

PHILLIPS LIBRARY
PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM

EAST INDIA SQUARE

SALEM, MA 01970



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 18

February 1, 2004



Special Features This Issue

"Crabclaw Cat Update" - "The York Ledge Monument" - "Fixing a Broken Shell"

messing about in BOATS

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

Volume 21 - Number 18
February 1, 2004



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

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

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

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

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



My day usually peters out around 4-5 PM after 10-11 hours going at it. I get to my desk at 6 AM so I can get most of my magazine work done by noon and then devote afternoons to all the other demands that surround me here. Many are, of course, self-imposed, but as with most of us, there remains a ready list of "to dos." I used to forge on until supper at 6 PM but my daily energy supply is down a bit now and 10 hours seems to use it up.

While awaiting supper I sometimes watch the TV for anything that might catch my attention. The Weather Channel gets attention when they are talking to New England, as whether or not the next day will be a good "outdoor day" affects my choices for the coming afternoon. I find it easiest to shut off the audio and all the inane remarks the Kens and Barbies who talk about the weather come up with. The maps are full of information without their yaddah yaddah. Those of us in New England are afflicted with the annoying habit these mannikins have of standing right in front of New England and the East Coast while they talk. I see all the Pacific Ocean emptiness on the left side of the screen where they could stand and block nothing, but it finally dawned on me that these talkers all must be right handed and cannot gesture effectively with their left hands.

Sometimes Jane joins me as supper cooks and she likes to watch the local Boston news, four channels of it, all full of flashing police lights and screaming sirens, sobbing hard luck victims of the current accidents, floods, fires, etc. I retreat into my books at this point, but in mid-December when an announcement came on with appropriate breathlessness about a boat yard fire that consumed 50 or more classic yachts, I paid heed. It was the historic Crosby Yacht Yard in Osterville on Cape Cod, not just a boat storage yard but also builder over about a century of Crosby boats, mainly catboats but also wonderful sloops like the Wianno Seniors.

This fire destroyed priceless family boats owned and lovingly maintained for generations that can never be replicated, along with the more modern stuff that was stored for winter. Amongst those gone forever were Wianno Seniors belonging to the Kennedy

family. In the aftermath a number of owners came forward with orders for building replacements for their lost boats in time for the coming season. This was a heartening show of support for the yard, but the practical possibilities of achieving this were not outlined in the media coverage.

I contemplated how it must feel to lose a long time family member like a lovely old wooden boat that perhaps you grew up in before taking it over from aging parents. I have no comparable experience with boats, all the artifacts of my bygone life were pretty much disposable once they failed to provide the utility and/or pleasure they were intended to supply. The only comparable experience I could come up with would be to lose my home to fire, for I have lived here since 1937, grew up here, and Jane and I bought it in 1954 from my parents. Our two children, now middle aged, grew up here also. Replacing it with someplace to live is one thing, replacing the ambience of the 67 years lived here is impossible.

Osterville is home to some affluent people, old money in many cases, with lovely old homes on Oyster Harbors Island in Cotuit Bay and on the surrounding shore. It is wonderfully protected from the weather and so attracted the yachting folks of an earlier era. The Crosby family set up shop to build them the shallow draft boats they needed, mainly catboats, and this is why so many old classic boats fell victim to this fire. The Crosby family is no longer involved in the Crosby Yacht Yard, they have a smaller boatyard on the island just across the bridge. I attended an early TSCA gathering there around 1980, fact is that's where I first met Platt Monfort and his geodesic boats when someone stepped into his boat with a heavy crunch on the pebbly beach.

Well, insurance money no doubt will cover building of replacement boats for some, although I found the insurance industry was very reluctant to insure wooden boats when I had my Winslow cutter in the late '70s. Surely though, there will be those who have lost a member of the family and summers sailing on the Cape will never again be the same for them in whatever they acquire to replace their lost loves.

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Window in the Water
- 6 The Joys of Nature
- 7 Book Reviews
- 8 Big Boulders & Floating Leaves - 2
- 11 An Attack by a Nile Crocodile
- 12 Beyond the Horizon
- 15 Shiver Me Timbers
- 16 The York Ledge Monument
- 18 The Jimmy of the Hole
- 20 Exeter Maritime Museum of Boats - 2
- 22 Crabclaw Cat Update
- 24 Nine Point Five
- 26 Building Sleeper - 5
- 28 About Knots
- 29 Fixing a Broken Shell
- 30 Bolger on Design - Light Cat Schooner
- 32 Trade Directory
- 37 Classified Marketplace

On the Cover...

Fred Shell has been perfecting his radical crabclaw rigged catamaran and reports in this issue on the happy results.

