

Special Features This Issue
"The 1st Annual Kingston Messabout"
"Baja" - "New Touring Rowboat for Two"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 15

December 15, 2003



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Looking back randomly through this year's issues I feel that there was a reasonable balance amongst articles on all the different ways we mess about in boats. I have a filing system (folders in a cabinet, not files in a computer) for articles that is divided up into major categories of "Events," "Adventures," "Projects," "Designs," and "Techniques." Minor categories have their own file folders for "You write to us about..." "Reviews," and "Classifieds." I go through each major file when setting up the next issue, picking a couple from each to attempt to achieve some balance of interest to all. The minor categories normally get emptied out for each issue, but sometimes something will be held over an issue for reasons of space available.

The busiest file is the "Adventures" file, usually there are enough on hand at any time for the next two or three issues. When really long stories turn up I sometimes will serialize them, but in this issue I decided to run one complete, Jim Thayer's "Baja." This, of course, cuts into space available for all the other categories. As I write this the final 40 page issue has not been assembled so I await to see how this indulgence will impact other articles optimistically scheduled for inclusion.

Over time (495 issues now) I have come to know about how much will fit when I pile up the manuscripts for word processing, and I usually go a bit over so as to not have an unanticipated shortfall of pages to make up. What gets held over goes to the top of the pile for the next issue.

"Projects" stories turn up reliably enough, but "Designs" and "Techniques" sometimes get right down to empty file status. Were it not for Phil Bolger's regular design feature (since 1987 with only one missed issue) I'd be more hard pressed to include "Designs" every issue, and I often wonder why. Here is an opportunity for anyone, professional or amateur, to present his design for a small boat to an appreciative audience of 5,000 plus, at no cost other than time spent writing or gathering up the pertinent information, photos drawings, etc., and sending it all along to me.

The choice of Events" is arbitrary, being what comes in from out there plus my own occasional forays out there to see what's going on at some gathering or other. Obviously the focus is on small boats and gatherings of amateur enthusiasts who own and build them. Commercial trade shows are of little interest to me, but we have done extensive coverage of special shows that melded amateurs and pros and their handiwork. This past year I've eased away from that scene as the rampant pursuit of the money being spent on bigger, costlier boats has blighted the more innocent "for the love of it" atmosphere I once enjoyed.

"Don't you worry about running out of material?" is a question I am asked from time to time. The answer is no, it appears that from a base of 5,000 committed boat nuts statistical probability is likely to turn up enough to keep the files refilled. It is always with pleasant anticipation that I open the large manila envelopes or Priority Mail folders that appear several times weekly, for "what have we now?" is the question foremost in my mind. I'm never disappointed.

Yes, I would like to see an upsurge in "Designs" articles this coming year, and this term includes simple or imaginative amateur concepts as well as sophisticated professional work, as long as they fit our overall small boat focus. "Techniques" can also use some more input, all the various ways you have figured out for dealing with some aspect of your messing about in boats, building or using.

The winter months are when the major portion of our annual contents turns up as many of you not living in the milder southern climes are stuck indoors away from the water and seemingly have more time to send off your stories to us on what you have been doing, are doing, or have stumbled over or learned about. Keep 'em coming, they're the life blood of this magazine. In some instances it may be a while before your story makes it into print, especially if it is in the "Adventures" category, but they all do. And I acknowledge receipt of every article with a note telling you what to expect as to when it will appear.

On the Cover...

"Beach Cruising" redefined by Jim Thayer & Friends on their cruise to Baja California, the fully illustrated story is featured this issue.

The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

The Dragonfly

Transformation is a concept that appeals to the human imagination. A weak person, through hardship and challenge becomes strong. A plain town's boy goes off to war, returning a national hero. No wonder the dragonfly has become a totem of many, its humble beginnings contrasting with its ultimate glory.

I have had only a few encounters with this denizen of the air. Its speed is breathtaking. And when it lights nearby, the close examination of its wing patterns and metallic body colorations captivate the lucky messabout boatman.

Being mostly a salt water sailor means I get to see the dragon only rarely. It's the boatman of freshwater lakes and rivers who gets to see these speed demons. I would love to hear some dragon stories from our freshwater readers. Please write me at kgmurphy@comcast.net.

I have read many descriptions of the dragonfly's transformation. Typically a dragonfly nymph is seen to crawl up out of the water onto a plant or even the side of a canoe and in about an hour the nymph's shell breaks open and the adult dragonfly emerges. It then crawls away from the nymph's brown husk and dries its wings. Eventually it flexes its wings several times, then leaps into the air and disappears instantly across the water.

Dragonflies can fly forward at more than 100 body lengths/second or nearly 20 mph. It can hover and fly backwards, too.

Dragonfly is the common name of any predaceous insect of the order Odonata (the name refers to the tooth like ridges on the mandible mouthparts), which is subdivided into three principal suborders:

- Zygoptera (meaning "yoke wings"), or damselflies, which hold a single pair of wings folded above its body when resting.
- Anisoptera (meaning "unequal wings"), the true dragonflies, which hold a double pair of wings spread out sideways when resting.
- Anisozygoptera, an ancient suborder now containing only two species from Japan.

Both dragonflies and damselflies are known by such popular names as "darning needle," "devil's darning needle," "snake

feeder," and "snake doctor."

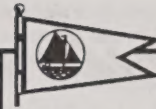
Some dragonflies lay their eggs into or onto the water or mud, while others lay their eggs inside the living tissue of a plant. Damselflies use their ovipositor to make slits in the stems of plants at or below the waterline, and there deposit elongated eggs by the hundreds.

In one to four weeks, the eggs of all species hatch into nymphs, which mature in the water. The length of time that dragonflies spend in the nymphal form varies from one to three or more years, during which the nymph molts 10 to 15 times. They swim by flexing their abdomen from side to side.

Nymphs are free ranging and hunt by stealth, hiding under rocks and in the mud. They feed on various forms of aquatic life, including insects, tadpoles, and even small fish.

When nymphs have fully matured they leave the water either at night or early morning, crawling onto vegetation and undergoing metamorphosis into the winged adult form. They go through a period of maturation which generally lasts about one month, after which the body colors brighten. Adults generally feed on flying insects which they catch on the wing, either by flying around constantly or by sitting perched on a lookout post. In some species the males are territorial for a few hours or days, defending the territory from all other males and mating with any mature female that enters the area.

The messabout boatman will need to find a lake or river and keep a sharp eye out for these speed demons. If you are patient you will be rewarded when a damsel or dragon picks out your boat for a rest stop.



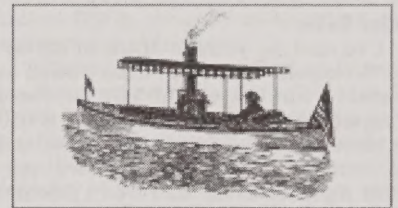
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You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

Fantastic Vacation

Had a fantastic vacation in an Ontario wilderness canoe park again this year, just north of Boundary Waters. Eleven days travelling over 100 miles in two cedar strip canoes amongst lots of scenery and fishing, great living on the water! And upon my return home, your mag was awaiting me in my mailbox.

William Dreps, Sheboygan, WI

Trailer Tales

I've read for years in *MAIB* of the annual "Kokopelli Cruise" on Lake Powell as reported by Jim Thayer. This past October I got myself invited and finally went, a 650 mile drive from my home in California, and well worth the effort. I'm sure Jim will submit his report as usual, so I won't preempt that.

This message is not so much about the Kokopelli, however, as a follow up to recent interesting stuff in *MAIB* about boat trailers. I suspect there's still lots of unmined potential for trailer related drama and comedy on the pages of *MAIB*, something that plenty of small boat owners can relate to.

I learned a lesson on the way home from Utah, which I'll share. I knew my trailer tires were old and I intended to replace them before the trip, but it didn't get done. I said, "I gotta spare; what's the worst that could happen?" Well, this for example: I blew out a left tire 120 miles from home, in the dark, on a loooong section of Interstate under construction, with concrete barriers close on the right shoulder. There was intermittently barely enough room to pull over, or none. I pulled over, tight against the barrier, climbed out the passenger window, because of the constant stream of traffic close on the left side and the barrier on the right. I dismounted the spare and foolishly started to try to change it, with heavy traffic whizzing by inches away in the dark.

Sanity overcame me and I realized that I had to leave it until daylight. I unhitched and drove away with a sense of worse things yet to come. I called the highway patrol to tell them my trailer wasn't abandoned, that I'd be back in the morning, but they said they might have to remove it as a safety hazard before I returned. Went home and returned to look for it the next day (much detail of a frustrating subplot omitted here) with a big wad of cash in hand, prepared to be robbed by a towing outfit. I was surprised to find it where I left it. I put the spare on, still dangerously close to traffic, but at least in plain sight of approaching drivers this time. Suffered a lot of worry and aggravation and wasted a day.

I related this story via email to Jim Thayer, and he advised, "Great story. Better send it to Hicks. Probably you should have just kept pulling it. I don't know how far I pulled once. We only discovered it when I stopped to take a picture. The tire was ruined but it stayed on the rim. In a situation like that I'd sacrifice the rim, especially an 8

incher. You ought to upgrade to 12" diameter anyway. You can go quite a ways on a rim. I kept going on one once until it battered down and the spring bolts started dragging. That's the signal to give up!"

Now that's an alternative approach to trailer problems that I never would have thought of, if your trailer misbehaves, punish it, so it never forgets who's boss. I'll never be the man that Jim is, so I guess from now on I'll just have to maintain my trailer better and never again say, "I gotta spare; what's the worst that could happen?"

Kim Apel, San Clemente, CA

Information of Interest...

Larinda Receives A Hard Knock

The schooner *Larinda* has appeared from time to time in *MAIB*. At age 10, Larry Mahan started dreaming of a dream ship and later he lovingly built her over a quarter century period on Cape Cod. Designed on the lines of a 1767 British schooner and fitted with Chinese junk sails, she is a fascinating vessel with cannon, numerous carvings and other sculptural touches including a frog that sits atop its rudder. A visit onboard *Larinda* makes it obvious that Mahan has many gifted, artistic friends who helped build, outfit, and sail his vessel.

Larinda is now considered one of North America's Tall Ships and has visited seven countries. Lately she has been touring the Great Lakes and the St Lawrence Seaway. She got as far as Halifax, Nova Scotia when a hurricane hit that seaport a very hard blow. Halifax marine reporter Mac Mackay wrote of the storm's impact:

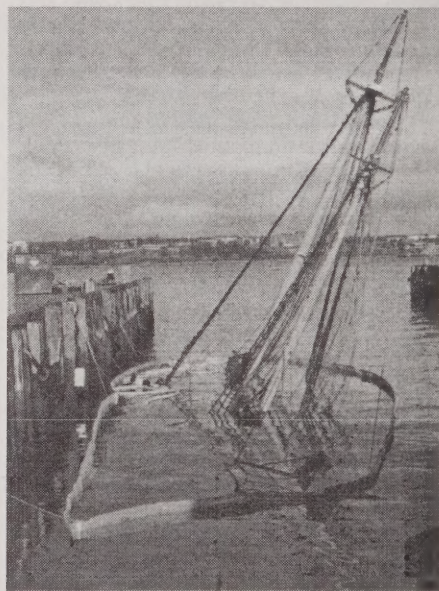
"Sunday 28 Sep 03: Hurricane Juan, a Class 1 hurricane, made a direct landfall on Halifax. The storm's front passed directly through the city and port, and considerable damage resulted. Juan's arrival coincided with a full moon high tide and resulted in a storm surge of up to 3 meters in some places. The storm approached from the south, and Halifax's harbour mouth faces south.

"Officially recorded sustained winds exceeded 150kmh (80mph) but, due to the terrain (the funneling effect of the land forms and buildings), unofficial winds measurements exceeded 200kmh in many places. The Royal Canadian Navy's dockyard measured gusts in excess of 100kts."

"At the Maritime Museum and Queen's wharf areas, most of the vessels had crews aboard tending to lines and dealing with flying debris. The Canadian WWII corvette *Sackville*, that is now exhibited at the museum, had nobody onboard and considerable scope in her lines, and she finally broke her bow lines and drifted down on *Larinda*. The Queen's Harbour master scrambled the tug *Glenevis* to assist, got the corvette alongside again with the assistance of shore parties sent by truck, but not before she holed *Larinda's* transom. Pumps from the navy and the museum were placed aboard but could not save the vessel, and at 0230 *Larinda* sank quickly."

One person was pulled from the water safe, Larry Mahan himself, complete with his wife's purse and passport and his wallet and glasses. *Larinda* was raised by a crane about two weeks later and was towed to Lunenburg for the work of cleanup, repair and restoration that now faces Mahan and friends.

Hugh Ware, Manchester, MA



About Those Privateers...

I've really enjoyed reading about Harold Burnham's building projects and ideas, and also enjoyed Mike Scagliotti's "Fame O' the Yard" cartoons. Many years ago I came across a small book in the Salem (MA) Public Library which was a contemporary account of the adventures of a Salem privateer. Unfortunately when I returned later to review that book I could no longer find it, so I can only

recommend that interested readers try to find it. If you do, please let me know. The title may have been something like *A Biography of a Salem Privateer*. I would like to offer a brief synopsis of the book from memory as a kind of adjunct to Mike's cartoon references to privateers and privateering during the War of 1812.

The author of the account was a young man who shipped out of Salem fairly early in the war aboard a topsail schooner of about 80' in length. The ship had six guns on each side (probably six pound shot) and one "Long Tom" eight pounder on a pivot in the bow. This gun would have to be used as a chase gun with due caution exercised so as not to shoot off the headstay. The author describes the schooner as being sharp on the bottom and rather tender.

Two weeks out of Salem on the way to the Indies, they encountered a small merchant ship flying the British flag. Sailing down on her they hailed and the Brits surrendered without a shot being fired. The Yankee privateer manned the captured ship with a prize crew and sent it back to Salem to be sold for profit.

The Yankee schooner continued on her way, but not for long. Another British ship was sighted shortly thereafter, but she turned out to be a brig of war, two masts with square sails carrying twelve guns each side plus a "Long Tom". The Yankee turned on the wind to escape a mismatched fight but apparently the British ship stood to her canvas better and rapidly overtook the fleeing privateer. It was now the Yank's turn to surrender without a fight.

In this manner the author was sent to Jamaica as guest of the British Crown, where he and other American prisoners resided in an open air stockade under guard. Apparently conditions were not too awful; prisoners were at least able to supplement the prison diet with fresh produce traded over the walls. Coconuts were the most popular item; some of these were hollowed out and filled with Jamaican rum. The popularity of this item did give rise to the local saying, "That mon, he drink too much rum, de land crab catch he," referring to the nocturnal scavenging of that land based crustacean.

The land crab clearly did not "catch" our author, for in a few months the stockade became crowded and the British put him and other Yankee prisoners on a ship bound for Portsmouth, England where they were transported to nearby Dartmoor Prison, which was the state of the art facility in 1812. Our author only had a few months to cool his heels until peace was signed and he was allowed to return to the United States.

Dave Howard, Plymouth, MA

Opinions...

The Runabout Hobby

In your October 15th commentary about runabouts your points are well taken, the shows are static for the most part, devoted to boats that are often shown off more than they are used. The runabout hobby is subject to a number of influences, many that are not all that nautical, but more akin to the antique car hobby, antique furniture, and even coin and stamp collecting. The practical doesn't always

have much value and the rare and unusual are generally prized over the useful.

Most of the commonplace boats go over the waves as well as the unique ones, sometimes better, but their values can vary by ratios like ten to one, with above the waterline design and low production numbers as the driving factors. Those of us who make a living from finding and restoring these boats have to take this seriously, I guess, but I don't blame people whose primary enjoyment is the use of a boat for finding this a little ridiculous.

I don't think that *MAIB* suffers from a lack of runabout articles. Runabouts certainly are well represented elsewhere. Lots of people who probably have no real ambition of ever owning one seem to enjoy reading about them, and looking at photos, to the point that sometimes there seems to be more of a market being made in publications than in boats. There's nothing wrong with being an armchair sailor, but I do think that the very narrowly focused publications lack a vitality that comes from a diversity of topics. Real boat people like to read about all kinds of boats, including those they'll never own, or so I thought. The following story indicates the opposite, however.

Some years ago I gave a one hour talk on runabouts for Mystic Seaport's Yachting Symposium in front of an audience that included numerous yachting luminaries including John Gardner and Olin Stephens. I'm not usually a nervous public speaker, but this was a great chance to make a fool of myself. When I finished the editor of one of the runabout magazines invited me to go for a drink, which I certainly needed by then, but I had planned to stay and hear the next talk, Peter Vermilya on catboats. "Stay if you like, but I'm not interested in sailboats" was the editor's reply. I understood then that "runabout people" are not necessarily "boat people".

My remarks would not be complete without a compliment for the unusual October 15th cover, the first time I think I've ever seen side by side vertical "cover boats". Your

readers look to you for the interesting and the unusual, and at least this reader is never disappointed.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

Projects...

Boat Storage Building

I developed a panel construction method about four years ago for the purpose of using it for the cabin on my long planned take apart houseboat which I have named *Small World*.

I built a full size prototype of the cabin three years ago in order to test this panel construction. I have left it set up in a corner of my yard these years to test it through all the seasons, but it can be disassembled and stacked flat in about 45 minutes and reassembled in about an hour.

The cabin has its own floor and foundation frame, my prototype has a floor area 7' x 7' with 6-1/2' headroom. I've used it as a nice liveable getaway den and for storage and even have a bed in it on which I've slept overnight a number of times, even during deep winter snow season. Even with 40-50mph winds the cabin just flexed slightly and after these three years it is still in fine condition.

I now feel that one could build a very nice boat storage or building shed, it can be any width up to about 12' and the length can be anything one needs in 4' increments. My 7' x 7' cabin cost only about \$75 for materials, you can figure about \$10 a panel. It is very easy to construct, I used three simple roof trusses costing about \$3 each. It is all take apart and can be easily moved and setup at different locations, or stored flat in very little space.

If there is enough interest in this suggestion I can put together a construction manual for about \$25. Your inquiries are invited.

Walter Head, Hobbycraft Kayaks, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, NC 28692



Poet's Corner

What's That You Say?

