black Barbados rum in hot apple cider with a cinnamon stick) by the light of the "Prairie Home Companion" on the old RDF and went to bed. About 11:00, a blast of rain hit the west side of the house so hard that we could feel spray all the way across to the east side where the bed is. That ain't nothing new so we just pulled up the covers a little higher (amazing how water repellent a cheap polyester quilt is) and snoozed right on.... or tried to.

A real thunderstorm is an interesting thing. I tried to see the boat swinging to its two little Chinese Bruces out there when the lightning lit up the whole world, but it was raining so hard that I couldn't see anything. That brings up another curiosity of the nautical world. How is it that one inch of rain will put a foot of water in a boat? Don't patronize me, now. I know that the surface area of the top of most boats is bigger than that of the bilge so one acre inch up there piles up further down there where there aren't as many acres but I have seen the phenomenon with buttheaded square sided boats.

Rescue Minor is a proven rain magnet. I think it is that inboard engine. In an hour of such as that, it'll have water almost up to

bottom of the seats... ready to run into the engine box... if it wasn't for the bilge pumps. Despite the fact that I have two pumps running on two separate batteries to keep me from having to worry... I do of course and that brings on another question. Why are automatic bilge pumps so junky? For one thing, they are made so light that they'll almost float so they want to turn over on their side and run and run and run until the battery is dead or the little cheap motor burns up.

I know I am supposed to screw the fool thing to the bottom of the boat but this is an open skiffboat and so are all my others. You couldn't stump your toe on one of the cheap pieces of trash but one time before it was busted to smithereens. Another thing is why don't they make one that will pump down to less than an inch and a half of water depth in the bottom of the boat? I know I am supposed to have a bilge sump but this is an open skiffboat... ain't no sump, so there is still twenty five gallons of water left when the fool pump decides it is time to quit so I worry anyway. I had to get out of bed and run, naked as a packing house chicken, down there to see for myself. How is it that a hard rain can make 58 degree seawater feel warm?

It rained and stormed all night long. Though the lightning was continuous, the visibility was so bad you couldn't tell where it was or which way the weather was moving (later reconnaissance proved that it was moving to the east... coming all the way from Texas). It never let up the whole time. I couldn't estimate the wind (ain't never had a boat that fast) but it was gusty. We hung around until about 8:30 waiting for a lull but

it never came so we rooted around and found some old worn out rain gear to try to ward off the orange fingered hypothermia (mine was a German surplus gas warefare suit with the legs cut off short and the seams coming unglued) and we waited until there was no lightning then we made a dash for it. I had left the fool GPS in the other skiff so we had to do it by the compass and it was raining so hard that I couldn't see the darn thing so I just had to steer by the waves. The rain had them beat down so much that I was able to run about 6 knots. I was worrying, since I could hardly see the bow of the boat, and the Rescue Minor doesn't draw but 6", that we might run right up on the beach and hit a tree. What gave me the clue I needed was the smell of Diesel fuel. I knew all I had to do was follow the slick, like a coon dog, into the river.



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Weatherbound in San Evaristo

The 24th of January began promptly at midnight with a really violent onslaught of northerly wind. I'm not sure if the first wavelets against the hull woke me or if I just happened to be awake when the first blow fell on the boat. I could feel her shiver all over and immediately go tearing off to the end of her anchor line to sheer violently back the other way. The sounds below were really loud, whining wind in the rigging, a low throbbing sound from behind the mast, a sort of grunting noise from the fairlead where the anchor line ran overboard, rapidly increasing splashes as the waves began to thump into the hull and then the boat began rolling (when she always makes splashing noises under her quarters).

I tumbled out on deck to greet the stars again and watch the situation. The anchor never flinched, just dug in deeper I suspect, and we were not dragging a bit. I sat for a good while in the spray on the foredeck being sure of it. Then I decided it was time to rig a spring and put the strain on the trailer bow eye rather than the cleat on the foredeck, so brought the turtle on deck, threaded it through the bow eye and put a rolling hitch on the rode. With the turtle secured I uncleated the rode and was amazed at how it pulled through my fingers. Without an anchor windlass we wouldn't be getting the anchor on a night like this.

The boat rode much better with the anchor line leading to the bow eye so low on the stem, and the noise from the fairlead was gone. Nevertheless, the noise and motion below was remarkable all the rest of the night, though it didn't keep me awake the whole time. I checked on deck from time to time and all seemed fine. Nobody seemed to be dragging, though some of the boats behind me were quite close to the beach. The bottom in San Evaristo is excellent holding.

With daylight I found the only casualty of the night, the canoe had rolled over, and though the seat had stayed in, the old wooden Klepper paddle was gone. Hence rule #2 for the dinghy, never go to sleep with the paddle in the boat. A quick search of the leeward beach with the binoculars turned up the paddle about 25' above the tide line trapped by a scraggly bush. The wind had not died off at all overnight. Though it was only a few hundred feet to the beach upwind there were little miniature whitecaps all around the boat, perhaps 12" high, with their tops blown off in sheets and long streaks of white behind them. Spray was blowing over the cabin top into the cockpit every few seconds.

I studied the problem of the missing paddle. The beach curved around in a long nearly circular arc of perhaps a quarter mile all told, including one awkward stretch of rocks and cliff. Nonetheless, it would be perfectly reasonable to drift down to the beach to leeward, recover the paddle, then, if I couldn't paddle against the gale, walk along the beach pulling the canoe until I got upwind of the boat, thence to drift down and return home for breakfast. I pulled the spare paddle out of the quarter berth, flipped over the boat and scudded quickly in to the beach, stepped out of the boat and it passed me rolling up the beach. No manners.

With both paddles aboard, I dragged the canoe back down to the water, slid the seat well forward between the tubes and climbed

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 6

in. With my weight so far forward the little boat had no choice but to weather cock straight upwind, so all my effort went into forward motion and nothing into steering. I didn't look at my watch, but it probably wasn't 15 minutes paddling (hard) back to the boat. My first pass at getting aboard was quick and successful. I pulled both paddles and the seat aboard and let the canoe out on a long tether, where she promptly flipped upside down the first time we came to the end of the anchor and tacked back.

As I watched over the next hour, eating my oats and bananas, she flipped again at each tack, never failing, right side up as we tacked toward the beach, then, having reached the end of our swing, flipping over and making the trip back offshore upside down with perfect regularity. The canoe design (intended more for whitewater anyway I think) seemed never to scoop any water at all, she was always perfectly dry inside, whichever side was up!

There was no question of traveling this day. The sea outside was frightful without using the binoculars to look. Panga captains came down to their boats, gathered briefly in little knots to talk and disappeared back up the road. Shortly after breakfast *Grand Duc* came storming into harbor from the north under just her small jib and rounded to with a flourish a few hundred feet from me and quickly settled back on her anchor. Once again Me-chew on the foredeck had the jib put away by the time the boat had stretched her anchor chain and settled in.

I got the canoe alongside again, put the seat and paddle back in her and set off to paddle to the palapas ashore. Though they were directly across the wind, I paddled the boat almost perfectly into the wind and waves, only angling the least bit toward the beach. In a remarkably short time I was on shore tying the canoe to the heavy wood table, now well above tide line. The fish buyers were standing by in their palapas and made good company for a while, working around the problems with my Spanish to discuss the current events (the war in Afghanistan, the sadness of the 9/11 attacks, the sadness that people would train their children to hate anybody). It is hard to converse well when you have so little of the language, but there was no mistaking the compassion and concern here on the beach in the shade of the palapa and the searching wind.

I learned much of how the fish business works. The buyers have licenses from the government to buy and sell fish. They keep

the facilities on the beach waiting for their fishermen to bring them fresh fish. They keep tally books with everybody's catch recorded and give the fishermen receipts for their fish. I'm not sure exactly how the prices are set on the fish, but there is no haggling. The fish are weighed and placed in the ice box. A receipt is written out. People say goodbye and the fisherman leaves. How often is payday? Is the price of fish fixed or does it vary? Does the fisherman just receive a percentage?

Every 3rd or 4th day they have enough fish to be worth a trip in a 4-wheel drive truck to La Paz over the mountains and back with more ice. The fish from all three palapas were consolidated this morning and made one good load. The plywood box on the truck was layered with ice and fish from the three main fish boxes and a heavy lid lashed on. A tight canvas tarp was lashed over all and two men simply stepped in and left. No goodbyes or instructions. They will stop at many different fish markets in La Paz (I saw them later when I got there) selling as they go and be back tomorrow sometime.

I walked to the shop and asked a passerby when it would open. He wasn't sure but assured me there were no potatoes this week at all. Oh well. I had lots of everything else. On to the school. I don't know if recess was about to start anyway or if it was declared in order to interview the gringo. I'd picked up a stray tennis ball off the beach, still in bouncy condition, so produced it from my pocket and tossed it to the kids coming out of the schoolhouse. This started a good five minutes of keep-away before things settled down. The schoolmaster was a quiet young gentleman, a graduate of the University of La Paz at his first post. He has 17 students spread across all the grades (I'd guess that averages to one pupil from every house in the village, more or less). I asked how he can teach so many kids at different ages and he said simply, "grade by grade".

There followed a funny stretch where an 8th grade girl and the schoolmaster took turns asking me questions in pretty good English and I tried to answer in my awful Spanish. Once I finished with the first few standard answers. "I'm from Seattle, yes that's close to Canada, yes, it's very cold there, yes it rains a lot, but we have tall green trees there, yes I like Mexico very much, no I'm not really on a yacht, it's just a little sailboat, and with kids, the almost inevitable question, no, I'm not Santa Claus, I'm not fat enough. (which is always good for a giggle from everybody).

I pretty shortly started having vocabulary shortages, but it was a fun game for both sides and we carried on until it became obvious that recess was supposed to be over and most of the kids had given up and were either ready to go back to their projects or about to be totally out of control. Suddenly everybody was back inside and I noticed the school cook working at her stove behind the school and watching me. I waved and she smiled largely and waved back.

On to the salt pans bending low to walk into the wind as the road crested over the little hill and down into the sheltered area below. There are several substantial houses along here, on what would have been the beach before the salt pans were built I think. The trees are mature and offer nice shade and the houses are quite nice. At first I saw nobody in the first two houses and was about to pass

by when a young man emerged from the shade next to the first house, called out to me and came to the gate to unlatch it and invite me in. There are others there in the shade on the patio, washing clothes and vegetables and quietly talking.

My host escorted me to them and introduced himself. "I am Jose and this is all my family, my father (seated, with his foot bandaged and a cane nearby) my mother, my wife and my son (perhaps 18 months old and perched on Mom's hip)." With this much visiting in two days I was getting better at the most likely answers to questions they might have and the conversation almost seemed natural instead of having to be prodded along. It turned out that Grampa in this case was the chief of the salt operation and explained its workings that I hadn't figured out so far.

Basically, there's a canal through the berm behind the beach that they block off by hand with stones when they've finished letting the water in. After that it's just a matter of a short time and the water is gone and the salt remains. Then the men go into the salt pans with shovels and load the salt to carry over to the piles I saw on the beach side where it waits for buyers. As we sat a truck rolled out over the pans to the pile and half a dozen men began loading out the pinto bean sacks I'd seen the night before. I asked if it wasn't very hard work and the old man smiled. "No, not really. The salt doesn't weigh as much as stone you know!"