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

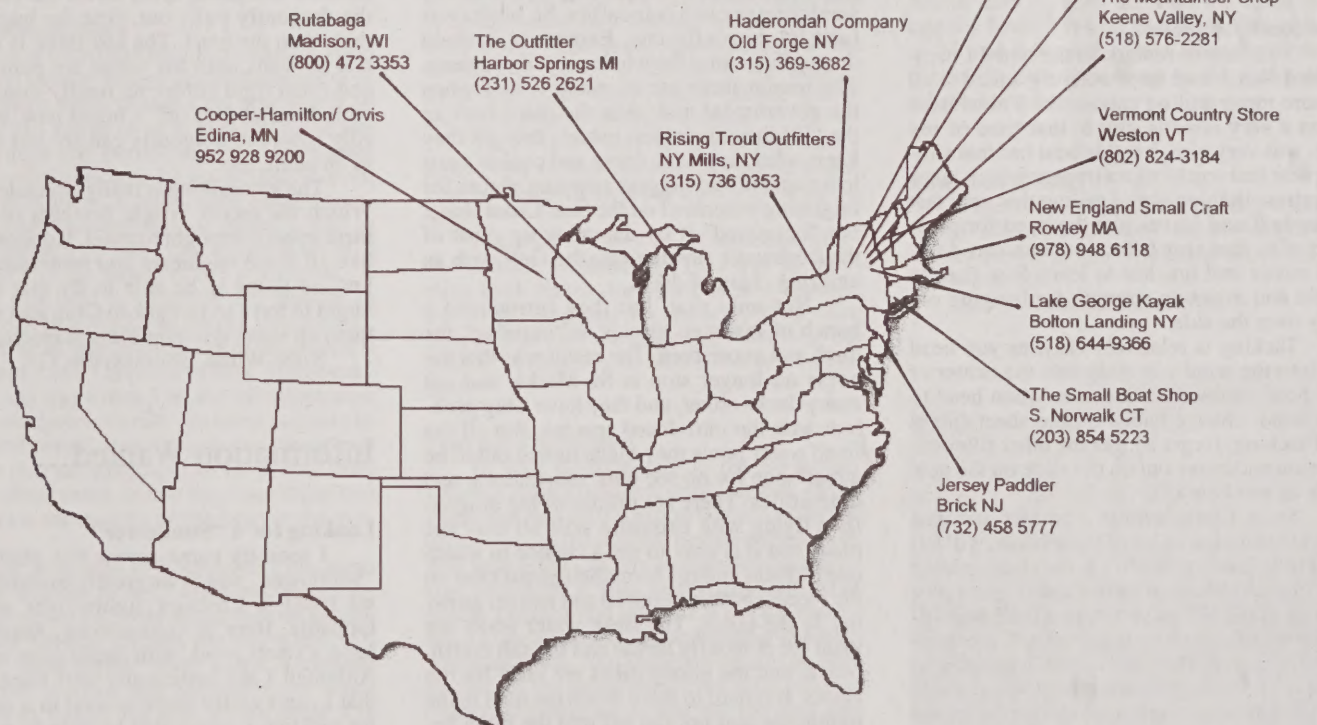
Yachting

the ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT

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

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

Tom Peters, Forbes



Cedar Guideboats

Cedar Guideboat Kits

Kevlar/Fiberglass Guideboats

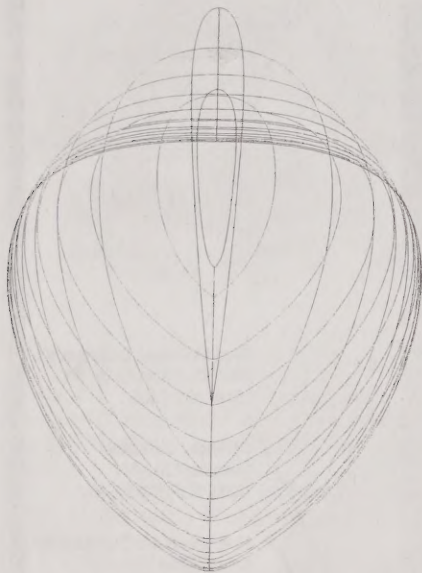
You write to us about...

Designs...

Hull Lines as Art

These are the outer hull sections of a design for a 30' offshore solo racing trimaran. They also turned out to be a rather nice bit of art for note cards.

Dick Newick, Kittery Point, ME



Not Really Athletic

Your recent remark to me when I mentioned that I had once actively sailed a 10 square meter sailing canoe, that I must have been a very athletic guy at that time of my life, was very nice, but this boat has that sliding seat that works like a trapeze which takes the strength thing out of sailing this very fast monohull and leaves just the need for practice with that seat before anyone can do it. It's easier and quicker to learn how than to build and maintain strength for hanging out way over the side.