A poem "addressing safety issues"

By Robb White

I must go back in the shop again where I hope the paint is dry.
I know I'm supposed to carry on.. I wish I could remember why.
It's the fumes, I guess, that addled my brains and made me so decrepit.
They sent me a paper about that shit.. Maybe I should'a read it.
What's that you say? Well never mind.
Can't hear a thing for this saw.

You say it's too loud...hurts your ears.

Don't sound too bad a'tall.

It used to be that I could hardly stand it when I had to do this ripping.

If it wasn't cutting so wonderfully well, I'd think the belt was slipping.

The other day, the son of a bitch started catching wood and throwing.

I guess I shouldn't have hopped so high...

It caught me in the groin.

It had a little guard on it's naked blade. I took it off years ago.

A man like me don't need no guard. I got my machismo.

Life is full of danger.. can't spend all your time just worrying.

The band saw got my finger and then while I was hurrying..

With it in a cup of the emergency room, I said to myself, "You'll be fine.

Took all these years to lose this one and you still got the other nine."

The first annual Kingston Messabout took place on the weekend of September 6-7 at Rideau Acres Campground just north of Kingston, Ontario. It was masterfully organized by Bruce and Elaine Hector, and drew a large number of home built boats and their boat nut owners as well as a good number of the curious public. There were participants from Florida, Texas, Colorado, Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, Quebec, Michigan and Ontario. Chuck and I were especially pleased to be able to put faces to some of our contributors and email correspondents, and also to meet new home built boat fans.

Friday afternoon, we went with Bruce and Elaine to take their houseboat to the Messabout site. This involved "locking up". I have been hearing about locks for years, ever since Chuck got the boat bug, but this was my (and his) first personal encounter with them. Locks are cool. There were four of

The 1st Annual Kingston Messabout

By Sandra Leinweber

them, and I'm guessing my mouth was open most of the time we spent in the process. All of my worst case scenario fears had been anticipated, the gates opened in, and once shut behind the boat were kept closed by the pressure of the water. It would have been almost impossible for the gates ahead of us to pop out and let in all the water they held back at once.

I could picture it anyway, the houseboat suddenly hit by a wall of water, and smashed against the gate that had just closed behind it. I distracted myself by watching the water

that was coming in (quite slowly) and raising the boat to the next level. Burly lock keepers opened and closed the gates by hand, two men to the winch handles. They looked a bit bored, but I guess they do this all the time. What an amazing process. The Kingston Mill Locks were built in 1832 by Colonel By (a history of the Locks can be found at <http://www.rideauinfo.com/canal/history/locks/h4649kingstonmills.html>).

Richard Frye was waiting for us in Colonel By Lake at the top of the last lock. Richard can only be described as a mile a minute boatbuilder and storyteller with a twinkle in his eye. He was paddling his skin-on-frame bright blue kayak, covered with cotton canvas and coated with Walmart paint. My only previous experience with a skin on frame boat was a wet one, so I was dubious about trying Richard's. Once persuaded, I paddled all over the lake. She handled beautifully, and I remained perfectly dry.

He also brought *Stealth*, his camo kayak and his "box", a nifty teardrop trailer. I want one of each. Richard claimed to have arrived with a contingent of Canadian geese. He swore they had followed him from home, but I suspect they have a secret network that allows them to communicate with other geese over long distances in order to target those people who will be most annoyed by them. I also suspect that Richard enjoys them more than he lets on. They did make quite a racket whenever he came too close in one of his boats.

We docked the houseboat at Rideau Acres and went to see who else had arrived. Han Van Pelt and Anne Thornton Hill from Balderson, Ontario had traveled down the Rideau Canal in their jewel of a boat, *Mudlark*, a Bolger design (Champlain). Han is a carpenter extraordinaire, and the interior and exterior of their boat is fitted with clever and practical storage units, windows that drop into the side walls, a built in ice chest that keeps food cold almost forever, and beautiful woodwork and finishing throughout.

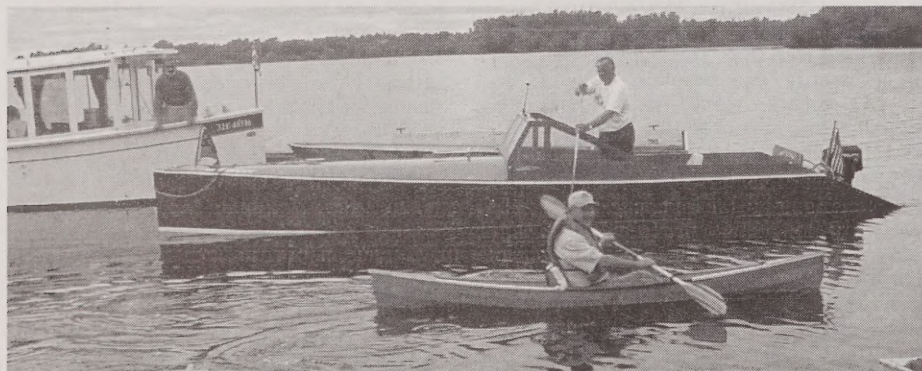
Hawkeye, a modified Bolger design had arrived with Bob Chamberland of Sutton Bay, Michigan at the wheel. She looks short from the outside, but she has a roomy interior and a flawless paint job inside and out plus natural wood trim work inside.

About that time, John Bartlett and 1st mate Fran McLaren of London, Ontario drove in with *Turtle* in tow. She was quickly in the water, and he was giving tours. Long (30'+), narrow, and flat bottomed, she was designed by John for cruising canals and the ICW. John is from Florida, and his boat has a tropical feel. *Turtle* is painted blue with colorful turtles and other images on walls and doors. The layout, the standing headroom and the big windows all around the long cabin make for a comfortable easy going boat. John was passing out business cards advertising his houseboat rental business back in the Indian River area of Florida. I am tempted. Contact John at: www.captjbturtle@yahoo.com

Steve and Renee Fisher, a classic New York couple, arrived with two Selway Fisher canoes and their kayak, a Pygmy Goldeneye. Steve and Renee are recently retired from their fly fishing business and are enjoying life alternating between their home in the Catskills and an apartment in New York City. The Goldeneye ended up going home with Richard Frye.



Bob Chamberland on his Bolger Hawkeye.



Richard Frye in foreground, Steve Bosquette and Katie, his Bolger Sneakeasy. Behind him is Han Van Pelt in *Mudlark*.

Turtle, designed by John Bartlett



The sleek and beautiful mahogany run-about *Sam's Smile* was trailered in by builders Chris and Julie Bullen of Newmarket, Ontario. *Sam* is a 15' Rascal, and she slid off the trailer and settled contentedly in the water. I could imagine her saying "Vroom vroom" like those Mazdas on TV. She did that later for real when Chris took everyone who asked out zooming across the lake, bringing them back with big grins. They also brought *Piglet*, their 17' CLC kayak. I should have asked them where their boat names came from.

Steve and Sally Bosquette came with *Katie*, their classic Bolger Sneakeasy. Steve also gave rides to all who asked. He was giving some thought to cutting *Katie* lengthwise down the center and widening her, but she has since been sold as is.

Saturday brought a second *Mudlark*, a modified Bolger Microtrawler also built by Han Van Pelt. She is owned by Nancy and Vic Koschmann. Han did a quick inspection and went back to his boat for his toolbox. He made a few on the spot adjustments and repairs.

David, Spencer and Zoe Hill have two Bolger Bricks. They were neatly joined with a piece called Grout and so became one, each with its own sail. The somewhat ungainly looking assemblage went into the water and sailed gracefully away. David was also one of heroes of the Saturday night potluck with his garbage can turkey. I did not see the whole process, but it involved a bed of coals, a turkey suspended over the coals on a stake, a garbage can placed over all and more coals on top of the garbage can. A short while later, a feast of turkey.

Frank and Julie San Miguel arrived with their children and *Cream Cheese* (what a great name), their Jim Michalak designed AF 3.

Garth Batista and Lily Golden came with Isabel (5) and Rose (2) plus two Michalak boats, Piragua and Toto. Garth is the brains behind Breakaway Books, and publishes (among others) Jim Michalak's latest book, *Boatbuilding for Beginners*.

Which brings me to *Hudmat*. I should have asked where that name came from too. She is a bright blue Bolger Fishcat. She zips through the water on her two hulls and was built and is piloted by Herb Taylor of Russell, Ontario.

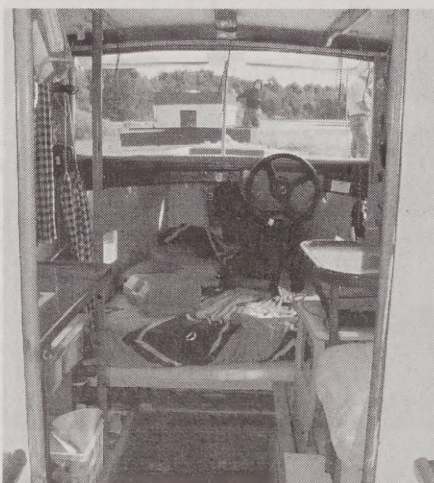
Other attendees were Lincoln Ross and his Brick, Bryant Owen and his Mouse, Susan Davis and Amanda Yilmaz with their Gloucester Gull and Cape Cod Frosty, Jim Rankosky (sp?) and his Piccup Pram, Bill Jaine and his Auray Punt. There were others whose names I did not have time to acquire.

Bruce Hector, Messabout organizer, brought not only the *Twisted Seagull*, a John Welsford design, he also organized the TIMS event. TIMS stands for The Infinite Modular Sharpie, and the brief called for all who were inclined to build a 4' x 8' unit with 2' sides. Altogether, 9 units arrived, some being put together at the last minute. Bruce provided the "pusher" and the "bow". The finished TIMS was almost 100' long and surely broke some sort of record. The units were joined with c clamps and screws and a group of intrepid boaters occupied the units as Bruce pushed them out into the lake. After the Messabout, Bruce took the units back to the yard behind his business and used them to build a TIMS unit Stonehenge.



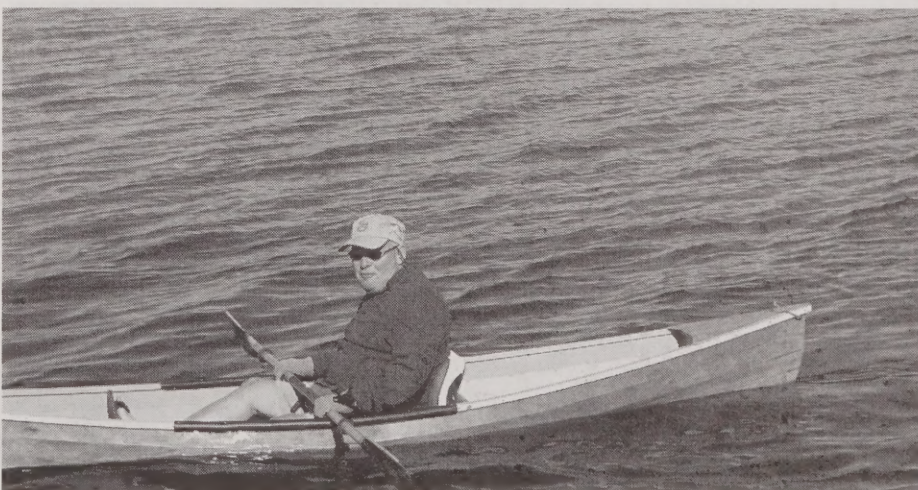
Turtle and Mudlark.

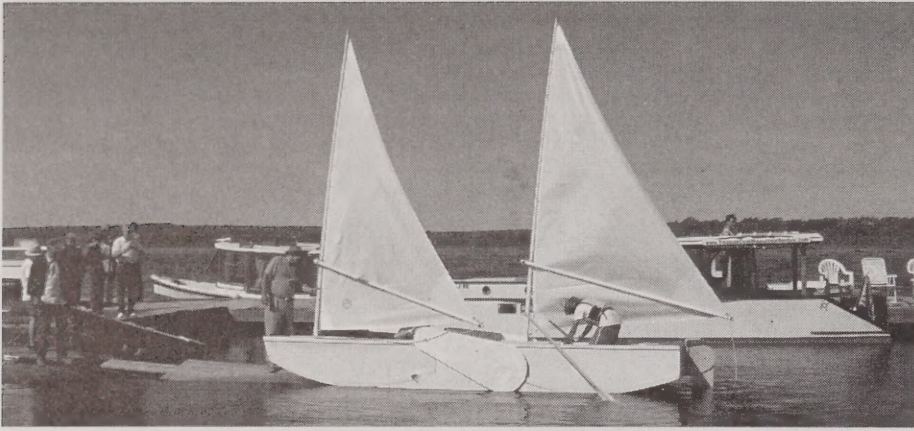
The interior of *Turtle*.



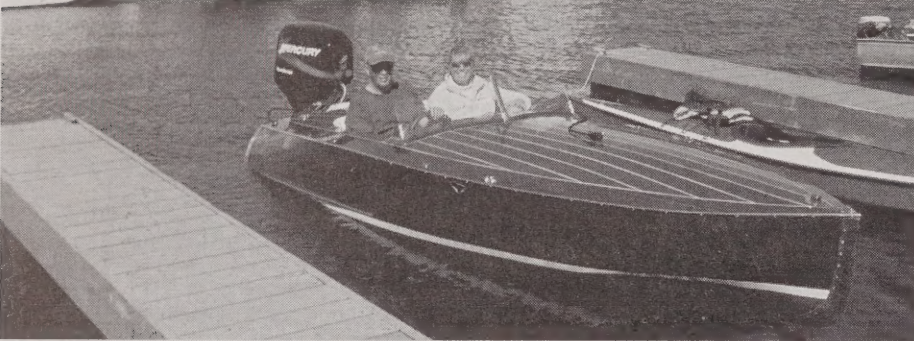
Steve Fisher in his Selway Fisher, *L'il Kate*.

Han Van Pelt inside cabin of *Mudlark*, a Bolger Champlain.

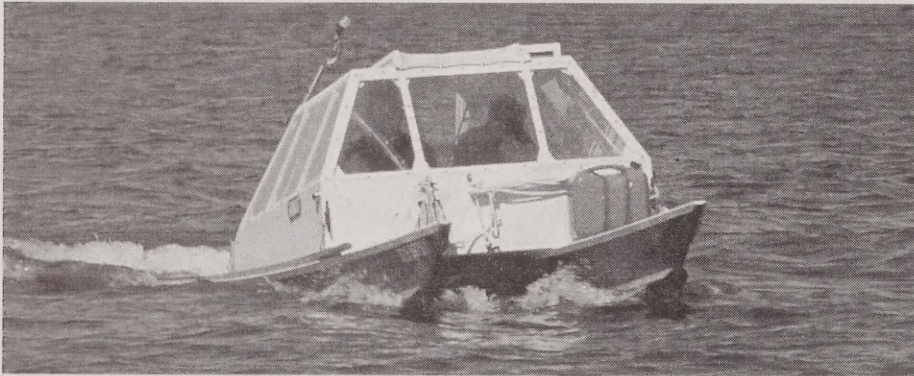




Double Brick with Grout, by Dave, Spencer and Zoe Hill.

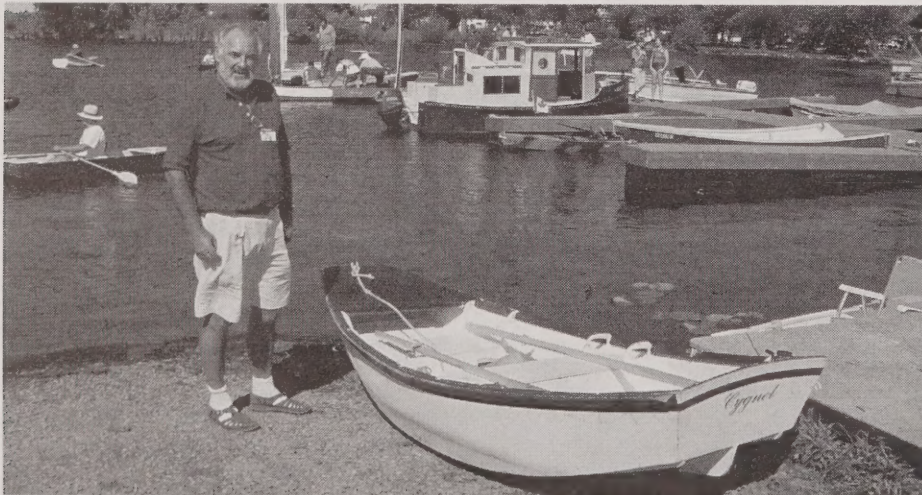


Chris and Julie Bullen in *Sam's Smile*, mahogany runabout, 15' Rascal. Alongside is *Piglet*, 17' CLC kayak.



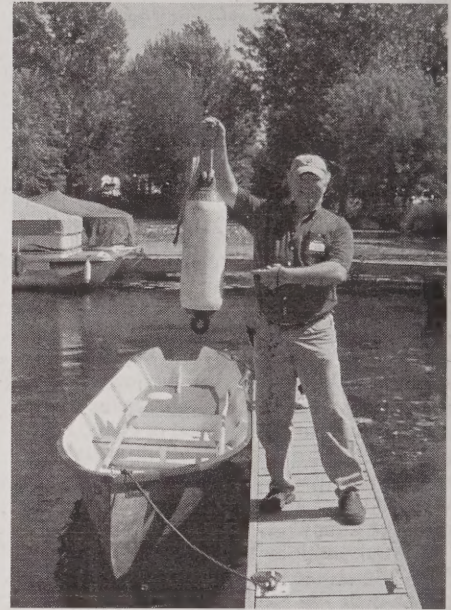
Hudmat, a Bolger Fishcat by Herb Taylor.

Bill Jaine, *Auray Punt*.



Did I mention the potluck dinner Saturday night? Most people were either camping or staying at nearby motels, but a large group attended and brought food, and the spread was magnificent. We feasted on turkey, sausage and sauerkraut, chicken curry, all sorts of salads, quiche, and more. If anyone went home hungry, they were just being shy.

Sunday morning there were spicy beans a la Bruce, plus coffee, orange juice and donuts. Boats were loaded and reluctantly driven away. Others motored off towards new adventures on the Rideau Canal. Chuck actually said he was ready to do something that did not involve boats for a few days. A good messabout will do that to you.