I walked on, out to the tiny cemetery on the beach and read the headstones. Many people died young here in times gone by yet still had children to erect stones in their memory. Thence I stomped full length of the northern beach, staggering sometimes in the gusts of wind and swept from time to time with big blasts of spray from the breakers. I studied that sea for quite a while straight upwind, perhaps 20 miles or more of fetch and it had been blowing since midnight. The bright blue water was ripped with gusts and streaked with foam, breaking on the steep beach in great rolling crashes. I was very glad to be walking on the beach with my little boat tugging at her anchor in a good bottom with a quarter mile of solid rock between her and those breakers.

At the far end of the salt pans I met the local burro tribe, five adults and three burritos. They are all fun to watch, but the little burritos are miraculous. Fuzzy, long

legs, long ears, almost no length from front to back at all, they can bounce three feet in the air without moving their feet or legs! Such lively little creatures they are. I knew a burro years ago at my grandfather's farm. He liked cigarettes but hadn't much use for little boys.

A very old man with a caballero's white hat over his forehead dozed in a doorway as I passed. I thought to not wake him so kept walking quietly by but as I went I heard his quiet "buenas dias" and turned to return the greeting. He smiled and immediately his head nodded again. I passed on.

Later, at another, even more substantial house, I met the man who owns the fish buying operation at the far end of the beach. He offered coffee, which his wife brought us (boiling water in the mug, the Nescafe Classico, the sugar and a spoon separate). We talked of many things again. He is a very substantial man, drives a good 4wd truck, owns this relatively nice home, at least twice as large as most of the small houses in the village, is used to dealing with money and politics, has a large poster for the PRI party on the wall (elections are coming up in February in Mexico), by and large, content with his life I think, and though polite and friendly to me as a fellow man, seems not much impressed with the US or even yachtsmen in general.

When he realizes mine is the little boat right in front of his palapa on the beach his attitude changes a little, "That one is very very small senior."

Yes," I say, "but quite brave."

"The boat is brave?" he asks. Well, she's carried you here at least." He decided to go to the beach and see how the fish were doing, so we rode together in his truck, stopping to visit with his associates twice along the way.

Back aboard I began a program of cutting off any projecting sharp items inside the cabin. My bald spot is a mess of scratches and dings from various bolts sticking out past their nuts. The gymnastics are pretty remarkable as the boat bounces around, getting at the ones around the fore hatch particularly, but finally everything that can be trimmed and filed has been done. Then I turned to my old sun hat, which lacked a chin strap. The improvisation will never be socially acceptable, but it will stay on my head in a gale hereafter. I set a length of 1/8" line in a pair of eyelets on opposite sides of the canvas brim, gave them stopper knots and stainless washers to prevent pull through and

provided adjustment with a tiny stainless nut declared surplus from the spares kit. I finished off the chores aboard by washing my shorts and straightening everything in the forepeak and most of what's in the stores lockers. If the wind dies down any time soon we'll be ready for sea.

I'd invited myself aboard the *Grand Duc* as I passed by earlier and was formally invited back for tea after 4:00. Getting there, several hundred feet straight upwind in the canoe was a tussle, but worth it. The evening of visiting stretched on and on with tea, crackers, then wine, then supper (soup made from shellfish, then pasta with the shellfish meats and finally bread with home made banana and orange jam, to die for). Much much later we said good night and I launched back into the dark. Alain flashed his searchlight on the *Gaviota* so I could get started right and find her first try. It seemed as though during the evening the wind had begun to die down. I went to bed hoping to sail again in the morning, at least as far as Isla San Francisco, with a swing by Isla Coyote and maybe on for the long open water crossing (17 miles open to the north for a long ways) over to Isla Partida.

Isla San Francisco

The day dawned next morning (January 25th) with a nice NW breeze over the land, a perfect breeze for my needs. I ate quickly, cleaned up, dressed the boat for sea and got the anchor aboard. As I ran up the main I heard the chain rumbling aboard over on the *Grand Duc* and the two boats left harbor together. I started with one reef and the working jib and was immediately making fine time on the course for Isla Coyote, only a few miles across the channel. In mid channel I hove to for a few minutes and tucked in the second reef and began wondering if I shouldn't have bought a 3rd as well.

Isla Coyote is the smallest inhabited island in the Sea of Cortez. I doubt it's 5 acres all told, but in any event it's quite small and has a good number of houses and one larger building. It offers no anchorage for anything but pangas and kayaks and the area to the west is a very rocky reef with many stones sticking up above even high tide. The chop building up on top of yesterday's storm swell was getting quite rough as I rounded the island as close as I felt safe.

At that point Isla San Francisco's northern shore was close at hand to port and I suddenly felt like I wanted more sea room to windward of that ragged cliff line, so

Hook panorama.



hardened the boat up on the wind and gained a half mile offing before continuing down the Isla San Francisco shore toward the Hook. The wind was continuing to build and the boat was showing a steady 5.5 to 6 knots on the GPS. She was under easy control and fun to sail, but I decided to stop at Isla San Francisco at least for a bit. Passing the other two smaller anchorages on my left, both of which looked quite nice, I held on for the Hook and entered like a train. Quickly, though, the mountain bulk of the island blocked my breeze and I drifted and ghosted in puffs for a time close hauled again toward the head of the bay.

Finally, well up in the corner to the northwest, I let go the anchor in 25' over shining white sand and put the sails away. Much is written about the anchorage inside the Hook in guidebooks for the Sea of Cortez but none do the place justice. It's an enormous arc of sand and stone anchored with a mountain and the bulk of the island at one end and a smaller hill of striking red and buff stone at the other. Shelter is available somewhere in the anchorage for almost any wind that can blow and the beach of sugar sand is a joy to walk on.

A trail is clearly visible at each end of the hill above the south end of the bay, so I paddled ashore for a walk, already surrendering to the place. I couldn't pass by without stopping to explore at least the rest of the day. I tied the canoe to a driftwood snag up the beach above the tide and walked down the full length of the sand to the light tower on the south point of the harbor, thence across rocks covered with beautiful Sally Lightfoot crabs running and jumping on the tideline rocks. These incredible crabs look like they had been done in red enamel with highlights picked out in blue and white and they spend their whole time sizing each other up. He who thinks he looks bigger bluffs toward the smaller and there ensues a running, jumping chase over hill and dale, regardless of the breaking waves. A human shadow puts an end to the show though and they disappear into the cracks of the stones.

The climb up the hillside to the ridge over the harbor was steep but reasonably easy and led at the top to gradually increasing difficulty as I worked among the boulders and rockfalls that make up the ridge itself. The wind had continued to build and here, at the crest, it was squeezed tight against the rocks and howled among them and off into the bright void on the far side. I eased at one point, very near the summit, over to the edge just below the top of a block of stone and stared out and down. It was several hundred feet to the water and very few places one would bounce before the bottom where the refracted sea still broke hard on large stones.

All of a sudden, a much harder gust hit the ridge and either moved me or startled me so one foot slid ever so slightly on the gravel. I clutched the stone beside me tightly and backed away from edge, heart pounding. It became perfectly clear right then that, no matter the state of the world, I for one am not ready to die yet! The way along the crest was really quite ragged for perhaps a thousand feet, then turned back into a trail again and wandered its way all along the high ridges and points of this end of the island. I dropped back down to the water level and crossed a low isthmus to the rocky beach opposite the harbor and found tide pools among the

boulders and more interesting cobble beaches to walk. There was, I think, no other person on the island that afternoon and the wind the birds and I blew freely across the place alone.

A shrimp boat anchored not far from us while I was ashore, so on my way back I paddled on over to them and asked if I could buy shrimp for my supper. Not just then it seemed, the captain was either asleep or ashore (rotten Spanish again) but if I'd come back before they were to sail at 5:00 I could probably buy some then. Then a really large charter yacht steamed into the anchorage. The captain stood at the controls probably 30' above the water in a crow's nest above the flying bridge and the main cabin. Two beautifully dressed deckhands manned the anchor windlass and stood by the dinghy davits where the 16' long 40hp dinghy waited. I hadn't noticed the dark bottom but right behind me they came up twice with big tangles of weed on their anchor.

I'd been considering moving closer to shore just for convenience, so, fearing their generator exhaust in any event, I waved once, went forward, brought the anchor on deck, motored ahead two or three hundred feet toward the beach and anchored again in 12' of water on bright white sand. They pulled ahead into the space I'd left, dropped anchor on clean bottom and backed down 150' or more. Soon the dinghy was ferrying guests to the beach in relays and the captain could be seen securing his engines. All but the generator. Oh well. It was well muffled and straight downwind.

The afternoon had become quite warm even though the wind still blew fiercely through the anchorage. I stared at the blue water and the bright sand below, took off my shirt and put the knife on the galley counter top, stood up on the deck edge and dove cleanly into the water. What a delicious rush of sudden cool water and a thrill as the bright sand bottom and the nearby green seaweed flowed by under me. I didn't so much swim as just arc back to the surface and lie on my back floating under the sun. This was my first swim of the trip and I was in love.

After a bit I rolled over and stroked back to the boat, swam around her, dragging my left hand along the waterline feeling the growth of slime there. She hadn't been in the water two weeks yet, but she had no anti-fouling at all. I scrubbed with my hand as I swam, reaching back under the chine to clean as well as I could. Clear around, then clear under, looking at the uncouth steel slab of centerboard below her sleek bottom. Cold. Back to the transom, un-snapped the ladder and realized I'd never tried to use it before. Hands on the upper ladder, lean way back, tuck the feet up and find the lowest rung, tense the tummy muscles, legs and arms all at once, and I'm up! Into the sunshine, instant heat on cool skin. Up dripping into the cockpit, I stand on the seat a while and realize I'm almost dry again. Sun still well above the horizon.

Standing on the edge of the seat, simply fall backwards overboard, a great splash and all the blues and greens of sky and water overhead. Then water up the nose and reality again. On the surface, stroking hard away from the boat, best form, head down, breathe, stroke, stroke, stroke, breathe again, kick hard, then stop and roll over on my back, face in the sun, the boat way over there. Enough.

Roll over again, on my left side, kick, stroke, kick, stroke, side stroke. I can do that all day.

Up to the anchor line. Hold on to the thin nylon, look all around then, lungs full of new air, grab the line and haul so fast, hand over hand, down and down, to the thimble and the chain and sand and along the chain hand over hand over hand until I can see the anchor ahead, but I'm out of air. Let go, kick hard for the surface, make bubbles coming up and in the sunshine again. Panting and kicking a little. Enough again, strong strokes to the boat, past the bow, along the side and to the ladder again. Quickly into the cockpit and stand there drying in the lowering sun and suddenly cool wind.

As five o'clock approached, I put on dry shorts and shirt and brushed my hair and beard to go visiting the shrimper. The paddle across was quick in the evening breeze, dying with the lowering sun. The shrimper is steel, perhaps 90' long by 30' beam, very high bow with the characteristic Gulf of Mexico rig, outriggers either side with the otterboards and the head of the net outboard, the bunt of the net each side piled amidships where the shrimp will be dumped and sorted. Everything is old and rusty. There is no glass in any window and a tattered tarp swings across one pilot house window. Nonetheless, the engines are rumbling quietly below and have a believable healthy sound to them. *Son Mar 8* (Sea Song #8) is her name.

