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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 3

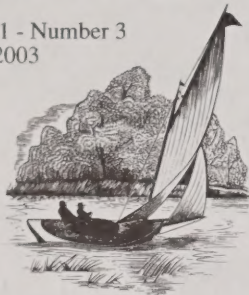
June 15, 2003



messing about in BOATS

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

Volume 21 - Number 3
June 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...

Robb White reports on his trip to the Canoe Cornelius Festival in North Carolina in "The Felucca of Lake Norman"; Doug Cameron has a lengthy report on the lengthy "2003 Everglades Challenge"; Barry Donahue offers a pictorial review of last fall's "Provincetown Schooner Race"; and Ian Walker sends along lotsa photos from the "New Zealand Antique & Classic Boat Show".

Lloyd Gallegos tells of "Once Upon a Tub, Landlubbers at the Mercy of the Sea"; Roger Stone describes "Learning to Love Thin Water"; Reinhard Zollitsch recalls a long ago big boat adventure in "Fiddler's Green Crosses the Atlantic"; Hugh Ware's back with "Beyond the Horizon"; and Chris Kaiser continues observing through her "Window on the Water".

Gary Grinnell describes "Repairing a Penn Yan"; George Reger asks, "Who Built My Boat?"; I tell you about Doug Martin's new recreational rowing shell in "The All New Echo Rowing Shell"; Jeff Gilbert's "Dreamboats" presents his alternative for a liferaft, "The Squeezebox"; Phil Bolger & Friends bring us a "Steel Sport Fisherman"; and Robb White offers his opinion of "Engineers as Boat Designers".

On the Cover...

A celebratory moment here at the *Messing About in Boats* compound as Greg and Naomi Grundtisch are about ready to take home one of my long ago unfinished boatbuilding projects. I chronicle this happy moment in my Commentary on this page.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Several issues back when I indulged in describing how I have dealt with the accumulation of projects over the years here, I mentioned a skipjack backbone hanging from the rafters of my boat shed, as far as that long ago dream to build a half size version of the famous *Messenger* ever got. It had been there since the early '80s.

Reader, and frequent contributor, Greg Grundtisch, spotted this and in a flash saw his opportunity to realize his dream of building a skipjack. A call confirmed that I'd be happy to have him take it away, and soon enough he and the lovely and talented Naomi (but not the troublesome Seamus Doneagain) arrived from far away Buffalo.



I cut away the slings so laboriously put up over 20 years ago, the frame held up by a sling and block and tackle for lowering.



With the stern down to the floor Greg and I ease the forefoot down.

What followed on a rainy morning is chronicled herewith in a few photos, one of those happy occasions when both the happiest days in one's life in boats occurred, as I parted with a long forgotten dream at last and Greg launched himself into yet another dream of his own.



Greg gets his first closeup look at his new prize as he removes the sling.



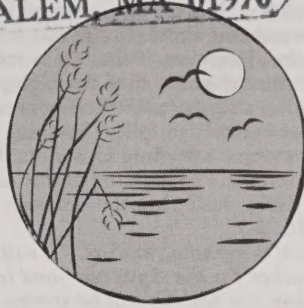
Outdoors in the rain, two happy fellas.



The 8' trailer bed was overwhelmed by the 20' frame, but it wasn't heavy anyway.



Headed for Buffalo and a new life, one we will no doubt read about in due course, providing Greg has more tenacity of purpose than I did back in the early '80s.



It's been a cold, ugly day. With the gathering darkness, the sleet has turned into that greasy consistency that makes the tread on car tires totally useless. I feel like I'm driving a ton of metal at the edge of control as I come around the bend on Jeffreys Neck Road. This drive home has the feel of being in an open cockpit with the main sheet jammed in a cleat and green water coming over the coaming. March came in AND went out as a lion; this is April, visions of newborn lambs gamboling among daffodils should be the order of the day...NOT this wintry blast of 6" of snow frosted by a rain and sleet combination.

I know all the New Englanders are reading this and nodding their heads. Even for New England this is a bit much. "If you don't like the weather, wait a minute," was never a more truthful statement. We've had all manner of conditions during the past four weeks. Mild days in the 60s, chilly nights several degrees below freezing, spitty snow squalls, torrential rains, lovely Scotch mists, brittle sunlit days of Arctic winds that froze the spit in the sea gulls' beaks, now it's a second snowstorm in the first two weeks of April! Snow is doable, sleet is NOT. Discouraged, I grab the mail from the box and sit a moment to sort it out before running the gauntlet of stinging ice pellets for the front door.

Turning over a #10 envelope, the return address brings a glow of remembered days on the Sound last summer. Harbor Master, Ipswich, MA, it reads. If the mooring permit renewal has arrived, spring can't hold off its arrival too much longer! Visions of Charlie out patrolling the bay in the police whaler rekindles hope of warmer days ahead. His comment about our being the only sailboat on the water much of the time last season, "you folks sure do get out a lot," reminded me of Kurt's "Peter Principle of Boating."

Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Spring Hopes Eternal

Most people have a boat one size too large for them."

We witness it season after season, the big boats don't get onto their moorings until Fourth of July week and they are hauled out by Labor Day (or sooner); that's about eight weeks of use if used daily which, of course, they aren't. With luck, many are used every weekend; this year there are eight weekends from the Fourth to the weekend just before Labor Day. Sixteen days, 24 if the owners can use Friday as well to utilize a massive investment of resources and energy. This holds true for the larger power boats as well, not just the sailboats, although the power boaters tend to make it out for a midweek evening putter, maybe heading over to Newburyport, Gloucester, or Essex for dinner.

Meanwhile, we of the small craft contingent are out and about every afternoon, sometimes morning and afternoon. There are a few Hobie cats that love to do an afternoon quickie. They zip out across to Plum Island for a brief visit then, if the wind is right, on to Steep Hill to test the beach there, then back to home base within an hour's time. The ever present aluminum open boats are in constant use, the usual assortment of crew, aging from 12 years and up, to the older ladies with parasols who go out, then drift along with fishing lines trailing behind them.

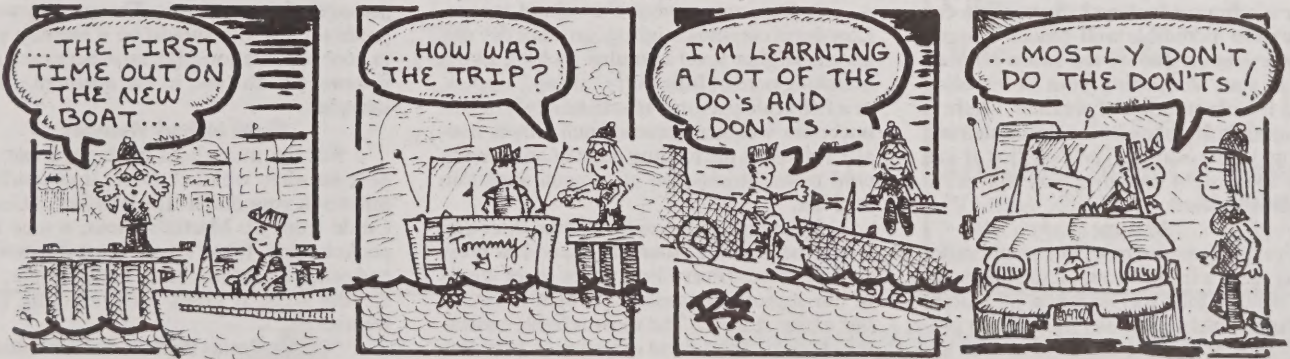
I can't think of a better platform from which to learn family or neighborhood news than a boat on the water. Now that the ice floes are finally gone, we'll be witnessing the colorful butterfly wings of the sailboarders soon. Like the swallows' return to San Juan Capistrano, these brilliantly festooned athletes arrive as soon as the sunlight hours extend past six in the evening.

I imagine the young executive sweating at his desk in the high rise office building. When the day is done, he leaps into his car and arrives out on Eagle Hill Cove. No sooner is he out of the car than he is stripping off his three piece suit to reveal the magenta wetsuit beneath. Stepping onto his board, he embraces the wind and waves intimately, shedding the grind of his day job with his business suit.

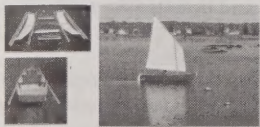
Already the kayakers have been traversing the Sound and canoe activity has increased along the Ipswich River. Mooring permits are being reissued and summer is just around the corner.

The weather is still chaotic, and threatens us with a 70 degree beginning for next week, to be followed by a cold snap of mid 30s. There is the expression "hope springs eternal," well this year perhaps it's better stated that "Spring HOPES eternal!"

SHIVER ME TIMBERS by Robert Summers



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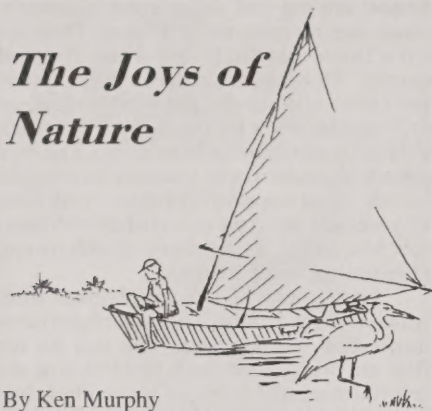
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The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

The Weather Eye

The purpose of this column is to provide information that will increase the enjoyment of your on-the-water pastimes whether sailing, paddling, rowing, or motoring. The more you know about a bird, animal, plant, and natural phenomenon, the more joy you experience when you encounter them on the water. Of course, it's all about seeing. Think of your boat as an observation platform. Begin to train yourself to be observant. It takes work and a questioning mind to build the skills to observe and to find meaning in what you see. Experts at seeing, like artists, photographers, and naturalists can work a lifetime before they reach that deep level of observation necessary to excel, to find joy in what they do. Annie Dillard in her book, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, observes, "It's all a matter of keeping my eyes open. Nature is like one of those line drawings of a tree that are puzzles for children: Can you find hidden in the leaves a duck, a house, a boy, a bucket, a zebra, and a boot? Specialists can find the most incredible well-hidden things."

As a boater, one of the more obvious places to start sharpening your observation skills is the observation of weather. There is no escaping it. It's above us in the clouds and below us in the waves. The fact that it can hurt us too, might convince you that it's a good place to start.

Maxims

An expert weatherman, like an old sailor who has spent a lifetime out on the open sea, knows what to look for. So when we read in our sailing books about salty maxims for predicting the weather, we expect that they are based on centuries of hard won truth. Consider this popular maxim:

*Red sky at night, sailor's delight.
Red sky in the morning, sailors take warning.*

This maxim turns out to be a good predictor. When the western sky is especially clear and dry there is often a red sunset. The sun is low in the sky and its light passes through dust particles in the lower dry atmosphere. A high air pressure concentrates these particles because its sinking air holds them near the ground. The sunlight is scattered by the particles causing the red sky. Now when one remembers that, in the mid-latitudes of the northern hemisphere, the weather systems most often approach from the west, then a

high pressure to the west generally portends fair weather. So a red sky at sunset indicates clear weather is approaching, which delights the sailor. However, if the sky is red in the eastern morning sky, then the high pressure region has already passed and an area of low pressure is likely to follow bringing clouds, rain or storms, a warning for sailors. The earliest reference I have found to this maxim is in the Bible. Jesus, himself, remarks in Matthew 16, 2-3:

When it is evening, you say, "It will be fair weather, for the sky is red" and in the morning you say, "It will be stormy today; the sky is red and lowering."

So weather maxims have been around a long time and many truths concerning the weather have been collected. So my first suggestion would be go to your local bookstore and spend a nice long time flipping through every weather book they have and pick out the one or two you like the best. Focus on those books giving practical knowledge dealing with weather prediction, including maxims. My current best is a 1999 book, an Explore Your World publication by the Discovery Channel, entitled, *Weather*. Start collecting and evaluating the weather maxims such as:

Mackerel skies and mares tails, make tall ships carry low sails.

Clouds

In summer, on the Chesapeake, the afternoon thunderstorm is the most frequent threat to the messabout boatmen. This is probably true no matter where your favorite cruising waters are. Hikers are also concerned about thunderstorms. I found the following information on the www.climber.org web pages. Mary Gilbert, a mountaineering teacher, uses the following principles to predict thunderstorms:

1. "Identify the first cloud that shows up in the morning sky. If already present, go with it. If both upper and lower level clouds are present, go with the highest clouds.

2. Determine what that cloud means. Low-level cumulus might mean a fair dry day ahead. Higher level cumulus looking like a marching herd of little puffy "sheep," ripples, or a fish scale pattern ("mackerel sky") means uncertain weather because such clouds usually represent the leading edge of an arriving cold front. Stratus can also mean uncertain weather.

3. Determine lower level wind direction winds that revolve around high and low pressure systems. (Prevailing upper level winds in our region are westerly, which blows in our major storms.) The most reliable indicator of lower level wind direction is how low level clouds (cumulus or stratus) move. The wind you feel is often distorted by topography.

4. Make a short term forecast. If the lower wind's anywhere NE through S you're probably in for falling weather. If the lower wind is generally westerly, chances are, it'll stay fair. Monitor any wind shifts."

Mary warns us that forecasting is an inexact science and is very specific to locale, and works best in summertime. Also remember that due to the earth's spin and the resultant Coriolis effect, the air circulation around a low pressure region flows counterclockwise in the northern hemisphere and clockwise in the southern hemisphere, so wind direction shifts, as a predictor, differ if you're "down

below."

We get a lot of cumulus clouds along the Chesapeake, Mary calls them "sheep." These white clouds with their flattish bottoms and puffy, sheep-like tops, when surrounded by blue sky, tend to say to us a nice day is ahead. It's when such cumulus start to grow vertically on a hot and humid afternoon they can become wolves in sheep's clothing and you better watch out. These clouds can easily become a thunderhead, a dark cumulonimbus cloud that blacks out the blue sky and should send you scurrying for a protected anchorage or ideally, off the water entirely. So learn to read those clouds with special attention to the various cumulus clouds. When the weather report predicts thunderstorms, be particularly observant and learn the look of the clouds, wind behavior, temperature, and humidity that accompany the storms around your cruising waters.

Wind and Pressure

As a center of low pressure proceeds easterly, it affects both wind direction and barometric pressure. You can usually tell the direction of the low's center by facing into the wind and lifting your right arm out to the side and a little to the rear. The center is in that direction. Refer to the nice diagrams in your weather books and try to envision what happens when a low and its storm front approach you. Your weather books will also have a weather predictor table that combines wind direction and barometric pressure. I have taken a look at a number of these tables and have simplified and adapted the information in the accompanying "weather predictor." I got interested in using such a graphic after buying a wristwatch that incorporates a barometer and a graph of the barometric pressure of the past 24 hours. I keep checking it and wind direction to see if my predictions match what actually happens. With the Internet information right at hand you can quickly learn what's happening and whether your local observations, indeed, predict the passage of storm fronts. The accompanying predictor graphic should be a starting point in your observations. It's most accurate in the summer months and in the northern middle latitudes.

Signs of Bad Weather

For the messabout boatman I can suggest another weather book that could be thrown in your duffel. It's *Weather*, a Golden Guide from St. Martin's Press, a nice little pocket guide. It has lots of great illustrations and practical information. For example, here are the signs it gives for predicting rainy weather:

"Cirrus clouds thicken and are followed by lower clouds. Particularly true if barometer is dropping.

There is a ring around the moon. Particularly true if barometer is dropping.

Puffy cumulus clouds begin to develop vertically.

Sky is dark and threatening to the west. Southerly wind increases in speed with clouds moving from the west.

The wind - particularly a north wind - shifts in a counterclockwise direction (from north to west to south).

The barometer falls steadily."

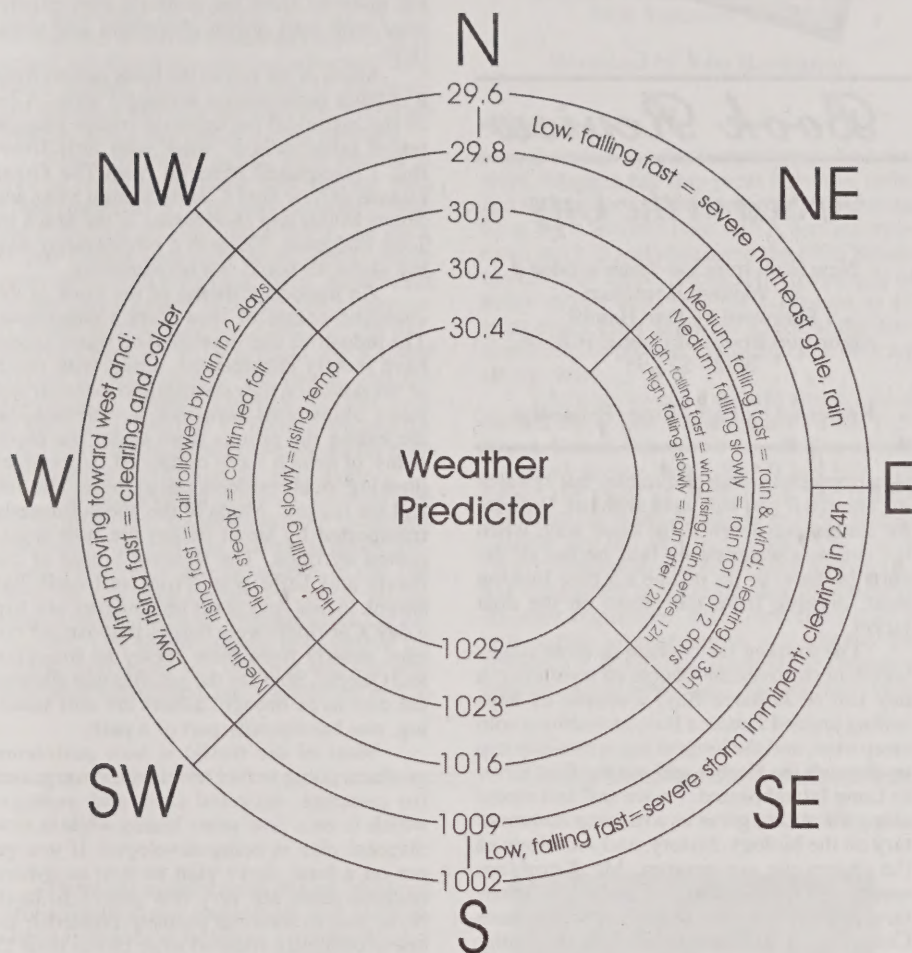
I have learned a lot from my friends in the Shallow Water Sailors. Some play music and sing songs, others can tie knots blindfolded, still others make delightful one pot

meals fit for royalty. Then there are those with the Weather Eye. They may have inherited it from their dad, who is a Pennsylvania farmer or Maine sailor. At first you might believe they have magical powers when they sniff at the air and say, "storm tonight, let's look for a protected anchorage." But it's not magic, it's observation and it's learning the signs. All around us there are signs, we must learn to

read them, we all have it in us to acquire the Weather Eye.

Change in E-Mail Address

I love to receive your notes concerning the joy of nature. Many have been published in this column. Please keep them coming. Please note that my e-mail address has been changed, it is: kgmurphy@comcast.net.



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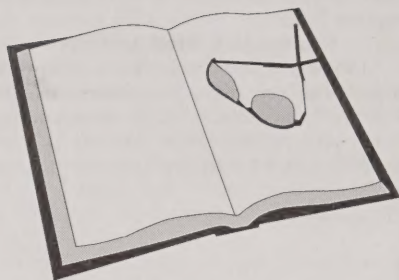


When my girlfriend gave me this book it seemed perfect for me, its subject is Long Island's western shore, mostly the waterfront of Brooklyn and Queens. I have been boating on New York's East River for about five years now, starting in a 14-1/2' aluminum skiff with a small outboard and later in an older 20' fiberglass "mechanic's special" motorboat. On reading this book I was surprised to find that I didn't like it much at first. In fact, I put it aside for a few months without finishing it. I picked it up again and liked it better, but the book still has some real flaws.

Possibly no waterfront has been as celebrated or reviled in literature as New York City's. Even if you have never been here you have an image of it from all the films, crime novels, romances, and stories of immigrant triumph that have been set on these shores. Most New Yorkers experience it as a view from a highway or bridge or from a esplanade, few have the privilege of seeing it from the water except in an excursion boat.

In *At Sea in the City*, author William Kornblum attempts to give us that water view, an intimate view "from the water's edge." We join him on an intermittent journey from his home waters in Long Beach, Long Island, through the city on the East River to Long Island Sound and Long Island's North Shore. Our vessel is *Tradition*, a 1910 Crosby catboat which Kornblum purchased in 1980 in a disreputable state. The rotting hull had been covered with a thick layer of fiberglass to hold it together and a fixed steel keel had been bolted to the bottom in place of the original centerboard.

The new keel, no doubt added without the advice of a naval architect, made for an unpredictable helm. Fortunately, Kornblum has only one actual collision with another boat, and it is only a scrape. The boat is slowly digesting her own insides and spitting them out through the bilge pump, and her gasoline engine is a bit cranky, too. In short, *Tradition*



Book Review

At Sea in the City

New York from the Water's Edge
By William Kornblum
Foreword by Pete Hamill
Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill; NC
2002 - \$23.95

Reviewed by Larry King (Belatedly)

is cantankerous and unreliable, but rewarding enough if you will work with her. I'm sure the author has learned the hard way, when the engine's water pump fails he has all the parts on hand to fix it. She's a nice looking boat, judging from the photo on the dust jacket.

The journey takes place in three stages which occur over the course of a summer, a day sail to Jamaica Bay, a couple of days sailing around Jamaica Bay, including a solo sleep over, and the longest leg, a two-day trip up through the Harbor and out the East River to Long Island Sound. As we sail and motor along the author gives us a running commentary on the biology, history, and sociology of the shores we are passing. Mr. Kornblum seems well equipped to give us this commentary, he has been a professor at the Graduate Center, City University of NY, for many years, he learned to sail in Africa as an early volunteer for the Peace Corps, and he has participated or is familiar with many studies of waterfront neighborhoods. He clearly loves New York City, its waters, and their history, and he is happy to share his love with you.