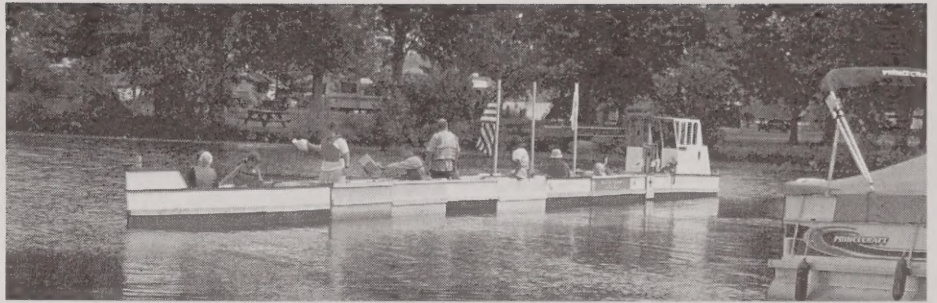
Bruce Hector, Messabout organizer and Welsford designed *Seagull Twisted Seagull*.

Frank San Miguel in *Cream Cheese*, a Michalak AF3.





Above: Susan Davis and her Gloucester Gull.



Above right: Bruce Hector's brainchild, the TIMS unit



Right: Richard Frye with 3 kayaks on the Teardrop trailer.

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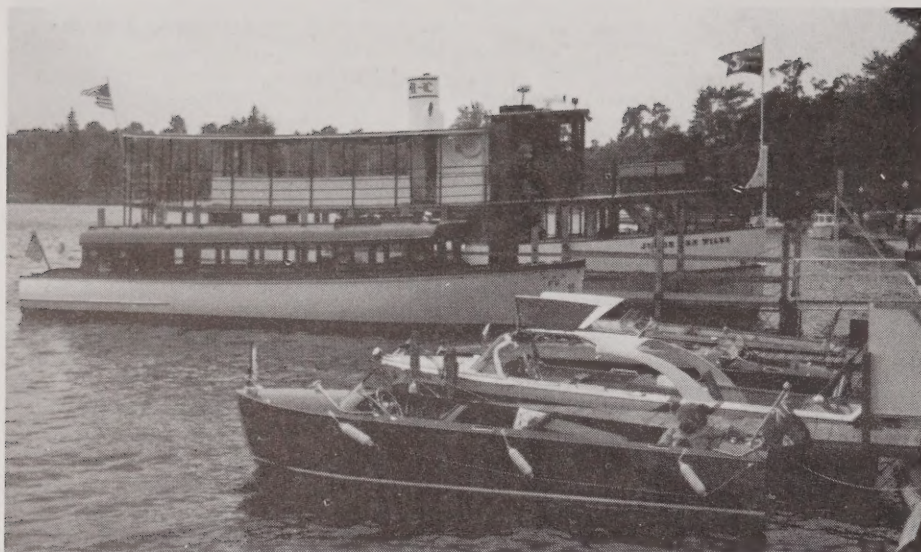
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The lake's tour boats are antiques also.

This was the first time the lovely and talented Naomi and I have attended this ACBS event. We have really been missing out, as it was a much larger show than I had expected and had some very unique displays. They even had Elvis!

The date was July 25-27, the day was beautiful, as was the show and the park-like grounds.

Skaneateles, New York, is a very quaint little town on the north end of Skaneateles Lake at the northeastern end of the Finger Lakes Region. The word Skaneateles is an Iroquois Indian word meaning long water. The lake is long and narrow and flows northwards. This gave early settlers abundant water for powering mills, distilleries, tanneries, woolen mills, grist, etc. along the outlet. There were carriages and sleighs built in the area and the famous Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Co. was located here, famous for building Lightnings, known around the world.

In the 1830s steamboats ranging in size from 40' to 112' served the area. The first steamboat, *Independence*, was launched on

Skaneateles Antique Boat Show 2003

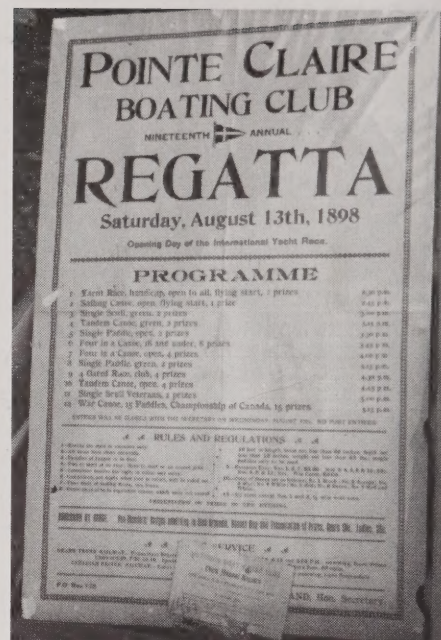
Finger Lakes Chapter ACBS

By Greg Grundtisch

July 4, 1831. She was an 80' sidewheeler. The largest was the *City of Syracuse* at a length of 112'. She could carry 600 passengers as well as mail and cargo. She was launched July 6, 1901 and ran until 1917, the last of the steamboats on the lake.

An interesting bit of trivia is that the area was famous for teasel, that burr headed plant with natural hooks at the end. These were grown commercially and shipped all over the world. They were used in the woolen industry, the heads were used to raise the nap on woolen cloth. But, back to the boats.

There were about 40 in the water boats and as many, if not more, on land displays.



Sign of another time.

The usual boats were there, the canoes, kayaks, outboards, and pulling boats. There were a few sailboats, various outboards on display, a tent with Antique Boat merchandise, and food vendors. I have to say that the community supports this chapter well, as they had not only the local bank as the main sponsor, but many other sponsors from the community. Fantastic local support.

The show program was very well done. It had a very nice balance of advertisers and sponsors along with some photos of the boats with general info about their history. Add this show to your list of shows to attend next season. It is not only a really nice family friendly event, but the area is gorgeous and well worth a little exploration both on water and land.

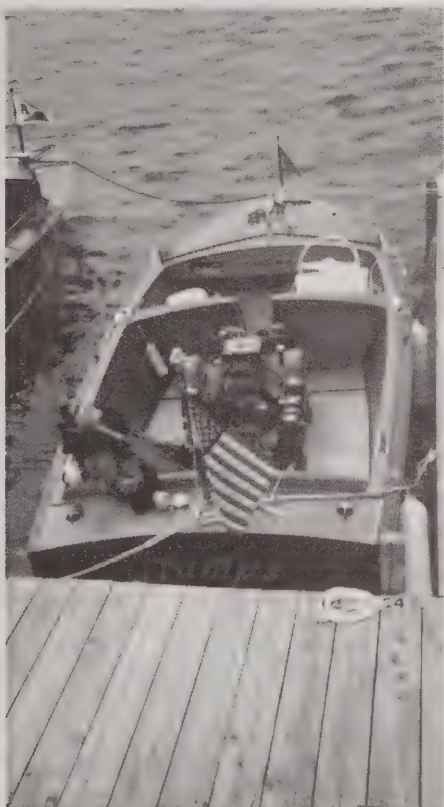
For more info about this chapter contact Finger Lakes Chapter, 342 Springer Rd. Binghamton, NY 13904, or <downsend4@stny.rr.com>





Onshore display: In background *Good News* is a 1936 15' Electra Craft owned by Jeff and Diane Schwenke from Cleveland, Ohio. In foreground *Princess* is a 1936 13' Thompson owned by William and Karlene Miller of Skaneateles.

A 1958 17' Chris Craft owned by Tom and Barbara Carmen of Cayuga Lake, NY.



The 1903 20' Lozier launch *Misty Memories* is owned by the Marsden family of Auburn, NY.



Aqua Velvet is a 1959 Aqua-Car owned by Steve and Lucia Shehadi of Skaneateles, Elvis was an appropriate period personage.

Sea Land is a 1967 German built Amphicar owned by Rob Gregory of Skaneateles.





Bill Edwards of Owasko Lake, NY, displayed his Mercury outboard collection on the back of his period pickup truck.

The trailer for this sailboat sported Utah plates!



Some antique cars complemented the boats, here a camper towed by a hot rodded '34 Ford.

Women's work is never done.



SHIVER ME TIMBERS by: Robert L. Summers



Stones girdled with ice; muddy banks dappled with snow like spots on the flanks of an Appaloosa. Cold water seeping into my clothes. No one to help me free my swamped boat. What am I doing here? Have I lost my mind?

I'm standing on the banks of a small stream that threads its way for several miles along low ridges in upstate New York until at last it flows into the Chenango River. During much of the year you can almost walk across Canasawacta Creek without getting your feet wet. As spring approaches, however, and our snow and ice begin to melt, the creek rises and hurries to drain itself into the Chenango.

It is snow melt that now has me wet and a little worried, if not afraid. And it is liquid ice that has my boat trapped downstream.

In upstate New York winter always starts sooner than you expect and finishes long after the rest of the country is enjoying spring. Of course, Canasawacta Creek was frozen over and paddling was out of the question, but in late February I noted that the creek was clear of ice and flowing with run off from South Plymouth down to Norwich, but I decided I needed warmer water before trying it.

The urge to get back on the water and paddle grows over the next few weeks until it consumes me. As winter is winding down, the stress of my life is winding up. In June I will marry again and we will relocate to the Midwest. I am trying to sell my house and buy a new one in Cincinnati. I am tired of preparing for the wedding and the move. My impatience is growing. More than anything, I want to feel the flow of a river carrying me along, not the current of events that now hold me in their grasp, bouncing me through rocky rapids of decisions.

It is an overcast afternoon when I take to the water, armed with impatience and a paddle. The late winter thaw has produced enough runoff to give Canasawacta Creek some current. The ice has cleared and the weather has warmed up to the low 40s. I decide to go for it. I call Barb from work and arrange for her to pick me up at my take out point at the one lane bridge at Red Mill Hill. I run home and dress for paddling before strapping the boat on top of the car.

Minutes later I park my station wagon and give the water a cursory inspection. The creek looks swift and cold, but deep enough to run. Some patchy ice still clings stubbornly to the banks. I'm wearing a wetsuit, neoprene gloves and boots, wool sweater, anorak, and cap. I don't anticipate getting wet, but I don't want to risk hypothermia.

I bring the boat down to the stream and brace my paddle against the bank and across the kayak to keep my balance as I climb in. As I push away from the bank with the paddle, the current quickly catches me. Whoa! Where are the brakes on this thing! A few moments of panic flow gurgling beneath the boat before I relax and begin to guide the kayak through the deepest water. Soon the car and the highway have disappeared behind me.

I am alone, no one is watching me but the giant sycamores that line the creek. My yellow kayak and blue jacket are the only splashes of color against a gray creek, under a gray sky.

I believe I had more patience when I was young. I had not yet seen enough of the world and the limitless possibilities of life. My own

Impatience And a Paddle

By Mark E. Lacy

mortality was not yet a barrier that I understood in a visceral sense. When I left home on my own, I learned prolonged deferral of gratification at the feet of my professors in graduate school. I set attainable goals that might take years to achieve, and I was patient because as long as I could see progress, I knew I would eventually get there. I met with obstacles in education, marriage, and career, and found ways to get around them.

But as time went on and the world opened up before me, I grew anxious. I learned that the world, and my life do, in fact, have limits, and I realized I could never finish exploring either one.

Ten minutes downstream, as I steer through a tight elbow turn, I see trouble ahead. Broken branches at head level, jutting out over the water, stand ready to skewer me as the current sweeps me along. With no time to maneuver, I lean as far over as I can to avoid being speared. Water pours into the kayak and swamps it. Surprised, aggravated, and annoyed, I climb onto the rocky shore at the inside of the bend and empty the boat out. I'm a little concerned now that I'm wet from falling in, but I'm already forgiving myself as I put back in past the bend.

Swept downstream, I come to a greater hazard only minutes later. As the current slings me around a blind turn, I'm propelled directly at a tree trunk completely spanning the creek. Only a few inches separate the tree trunk from the surface of the water. I feel like an eighteen wheeler barreling toward an impossibly low overpass. I try frantically to paddle to shore, but the current has me in its grip. I don't want to ram the tree with my bow and risk breaking the boat, so I turn parallel to the trunk. As I hit the trunk broadside, I tense my arms and absorb the impact with the end of my paddle.

First (first?) mistake. The current presses down on my upstream side and starts to tip the kayak. Before I remember to lean hard downstream to stay level, my upstream blade dips into the water. I have now handed the creek an even better advantage, a lever. The current pushes against the blade and flips me. I fall out and desperately reach for the boat, but the kayak fills with ice water and is sucked under the trunk. Wet from the chest down, I grab the trunk with one hand, holding my paddle with the other. Fighting the pull of the current as it tries to suck me under with the boat, I force my way to shore.

Now I'm more wet and more worried. I think of Barb and how worried she would be if she could see me standing, dripping wet, on the banks of this icy stream.

If I had jumped ship before the impact, I would have been pulled under the trunk just as the boat was. If the tree had snagged me or I had hit my head and been knocked out, there would be no wedding in June.

My boat, my ticket to civilization, does not abandon me. The flooded kayak comes to a stop, caught on a rock. Now only the impassable current separates me from the boat. In order to get to the kayak, I straddle the log that dumped me and scoot across it an inch at a time, my legs dangling in the tug-

ging current, hoping I won't snag and rip my wetsuit. Once across, I wade over to the kayak, but it is so heavy with water I can't pull it through the current and in to shore. I push it free and let it float away, hoping it will come to rest in an eddy where I can empty it. It slowly floats a little further before being pinned broadside against a small shrub poking out of the water.

As I make my way through the shallows to the boat, I try to climb up the muddy banks but my feet sink deep into the muck, far above my boot tops. I'm not only burning calories to stay warm and free my boat, now I'm burning calories to free my feet from the grip of the mud.

I look at my watch. I have to show up in an hour at Red Mill Hill. Now that I'm wet, every minute I stay out in the cold serves to lower my body temperature. There is no place to empty the water out of my boat. The banks of Canasawacta Creek are too muddy, too steep, and too choked with underbrush to give me a place to muscle the boat over onto its belly.

Tying a rope to the grab loop on the bow, I try to pull the boat free. It won't move. Since the bow is closest to shore, I hit upon the idea of turning the bow upstream and letting the current push the stern and take the boat downstream. I can pay out the rope and maybe guide the kayak into still water where I can empty it and continue on my way. As the current begins to take the boat, I let go of the rope. The end of the rope snags on a branch in the water. The boat swings around to a place I can reach, but I still can't empty it.

Maybe I should give up, I think. Just leave the boat and hike to the highway to hitch a ride. As I stand on the muddy banks to see how far away the highway is, I decide I don't want to give up. I'm determined to free my boat and get home.

I get the crazy idea (read, hypothermia induced poor judgment) of getting into the water filled kayak, jerking the rope loose, and riding or paddling the boat to an easier spot. Mistake number two. I quickly learn that the kayak is totally unstable with water in it. And the rope will not come loose.

At last I stumble on a solution. Towing the boat to a nearby half submerged log, I muscle one end of the kayak up, using the log for leverage, and tip it, dumping the water out. I follow my rope to where it is hugg and free it. I find an easier way to get back into the current and soon I'm on my way again.

Back home under a hot shower I acknowledge my fear, appreciating that I didn't get hurt. I have temporarily rid myself of paddling fever and gained some important experience. I feel chagrin at my foolhardiness. Barb accepted that I was wet but unharmed, and she didn't cancel the wedding, even if she did question my propensity to jump (or fall?) into things.

It's hard for me, sometimes, to let events take their natural course. Canasawacta Creek took its natural course and didn't care that maybe I couldn't get under, over, or around the same obstacles that it could.

Somehow, through both of my dunkings, I never lost my paddle. Without stopping to think, I had clung to my paddle at all times. But I did let go of my impatience. By now it was rather furiously joining the Chenango River, destined for the Susquehanna.



Harbor of Este Ton.

Never one to let well enough alone, whether it be sail trim, the weather, or a potential camp, Steve Axon started talking up a Baja trip while we were still deep in the Kokopelli. We were having fun and so it seemed perfectly rational to sign up for more.

Steve is some sort of remittance man who keeps poor Helen hard at work. Actually, they both spent last summer in the Islands, so we mustn't be too hard on him. Fact is, I can remember when he had a job, but even that didn't seem to inhibit him unduly.

Dennis Bradley has attacked early retirement with a joie de vivre and vigor that merits profound respect. Steve Case (l'artiste) was on sabbatical, so no problem there. However, he missed the last Kokopelli, so the lesson may not have taken.

For me, a boatbuilder, it was just part of the job. I must confess that years as a school teacher allowed me the indulgence of a passion for boats. My four kids, raised on PB&J school lunches and sleeping in the car on trips, turned out well and I have never heard the slightest reproach. Janis did finally take a part time job, more, I have always assumed, out of ennui than want.

The above is some explanation of how these four seemingly happy go lucky guys were able to take off for Baja. I would encourage you to go and do likewise. There is no charge for this advice, but feel free to send money if you wish to encourage this sort of irresponsible behavior.

At the last moment I found that the tag on my '83 Datsun had run out and it was running more ragged than usual. I made a quick decision and ran up to Collbran where the '86 Nissan barely started. It was no doubt the coldest night of the year and the sun was not yet up as I stole a gudgeon off a Limpet lying in the yard, all the while a carbide wind ripping at my coat.

Of course, I was late for the rendezvous by about three hours, over on 115. The Steves

Baja

By Jim Thayer

Photos by By Axon and Thayer

went easy on me and there were only good natured threats of keelhauling. We whipped down to Mesquite for a glitzy buffet and later bagged it up in the sand.

February 1 found us rolling through Vegas, then over the pass and downhill all the way to San Diego, where we would pick up Dennis. Dennis' son, Hal, a Marine flyboy, had an apartment just off the freeway where we would top off. We met up about 1500 and proceeded to lay in groceries and fill water jugs.

Hal loaded us in his low flying BMW, except Steve, who preferred to tinker with his engine (see first sentence), and we went off to "Old Town" to eat Mexican con margaritas.

Nine next morning found us on the road to Mexico. Having switched trucks, I had to get insurance. Padillas, a big outfit, wanted \$172, but a very helpful and knowledgeable hombre across the street set me up for \$67. There are several clubs, Vagabundos del Mar for one, who will set you up for a year, but it is stuck on one vehicle.

No formality at the border, just keep moving. We opted for the toll road (cuota) along the coast with good views. Saw a peculiar vessel a bit offshore which we concluded to be a kelp harvester.