Alongside, I find a scupper with a grating I can grab, swing up and put a foot on the rub guard, thence over the bulwarks and aboard, the canoe's painter in my teeth, the paddle firmly tucked into the bows. Introductions all around, "yes the captain is here now, certainly I can buy shrimp, how much do I want a kilo?" I don't know. Just enough for my supper and there's only me and I only have a small kettle, just so much, and I make a shape like a grapefruit with my hands in the air. The captain arrives from the wheelhouse, rather a more serious man than the deckhands, not so sure about the visitor or selling shrimp like this, needing to be persuaded. Tall and skinny deckhand offers full details of my voyage, my family, the size of my kettle, how little shrimp it will take to make me happy, the possibility that I might have magazines to trade, many other things I'm surprised he knew about me, or guessed well.

The captain agrees, "get him some shrimp." Short and round deckhand throws a tarp off a small man-hatch into the refrigerated hold, climbs down the ladder and rummages around in the ice with a large plastic bag. Shortly he's on deck again with a bag of shrimp nearly as big as my pillow. I pull out my only pesos, a 20 peso bill and look sheepish. The captain looks at it and winces. I think it's a bad deal. He's giving me too much shrimp for the money. I hold out the bill, he shrugs, takes it and hands me the shrimp. I'm floored. I've never had so much shrimp in my life. I hesitate. He makes motions toward the pilothouse and the anchor windlass. The crew is busily picking garbage out of the nets. It's almost time to get to sea and begin fishing for the night. I say many thanks and good byes and everybody smiles and waves. Goodness.

Well, with the evening off to such a good start, I paddled to the charter boat. *Felina* is her name and her captain was leaning on the

rail astern as I paddled up. "Couldn't find any sand at first," he said.

I replied, "Oh, I'd been thinking of moving closer to the beach anyway, get out of the wind you know. By the way (becoming obvious now), I don't suppose you have any potatoes you could sell me do you? I'm going to run out of potatoes before I run out of trip this time."

He grinned, "Well, I'm not sure, but I can ask." He turned and walked into the palace where a tall blond lady with a pony tail was setting the dinner table. After a few minutes he came back out with a large bag full of beautiful brown spuds and a smile. "looks like we have enough to spare," he said and passed them down to me, with a motion of his hand that said "they're yours". We complimented each other on our boats and our seamanship and discussed charters (his was 10 young presidents (a club) of corporations from Mexico City).

They had had a rough crossing from La Paz this morning, so all ten had been sick. Now they were ashore with two bottles of tequila, ten glasses and a large sack of limes recovering. As I squared away the paddle and started to cast off the young blonde pony tail bounced out on deck with a large bag of bananas at the peak of perfect ripeness. "Only because we have a whole stalk going off at once," and a big smile as I thanked her.

I cooked half the shrimp and barely managed to eat them all in the dusk (I was still finding shrimp feet and shells three days later around the cockpit), then climbed in the canoe and carried the rest over to the charter boat. The captain said they'd already gotten some themselves but I told him either he took them or I'd throw them overboard, so he graciously took them while his guests stood around catching foot-long fish of some sort, eagerly on rods meant for marlin.

(To Be Continued)

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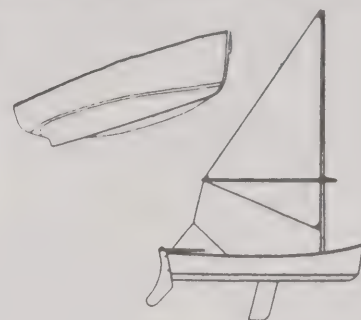
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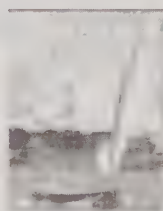
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Fame o' the YARD

BY

R.M. "Chinatown Mike" Scagliotti

EPISODE 9
TIMBER!

They started cutting into the big wood right after Paul launched his boat.



It being harvest time, an Ipswich farmer named Bruce dropped in a lot looking for work.

...naw, we're just working on the expensive stuff for now—but try back in a couple months..



Then there's the other Bruce who drops in a lot, keeping us from our work.

1972 was the peak of our civilization. It's all been downhill since...



Were we ready to launch a boat?



Obviously..

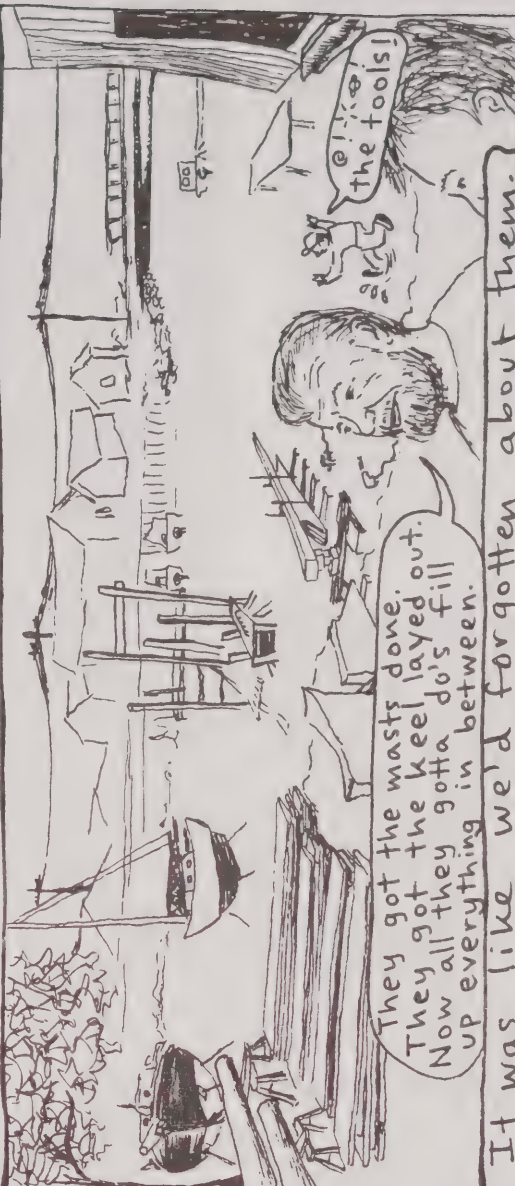




The Coast Guard stopped by to look in on oframe during Paul's launch.



When we got back from lunch, one of those huge, seasonal, full-moon tides had swallowed up the yard...



It was like we'd forgotten about them.

1-Paul's launch ushered in a new era. The cadet graduated to the rank of bosun. (i.e.- no more 3AM wake-up calls); Andy, having crafted a neat wheel house for Paul's boat, joined the yard crew, moonlighting after his day-job selling marine epoxy; I started this comic strip; Harold declared "yacht" a 4-letter word, and his 4th workboat began to take shape.



VIV & I got to dis-assemble the staging.



I am a boat owner and have been for years. In the last 30 years I have owned around 70 boats of varying types. So why does a boat owner like me choose to ride on Other Peoples Boats? I rather like being the skipper, but in recent years I have made several delivery trips for different skippers and rather enjoyed that also. Why do I mess about on OPBs you may well ask?

Most of my boats are very small and rather slow, it's hard to go very far in any of them. Yet I have made some serious trips in my canoes, some over 200 miles, but I am finding my canoes rather slow and limiting as to how far I want to go in a given time. When I'm a crewman for someone on a large cruising boat we really go somewhere, like 1000 miles at a time.

There are times that I think I'd like to own a large cruising boat, either sail or powered, but I get back to reality quickly. I have worked at several boatyards over the years and see very well what it costs to own a large boat. I could buy a large boat if I really felt

Enough OPBs

By Mississippi Bob Brown

that I wanted one that badly. I could mortgage the house or cash in my 401k. But I have never yet owned a boat that cost so much that it hurt my family's budget, and I don't intend to start now.

I've begun again to ask myself what I would really like to have in a boat, a question I've been asking myself over the years, but the answer changes over time. I don't want to be caught paying slip fees for any boat that I own, so it must go home on a trailer. I own a nearly new Ford Ranger truck that has a hitch on both ends. This truck has a vanity plate that reads "Boater." This will be the tow vehicle until the year 2010, so the boat and trailer shouldn't weigh more than a half ton. I'm happy with my Ranger and don't need to start buying fuel for a larger truck or an SUV.



I have been cruising around below hull speed long enough. I want a boat that can escape its own waves. I'm not a speed demon, but 15mph would surely be nice. I want a boat that I can sleep in. I want a boat that I can sleep and cook in at a highway rest stop when I'm halfway between home and some far off destination. A friend of mine went thousands of miles on the highway sleeping in a Bolger Micro. I'm planning to do the same.

When I'm on a canoe trip I am always planning my trips around having places to make camp. Let me be perfectly clear, I'm not a camper. I love to go places in my boats and sometimes this means sleeping on the riverbank in a tent. I would rather sleep in a bed, but a bunk will do just fine.

I have been thinking about building a cruiser for a long time. I have designed dozens of them in my head, some even made it onto paper. Most had sailing rigs, but the more I thought about it the more I knew that I needed to start thinking about an engine.

Okay, if I am going to have an engine, why have all the junk needed to make the boat sail? I thought about it and realized that it was going to be a lot simpler to design a motor boat.

As a canoe designer I hope that I can use some of my experience building a lightweight motor boat that can be driven with a small engine. A couple years ago I made a half model of a small weekender. I looked at this model from time to time thinking that it was really close to what I wanted. The half model represented a 16' John boat with a low cabin. Recently I decided to make a full model as a stitch-and-glue boat. The more I worked with this model, the more I thought that it was too chunky.

I started over with an 18' version. This looked much better. I built the model one-sixth scale. This size works out that I could use some 1-1/2-mil plywood so the scantlings will be nearly the same as on the real boat. The model looks good to me. That's another thing, I wanted a boat that looks good. Like the bumper sticker says, "life is so short to own an ugly boat." I am including some photos of the finished model. You can make up your own mind about the looks. The model at one-sixth scale seems to fit Ken and his friend quite well. I'll bet that Barbie and Ken are one-sixth scale.

I have been doing some math and come up with 16 sheets of 1/4" plywood at 25 lbs. each and probably five gallons of resin at 10 lbs./gallon, plus an equal weight of glass. The boat is getting heavy fast. By the time I hang a small outboard on this boat that could add another 100 pounds I'm beginning to wonder if it will float? My plan is for a flat bottom for the last two-thirds of the boat with multiple skegs to help it run straight. I am hoping that I can get this boat up on a plane with a 15hp motor.

I would like to start this boat in the spring as soon as it's warm enough to work in my unheated garage. This boat will not fit in my canoe shop so my new Ranger will have to sit outside until the boat is on the trailer and covered. I am interested if any of the readers have any experience with a boat similar to what I've described. I would like to hear opinions on this project.