Unfortunately, some of his commentary is not very accurate; for example, he describes the A-train subway line originating in the Bronx and going over the Williamsburg Bridge. It does neither. This may seem picky, but to New Yorkers, at least to those thousands who ride that line, this is like saying that I-95 goes to Chicago on its way to Houston. There is a claim that the 3-1/2 mile Newtown Creek once carried more tonnage than the entire Mississippi River, and that needs some amplification to be believed. The book could use some sharp editing, too. Kornblum strains so hard to write descriptively that the words sometimes fall flat or are not even used accurately. In spite of the flaws, I was eventually able to enjoy it, nothing will spoil a good trip like letting your shipmates get under your skin. When I relaxed and looked out at the horizon in my mind while the author talked I had a much better time.

One of the most interesting parts of the book is a long reminiscence about a summer job the author had working at the yard of the Transit Mix Concrete Company on an East River pier. He started out sweeping the dock and ended up in the conveyer house helping prepare mixes for the trucks. Kornblum paints a vivid picture of a college boy entering a working man's world and feeling privileged to be there. This part works because it is original material from the author's own experience with well drawn characters and situations.

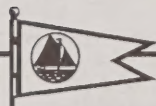
Much of the rest of the book suffers from a slightly monotonous nostalgic style. A lot of the historical background comes straight out of other authors' work with little filtering. I recognized material from *The Other Islands of New York City* by Sharon Seitz and Stuart Miller and *Hearbeats in the Muck* by John Waldman. There is a bibliography listing about 45 books but no footnotes.

An important theme of the book is the changing nature of New York's waterfront. The industries that depended on water access have mostly disappeared, along with much of the pollution they contributed to the air and water. Shipworms have made a comeback and are eating the pilings from under the piers, many of which have collapsed, sometimes dunking local residents out enjoying the sun and the fishing. Much of the goods formerly transported by small barges are now transported by truck. The floating bridge of car floats and little waterfront railroads has shrunk to one very short line making one trip a day. Car floats were barges that carried rail cars, mostly from New Jersey to Brooklyn and Queens. Some of the gantries that allowed the cars to be brought ashore are still standing, one has become part of a park.

Most of the traffic is now petroleum products going to fuel terminals, some gravel for concrete, recycled cars, and garbage, which is on a few years hiatus while a new disposal plan is being developed. If you go out on a boat, don't plan to stop anywhere because there are very few places to land. Now, due to national security concerns, no one is officially allowed to go closer than 25 yards to the shore within all of New York Harbor and there are a lot of other restrictions. It may be years before these restrictions are lifted.

The derelict state of the waterfront presents a great opportunity for various kinds of development. Power plant developers, residential developers, park lovers, small craft enthusiasts, nature lovers, and industrial history buffs each have different and sometimes very incompatible ideas of the what the future holds. Politics in New York is not a spectator sport and *At Sea in the City* could be useful as basic background for someone interested in jumping into the fray.

The struggle with time and entropy is the common lot of recreational boat owners everywhere, especially those on a budget. *At Sea in the City* is a memoir of one man's version of this struggle and is a serviceable introduction to the history and politics of the New York waterfront. It's not as bad as I may have made it out to be, and I would recommend it to anyone contemplating exploring the archipelago of New York by boat. If you already have some knowledge of this area, the bibliography is an excellent source of material for further study.



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The world of large sailing ships is alive and well as described in this yearbook and directory of the American Sail Training Association (ASTA). The more recent (13th) edition was published in April 2001 and features the 240 member vessels, which range from the 17' miniature square rigger *Federalist* to the 346' *Kruzenshtern*. Their list includes many vessels that we might classify differently; for example, many of the 12 meter America's Cup racers of the past 40 years are now providing excitement for hire. If you have an itch to sail on almost any type of large vessel, whether it is a coasting schooner, deep water cruiser, replica warship, or explorer, this directory can help you find what you want whether it is a day sail or a long passage.

There are many newly built vessels as well as some painstaking restorations. Two of the Universal "J" Class sloops of the 1930s, the *Endeavor* and the *Shamrock V*, are back in fine sailing trim and can be seen in many areas (and hired for a large sum). Significant recent construction includes the *Endeavor* (Captain James Cook) in Australia, the *Sultana* in Chestertown, Maryland, the *Kalmar Nyckel* in Wilmington, Delaware, and the *Armistad* at Mystic. Colonial replicas such as the *Susan Constant* of Jamestown and the *HMS Rose* of Bridgeport have served for both sail training and as historic attractions.

The Association presents considerable detail about the foundations and programs that feature large sailing vessels as their classroom. Fifty years ago the effects of the Depression, followed by the war, made sailing ships a vague memory, probably due for extinction. The major factors responsible for rebirth have been sail training and the promotion of commerce, but the interest in his-

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Reviewed by John Hawkinson

torical vessels has also fostered some fine new work. Modern tall ship races began in 1956, and Operation Sail was timed in 1964 for the New York World's Fair. ASTA was incorporated in 1973 and sponsored the 1976 Bicentennial Tall Ships Races. The frequency of major rallies and races has increased to almost every other year, and a look at the dossiers of the 240 vessels indicates that they are always busy.

There are several excellent articles about the tall ships. The Commandant of the U.S. Coast Guard describes the charter of the *Danmark* during World War II and how this turned the focus of seamanship and leadership training at the Academy to large sailing vessels. For the past half century the *Eagle* (WWII reparation originally built for Goring) has continued to provide this experience. Another impressive essay describes how a two month voyage under sail aboard the schooner *Californian* allowed 12 teenaged girls to "grow new eyes," taught them how

to take orders and give them, and most important how to prepare to be adults.

Each vessel has a full page entry with complete listing of the history, size, and cost (per day, per week, individual or group). There are some unusual metamorphoses such as the *Roald Amundsen*, a 165' brig that began life as a motor tanker for the East German Navy. She will now take 65 trainees for a day sail or half that number for overnight passages. One of my young friends spent two college summers at sea on the *Regina Maris*. After more than 80 years of seafaring, this three masted barkentine spent her dotage as a restaurant, sank twice, and will be broken up since her last financial hopes are gone.

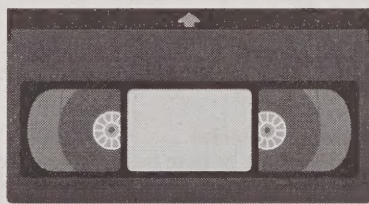
Closer to home we have the *Pride of Baltimore II* as sailing ambassador for marketing the local economy. The brig *Niagara* of Erie serves in the same role for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The year I was an intern in Erie, the bones of Admiral Perry's original *Niagara* rested peacefully across from the emergency room door. The reconstruction was built in 1988 and sails the Great Lakes as well as the East Coast of the U.S. and Canada.

Sail Tall Ships! Gives a concise listing of the individual vessels that comprise the Tall Ships (large and small) and pertinent information about the organization behind the parade of large square rigged boats we love to see. Reference to all groups interested in providing large boat sailing experience gives valuable information in one well organized text. For up to date scheduling it is wise to consult the ASTA website (<http://www.tallships.sailtraining.org/>) which tells us about the Tall Ships Challenge Race Series on the Pacific Coast of North America in 2002.

There are usually three or four geodesic aerolite boats at our local small craft festival. These translucent beauties proudly display their lines and construction. Anything resembling a full sized floating set of line drawings is likely to arouse my interest. Platt Monfort derived this construction technique from light aircraft design, not from the Inuit kayak. Current aerolite construction depends upon dacron, kevlar, epoxy, and heat bond tape, but Platt tells of doing the same thing in the 1930s with unbleached muslin and paint.

This instructional video, narrated by Monfort, gives dozens of pointers helpful to complete one of his kits. The emphasis is beyond the basics of lining up a set of molds on a strongback, attaching longitudinals, bending and fastening ribs, and attaching and finishing the fabric. Narration is clear and concise, without repetition, and the sequences make sense. This is not a professional video, but the basic filming technique is excellent. Filmed in 1993, it is still up to date. The building methods are well illustrated, however, a few sharp close-ups would have clarified some of the finer details.

For the wooden framework, longitudinals are sawn spruce or fir while the ribs are steam bent (or laminated) ash or oak. Plans and partial kits (not wood) are available from Platt Monfort, who has carefully



The Visual Approach Video Reviews

A Builders Guide to Geodesic Aerolite Boat Building

Monfort Associates
50 Haskell Rd., Westport, ME 04578
<http://gaboats.com/>
Duration: 70 minutes
\$19.95 plus \$4.95 shipping

Reviewed by John Hawkinson

assembled materials that consistently work together. The assembled framework is diagonally braced with kevlar roving for torsional rigidity, then covered with a tough heat shrink dacron skin. Final finish is optional. The see through varnish finish permeates the cloth, which is then more vulnerable to tearing, while mylar film overlay is sensitive to UV light.

The merit of this video lies in the confidence inspired by Monfort's systematic guide to geodesic aerolite construction for the newcomer. We see a clean, comfortable workplace where a boat is the center of attraction. We are shown exactly how to make close fitting cuts, how to apply the heat sensitive tape, how to heat shrink the dacron covering. He tells us both what we are to achieve and how we are to achieve it; for example, a snugly fitting joint. Several examples of construction tips are how to improve table saw performance, how to wield the heating iron, how to deal with kevlar roving, and the technique of fitting, stretching, attaching, and shrinking the dacron fabric.

Anyone tempted by geodesic small craft should review this film to see whether the method of construction suits him. While light enough to lift with one hand, these graceful, innovative boats are tough enough to get you there and back.

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Lake Champlain Small Boat Festival & Challenge Race

Despite a long, cold winter, with 2' of solid ice on Lake Champlain, preparations are being made at our Lake Champlain Maritime Museum for our annual Small Boat Festival & Challenge Race on July 5 and 6, "dedicated to the simple pleasures of building sailing, rowing, and paddling small boats."

This year's event will offer a broader range of activities including boat building, spar making, and rigging demonstrations. We'll have live music on both days, a lecture by single handed circumnavigator Tania Abei, and classic maritime movies played in our new theatre. We'll be offering more ways for people to get out on the water in sailboats, rowing boats, kayaks, and canoes.

As an added attraction for visitors and to raise funds for museum programming, we will again host a "Shipyardsale" offering used but still usable boats and accessories. We welcome donations of goods or equipment! We also plan to offer an area where local chandleries can sell clearance items.

Show visitors may try out boats displayed by exhibitors in beautiful North Harbor. We'll treat exhibitors to a Saturday evening barbeque and invite them to enter their craft in the Lake Champlain Challenge Race on Sunday.

Potential exhibitors and visitors should contact me for further details on participating.

Mike LaVecchia, Small Boat Festival Coordinator, Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, Vergennes, VT, (802) 651-4105, <lavecchia@lcmcm.org>

WoodenBoat Show 2003 Expands Its Special Events

The 2003 WoodenBoat Show takes place on July 18-20 in Rockland, Maine, with approximately 140 exhibitors, including 100 wooden craft on the Rockland waterfront. Hours are Friday and Saturday, July 18 and 19, 10 AM to 6 PM, and Sunday, July 20, 10 AM to 4 PM. The Watercraft Challenge featuring historic vessels and replicas and is scheduled and co-produced by the Atlantic Challenge Foundation, as is Family BoatBuilding. There will be a parade of sail across Rockland Harbor Friday afternoon, featuring Penobscot Bay schooners and new and restored wooden yachts, and also a selection of powerboats on display at the docks.

Penobscot Bay Model Yacht Club model yachts will be on display and demonstrated in the Inner Basin during all three days of the show. Highlights include a re-creation of 1930s America's Cup match races between spectacular J Boat models *Rainbow* and *Enterprise* (these models are 8-1/2' long!) and later America's Cup boats *NZ 60* and *Courageous*.

On land during the show will be the two-and-a-half day long Family BoatBuilding event, during which 15 families and groups (chosen in advance based on entries) will

build their own wooden dinghies or skiffs with the help of an instructor. All boats will be launched on the final day of the show.

For further information, contact: Carl Cramer, (207) 369 4651, <carl@woodenboat.com>, www.woodenboat.com

Family Boatbuilding Week Expands Across the Globe

Family BoatBuilding events are being expanded to all 50 states, plus several international countries, with 34 groups so far enrolled to produce local events, July 13-20. The concept is families and groups building their own boats in two days, launching them on the third day, and taking them home for their own uses. Family BoatBuilding was first held at the WoodenBoat Show in 1998 in St. Michaels, Maryland.

Carl Cramer, publisher of *WoodenBoat* magazine and author of the Family BoatBuilding concept, explained the event's mission: "Building a boat as a team creates remarkably strong family bond, we've seen newfound intimacy develop among family members every year we've produced the event. We want to encourage this integral aspect of recreational boating by providing the Family BoatBuilding opportunity to as many families as we can. The culmination of the event is when all the families and groups launch their own boats at once, it's an inspiring introduction to boatbuilding and boating."

WoodenBoat magazine will be producing Family BoatBuilding Week with the assistance of the Alexandria Seaport Foundation (Alexandria, Virginia). For further information, please see *WoodenBoat* issue #145, or visit our website at www.woodenboat.com/fbb.htm.

Adventures & Experiences...

Hurricane Memories

Spring must be here because our weeping cherry tree is in full bloom. Our thermometer on our deck this morning reads close to the freezing mark. Just a few days ago it was bordering on 80 degrees. What crazy weather we do have here in New England.

April had the earliest tropical depression off our shore in memory. I wonder if that is an indication of things to come. We haven't had a good old fashioned hurricane in many years. It may be about time for one to pay us a visit. I have been in the boat business all of my life and have seen what such a storm can do.

I can visualize what a storm would do to the boats and the many marinas on the Merrimack River. They have never weathered such a storm and they keep growing and growing. My folks once had a 42' party fishing boat moored behind Plum Island during such a storm, I believe it was back in 1937. She ended up way back on the Salisbury marsh. We were lucky, she sustained no damage mainly because of her design unlike the majority of the boats you see today. The Coast

Guard was able to slide her across the marsh with a long line attached to her bow. She hadn't budged until my stepfather, who was a powerful man, put his back under her stern and lifted.

There was another hurricane that I best remember. I can't recall the year. We had a warning that a storm was coming up the coast so I let out more scope on a 26' three cockpit Chris Craft mahogany speedboat that I had recently taken in trade. The storm soon blew up with all her fury and I walked out to the bridge over the Parker River hanging onto the railing all of the way. I watched while one boat after another drifted under the bridge and some came out the other side without their cabin tops. One boat that foolishly also had a stern anchor was the first to sink.

My mooring would have held except that a cruiser floated up from its mooring off the Country Club and hooked onto my boat. They started to float under the bridge together. I just couldn't stand seeing that cruiser banging up against my varnished mahogany. Howard Kent, from Rowley, had come over to watch the excitement. He helped lower me via rope off the bridge to my boat as she passed through. I made a safe landing in one of the cockpits and soon had the big Chrysler engine fired up. I cut her loose and got her out of harm's way.

After the storm I ferried boat owners around the river searching for their boats. Most were found high and dry up on the marshes. I later purchased a Century power boat from an insurance company. It had missed the bridge and ended up on the rocks. I had Pert Lowell, a local boat builder, replace 27 of its smashed planks. Pert often said, "It's an ill wind that doesn't blow someone some good."

Bunny Fernald, Newbury, MA

"Can You Pull Her Off?"

My grandfather and his father were boat men along the Texas coast in the early 1900s. They built bridges, owned pile drivers, dredges, barges, and tow boats. The ship channel between Houston and Galveston was fairly new, growing, and busy. Time was money so rest came infrequently and was seldom a formal affair.

After several days of pushing barges up and down the channel, Grandad was beginning to see double, and sure enough one of the things he failed to see on that early morning was a long low mud bank. His barge ran high and dry and try as he might no amount of backing, wiggling, and winching could free it. So he did the only sensible thing, he took a nap.

In the early daylight hours a large ocean-going tug approached and slowed to ask if he needed assistance. Grandad shouted to the tug captain, "Do you think you can pull her off?"

To which the Captain replied, "Don't know, but I can pull off whatever you tie me to."

Doc McMinn, Waco, TX

Foolhardy Stunt

Reading other's confessions of foolhardy stunts reminded me of one I pulled some 40 years ago. I'm fortunate to have made 81. I was sailing my 11' fiberglass din-

ghy alone off the coast of Rockport, Massachusetts, that summer when I came abreast of the Dry Salvages. These are an interesting rock formation several miles offshore composed of a broken ring of giant granite projections roughly 200' in diameter. Within it was a fairly calm body of water. There was a fair breeze and with my sail luffing, I stopped and studied it.

Every so often an incoming swell would enter the circle and mount into a foaming crest within the rocks, probably because the water was shallow. I timed the waves and noted they came at roughly regular intervals. That's when the stupid dare afflicted me. It was the same voice from the nether regions that gets others in trouble. The dare was to sail across the "lake" within the rocks between the waves. Timewise I felt I could make it.

Why not go for it? As soon as one breaker subsided, I headed the *Jelly Bean* between the big rocks into the placid water. Hordes of seagulls perched on guano whitened granite studied me intently. Halfway across, as I was congratulating myself, I looked up to see what looked like one hundred white horses charging me. The breaker caught the *Jelly Bean* like a chip, hurling me forward into its bow. The next thing I knew I was flat on my back in my boat which was surfing toward the outer ring of rocks. Thank God, *Jelly Bean* shot out between the rocks into safer waters, where I recovered.

Meanwhile, my wife was on shore shopping with our two little boys. I never told her about the stupid thing I did. It's a good thing she doesn't read *Messing About in Boats*!

Dick Schneider, Rye, NY

Designs...

New Race Program For Home Built Boats

The world's amateur boat builders will have their own race program in 2004. Unlike usual racing programs, the racing will take place wherever there are boats racing each other or, in the case of only one boat, racing against the clock. There will be a series of events, short races and longer ones with a crew of two and single-handed events. Boats will be scored on each event and also on the quality of construction.

The program will take place in 2004 and will be held in various parts of the world based on weather conditions. One major factor is that the boats must be usable as small cruising boats when not being raced. The boat must have an after life, unlike some of the upscale racers that have little value after the race program.

Mermaid is the one design boat for this IABBS program, sloop rigged, 18'9" long by 8' beam, with a retractable ballasted keel and is self righting and self rescuing. It sleeps two, has a galley and head. Headroom in the cabin is 5' in the sitting area. Note that the after part of the cabin (where the after window is) is actually in the cockpit. This is a "ready station" where the crew can sit out of the weather and still be in the cockpit. Foredeck work is done from the hatch. There is no need to go on the foredeck and it is, in fact, prohibited. The Mermaid must be amateur built using either the cold molded wood or one off fiberglass methods.

Our mermaid swims alongside and points to the next mark on the course. The logotype of the race program is displayed on the sides of the boat. In use, the words "Amateur Boat Building" and the arrow are in a second color. The prototype boat is under construction and should be ready for sea trials within a couple of months.

For those who are too young to remember, I founded IABBS in 1967 and ran it for several years, but the press of other business and sailboat racing (E 22, Yngling, etc.) forced me to give it up. It was then run by new officers, but folded after a few years. I have revived it and have now published five of the six issues of *International Amateur Boat Building* in the current membership year. I co-authored the book *Understanding Boat Design* with Ted Brewer and co-founded the Yacht Design Institute, a home study program.

I have also served as a consultant to the American Boat and Yacht Council and am designer of a number of boats from 12' to 130', sail and power. You may see the GP 16 and SO DO IT! designs at www.bateau.com (videotapes of both of these boats in action are available if you wish to see them.) In real life I have been a journalist (newspapers, AP, magazines, and books) and later director of press relations for General Foods Corp. and a consultant in the field of new product development (author of two books on that subject.)

Jim Betts, IABBS, P.O. Box 1309, Point Pleasant Beach, NJ 08742-1309 USA, (732) 295-8258, <AmateurBoats@AOL.com>

The International Amateur Boat Building Society publishes a bimonthly magazine, sells boat plans, conducts research on boat designs and building materials and methods, and offers technical advice to amateur boat builders worldwide.



Information of Interest...

Hazards of Anchoring

Bob Brown writes a memorable letter about the hazards of anchoring (*MAIB*, 4/15/03). Two men drowned when one of them threw out an anchor and was caught in the line. The story encourages me to try the most cautious method of anchoring I have read about.

In *The Theory and Practice of Seaman-ship* (London, 1966), G.L. Danton writes, "If the lifeboat is to anchor, the bitter end of the anchor line should be well secured, the stock of a common anchor well locked in place, and sufficient line streamed to reach the bottom before the anchor is let go. It is as well to have a little sternway on when paying out the anchor warp."

Duncan Wright, Portland, ME

Steinbeck's Outboard?

Yesterday my *Messin'* arrived and as I was reading it, I came across the article by Jack McKee from Bellingham, Washington, writing about John Steinbeck. Although I am unsure of the year it was written, I immediately thought of one of my little motors, a 1939 model that just happens to be "all aluminum paint and touched here and there with spots of red."

Henry Champagney, Greenback, TN



Another Lowell Boats Celebrates

With over 20 years of boat building experience, I opened my own business, Lowell Boats of Greensboro, NC, in July of 1993 in a home-based shop. Since then I have expanded my shop to three times the size of the original. I have also tripled my work force and continue to grow. Boats have come to my shop from as far away as Maine, but the majority of my clients come from the Mid Atlantic region. Projects range from small dinghies to large cruisers and a great number of runabouts from the area's many lakes.

I have taken my boat building into the community, presenting seminars for local boat owners, conducting courses at the NC Maritime Museum and leading a boatbuilding project with middle school children.

I am a descendant of the New England boat building Lowells, and I hope to commemorate my business' 10th anniversary by taking time off for some cruising on Chesapeake Bay in my restored sailboat.

Gary Lowell, Lowell Boats, Greensboro, NC

Information Needed...

Rhodes Bantam Information Wanted

River Wrights Boat Builders, a non-profit youth boat building business in Hartford, Connecticut, has recently had a Rhodes Bantam hull donated to us that needs restoration. Does anyone have any pictures or literature that they would be willing to share, especially rigging specs? Also we need a rudder. Anyone have one?

Vi Beaudreau, (860) 296-0165 (shop), (860) 658-0869 (home), vbeaudreau@hotmail.com



Every sailor has his own personal standard by which he gauges his level of accomplishment on the water. Racers count their trophies and wins, passage makers check off miles traveled and ports visited, marina kings strive to have the brightest chrome and most flawless teak. My measuring stick has always been singlehanded sailing. Call me antisocial if you happen to be one of those compulsively gregarious types, but I've always had the itch to go it alone.