After one stop to check the sand, we were soon in Ensenada. Mental ruminations while enroute had brought to light the fact that a gorgeous pork roast, bought to anchor a chow mein, still resided in Hal's freezer. Therefore, Dennis and I hit a meat market for a backup and a chorizo as well. After loading up on pills (1/3 to 1/4 price) at the farmacia, we encountered a pleasant lady with grubby

faced but cute kids who importuned us to buy a bead necklace.

Street vendors offer good opportunity to work on one's Spanish. After considerable palaver, Dennis came through and wore it the rest of the trip. He has the panache to carry it off. Of course the other two could have as well, l'artiste has a ponytail and an earring, and Steve is an old hippy. Myself, I was born 20 years too soon.

On the way out of town we spied a tall sign (deposito) and pulled over for tres cases of Cerveceria del Pacifico Balena litras. Good stop! Nightfall found us down a dirt track to the shore north of Rosarito. Steve did Polish dogs over a fire of wood left by some previous occupant.

February 3. Red truck very reluctant to start. In Rosarito we got some booze and hit the panadaria. The baker handled the bread with his hands, then put on baggies to make change. Remarkable.

Shortly after turning inland we noticed great quantities of sea urchin shells along the road, and then the fabled boogum trees started to appear here and there. Soon we were into the Catavina boulder field. Steve had been bent on making time, but after fondling a few of these babies, he called for a layover.

Granite tends to joint into rectangular blocks which, after spheroidal weathering knocks the corners off, become nice round boulders. These fixtures, up to 20' in diameter, are heaped all over the landscape, strewn with boogums, elephant trees, blooming ocotillos, and various cacti. The effect is charming and brings out the small boy in even a geezer like me.

One suspects the place is infested with trolls, whatever form a Mexican troll might take. We saw no sign of them, but their henchmen were about, great black fellows. One sat on the top of a tall cardon (much like a saguaro) and gave Dennis the beady eye as he struggled to up his tent in the stiff breeze.

The afternoon was spent independently poking about the rubble and, in my case, involved some horizontal time. In all modesty, the chow mein based on the native puerco turned out quite well, and after we had a nice fire based on various veggie debris.

February 4. The fire revived with little effort. Apparently elephant wood makes good coals, although it didn't look like much. Full on pancakes, we were soon on the road. Short way south we stopped at a large wash with spring and palm trees which merited a short hike.

At the Bahia de los Angeles turnoff there is an abandoned Pemex station, a rather grand edifice, in front of which is a pickup with drums of gas. The fellow pumps a five gallon can full and drains it into your tank.

I was a little apprehensive since Kim Appel has rated the Bahia road as a real trailer eater. As an old New England hand with a lot of experience in PA, I tend to barrel on, trusting to luck and reflexes. Axon tends to be more circumspect and, as it turned out, had the better strategy.

As we came in sight of the bay there was a pullout with a couple of signs admonishing boaters to check at the ejido office for a permit. We did but found it closed. After checking out a whale skeleton, a little mine locomotive, and a soccer game, we headed north to put in at La Gringa.

We set up camp on the beach and launched the empty Sea Pearl with the red truck. The Steves hauled all their gear down the beach while Dennis and I loaded Nina on the trailer, much the easier option. I noticed that one trailer tire had a large aneurysm on the side.

The wind died away at sundown and Steve did his Thai curry and uncorked one of his square bottle cabernets. We had a nice little fire with wood hauled from Cavatina.

February 5. Clear and warm with some high clouds to the west. Roberto showed up to collect the \$3 per day fee. We put him off until later. One often wonders if the guy demanding money has any valid claim. On the west coast below Ensenada I have never been accosted, but I have always been a long way from any habitation. Where tourists are likely, someone likely has the concession.

Steve and I visited with a fellow up the beach who has been living in a little travel trailer for five years. He filled us in on local info and verified that Roberto was the beach jefe. Neither he nor a couple of other folks we chanced upon had ever heard of an island permit.

Steve had strongly suggested that I bring an outboard so I had cobbled up a mount and hung a near new Merc on it. Around noon Dennis gave Roberto something on account and we motored off to eastward. About a mile out, just off La Gringa, the motor quit but there was enough wind to carry on sailing.

We caught up with the Pearl at the lagoon on Isla Coronado. The lagoon is large and landlocked except for a small stream with a rapid at the top when the tide falls. Some kayakers were playing around trying to paddle up it. With a little dredging, it would make a heck of a marina. On the main road one sees signs for Escalera Nautica, a proposed chain of marinas and even a trans peninsula boat transport to save the slog to Cabo. The economics of the project are questionable. The abandoned Pemex station comes to

mind.

Leaving the lagoon, we coasted north under sail and through a narrow passage to the foot of the Volcan, the dominant landmark of the region. The good camp spot was taken over by kayakers. The Pearl had been off chasing whales and Steve had wanted to camp further back, but we didn't get the word. We had a couple of those short range talkies but they were of limited value.

The chart shows an ideal hook just west of the Volcan, so that is where we stopped to wait for the boys. The high ground was covered by uniformly large cobbles and the tent team was less than enthusiastic. While we hashed it over the tide settled the matter and we were surrounded by acres of flat sand.

Dennis made his celebrated potato soup, heavy on the salmon, and we had a relaxed dinner in Nina's cockpit amidst awesome scenery and a nice sunset. The tent gents moved enough rocks and scraped up enough sand to build their abodes just above the tide line. However, during the night Davy left the water running and they had to move. Dennis and I spent a peaceful night in the boat.

Time for a little advice. Be sure you have a self supporting tent that can be snatched up and moved on short notice. However, be doubly sure that it is always tied to a good anchor. The same for the boat. When you pull up on the beach, the anchor goes out before you even look around.

February 6. Some high clouds, light air. Steve got a predawn start for the top of the Volcan. We rowed to the beach and had a little blast before Dennis hooked up with l'artiste

coming around the shore. They made it two-thirds of the way before they met Steve coming down. I'd have been in the van in my youth but los pulmones preclude such efforts these days. Back from their jaunt, the boys piled in and we had some hot soup as the jigger drifted us back to where Steve was already breaking camp.

Squared away, we sailed north, then motored through some islands and out of the lee of the Volcan, where we caught a breeze. We were making for Este Ton, the only shelter on the west side of 40 mile long Isla Angel, which lay pretty much due east. We were being set north, but on a broad reach had no trouble holding the line. We had an ETA of 1600 but the wind died and the motor was on break, so Dennis hauled us the last mile. The GPS gave the crossing as 12 miles.

Este Ton (this place) is a splendid harbor about 1/4 mile in diameter with a small opening to the southwest. The north half has a nice beach which runs around to a large rock outcrop on the east, beyond which is a small beach. We set up on the small beach next to the rocks where there is a small work table and other evidence of use, including a U.S. Forest Service sign.

We found Steve with a near full five gallon bucket of fish donated by some fisherman he had spoken with. They had come from way deep as most had their swim bladders protruding from their ugly faces. There was a ling cod and a dogfish (*Squalus*), along with a bunch of unknown big headed guys. Thank goodness for the table as our obviously amateur fish whackers filleted the lot and skinned



Bold(er) cruising at Cativina.

Launching Nina near La Gringa.



the dogfish. The ravens and gulls hadn't seen such bounty since leaving the shell.

The log records fish and rice for supper with a blackberry merlot. The Wild Vines must have been a donation from Dewitt. The moon came up as the sun went down. A magical place.

Dennis and I sacked in the boat. The log relates in detail a chain of events which would make the antics of the rankest amateurs look proficient. Some observations: The tide goes up and down a lot, but only up when you are in bed. The waves never sleep. Their water is cold and uninhibited by gravity. My little Lake Powell Danforth just dances around on real rocks. A five gallon bucket of rocks is no anchor. We were delighted to see the sun come up!

February 7. Morning found us on the north beach. The details of our transit occupy two pages of the log. We had coffee and cookies, then motored back to our beach. Dennis didn't fancy fish for breakfast, so while Steve stirred up pancakes, Dennis surreptitiously kicked over the fish sitting on a rock. I suppose we could have rinsed them off, but clearly dogfish for breakfast had no wide appeal. Pancakes slathered with Mrs. T's peach pineapple jam quickly eclipsed the disaster.

We puttered away the morning with line splicing and boatkeeping. After lunch I hiked around the harbor, beating into a stiff wind, to the top of the hill opposite for some good views. On the way back I ran into Dennis, an

old silviculturist, and we discussed the local botany. There were occasional blasts from the north which raised impressive clouds of spray from the harbor surface. Certainly no day for sailing.

Steve did spaghetti with pesto and pecorino. The wind added a little grit. We had grounded the boats at the top of the noon high and rigged lines ashore and to Steve's well set big anchor. We went to bed with nary a care.

Woke up to find the tide way up, within a couple of feet of Steve's tent where he was on watch. The Pearl had worked enough slack so we were banging. Steve changed the lead ashore and we turned beam on to the swell which slopped Dennis' bag. I went over the side to help straighten up and my pant legs fell down.

February 8. Considerable clouds with wind out of the north, but moderating. There was no inclination to go anywhere so I stayed in the sack until well after sunup. Dennis finally got up and then brought me coffee. What a prince of a fella! After some cleanup we did fried toast with more coffee. Dennis has lost the strainer out of his brew cup.

Steve took a long walk and came back with some incredible porpoise bones and other curiosities. We put out more anchor line and moved some rocks to be fully prepared for the night.

For supper I did my usual H und E. Six potatoes (2 large, 4 small), 2 apples, and 3

medium onions was just about right for four guys. Funny thing about the potatoes. They were stowed in the lazarette where the scuppers take on water when well loaded and pulling a stern wave. The potatoes, at first glance, appeared to be rotten, but closer examination revealed that something had eaten away the potato under the skin. They made a clean job of it. If we had gone about it differently, we might have discovered the guilty party.

For dessert there was peach cobbler. The dried peaches softened up with just a few minutes boil. They got a good dump of sugar and a little pancake mix for thickening. The peaches were put in l'artiste's cute little Dutch oven and brought to a boil. They were then covered with pancake batter to which extra oil and sugar had been added. This was garnished with a handful of Dennis' pecans, the lid put on and loaded with coals. In 10 minutes it was done to a turn. If I must say so myself, it was superb. We got up during the night and pulled out a way.

February 9. Clear, light air from the north. While I filmed, the troops put the boats afloat using Steve's 3" PVC schedule 40 pipe for rollers. They don't roll, the boats just slide on them (remember the Beautiful Buxom Beach Hauler Babe)? We were away at nine sharp.

The wind was N 5-7 giving us a beam reach. In time it got up to 12-15 giving us a good shove. The rollers built up giving the Old Dear a case of the wallows. Steve had suggested stopping at Isla Ventana, which has a harbor of sorts on the west side. These islands all look pretty much the same and tend to blend together, but finally the GPS got us close enough to make out the ventana (window) on the south end. It's rather like Delicate Arch back in Utah.

We came round the north end and doubled back into a good sized bay. The wind came right around behind us. It took a minute to figure out that we were running down on a steep cobble lee shore. A sharper, and/or more conservative sailor would have tacked right outa there, but we wanted a break and lunch called.

We crunched ashore and Dennis jerked the lugsail off while I lugged the stove to a somewhat sheltered spot. Some hot soup got our vigor circulating and we were ready for the next leg to Puerto Don Juan. We tied in a reef on the beach and rigged up. Dennis gave a mighty shove and we made a clean getaway.

Dennis moved ashore while l'artiste made corned beef lasagna. Very tasty. One would expect an artiste to throw stuff in the pot, tasting and improvising as he goes, but not a bit of it. He had printed out recipes for each meal and brought a spice rack! We had Mystic Mint cookies while huddled around the fire. Dennis recorded 45 degrees in his tent.

February 10. Light wind, high clouds, a lay day. While Steve explored, the rest of us beachcombed and were soon knocking oysters off rocks with a shovel. Steve came back and discovered clams just 2" down in the sand. A scoop with the fingers would bring up three or four. Just incredible. We had a bunch for lunch along with the broken oysters. Luckily we had crackers and butter. Everybody enthused.

After lunch, Dennis rigged a snorter to give us a sprit boom, with which we made a circuit of the bay and wound up at the



Steve's view from El Volcan. Punto La Gringa at right, Puerto Don Juan at far end.



L'artiste. How to begin?

Beach at Este Ton.



wrecked fishing boat. The boat had been well stripped. The hull was well hammered but one would expect it to be salvaged in Mexico. While we were poking around, a small fishing boat came in and the two guys began packing up the nets they had stashed there previously. One spoke some English so we learned a bit. The wreck had dragged anchor but they had managed to get into shallow water. Must have been a fierce blow because the bay appears to be well protected. It is, however, quite large and if something comes booming down the mountain from the south you might be in some trouble.

The small boat, say, 22' x 8', was loaded with heavy iron fish traps, sort of like Alaskan crab traps. They are fished on the bottom, which in these parts is a long way down. Pulling them by hand would be a killer so they have a clever system. The trap line is led through a block on a float and thence to the boat. The float has a lot of drag and so doesn't move very far. They are able to circle back and grab the trap before it sinks appreciably. They use the nets to block off large portions of Puerto Don Juan. We treated them to Cokes and wished them Buena Suerte.

While we were chatting up los pescadores, a 35' sloop came in and anchored. On our way home we slid by and got invited aboard where we met Tod from NOLS and his lovely wife, Kendra. They happened to know Doug Knapp who runs sea kayaking trips in Baja. Years ago Doug made a game try at getting the Dinghy Cruising Club of America going. He put out a nice newsletter for a while. He bought me an Anchor Steam beer in SF once. One doesn't forget a guy like that.

Dennis did black beans and rice and the yachties brought banana bread. It was fairly warm with no wind so we stood around the fire until eight or so. I even sat up in the cockpit with the lantern until the shades fell down.

February 11. The plan had been to go to town and Steve had volunteered to pull me off, but when he got up I was already stuck. For all I know, he never got out of the sack. I had pan dulce (sweet bread) and Dennis showed up. Then Tod and Kendra came ashore to dig clams. They have an inflatable with motor and foldup wheels. So we are all sitting in Nina with the water hundreds of yards away, the ultimate in beach cruising.

We had clams for lunch. Dennis had gone for a walk before lunch and afterward was found asleep in his tent. Dennis is an ardent and accomplished napper. If you can't find him, check the tent, the car, the boat, and then start looking under bushes.

I climbed a nearby hill at a very deliberate pace to get a look at the neighborhood. While I was gone Dennis rigged a block at the masthead to top up the yard. The effect was barely discernible. I went out on the Pearl with Steve to get some video of Nina under sail as Dennis and I'artiste showed her off. A lovely sight, in all candor.

Steve got an early start on supper and we had a great chowder, about 80% clams. A bit chewy. Not to complain, you understand. After a lifetime eating chowder in which grit is the primary indication of clams, I'm not one to be picky.

February 12. Clear, nice. My boat blew back and got stuck. We managed to get the Pearl free and all went to town aboard her. We passed two white bird islands that look



Old forester meets tree?



Isla Angel de la Guarda. One harbor in forty miles.



Nina departs Este Ton.

Puerto Don Juan. 35 footer at left, wreck and entrance off to right.





The sailboat had right of way!



Dennis and L'artiste working on sail trim in Nina.

like icebergs from a distance, motoring all the way. We ran into T & K hauling water, a rather burdensome task when anchored out.

We bought a jug of Spanish brandy, some sugar, and other stuff. Had a good sit down meal on a restaurant terrace. There is a trailer park and evidently some gringos frequent the town. Had a good breeze for the trip home. We had a fire and did another cobbler.

February 13. Big black cloud to the south. Light wind and kinda slow getting away, with the Pearl way out front. With the

bbc in mind a reef seemed prudent, but it fell so light that we motored out the entrance and shook out the reef.

As we got squared away, Dennis noticed whitecaps to the southwest. The bbc seemed stationary but white foggy stuff was falling down the mountain fronts to the south. We put the reef right back in and soon had plenty of wind. Dennis was on the tiller and I had the sheet.

After one wild gyration I look back to find Dennis trying to take in the mizzen, which had gotten loose. We had a couple of lulls but for the most part it was a pretty snappy run. Dennis suggested we go for the lee east of La Gringo rather than drive up on a lee shore in front of camp. Sounded like a smart move to me.

In short order we were past the point and the die was cast. The beach fell away to westward, which brought us close on the wind. We were just a couple of yards off but, pinch as I might, I couldn't seem to make it. Dennis was cranking on the engine but it never popped. However, he spun it so manfully that I think it made the difference and we finally fetched up. I immediately put on the leftover spaghetti to warm.

Roberto's son-in-law was soon there to check on us and before long los Steves came hoofing along. The boat secured, we went back to camp to help recover the Pearl anchor which had been dropped well off the beach to control the landing. Steve, one of those provident fellows who plans ahead, put on his wetsuit and set off following the line. The anchor was a couple of hundred feet out but fortunately only 4' or 5' deep. Dennis and the l'artiste hauled and coiled while I filmed.

The Pearl squared away, we went back to recover the Nina. The top of the berm was solid enough but halfway down was a secondary of loose cobbles that would require some momentum. However, the beach seemed fairly firm and I figured we could make it.

I could get up some speed at water's edge, but as soon as I turned inland she started to bog. Dennis' good video shows a decidedly drunken progression down the strand. As

the rocks at the far end neared, it was do or die time. We got the front wheels over the berm, where the gallant three liters was reduced to squirting cobbles from all four wheels.

Once you are stuck, I think cobbles are much better than sand. You don't bury so fast. Given time and patience, I expect one could sort and pack rocks sufficiently to move forward. Fortunately our ace in the hole, Steve's van, was brought within reach of our line and we were saved.

All packed, we wandered around among the hills trying to find some shelter from the wind, but nothing offered. There was light left, so after an interesting refueling stop, we headed up the road. Several camp spots were considered and rejected until near sundown a faint track put us near a heap of rocks with neat veggies and good cover. L'artiste did a pasta sauce employing ginger snaps. I tell you, this ain't no beans outfit.

Dennis sacked in the boat as usual, but about 0400 it started to sprinkle, not serious but worrisome. We opted for the cab, where the noise on the roof validated our decision.