Mississippi Bob Brown, 12936 Galaxie Ave., Apple Valley, MN 55124



Well, the first step is to get the boat in your mind's eye. My oldest son is building me a strip planked, eyeball copy of my old Grumman Sport Boat, *Chickenfeed*. He spent forty years around that boat so he knows what looks like. He has never built a boat before, nor has he designed one, but he is one of those kind of people who is confident that he can do anything anybody else can do (and he has seen me do it and knows that I am not nearly as smart as he is so he is forging ahead).

What I told him was that I wanted a boat exactly the same size as old *Chickenfeed*, but a little harder in the bilges by the stern, so as to plane better, and with a little hollow to the forefoot, and a little more deadrise forward, so as not to pound as bad, and with no rocker to the bottom, and with a little "throwdown" hook to the stern ahead of the transom to keep the boat from squatting when it begins to plane off. Despite those changes, I told him that I wanted the improved boat to look enough like the old one that it would seem familiar to us. He understood perfectly and had the boat designed and molded out with the stem and transom and sheer strakes (strips) set up in half a day.

Fortunately he is going to have to take a few days off so the freshly designed boat can sit there and ferment a while so when he (and I) go back in there to look, it will be as if we are seeing it for the first time. If it still looks good, we'll know that it really does, and we aren't just jaded by too much looking. I always do that. Impetuousness is not a good trick. That's why I don't like to talk on the phone... apt to make a bigger fool of myself than if I let something I wrote sit and stew for a day or two.

Here is how he did it: He traced the transom of the old Grumman and modified the tracing so that the bilges were a little harder. All he had to do was to draw a shorter radius right at the bottom corners. Then he measured the midsection of the old aluminum boat and drew a full sized half frame with approximately the same arc to the bottom and radius to the bilge as his new transom. The midship frame looks just about like the middle of the Grumman at the widest point. He measured the stem height in the driving rain

Grumman Sport Boat Improvement Project

How to Eyeball Design a Boat

By Robb White

(using the soggy ground as a baseline) and eyeball cut a temporary inner stem and set it up, along with the middle mold and the transom, on a board bent to incorporate the throwdown at the stern and the straight rockerless keel of the new boat. He braced all that rigidly to the ceiling of the shop with sticks and fastened on the two strips which will make the sheer strakes of the boat and propped them so that they ran enough like the sheer of the old Grumman to look familiar.

It is uncanny how precise the eyeball is when it comes to the sheer of a boat. It is easy to see a quarter inch worth of wrongness. I had to go take a look while he was fiddling with that and he already had it exactly right. As a matter of fact, he eyeballed both sides separately and there wasn't a quarter inch

difference in the measured height from the baseline anywhere along either side.

Between the rigidly fixed midship mold and the stem and transom are some eyeball bent copper wires to represent the other molds. Normally, with a lap strake boat, I just use prop sticks to hold the planks where I want them and don't use any molds at all because the planks bend so fairly that I don't need them, but I do set up those wires to start with to give me something to measure along to get my plank widths at each station. With a strip planked boat, the strips are so limp that you need molds to hold them fair, so when old son comes back, he will replace all those wires with wood molds and the new molds will be beveled just like frames so the clamps won't pull any unfairness into the limber strips.

Notice that the middle mold is built just like a single sawn frame with futtocks of equal width instead of just having the outer curve cut onto a straight sided board. That is so he won't have to readjust the clamps he'll use to hold his strips as he planks down. He'll use clamps instead of screwing the strips to the molds. That way he can go back and slide the strip fore or aft to make it lie fair and get right with the other strip. If you screw strips to the molds, you'll wind up with so many screw holes from fooling around that it might weaken the boat at each mold station.

Old Sam has some computer project going with a building contractor. He does it all from his home computer so he doesn't have to travel all over the place with the baby, but he doesn't have much time right now for the new boat. He has it all planked up, though, and the two shaped garboard strakes, which kept us from having to taper strips, are finished but not put in yet. The boat is very fair and smooth. I don't think it will take anything but a little scraping to get the outside ready for the fiberglass job and, like the *Rescue Minor*, no sanding or anything on the inside.

There are 48 strips in the boat and the average layup time figures out to 4 strips every 45 minutes. That's a pretty quick way to get a boat hull. I bet stitch and glue isn't all that much faster. This boat is much easier to plank than the *Rescue Minor* and I didn't keep up with my time on that project but the "super glue" strip planking method is real quick and neat. We used \$18 worth so far.



I mentioned in passing a couple of times recently that reduction of pitching was for me a major consideration in designing a particular boat, and commented in a bit about the International America's Cup Class boats that they have similar issues. I had, very soon after, a question from a keen student of boat design as to how this might be achieved.

First I should explain why the reduction of fore and aft pitching is high on my list of design priorities. A boat has a natural frequency of pitch and roll, the weights of hull, rig, and keel rock back and forth just like a pendulum. With a pendulum a series of tiny pushes at the right time will cause the pendulum to swing through a larger and larger arc, and so with a boat, a series of small pushes, timed just so, can be enough to eventually capsize a large commercial vessel let alone a small boat.

In pitching, the risk of capsize is not great, but rowing boats and sailing craft are propelled by vanishingly small amounts of horsepower, and the considerable loss of energy in pitching will stop a boat dead in its tracks. Most of us who sail small craft will recall trying to make progress in a waves that were "just the wrong shape", the boat bucking once, twice, and stopping on the third one, wallowing for a moment and then sluggishly moving forward again to repeat the process.

What is happening here is that the waves' time interval, or spacing is just right to reinforce the boats natural interval of pitch, or pendulum action, each hit by the wave rocking the boat further until all the energy driving the boat is expended in the rocking back and forth, the boat stopping or slowing until the interval changes, the boat's motion stabilises and she starts forward again only to hit the critical frequency and so on.

It doesn't help that the motion does awful things to the airflow around the sails, or so upsets the rower's stroke that the driving power is much diminished which further reduces the boat's progress. It's times like these that stamp collecting would seem a fascinating and attractive hobby.

Wave spacing and even prevailing wave shapes can be broadly predicted. I for instance, designing Huffboat, knew that I would be using her mostly on shallow lakes, where the lower density water and short fetch for the wind to build the waves means short, steep and sloppy waves. Awful places, lakes in bad weather, darn near every lake has regular users who will wisely nod their head, sucking their breath through their teeth and tell you that "it can get awfully rough out there in no time at all". And they're generally right, not big, but rough. So Huffboat was drawn for that sort of environment.

America's Cuppers. I know I go on about them, but we've the Louis Vuitton America's Cup Challenger series round three starting tomorrow about two hour's drive from where I am, and they are amazing boats regardless of what you think of the money and hype that surrounds the whole thing. America's Cuppers are very very location specific. Auckland's Hauraki Gulf has a predictable set of wave patterns for each wind direction, and with a boat that is afflicted with a 20 tonne weight on the end of a 4 meter long lever underneath, as close to a pendulum weight as you will get, plus a rig that goes on up forever plus a little bit, the tendency to hobby horse has to be designed out

From the Drawing Board

John Welsford
Small Craft Design



Occasional Ramblings From a Small Craft Designer A Design Puzzle

or that team may as well not even bother coming.

The third example is the Mini Transat class boats, 20'6" long, 10' wide, half a ton of lead 6' down and a 40' mast up there with heavy terylene sails, these boats could be the worst rocking horses imaginable, so in designing for that event I went to the world hydrographic survey, and to the world meteorology office and got a whole bunch of information on wave patterns, sizes and shapes that prevailed on the course from France across the Bay of Biscay to the Canaries and across the Atlantic to Guadeloupe. I have to say that I did not understand some of the information, but from what I did fathom out managed to produce a boat which (comparatively speaking) rode like a well sprung limo in the longer spaced ocean waves with their gentler sloped sides and flatter peaks. She was a total disaster in a harbour chop though.

So, having established that there is a need to match the boat to its predominant environment in this respect, how to go about it? Not easy to explain. I have drawings of boats that are/were known disasters, around 1965, 1970, the fashionable shape, driven by the IOR handicap rule produced some shockers. Pot bellied and very fine ended at both ends some of these things were amongst the worst handling boats ever inflicted on the yacht racing world, and excessive pitching was one of the features of their shape. They provide some clues.

Other clues came from towed barges. Now, there has been more money spent in researching the efficiency of towed barges than ever went toward our recreational craft, and they have shapes far more effective than their rusty topsides would suggest.

Ferries, especially the small short haul ones, are hugely affected by the conditions that prevail on their runs and can be very closely designed to suit them. There are some interesting lessons here. Easily accessed too, you can spend half a day riding back and forth hanging over the stern and watching the wake ("research dear, research").

Today's fishing boats suffer from the fact that fuel is comparatively cheap, and are trending toward a depressing uniformity in shape and design, but if you go back 75 years and have a really close look at the regional types and then analyse the areas in which they

worked, you can find a lot of clues as to how a craft may be designed to suit a particular set of conditions. I find books such as Eric McKee's *Working Craft of Great Britain* a huge help, it has a map showing the homes of those designs which have evolved to suit that place and the conditions that prevail there, and studying the differences between the environment and the boats within each area is very helpful.

It is not hard to estimate that natural pendulum action and from that the time interval of the boats natural motion in pitch and in roll, and so from that it is possible to design shapes that modify or damp that motion. In doing so it is then necessary to add to the equation the information as to wave spacing, or impulse interval. If you have the two coinciding you have a reinforcing couple that could see the pendulum accelerated, if well apart, the motion is dampened.

In reducing pitching in small sailing craft, the shapes that are working for me in light displacement boats have very long fine entries, with strongly flared topsides above those fine entries. The boats have a firm bilge a little further aft than midships and a very full shape aft which is compensated for when heeled by a slightly shorter and steeper run than has been the trend of late. They still plane freely and the angle of the run helps keep the fine bow up when heading off downwind, they steer well when heeled in spite of the powerful stern quarters and fine bows, and oddly enough have little or no apparent forced mode when making the transition from displacement speed to planing speeds.

Be aware that this shape has some traps, not enough flare above the bow and she will be both wet and hard on the helm, not enough rocker aft and she won't steer when heeled, too fine forward and she won't lift at all, take the maximum waterline beam too far aft and she won't steer at all on any point of sail. Get it right though and you have a very soft motion in a head sea, much softer than you would expect for a lightweight boat, the pitching is damped by the broad and comparatively flat underbody aft, while her bow will penetrate a wave quite a way before the flare above lifts the boat bodily rather than just lifting her head up, and the firm bilge continues that lifting action as the boat rides forward through the wave, the rocker in the aft section stops the stern from being lifted too sharply as the wave exits the boats body and that firm midship section still supports the boat slowing the downward pitch of the bow.

Now, to get all that, and still have a shape that conforms with the requirements for prismatic coefficient, waterflow angles, centres of buoyancy, gravity lateral plane and so on, one that does not change trim too rapidly or worse still in the wrong direction as she heels, fits the aesthetic and ergonomic requirements and the multitude of other considerations that go with drawing a hull shape that will fit a particular combination of usage and environment, is a balancing act, one that only experience can bring. I've not found even a hint of how to do this in text books, so am working from first principles and experiments. I suspect that like almost all textbooks they are all out of date before they are written and that this is a fairly new art.