Years of solo sailing small catamarans managed to scratched my itch for a while (a Hobie 18 can be quite the beast in a stiff breeze) but the satisfaction of daysailing a beach cat can't compare to the feel of cruising on a larger monohull. Let's face it, once you manage to get out through the surf, Hobie Cats are pretty idiot proof. You don't have to know how to read charts or channel markers, you needn't really concern yourself about water depth, or tides, or currents, or weather systems. You don't have to know anything about judging wind and current combinations while docking or changing and reefing sails while underway. Or heaving to.

You couldn't care less about understanding horn and light signals from other boats, or the de rigueur of right of way. Proper use of a marine radio, figuring latitude and longitude, anchoring and maneuvering in a crowded seaway, all get the big shrug if you're daysailing off the beach. And you really don't even have to worry about running into anything, other than the occasional surfer or kayaker (one of the only good things about those annoying jet skis is that they don't stay in one place long enough to worry about hitting them).

In addition to being more challenging, singlehanded sailing also has some attractive advantages. For example, while sailing solo the crew almost never complains about being yelled at. Of course, this advantage is somewhat devalued by having no one else to blame when things go wrong.

With the above as a preface, I would like to relate the story of my first solitary cruise on my sloop, *Sun Bum*.

Like a lot of things in life, my first solo cruise happened by way of a simple expedi-

Singlehanded Coastal Cruising

A Story of Good Inlets, Bad Inlets, and Poor Decisions

By J. B. Wilson

ency, I either shoved off by myself or I wasn't shoving off at all. My wife was away, my sailing buddies were all unavailable, and the young lady at the bar the night before was otherwise occupied (just kidding sweetheart). Of course, I secretly relished the challenge of going it alone and had been meaning to give it a try for some time, so I decided to take the leap and hope for the best. Admittedly what I had planned wasn't exactly "rounding the horn," but even a simple overnight coastal cruise offers plenty of excitement if you're doing it alone for the first time.

Regarding my vessel, a brief description might be appropriate. *Sun Bum*, my ride of choice for several seasons and my only monohull to date, is a 26' MacGregor centerboard sloop. It is a flat bottomed, skinny water boat, a design which, as Phil Bolger might be apt to point out, has its advantages. By my way of thinking, deep draft blue water boats are highly overrated. This opinion has nothing to do with my not being able to afford one. The plain fact is that there are lots of interesting things to be found on and around shallow water, while deep water tends to look pretty much the same no matter where it happens to be. Armed with this rationale, and with the *Bum* at my disposal, I left my home port of Great Egg Harbor, New Jersey, and, with only slight trepidation, set out alone with the tip of Cape May as my destination.

In the predawn gloom I wound my way south along the Intercoastal Waterway, intending to exit bay waters through Corson's Inlet, located between the shore towns of Ocean City and Strathmere. As a forethought to crewlessness, I had purchased a handheld VHF to allow me to call for bridge openings without leaving the helm. The sky was clear

and the winds were light from the south with a forecast of increasing breeze as the day progressed. Faced with sailing dead to windward into a 3' swell, I lowered my centerboard to its full 5' draft and settled in for a long trip.

Tacking upwind in five mile legs, I calculated initially that I was making approximately only two miles' progress beating toward my destination for every five miles sailed. At four knots of boat speed it would take over 20 hours to reach my hoped for port of entry. Oh well, the weather was fine and I was in no hurry. Having stopped over in Cape May briefly during a cruise a couple of seasons ago (*MAIB* Vol. 19 #12), I wasn't overly nervous about running Cape May inlet after dark if I had to.

As the day progressed, the wind picked up as predicted and I started to make some decent headway. Before long my 150% genoa proved too hot to handle and I hanked on my 100% working jib. The procedure I had worked out for changing headsails minus an assistant involved first dropping the foresail using the downhaul I had fitted and led back to the cockpit. I then corrected my helm to account for the tendency to weathervane and locked the wheel appropriately. Going forward to change the sail, I could usually manage to accomplish the swap without radical deviation from my course. Five miles out and five miles in, my boat felt in the groove and I began to appreciate the reward attributable to shifting my fresh water tank to the bow. The better weight distribution really improved the windward tracking ability of *Sun Bum's* flat bottomed hull.

Back and forth I went, sailing to within a few hundred yards of the vacationers on the beach, then turning about and continuing on outward until the shore was just the slimmest of lines on the horizon. Within a couple of hours the wind was cranking at a healthy 20 knots and I was starting to feel just a little abused. I reefed the main and briefly considered dropping my jib, but trying to sail to windward without a headsail would never get me to Cape May.

I contemplated turning north to Townsends Inlet and completing the day by ICW, but this would have severely limited my bragging rights among my beach buddies when I returned. Conditions were getting nasty. The wind had kicked up a 5' sea and by the time Cape May Inlet came into view, I could see small craft of all kinds scurrying for refuge. With daylight fading fast, I dropped all sail and proceeded under power into Cape May Harbor. The initially confused sea at the inlet mouth promptly smoothed out as the rocky groins flanking each side of the narrow channel did their job of damping the motion of the ocean.

I felt the relief of recognizing a familiar refuge after a long, trying day on the water. I docked the *Bum* without embarrassing myself, in spite of a contrary current, and proceeded to enjoy an evening in the Victorian capital of New Jersey. Streets lined with gingerbread mansions complemented my euphoric state of mind at having successfully acquitted myself alone on the water. I strutted the strut of the salty sailor.

Next morning, I awoke to the burble of engines from the Sunday fishing fleet. The marina cookery was shuttered and waiting for a more godly hour, so I settled for an onboard breakfast of granola and coffee. With a long

day's sail ahead of me, I was soon shoving off for the return trip to Great Egg. I slowly picked my way between the rows of boats at rest, past the vacant waterside restaurants and rusty fishing trawlers and out to the wider harbor. No need to hurry. I motored steadily, following the marked channel and taking the time to notice details that had escaped me the previous day.

I recognized the graceful profile of a Pearson Triton at anchor and finally understood the fanaticism of my friend Matt, who labored to restore one. Skippers who dream of Tritons will never settle for a *Sun Bum*, even if it means years of "time on the hard" in the quest. On the other hand, those less particular, like myself, get to spend these same years on the water. I decided long ago that there was a lot of great sailing out there which could be had without crossing an ocean. I figure when I get tired of cruising coastal waters, a short 60-mile hop across the Gulf Stream from the Florida Keys will get me into Island Paradise in the Caribbean. With a little seamanship and good luck, who needs a "real" boat?

As I approached the harbor entrance, I passed the Coast Guard cutter assigned to the Cape May station as it sat looking thoroughly businesslike. I recalled past occasions when myself and John Faith had need of assistance from their brethren further north. I knocked on one of the few pieces of wood to be found on my reinforced plastic conveyance as I assured myself that I would save them the trouble on this trip.

Exiting the inlet was quite a contrast to my woolly entrance the day before. The forecast called for a repeat of the previous day's conditions, light winds steadily building. With air from the south, I decided to head offshore on the reach in order to allow myself a rumb line sail downwind once things picked up. The fishing craft blasting by on their way to the deep water of the canyons seemed to sneer at my slow boat meandering, but I held my head high and pretended I was making for Portugal.

The wind was still light as I jibed north, so I hoisted my A sail, a 350sf asymmetrical spinnaker. Being several miles offshore, I was acutely aware that a slip at the bow meant an awfully long swim. There wasn't much scenery, so I spent my time listening to what my vessel had to say for itself. On past cruises in the company of crew, music and conversation has tended to drown out such lesser voices. Even solo daysailing tends to be too chore-oriented to allow the freedom of attentiveness I found I had on this trip.

Having learned to balance my helm with sail trim, I frequently enjoyed the luxury of releasing control of the wheel while my boat followed its course with varying degrees of faithfulness. I now found, to my delight, that I could detect my boat's deviations purely by the sound and motion it made as it passed through the water. The hours of sailing without the need to tack and without distraction became almost blissful. I could begin to imagine why ocean passagemakers are said to sometimes feel ambivalent about finally making landfall.

With the air still light, I decided against my initial plan of sailing straight downwind in favor of the greater boat speed available on the broad reach. Dropping the spinnaker, I raised my 150 gennie and angled in towards

shore. I soon could make out the details of Hereford Inlet ahead at the same time that I felt a freshening breeze. With wind steady from the south, I jibed back out and felt *Sun Bum* settle into its new heading. With a stronger wind and the swell more on the beam, the feeling of energy was a gratifying contrast to my slow motion morning. My boat found its "sweet spot" and seemed to eat up the water with no objection to the additional miles it would have to travel.

Having lost sight of land, I decided to turn back toward shore. Eventually my binoculars allowed me to identify the familiar features of Corson's Inlet ahead. To starboard of the inlet mouth I could just barely make out the sails of several Hobie Cats lined up head to wind at my home beach. With low tide approaching, I knew the shoals of Corson's would make it more advisable to head for Great Egg Inlet.

By now it was really starting to blow, so I down shifted to my smaller jib. Hoping a familiar boat might sail out and provide me with a little company, I continued on toward shore. Once within a half mile of the beach, I suddenly realized that I preferred not to have my reverie disturbed, and I tacked away back out towards sea. With a new sense of focus, I returned my attention to handling my boat in building wind and seas. Next stop, Great Egg.

With my distance from shore increasing, my helm started to feel heavy as excess heel began to interfere with efficient passage. I reefed the main and continued on course. The effortless sailing of the early part of the day turned into a wrestling match as the sea on my quarter rose and the sun sank lower in the sky. Conditions were identical to the day before, the only difference being that I would be entering the harbor through what is euphemistically termed an "unimproved inlet."

Cape May inlet is considered one of only two all weather inlets along the Jersey coast (the other is Absecon Inlet at Atlantic City). The half dozen other inlets, including Great Egg, are all left to the vagaries of Mother Nature and unavoidably shoal over as a consequence of storm action. Except for the relief offered by occasional dredging at great intervals, New Jersey inlets are notoriously treacherous in rough conditions, especially at low tide. As something of a saving grace, the bottoms of these channels, and the surrounding shore lines, are soft sand and mud. So while you might broach, capsiz, dismast, and drown, it's unlikely your wreck will be turned into unsalvageable splinters. Small comfort to some, I guess, but those rocky groins flanking the narrow improved inlets have always made me a little nervous.

Getting back to events, I finally worked my way abreast of Great Egg. In preparation for entering I had dropped the jib entirely and was motor sailing toward the channel marker under reefed main only. I wanted some sail in place to allow me a means of control in case of losing power. According to my figuring, it should have been slack low tide, which was important because I had a significant following sea and not a lot of water in the channel. There was very little boat traffic for a late, sunny Sunday. Normally I would have expected a lot of returning fishing boats at this time of day. I didn't realize it at the time, but it was a bad sign.

Passing the bell buoy marking the channel, I got my first taste of what was to come

when a swell caught my stern and I heard the rpm of my motor spike as *Sun Bum* rushed down the face of steep water. I soon realized that something was wrong. The current was still flowing out from the inner bay. My expectation of a slack tide was off schedule. Being the only one aboard, I consulted with myself and it was agreed that we would proceed and make the best of it. I had full confidence in the judgment of the skipper until the first swell broke on my stern and I lost control of my boat.

The out rushing tide meeting the incoming swell in the shallow channel created a breaking sea which could threaten to broach any vessel moving too slow to outpace it. With a substantial wind on my port beam, that first breaking swell had caused my boat to veer violently to starboard, just narrowly avoiding a broach. At this point I suspected I might have made a miscalculation, but I was committed. Turning around to head back out to deeper water would place me broadside to the swells. Short on options, I continued in.

Lacking the element of surprise, the next couple of swells were easier to handle and not every swell was breaking. This was one time I wished my ugly duckling with the square backside had the more graceful canoe stern of a Cape Dory. My beloved boat seemed unforgivably slow. I had time between swells to think how glad I was that I had reinforced my rudder castings and installed a heavier duty steering gear. MacGregors are endearing, affordable boats, but you get what you pay for. When I initially realized that the type of sailing I wanted to do exceeded the design intent of the boat, I thankfully had the foresight to spend some additional money to upgrade.

Regardless, at the sound of a breaking wave I turned my head to see a froth of roiling white water as it hit my stern. *Sun Bum* accelerated and again veered violently to starboard but this time could not escape a broach. The churning face of the wave drove my port rail underwater as my mast went horizontal. My white knuckle grip on the steering wheel became the only thing keeping me from being flung into water, which seemed to be only inches from my face. I heard the clatter and crash of unknown objects as they relocated themselves below.

Fortunately I had secured all hatches beforehand as a matter of procedure. If water had been able to enter through any openings, I have doubts that my boat would have been able to slowly right itself. Miraculously the motor was still running and I was able to swing my bow back around. While I was busy muttering promises to whatever higher authority was listening, I looked over my shoulder in disbelief as a 50' sport fisherman was about to blast past me ten yards from my port side, throwing a 6' bow wave ahead of it. Not realizing at the time that my boat would never broach to port under those conditions, I frantically waved the sport fisherman away as my mumbled prayers changed to shouted expletives. Catching my cue, the skipper of the overtaking boat steered clear and reduced speed enough to spare me the worst of his wake. It was a brief reprieve.

Again I was hit by a breaking swell which threatened to roll *Sun Bum*. Again, I escaped the worst consequences, undoubtedly because of my life long commitment to clean living. My outboard, however, finally sput

tered to a foreboding silence. In spite of the token amount of sail I had kept aloft, I was essentially dead in the water and easy pickings for the next wave. I fumbled for the key still dangling from the ignition and exhaled only at the glorious sound of my outboard coming back to life. Coming about, I could see calmer seas ahead where the channel led to deeper water.

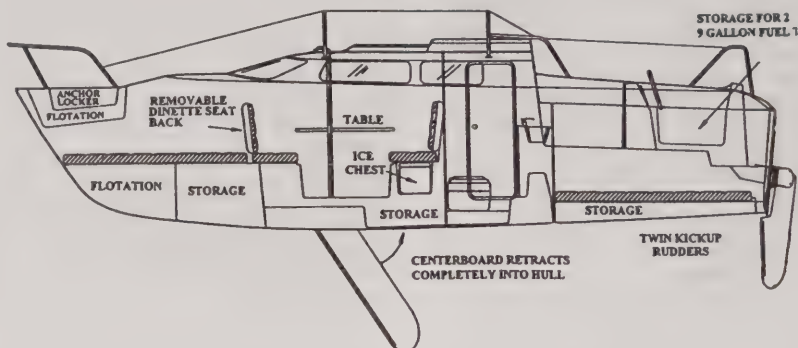
The entire sequence of events described probably took no longer than 20 minutes to transpire but, without exaggeration, felt like hours. My boat seemed to crawl its way toward safety, the waves seemed relentless and uncaring, my life span shrank to the size of a pea, as did certain parts of my anatomy. Since I am writing this ode to bad judgment significantly after the fact, you may safely conclude that I made it home alive, and *Sun Bum* now sits mutely awaiting another season of hard learned lessons.

In retrospect, I now, more than ever, realize the importance of correctly assessing conditions ahead of time as a basis for enlightened decision making. Understanding the timing of tides and currents and their interaction with winds and seas is essential to good seamanship. It doesn't matter if you are 50 yards from shore or 300 miles, the result of

oversight can be disastrous. If I had delayed my attempt only another hour or so I would have had a different experience. I'll always feel grateful that I was alone onboard and was not placed in a position of regretful responsibility for someone else's welfare. At the same time, I realize that the lack of crew may have made me less wary as a skipper.

After safely reaching home port, I thought back to a similar time of decision in 1998 when the long distance storm swell thrown out by Hurricane Floyd caught us by surprise at the end of a cruise to Great Bay

(MAIB Vol. 18 #13). At that time, John Faith and I made a no-brainer decision not to attempt entering Great Egg with 8' breaking swells in its channel. That summer evening we chose to retreat 15 miles in heavy wind and seas to attempt Absecon Inlet in darkness rather than face the wrath of a shoaled over Great Egg inlet. Circumstances this time certainly seemed far less threatening in spite of being shorthanded but, as somebody important must have said at some time or another, a whole lot of hindsight doesn't make up for a bunch of no foresight.



H.C. started to fix up the mast step in an old Laser sailboat (a 14' single-hander originally made in Canada about 1978 and recently selected (1996) as the smallest Olympic boat, except the sailboard). H.C. and I had raced Sunfish against each other for a number of years in Key West. I told him that if he really fixed his boat, I would fix the mast step in the 20-year-old boat that was leaning against my house. The lower mast section is of industrial strength and doesn't break, but the mast step does. There are no stays so the step holds the whole thing together.

An Old Man Steps Back Into An Old Boat

By Sam Chapin

He got his fixed, and in about six months I fixed mine. He is almost 80 years old and I am 75. Probably we are not typical Laser sailors, but we have been racing with the local handicap fleet of Sunfish, JY 15s, Buccaneers, 420s, and J 24s. I sailed the boat 20 years ago against my 20-year-old children and their friends. In the years since, and probably under pressure from the Olympics, they have added a 15:1 boom vang, a 10:1 Cunningham, and a 6:1 outhaul. General advice on the sheet is 44' to allow the sail completely out in front of the boat.

Sailing by the lee when going downwind seems to be more stable and faster than the usual trim. What happens to the aerodynamics, I don't know, but the wind comes across the sail from leech to luff, all the telltales are streaming the wrong way, and you may have to let the sail out past perpendicular to the boat. It requires a little different thinking about the downwind leg.

The hull weighs 130 lbs. and, with the rest of the rig, maybe all up at 180 lbs., so the boat weighs about as much as the sailor. The sail area is 75sf, the same as the Sunfish, but it is a sleeved sail on a 20' mast and that makes it much more powerful. The bottom is smoothly rounded so the boat reacts to body motion and the tall rig pumps with all the movement in the boat. The mast bends with hard trimming of the sheet and flattens the sail so the boats can be sailed to windward in very strong breezes and plane like crazy going off the wind.

Going upwind requires strong hiking as well as the depowering of the sail. The new vang, Cunningham, and outhaul purchases

allow more adjustment while sailing. The "old guy" still just sets it and then tries to hang on. There are no nice flat surfaces on the bottom for planing and it is very unstable, requiring careful balancing to keep the whole thing upright. The unsteadiness gives an impression of even more speed. The planes are screaming.

Because the boat reacts so strongly to body movement, the class is a hotbed of opinions about controlling the legal and illegal means of propulsion and fitting them to the ever-changing rules. For those not familiar with this problem, there has been a progression of rules against rocking, pumping, and sculling that propel the boat but are not the usual sailing. All those little wiggles seem to make the boat go faster, and in the racing world faster is winning.

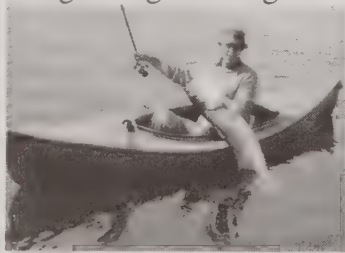
When rigging the boat, the sail sleeve and sail are pulled over the top of and down the mast. You can say the mast is inserted into the sail sleeve, but what you do is the first statement. Then the whole rig is lifted and lowered into the mast step of the boat. Occasionally someone tells me they would rather have a halyard. I respond that it helps you with wind strength. If you can't lift the sail and mast into the boat, it is blowing too hard to go out.

In spite of, and because of, these things, it is a fun boat to sail. For someone who loves to ride that squeeze between the sail breeze and the foil under the boat, you will be tacking in 75 degrees with smooth water and 12 knots of wind. I have found that I can do the hiking to some degree. The inner parts of my brain remember the movements, joy, and pain from years ago. Like most memories, the joys stick out further than the pain. It is like familiar music from years ago which stirs the warm happy body juices.

If you have a chance to try the old boat with some of the new rig, give it a shot. It will be a joy to sail, if you are not put off by an occasional swim.

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On Friday, April 18th, at high tide, the newly restored *Jenny Norman* was backed down the ways at Atlantic Challenge's 643 Main St., Rockland, Maine pier. A crowd of spectators, mostly friends and schooner fleet captains and crews, watched and cheered from the ACF pier as she was christened and launched by her owners, Mike and Julie Rogers of Warren, and Aaron Freeman of Nobleboro, who helped to restore the bugeye schooner.

The bugeye, which had been sitting in a marina in Cambridge, Maryland, when Mike and Julie Rogers discovered her, was traditionally used as an oyster dredger before the use of skipjacks (from the end of the Civil War to 1910), though she was built as a pleasure boat. "She had been ignored for ten years when we found her," said Mike, captain and owner of the *Jenny Norman*. "She was pretty rotten. We had to replace the stem, half of the bottom planking, a quarter of the frames, all of the deck beams and framing, the cabin trunks and the engine."

The bugeye was built between 1974 and 1982 by Jim Richardson, a renowned boat builder who for more than 60 years built and repaired boats on the Chesapeake. The year of his retirement in 1974 at the age of 67, he

Jenny Norman Comes Alive Again

By Trisha Badger

began fashioning a keel for the bugeye schooner *Jenny Norman*, which he sailed in and around the Chesapeake for many years before he passed away in 1991.

"She looks much like she did originally, though Julie and I weren't slaves to that. She looks more like a traditional bugeye now as Jim Richardson built her as a pleasure boat; we did the log rails and rail caps in traditional bugeye fashion. The cabin trunks are a little shorter, but the layout is pretty much the same."

The *Jenny Norman* is 49' on deck, 68' overall, and has a 14'6" beam. According to Captain Rogers, "She's pretty beamy. It would have cost half as much to get her trucked up here had she been 6" narrower. We had to get permits to move her through every state because of her width."

Mike worked full time for nearly two years restoring *Jenny Norman* while his wife

Julie got in one to two days per week as she is a full time massage therapist. Mike worked by himself on the boat for much of the time until Aaron Freeman came on board as a builder in September of last year. Julie, who is from Caribou, Maine, and Mike, who hails from Baltimore, Maryland, have been living in the midcoast area year round since 1997. The couple will begin doing day sails aboard the *Jenny Norman* July 1st and will dock at the *Black Pearl* in Rockland. The Captains Rogers will be putting the rig in and doing some work on the engine during the next couple of months in preparation for the 2003 sailing season.

"We are going to do day sails primarily," says Mike, "but we really want to get involved with the community such as Atlantic Challenge, helping to develop mutually beneficial educational programs and getting kids out on the water. We have something in the works now with the Audubon Society to get out to Matinicus for birdwatching expeditions. Our day sailing business will be important, but we do want to branch out."