Come morn, there was sun and one of them cerulean skies. The frying pan held a bare 1/4" but clearly it had rained good before our arrival. The elephant trees fairly quivered with delight while the boogums swelled and stretched. Beneath our feet the tingling of refreshed roots was palpable.

Dennis did pancakes for breakfast and was especially generous with the pecans. All the drying gear gathered up and we were on the road for home. Fifty miles or so up the road the ailing trailer tire gave up the ghost with a loud exhalation. Of course the van was out of range at the time.

We were soon back together and after a lunch, hike, and nap stop continued on past hillsides red with drying peppers and other evidence of having gone foreign, to come at last to camp on a bluff above the roaring breakers. A sunny morning found Steve with the griddle hot and a kelp horn to rouse the crew.

Two basket stops had us at the border by mid-afternoon and we soon had Dennis safely back in SD. Disdaining a hot shower and a good sleep, the survivors headed homeward at a walk until we got clear of S. Cal.

I know that you are wondering if there is a video. Not to worry. In all modesty, I think it is rather good. Money back if you don't see it my way. Just get your 18 bucks, cash, check, or MO in the mail to Incredible Baja Video Offer, 15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624.

Some Gratuitous Advice: The old Nissan, at about 240k, had been giving starting trouble for some time. I think it made three, maybe four starts after I got home. Turned out to be a cracked distributor cap that put enough strain on the starter to finish it off. If it had died on the beach at the takeout it would have seriously diminished the fun.

The larger towns can deal with the new stuff but out in the boonies, the older the better. Precomputer iron can be fixed anywhere. There are two schools of thought. Take a new outfit that is reliable (is anything)? Take something so old that you don't mind losing it. Of course, there may be a problem at the border without it.

There are no formalities at the border but you should get Mexican insurance before

crossing. There is paperwork on the mainland and, reportedly, to enter Baja California Sur. There are cash machines at the toll booths on the Cuota.

Beer in liters is a good deal. Keep your receipts and take the empties back to the same place if you want to get your deposit. Booze isn't the deal it used to be but still probably cheaper than stateside. Kaulua and Rompope are deals if you like them. Rompope, La Holandesa, is good for dessert. It gags poor Steve.

Stay gassed up. Off the beaten track you get it from whoever has it, usually via five gallon can. At the Pemex station the easy thing is to ask for even hundreds of pesos worth. Just show them the money if in doubt. Figure it out ahead of time.

I've been all over Mexico in one old clunker or another and never had any trouble, except flat tires. They are ace tire people. Cops don't seem to be a problem in Baja. I don't believe we ever saw one. You should probably be alert in Ensenada. Never have more than \$10 in your wallet. The Mexicans are uniformly, good natured, friendly, and helpful. By all means try some Spanish but it's not essential.

There is a good reason that most of the amateur boating down there is by kayak. It's kind of like Maine, lots of tide and lots of rocks. Unfortunately there haven't been any glaciers since the thing started sliding along so there are very few harbors. If you can't carry the boat or pull it up the beach, figure on problems. Some really big air rollers with a power pump would be the ticket. Otherwise



"Gabe" Axon and his Neptunian Kelp horn.



Mr. Survival Suit makes breakfast.

you better have good ground tackle and plenty of line. Keeping track of the tide would be a good idea. Have a rig that is quick to reef.

It can be pretty cool in February. At first we made fun of Dennis' survival suit, but later on he didn't dare lay it down. River bags are de rigeur even if you have good lockers. Don't go alone unless you are cautious as well as resourceful.

Great trip would be to drive to Bahia de Los Angeles, launch at the ramp downtown (if you have a boat of any size), and make a deal to park there. Then head out for Puerto Don Juan where you dry out with some good books. Just eat clams and oysters till the books are done, do some hiking with a veggie guide, and come back when you run out of wine. Please, keep this just between us.

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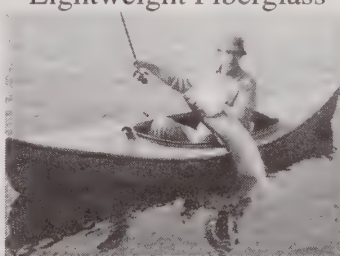
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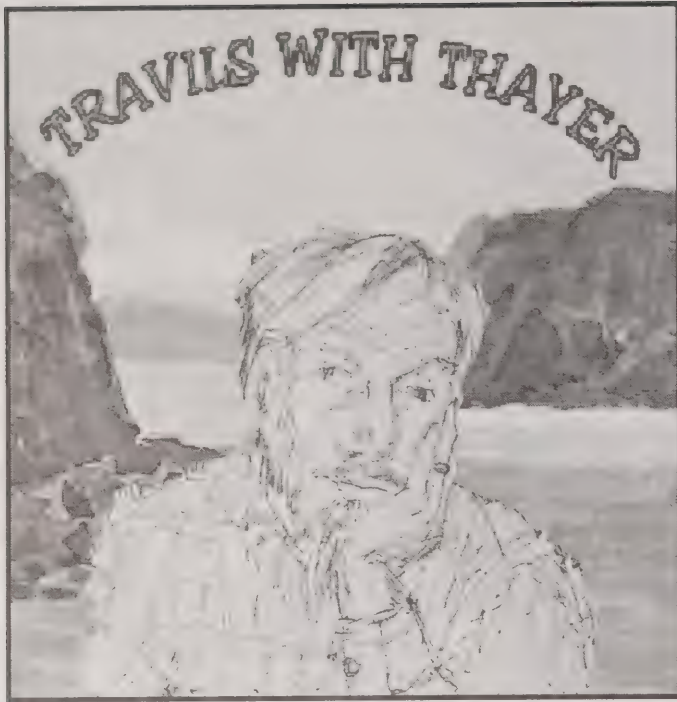
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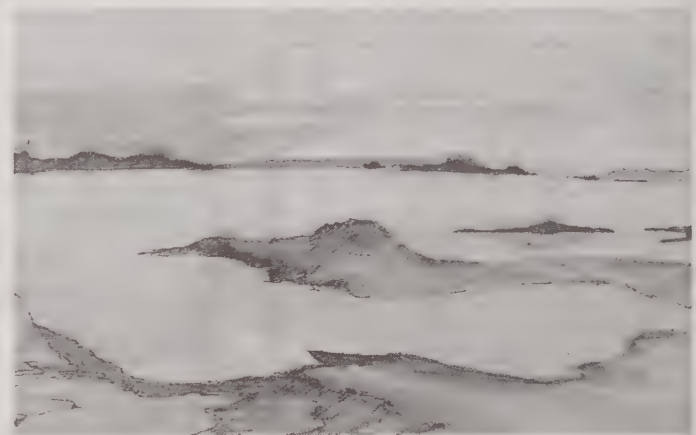
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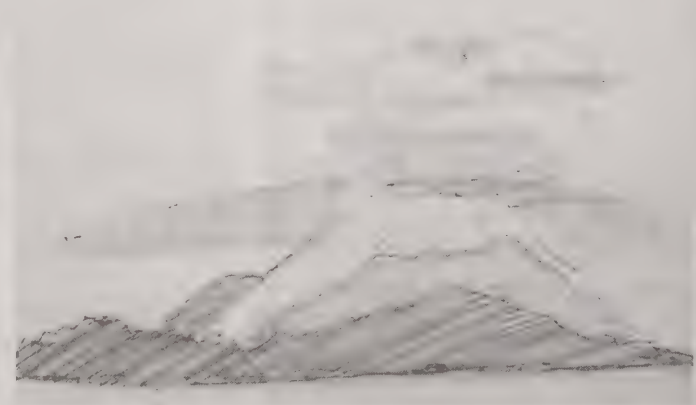


Beach Camp



South of Don Juan

Coronado Island



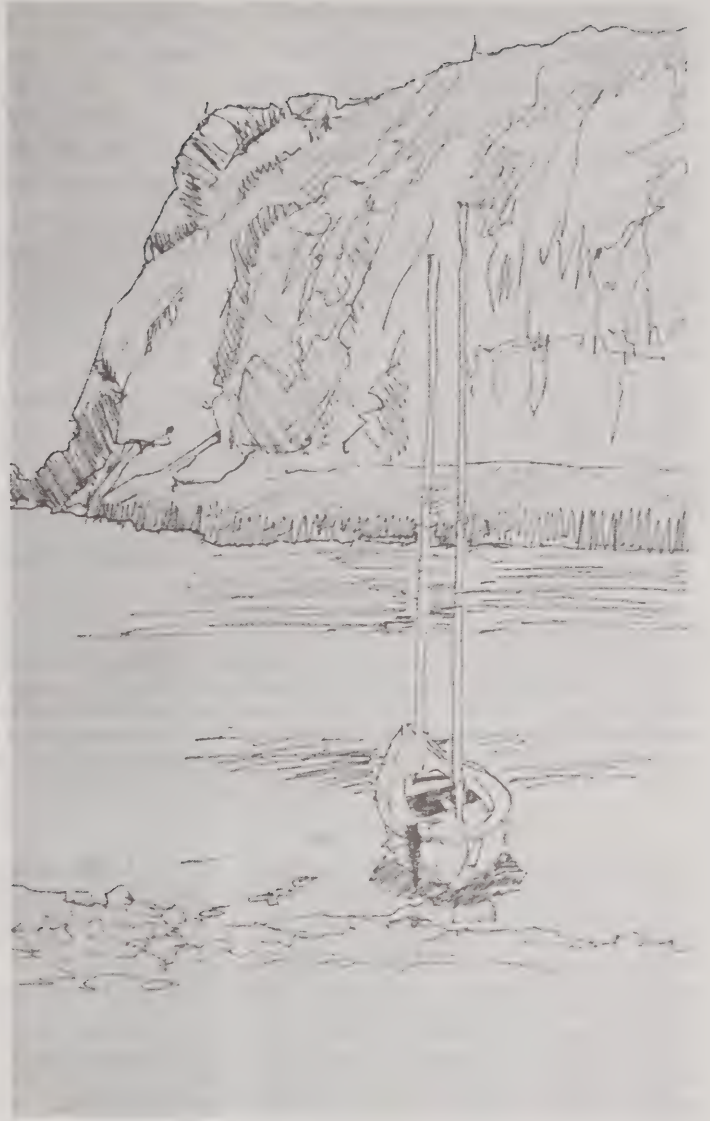


Fishermen



Stormy Camp

Clamming



L'artiste at play





The original *Loon* was also an electric boat that resided here back in the '30s. In fact, she was housed in the same shed where I built our *Loon*. In the background of the picture the building to the right is the shed where the construction took place. The boat was powered by a bunch of single cell batteries and an internal DC motor. She was scuttled at the entrance to the main lake (about 200 yards from where the picture was taken) due to the owner's inability to continue caring for her. My son has dived on the site and photographed the remains of the boat. He also brought up part of the rudder and one of the batteries. Some day I hope to recover more of the original *Loon* with the help of our neighbors whose great-grandfather had the boat constructed.

During the fall of 1998 I sent away to Phil Bolger & Friends (PB&F) for a videotape describing their design of an electric powered launch called *Lily*. I had wanted to acquire a battery powered boat to be used on our lake for some time, and a friend had sent me an article published in the *WoodenBoat* magazine about the construction and operation of *Lily*. After watching the tape many times, I sent for the construction plans and started acquiring the materials necessary for the project.

Our boat, called *Loon*, is almost 16' long and displaces 1,280 lbs. at the designed water line. It is constructed of plywood and epoxy with fiberglass cloth used where necessary for additional strength and protection. It carries six each Group 27 12-volt, 100 ampere hour batteries, wired in series in pairs, to form three groups wired in parallel to provide 24 volts. The batteries supply a large trolling motor mounted in a wet well at the rear of the cockpit.

A little background is required here. I have never been a carpenter and my experience working with wood has been nailing 2"x4"s together for rough construction of various items that I would not wish to have displayed. I have never worked with glues, epoxies, or fiberglass. I do have experience with DC electrical circuits and had some electrical engineering in college in the late '50s. I had to use a minimum sized unheated shed belonging to our neighbor for the construction process.

The construction manual indicated that a professional boatbuilder had constructed the boat in 160 hours from scratch in a proper environment. I figured, given my level of experience, I should be able to accomplish the task over the course of the fall of 1998 and spring of 1999 and launch the boat before July of 1999. Little did I know what was to come!

The Genesis of Electric Launch *Loon*

By Howard West

First of all, epoxy does not cure well at nighttime temperatures below 45F, in fact, it creates a mess! My progress during the fall of 1998 was limited to acquiring the plywood and starting to cut the pieces to the dimensions indicated on the plans. Another snafu. The plan dimensions used the metric scale, creating some initial problems until I finally found a combination millimeter/inches tape in a local hardware store. I thought that trying to measure and cut the panels using the metric system would be a real chore, but was pleasantly surprised to find it much easier than using inches.

I remember my father telling me at some point years ago "measure twice, cut once." That advice made it possible for me to cut all the panels without wasting a sheet of plywood or having to redo a panel. Because of the size constraints of the shed that I was using, I was unable to have room for many power tools. All of the plywood panels were cut using a variable speed hand jigsaw. After some initial experimenting on various pieces of scrap wood, I found that as long as I did not hurry, I could cut to the marked lines with a fair degree of accuracy. I was able to use this tool for everything except stripping out the spruce for the coamings.

During the warmer periods of 1999 I was able to cut all the panels and apply at least one coat of epoxy on both sides. Again, progress was slow as I was not used to the application of epoxy. I found that using a roller was probably the quickest way but seemed to contribute to excessive waste. I

settled on the use of 2" and 4" foam brushes, which undoubtedly took longer but wasted less material and allowed me to control the thickness of the epoxy. I didn't work too often on weekends as the owners of the cottage would be there and I didn't want to disturb them. Between working 46 hours a week at my day job and other commitments, progress was slow. I realized it would be impossible to look at a 1999 launch date. During this period I also acquired a 6" orbital sander to prepare the plywood for epoxy and sand between coats. The jigsaw and sander were the major tools I purchased, along with a Dremel tool and a small electric sander for working in tight spots.

One of the most interesting parts of construction for me was the scribing of curved lines. Again, a new experience which, after experimentation, went fairly well using a thin piece of knot free cedar for a batten and finish nails to spring the batten around the measured points on the panel. Another very trying problem was the butt splicing of the plywood panels for the bottom and topside panels. Because the length of the boat required two full 8' lengths of plywood, a tapered splice could not be used.

The method suggested was a splice using a router to remove a very small amount of plywood on each panel to be replaced with fiberglass tape and epoxy. After many experiments, I found that I could indeed remove 2mm on each side of a 6mm panel and epoxy the tape in place. The joint is stronger than the plywood itself and, although it resisted bending when sprung around the bulkheads, it does not show on the finished product. The 12mm bottom panels were much easier to splice as there were two steps of 2mm removed from each side and replaced with fiberglass cloth when butted together.

Once the topside panels had been spliced and the stem sawn out of a piece of oak, I could begin the assembly process. By setting the bulkheads upside down and attaching them to one another with bracing, I could spring the topside panels around them and temporarily attach them using galvanized sheet rock screws. This process was quite time consuming trying to line everything up, sighting, and measuring as I went. I had to accomplish this without assistance. Once this alignment process was completed, I could loosen the screws on one side of a bulkhead, epoxy and fillet the joint, re attach it with the screws and wait overnight for curing. The screws had to be removed the next morning or soon enough to prevent them from breaking.

As you can see, this was a slow process. Knowing what I do now, I probably could have completed more of the joints in one session, but I was afraid of losing the alignment and causing serious problems. When the three bulkheads and the transom were joined, I was able to attach the first of the bottom panels, which was three layers of 12mm plywood epoxied together and glassed. After the first panel was attached, I could turn the boat over and install the other small bulkheads, the leading edge of the seats, and the fore aft battery compartment sides. I then flipped the boat again to complete the installation of the outer two 12mm plywood bottom panels.

By the end of the construction season in 1999, the rough assembly of the structural components of the *Loon* was completed and the outside surfaces prepared for further ep-

oxy and fiberglass. I had to cease construction due to the temperature at night and the inability to heat the shed where the construction was taking place.

During the 2000 construction season I worked primarily on additional coats of epoxy on the interior and exterior surfaces, the application of fiberglass cloth on surfaces that would need the additional strength (inside and outside of topside panels and transom), and those areas that needed further abrasion protection (inside of cabin sole, battery compartment and outside of bottom panels). This process was quite lengthy as my inexperience dealing with fiberglass cloth REALLY slowed the process. The cloth is quite expensive, and in trying to conserve I ended up cutting pieces that were too small and had to graft other pieces to it or recut it to the proper size. I may have applied too much epoxy to the panels as I used over six gallons of resin, one gallon more than required by the plans and construction details.

I must take a minute and talk about epoxy. I decided from the beginning to use the West System™ from Gougeon Brothers as it was more easily available in our location and their manual and video tape were very helpful to me in learning its proper use. With the exception of my cold weather experimentation, which was a disaster, I never had a batch that didn't work as advertised. Their metered pump system worked beautifully. It prevented me from having to go through the tedious process of trying to measure the components

and resulting in a mess. I made small batches so I could to apply it before it thickened and used filler for the proper consistency where necessary for bonding and filleting. All in all, the epoxy application was satisfying with the exception of the sanding and filling required to maintain a smooth surface. Knowing what I do now (and not having the constraints of a daily work schedule), I could have planned the applications with more efficient use of my time and spent much less time sanding.

At the end of the 2000 boating season I felt that I hadn't accomplished as much as I had hoped to, but should be able to launch *Loon* the following summer. I entered the retirement phase of my life at the end of the year and prepared for the rest of the project the following spring.