Heavier boats are harder, they are heavier "pendulums", and have a motion that is not as easily damped. But it is possible to

look at the amount of water that has to be displaced as the boat goes bow down, then rocks back to go stern down. The more water she has to push and pull in and out as this happens and the further the boat's centre of buoyancy moves as she changes trim fore and aft, the more damping of motion there is going on. The America's Cuppers rely in part upon a very flat overhanging stern to do this

In a bigger boat weight distribution will make a difference as well, those IOR racers, when out of date as competitors usually went cruising and when the previously unoccupied ends of the boats were filled with cans of an-

tifouling, fishing gear and tanks of outboard motor fuel some of them became uncontrollable.

Again, the period of the pendulum can be altered, and with experience a hull can be drawn that will have a pendulum period different to the impulse interval. You need figure out the one that you can't alter (impulse interval = wave spacing x pointing angles x speed) before you know if the other one is right or wrong, it's a fascinating exercise in research and theory. Find the bad examples and the things that make them worse and listen to what they tell you.

Now, next time you are engaged in debate about boat design, you will have several new terms and phrases with which to impress and confuse the conversation. And next time you are designing a boat you'll have a whole new can of worms with which to confuse yourself. Have fun.

(Conclusion)

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



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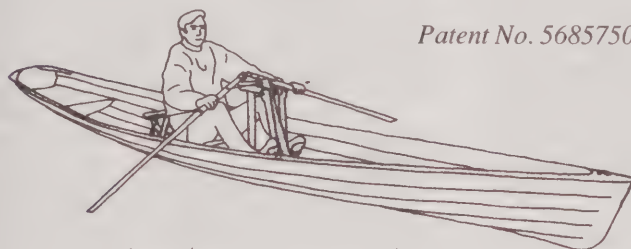
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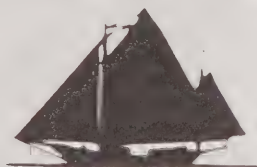
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Powerskiff/Lifeboat & Rowing/Sail-ing Tender: There are two small boats aboard Yonder, stowed nesting and upside down, on individual flip over davits ahead of her cabin trunk. There is the 6'6" x 3'3" Tortoise rowing/sailing punt, good for one plus much food supplies/fuel cans or two plus little gear in more protected waters. And there is a 8' x 4' x 2' 10hp outboard garvey for faster runs and as a stout unsinkable lifeboat for both crew. Both have built in buoyancy to be more reliable than an inflatable for lifeboat purposes, with added thermal advantages lying on the floor for lowest silhouette and C.G. in nasty conditions after the loss of the mother ship to fire.

The advantages of having two for a crew of two, and in such a reliable and easily launched position, will be obvious. At sea and in tight quarters such as marinas and lock chambers, they'd be stowed as shown, dry but ready to go in an emergency. On an anchorage both could be swung up, over, and out, to hang rightside up along her topsides for instant use. Carrying two capable dinghies aboard any 30 footer is near unheard of. On Yonder it looks natural, is ergonomically sensible, and all around an unlabored and affordable exercise.

Off Centerboard & Trunk: The off centerboard is designed to stand the stresses of various hard grounding scenarios with limited risk of serious damage and minimum risk of jamming. The trunk is structurally integrated into the box keel assembly for maximum strength. Board and trunk are designed with matching sliding surfaces to absolutely minimize wear to either surface

Bolger on Design An Introduction to Yonder

Part 2 of 3

finish and thus to antifouling paint. The board has a reasonably decent hydrodynamic shape without greatly complicating its construction and repair simplicity; she should make little leeway whenever she has fair way on. It is heavy in the Munroe tradition, about 400lbs (180kg), but there is no traditional underwater gland or pivot pin perforating the trunk and producing problems over time.

The board can be installed in and removed from its trunk while she is afloat, such as for reasonably impromptu direct visual check after hard impact on it. On land the board should be on blocking to allow the extraction sequence to work. Essentially the board can be moved in or out, wet or dry, whenever there is height above her to lift it clear of the deckhouse. The main boom is most suitable to hoist it up and out, and no destructive carpentry is necessary. Protected by the dodger and to port of the companionway within easy reach of the helm, the worm gear winch specified will power the pendant to raise and lower the board rather slowly, but is cheap to buy, practically immune to breakdown, and is reversible with no danger of running out of control. It was

not designed for marine use, but it is in fact located dry under cover and can be readily replaced if and when it becomes unacceptably rusted anyway, coat of light oil!

Cooking And Heating: Once the design's propulsion (apart from sails) was based on outboard power, almost exclusively gasoline based, an additional fuel had to be carried to provide heat and an alternative to electricity for cooking. Propane may seem too civilized when beachcombing promises free wood for a stove. Indeed, wood (or coal) are possible fuels but, in our experience, quite laborious, dirty, and slow, and certainly less suited to the limited quarters aboard her. Here we do propose propane. Minimum shown on her foredeck under the two dinghies is a 20lbs horizontal propane bottle, with more optional with same geometry and at same location for greater cooking range or just more days of heat.

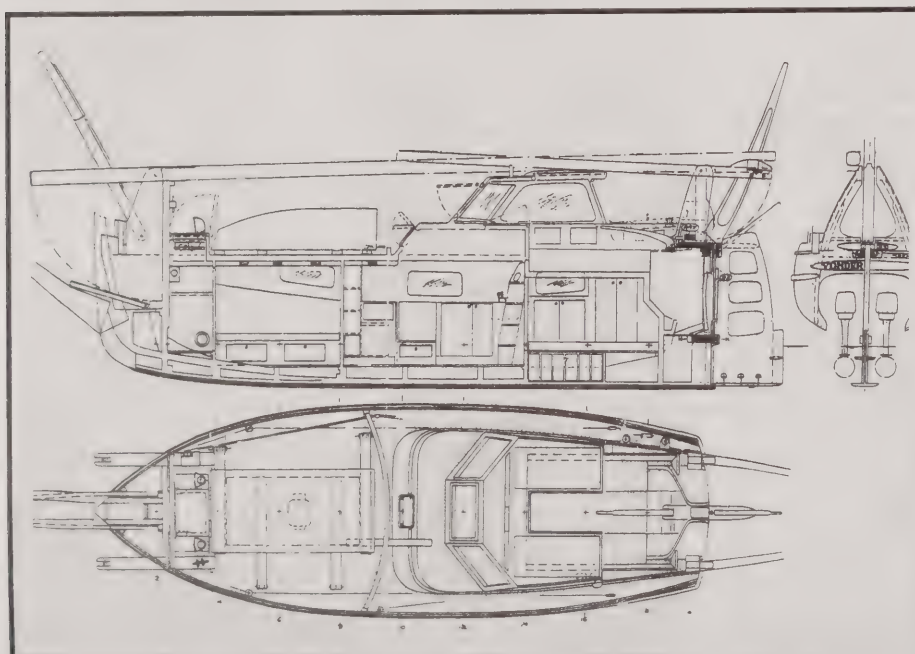
Heating her is aided by her combination of insulated decks and at least partial insulation of her topsides due to her extensive use of foam in pursuit of positive buoyancy. Located ahead of the centerboard trunk, the heater should make the saloon most comfortable, with heat circulating aft via gravity, assuming good comforters on the master berth. With a canvas flap closing in the cockpit just under the dodger, the cabin warmth coming up the companionway would take the raw chill out of it under northern eternal rain, keeping the cruising spirit high.

Cooking would be done on a three burner range/stove combination for most flexibility. And a good amount of battery stored electricity is available for shorter bursts of electricity usage for moderate duration hot plate sessions, regular microwave usage, typical toaster oven exercises, etc. A daily mix of both seems likely and agreeable.

Water Plumbing Issues: Her total water capacity of about 110gals (416liters) and her holding tank capacity of about 137gals (518liters) is intended to allow a miserly, but healthy consumption profile over a number of weeks, personal habits dependent, afloat or sitting high on land.

Her water system is gravity based with 6gals day tanks manually pumped up to keep track of consumption and a simple controlling valve over the two sinks and the shower, plus lowest plumbing effort for the reliable comfort yielded. Your preferences are the issue here and E pumps etc. are up to you. Just keep matters simple, reasonably maintenance free and readily accessible and repairable (\$40 Guzzler diaphragm pump mounted on horizontal or vertical galley/washroom surface), and without cluttering valuable storage space with yachty pressurized plumbing, for instance, and a zillion shiny valves.

The water tank is to be filled via hose directly through a screw plate in the tanks'



tops; this allows visual inspection of tank interior while checking on the color and smell of the fresh water pumped in as well. Or consider using the hose's water pressure to run the water through a sediment, and then a charcoal, filter as used in many domestic applications which is quite low tech, would require limited space and a few fittings/adaptors/funnel, but might keep out much nasty potential for illness alone offshore or in a hellhole hospital while your boat gets ripped off!

For instant hot water in galley and washroom, mixable with cold water via common domestic shower mixing valve, consider one stock domestic electric instant flow through hotwater maker, typically small boxes with plug and two pipes for moderate duty, but no flame and instant aboard Yonder; hereabouts for \$200. This setup would require an electric pump feeding both galley and washroom circuit, both at the same time likely in rather limited output, but you can coordinate your moves aboard.

After the initial consumption of potable water out of one of two water tanks, that tank could be used to collect non potable water through optional water collector downspouts on deck/cabin roof (be creative!).

The washroom sink and the shower drain into a Y valved hose at the 90 degree bend of it and a 3/4" Johnsson in line circulating pump will push the sink's and the shower's contents up into the holding tank; include a check valve right behind the pump to stop drain back. We'd still put a manual shutoff valve into that drain to keep the holding tank from burping back up the sink in a violent sea state!

The galley sink(s), on regular galley height though, would also gravity drain (with shut off valve) into the holding tank, but would arrive just below the companionway top stair level and thus enter the tank through its sidewall to port. Between the overall drain grade and the shut off valve burping through the side, up, and aft is unlikely.

At sea, draining the galley right through her port topsides and the head basin out to starboard is the most obvious option via Y valve, keeping the latter's overboard route shut off, preventing geyser action should the weather change.

Her holding tank is located under the toilet seat to allow zero flushing water plumbing "don't look down" type outhouse derivative toilet. Apart from the modest galley gray water tank, this tank will take the majority of used water and bodily waste. We've put these crude and simple systems in a growing number of liveaboard designs. The well gasketed lid is dogged below the toilet seat to keep rising levels from splashing up and out under way. In worst sea states the temporary use of a bucket in the cockpit might be indicated, if prior pumping out through the above waterline port in the centerboard case was impossible.

The "don't look down toilet" does not require any flushing related plumbing, valves, pumps, hoses etc. except a permanently installed large diameter (1- 1/2" 2") 30 GPM Edson pump to draw from about 1" of the bottom of the tank to evacuate the mess straight into the centerboard trunk when at sea; pump out facilities can insert their hoses through the hatch and into the top opening of the tank. And this crude but extremely reliable system does not require the wastage of

precious freshwater or the risky grief of plumbing living seawater into the boat with yet another seacock, pump, valve etc.

This is as simple and reliable as it gets, and a computer fan turned on automatically when you open the lid will reliably extract the odor for zero boat internal smells, unlike any conventional toilet we know of. Between feces, urine and water from personal hygiene via head's sink, it all should remain liquid enough to make the large diameter extraction pump function reliably without macerators etc.