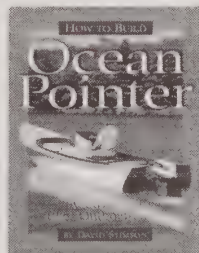
For information on day sails and future programs aboard the bugeye schooner *Jenny Norman*, contact Mike and Julie Rogers at (207) 542 3695, <bugeye@midcoast.com>

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Jaws, a 9'9" Jigger purchased in 1965, was my first fiberglass boat and a great investment in fun. The rudiments of sailing had come to me at the age of 13 when I crewed for a friend aboard his Town Class sloop. The "Townie," a Pert Lowell boat, is a sea-kindly centerboarder with a low aspect sail plan. My friend's boat had a fiberglassed wooden hull and tired cotton sails. It was the slowest Townie in Marblehead (MA) Harbor, but it infected me with the sailing bug.

I soon sprang for my first and most basic boat, an 8' plywood pram with a nylon gunter rig sail. After a year or two with the pram I was eager to move up just a bit. That's when a picture of the Jigger in a *Boat Owners Buyers Guide* caught my eye. A letter to designer/builder Ralph Hinzerling of Port Washington, New York, brought the reply that there was an unused demo boat at a Massachusetts dealer and I could have it for \$315 (I think the normal retail price was \$425.)

It was love at first sight. The hull was nicely shaped, especially when compared with my pram. The Jigger also had flotation, plywood rudder and daggerboard, mahogany tiller, aluminum spars, and a dacron sail with a sleeve that fit over the unstayed mast. There was no hardware for attaching the sail corners, there was no obvious way to reef the sail, and the oddly rounded gunwale flange made the white painted cockpit look like a funky bathtub, but I was willing to overlook these shortcomings to get a nice little sailboat for \$315. I became the proud owner of Jigger #51. That was nearly 40 years ago. *Jaws* has sailed in nine states, salt water and fresh, and delivered enjoyment worth many times the modest purchase price.

The first experiences I would like to share occurred in 1970, when I lived with friends in Hingham, Massachusetts. The neighborhood, now the site of an upscale development, was then home to several ramshackle cottages on a dirt road. It was on the water, though, at high tide. At low tide it was on a mud flat with a stream winding through the middle. Sailing was good within an hour or so of high tide.

One beautiful day a friend and I ventured farther than usual. We sailed out through a series of small tidal basins, turned back for home too late, and found ourselves fighting an ebb tide. We had a great breeze for our assault on the narrowest inlet. The sail was full, the bow was knifing through the water, the wake was bubbling astern, and we were getting nowhere. A quick check of the rudder and daggerboard showed that we were not aground, but precisely stymied by the current.

There was only one thing to do. I headed for water just deep enough to float the hull, pulled up the board and rudder, stepped out, grabbed the gunwale, and stumbled through the inlet for about 50 yards. Sharp objects scratched (but didn't sting) as my bare feet sank out of sight with each step. The sharp things must have been mussels and stones, nothing worse, for a thorough rinse confirmed none of the scratches had broken the skin. I set the boat up for sailing again and we returned without further incident. My companion remained strangely inert while all this was going on. I thought the incident was worth at least a chuckle and never took that person sailing again.

I was alone for another little adventure, this one planned to take advantage of the cur-

Sailing *Jaws*

By Jon Weems



rents. At high tide, the meandering stream above our tidal basin was 15' to 20' wide. If a boat started just before high tide, I thought it would be possible to sail almost to the spot where the towns of Hingham, Hull, and Cohasset met. I supposed very few boats had sailed up this tiny waterway in the 20th century.

I set out a half hour before high tide. A stiff breeze blew straight from where I wanted to go. I expected a real challenge, but felt comforted by the forgiving nature of the salt marsh banks of the stream. Sailing upstream proved to be a surprisingly simple matter of tacking to take advantage of the meanders. At first, I tacked repeatedly within 10 seconds a few times, but I quickly learned to let the current push me upstream while tacking slowly. Soon *Jaws* and I had reached the limit of our trip, the point where the stream emptied out of a big culvert. I sailed around for a few minutes in a small area amid buildings set right on the stream bank. I heard someone say, "Mama," looked up and saw two women smiling down from the shadows of a little balcony. The scene could have been on a canal in Italy.

After finding a spot to pull *Jaws* up on shore, I walked around to Abbadessa's Restaurant and Bar. I hoped to celebrate with a draft beer, but the place was closed. I settled for a Sprite from a vending machine. By the time I drained the can the tide had definitely turned. I sailed home, with the wind and the current and a lot of jibing, in just a few minutes.

Ten years later, my girlfriend and I had *Jaws* on Cheat Lake, a West Virginia hydro-power impoundment, for an overnight camping trip. We dropped the mast to paddle under a low bridge before resuming our sail up to the headwaters of the lake. The little boat was full with tent, sleeping bags, clothes, stove, cooler, food, water, and 300 lbs. of people. The wind sometimes had trouble

reaching the narrow lake between steep hills. By the time we arrived at our destination and chose a reasonable, if unauthorized, campsite, we were hungry. Our simple dinner tasted great. We pitched our tent and turned in as a dark night fell over the canyon. Deep sleep was delayed by the nearby arrival of some noisy, drunken yahoos, but after a couple of hours we drifted off.

The following morning was lovely and surprisingly breezy. It was also quiet, as the yahoos were apparently sleeping it off. Eager to get on the water in the nice wind, I tried to hurry things along as we breakfasted and broke camp. The breeze was still with us as we shoved off. Ten minutes later the wind died. We drifted, caught a few little puffs, and debated the pros and cons of paddling. We eventually made it back to our car and *Jaws* became a successful camp cruiser.

The boat had no name then. Another girlfriend, Donna, now my wife, came up with the name when she saw the little craft on my Datsun truck in 1983. The boat, inverted and stern forward, sat on 2x4s spanning the bed. The daggerboard sticking out of the hull kept the tiedown ropes from sliding all over the place. The board looked like a dorsal fin to Donna, who laughingly dubbed the boat *Jaws*.

We brought the newly named boat on a trip to New England and had perhaps our favorite sail on Maine's Cobbosseecontee Lake. The forecast called for drizzle and showers, so we brought our rain gear. The people at a mom 'n pop convenience store said we could put in across the street as long as we could carry the boat 30', and soon we were off. There was a gentle but steady breeze. There were dense, low clouds and light fog, but the rain held off all day.

Perhaps because of the gloomy forecast, we had the lake entirely to ourselves except for a pair of loons. One swam close to us and dove under *Jaws* repeatedly. He may have been ushering us away from a sensitive area, but I prefer to think he was just being sociable. Other than one brief pit stop on a little island, we stayed on the water for six or seven hours of perfect low key sailing. Then we loaded up the truck, thanked the folks in the convenience store, bought a couple of popsicles, and drove away with smiles and great memories.

A few days later we were holed up in a Vermont cabin for two days of hard rain. When the weather broke, we began to stir. We ran a few errands, then peered down from a roadside overlook to see what was happening above the Townshend flood control dam on the West River. We saw a lot of water with ripples and cat's paws dancing along the surface. Taking advantage of a rare opportunity to sail on the river, we drove down to the parking lot above the dam and launched *Jaws*. It was easy as the water had risen to the edge of the pavement. I parked the truck on higher ground, and away we sailed.

The main river channel ran along one side of the valley. We made our way upriver in backwater areas on the other side. A year earlier we had poked around in a canoe at the same place, and often had to back out because little channels became too shallow to float a canoe and too narrow to turn one around. Now we were sailing above all that. I kept looking for floating logs and debris but saw very little. A few twigs of submerged, rooted saplings may have tickled our hull.

After a couple of hours, we headed back to the truck. We expected this to be a quick trip once we got into the main current, and it was. The river was rushing along at five to six knots. We also caught a great puff of wind and shot around one bend to startle a man sitting on a huge rock. His jaw dropped before he managed to say, "You sure have a fast boat!"

"You bet," we replied. In a few seconds we were around another bend, out of sight and earshot, and we burst out laughing. The last laugh was almost on us, though. When the truck came into view, we were surprised to see water up to the tires. It hadn't occurred to me that the water would still be rising fast. The wheel bearings were high and dry, but I was glad we hadn't sailed for an hour longer.

After many other delightful sails, including several on Long Island Sound not far from the birthplace of *Jaws*, we retired the little boat about 1995. Most of our sailing in recent years has been on Tremolino and WindRider trimarans. Each sail on our lake is followed by a slow walk up the steps and steep path to our house, a walk that takes us past the shapely form of *Jaws*, stored under a tightly drawn tarp. Sometimes I think of the fun we've had in that boat. Thoughts of a resurrection for Jigger #51 swirl through my head. Maybe I'll give *Jaws* a first class hull coating and stiffer rudder and daggerboard. Maybe I'll even modify the rig. Someday, I don't know when, *Jaws* will sail again.

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Retrieving the Truck and Trailer

In La Paz I signed in at the marina rather than going around to all the offices (Port Captain, Migracion, and Customs) myself. They assured me that I would save a little money and a couple of hours of chasing down and waiting in the offices. Apparently the officials prefer to deal with the competent and bilingual marina staff processing batches of newcomers rather than a constant parade of yachties speaking bad Spanish and resenting the whole process. In any event, it was quite painless that way, paid my marina fees, harbor dues, check-in fees, and whatever else all at once on my VISA card.

Newly arrived in the one big city of the trip (La Paz has almost 200,000 people and is very old), I was eager to walk uptown and see what could be found for supper and so forth. First stop was at an internet cafe to check e-mail and let interested parties know I was still alive and well. Thence away from the waterfront (gringo) strip up the hill into the real town to find tacos and so forth, and finally back to the marina for a night of no anchor drills, peace and quiet.

Ha. I woke before midnight as the band in the restaurant at the top of the floats shifted the volume up to "drunk customer" setting. The bass was amplified beyond reason, though the vocalist and the guitar were both quite talented. It would have almost been pleasant in a city sort of way if it weren't for the four competing CD players on nearby boats. There was rock, country western, and rap, at least four different styles and beats more or less equally represented and me in the middle, or so it felt. Oof! The band quit at 0200 (and I never heard them again). By 0300 it was down to just one country CD player. He died at 0320. I definitely prefer wind, wave, and anxiety.

With full morning I staggered out and uptown to find the farmers' market, where good breakfasts are not expensive at the food stalls. This was the only time on the trip I saw any sign of hostility from anybody. One man sitting two tables away, obviously at least a little tipsy, began to speak directly away from me in a very loud voice and almost unaccented English, "Hey, that's cool, come down to Mexico, check out how the wetbacks live, spend a little money, be a big man, hey, not bad."

Clearly he hoped for a response from me but I hardly realized he was intending the comments for me before an ad hoc committee of the food counter proprietresses descended on him en masse and helped him out to the street. It was such an unexpected and unique sort of thing I only began to realize the implications later. No doubt, to have such excellent idiomatic English he had to have spent a lot of time in the States. Equally without doubt, he was ill treated and probably deported as an illegal to have conceived the strong anger toward all gringos. I continue to resent our immigration policies and procedures enormously. This sort of personal ill will amongst neighbors is a very bad thing and the inevitable result of our treatment of migrants from Mexico.

Anyway, it was an excellent breakfast of huevos al gusto (eggs as you like them) for 30 pesos and an enormous glass of orange juice squeezed by hand while I watched for 10 pesos more (many, many oranges went into that glass). All was brought to my table

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 8

by a primly smiling four-year-old young lady as her mom finished each bit, and she wiped each table carefully and squinted along the top to be sure she got each one spotless as the customers around finished eating. She took my 2 peso tip with a very big smile.

The downtown bus station is located right on the waterfront opposite the Municipal Pier. At first glance it's not too obvious, but you soon learn to spot them. The bus company name is "Aguila" and they run marvelous modern buses all over Baja California. The next bus for Loreto left at 1130, giving me two hours to get things organized and get back to leave. Cost would be 190 pesos (\$20) and the ride would take about five hours. Yes, I could certainly be let down at the crossroad for Puerto Escondido.

I hurried back to the marina, let people know I'd be gone overnight, packed some things in my backpack, and was sitting in line for the bus by 1100, munching on a torta from the lunch stand next door. I didn't notice it but my ticket actually included a seat assignment. When time came to board I went back in the bus a short distance and realized all the window curtains (heavy and dark, intended to make the bus dark enough for good movie watching) were already drawn. The only seat with a view of the road (something I was very interested in) was the front pair of seats opposite the driver. I homesteaded, put my pack in the large overhead bin, and was amazed at the comfort.

These buses are spotless, large, nearly silent (inside), air conditioned, plushly upholstered, equipped with a clean restroom in the back and seven or eight color VCR monitors mounted overhead. The seats recline farther, and are much better designed, than first class seats in an airliner, you have individual air conditioning vents and reading lights. Wow. The other price I noticed was 770 pesos (about \$80) to Tijuana, almost as far as Seattle to Los Angeles! The ride was a quick five hours, the driver extremely smooth and careful, the road pretty in places, straight and barren elsewhere, three stops along the way for only 10 minutes or so each time, even at a military checkpoint. I almost managed to ignore the movie (*Stories of the Fall*, with Spanish subtitles) while I watched the road and the terrain roll past.

It was 0500 before I arrived at Escondido, walking the 2 kilometers from the highway to the boat launch. The truck started at once, so I visited a bit with the guard (he had caught a cold the day I left and was just getting over it, I gave him a rough time about his cigarettes). Having let him know I'd be

back in the morning for the trailer, I cut it loose and drove into Loreto for the night. The restaurant at Tripui resort on the road into Escondido was closed for the night and the rooms were \$45, so it was an easy choice, knowing I could stay in town for \$18 or \$20 and have a choice of restaurants for supper.

On the way into town I passed a broken down old Toyota station wagon with three kids, mom, and dad standing alongside the road. I stopped and offered them a ride, but they'd already sent word for a brother to come to fetch them, so we commiserated over the blown head gasket (water in the oil) and I left them. I stayed at the Motel Salvatierra on Avenida Salvatierra, which is the main drag in from the highway. The room was basic but spotless and smoke free. They gave me the key and the towel and let me understand I'd have to return both key and towel to check out.

The shower seemed to be a big disappointment until I had an inspiration. Sure enough, in Spanish, C stands for caliente and H stands for h-h-h-frio. Say that with a shiver. Anyway, using the caliente faucet to get the hot water worked fine. The fly in the ointment emerged after midnight when the room next door turned on the television and got what sounded like a LA Police sort of show, with gunfights and car chases and watched it until 0330. I definitely prefer uninhabited islands, now that I understand the question.

The ride back to La Paz was without incident other than picking up various hitch hikers and stopping to give a jug of gasoline to an ancient ranch hand with a dilapidated pickup. The prize for the day was a flock of four young ladies in junior high uniforms who were waiting at a bus stop in the country outside Ciudad Constitucion. As I drove past, one of them boldly stuck out her thumb and smiled, so of course I stopped. All four of them packed into the front seat, two deep on their side, but I still had room. There was excellent joking back and forth, they were obviously tickled to have flagged down an old gringo and gotten out of the bus ride to town.

When I ran out of Spanish vocabulary at one point I changed to full speed English and asked, "I don't suppose any of you young ladies can speak English?" All four answered "NO!" at once and then realized they'd been tricked and laughed hilariously the rest of the way into town. After that my road repair worker and the two ranchers I picked up at one time or another seemed pretty tame by comparison, though one of them got into the spirit of finding useful new words to teach me as we drove a hundred miles or so together into La Paz.

Along the way I reflected on lessons learned, and the most important one seemed to be that auto mechanics were good and cheap. I was driving an old truck that needed some tender loving care, and I had two-and-a-half days to kill in a major population center where there must be lots of mechanics to choose from. I hatched a scheme to interview the local taxi drivers around the marina until I found one with the right kinds of answers on the subject of mechanics, transmissions, electrical systems, and the like.

Having arrived back in the marina and discharged my passengers, I walked into the city talking to cabbies as I went. My prize turned out to be Gaspar, who speaks English

with an Italian accent, though he's never left La Paz. His response to the scheme was quick and positive and he seemed very sure of his mechanic friends. We settled on a price (100 pesos) to haul me to the bank to change money, back to the marina to get my truck, to a shop specializing in automatic transmissions, and thence to the general mechanics' shop where, perhaps, I would leave the truck and he would then drive me back to the marina. Without going into painful detail, that's precisely what we did and the results were excellent.

Three days later (during which it rained an inch one night, the overcast never lifted and the wind never dropped below 25 knots, hitting 37 to 40 at times depending on whose anemometer you trusted), the truck had new oil, filter, and grease, automatic transmission serviced, new starter solenoid, new engine and transmission mounts, and scrubbed spotless inside and out, she started, ran, and sounded like a new car. Total for all the repairs on the trip, including the muffler in Santa Rosalia, came to just under \$285 including Gaspar's fees.

Bahia Magdalena

Having driven down to Los Cabos and met my Lady Love at the airport and back to La Paz in one day, we pulled the boat out next morning, rinsed her off, said good-byes in Marina La Paz and headed north again. At Ciudad Constitucion, only 30 miles from the Pacific Coast, we decided to detour to Bahia Magdalena to look into the whale watching possibilities with the P-19 there. The road from Ciudad Constitucion to Puerto San Carlos is wide, well paved, and nearly straight, running over a flat coastal plain. We found the Port Captain's office easily and had a very pleasant visit. He didn't want us to bother with any paperwork at all, just "launch your boat, go watch whales, no problems!" He directed us precisely to the concrete boat launch ramp and things were starting to look pretty promising.

Then I scouted the ramp. It was very short, not very steep, and launches out into a very shallow bay. Hmm. There was no question of launching at anything other than top of high tide and that wouldn't be until 0300 in the morning, if it would work at all. Conversations with panga captains convinced me that they mostly launch over the sand on the point beyond the concrete ramp. Their trailers are all locally made and show the influence of the flat sandy terrain. They use large truck tires, offset axles that all but drag the ground, no bunks to speak of for the boats, and very long tongues, all calculated to get the long flat panga out into the water and floated off the trailer in the shallowest possible water. Their cars and trucks were only 2WD (the choices are "quarto pro quarto" or "normal," which is said "nore-MAL") but all the rigs were heavily rusted.

I compared the Garges Baja trailer with the P-19 and it was obvious that the P-19 sat much higher above the road than their pangas and her much shorter overall length meant she'd be much farther into the water before she floated off. Maybe with the tongue extension I haven't built yet, but realistically, no, this was not a place to launch. There was no other choice, other than the big ship port. I visited briefly with the Port Operations Manager, a delightful and thoughtful man.

They had an 18 ton hydraulic crane and rigging that could have easily set us in the water next to the ship dock, but the rate was fixed at \$80 per hour and he was sure it would be an hour each way.

Having spent my spare money on truck repairs, I was suddenly worried about having enough cash to drive the rig to the border again, paying for Mexican gasoline. We camped the night on the trailer and returned to the highway next morning, having seen no whales. People with P-15s or Pelicans or similar boats might want to think this one over again. A Potter 15, with the swing up centerboard and rudder would be right at home in the shallow water and might be pretty easy to launch over the short little ramp at a high tide.

There is no Pemex station in Puerto San Carlos at this moment, though one is under construction and could be operational soon. For the time being there are two homes in town with gasoline for sale from 20 liter jugs, and not a lot more expensive than from Pemex. I had counted on Pemex, so bought one jug. It was clean and the truck didn't seem to notice at all. Ask anybody you see driving. They will probably end up leading you to the spot since the layout of town is a little confusing.

Local Sailing Around Puerto Escondido

We checked in at the Port Captain's office in Loreto, assuming it was just a courtesy, but he assured us it was required even for local sailing and would, in fact, cost 186 pesos again, though just to sail locally we would not have to deal with Migracion or Customs. Oh well. BUT, he was closed for the day and would see us tomorrow morning for the paperwork. We grumbled, but returned to Escondido to rig and launch the boat and spent the night at anchor in the new boat basin.

In the morning it was a quick run into Loreto, a good breakfast in my plywood shack restaurant, then the forms and fees and back to the boat. The wind was fine northwesterly and it was a joyful beat across the channel to Danzante again and we couldn't bear to stop. Tacking steadily up the coast a few hours we finally came to the beach below the monster golf resort at Nopolo and called it a day,

6.2 knots.

swung the boat around, and ran off on a broad reach back to Honeymoon Cove at the north end of Danzante in just over an hour.

One way or another, the fine sailing weather next day went to waste and we tramped all over the hills and beaches at the north end of the island. In the afternoon we paddled two bays south and went ashore for a walk in that direction and found the water in the third bay (rocky beach but fine sand bottom in reach over low tide) was just warm enough for swimming. A glorious day and a fine evening visiting aboard *Grand Duc*, which was anchored in the bay working on the deck getting ready for paint!

For the first time ever, I took a long line ashore to tie to a large rock and take some of the swing out of our excursions toward the beach. Reflecting on the consequence of a wind from anywhere in the south, I realized we'd be on the beach probably before I'd wake up since both the rock and the main anchor were well inshore. Accordingly I carried the 10-lb. Danforth offshore to the south to the full extent of its rode and dropped it. Snugging all three lines up had a startling effect on the boat. She sat absolutely solidly in one place, didn't tack around at all, and faced quietly into the wind. I slept well.

Our third day was to have been a sail 16 miles south to anchor in the lee of a reef next to a prominent high hill where a hot springs is said to flow from the reef at low tide, so we cleared for sea and got our anchors and shore line aboard and headed off straight downwind in about 10 knots right after breakfast. Not over an hour later there was real weight in the wind, we were running wing and wing at over 6 knots on the GPS and the chop was starting to build. I reconsidered running 16 miles to leeward toward an unknown anchorage that was only described as "okay" in a sharply rising wind. It had all the feeling of a strong norther rising.

Just clear of the south end of Danzante, we hove to and took in one reef. Before I finished securing the first reef, I decided the right number was two and pulled the second down as well. With the 110% jib (the one I've been calling the working jib until now) aback and the helm lashed we were making about a knot to leeward and lying in the trough. The last of the rocks off Candelero Bay were getting



quite close quickly and while I had the main trimmed part way in to tie in the reef points a stronger gust hove the boat well down. She popped back up again as the mate cut loose the main sheet, but after that my decision was to tack back up hill and return to the anchorage in Danzante, where I knew there were good hikes and possibly swimming available and we would be able to return to the boat launch to get my mate to the airport on schedule even if otherwise wind bound.