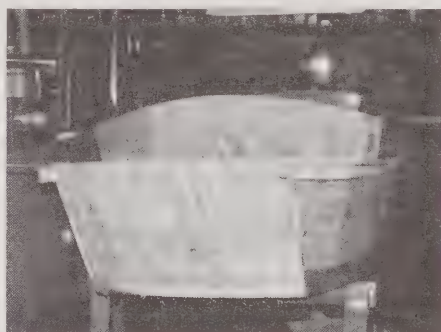
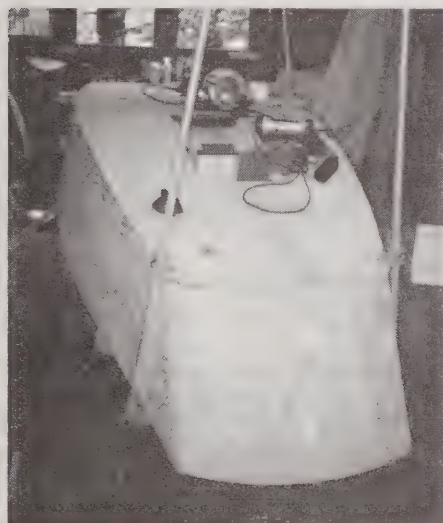
During the winter I started shopping for the electrical system components suggested by PB&F and lining up the suppliers. The three most expensive components of the propulsion system were the batteries, battery chargers, and motor. After a lot of searching, the six Group 27 deep cycle batteries were obtained from my local NAPA store in the spring of 2001. The owner of the store was a friend of mine and purchased these batteries in bulk for use in RVs and bass boats. The chargers and motor were purchased from a national marine supplier that I had used in the past with good success. The balance of the electrical components were acquired during the first half of the year. Bear in mind I made these purchases with the idea that the

Loon would be launched during the summer of 2001.

The continuation of construction commenced around the middle of May 2001 with more sanding and smoothing of the exterior and additional coats of epoxy being applied to the topsides, stem, and bottom of the *Loon*. About midsummer, I decided there was no reason to procrastinate any longer and I should get on with the painting process. Again, my inexperience was contributing to my anxiety and I even thought about putting the boat on the trailer and hauling it to a local body shop to have the paint applied. I finally realized that a 16' boat could not be that hard to paint by hand. My wife, Sue, agreed to help me speed the process as she is formidable with a brush and has more patience than I in the sanding and preparation for painting. I elected to use two-part epoxy paint from Interlux for all surfaces except below the boot top.

For the surface under water I used a two-stage epoxy manufactured by Interlux for racing sailboats that was very smooth and durable after application. I realized that these paints were probably overkill in my situation, as they were not cheap, but I wanted a surface that would be as maintenance free as possible and have a brilliant shine without using wax.

These two paints required different primers and the application took time and multiple coats to prepare the surface for the finish coats. During the process of preparing for the color finish coat, I consulted with people



who kept telling me about surface contamination and discussing "fish eyes," a term used for bubbles in the paint after application caused by improper cleaning of the surface. I should have listened more closely as during the application of the first coat of topside paint, the "fish eyes" appeared as if by magic and required me to completely remove the paint and start over from the primed surface on the port side. What a mess!

The mixing of these two-part epoxy paints was also a cause for concern as the measurements had to be precise and I didn't have benefit of the pumps used in the structural epoxy application system. A thinner had to be added in order to obtain the proper consistency for painting with a brush. Allowances had to be made for an "infusing" period required for proper blending of the whole mixture.

Sue's help during this period was invaluable. We would don our coveralls and start the day mixing enough paint for both of us to use for the particular section to be done. Because of her assistance, we were able to mix larger quantities, which made the job go considerably faster. However, it seemed to take forever sanding between coats, mixing, and cleaning and "infusing!"

As we approached mid September, and knowing there was no way we were going to make the 2001 launch happen, I decided we should relax and enjoy the lake and beach more. We basically ended the construction season with the *Loon* painting almost completed but with no accessories installed and the electrical system in boxes. My rationale was that I could work on the electrical components during the cooler weather of the fall and complete the remainder of construction prior to launch in early 2002.

PB&F stated in their construction manual to allow about a week to install the complete electrical system. This was probably an accurate time allotment for an experienced electrician or an individual who

wasn't concerned about the appearance of the wiring. At the same time I had to come up with the hardware to move the battery cart fore and aft for boat trimming.

The battery system had to be installed prior to doing the more serious wiring, so I contacted a local machine shop to fabricate the screw jack, a 1" threaded stainless steel rod, and the brass threaded collar that moved fore/aft when the screw jack was turned via a 6" wheel. It took them about three weeks to finish the project due to some delays on my part as well as the ordering the materials. The installation went quite smoothly and I had a platform installed now to accept the six batteries.

We were now into early spring of 2002 and the wiring project was a real joy for me to work on. I over ordered the ties, wire, and connectors, but I wanted to be sure to have an adequate supply should mishaps occur in the soldering of battery cable lugs (there were 38 soldered connectors for just the battery cables). About three weeks were spent installing the complete electrical system. The most difficult parts were the switches, circuit breakers, and other instruments located inside the console just ahead of the forward facing rear seat and the trolling motor wet well. This space was very tight! The console was hinged on the bottom so as to pivot flat into the cockpit to better access the innards of the unit and there was just enough space to fit everything required.

PB&F had installed an analog speedometer and a cassette tape/radio in Lily, but I was real picky about the sound system due to my interest in music. I searched and finally found a marine CD player/radio I could use to provide classical music to befit the quiet experience of the lake. The CD player worked about a week before it started to "eat" the CD's! I finally found a note in fine print below the installation instructions that indicated that the unit could not be mounted more than 15 degrees from horizontal or it would oper-

ate incorrectly. The console is at 65 degrees from horizontal and this obviously created the problem.

After more research, I found a CD player that had an eject tray similar to a computer with a built-in spindle which worked much better. I couldn't find an analog speedometer that would give the low speed accuracy I was searching for, so I ended up with a digital knot meter that had a distance log that could not be reset.

In any event, it finally came together on June 29, 2002, with the completion of painting, loading onto the trailer, and a trip to the sign shop to have *Loon* lettered on the transom. Now she was ready for launching. Sue and I have had a few other boats over the years, but I have never been so nervous about launching as I was on that day. What if she sank? What if she didn't float on her lines? What if the bottom paint came off? All these questions were running through my mind as I gingerly backed her into the water.

Off the trailer she floated and I unleashed her from the trailer and hauled her about 10' to the beach. She did float high in the stern, but I figured (correctly) that when I got aboard and added 240 lbs. to her that the stern would come down. I checked for leaks and there were none noticeable. I turned on the three master switches (to connect the three pairs of batteries in parallel to energize the motor), pushed off, lowered the motor through the wet well, and started the trolling motor.

At first I thought that wiring had failed or a circuit breaker had blown, for there was no noise as there had been when I tested the motor after its installation in the shed. I looked up and the boat was moving! I had forgotten that the water would attenuate the sound produced by the motor and *Loon* was gliding gracefully through the water. I stayed near the trailer and kept checking for leaks and any other problems, but everything appeared to be working like Lily did in the videotape.

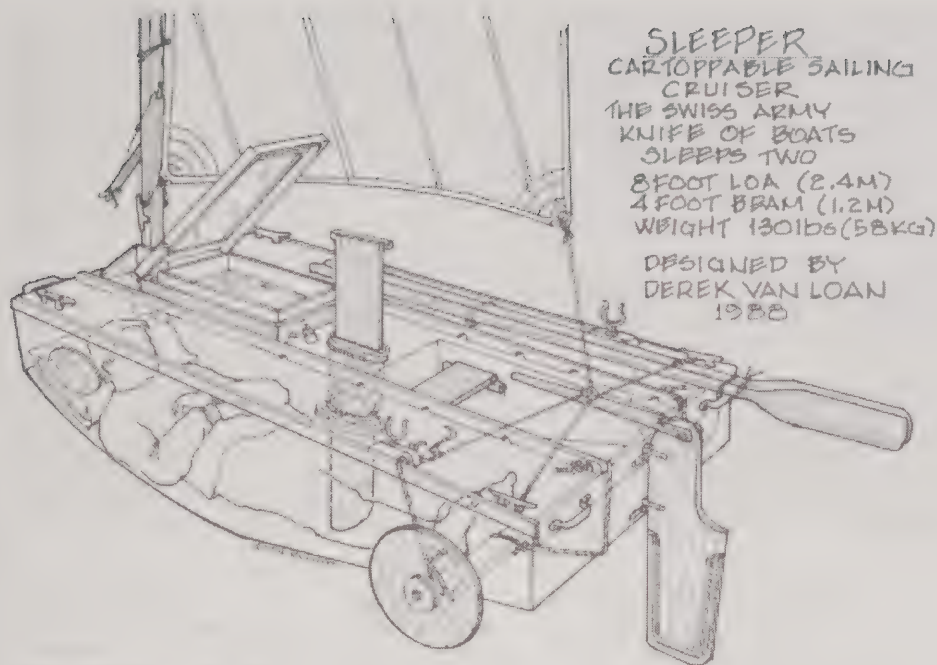
After a few minutes I decided to do a mini speed trial and found that at 75% power *Loon* was making about 3.9 knots and at 100%, 4.1 knots, which was better than my expectations. The rest of the testing went well and I found that the ampere draw was less than anticipated (we had installed an "E meter," which indicates volts, amperes, ampere hours, and percentage of battery charge left).

For the balance of the summer of 2002, *Loon* traveled 392 nautical miles on Conway Lake, which is four miles long and about two miles wide at its widest point. All of this was at a speed not exceeding 4 knots in all kinds of weather, both day and night. It seemed we were out at least once every day and sometimes twice.

With the exception of the CD player (which was my error) *Loon* performed flawlessly, providing us with very quiet transportation on the lake enabling us to enjoy Nature's sights and sounds to their fullest. There is nothing quite so relaxing than to be in a boat 100' offshore with the soft sound of water lapping against the hull and the whisper of wind through the pines. A Chopin waltz or etude playing quietly in the background?

Update: Summer 2003 saw an addition of a sub woofer to the sound system to give a little more body to the music. And the journey continues...





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Notice in the last article the Sleeper boatbuilder was able to go right to work laying out the parts, this is only possible because Sleeper's plans and construction details are very complete. The building instructions include 24 pages, of which four are long lists of building materials for the craft, right down to the nuts, bolts, and caulking. This material list includes every item that is needed to build the complete boat, no guesswork is required for the builder as to what should be used for what or where it will be used.

Options are given for alternate materials if the builder is on a tight budget. It is easy to tell that the designer has experience with both modern boat building and with operating a craft a long time in all weather conditions.

Building Sleeper Part 2

By Don Elliott

It is a good idea to purchase everything that is needed to complete the boat before construction starts. This greatly speeds up the building process. Having all the materials that are needed to finish the boat on hand allows great flexibility in building process and one is not interrupted from this process by shopping. (This is true with all boatbuilding.)

In any case, the prospective Sleeper builder can, after studying the plans and instructions, go straight into the building process. The steps shown in this series are pretty

much standard for small craft building, however, it is not to say you could not start with other pieces, such as the rudder or spars or whatever.

This Sleeper's building guide pretty much follows the steps that are given in the Sleeper's instruction, which is highly detailed, and the series will cover all items that make up the Sleeper. If the Sleeper builder will view these steps completely, he or she will become totally familiar with the parts and how they fit together. If one, however, follows Sleeper's advice and steps given in Sleeper's instructions there should be no problem whatever.

With this information the builder may decide to follow the steps given here or in the instructions or assemble things in a different order, in any case, both methods will work. However, it is very important that the parts be laid out carefully to the dimensions given on the plans and, in addition, during the building process it must be kept in mind that these parts must fit together, so test each with its mating piece to make certain it will.

The sketch shows the builder laying out the parts on a 4' x 8' sheet of plywood. Notice at the curved portion of one hull side panel that a series of parallel lines has been used to plot this curve, dimensions for this curve are, of course, given on the plans. The most common error made by the amateur boatbuilder is the failure to make certain everything is square that should be square, meaning all sides that are intended to be 90 degrees to each other should be. If not, fitting at assembly will be a problem. If one does not know how to do this, locate a book that tells one how this can be done.

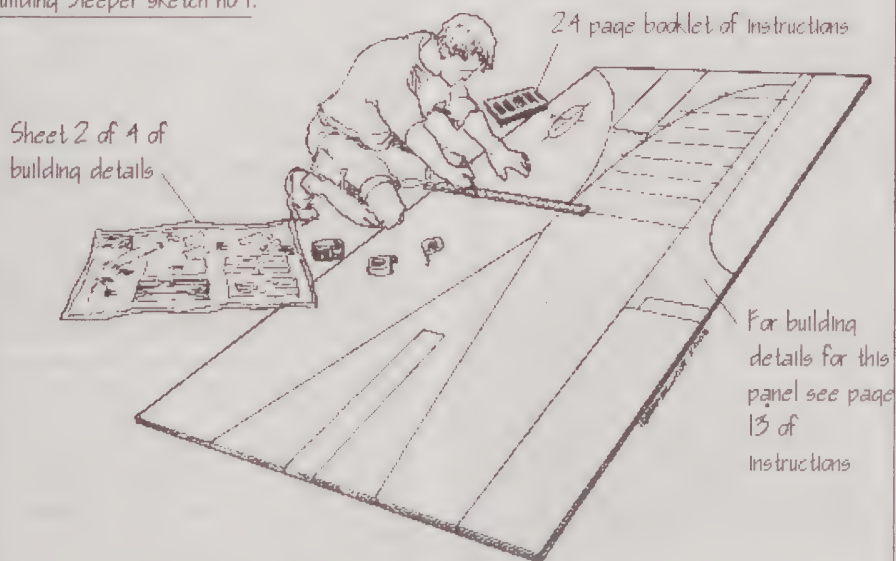
The second most common error is not laying out the dimensions correctly. Before any parts are cut, make sure to double-check all marked dimensions for their accuracy. If a part has an opposite mate, lay these parts together, their borders should agree. Even the best boat builders make dimensional errors, however, they are also more likely to catch these errors because that generally double-check all dimensions and that mistake is unlikely to reach the cutting stage.

There are only three sheets of plywood required to layout all the parts for Sleeper, meaning there is not a lot of layout required for the builder. Once those parts are drawn onto the surface of the plywood, they may be cut out to the marked lines (slightly outside those lines), but not before they are identified. All parts should be clearly marked as to what they are, meaning if it is a starboard hull side panel it should be marked as such, also, it should be marked which side is the inside or outside part. Sometimes it is even important to mark which way is forward or up or down. It is far easier to do this at the layout stage, that is, before the parts are cut. Having a bunch of pieces lying around the shop without any marks at all can be a real problem. Some important parts have been cut up in some shops simply because someone thought they were an unused stock or scrap, that kind of thing can force one to stop work and buy another sheet of plywood.

(To Be Continued)

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Building Sleeper sketch no 1.



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Our new rowboat has just completed sea trials. The new design, called the Harbor Cruiser 18, is designed for touring rather than for racing or utility rowing. The boat uses two Frontrower™ forward facing rowing stations, also made by our company. These use arms and legs to power the oars, giving power and exercise quality equivalent to rear facing sliding seat rowing, but in a forward facing position.

As part of the sea trials, my friend Elizabeth Faulkner and I rowed the Harbor Cruiser 18 the entire length of Narragansett Bay from Newport to Providence, Rhode Island. The 37-mile trip took two days. I was really pleased with the results, the boat showed excellent handling qualities in all of the conditions to which we subjected it. This included 15 to 20 knot winds, fairly large wind driven waves, strong currents, and wakes made by everything from cruise ships and ferry boats to high speed cigarette boats.

We had previously tested this boat in wind and waves, so we knew it would handle the conditions. But we had never rowed double for more than eight miles together, so we did not know what our combined rowing capabilities were. Our plan for the first day was to row at a leisurely pace, stop at all the harbors and marinas that looked interesting, have lunch at a waterfront restaurant in Portsmouth, and stop in Bristol. This would have been about 15 miles. But rowing was easier

New Touring Rowboat For Two Lets Rowers See Where They Are Going

By Ron Rantilla, Ron Rantilla Rowing Systems, Warren, Rhode Island

than we expected. As we approached Bristol Harbor we were ahead of schedule, and it was such a beautiful day we decided to continue on to our homeport of Warren, for a distance of about 21 miles that day.

The second day was also done at a leisurely pace. We started in Warren and rowed to Providence. Including side trips, we covered about 16 miles and made it to Providence in time for lunch.

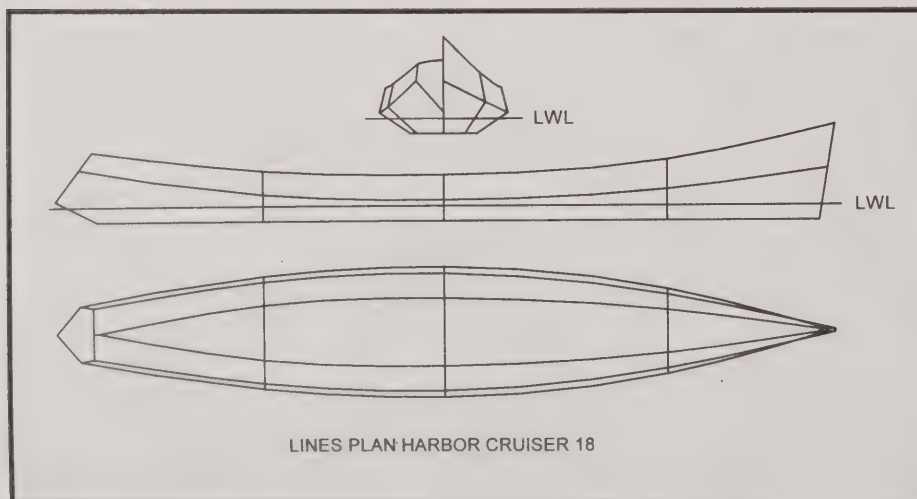
The Harbor Cruiser 18 has an overall length of 18'2" and a beam of 36". The hull planking is marine plywood with a fiberglass exterior. It has mahogany gunwales and the frames are cherry. It is powered by two Frontrower™ forward facing rowing stations. The rowing stations are easily removed and

can be repositioned so the boat can be rowed as a double, a single, or as a single with a passenger. The bare hull weighs about 70 lbs. Weight, including two rowing stations and oars, is about 120 lbs. The 22" bow rise gives it a distinctive look and makes a good place to keep things dry. Hard chines give directional stability and minimize sideslip in the wind. There is no skeg or rudder. The reverse transom minimizes weight while maximizing the waterline length. The Harbor Cruiser 18 is fast and should make an interesting open water doubles racer.

We have been touring in rowboats for many years. We used to row in separate boats but I like to row a little faster than Elizabeth. This means that I have to slow down and wait for her to catch up and I feel like I am always pushing her. But with both of us in the same boat, this problem goes away. I can row at whatever power level I want, and Elizabeth can row at whatever power level she wants. The power gets added together. We just have to keep the same rhythm. It is much more efficient and we travel a lot faster than we would in separate boats. And it's more fun because we can talk to each other.