In the otherwise bone dry boat, the Edson pump could of course be plumbed via a Y valve on the intake side to act as an emergency manual bilge pump after hull damage. We'd still place multiple big (dusty) electric bilge pumps anyway.

Again, the principle of gravity fed cold water faucets and shower head will offer rapid initial assembly, easy maintenance, end hands on consumption control. Much plumbing grief potential so common on most boats and so often subject of endless discussion is largely absent.

Electrical System: Her electrical system is based the two small 15amp alternators on the outboards, plus two 75w photovoltaic panels to boost charge levels on the two reasonably sizable house banks of 2 x 700ah & 12v. With such modest underway generating capability between once a week and marina based thorough AC recharging sessions, old fashioned miserly consumption habits to stretch the batteries' charge are indicated, long ago proven as well quite feasible on coastal cruises. Touching civilization is typically welcome anyway to do laundry, reprovisioning, touching base with friends and family, etc. Installing and maintaining a reasonably sizable battery bank while frugally budgeting consumption offers the prospect of low annual battery charging cycles, low stresses on these batteries as they are very gradually drawn down, and probably rather limited lows due to the continuous trickle charge of solar and optional wind power.

We'd keep her system simple by arranging one alternator and one solar panel as one input circuit for one battery bank, keeping the two parallel circuits permanently unconnected to each other for safety and redundancy; on demand a manually applied simple jumper will do for a temporary link between the two. The wind generator, typically equipped with a one way electrical flow logic, would be switched to a given bank at a time only with a simple routing switch, never allowing both battery banks to be joined for safety's sake.

Here are the premises under which we thought such a system would work superbly, as compared to any currently accepted conventional systems:

1. Double Duty Battery Weight: Yonder's overall weights, balances, and ballast considerations as a sailing craft fully incorporate the weight and location of these batteries. Furthermore since their weight in ballast only material would cost some as well, consider the cost of the batteries reduced by that unavoidable expense on a ballasted monohull sailing cruiser.

2. Quiet Extended Anchoring: When off the electrical grid at a remote anchorage, keep the nuisance of noise and vibration, and the

cost of fuel and engine wear of charging chores to a lowest minimum. We'd certainly try to cruise her without contemplating a small portable super quiet Honda generator for emergency charging. Rather we'd try draping flexible solar panels over the 8'x4' bottom of the yawlboat on the foredeck.

Furthermore, in 3 D and underway, perhaps a wind generator mount is feasible after all alongside the mizzen mast, assuming main sheeting won't try tangling with the prop during a jibe for instance.

On anchor, with jib furled and stowed in a bag within reach from the forehatch alongside either bulwark, popping into a bracket ahead of the mast a sizable wind generator could churn away rainy days and blustery nights to boost battery endurance significantly. Its swivel should be limited to 2 x 45 degrees or so to keep it from meeting the mast and its halyards. A set mizzen, and the centerboard up, should help keep wind direction and bow orientation reasonably well aligned for the wind generator's function through most favorable winds, but certainly not all.

3. Very Low Annual Battery Cycles for Super Long Life: Keep the annual battery charging and discharging cycles (down to 50%) to a moderate 2 digit figure for very serious battery and charging system longevity and thus superbly enhanced relative reliability. With the specified industrial quality batteries advertising 1500 cycles, which may conservatively produce 1000 in your real life, these batteries won't be maxxed out before they physically disintegrate from old age. This means that with annually very gradually accumulating numbers of charge/discharge cycles, they will remain in prime condition much, much longer than typical today, which translates into reliability! Calculated on an annual usage basis across that life cycle, the initial investment becomes modest in comparison to this approach's inherent reliability, certainly in comparison to the conventional approach so ubiquitous and unquestioned today.

4. Most Capability per Given Dollar & Fewest Number of Parts: Reduce as much as possible the typical dependency on glossy, pricey, and exotic marine parts catalogues that can readily turn a distant breakdown into a big bucks & long down time nightmare between communications problems and model year variations in obscure parts.

5. Free Energy: This will be available from 2 x 75w of photovoltaics on her doghouse top, plus the optional wind generator.

Compared to the conventional wisdom of a gen set centered system's minimal batteries, added wiring, switches, relays, and controls, plus the extra maintenance of additional internal combustion with its space, cooling, and maintenance demands, plus the more frequent noise and vibration, this concept is clearly superior value for the up front expense; some conventions, no matter how pervasive, don't necessarily have much to justify supporting them.

Steel Plate Ballast: The 2" steel plate ballast of 4,790lbs comes in seven sections to minimize problems resulting from expansion and contraction of steel versus ply across a range of temperature extremes between well above 100 degrees F over a black tarmac stored in a marina in summer

and low 30s near a calving glacier, and much less than that again sitting on blocks at perhaps minus 10 degrees F in a northern storage yard in winter.

The sections could either be galvanized for presumably longest life expectancy, or just be treated (after blasting) with a high end likely epoxy based steel coating. Also discuss with steel vendors the merits of Corten steel for this application. While the grounding/beaching effects will damage either galvanizing or painted on coating, the inside surface facing the ply bottom would of course be unlikely to be damaged early and would warrant serious attention to initial corrosion control.

There will eventually be risk of migration of corrosion inwards from the outside edges of the steel, but then the relative longevity of 50mm substance plus 3M5200 support should still sooth the mind. Since, with regular grounding out on tidal flats etc., it will be impossible to keep the steel permanently coated and thus non corroding, consider her steel plate a long term wear item similar to ropes, sails etc. Price the options in your area, as steel is actually quite cheap and if your steel plate in the most affected section should need replacing a decade or two from now, all depending on frequency of grounding/beachings, location, water temps, and relative salinity, so be it! Inspection of her bottom in terms of actual corrosion will determine that time frame.

But 50mm steel will take a very long time to thin, during which you could gradually, should you notice her getting slightly less stiff with progressive loss of steel weight as the rust flakes off, add a fraction of her overall ballast on the inside in the form of, you guessed it, small sections of scrap steel plate available anywhere around the globe, readily secured to her framing. By the time you're down to half thickness, the fasteners look unhappy, and you suspect the 3M5200 to be the only thing that holds things together, it would be time to discard the plating in favor of a fresh set. That should be a long time off though.

Factor into your overall costs of galvanizing or 2 part coating not having to repair her wooden bottom due to grounding abrasion, calculating the steel as a hull bottom structure insurance policy, saving on expensive deep water overnight moorings, protecting her from hurricane damage/loss by hiding in the dryout creeks behind the barrier islands, etc. Also factor in not having to pour lots of lead!

It seems clear that hot dip galvanizing might be the best solution as its general self healing properties seem least likely to readily allow corrosion creep under itself inwards between hull and steel!

Positive Buoyancy: Making a boat unsinkable seems a sensible idea. Children would in innocence and yet fully to the point argue for it, in the same breath as rejecting putting holes in the boat's belly under water. Eliminating underwater through hulls is much simpler of course, than keeping a well ballasted uncompartmented monohull structure afloat in case of hull breach. It can be done though, even on a free form uncompartmented custom/home buildable hull such as Yonder. But it can only be done as inconspicuously well integrated as it is done here if you build her in wood, more

specifically in glass and epoxy coated strip planking for hull skins and plywood for framing, decking etc.,

The threat is serious enough. Whether the water squirts in through a modest puncture after localized impact with a pointed obstacle or it instantly fills the craft after a massive collision with major structural damage matters little, as even in the least destructive scenario, full flooding is just slowed but not stopped, and likely is not stoppable. Diving over the side with a patch to reduce the inflow may be possible assuming smallish hole, moderate water temperature, fit and daring crew, and sea conditions that allow reasonably safe visual inspection and quick repair measures.

But how plausible is it to count on the perfect confluence of these mitigating factors in an age when increasing numbers of man-made floating structures from dislodged telephone poles to nearly submerged invisible containers are added every day to the natural hazards of deadhead trees, sleeping whales, and shifting bars and seemingly sudden growth of heretofore unnoticed rocks? Recently several of the Great Lakes have lost a good number of feet of water, bringing dangerous obstacles closer to the surface, while global warming may gradually submerge once well visible hazards.

A cruising hull drawing less than 30" heeled allows sliding over rocks and barely touching bars that could quickly do in a boat with 4' of hard draft. And the shallow cruiser offers the opportunity of exploring these conventionally unnavigable waters for quiet anchoring away from the crowd, protection from a storm in the lee of a bar, or just beaching for a midsummer night's bonfire of driftwood.

But it also brings with it the potential of sudden hard impact against, and through, a softer part of the hull from the sole rock in an otherwise soft bottomed marsh creek, deposited there during the last ice age, and of course uncharted along with the rest of the tidal terra incognita mostly ignored by governmental surveyors and commercial chart makers alike. While in typical coastal cruising waters inherently much safer than any deep draft cruiser, exploring terra incognita in 30" of water, powering or sailing, thus offers its own set of hazards as well. Comforting in a sinkable craft is the fact that at least she can't go down very deep...

Since real cruising autonomy demands an itinerary including the diversity of going off soundings and up the creek, the serious cruising craft needs to be able to do both, and do both safely. Indeed, not being able to sink would reduce the stresses and dangers of doing both.

Much simpler to do in a plywood hull, such as sharpies and V bottom geometries, introducing readily doable positive buoyancy into Yonder's free form on off hull is a bit more tedious, but a viable option as demonstrated here. Her net loss of interior volume is minimized to the level of being unnoticeable while below and you never had it to begin with. Her deck should be cored with foam anyway for both insulation and stiffness, leaving no under deck beams to hit the head against; positive buoyancy is a hidden but calculable net gain. Smooth ceilings over frames and between bulkheads allows further hidden accumulation of cubic

feet of reliable foam, here again insulating and stiffening the structure as well. And foaming otherwise poorly accessible volumes is just gravy adding valuable cubic feet of hard buoyancy.

Yonder's distribution of inherent positive buoyancy by virtue of being a wooden structure, along with strategic placement of foam volumes, all in conjunction with her ballast, and weight neutral volumes such as potable and wastewater, should result in her floating right side up, with sails furled, and preferably the masts lowered if at all possible in due time after the initial shock. Even floating flooded with her waterline nearly at deck level, Yonder should be more comfortable than any liferaft, and certainly more reliable as her positive buoyancy does not come from inflating aging air chambers.

Furthermore, and much more important overall, being able to stay aboard her, you can, after some recovery of wits and body strength, plot to seal the hole, to perhaps succeed in eventually pumping her dry to make it to a safe shore location where she can be cleaned up and repaired to cruising strength. Still, we'd carry at least wet suits, if not survival suits, to not lose out after all, this time to hypothermia.

Field repairability obviously depends on extent and type of damage. But instead of a cute wood cone and a Saint Christopher plaque bought at the local marine store, carrying a number of materials from plywood over neoprene sheets to watertight canvas, along with self threading screws and fender washers to grab the fabric reliably, plus perhaps some underwater glob to actually seal the patch after a fashion, would go a long way to enhance the likelihood of getting back to where she can make controllable speed through the water heading for shore and at least a beach to run her up on, if not a boatyard with a marine railway.