With the rug rolled up in the cabin and two reefs down we began the slog uphill and the boat again did very well, going to weather at better than 4.5 knots on each leg, long and short up the coast about 110 degrees between tacks per the GPS. That said, she was carrying slight lee helm and I was luffing the main at least a little, quite a lot of the time. Once again we were considering tacking up the coast for the fun of it when the wind took another sharp increase about half a mile north of Danzante and it was clear I needed to get rid of the big jib and either run off to the anchorage or get a much smaller jib up front.

We got the jib muzzled on deck forward and tried sailing on for a bit with just the

double reefed main. She would not make way into the wind at that strength, simply sitting in the water, making a little leeway at half a knot or less, but when I turned and ran off on a broad reach for the anchorage the boat made 3.5 to 4 knots and felt safe as a house.

We waited out the gale three days on the island, exploring all the ridges and beaches and finding many wonderful spots, but finally decided to leave immediately and drive home together rather than flying/driving separately. That cost me almost a week in Baja but gained me four days of my favorite company driving the long way back.

The wind had slacked down to probably only 20 or 25 steady and the meanness had gone out of the rollers in the channel. We got our stern anchor and shoreline aboard again, hanked on the smallest jib and double reefed the main, shortened up the main anchor to just the chain, then broke it out and broad reached slowly out of the anchorage under full cabin top and no sails while I cleared away the chain and secured the anchor. Then I gave the mate the main and jib to work with and we sailed out into the open with a farewell toot on the horn to the *Grand Duc*.

It had been blowing long enough for the swell to be fully mature, though the breaking crests were much gentler than they had been the day before and the sea was no longer streaked all over with foam. Still the boat rose and fell grandly with the swell and I occasionally swung her up to take a sharper crest more nearly on the bow.

Mostly we rolled across the channel to Puerto Escondido on a beam reach, making 4.5 knots and feeling like old salts on a well snugged down vessel. The tide was at max ebb in the entrance to Escondido and the wind, funneled through the gateway was straight on the nose. Outside we tacked twice but finally admitted we wanted to get into the harbor and hauled out, so one last time, hove to, secured the sails on deck, and motored in.

The Ride Home

The ride home was four full days, including the second, which was too long. Our days' runs were basically, 400 miles the first day, 610 the second, and 500 the third and fourth. The one great uncertainty in my mind had been the horrific climb out of Santa Rosalia on the first day. We climbed it in second gear, crested out at 18 mph finally with the engine temperature 30 degrees above normal but still well below red line. The grade was labeled "La cuesta de el infierno" on a road sign, "the grade of Hell," and the copilot, having an eye free to look over the edge, gasped as she counted the wrecks littering the canyon floor below.

We must have gone through six or seven military checkpoints and each one had to search the boat and tool box, though all were uniformly polite and one pair of young officers offered to come with us home to be our Spanish teachers. Passage of the border was essentially painless after a half hour wait in line.

Passage of the San Diego to LA freeway was not painless at all and took many hours. We pressed on after an American Highway Restaurant dinner until we'd climbed clear out of the LA basin and camped for the night at midnight at the Buttonwillow rest area, along with a hundred big rigs. This was a day of 610 miles more or less, including the wait at the border and two hours of stop and go driving on San Diego freeways.

The third day was the run from Buttonwillow to Yreka, 500 miles and feeling a bit wounded all day after the long run on the second day.

The weather was sparkling clear and warm through much of the day, but once we climbed out of Lake Shasta the reality of return north began to sink in. We were driving well above the occasional snow drift through the late afternoon and had absolutely fabulous views of Mt. Shasta through the early evening as it went from a white distant peak to a glowing sunset giant close by at Dunsmuir and finally began to recede as a blue white peak below a high rosy sky in the dusk as we passed through Weed.

The last day, from Yreka on home to Seattle was mostly through very familiar territory and it was fun to see how quickly the miles slipped by. There were some long hills to climb in the morning but from Eugene northward no hills to cause any problems. We managed to hit stop-and-go driving for some miles in both Portland and Tacoma but still were home in time for supper that night.



Windy mirror.

Anchored in Gato.



Major Equipment

Truck: Chevrolet, 1992, 4.3L V-6, 3-sp auto w/overdrive (not used on trip).

Boat: West Wight Potter 19, 1984 vintage on 1998 Gages Baja Trailer.

Sails: Stock main w/2 reefs, jiffy reefing & points; small jib (75% of fore triangle, high cut, original equipment, as new); medium jib (85%, recut from heavy sail, not used on trip); working jib (110%, high cut, original equipment, good condition); cruising spinnaker (light nylon chute, hank only at head & tack).

Dinghy: Sea Eagle 330 inflatable kayak always towed, never deflated on trip.

Ground Tackle: Anchor on bow, Simpson Lawrence Claw (copy of Bruce) 11lbs, with 35' of 1/2" chain and 125' 3/8" nylon stowed in forepeak compartment; kedge, Danforth type 10lbs w/30' 3/16" chain & 100' of 3/8" nylon, stowed in bilge in mesh bag; folding grapnel, 6lb. No dedicated line, only used for dinghy; 250' coil of 3/8" nylon, coil seized and stowed in mesh bag, for shore line; several small coils of 3/8" nylon with and without eyes; two hanks 1/8" nylon.

Electrical: 5 watt solar panel on forehatch (sufficient for 1-3 hrs reading/working per night); wheelchair sized absorbed glass mat battery (small) under forepeak; two cabin dome lights, running lights.

Stove: Inexpensive butane unit, used on galley flat (used 4 cans of fuel on trip). Non skid mat kept stove & supper in place nicely.

Stowage: One larger Tuff Tote type lidded box stowed where porta pot originally was, under galley flat, for canned goods; numerous Serving Saver plastic boxes of three sizes (to hold notebooks, charts, books, medicine chest, silverware etc etc). Mostly stowed under V-berth.

Toilet: Sani Potti, stowed under the cabin stairs.

Navigation

Compass, Plastimo Mini Contest, w/ light.

GPS, Magellan hand held, stowed in rack, used w/Velcro on bulkhead.

Radio: Uniden Atlantis hand held VHF.

Charts & Guidebooks

Full set of Gerry Cunningham's charts, mini guides, tide tables and cruising guide for the area. Excellent and used constantly.

Lonely Planet Baja (little used but excellent).

Charlie's Charts Guidebook to W. Coast of Mexico (little used).

Rains's *Mex Wex*

Steinbeck's *Log from the Sea of Cortez*.

Safety

Harnesses & tethers worn whenever underway when solo, generally whenever leaving cockpit with crew aboard. Tether spliced around mast and long enough to lead outside shrouds forward and allow reboarding at transom ladder from either side. Not used.

Life jackets (kayak type) for all hands

Full Coast guard signaling requirements

Foul Weather Gear

Mixed lot of Pacific NW stuff. Used jackets frequently, generally wearing shorts and not concerned about splashes on legs.

Bedding

A pair of older, synthetic fill sleeping bags zipped together served well. Some nights were cool enough to wear sweats to bed as well.

Stores Available

In Loreto I found only one small supermarket which had in general a small but adequate selection of all required food for the trip with the possible exception of canned main dishes. These were very limited, though the beans and menudo were very good, the ensalada de atun (tuna salad) was really quite good as sandwich fixings, as were the ordinary cans of tuna. The tinned pate and jamon del Diablo (deviled ham) were fair to awful, depending on how you feel about such things.

Fresh vegetables and fruit were available in quantity and variety and were excellent. Local white, fairly soft cheese was excellent and lasted for several days. Local meats are

from range run stock, tend to be a little chewy but very tasty and often extremely lean. We only used meat on first nights out, having no refrigeration. Local dried fruits were excellent, especially the figs, peaches, apricots, mmm.

In La Paz we shopped at the CCC giant supermarket, which puts most USA facilities to shame for variety and availability, as well as uptown in the Mercado (rather like a real-life Pike Street Market). In general, anything made in Mexico will be less expensive than comparable food products in the States. Some may seem a bit odd however.

In La Paz you can find fairly complete marine supplies by shopping around the four or five principal chandleries. All are helpful and parts support looks good. In Loreto the local ferreteria (hardware store) is mostly oriented toward ranchers and the panga fishermen. There are dive shops and probably more marine hardware than I noticed.

Obscure but Valuable Contacts

Muffler Shop in Santa Rosalia
TALLER CISNEROS (Gaspar is the proprietor)
Colonia Cuahutemoc
(En frente la escuela)

Automatic Transmission Shop in La Paz
GRUPO HERMANOS SANCHEZ
Tel: 2-79-71
Encinas No. 1015
El Revolucion Y Madero
Col. El Menglito
La Paz, BCS

General Auto Mechanic in La Paz (Omar Castillejas is the proprietor and excellent)
TALLER AUTOMOTRIZ
Tel: 044-612-2-6-50-05
Rosales/Lic. Verdad y Josefa Ortiz de Domingo
La Paz, BCS

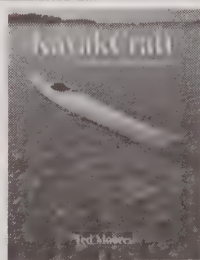


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Double decker with rototiller/leaf shredder and other junk headed for Colorado. That's a Wee Punkin' on top of the truck.



Double duty as a lumber hauler.

Typical double decker setup, top rack with square tubing lifts right off. There is some sort of vagrant rack riding in the Mountain Girl hull. Normally there would be a couple of pulling boats nested in there for delivery.



More Trailer Stuff

By Jim Thayer

For much of the past year some nefarious plot or diabolical conspiracy has resulted in the nondelivery of my copies of *MAIB*. Recently our revered editor managed to slip the back issues through to me via a special mailing to a different address. This has resulted in a tidy pile which I gnaw on as time permits, quite often I'm afraid, ahead of material of greater moment.

Thus, just last night I was snug in the sack cosseted up to my boating buddy perusing the October 1st issue. The mate called for lights out just as I came upon Mr. White's trailer piece. I pleaded for time to finish it.

I heartily agree with everything Robb has to say except that first line. To be somewhat immodest but nonetheless conservative, I have no doubt hauled boat trailers a great deal further than he. Not to make a big thing of it, however.

Come the dark I tossed and turned far into the night reliving countless trailer experiences. No need to cover the same ground so I'll just touch on a few things, mostly to do with homemade trailers.

When you need something around my place, the first impulse is usually to make it. This hasn't always turned out to be the best solution, but in my early days was often the only option. My first trailer was an oak framed job using the rear axle from my brother's '38 Chrysler which had reached the end on the trail.

A bit heavy you are thinking. True, but it has its advantages. Just pull the diffy out and unbolt the ring gear so that you don't have to spin all the machinery. Anyway, with an axle full of oil you don't have to worry about the bearings. Just loosen the drain plug occasionally and let the water out. Reminds me of the instructions for the "Everlastingly Simple Seagull" English outboard.

That thing was so simple that the old motorcycle carb had no shroud over the air intake. When a roller came up behind the old Starboat she just inhaled and died. What brought it to mind was the manual which advised, "after use, undo the drain plug and tip out the water from the gear case." The thing had no seals! Their advertising featured natives deep in the Amazon overhauling their Seagulls. Well, you can't get those bushings out of the lower end nohow without a factory tool. The crowning touch is the claim that, "there is no need to fit a recoil starter as the Seagull does not need multiple pulls." You gotta hand it to those Limeys.

We used that trailer for years in Virginia and then pulled it to Colorado with a 36hp VW bus. We split the rails hauling building materials, but it was the work of minutes to sister them with 2x4s.

A rear axle still wouldn't be a bad way to go, one from a small pickup or older small car would be fine. I'd be enough smarter now to run a tube from the breather up above the immersion line.

As Robb suggests, those little eight inches don't belong on anything bigger than a wheelbarrow. You can get 5.80x8 tires which will mount on the same rim, but it is

much better to jump up to 12 inches. Always get load range C which are a lot tougher than those wimpy Bs.

I don't know what goes on with 5 bolt rims, but if you stick to 4 bolt outfits they will interchange with 8s, 12s, and even some real grown up automobile wheels. With my brother's guidance, I picked an auto wheel and tire which held air out of the tire trailer at the recycle place in Arkansas and slipped right on my rig. It is with me still. Since he runs nothing but castoff tires he has developed another little trick. If you put oil in a tire it softens the rubber which tends to close up the minor holes. He has a special rig for injecting old motor oil. I'd hesitate to use it on the jitney but it's fine for the trailer.

Put the larger wheel on the shoulder side which takes a worse beating. Save those little 8 inches for spares. You should have room for two or three of them on a jaunt to Baja.

The Starboat reminds me that it came on a trailer made from an old auto chassis, the four wheels still at the corners. It followed fairly well on the road but sometimes gave trouble in close quarters. The steering was fitted with a small crank so one could guide it if need be. Only such thing I have ever seen.

The Great Pelican was a fairly beamy outfit so I took a standard auto front axle (maybe that Chrysler) and cut it in half with a hackaw. Since it was a nice straight I-beam I could just weld two pipes into it front and back and stretch it about a foot. No need for a lot of strength since there is hardly any load on it. I never even thought about runout.

I was fairly fussy with sticks and string to get the wheels pointed straight ahead with about 1/8" of toe in. The thing worked like a champ. We camped four kids all over the west and sailed Lake Powell (with that Seagull).

In those days the road to Chaco Canyon was about 50 miles of world class washboard. When we got there I found that the tires had folded up against the hull and eaten through the fiberglass overlay. It was immediately clear that the springs were the fulcrum and the outboard axle was a lever arm that put a serious bending moment on the center of the axle. With some blocking and careful driving we got into Gallup where the axle was demounted and hauled round to a machine shop.

My problem was given into the care of a mere boy who pressed it straight and tacked a piece of heavy channel on top. At the other end of the shop a couple of old boys in bib overalls at a forge were drawing out worn picks, probably from the railroad which runs right down the main street. Hard to find a place like that nowadays.

In Gallup we had supper in a place that looked like a regular house but had several tables in the front room. I had chile rellenos that were heavenly. I've been trying for them ever since. Most are poor and even the best can't hold a candle to those that night. Hope springs eternal, but in my heart I know I'm doomed.

That trailer made it back to Virginia via Canada and is now sitting here in Colorado waiting to take the Pelican home to San Francisco. We'll sail the Delta and then sell her. For her part, the poor Pelican has been laying upside down here in the Colorado sun for lo these many years. The fiberglass has all rotted off except on the north side. Rot seems like a suitable term since the stuff came loose

and then just crumbled, first under the blue sheer stripe, then the red bottom, and finally under the white.

I see that there has been some talk lately about plywood, initiated I believe, by that knowledgeable but opinionated Southern Gentleman who we all admire. The Great Pelican was built of plywood, but here's a story behind it.

My dad was a great do-it-himselfer. He built his own houses, rebuilt his own engines and, as a sideline, built small threshing machines to do samples for ag schools. One of my earliest recollections is of holding down the tabs while he soldered up galvanized sheet metal fan boxes.

He used a blowtorch and soldering irons, really copper. His flux was some kind of acid, HCl I'd guess, into which he put pieces of zinc cut from canning jar lids. He cleaned the iron by rubbing it on a block of something but I forget what it was called.

What about the plywood? He had a notion to build a house trailer for camping. He bought chassis, windows, door, heater, sink, and a bunch of 3/8" and 1/2" plywood. He never got to it, so when we moved from Michigan to Virginia the chassis went along loaded with all that stuff plus household goods.

That plywood sat in Virginia for years until I got the idea that I needed a Great Pelican. You would fall on your knees if you were to see such stuff today. The face was faultless, there were no voids and the back had only the occasional plug. Even after years in the Colorado elements the stuff still looks great. Of course, nothing, advertising claims to the contrary, will tame the grain of rotary cut fir plywood except glass or factory applied resin.

When time came to move that old chassis with the Superstar and other junk on it, I got to worrying about the 6 volt brakes. My fear was that 12 volts would fry the electromagnets. I consulted several people about replacement magnets, with no luck. After some thought one guy said, "what difference does it make?" True enough, they are fed through a variable resistance but I was still worried. However, they made it to Colorado and worked fine the whole 2,000 miles.

I built a long trailer based on a VW sedan axle, the very one denigrated by Mr. Smith in a recent article. The springs were soft enough so that a high load tended to sway disconcertingly. A pair of shocks fixed it so that I could bring a load of canoes down from Maine without problem.

I was southbound somewhere in New England once when I discovered that my stamped steel hitch was tearing alarmingly. I looked down the road and saw a farm machinery place not two hundred yards off. A peice of 1" strap welded right around it fixed it so it's good to this day, Mr. Smith notwithstanding.

If you have a welder, building your own trailer is a perfectly reasonable proposition. I've never had any problem that couldn't be jury rigged on the road. My trailers are usually modified to accomodate the current delivery. Double deckers are common. Square tubing can be had in sizes such that one fits nicely inside another, allowing all sorts of easily demountable accessories.

Several of my trailers have solid decks for hauling other materials. With a few roll-

ers they accomodate flat bottomed boats, and with a few braces take care of moderate V bottoms also. A couple of bicycle racks are very handy. Running boards, picnic tables, and storage boxes are other options. Beware of deck screws. They are hard and don't take well to bending or vibration. Once, homebound in Kansas, a particularly elaborate rack began to disintegrate. I discovered dozens of broken screws. Fortunately I had the Makita and a box of screws with me.

I also carry a dozen strands of baling wire with me, just in case. It comes in handy but never so much as that time in Virginia, Minnesota. It's the place with the enormous loon floating in a pond downtown. We were pulling a load of bare hulls and one finished boat, headed for Alberta. Coming into town the old Volvo just laid down in the road. Broken ball joint! Saturday afternoon, of course!

We got towed into an old gas station for the weekend. Not wanting to pay for another tow to a repair joint, I set to work on a shade tree repair. I jacked the thing up and with infinite care began wrapping bailing wire around the thing to hold it together. Side by side turns. It was a lovely piece of work. Say, did you ever ride one of those old wire tie bailers where you push the wire through to the guy on the other side? You get a snoot full of dust with every stroke. Well, that's a bit far afield. Only thing worse is down in a hole baling a straw stack on a blistering Michigan day.

Come Sunday morn we were ready for action and not keen on another night in the Volvo, so we caught a bus to Duluth. We checked into a hotel and set out to see the sights. Within a few blocks we came upon a shop with Volvo sign and hurried in. Man sold us a joint and told us how to install it. The hotel man gave us our money back! Back at the ranch we were up and running in jig time. Later we were at MASCF relating the incident to Ryck Lydecker, an old Volvo man from Duluth (now with *Boat US* mag) and he knew the very fellow.

As long as we are up here, might as well continue this tale of unaccountable luck. We delivered the finished boat to a guy in Warroad and he paid off in long green. Ten miles on we hit the border where the Maple Leaf guys demanded a cash bond for the bare hulls that were headed back to the States after Alberta. A quick mental calulation revealed that their value would just match my rewly aquired wad.

Robb comes, in time, to trailer lights and pretty much admits defeat. Apparently in recent years our vaunted industrial powerhouse has lost the ability to make at least three items, decent trailer lights, flashlights, or tire pumps. Somebody finally came to the rescue in the case of flashlights. I recently bought a Chinese copy that appears to be marvelously well made.

But, when it comes to tail lights we would be better off with barn lanterns, except that they wouldn't pass inspection since they would kill the market for replacement bulbs and, often as not, lights. In Virginia one used to have to get his trailer inspected twice a year. I got a ticket coming home from the inspection station without a sticker because the inspector wasn't on duty, itself a violation of the law. The cop even quoted the judge my little piece about the world not stopping for want of a sticker.

Reminds me of the old Volvo. My wife was sitting right under the nose of a cop who was holding traffic for a funeral procession when she (the car) was hit in the rear. The thing was so rusty that it just kind of disintegrated, which probably saved it. The insurance man totaled it out. I welded up an angle iron framework to support the suspension and it ran for years after that, even a quick trip to Chicago for the old IMTEC.

I couldn't salvage the tail light so I stuck a little cone shaped marker light on the back. Attracted no doubt by the weird aspect of this machine, some county cop up 301 pulled me over to inspect this light. He wondered if it was legal and kept poking at the thing looking for something. I popped out the snap ring and showed him the lens where, molded inside, were the magic letters SAE. He went away. Never expected to get out of that. If you are ever in Virginia with out of state plates, better mind your Ps and Qs. Those county cops have a budget to make.

Back to trailers. The simple solution is to chuck the old lights and put on new every season. Solder the connections. I'm too cheap to do this yet but I'm gonna start if those LEDs don't show up soon. Save the old bulbs (if you can get them out) and the lenses. Take

a two filament bulb with one side burned out and solder a wire to the good terminal and keep it in your kit. A meter might give you a false reading but it takes a good connection to light the bulb.

As soon as they built the first car with a steel frame, some genius in Detroit figured out that it would substitute for a ground wire and save a nickel a car. The grief caused by this clever innovation is incalculable. To one up the first fiend, somebody mixed the turn signals in with the stop lights. Now they are going to a bus to save more wire. The horrors this will produce can only be imagined.

The Japanese came on the scene with separate stop and tail lights. What to do? As ever these days, electronics came to the rescue. You buy a fancy gizmo and wire it into the system and you are all set until a short in the trailer sends it west.

To get around this, I started rigging my trailers (I have at least six) with separate turn lights. I've recently discovered that WalMart sells a gadget for under ten bucks that hangs on the back of your outfit and the trailer plugs right in. It even has an attached dust cover!

In Europe they have a phobia about putting trailers into the water, so nearly every small boat sits on a trolley which rides on the

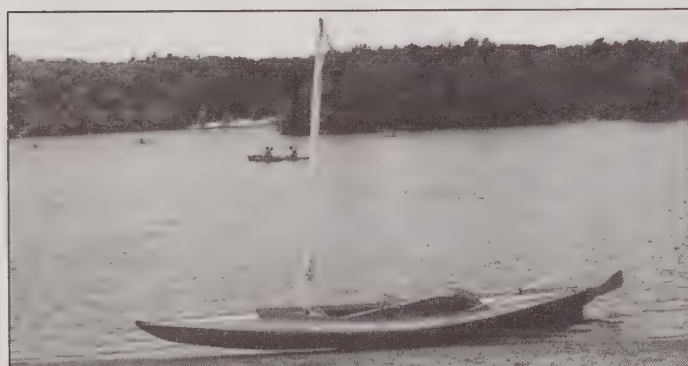
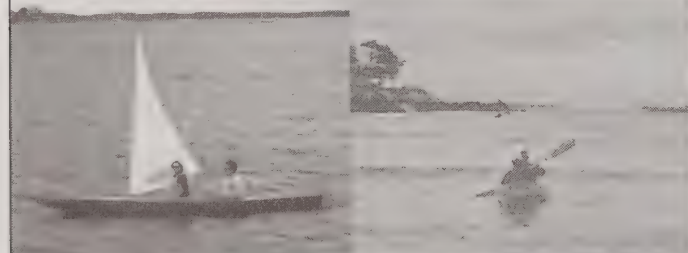
road trailer. At the ramp the trolley, a light cheap wheeled affair, is rolled off the trailer and into the water.