Elizabeth converted from rear facing rowing to forward facing rowing about six years ago. "I was in a rowing club that emphasized racing and how many miles you could log rowing up and down the same stretch of river," she says. "When you are rowing a rear facing boat like a shell, you don't want any distractions, you want everything to be the same. Even the wake from a small motorboat can be an irritation. I liked being on the water, and I liked the feel of the sculling stroke, but I got tired of seeing the same landmarks over and over again. It was no longer an adventure. With forward facing rowing I can see where I am going and this means that I can row anywhere I want without worrying about crashing into something. The boats we use are more seaworthy than rear facing rowing shells so we can go out in open water. I like rowing where there are interesting things to see, boats, bridges, or wildlife. But I can't do this in a rear facing boat."

The Harbor Cruiser 18 is available built to order for \$5,800 complete with two rowing stations and oars. A kit version is also available. A videocassette tape and catalog are available for \$5 to cover shipping and handling.



How the Frontrower™ Works

Rowing in the usual rear facing position is a problem in congested areas because you can't see where you are going. The Frontrower™ solves this problem. And it has several other equally important advantages that place it far ahead of other propulsion systems in terms of comfort, efficiency, and ease of use.

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It uses moving pedals to develop leg power more efficiently than a sliding seat.

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The unique handles swivel so you don't need to rotate your wrists.

The handles position your hands with the palms facing inward rather than downward for a more comfortable and powerful pulling position.

Here is how it works. You sit down in the seat. There is a pedestal in front of you. Attached to the pedestal are two oars and two pedals. The pedals are linked to the oars by ropes and pulleys. The oars have oarlocks on the innermost ends rather than in the middle like conventional oars. Springs built into the system lift the oars up out of the water, rotate them into the feathered (horizontal) position, and pull them forward, ready for the power stroke. They will remain in this position unless you pull on the oar handles or push on the pedals.

You adjust the seat to a comfortable position, setting the backrest angle and adjusting the distance from the oars like you would adjust a car seat behind the steering wheel. To take a power stroke, you can pull on the handles or push on the pedals

or do both. Let's say you push on the pedals. The oars immediately rotate into the squared (vertical) position and drop into the water. You continue pushing until your legs are fully extended. The motion of the oar blades in the water drives the boat forward. When you stop pushing, the oars immediately rise up out of the water and rotate into the feathered position. As you draw your legs back, the oars return to the forward position, ready for another power stroke.

The pedals are independent so you can work the oars one at a time or both together. If you pull on the handles, the oars work in exactly the same way as pushing on the pedals. If you work the pedals and the handles together, you combine the power from your legs and your arms. This is functionally the equivalent of sliding seat rowing, but with the advantage of not moving your body fore and aft.

The handles are unusual and they are a major advancement to rowing. The handles swivel so that your wrists do not need to. This eliminates wrist rotation for feathering and for following the oar path as it swings its arc. And they position your hands with the palms facing inward rather than downward. This allows better use of the large bicep muscles for pulling and relieves stress on the forearms.

To back the boat up you grip the oars directly to override the feathering mechanism. Then you push them down into the water and forward for the reverse power stroke.

For more information, contact Ron Rantilla Rowing Systems, 30 Cutler Street, Suite 207, Warren, RI 02885. Phone (401) 247 1482. Web site: www.frontrower.com.

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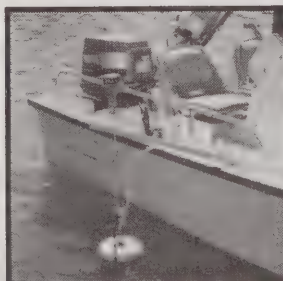
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Bolger on Design Fast Light Cruiser

Design #148

30'0" x 7'10"

Displacement about 2-1/2 tons

This design was made over 40 years ago, but it still looks good. It was the first of these "truncated deep-vee" hulls I designed. It was actually designed to a keel that faired back from the stem profile shown and ended in a level line about 15" below the final flat bottom. The deadrise would have been 35 degrees and the boat would, of course, have been unstable without ballast. The point of the vee was then sliced off at a height that generated a flat bottom, or wide keel, just under 4' wide. The result is a shape that planes on the flat center bottom with very low drag, but has huge reserve buoyancy and stability. There is no tendency to heel over at high speed and the boat banks to a controlled altitude in sharp turns. She does not skid because, as she banks, the angle between the flat bottom and the sharply rising bilge panel cuts through the water and holds her through her turn. This all works up to as high a speed as I find worthwhile considering, at least 40 knots.

The spray strakes shown here, imitating those of the deep vee boats, are not necessary as later designs proved. A spray rail up at the top of the bilge panels is effective. The lower strakes do serve as stiffening for the bilge panels, but we now do the same job with internal stiffening and save the drag that the external rails produce. The poor photo shows the low and close-in spray pattern this shape produces, but it also shows the lowest strake producing turbulence that implies some drag, and it is throwing spray outwards that would have stayed under the boat if the bilge panels had been left clear.

The boat shown was built by George Friedrich of Massapequa, Long Island, New York, for use in the inlets out of Great South Bay. He added the small flying bridge to see better where the shoat spots were in the inlets. The single engine option was chosen for lightness, using a Dearborn Interceptor (a Ford derived gasoline engine that was popular at the time) developing 165 horsepower. With an Eaton 1/0 drive of 1.47:1 reduction gearing, propeller 13" by 14", Friedrich supplied a speed table at 13 different engine speeds (how wonderful if every owner did as much!) which I'll summarize as 23.45 mph at 4200 rpm, 18.15 at 3250, 14.02 at 2800, and 9.21 at 2200. "...averages 2.6 gallons per

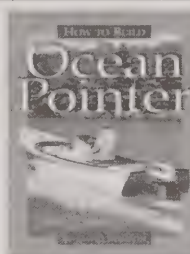
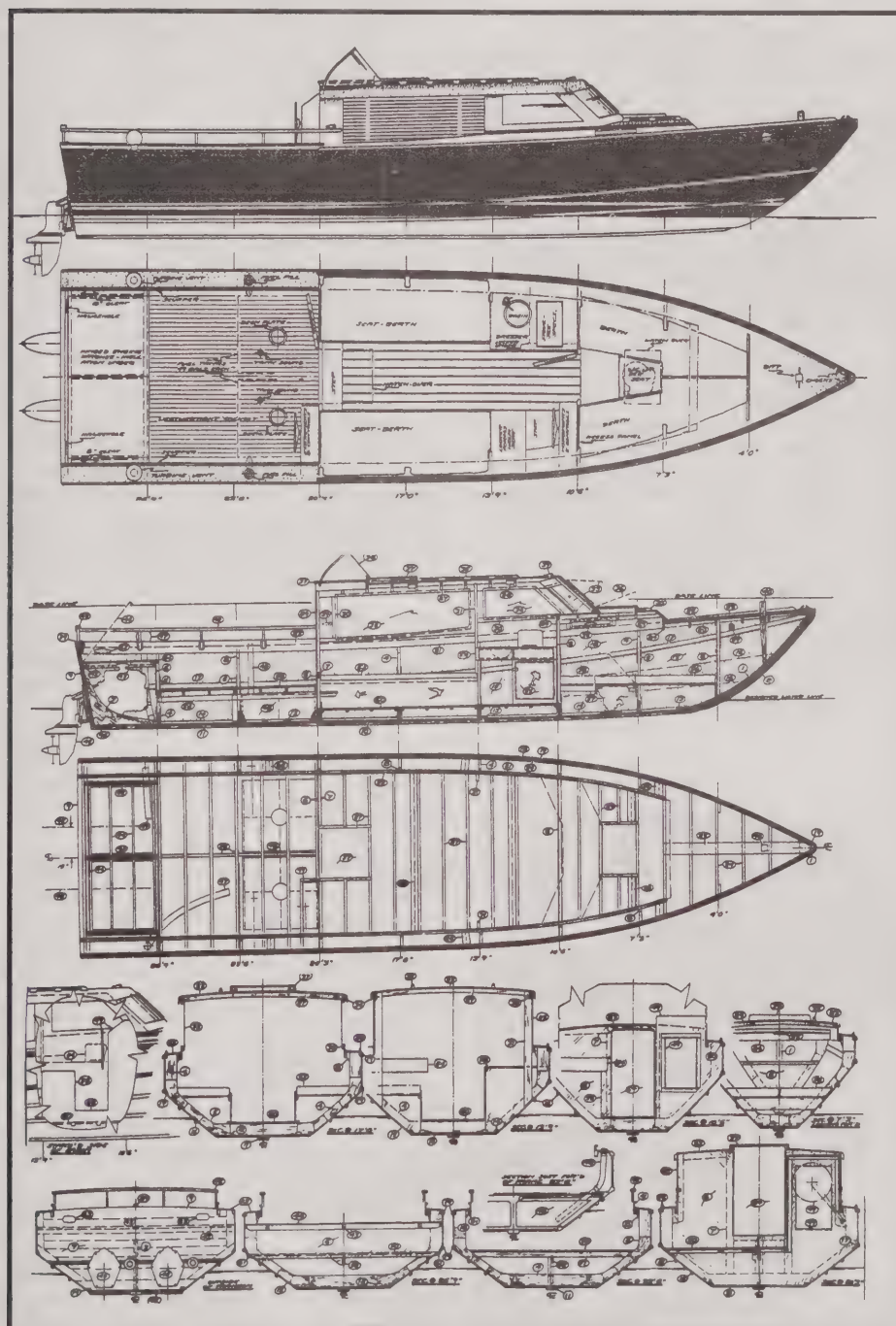
hour for the 250 hours running so far. This comprises normal boat operations cruising when appropriate at 2800 to 3100 rpm." Call it six miles per gallon. "She is a very dry boat. The transition from displacement to plane is smooth, effortless, and level even when loaded."

He says nothing about her quality of ride. I guess that the reason that hulls of this type don't outnumber deep vees is that they're supposed to be hard riding. No doubt they are in some conditions, but having experienced thunderous slamming in some extreme deep vees, I doubt that this model is much, if any, worse. The "suspension travel" is not there to smooth the action appreciably in any hull that has to carry her bow clear of the crests of the waves. If you grant that, the "truncated vee" shape has every other good quality going for it, including space efficiency as the sections indicate. Keeping the cabin

headroom to 4'10" contributes to her sleek style and light weight, the main cabin with its big windows at comfortable sitting eye level is a pleasant place to sit, at rest or underway.

This design was made before it was customary for a designer to furnish prefabrication expansions, and even now many think that in boats this size the builder should know lofting from designer's offsets. A small boatbuilding shop could readily make up patterns to prefabricate all the panels of this hull, which would allow prefinishing them flat on floor or bench with no subsequent sanding of epoxy runs (the design did not call for full fiberglass sheathing but, of course, should have it now).

Plans of Design #148 are available for \$300 to build one boat, sent Priority Mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc. P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



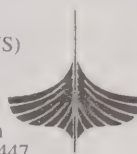
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They're back! Sleek, furred, and entertaining, the harbor seals have hauled out on the rocks supporting the day beacon at the confluence of the Ipswich River and southernmost flow of Plum Island Sound. It seems fitting that they returned on the morning after the Winter Solstice. It's been exceptionally mild the past few days. Kurt and I sat by the fire pit last night toasting the moon and the longest night with hot cider fortified with "Naval Rations." As we enjoyed the mild weather, somewhere north and east of us the family of seals was homing in on the rocks out front.

This is the same group that I've observed the past three years. There's a large male and five smaller (females?). One of the smaller ones is all gray, either from age or odd pigmentation. The personalities are easy to identify, even from this distance. The largest always takes the rock the beacon is set into, it's the highest of the formation. One or two smaller seals will range themselves below him.

Off to the right of the main rock outcropping is a second group, where the larger gray seal takes the high ground and has three to four smaller dark forms ranged below her station. As the tide comes in, the lowest seal on the pile rolls off into the water. Even with open space on the rocks around, I haven't seen this animal attempt to rejoin the two groups after abandoning its position. As the water level rises, subsequent animals roll off into the currents. The last to leave, often in a choreographic pas de deux, the bull and senior female roll off and disappear. Once they've entered the water, they don't pop back up nearby.

My imagination, running in full IMAX 3D, travels with them as they range up the sandy canyons heading north into the protein rich streams and inlets. Like a pack of border collies, they'll herd fish into the shallows and nip in to pick out their breakfast.

I'm surprised there are no boats on the sound this morning. If ours weren't settled under wraps for the season, I'd be out there messing about. Well that was then, BEFORE winter arrived on Christmas day. A mere four days after almost shirtsleeve temperatures, we were battered down and feeding the wood



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

They're Back!

stove as the power came and went with the whims of the northeast wind as it snapped 150-lb. test cording, peeled back the cover on the dory, and lifted the Melonseed and trailer off its 18" high tongue support. Life here on the coast is certainly variable.

Writing on an almost daily schedule, chronicling the changes and happenings outside my Window on the Water, I am continually surprised by the variety of things that occur. Before moving out to the coast we had lived tucked into a grove of huge evergreens that modified and tempered the effects of the weather. Even at the new house, where we had cleared a meadow above the brook, we never felt the full force of the wind. I certainly never spent any time considering what was happening 12 miles downstream during the winter storms.

With a few portages around man-made dams and careful navigation through the swamps and marshes, we could have left Boxford by canoe and paddled our way to this cottage on the Sound. It may be a good trip to take come spring before the black flies arrive, or perhaps a nice trek after the last of

the October deer flies. Now that could be a real messy messing about.

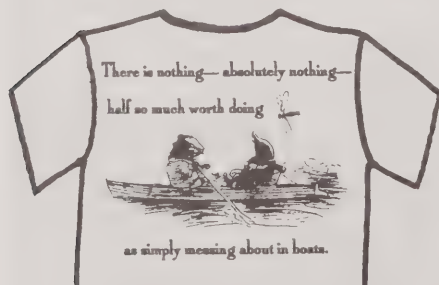
As a teenager eons ago I did a partial trip with a friend whose dad was good enough to meet us and drive us to the next unobstructed parts of the river. I remember coming through Ipswich and needing to haul out above the Ebsco Dam site, then being scared of the rapids behind the Heard House. Seeing the drop at the bridge there today makes me wonder at the courage or foolish bravado of that Boy Scout working on a navigation badge. We had to have come through there on a near full tide as it would be a mini "Deliverance" adventure to consider it any other time. With the advent of cell phones and a chase truck to meet us if needed, it could work as a two-day trip down the reaches of Fishing Brook, out into the Ipswich River, and home to the Plum Island Sound. Here's a good reason to build that Platt Monfort ultra light open paddling craft.

January started out like a woman with a shopping list. If there was a type of weather to be had that wasn't on that list, it was only because Florida hadn't released the warm sunshine to the market. New Year's Day began much milder than the week before with gentle breezes and moderately flat seas. As the day progressed we experienced rain, sleet, a rumble of thunder to the north, and then the snow. Overnight the wind shifted from west to northeast and picked up its cadence. Roaring down the coast from the frigid shoals off Newfoundland, it pummeled the cottage and sent icy BB's clattering down the flue.

I was lulled to sleep by the constant soughing of its song, plucked against the shingles. Twice the tone of that music woke me as its increasingly discordant counterpoint unlocked a deeply hidden sense of survival. I walked around checking windows and doors, half expecting a frozen hand to reach out and grab me in the dark. Our whippet is a good indicator of wood stove fuel levels, she is very attuned to the living room's temperature and will come wake me if it gets too cool. She was up and grumbling her concerns at 3:00 in the morning. The wind sucks every ounce of heat it can from the chimney as it rushes by. With this start I wonder how the coming sailing season will shape up.

There is certainly one way the weather could be made to work for our troubled fisheries. If, instead of building in quotas for certain types of fish or limiting days at sea, there was a law stating that you could only hand line as the old Gloucester dory fishermen used to, or go out in smaller craft with the old fashioned nets and equipment, fewer people would want to do it and we'd pay a better price for the catch. Iron men in family owned boats would once again rule the seas. No more could the oceangoing vacuum cleaners wipe the continental shelves bare of Nature's provisions. Looking out on the waves and wind action within the relative protection of the Sound, I know it would work better than the Washington legislated quotas with their loopholes and wasteful killing of non-preferred species caught in the non-selective nets.

The seals have beat a wet retreat into some snug inlet to ride out this morning's fury. Even the hardy crows and starlings are absent from the front lawn as Mother Nature keeps adding to her shopping list of weather conditions.