In the worst case scenario, crew more or less disabled from injury, with the EPIRB calling out, at least you will be seen and picked up with greater probability than hoping for the liferaft to hold its air or not be flipped by nasty seas. Flooded but not sinking, she is her own sea anchor, with cockpit actuated drop of her ground tackle putting her brakes on even more effectively if you are facing a lee shore. Short of being run down by a ship, losing her catastrophically offshore would now be mostly a matter of uncontrollable fire aboard, in which case her lifeboat will have to do.

Yonder's positive buoyancy certainly redefines much abused PR language of comfort aboard, both psychologically when nothing ever tests her capability, and directly physically when she keeps you afloat with good prospect of rescue of crew and perhaps even herself.

Spars & Deck Fittings: Both masts are foldable, as are the bowsprit and the mizzen's boomkin. The point of lowering the masts or raising the bowsprit and boomkin is to adjust her overall length and height to conditions on her itinerary where she might be too long or too tall to fit in or through or under, or just offer too much aerodynamic drag with the masts standing. From marina berths and lock chambers over canal tunnels to bridges across attractive waterways, this kind of onboard

controlled variable geometry is imperative for the serious cruiser's independent itinerary.

There will be times when lowering both masts may also be of advantage during severe weather, be it a cold front racing through an open anchorage or surviving a hurricane tucked away in a hideaway up some tidal creek deep in the marsh. Also consider motorsailing in a heavy weather system with mainmast lowered well in advance, but mizzenmast and sail up and pushing in conjunction with outboard(s) cranking away. Your experience will imply which configuration to choose depending on circumstances. But there are a variety of options to bear in mind.

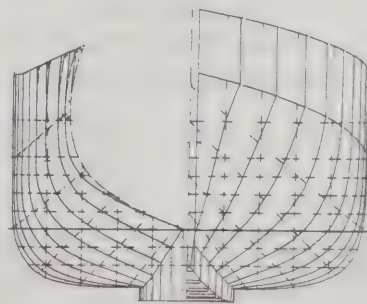
The mainmast needs to be hoisted and lowered using the winch located on the collision bulkhead in the mudroom. The

mizzenmast can be safely lowered and raised by hand via light tackle or a simple worm gear winch. The mizzen's boomkin folds up either against the standing mizzen mast or over the lowered mast in tight quarters using a single part dedicated lanyard. For convenience in tight quarters as well, the bowsprit can be raised by a similar lanyard from the top of the mast.

The detail and function of the two dinghy davits has been touched upon above. Her ground tackle hangs off two pressure treated 8" x 4"s bedded and bolted to the foredeck, chosen for its resistance to structural damage from scrapes, gouges, stains, and jerks carrying anchors and chain well off her smooth topsides, and being essentially sacrificial, if in close quarters one of them gets cracked, whacked, crunched,

splintered. Weathering to a dull greenish gray, their contrast to the well painted hull surrounding it makes the point of their sturdy rough existence. We sure would never varnish a cathead...

(To Be Continued)



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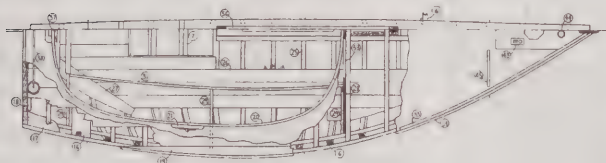
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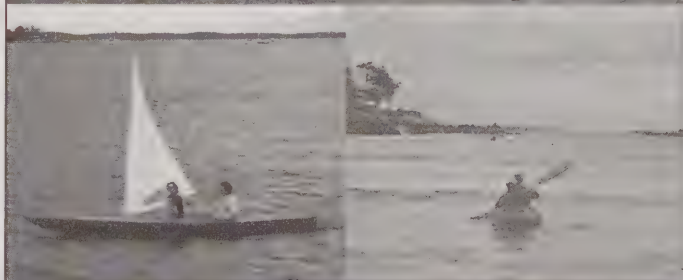
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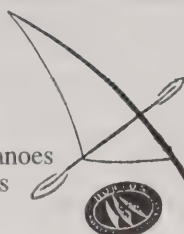
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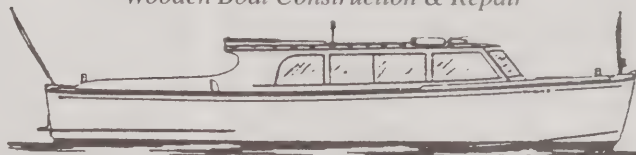
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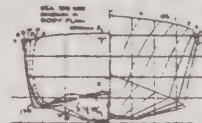
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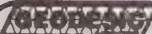
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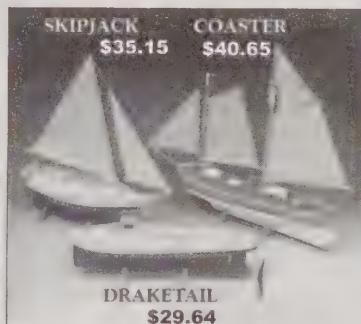


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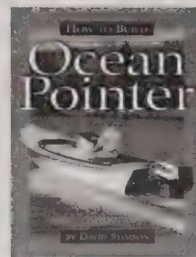


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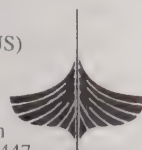
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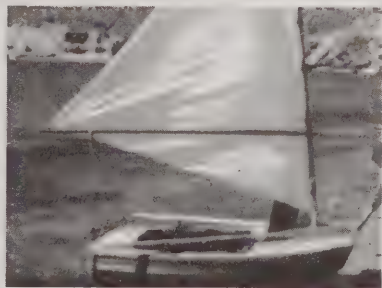
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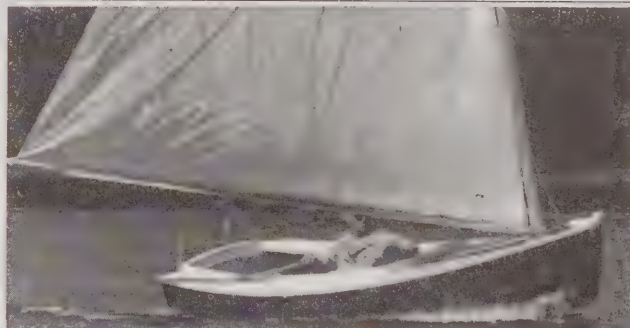
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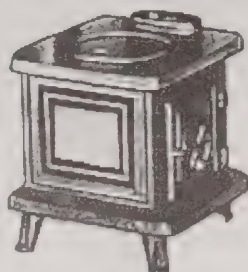
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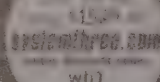
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Newport 17 Sailboat, overnighter (2 berths) w/ huge cockpit. FG constr. CB, lifting rudder, 4hp Mercury, trlr. Fully equipped. \$1,500 takes it. PETER JEPSON, Newbury, MA, (978) 462-1175. (1)

Rowing Shells, Fernald's Marine now dealer for Alden rowing shells. Over 57 years selling rowing, sailing craft, canoes, kayaks & skiffs at River Parker. FERNALD'S MARINE, 291 High Rd. (Rte 1A), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (TFP)

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



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)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

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

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

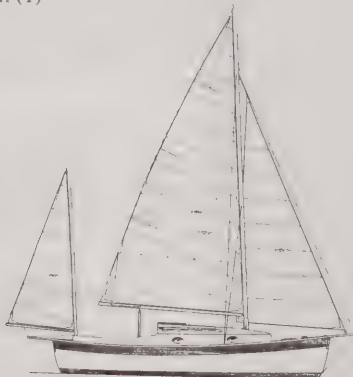
Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.



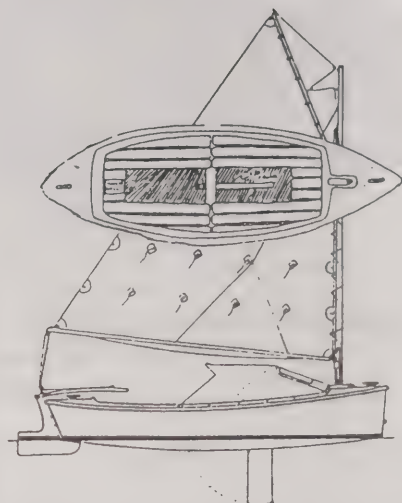
13' Peterborough (Canada) Sailing Skiff, ca. '55, compl restored, new sail. \$5,000. FULL SEA, Greenport, NY, (631) 734-7409, <cutwater@earthlink.net> (1)

'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)



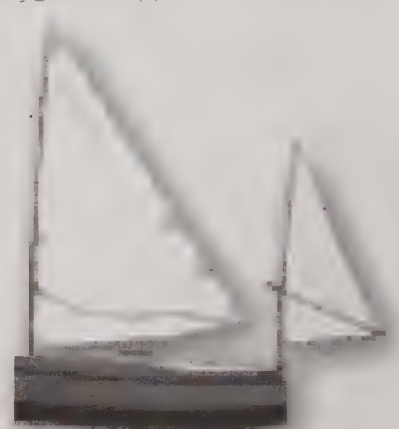
23' Rob Roy, '87 canoe yawl, Ted Brewer design. FG keel/CB, 19" draft, well equipped, gd cond. '98 Honda 8hp, low hrs, '98 galv trlr. \$12,900. JOE VANDERWERF, Hendersonville, NC, (828) 692-7718. (01)



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)

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)

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 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)

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)

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)

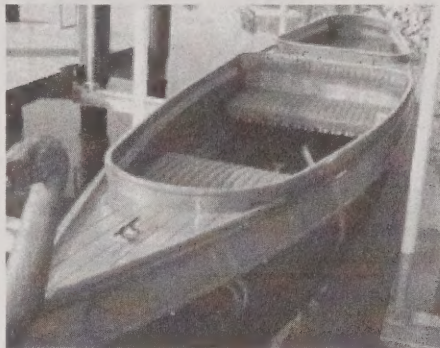
Beautiful 14' Pygmy Wineglass Wherry, w/ almost new Shorelander trlr. I built boat abt 8 yrs ago but it has always been washed down & garaged after every use. Also incl 2 sets lovely oars. Can deliver in northern California. \$1,700 for both. DAVID RAY, Novato, CA, (415) 897-1044. (1)



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 & flrbd natural and in gd shape. Ex trlr & trlring rig. \$5,200 wo/motor. MASON SMITH, Long Lake, NY, (518) 624-6398, <masonsmith@telenet.net> (1)