The tow cars over there are nearly all family sedans equipped with standardized industrial looking sockets with a serious covers. The trailer wire is a loose roll of heavy rubber covered stuff, like a heavy extension cord, connected to a board which holds the lights and license. This outfit is fastened by some quick disconnect means to the trailer or, more commonly, the boat.

I've never seen these guys fooling with lights. The least we could expect is some nice spungy banana plugs instead of those wimpy aluminum weekend wonders we have to fool with.

For years I've been going to write a "Ti-rade Time" piece about trailer lights but I think I have been co opted by the system. Just change the whole works once a year and hope for the best.

I might mention that remote control mirrors are wonderful for trailers. You can also rig up fancy sights for putting the ball right under the hitch every time. But then jumping in and out of the car is good exercise. Better not involve your wife. Mine becomes a veritable Toscanini.

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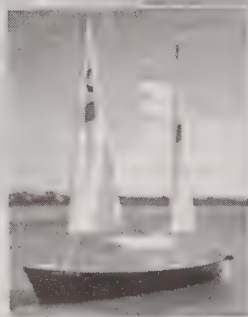
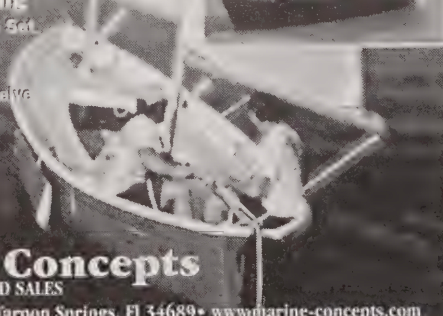
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You know, I'm sort of stupid about some things. Fortunately it is not infectious and doesn't carry over into all aspects of my life, but I am kind of oblivious. It might be that I am single-minded and apt to ignore the immediate doings in my surroundings while I am hot on the trail of the right track. For instance, I have poor pedestrian skills. I would think that it is because I never stay in town any longer than absolutely necessary and have conditioned myself to believe that it is all right to wander around in a daze and not pay attention to where I am going because, out here in the woods where the shop is or down at the coast, about the worst thing that can happen is that I might stub my toe.

I try to pull myself together when I am in town because I believe that some of those ninnies or nincompoops driving around with the cell phones clapped to their heads will run over me. But just the other day I had to cross the street to go to the radiator repair shop to buy a filler neck for the copper coolant overflow tank I am having to build for the Rescue Minor because it is impossible to buy a plastic one that won't leak antifreeze in the bilge. I don't actually know if it is impossible or not but I have a whole collection of cheap made, polyethylene, after market crap, and they all leak.

What it is is that the little hose barb on the bottom comes out right on the seam where they sort of halfway melted the two halves of the thing together and the two halves of the nipple aren't lined up right, so either the nipple itself leaks or it is impossible to get the vinyl or rubber tubing to seal even with a hose clamp. It'll work for a while, but then I'll smell antifreeze and get worried over nothing. I even fixed the last one with 5200 (which, except for polyurethane foam, will come closer to sticking to polyethylene than anything I have found) only to smell antifreeze again and come to find out that the whole side of the damned thing had split.

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So, I was cussing and fuming around the shop and my son said, "Hell, man how long you been fooling around with that project...three or four days? Why don't you throw that piece of junk over in the pile with all them other pieces of junk? You have spent more time going to town than it would have taken to braze a coolant tank up out of pure copper."

So, I went to town again to gather up the raw materials for a dadblamed coolant overflow tank that will not, dammit, ever leak a single drop in the bilges of my boat. While I was crossing the street to the radiator shop to get a radiator cap neck to solder on my copper tank, I was not paying proper attention to my pedestrian skills and walked right out in front of a small pickup truck. The man stopped and leaned his head out of the window and said, "Better watch out there, old man. You are gonna get yourself run over like that." Then he started laughing. Durn if it

Pipe Bomb

By Robb White

wasn't the employee of my uncle (the antique furniture man)...a black man about 80 years old and my good buddy. We like to stand around the furniture store and compare notes on our colonoscopy experiences. Which, as an aside, if all modern medicine worked as good as that gallon of antifreeze they make you drink to clean you out in preparation for that humiliation, we would all be in good shape.

Almost getting run over wasn't the most dangerous thing about this antifreeze project, it was trying to find a radiator cap that would fit the damned thing after I got it all brazed up. That's another thing I don't understand. Why in hell are there so many different radiator and gas caps for automobiles? It seems like they would be standard like tire valves. Must be some kind of scam like this damned gas war. Anyway, here I was wandering all over town to every automobile parts place (which there are at least 30 of them in a town of about 10,000 people...I don't understand that either). What I was looking for was a non pressurized cap like on a Farmall Cub tractor (which fit the neck I had) but nobody had such a thing, not even the tractor place, so I was looking for something I could modify.

After I had made two or three stops...carefully looking in both directions

before I crossed the parking lot...I was driving to the Auto Zone when I was stopped by a sheriff. As soon as I pulled over, damn if here came about five or six other sheriffs and police and all of them circled my old Mercedes like Osama Bin Laden was driving. You know, I wonder if he has an old junk Mercedes like mine? Yasser Arafat does. The word was out that I was wandering around looking for something important to blow up with a big pipe bomb so they gathered a SWAT team. They even had a little robot and a big dog. They also, most of them, including the dog, knew me. "Hell, that's just old Robb White," was the consensus of opinion.

Of course, they had to tie up traffic for a long time while I explained that thing. You know, given the theme of all these impotent, incompetent heroes we have charging around on official business in the interest of national security, I am lucky I live in a small town. I bet if I had been in New York City, I'd be under the jail right now. Guess what? I have to take the damned bomb back to town again because the darn brass nipple I brazed on the bottom won't fit the same size hose as the titty on the filler neck on the engine day tank and I got to find out if there is a hose that can be stretched enough to get on the damned thing. If I was actually a bad man, I would stick me a little cotton cord down in the nipple and light it and walk in the door of the hardware store and exclaim, "All right, dadblame you! Next time I ask you to order me a 24" meat saw blade, I bet y'all'll pay attention." Of course, they all know me in there, too.



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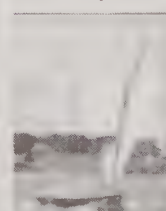
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I am not about to claim to know all there is to know about fixing outboard motors. I know that there are many old pros and amateurs like, say, members of the AOMC (Antique Outboard Motor Club) who know a lot more than I do, but I have been fixing little ones for a long time and I do know a few little tricks that might be of some help if you are not already an expert.

One thing I know is the heat gun, ice cube trick for getting corroded screws to come loose in the foot instead of wringing off. There are a hell of a lot of three screw foots and even some two screw foots (sometimes with both screws on the same side) that are still running, but I have never seen a running one screw foot. What happens is that the water pump quits pumping and the foot has to come off to get to it and the screws don't want to come out so they get wrung off.

The first step to get them out is to try to work the screw back and forth a little bit so the aluminum corrosion can get pulverized and not wad up when you try to back the screw out. That, along with a little shot of the gism juice of your choice (Diesel fuel is just about as good as any) will get most screws, but sometimes your innate intuition tells you that it ain't going to come out and you better stop. Still, the impeller in the pump is shot and she ain't peeing satisfactorily so you know you have to do something.

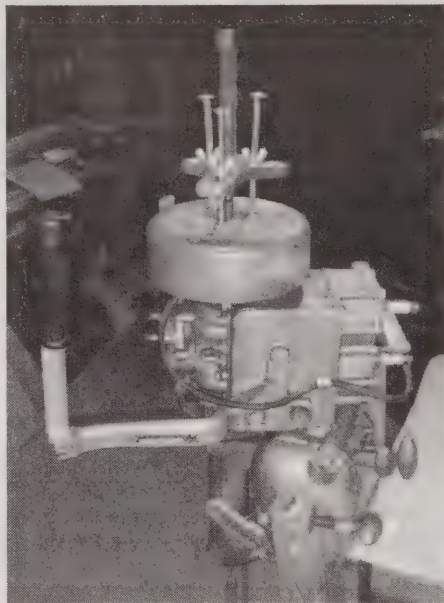
The next step is to heat the whole foot with a heat gun until it is just before scorching the paint, then put the gism juice to it as it is cooling. Hopefully the contraction of the corrosion in the cracks between the screw and the aluminum will draw it in. That's one of the reasons I mentioned Diesel (you know "Diesel" is a proper name and should be capitalized) fuel. If you stick a hot foot down into a bucket of Diesel fuel, that'll come about as close to getting the juice to soak in as anything. You don't have to waste the five gallons of fuel either, you can just pour it into the Mercedes.

You might recoil in horror at the thought, but Diesel-powered equipment usually has good filters and, besides, you are fooling yourself if you think Mr. EXXON delivers fuel to his filling stations in pure form. You ought to see the inside of a fuel oil barge or a Liberian tanker. Your outboard motor foot can't hurt that mess none. Anyway, after that you heat the foot and then put a fresh ice cube on the screw and quickly take it out. It's a lot of trouble but nothing like trying to drill a stainless steel screw out of an aluminum foot. You know how stainless steel does. Sometimes, you might have to heat and freeze five or six times before your intuition tells you to put the moxie to it.

I'll tell you something, though. Anybody who buys a new motor and doesn't take all the foot screws out and grease them and put them back in is setting himself up for a fight. Another thing, when you get the foot loose, pull the drive shaft out of the head, not the foot, or the pinion gear will fall down cattsquompus in the gearcase and you won't be able to put the shaft back in without having to take the whole thing apart. I'll tell you something else, too. If you don't use an outboard motor all the time, the wings of the impeller will take a set and not pump good unless you go out there and rotate the crankshaft every now and then. Never start an outboard that has been sitting on the trailer for

Fixing Old Outboard Motors

By Robb White



any time at all without immersing the foot in water first. An outboard motor impeller pump will hold up for a long time if it's never run dry or let sit in the same position too long.

That covers all I know about water pumps, and the only other thing to worry about down there are the foot seals. Hell, man, you already got the foot off, it ain't like you have to take the whole engine out of a car just to stop it from leaking oil on the floor of the carport. Put some seals in the damn thing and don't forget the little grommet for the water tube.

I'll hit carburetors just the lightest little lick. Go through the durn thing. Don't play with it. Make sure that there is no varnish in there anywhere. I like the Auto Zone aerosol "Carburetor Cleaner" with the little WD-40 looking tube. You can shoot that up in every little whichaway passage in there. Don't peer too closely though. The main ingredient is the same thing as in paint remover and if it turns the corner and sprays you across the eyes, it'll give you the blind staggers and you might drop the carburetor on the concrete floor and booger it up.

I would love to stop now because I think some of y'all believe I am overstepping my expertise and are reaching for the pencil to write to the editor, but I have to risk covering crankshaft seals or I won't feel complete and my self esteem might be damaged, so I'll risk it. A two-cycle engine aspirates through the crankcase and if you can't get a good suction (engineer, put that pencil down) on the palm of your hand on the carburetor hole when you pull the rope, replace the crankshaft seals. You'll be amazed at how well your old friend will start and run. If it has not proven to be your friend, what are you working on it for?

To put crankshaft seals in the engine, you'll not only have to take the head off but you'll have to pull the flywheel. It is easy to do if you have a three-hole wheel puller

(called a "spider" down here). There are some jackleg outboard motor mechanics who will pull the wheel by lifting up on the flywheel to take up all the end play out of the crankshaft and then put a penny on top of the crankshaft where the nut was and hit it a light lick with a heavy hammer.

If you do it right, the taper will come loose and the flywheel will come off in your hand without damaging either the crankshaft or the bearing that takes the thrust of the weight of the vertical crankshaft and all that is attached to it. The penny will protect the threads and everything will turn out fine. If you don't do it right, you might booger up the thrust bearing so that the crankshaft is riding too low and the connecting rods aren't lined up correctly anymore and the engine turns over stiff. If you really messed up and bent the crankshaft, when you put the flywheel back on it will run wobbledly and might hit the core of the coil (or coils in a two cylinder engine). I am a spider man myself.

Since you have the flywheel off, you might as well do what you can with the magnet. I always clean the points and set them and check the spark plug wire (or wires) where they come out the bottom of the stator plate to make sure that they haven't cracked the old insulation from flexing as the stator plate is rotated to adjust the timing. The best way to touch up the points is with a "Snap On" flexible point file, but if you don't have one of those, a doubled up piece of that black carbide sandpaper (about 400 grit) will work just as well. In emergencies, I use the black part of a matchbook or match box. Of course, that was back when they blackened up the whole thing instead of just printing a few little lines on there to wear out before all the matches get struck. Now I carry a "Snap On" file in my tackle box.

You have to make sure that no sanding dust is down in there to hold the points from making contact. A little piece of cardboard will work for that or you can wash it out with WD-40, but you risk rinsing the grease off the little felt wiper on the crankshaft lobe. Alright, I heard that. "How the hell do you pull the flywheel in an emergency out on the water?" "With a penny and a big hammer or an axe," is my answer. Any engine that is fool enough to defect on me at sea, bad enough to have to have its flywheel pulled to make run it again, ain't long for this world and I don't give a damn if the magnets hit the coil face so hard that the engine clatters like a car with a stick in the fan.

Which... magnets... best to re magnetize them if the engine has some few years on it. What you have to have is a magnet more powerful than the one in the flywheel was when it was new. I used to have a magnet that came out of the magnetron on an old Raytheon vacuum tube radar. You know, one of them old style jobs with a swing arm about 6' long up on top of the wheelhouse, so powerful that it would make the hair stand up on your head like lightning was fixing to strike you while you were up there changing light bulbs and might cause brain damage. Do you reckon? Anyway, it was a very powerful magnet. What you do is to try to figure out which end of the flywheel magnet is north or south and put the opposite end of the big magnet on there and wiggle it around a little bit. If your magnet is powerful enough, you'll be able to detect a noticeable difference.

One day I stopped at a yard sale along the road to look at a junkpile of tools and I spied a peculiar looking contraption. Even though I didn't know what it was and neither did the person running the sale, I had five bucks in my pocket and ten bucks worth of curiosity so I bought it. Guess what? It was an electromagnetic flywheel magnetizer so powerful that after you got the little N&S cast iron contacts adjusted right to fit the flywheel and mashed the little button, the thing grabbed the flywheel so hard that you couldn't pull it off. Boy, that'll put the bite back in the old Neptune, if your coil and condenser are some good.

A bad coil has been the death of many a pretty good old motor. Usually the internal windings don't mess up down in all that tar. What happens is that somebody has boogered up where the spark plug wire hooks on to the hair sized wire of the secondary windings. It might be possible to dig around in the ancient paper and tar and dissect out a little filament to hook the spark plug wire to, but then how are you going to hold it physically to the coil so that it doesn't vibrate that delicate connection loose? I guess you could cast the spark plug wire into a lump of epoxy like on a mod-

ern, pointless coil, but usually there is no extra room up under the flywheel for anything extra.

I am fixing to try a new trick. You know modern small engines don't have anything for the spinning magnet to excite but just a little coil looking thing with a spark plug wire coming out of it. There are no points and no condenser or anything. Somehow, when the magnet passes close to the core of that coil it makes a spark (an attention getting spark, too). You can just hold one of the little coils in your hand and pass a magnet by it and damn near electrocute yourself. It would be easy to just throw out all the old antique junk and hook one of those little marvels to the stator plate and make that little anachronism run like never before if it weren't for one thing. All the modern engines have the magnet on the outside of the flywheel and the face of the core of the little marvelous coil is made concave instead of convex. I have a little Elto Pal that has a bad coil and I've been thinking about how to modify a weedeater coil to work.

Before I finish the electrical speculation, I have to tell you about another curiosity. There are these new magnets called "rare earth." I don't know much about them ex-

cept that they are amazingly powerful. I have one that I bought from American Science and Surplus that, though the magnet part (it is mounted on a steel plate) is only about 3/16" thick and about an irregular inch square, is so powerful that you can't pull it off a cast iron bandsaw table. You can barely slide it even though I have a good sized re saw fence attached to it. I wonder what one of those would do in a magneto operation? Probably make the engine feel like it had an extra compression stroke.

What I am trying to tell you is to fix the damned thing if it is worth fixing. Don't take no cheap shots and make a half assed project of it. You don't have to clear coat the gas tank but fix the damned thing. "So why," you might ask, "since you are such a hotshot magneto man, haven't you fixed the Elto Pal yet?" Because, though I have owned it since I was a boy, it is not my friend. Cute though it may be, an Elto Pal was a little piece of junk when it was brand new. I remember the few times when it was running. I could scull the boat faster than that. My old weedless Evinrude three though, that's a different story. I'm thinking about clear coating the gas tank.

Where is Your Anchor?

Do you know accurately where your anchor is hopefully dug in? Not likely, but a long forgotten bit of anchoring equipment called a Sentinel should be rediscovered and put to and use.

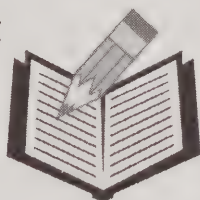
A Sentinel is an "H" shaped piece of wood operationally akin to a homemade reel for kite string. That is, the bar between the two uprights contains a wrapping of strong fish line and is dumped over board with the anchor. It unwraps itself and floats flat on the surface. Naturally your anchor is denoted vertically for one and all to observe or else be forcefully pointed out. Apparently most anchor anglings occur in good weather. Think of the results with an onset of bad weather with possibly boats grounding.

At the same time, the seaman might review manuals describing various type of anchors and sand, mud, rocky, weed, surfaces they are most effective in. A rare publication from the Pacific islands describes a working lugger with exhausted crew dropping anchor and all chain at night in a harbor. Next morning they were miles at sea. Some review showed the anchor hung up in the bobstay and the chain hanging in a big, useless bight. Moral: Always set an anchor going forward! Reverse before hitting the berth.

Fiberglass Construction Tricks

Over numerous decades innumerable articles have appeared on wooden boat building methods and "tricks." However, in such reading over this time I've seen only two articles on fiberglass "tricks" and both concerned "cast fiberglass." What is it? Simple. Envision fiberglass layup panels on flat

Norm's Notes



By Norm Benedict
801 Greenacre Dr., Santa Maria, CA 93455

masonite covered with mold release. Dimensionally they are cut to shape and sizes of boat panels as sides, bottom, and/or transom. Why? Most often a boat is built of plywood, then glassed. How about eliminating the plywood stage? Necessary strengthening is provided by simple "hat" strips of foam or wood then fiberglassed over.

Suppose a great number of small boats like Sabots were to be built for club, rental, or kit sales purposes. A Sabot hull could be used as a kind of mold and panels layed up, hardened to "green stage" for easy trimming and removal. Curvature or twists are integral, saving the Spanish windlass stage of constructing. *Messing About In Boats* covered construction problems last year, and this writing is purely for informational purposes. It is mandatory to check latest books on fiberglass construction for details as fiberglass layer types, resins, and other tools recommended.

Past articles concerned 30' fishing or charter boats, so no significant size limitations occur. Much criticism of fiberglass exists, but rolls of cloth insensitive to temperatures, moisture, warping and rot, plus drums and cans of various volumes require little

shop room. An open mind goes a long way here.

Dinghy Buoyancy: Where Art Thee?

The often seen exact wording for a valued dinghy's safety is, "Flotation must be added under the seats. Remember, flotation must be firmly secured so it doesn't break away from the boat and that flotation material works only when it is under water, so keep it low." Odd, putting blocks of expanded foam low in tiny hulls raises the center of gravity of water taken aboard, adding to the unwanted tipping in emergency conditions. Also, practically speaking, space below seats provides necessary foot room plus area for anchors and chain, tool boxes, and maybe major batteries.

Historic treatment of tippy canoes was the addition of tubular sponsons along the gunwales, so where can flotation be located? Forepeaks and transoms provide a great measure of stability, and industrial foamboard affixed to inboard sides works without occupying more valuable space. Given that more lives are lost in dinghies caught in severe weather than elsewhere in the operational spectrum, more thought might be given to unsinkable dinghy materials and construction.

I'm sure Robb White won't object to replacing plywood with boards of foam formulated mostly for insulation. It is available, inexpensive, and easy to cut. It can be bent easily by scoring or use of heat lamps. In all cases, compatible resins must be used for closed cell construction and fiberglass covering giving great strength or impact protection. The material is so very light that it can be used as laminates without great weight penalties. All in all, life preservers designed for rowing.

Otsego Lake in upstate New York is a long, deep, glacial gouge set in the hills of the Leatherstocking Central Region, brilliantly stationed between the Catskill and Adirondack Mountains of the Northern Appalachians. The water is cold and some sort of algae gives it the color of light green Connemara marble in summer. There are roads along both the east and western shores, the most arresting views of the lake being from the eastern Lake Road perspective.

When I motor along Lake Road, my gaze is fixed on the lake, as much as on other cars, trees, houses, and people permit. I watch the lake for those signs, subtle or obvious, that mean, "get out on it." If the wind is from the south, southwest, or that rarest of westerly breezes, I should sail (from the north end where I keep my wooden sailing dinghy), if the lake is calm or "glimmerglass" (mirror like), the shell should be dragged from under the boat landing pavilion for a leisurely row. If it is hazy and hot, I should throw myself in for the inexplicable pleasure associated with cold shock, followed by numbness. Sometimes water levels can be prolonged by floating on the top of the water column where the sun keeps the water at above shock levels.

Bicyclers love to ride along Lake Road because it is relatively level compared to the surrounding hill roads, circular (always a desirable trait in any exercise route), and provides views of the lake. I try to conduct my lake analyses without knocking over any cyclists, so far with success. One day, however, a cyclist definitely caused me to pull off the road, pull out the field glasses, and get a better look. There, in the middle of the lake, about half a mile away, was a man on a bicycle, pedaling south in the direction of Cooperstown (did I mention the lake has no islands?). His progress seemed relatively slow and I could not see what sort of flotation device was beneath him. It looked just like a bicycle on the water.