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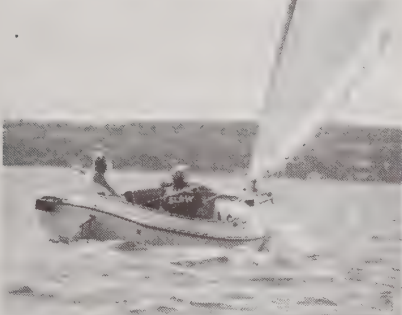
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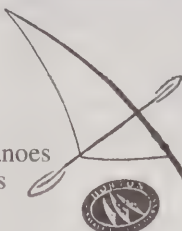


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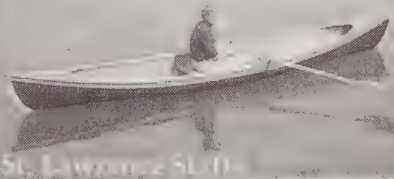
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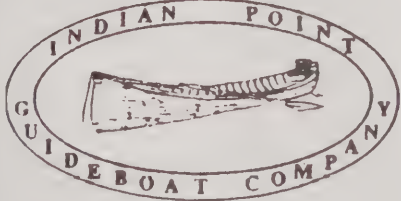
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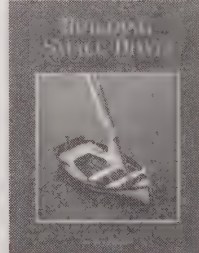


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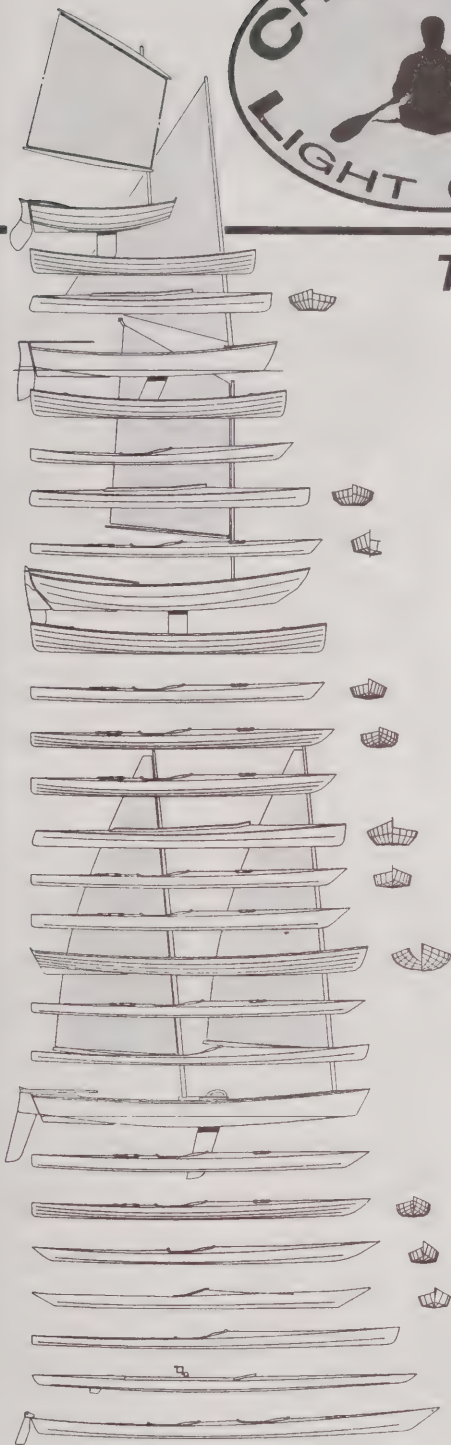
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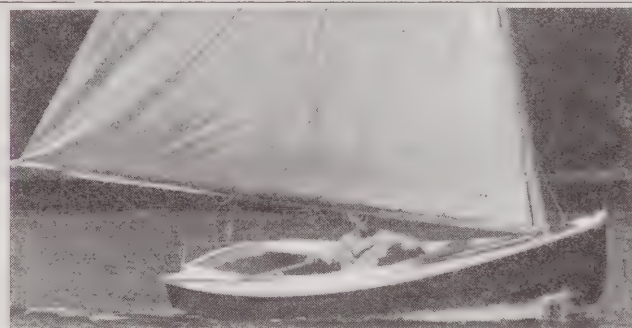
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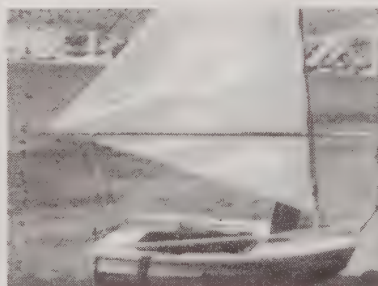
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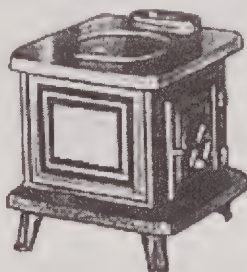
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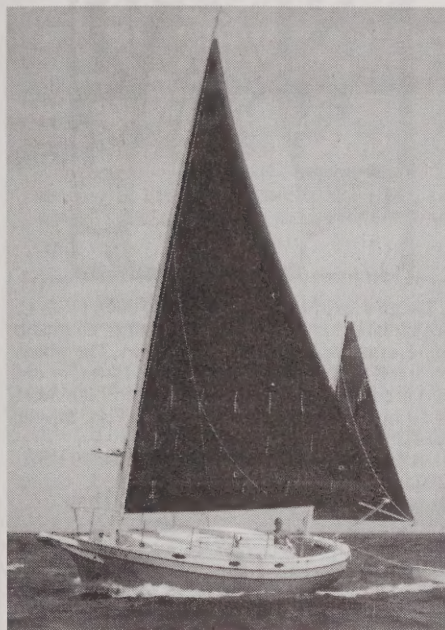
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One of Bolger's Best, able attractive clipper bow, raised deck, shoal draft coastal cruiser for 2. 26' on deck, 10' beam, 27" draft CB up. Professionally blt to highest standards & finish. Gorgeous interior w/2 lg dbl bunks, head, galley. 22hp Yanmar Diesel, Furuno radar, GPS, VHF, depthsounder, Sea-Frost refrigeration. Top cond. Extensive inventory. \$80,000.
PETER MC CORMICK, Marion, MA, (508) 748-2055. (15)



Ranger Minto, beautiful 9' traditional fiberglass sailing/rowing dinghy. Like new, complete with spar covers, new sail, oars, teak trim, the works. The kind of boat that should be passed down from generation to generation. In San Diego. \$900.
DAN ROGERS, San Diego, CA, (619) 420 4768, CapnDan46@msn.com (15)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

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

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

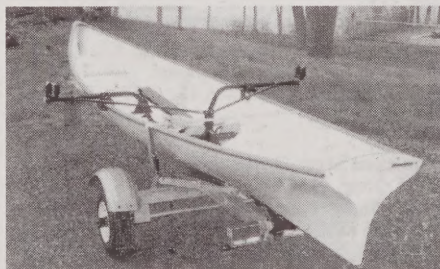
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14'Aqua Finn, by American Sail, Inc., 2001, perf cond. A durable daysailer w/high performance hull design. \$1,500, or \$1,900 on new Karavan boat trlr. **17" Grumman Aluminum Canoe**, gd shape, '70s, \$300. **16'Alden Rowing Shell**, blue FG, spoon oars of Sitka spruce by F. Collar, Oxford, England, extra Oarmaster, '70s, \$400.
CAROLYN GILMORE, Rochester, MA, (508) 763-5206, cranberries@comcast.net (15)

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)

Barnegat Sneakbox Half Models, a few on hand I made over the years. Mounted on mahogany backboards. \$85 ea incl shipping.
BILL SIMONSEN, 4055 Ocean Hts Ave., Egg Harbor Twp, NJ 08234. (15)

'74 13' Boston Whaler, w/'90 40hp Suzuki OB w/power tilt & trlr. Fresh water use only, vy gd cond. \$3,500. **'03 Old Town Loon 138 Kayak**, 13'8" long. \$400.
JON KNICKERBOCKER, Brattleboro, VT, (802) 257 0318. (15)



Stonington Pulling Boat, 16' Kevlar ltwt hull (car toppable at only 75lbs) w/teak trim & bronze fittings & 2 compl Piantadosi Ro Wing sliding seat units. Converts from single to double w/just a hex wrench. Vy slippery & dry, narrow waterline has enough reserve buoyancy for confidence in a chop, w/room for a cooler & beach or camping gear when 2 up. Stern seat, bow eye, flotation compartments fwd & aft. Lightly used, in virtually showroom cond. **PRICE REDUCED** to \$2,550; w/2 prs of carbon fiber shaft sculls \$2,950. Tlr shown also available.)
JOHN SPENCER, Topsfield, MA, (978) 561 1182, jks7@comcast.net (15)



Bolger Tortoise, Shortened slightly to 6'3" so it will fit in small pick up. Has flotation & moveable athwartships seat, & stowage under seat. Makes nice boat for fishing small lakes & ponds, oars incl, weighs 60lbs. \$250.
GEORGE FULK, Tahlequah, OK, (918) 456 6248, gmfulk2002@yahoo.com (16)

'85 Gloucester 16, slps 2 in cabin. Sloop w/self bailing cockpit, steel CB, galv trlr, 55lb Minkota electr OB. \$1,450.
HAL ZIEGLER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-0064. (15)

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)



NY 17' Whitehall Rowing Boat, if you like to row you will love my boat. It is the premier rowing boat. Blt of cedar, oak, mahogany & teak. Sails of tanbark Dacron, jib & sprit main. Tlr galv, wet only once Oct 22 to launch for photo taking. Starting price for whole package \$6,000.
WALT STEIN, Bayshore, NY, (631) 666-6274 anytime (no machine). (15)

George Dyson Aluminum Baidarka Frame, single seat boat blt from kit bought directly from Dyson. Frame is lashed and epoxied but not covered. Strongback incl. \$300.
MIKE GUTHMAN, Fairfield CT, (203) 255-8530. (15)

16' Crawford Sailing Dory, immaculate, blt '99. \$5,900. OB & trlr not incl but available. **19' Simmons Sea Skiff**, blt '91 by Nelson Silva. Self draining wood hull, glass bottom, 50hp Yamaha 4 stroke, trlr. Superseaworthy and well maintained lightweight center console skiff. \$7,500. **11' Zodiac Inflatable**, w/18hp Tohatsu. \$2,000.
PETER JAY, Havre de Grace MD, (410) 939-5796, <pajay@juno.com> (16)

26' Pilot Sloop, designed by Geo. Stadel, '50. Mahogany over oak, bronze fastened, lead keel, Atomic 4. Compl equipped. Original throughout. Exc cond. \$16,500.
VAL THOMPSON, Edgecomb, ME, (207) 882 7637. (16)

Peapod, 15' 10", cedar on oak, copper riveted. Blt by George Patten of Kittery, ME. Half restored. Needs 4 5 amidships frames, floors, risers, thwarts, caulking and paint. A beautiful boat, rows wonderfully, no rot. Incl 2 prs oars, bronze oarlocks, '97 galv Venture trlr, various fasteners & gear if desired. \$1,250 or make an offer.
TAD LYFORD, Brunswick, ME, (207) 729 5075 eves or lv message. (16)

21' Dovekie #1, '78, black hull, green bottom, red boot, tanbark main, small jib added. Sitka spars, mahogany leebs & rudder, cedar seats & flrbs. Compass, trlr w/new bunks & lights, custom 4' ash guides. \$3,200. **17' Montgomery**, '83. Keel/CB FG lapstrake, 2 new mainsails, new jib, knotmeter/log, depthmeter, compass, nav lts, teak & mahogany trim, trlr w/new lts & tires. '92 8hp Johnson OB. \$3,500.
RICK RAMSEY, Ft. Wayne, IN, (260) 747-2437. (16)

Whisp, partially compl w/plans, somewhat faded. Stem, side planking, transom, outwales & chine logs assembled, bldng frames in place. Nds bottom, seats, etc. Help me get it out of the shop, I have other priorities. The perfect holiday gift. Only \$250.
ROSS MILLER, Stonington, CT, (860) 535-0300, boatmiller@snet.net (16)

25' Chris Craft Express, '73 cabin cruiser, all FG. Slps 4, galley & enclosed head compartment. V-8 engine 290hp nds overhaul or replacement, Asking \$2,000. Located Clinton, CT.
TOM DAWKINS, Middletown, CT, (860) 632-0829. (16)



'14 Old Town Livery Model Canoe, ("Most stable 16' canoe you can get"). #30614, useable. \$495. **16' Dory**, antique '20s, exceptional lines & cond. 95% restored w/2 sweep & 4 pulling oars. \$965.
GORDON GEASLAND, Conshohocken, PA, (610) 940-2668. (16)

Wooden Penguin, #9008, a '67 example of this fine Phil Rhodes 11'5" catboat Frostbiter. Light but strong plywood constr, hard chine/arc bottom. 2 sails, orig Hard sail which I use whenever I sail her and virtually unused Shore racing sail that I have never used which came w/boat. Exterior painted Navy blue, interior, spars, rudder & tiller varnished. Yard dolly. \$650 sailaway cond.
LEE TRACHTENBERG, Fairhaven, MA, (508) 999-7280, <FINNUS505@aol.com> subject "Penguin 9008". (16)

15.5' Nutmeg, aka \$200 sailboat w/59sf Teal sail & 2.5hp Tohatsu OB w/less than 3hrs use. All vy gd cond, garaged when not in use. \$375.
DAVID TALBERT, New Bern, NC (252) 514-0507. (16)



27' Nauset Lobsterboat Cruiser, '83 Royal Lowell design. 95hp Crusader Diesel w/740hrs, 2.5gph at cruise, upgraded poly Diesel/water/waste tanks. All molded interior, V-berths, hanging lockers, full galley, CNG 2 burner stove, pressure water, walk-in head. FW deck washdown. \$49,500.
DICK TATLOCK, Mattapoisett, MA, (617) 540-4396. (16)

BOATS WANTED

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

20'+ Weekend Cruiser, prefer OB/alum/glass, displacement or planing. No Diesel, IOs. Some repair/refitting/bad OB OK, but hull must be solid. Day's drive from Albany NY. Up to \$5k for right boat.
FREDERICK SCHREYER, Averill Park, NY, (518) 674 5403 eves, <hanishd@peoplepc.com>. (16)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

A Few Used Sails, such as iceboat/windsurfer sail for sleeved mast; red, window. Luff 11' 10", leech 11' 4", foot 8' 4". \$75.
PETER BROWN, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163. (15)

Mainsail, Genoa, Jib, for Tartan 28. Gd cond, in bags. \$250 for set or will separate.
LEN MITCHEL, Wilmette, IL, (847) 256-0941. (16)

Aluminum Mast, 7" round tapered to about 3-1/2", 27' long, .156" wall thickness. \$350. **200sf Junk Sail**, ash battens, spruce yard. \$250.
FRANCIS DESMOND, Eastport, ME, (207) 853-0882. (16)

SAILS & RIGGING WANTED

Hollow Wood Mast, for 14' Old Town Whitecap (Tinker Bell #2).
LAUREN KATZ, 659 Nassau St., Orange, NJ 07050, (973) 325-3741. (15)

GEAR FOR SALE

15hp Evinrude OB, '58 w/tank. Runs. Free.
JERRY GIBBS, 617 Grand Ave., Grand Haven, MI 49417-2438, gwgibbs@chartermi.net (15)



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

'01 Honda 2hp 4 stroke OB, longshaft version. Absolutely mint, used 3 times since new, possible total of 5hrs run time. Come check the compression yourself. Selling to finance upgrading my propulsion to electric inboard. I paid \$802.90. Have all the receipts, documents, manual etc. Call me and we'll chat. If you are anywhere near NYC I'll deliver.
BRIAN SALZANO, E. Patchogue, NY, (631) 289 3732. (15)

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



as simply messing about in boats.

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

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. T-shirt \$17.50, Long Sleeve T \$22, Sweatshirt \$28, Tote Bag \$18. Shipping \$4.75, orders up to \$25, add \$1 for each additional \$25. THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918, Toll free 877-637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)

4 HP Johnson OB, w/tank. Gd cond, fresh water use. \$300. **'65 Evinrude 5-1/hp2 OB**, w/tank. Gd cond. \$300.
JON KNICKERBOCKER, Brattleboro, VT, (802) 257 0318. (15)

Perkins 3cyl M-30 Diesel Engine, runs gd, Hurth 50 transmission nds to be rblt. \$900.
FRANCIS DESMOND, Eastport, ME, (207) 853-0882. (16)

Ice Box Conversion System, Norcold dual voltage (120vAC, 12vDC) Model SCQT-3407D (40w), believed to be compl. \$50. **Jim-Buoy Horseshoe Life Ring**, Model 920, yellow, gd cond. \$25. **Masthead Wind Instrument**, male plug, cond & mfg unknown. Worth a try at \$25.
LEN MITCHEL, Wilmette, IL, (847) 256-0941. (16)

GEAR WANTED

CQR Plow Anchor, 35-40lbs, also 20'-30' galv chain. Within 100 miles of CT.
JOHN GIULIETTI, Vernon, CT, (860) 836-2764, <JohnGiulietti@comcast.net> (15)

Small Short Shaft Seagull OB, 3-1/2-hp, must be in near top cond. I have same in long shaft version, willing to trade or will buy yours.
Inflatable Boat Rollers, made some time ago by West Marine.

LAUREN KATZ, 659 Nassau St., Orange, NJ 07050, (973) 325-3741. (15)

Datamarine Masthead Wind Instrument.

LEN MITCHEL, Wilmette, IL, (847) 256-0941. (16)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

MAIB, Sept. '93 current (mostly compl, 225+ issues). Also have **Boatbuilder** 3/93# - 12/98. Free to a good home, you pay shipping.
KEN MITTELDORF, Charleston, SC, (843) 406 9491, civil@bellsouth.net (15)



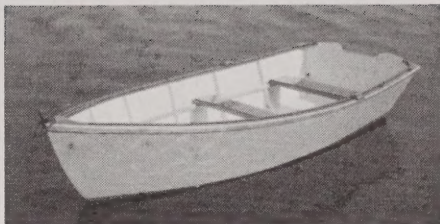
Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.
DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM: Customer photos, **FREE** how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes **FREE** Supplements catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.

GLEN-L, Box 1804MA33, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258
www.Glen-L.com (TFP)



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



Build the Mummichog 12, 11'4" x 4'3. At around 110 lbs, it's easy to row & can be powered by a 5hp OB. Simple tape seam construction. A no scarf option is included in plans. Less than 4 sheets of marine plywood are used. Plans and instructions, \$50. More at www.chogboats.com
JERRY MATHIEU CUSTOM SKIFFS, Box 3023 Westport, MA, (508) 679-5050 or (508) 636-8020. (21P)

"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)

MISCELLANEOUS MARINE RELATED FOR SALE

www.kleppers.org. (TFP)



Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slps up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk.
LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486. (TF)

Charter Bolger Houseboat, Florida.
www.treasurecoasthouseboatrentals.com (18P)



Professional Boatbuilders: I want to pay you to complete my boat, since I've become too old and arthritic to do it myself. It is a pretty, 23' x 7'6" full keel, V bottom pocket cruiser for sailing, w/ OB auxiliary power, blt to Sam Devlin's Arctic Tern design. I hope to be sailing it as early as summer, 2004. Get preliminary details by phone, come see the project at my expense if it sounds good. The boat can be trucked to your place to work on or, if you're close and want to commute, left in my gas heated shed, equipped with the FEIN System and other capable tools. My infrequent help might be an option, but only if you like the idea. I hope this may be a nice opportunity for you. If you are not a "pro" boatbuilder, but know someone who might be interested, please let them know about this ad. Thanks!
CARROLL HUNTINGTON, Dover, MA, (508) 785-1285. (15)

"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord" (Deut 16:16)

Needed: Boats and nautical gear

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

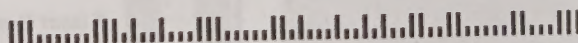
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