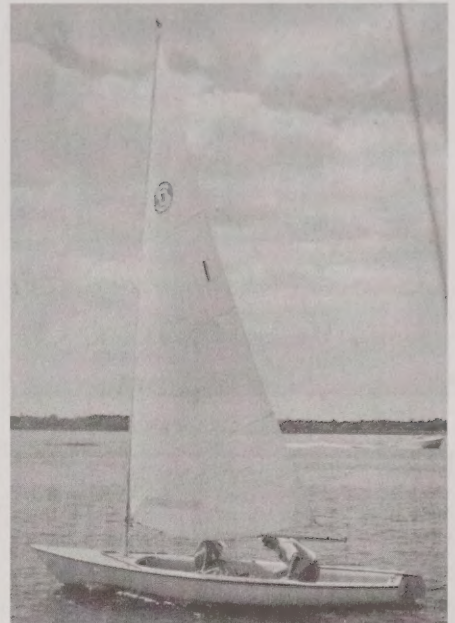
Custom Classic Canoe, 20' x 48" professionally blt of cedarstrip/WestSystem(tm) constr. Bright topsides, deck & interior. Could be fitted w/small gas, diesel or electric engine. Additional photos available. New cond, always stored under cover. \$12,000 OBO. Trlr available. Located in Dayton, FL TOM DEWITT, Palm Coast, FL, (904) 923-6732. (2)



14' Com Pac Picnic Cat, '00 gaff rigged catboat w/red FG hull, white sail, & green sail cover. Vy stable boat w/6'6" beam. Roomy 9' cockpit w/ bench seats & loads of storage. Comes w/orig trlr, '00 4hp Yamaha 4-stroke OB, & adjustable motor mount. Has only been in the water about 10 times & has been stored in the garage. Mastender Quick Rig Sailing System makes it easy to rig, launch, & retrieve. Mast can be easily raised & lowered by 1 person. Easily towed behind most cars. Asking \$8,000. MARK GRAFFICE, Monroe, OH, (513) 616 4547, <magraffice@nls.net> (2)



Acorn Dinghy, attractive 10'2" traditional design by Ian Oughtred. Blt '02 using 6mm marine ply & West System (tm) epoxy. White painted hull w/ teal interior & mahogany trim finished w/Cetol. \$1,750. LARRY DOW, Eliot, ME, (207) 439-8488, <sailse32@aol.com> (2)



Super Dink, 16' performance dinghy prototype. Participated in *Yachting's* "One of a Kind" regatta. Constr FG over 3/8" pvc foam core, teak trim. Wt. 160lbs, SA 100sf. Exc cond. 4hp Johnson, Bimini top & trlr. Too old now to mess around in boats. Asking \$2,000. GEORGE HART, Old Saybrook, CT, (860) 388-3806. (2)

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. BILL KANE, Dorchester, MA, (617) 305-5744 days, (617) 282-4436 eves. (1)

28' Shearwater, Bolger/Edey & Duff leeboard cat yawl, '96 Hull #11. Corecell/FG, positive flotation, faded green hull, buff deck, structurally perfect (Edey & Duff boats last forever). 8hp Nissan, solar panel, alum 2 axle trlr w/disc brakes, spare. Tanbark sails (Harding), good mizzen rarely used. 16lb Bruce Fortress FX-16, mini Contest compass. This 6" draft beauty motors @7kts, has been GPSd @9kts on screaming reach. \$28,000. DON HURD, Annapolis, MD, (410) 263-5101. (2)



25' Old Town War Canoe, mint cond, fully restored '98, appears on cover of Old Town's history. Deep red color w/embellishments. Pictures available on request. \$6,000. SUE AUDETTE, Mansfield Center, CT, (860) 456-4906, <wwcanoe@mindspring.com> (2)



Cape Dory Typhoon, '73 w/'85 Triad trlr, '98 Yamaha 4hp OB, CDI jib furler. Decent sails, cushions. Professional survey says "fair to gd cond, fair mkt value \$4,300". Asking \$4,300. **Seaworthy Inflatable**, '00 Boat US, w/'00 Nissan 5hp 4-stroke OB. \$1,500. **Bolger Hawkeye**, (shown in photo) '98 modified, w/'98 25hp Honda 4-stroke OB, '97 Shorelander trlr. \$5,000. **ROBERT CHAMBERLAND**, 1175 S. Peck Rd., Suttons Bay, MI 49682, (231) 271-4231, <cha62759@traverse.com> (2)

Spring Cleaning! 8' Plywood Pram, gd shape. \$250. **Slalom Kayak**, old Stuart Coffin, FG, incl flotation, skirt & paddle. \$175. **15' Clam Skiff**, FG over cedar & oak, w/6hp Evinrude. \$1175. Can coordinate delivery southward. **JACK DICE**, Oceanville Boat Shop, Stonington, ME 04681, (207) 367-2687, www.gwi.net/oceanvilleboat/, <oceanvilleboat@gwi.net> (1)

15' Bolger Diablo, Maine coast utility boat, blt late '90s. FG in & out, center console, removable fwd fishing deck, Bimini top, full flotation, full electric system, deep cycle battery. Fish Finder, 35hp Evinrude electric start, '00 galv trlr. Fast, strong, stable. \$4,800 invested plus 100s of hrs. Moving up to longer boat. \$2,500 OBO. Located nr Lake George, NY. **STEVE DECKER**, Dade City, FL, (518) 793-4357. (2)

'86 Compac 16, w/partially rblt trailer, main & 2 jibs, 4hp OB, 75lb mushroom, chain, mooring & pickup buoys, PFDs, installed VHF, porta potti, storage frames & other gear. Slps 2. Shallow draft, but vy stable w/heavy keel. \$3,500. **ANDY UPDEGROVE**, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631 3142 before 9:30pm, <updegrove@lgu.com> (2)

Harry Bryant's Willow, 1 person performance rowing boat. Lapstrake constr. 14' 2"L, 38"B, oars & oarlocks. Exc cond. In NC. \$2,750. **MARTI MAXIM**, Wilmington, NC, (910) 620-9012. (5P)

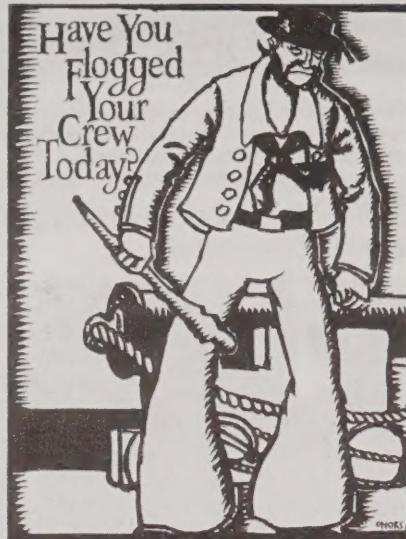
BOATS WANTED

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

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Carbon Spars, Poles, Gaffs, Tiller Extenders, sections available for Cat Boats, Sea Pearls, Hens, Birdwatchers & other Bolger designs. If you need a new spar for a custom boat or a replacement spar for a current design, give us a call for a quotation, you may be surprised. Aerospace quality construction at affordable prices. **New Bedford, MA**, (508) 991-4828, www.forterts.com. (7P)

GEAR FOR SALE



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

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

Danforth/White Compass, 3" Corsair Model, old, never used. \$20. **E.S. Ritchie Compass**, 3" used, 1" bubble, functions well. \$10. **Nicro Cowl Vent**, 4" w/threaded deck fitting & plate. \$20. **BOB YORKE**, Scituate, MA, (781) 545-1651. (2)

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

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25hp Johnson OB, long shaft, manual start, extra gas tank & prop. Used vy little, ex cond. \$1,300.00 **DAVID NALLET**, Keene, NH, (603) 355 1194. (1)

Volvo MD2B, 25hp. Cheap. **Universal Utility Four**, '40s or '50s, before Atomic Four. Cheap. **Shipmate Stove**, 2 burner propane, counter mounted. \$150. **DAVE LAUX**, Georgetown, DE, (302) 875-2917, <laux@ce.net>. (2)

Masts or Proa Crossarms? Matched pair of heavy wall structural FG tubes, slightly tapered, about 21' long by about 7" dia, end-capped, lin poly painted, new cond. Gd for big cantilever loads. Asking \$950. Call to discuss. **JAMES RICHARDSON**, Essex, MA, (978) 768 6429 days, <islandroad@earthlink.net> (2)

Wooden Catboat Half Models, decorative w/ carved sails, natural finish w/preservative suitable for interior or exterior display on mounting board. 4-1/2", \$55. 6", \$75. 16" **Wooden Catboat Weathervane**, painted, ready to install & head into the wind. \$150. **HOLT VIBBER**, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (2)

Attention Canoe Sailors: We have available 1 XL Jeerzee Hi Quality 50% cotton/50% poly sweat shirt (white w/Lateen Sail canoe Emblem). \$21.95. 1 XL, 2L, 1M, Hanes Beefy Long Sleeve Tee Hi Quality 100% pre-shrunk cotton Tee Shirts (white/Lateen Sail Emblems). \$19.95 ea. 1 L Tee Shirt (white w/Marconi Sail Emblem). \$19.95. Free shipping. Long Sleeve Tee Shirts are great for Spring Sailing. **CHUCK DURGIN**, 4 Millard Ave., Binghamton, NY 13905, <Durgin@aol.com> (2)

Molds, for bldng Gloucester Gull dory. 3 **Strongbacks**, for bldng a skiff. Free. **GORDON YORK**, Newbury, MA, (978) 337-6561. (2)

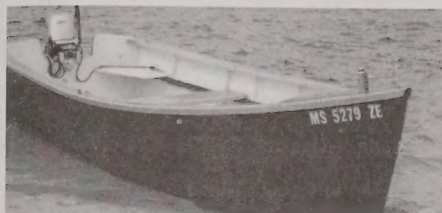
Ultralight Canoe Building Mold, we have available a mold for the Tom Hill 13-1/2' Daisy May design. Save time on yours. Sturdy & true. \$100. The canoes are finished, the mold is far too nice for firewood. Pick up in southern Ohio **PHIL JOSEPH**, Oxford, IL, (513) 523 6054, josephpm@muohio.edu> (2)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

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



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



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



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

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

Building Paradox, series of articles that appeared in *MAIB*. 50pgs, 16 articles cover the detailed description along with detailed building instructions. In booklet form, fully illustrated. \$10 + \$2 s&h.
DON ELLIOTT, 711 Wisconsin Ave., Box 202, Tomah, WI 54660, (608) 372-0614. (2)

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.
ROY ROYAL, Columbus, MI, (313) 390-6444 work, (586) 727-7320 home, <rroyal@ford.com> (1)

Reducing Library, write or email for list of boating books & prices.
ROBERT CHAMBERLAND, 1175 S. Peck Rd., Suttons Bay, MI 49682, (231) 271-4231, <cha62759@traverse.com> (2)

Glen L Yukon Trawler Plans & Patterns, never used. \$258 new, \$100pp.
JERRY GIBBS, Grandhaven, MI, (616) 842 4534, <gwgibbs@chartermi.net> (2)

MISCELLANEOUS MARINE RELATED FOR SALE

www.kleppers.org. (TFP)

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JOAN RUIZZO, New York, NY, (212) 723-2148. (2P)

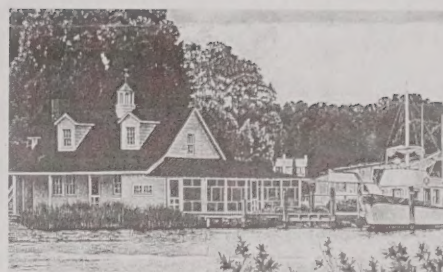
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LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486. (TF)

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Just enjoy and take it all in, even in the snow! Bradley Lake, Andover, N.H. Photo: Brownell

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