Subsequently I put out feelers, questioning friends with boating or Cooperstown interests, trying to discover just who this marvel was. Eventually the unsolved mystery was resigned to the category of lake legend.

My best lake buddy lives next to the boat landing and provides me with many lake alerts. One day last summer he called me to come and attend the launching of his friend's bikeboat ride from our north end of the lake to Cooperstown at the south end, a distance

Pedal Powered Bikeboat

By Germaine Connolly



of approximately nine miles. I was there in a flash and finally met the mystery biker! Chuck Hudson has been biking on the lake for nearly 10 years and has no plans to stop.

The Surf Bike is a pedal powered watercraft and a very basic one. It looks just like a surfboard but slightly hollowed out topside. Two poles go through the surfboard, one with a bicycle seat on it. Beneath the seat are bicycle pedals that just clear the surfboard when at their lowest point. The other pole is topped with bicycle handlebars. Beneath the water, at the other end of the handlebar pole is a simple rudder, at the other end of the seat pole is a small plastic propeller driven by the pedals. The entire setup is light and cartoppable. The poles can be removed from the surfboard for easy transport.

Chuck first became interested in pedal powered cycles in 1987, after reading a *Scientific American* article on the subject. He discovered four types of bikeboats. The first had an inflatable deck and pontoons, but leaks seemed to be a problem. There was a kayak style where the driver sat low, leaned back, and used the pedals to swish fins. This was not to Chuck's taste as an upright cyclist. There was a hydrobike with double pontoons

that was capable of higher speeds, but was heavy and more cumbersome. And there is the Canadian designed Surf Bike that uses the surfboard as the basis for its design. It has optional stabilizers (training wheels?) that can be added during the learning stages. He has owned his for about 10 years (bought second hand) and, sadly, believes that they are no longer made.

His bikeboat is capable of speeds of 6 mph, with the capability of faster sprints. Chuck's record time for the 8.6 nine-mile distance down Lake Otsego is one hour, thirty one minutes. He did not break his record the day that I met him because he had to abort the attempt at the five-mile point due to strong winds and deep chop conditions. The bikeboat does handle some wind (and gusts, very common on our lake), performing best when placed diagonally to the wind. Chop is navigable to a degree as well when the bikeboat is aimed directly into the swells and momentum is maintained. If momentum is lost, whether due to water conditions or when approaching the shore to stop, the bike falls over, just as you would expect. So starting off and landing are tricky maneuvers that require practice.

Individual pedal powered water vehicles seem to be an underused option on Lake Otsego. Traditional two person pedal boats are seen, but I would like to hear from anyone who has seen or used a bikeboat similar to Chuck's. I could always use another boat. Germaine Connolly, (540) 338-5556, <gconnoll@cvm.fda.gov>



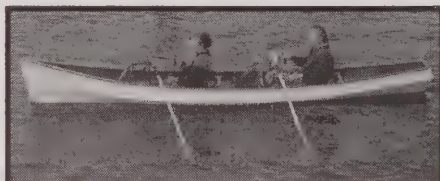
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For hundreds of years fisherman preserved their boats with linseed oil or tung oil, pine tar and salt. If you have a traditional wooden boat, you may find their methods helpful, as I have. The Vikings used linseed oil made with the seed of the flax plant. For at least the past 600 years Scandinavians have heated pine tree roots in kilns to extract the tar. Confucius, writing in 600 BCE, mentioned tung oil made from the fruit of the tung tree. It was used to treat the masts and sails of junks. Marco Polo described it after his return from China. So if you use these methods, you are part of some very old traditions!

As an initial finish, consider soaking the planks in raw linseed oil. Eric Hiscock, who calmly sailed around the world several times, writes, "When exposed to sun and wind on deck or ashore, a planked wooden dinghy is liable to open up, no matter how well protected she may be by paint and varnish, and will leak when put afloat. This can be prevented by the old fashioned but effective linseed oil process. Remove all traces of varnish, both inside and out, and pour into the dinghy a gallon or more of raw linseed oil. Move the dinghy each day so the oil may soak into every part of her and in about a fortnight it will have penetrated right through the soft-wood planking which will then have taken up permanently and will not shrink again. Mop out the surplus oil and leave for at least two months to allow the oil in the planking to oxidize..."

As a second step, for the inside and the outside of the hull, consider the "4x8" mixture suggested by boatbuilder David Stimson. In a quart measuring pail, mix eight ounces each of boiled linseed oil, pine tar, turpentine, and Japan drier. Pour into a quart paint can. Put the lid on not quite tight, place in a

Preserving Wooden Boats Oil, Tar & Salt

By Duncan Wright

bucket, and pour boiling water around it. The heated mixture will penetrate better. Apply in thin coats, wet over wet, until saturated. Be sure the coats are thin. While "raw oil soaks right in, boiled oil leaves a skin."

In maintaining the boat I have found that a coat of raw oil in the fall and the "4x8" mixture in the spring works well. Linseed oil darkens the wood, so tung oil is better if you want to keep the natural color of a mast or sheerstrake.

Apply tung oil with a nearly dry brush, and follow the directions of the manufacturer closely. I have found only one manufacturer (noted below) of exterior grade pure tung oil.

Builders of workboats used to put coarse salt in the bilges to pickle the wood. Using the boat instead of leaving it at the dock can make it last five times as long, Gloucester fisherman used to say. This was partly due to the salt spray soaking the boat. Or, you can sluice down the boat as often as possible with salt water. A man working at a boatyard in Maine, about to sail his boat back to his home in Ireland, passed on this idea. Buy two muslin spice bags at a cooking supply store. Fill them with coarse Kosher salt and tie them under the breasthooks at the bow and stern. When rain falls, some will trickle through them and you'll have protective salt water rather than fresh in the bilge. As he left he said, "Fair winds."

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Duncan Wright, 32 Melbourne St., Portland, ME 04101, (207) 871 0218.

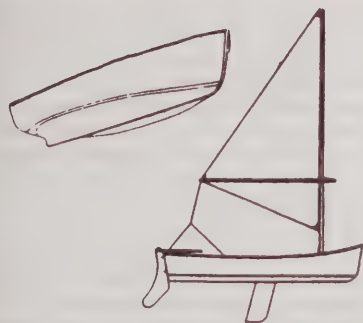
Sources

(In addition to your local paint store)

Pine Tar: The Bickmore brand is available at Hamilton Marine, Portland Maine, and elsewhere.

Tung Oil: Sutherland Welles Ltd., P.O. Box 1387, Morrisville, VT 05661, (800) 322-3346 (also on the internet.). Very helpful with advice.

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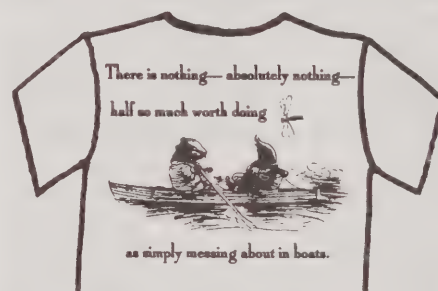
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Because I live in Australia and it's very hot in summer, I can be somewhat affected at that time of year. "Gone Troppo" is the correct medical term. So this idea for building a boat is born from contemplating fibreglassing in the Australian heat, an activity equivalent in fun to rolling rocks uphill in a hair shirt.

OK, you want a boat you can weekend in and don't want to die in the attempt of building, neither being murdered by your spouse or bank manager (these may well be the same person, which doubles the danger).

The simplest form to build is a flattie, dory, sharpie style, and the flat bottom offers the possibility of dispensing with flooring. So dory it is, no built-in curves, no torturing of plywood, which is the obvious choice of material given the flying start achieved because a sheet leaks less than a bunch of joined planks!

1. Make the flat sole cum bottom: Buy 12 sheets of 17mm marine ply (make 'em deliver it free) which costs but is worth it as this is a major element of the build. Your boats going to be about 20' and change so you butt glue up six sheets, temp fixing to a floor or lumber rails. Epoxy coat the top surface and plonk another six on top, cutting the end one into two sheets of 8' x 2' to get a full overlap.

2. Lay down a steel I-beam as per plans obtained from some looney like me. Let's use the CC sharpie in the sketch. Drill the top plate of the I-beam to take SS bolts every 20cm, then box the beam up for concrete,

Dreamboats

How Difficult Need It Be?

By Jeff Gilbert
(jgilbert@webone.com.au)

cutting side sheets of ply to the bottom shape from A to B. Put some steel in it and make a top plate of 1/4" rubbish ply drilled with holes to fix and take the bolt heads. With the bolts propped up, pour the concrete to the top of the form, then bolt the rubbish ply down on top hard with all your bolts poking through.

3. When your concrete is set, unscrew the nuts off your keel bolts and remove the rubbish ply top. Use this as a template up the centreline of your floor (1) above to mark out and drill your floor holes. Mark out the bottom shape with battens.

4. Strip the rest of the boxing and bolt the floor on. You use a 12' x 3' sheet of 4mm steel plate as a giant washer, cut out to the pattern of your trusty rubbish ply boxing top. You need to bribe mates with beer to lift the 24' x 8' floor. It takes the right shape at A through B but you need to brace it at C, etc., to get your smooth bottom curve. You'll also need to level up to get the WL correct. This is worked out on predicted displacement by some mathematically inclined looney like... never mind, it's in the plan. Your bow and

stern will be just above the WL, and it's a whole lot easier if you have a flat floor. Initially putting your dreaded I-beam up a bit gives you a better working height.

When the floor's on, use the template rubbish ply to mark out another two sheets of ply, with the holes oversize and not all the way through. Spot weld your bolts and glue this sheet upside down over the bolt heads to make a smooth floor.

5. Bevel some 2" x 2" dressed to your side angle (70 degrees for Huckleberry, 77 for CC Sharpie in our example designs) and fit it to your bottom line. Cut out the bottom to this bevel guide. Then fit stem, transom, bulkheads, stringers.

6. Scarf or butt/plate sides from 12mm ply, 24' x 4', three sheets. Fit with mates, screws, swearing, and epoxy. Cut bottom and sheer after. Glass tape edges. Epoxy some more.

7. Deck/cabin fitout: Tar the bottom over the concrete or use whatever heavy duty goop you like. Also, remember you can mix concrete with lots of metal punchings and can bolt lead ingots to the inside of the I-beam. No one will notice, honest!

Well that's it in a nutshell. Hey, ho, find a rig and or outboard and go sailing and fishing.

Well, it's still not easy, but look at what you don't do. Lofting, turning hull, endless glassing, and mucking about with strongbacks, deadwood and maneuvering a ton of boat over a ton of keel, hoping they fit.

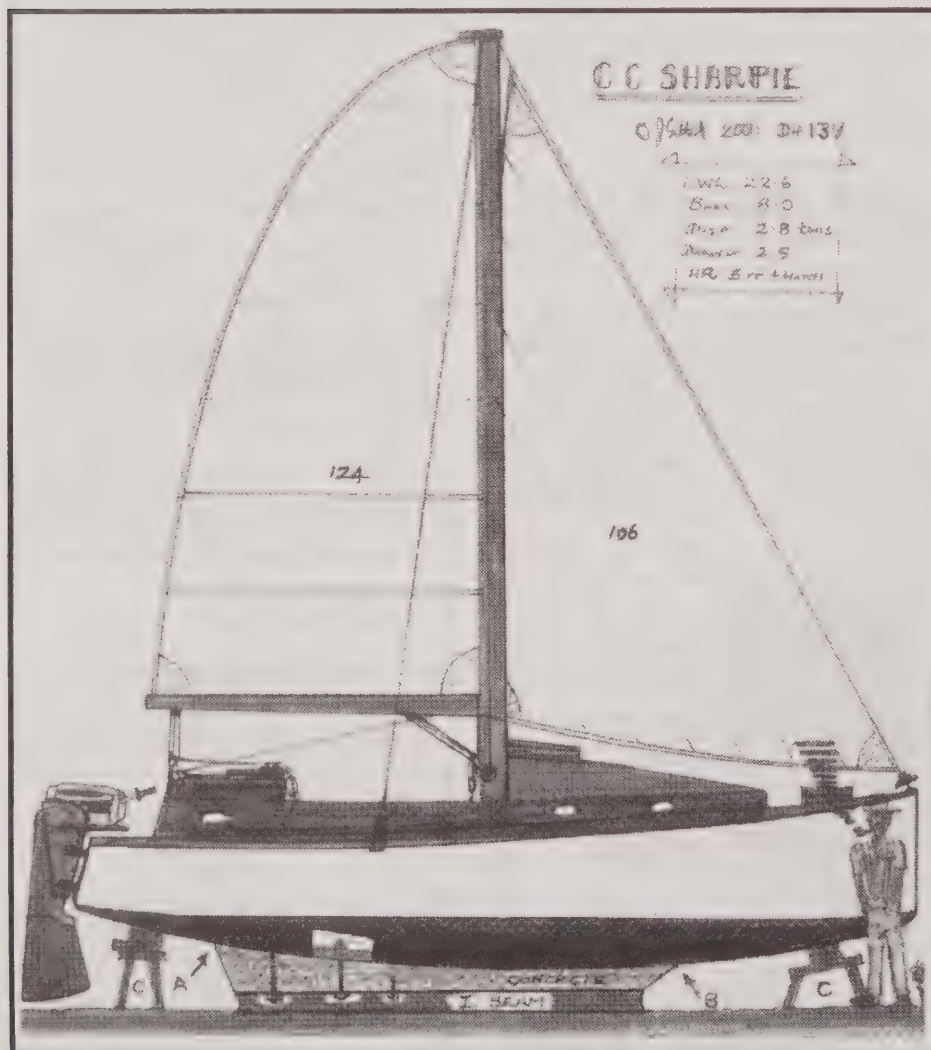
I've scribbled a couple of boats to demo what may be done with this build.

The CC Sharpie is for easy weekendening. CC could mean Coastal Cruising or Centre Cockpit which I haven't seen in a sharpie yet. It owes some to Bruce Kirby et. al., but is more a 23' x 8' dory. She's designed as a safe, sturdy, simple to sail cruiser to sit on a mooring for a summer of weekendening by four folk before being wintered ashore.

A kick up, transom hung rudder connects to a wheel and can be taken home in the boot as an anti-theft device. Small rear deck for outboard motor and swimming. The rear cabin is a dive-in 7' x 4' double berth on one side with feet under cockpit. The other side remainder is a 2' wide passage with a hatch that is private and ventilated for use of the porta potti and gets you to the rear deck, where you can have a camp shower hung from the boom.

You then have a great high, dry, socialising cockpit leading to a forecabin with a galley and seats. The other berth (boat ideal for two couples) can be a Vee or a quarter, again extending under the cockpit. There is no real need of sidedecks as all (two of them) sails are controlled from the cockpit, lines leading to the rear cabin roof then back to cleats at its front edge. A single and probably unnecessary winch could go there. Raising the boom offers fantastic evening meals and chats under a tent with an inviting private cabin at either hand.

With the jib (100%) furler, again side decks aren't needed so can be minimal. You can pop out the hatch and the cabin is a great contributor to stability, popping into the water in a knockdown if you are silly enough not to motor home when savage gusts start. The boat will recover from a 90 degree knockdown and worse, but it's unlikely to happen with its 2.8 tons displacement as sketched,

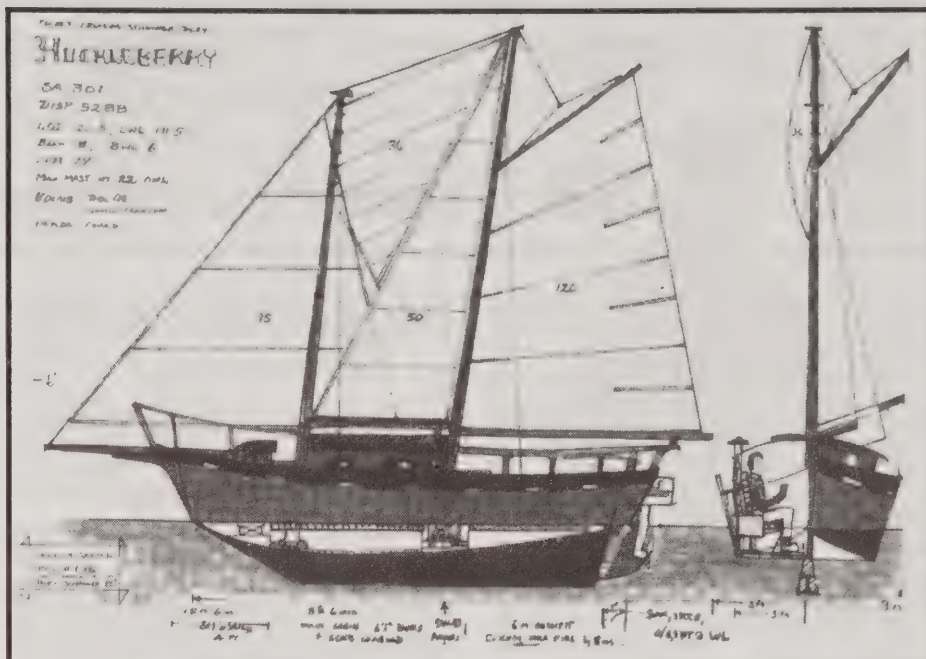


50% ballast, and moderate sail area of 230sf. Obviously its canoe body draught and sail area can be raised to give a more sparkling performer. This design could be twin bilge keeled for beachability.

Huckleberry is for string pullers, an exciting little 18' waterline pocket cruising schooner offering the warmth of a wood stove and extreme comfort for a couple or small family. She's robust and meant to tackle goodly camp cruises of a week or so.

She has a head up forward under the hatch and a unique feature for cold weather, the helmsman can sit directly one foot above the wood chip heater. She has a cozy double quarter berth and a single settee berth plus a heap of stowage. The rig is exciting and pretty powerful but still very low aspect and droppable, being designed around American marketed (\$300 each) 20' telescoping flagpoles as masts. The difference in height is because the forward is keel, aft deck, stepped.

Draft is 3' and displacement is well under two tons, half in that dreaded concrete and I-beam keel. I call this the Ground Up Build. Now I'll just wait for the critics to Grind It Down! So come on guys!



From time to time we get letters and hear comments from sad multihull enthusiasts who are amazed by the under reporting of the speeds and racing successes of catamarans and trimarans. They feel that, now that multihulls have proved themselves faster and quite as seaworthy as single hulled boats, the whole yachting fraternity should immediately take to multihulls.

The reason why the ordinary yachtsman actually hates multihulls is that he has been brought up with single hulls; he has invested a sizeable proportion of his wealth in his yacht (which his wife resents) which he must defend to himself (and his wife) at all times; he has got into a routine of meeting men with similar yachts, racing with them and enjoying the discomfort and pleasures of the process. But finally, he just loves his yacht, possibly as a symbolic cradle with a love hate relationship to the sea as his mother. This man is just not going to be converted and he must not even try. Admire his boat as you would his wife and bolster his personality. Don't say anything unflattering about his boat but ask him to sail with you and part saying how nice you think his boat is.

Catamaran sailors are emotionally against trimarans and both will doubtless hate the flying hydrofoils when they also come about. Usually, however, it is the people who are commercially involved with catamarans who are most against trimarans. The common catamaran sailor seldom makes this kind of remark and he will usually be delighted to try out a trimaran, while it is easier to get a conventional sailor of single hulled boats to like the trimaran, it is more like a cradle than a catamaran.

The whole matter is a storm in a teacup. Catamaran racing classes are springing up all over the world, though many yachting centres have yet to have one. Cruising trimarans are numbered in their thousands, though many people have yet to see one. There is room for all and only by the true merit of boats will they become the majority, which takes time.

The Non-Acceptance of Multihulls

By John Morwood

(Reprinted from a 1966 issue of the Amateur Yacht Research Association Journal)

Middle aged fogies, like me, have an image of one particular yacht in our minds. It is that one in which we, for the first time, had a sail in perhaps sunshine with a following breeze with, perhaps, a plesant heave of sea. If that image is of a single hull, nothing will change it and we will carry it to our dotage. That is my own image, and while I don't mind sticking floats or hydrofoils out on either side, I cannot get away from the single hull. I am therefore more than glad that the trimaran has proved itself the equal of the catamaran for most purposes.

The really true catamaran and trimaran sailors are now just coming onto the yachting scene. They are the youngsters aged about 16 whose first real enjoyment of sailing has occurred on board a multihull so that they are emotionally attached to it for the rest of their lives. These youngsters will be buying large catamarans and trimarans in 20 years' time, when they are about 36 and the racing fleets of the world will perhaps all be multihulls.

It took 30 years for yachts to change from the gaff to the Bermudian rig. The first 10 years of this time was spent in proving that the Bermudian rig was the faster beyond all question and the other 20 years were spent in replacing the gaff addicts by the young through the process of death and retirement from the scene. I believe that the acceptance of multihulls and flying hydrofoils will take much the same time.

Alden Shells

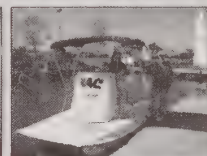
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This trimaran was supposed to be a class, promoted by a Washington, D.C. yacht broker. Art Rand in Ipswich, Massachusetts, was to build the prototype and possibly produce them in series. His work was always beautifully finished and every way good. The boats would have been showpieces as the design, made around 1961, still looks valid.

The wide flaring center hull shows a realistic displacement and quick increase of buoyancy if an overload is carried. It makes a lot of room inside without a clumsy deckhouse; there are five dedicated berths, or six if two are an intimate couple, with space for six to sit around a table, standing headroom in the main cabin and galley, and a respectably roomy and private, though low, washroom/toilet. Stowage space is inadequate for such a crowd; the layout is for weekend-type cruising, even with fewer people. Some of this objection disappears if the space under the afterdeck is used as a hold instead of for the double berth.

Much of the roomy effect is due to putting the lateral plane as twin centerboards, and the engines and fuel in the floats. The centerboard position would have given no trouble and has the advantage that the boards are effective on a much shallower draft than a centerboard in the main hull would need. The far off center engine location might have created steering problems if she had to run with one of the two engines, but with the steerable propellers and a powerful rudder it would have been tolerable when necessary; that is, she could have been kept on a straight course and turned either way on one engine. The rudder was designed with a pivoting blade to improve its power. Nowadays a balanced rudder with an end plate no deeper than the main hull would do the job with one less moving part and less stress.

Bolger on Design Polynesia

Design #180, Cruising Trimaran

Length 30'6"; Breadth 17'0"; Draft 2'0";
 Sail Area 600sf; Displacement 6,600lbs

The main hull was to have been "planked" with 2' wide strakes of plywood, with some torturing at the forward end. The longitudinal butt straps connecting and stiffening these panels can be made out on the drawing (these drawings were made for promotional material, the working drawings are in pencil). The complex modeling of the floats to pick up buoyancy quickly with a minimum of increased drag was to have been strip planked. This was pre epoxy, but the stripper canoe construction, sheathed with fiberglass inside and out, would be very good for these.

Like any multihull she has deck space galore, rendered usable in good weather by the upright sailing stance. About the time I drew this design I was out in a large Piver trimaran, daysailing in company with a larger, and very high class, modern ocean racer. She was easily outsailing us, but her crew were all wearing oilskins and holding on tight in her cockpit, whereas when I heard "ready about", I got up from where I was sitting on the open deck, set down my cocktail glass on the deck, tailed the jib sheet as we filled on the new tack, resumed my relaxed seat, and picked up the unspilled glass.

Such a memory keeps one interested in multihulls, especially after Dick Newick took me on a passage in one of his early trimarans. The Piver was a dull sailer, the Newick boat was spirited! She would have sailed short

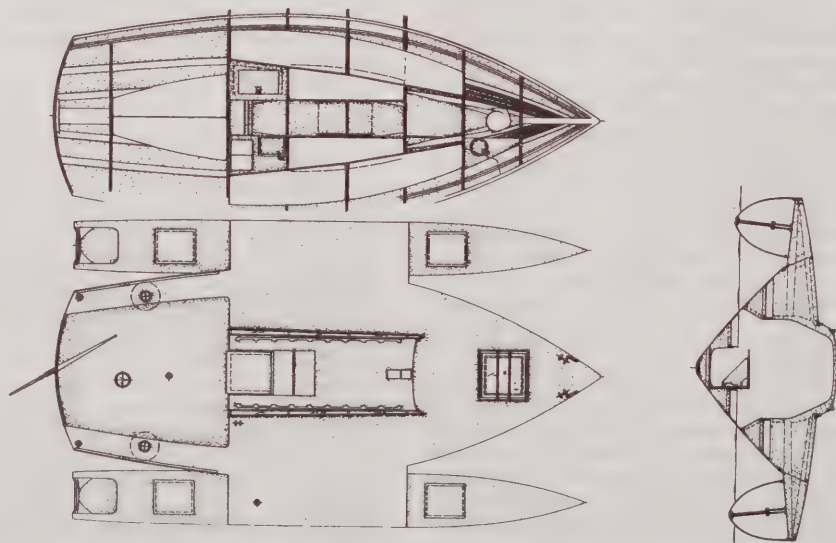
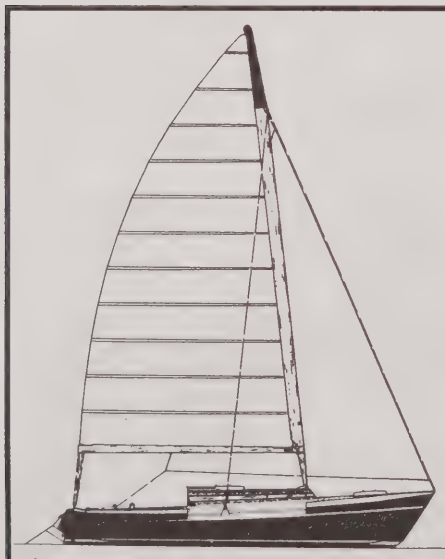
circles around any ocean racer in any weather. I think it was my description of this trip that sent Phil Weld to Dick, with memorable results.

As against that, this would have been a very expensive boat. It wasn't built because the promoter flinched at her cost or was not able to raise it. And she would have been expensive to berth due to the 17' breadth. The latter could now be mitigated by something like the very neat (patented) Farrier configuration in which the floats fold under the flare of the hull, but the Farrier ingenuity comes at a still higher price.

The wide fixed breadth would be no problem on a mooring and the 2' draft and ability to take the ground would open up a lot of uncrowded mooring space.

This design was drawn over 30 years ago. We'd want to have a hard look at the detail work all through if anything was to be done with it now. The excessive number of battens is an obvious bad detail with a easy fix. A feature that might be questioned is the bottleneck between the hull side and the float. A wave breaking up there might put a heavy stress on the hull and float structure. The hull is well braced there, but the floats might need more stiffening. The overall configuration, which is responsible for this problem (if it is one) also lends itself to a very strong connecting structure indeed. Both the hull and the floats have unusual reserve buoyancy, she can not dive deeply as more slim hulled craft do. If it turned out to be enough of an irritation, there are a number of options for controlling it.

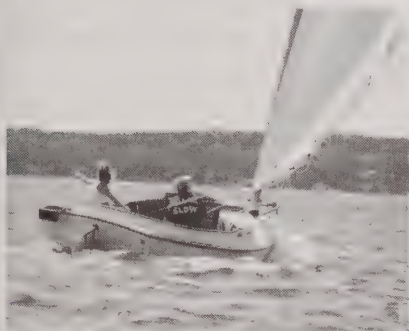
It's interesting to compare this old design with our recent Schorpioen, Design #649 (see *MAIB* Vol. 16, Nos. 19 and 20, February 15 and March 1, 1999). The old design is roomier, but hardly trailer capable!



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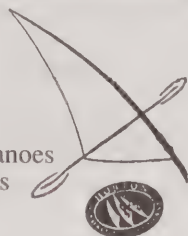
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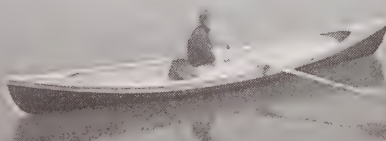
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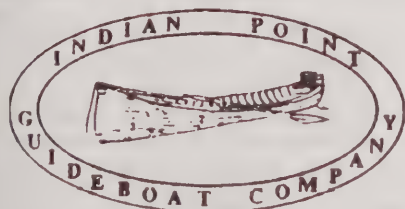
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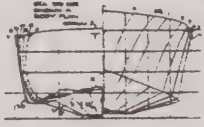
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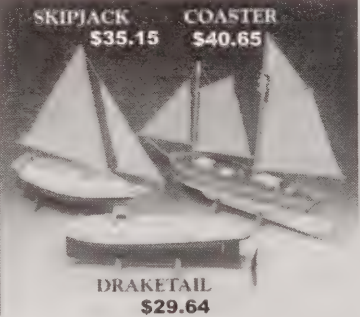
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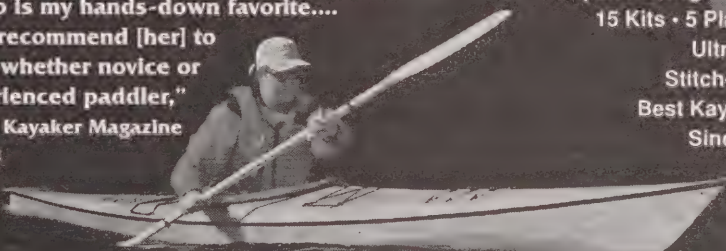
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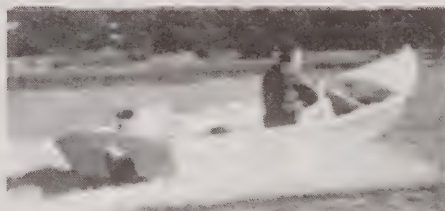
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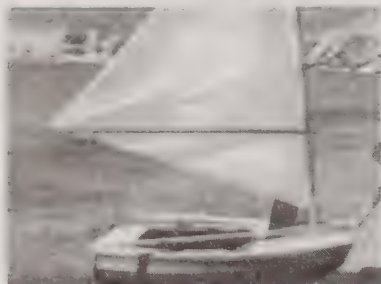
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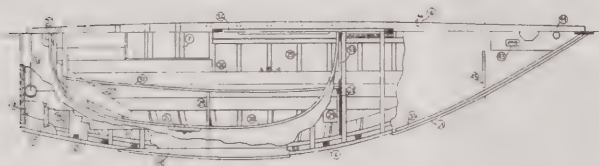
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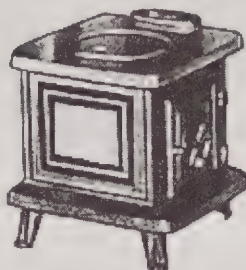
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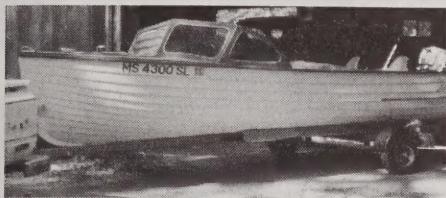
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International Trimaran, (Jack Boot, designer). 18' x 12'. Constr: Marine ply, polyester resin. Characteristics: Gd sailing boat w/large tramps & shallow cockpit in main hull. Main hull is single chine; amas v shaped. Storage in bow, under cockpit, aft, & in amas. Sloop rig (main: 109sf; jib 85sf; roller reefing on main) w/dagger board. Aluminum mast, boom, & crossarms (exc cond). Some grazing in sheathing; finish rough below waterline. Incl: Hull, rudder, tiller, dagger board, mast, boom, sails, all hardware & standing rigging. Not incl: Trlr; running rigging. Price: \$500.
Caliban, caïque design (dble ended Mediterranean style boat w/stem & stern posts, lateen rig). 14'7" x 4'1". Constr: Marine ply, WEST (tm) epoxy. Characteristics: Gd all round boat that rows, sails, & motors; high initial stability (you can walk around in the entire boat); comfortable (you sit on the boat, not in the boat); hull finish in OK shape (slight checking, some bumps and bruises). Incl: Hull, motor mount, rudder, tiller, mast, carpet, ice chest (seat), & plans. Not incl: Trlr, sail, boom (a lateen rig from a Sunfish type sailboard works well). Price: \$300.

BOB BRINGLE, Richmond, IN, (317) 274-6753 days, (317) 283 8321 eves, <bringle@iupui.edu> (3)

Compac 16, '82. Perf cond. Trlr, 2hp Nissan, new sail & tiller covers. Upgraded blocks & cleats. Sails in exc cond. Custom black walnut woodwork on foredeck. Draws only 19" & sails like a dream. Cockpit as large as some 30 footers. Enclosed cuddy cabin & self bailing cockpit. Custom fitted winter cover. \$4,500.
BURKE LIBURT, Orient, NY, (631) 323 2438, <liburt@softc graphics.com> (3)

18' Classic Canoe, Guides Model by E.M. White, Old Town ME. '20s, only 2 owners, little used over the years. A1 cond, 100% orig except for recaned seats. Available Rangely, ME in June. \$2,000. Can deliver anywhere in NewEngland.
RICHARD KNIGHT, 321 Burning Tree Dr., Naples, FL 34105. (3)



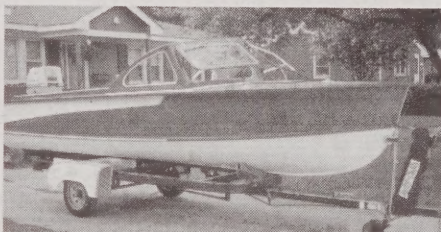
23' Alberg Sea Sprite, '75, 4 berths, sea toilet, galley, 6hp Johnson OB, custom galv "Float Off" trlr w/S.S. brakes (new). Gd cond. Asking \$8,000.
GUY GABRIELSON, Woodbury, CT, (203) 263-0461. (3)

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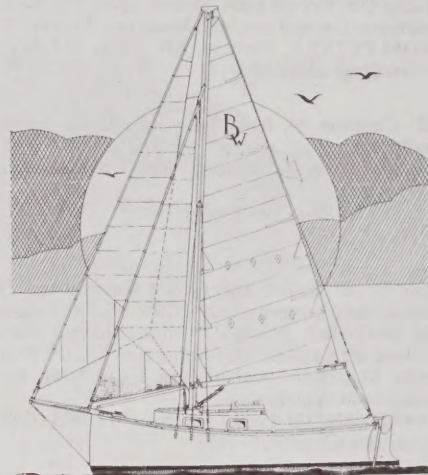
1960 Whirlwind 16' Neptune Day Cruiser, Model 1640, Hull #13719. Compl rig incl orig convertible top, 40hp Johnson '60 Model RD5L 23, & '60 Gator trlr incl FG art deco fenders w/ faux aluminum grills. All woodwork & most hrdwre original. Exc cond w/new stain & varnish.
DAVID BAUMER, Virginia Beach, VA, (757) 363 0262. (4)

Lowell Salisbury Point Rowing Skiff, 13', varnished mahogany thwarts & transom. White & blue hull. Gray inside. Shaw & Tenney 8.5' oars. Blue canvas cover. Galv Load Rite trlr. Located Greenwich, Conn. Price of \$2,800 is less than half replacement cost. My age is reason for sale.
LEONARD VAN HOUTON, Greenwich, CT, (203) 661-2753 days, (203) 661-3209 eves & wknds. (4)

20' Simmons Sea Skiff, gd cond, no motor, no trlr. Asking \$1,000 OBO.
ALAN STERMAN, S. Orleans, MA, (508) 255-4682, <set@cape.com> (4)

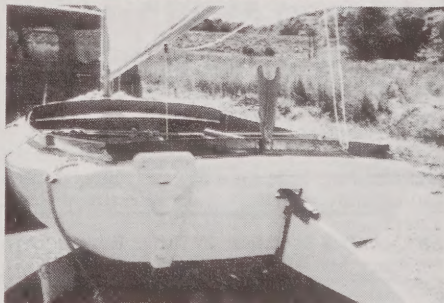
'67 Lyman 18' OB, '78 85hp Evinrude. Bimini, side curtains, aft cover & full mooring cover all in gd shape. New mahogany decks, new wiring & breaker board. New VHF radio & antenna, fish/depth finder, lighted compass, 12 volt plug in, hand held 12 volt spotlight, horn, bilge pump (boat takes on very little water, even at first of the season, seams have been filled on the bottom planks), boarding ladder, life jackets, fire extinguisher, paddle, etc. White hull w/red top stripe, blue bottom paint. Front windows open for a breeze in summer. Wooden window frames. Tan cushions, seats and backs for 4 seats. This boat runs like a champ thru a Lake Erie chop and looks great. Boat and motor are in vy gd cond. 11gal gas tank fwd, 3gal tank aft. 2 batteries & dual switch. Trlr. This is a boat designed for fishing & family fun & it has served us well, but we're moving up. \$5,000. Located in northern Ohio.

GORDON BROLLIER, Hudson, OH, (330) 528 0116, <gbrollier@ofic.org> (3)



22' Cutter, patterned after 19th Century English Channel Mail Packets. FG hull but vy classic w/ bronze fittings & mahogany brightwork. Grt shallow draft (24"), full keel gunkholer/weekender having a 2,300lbs displacement. Vy seakindly manners, well equipped (incl 6hp Evinrude) & in grt cond. \$6,500.

PETER SULLIVAN, Cambridge, MA, (508) 349 6005 <psullivan@ccfne.com> (4)



18' Penn Yan Canoe, '54, FG over orig cedar, vy gd cond. \$1,250/OBRO cash. **BB Swan, '48,** blt by Beetle Boat Co., 12'4"L x 6'W. FG w/wood trim, all orig, exc cond. \$2,500 cash. **16' Catboat,** hull only, 6' beam, FG over cedar. 80% compl. \$500 cash.

LEON POTHIER, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216. (4)

15' Crescent Class Sailboat, '50s vintage plywood/FG/epoxy constr. Steel CB, 24' reglued (West System tm) varnished spruce mast. Main & jib orig cotton sails in gd cond w/142sf sail area. Small dacron spinnaker. Gd trlr w/recent tires. 1.2hp OB. Recent paint. Stored inside. Can email pictures. Located northern Michigan. \$1,000. TOM PETERS, Barbrau, MI, (906) 647-6796, <tpandjp@sault.com> (4)

22' Catalina 74, fresh water sailed, pop top w/ enclosure, galley, swing keel. Trlr w/tongue ext, extra sails, etc. Gd cond. \$3,900. Lakes Region, NH. LES PLEETER, Guilford, NH, (603) 524-1630. (4P)

Two Great Trailer Sailers & a Guideboat: '79 Drascombe Lugger, exc cond, trlr. \$5,200. **Bolger Birdwatercher**, 23' double ended sharpie camp cruiser, trlr. In CO, soon coming east. \$3,200. **Fine 1898 Blanchard Adirondack Guideboat**, exc using cond. \$9,000 OBRO. MASON SMITH, Long Lake, NY, (518) 624-6398, <mason@telenet.net> (4)

22' Venture 222, '73 or so. *Trailer Sailor's* favorite boat! FG, swing keel, '70's classic w/pop top. Dry, Solid, places in local races. Sails fine as is, interior compl but could be updated. W/trlr, ready to sail! Located in York County, PA. 12hrs 45min from Tappan Zee Bridge. \$1,000 gets you on the water! JIM LUCAS, Bausman, PA, (717) 293 7179 eves or early morns. (3)

28' Samurai Sloop, classic Eldridge-McInnes design blt '59. Slps 4. Dbl planked, vy gd cond. Incl fathometer, OB mount, full suit sails, marine head w/tank. \$10,000. 3wks to launch. ED CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435, edeshea@tdstelm.net>(4)

13-1/2' Chamberlain Dory Skiff, grt shape (see Gardner's *Dory Book*). Lapstrake w/seam battens. Marine ply on laminated spruce frames. CB, gaff rig. Beautiful, seaworthy, sails well, rows like a dream. W/trlr, nds lights, otherwise in gd cond, new bearings. \$3,000. DAVID GILROY, 48 Hatchet Hill Ln., E. Granby, CT 06026, (860) 658-9972, <bakergilroy@earthlink.net>(3)

Adirondack Guideboat, J. Blanchard design '35, blt '99. 13'1", 60lbs, cedar strip, shop demo slightly used. \$4,860. GREG SOWERS, Canaan, NY, (518) 781-3372, <oldetymers@taconic.net>, www.oldetymers.com (3P)

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)

Crab Cake, a Phil Bolger designed Cartopper sailboat w/trlr, is for sale as I bought a bigger boat. This is a wooden epoxy encased 11-1/2' x 4' Cartopper as featured in Phil Bolger's book *Boats With An Open Mind*. White w/bright interior, level of finish gathers a crowd. BSD/Balogh Sail Designs Tri star 58sf sail w/16' BSD aluminum mast and spar. '99 Olddenkamp Magneta galvanized trlr w/4.80x12 tires rated to 1000lb load, bearing buddies, spare tire, cover, battens, &* oars. Trlr, sail & rig in exc cond. See pictures of boat at 2001 Cedar Key event at URL <http://www.ecoastlife.com/ck0103.html>. Picture also in October 2002 *MAIB* classifieds. Ready to effortlessly roll cross country behind any vehicle. Currently located in Atlanta, GA, can be in Lewes, DE. later this year. \$1200. ROB MAJEWSKI, Atlanta, GA, (404) 255 8333, <robert.majewski@equant.com> (3)

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)

14' Piscataqua Wherry, from Bay of Maine Boats. FG w/teak trim & seats, 2 pr S&T oars, no trlr. Beautiful rowing boat, sells new for \$4,047, asking \$1,500. will email photos. ED SIKORA, Warwick, NY, (845) 986-8625. (4)

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 Evenrude. \$1,175, \$995 w/motor. Can coordinate delivery southward. JACK DICE, Oceanville Boat Shop, Stonington, ME 04681, (207) 367-2687, www.home.gwi.net/oceanvilleboat/, <oceanvilleboat@gwi.net> (4)

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)

18' Simmons Sea Skiff, w/walk thru cuddy cabin. Newly blt, over \$7,000 invested. \$5,000 OBRO. Located in southern NH. REED HUBBARD, Morgan, VT, (802) 895-4999.(3)

18' LFH Buzzards Bay 14, '95 ('45 LFH stretched 12-1/2). Awlgrip over FG. Micron Extra over i3000 barrier. Much Cetoled teak. Fish Class cuddy. 3 Hood sails, boom tent, dodger, sail covers, travel cover. '95 Triad trlr/SB's. '95 3.5hp Yamaha 2S. 12v/24v elect sys. w/24v 65lb Minnkota. \$28K. GEORGE HAYCRAFT, Louisville, KY, (502) 426 0219. (3)

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

Needed, Boats & Nautical Gear, "Every man shall give as he is able according to the blessings of the Lord. (Deut 16:16). CRUISING MINISTRIES, 611 Florida Ave., New Port Richey, FL 34653, (727) 849-3766, <graced@verizon.net> (3)

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Masts or Proa Crossarms? Matched pair of heavy wall structural fiberglass tubes, slightly tapered, about 21" long by about 7" dia, end-capped, lin poly painted, new cond. Good for big cantilever loads. Asking \$950. Call to discuss. JAMES RICHARDSON, Essex, MA, (978) 768 6429 days, <islandroad@earthlink.net> (4)



Spinnaker, 260sf, red, white, blue nylon w/pole, shoot scoop launching/retrieving system. Exc cond. \$500 cash. **Tan Bark Gaff Rig Sail**, 125sf, new w/alum spars. \$975 cash. **Marconi Rig Sail**, 17'6" x 8'6" approx 86sf, no spars, used. \$65 cash. LEON POTHIER, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216. (4)

GEAR FOR SALE

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.home.gwi.net/oceanvilleboat/, <oceanvilleboat@gwi.net> (4)



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Complete Plans, for Sam Rabl's 18' sailboat "Buddy". \$15. KEN CURRIE, 3122 Kennedy Dr., Apt. 13C, Ft. Wayne, IN 46815. (3)

"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"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 + \$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin. WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391 (TF)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid. NANCY ASHENFELTER, 2601 Creekside Ln., Anacortes, WA 98221 (TF)

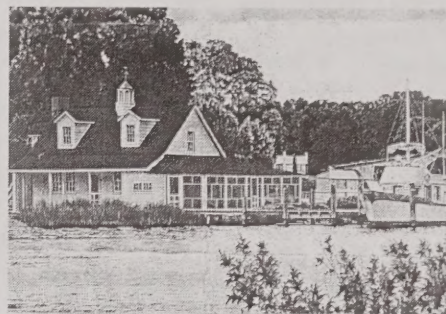
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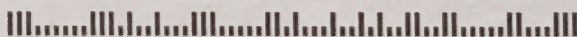
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