Tacking is relatively easy, as you head up into the wind you slide into the center of the boat, throw the slide over when head to the wind, change hands on the sheet (jib is self tacking, forget it), get the other tiller extension and move out on the slide on the new tack as you bear off.

Steve Clark, who is a builder and past world champion sailor of these boats, will tell you to balance yourself on the slide to keep out of water like you were a catamaran sailor flying a hull. When you drop a little bear off some to raise yourself up, and if too high feather up into the wind a bit. If you had to bear off too much, then move inboard a little on the slide and move out if feathering leaves you still flying too high.

Sailing off the wind in a blow is a different matter. Now the forces are mostly forward, narrow boat planing, and you can't get out onto the slide to balance, and gybing is even trickier.

Steve named each boat as he built it so he could talk to them. The hull of the Uffa Fox design would be of fiberglass out of a mold with laminated wooden decks and slide. Mine had a yellow hull so was named Buttercup, #150 or #155 I think. I believe she is still sailing around Annapolis, Maryland carrying that name.

Sam Chapin, Key West, FL

Information of Interest...

More About Dragonflies

To me, one of the best regular things to come up in the magazine is Ken Murphy's "The Joys of Nature." I was especially glad to see his dragonfly article in the December 15th issue, the one with the wretched "safety issues" poem and the wonderful drawings from Steve Case of the Baja California Kokopelli. You know, old Thayer and those boys have the right idea. Things don't have to be absolutely perfect to get up and go. Ain't no need for "elderly senior citizens" like us to sit home and make a bunch of plans for when the situation improves...

Anyway, I have always been fascinated with dragonflies. When I was a little boy during WWII, my mother and aunt took me to the St. Marks Wildlife Refuge (a wonderful place) down at the Gulf to go crabbing off the stone jetty. While they were throwing out the chicken necks and pulling in the crabs, I was trying to catch dragonflies. St. Marks was (and is) dragonfly city. Enormous Aeshnid dragonflies cruise the whole coast down there. The reason there are so many is that when the government took over the place back in the '30s they (as is their nature) thought they knew what they were doing and couldn't just leave one of the biggest stopping places for migrating waterfowl on the Gulf Coast alone, but "improved" it by damming up most of the freshwater flowing into the Gulf with an amazing chain of dikes.

Not only that, but they introduced a bunch of invasive species to "improve" the duck and goose feed. The result was that the geese no longer stop at St. Marks, and not many ducks either, and they have a big problem with the introduced species. But all the fresh water pools they made turned out to be a real boon for no see ums, mosquitoes, and dragonflies. There are jillions of big dragonflies flying with exquisite skill all over the place and it is easy to get a chance to watch one of them emerge from their pupal case on the weeds (both introduced and native) growing in the pools. The fresh water pools are ideal for dragonfly larvae and the salt marsh, beach, and the grassy dikes are ideal for the adults. It is hard to drive down the road to the lighthouse and not run off into the ditch because the dragonflies flying along looking in window at you are so fascinating.

It is like that at our coast house, too. When they built the stupid roads over on this sandbed island they dug ditches to get something to pile up to make a better (?) roadbed,

and those ditches raise dragonflies and mosquitoes like nobody's business. I would rather sit on the porch of our coast house and watch dragonflies than watch any NFL or golf event on any big screen TV made. I'll know technology has finally caught up with nature when somebody makes a little model airplane that can stay with a 3-1/2" dragonfly.

Down there at St. Marks catching crabs I learned how smart they are, too. I spent the whole day trying to slip up on dragonflies sitting on sea oats. I was relentless but it was fruitless until I finally managed to snag one in mid air as he (or she...ain't much difference...I'll get back to that) idled along beside me in the breeze. It is easy to see them examining you with their big eyes and swivel necks as they fly along right beside you. I got to examine him pretty good and tried not to hurt him but, unfortunately, he did not do the same for me. Somehow he bit me on the navel with such fervor that it sent me crying to my mother. "Turn him loose and maybe he'll turn you loose," was her advice. It worked, but it seemed like it took longer than necessary for him to reciprocate.

Dragonflies breed in a peculiar way. The male hooks the female behind the head with the end of his tail and they fly around like that just as skillfully as when they are not so involved. They fly in conjunction for a long time (maybe hours). The female (sometimes with the male still attached) lays her eggs on the surface of the water by dipping her tail as she flies along. The larvae are just as smart and predaceous as the adults and have a hinged, extendable mandible that they shoot out and grab other insect larvae, little minnows, and tadpoles with.

When the time comes to molt, the dragonfly larva climbs out on a weed and, when he dries out good, splits down the back and the dragonfly pulls out, first the back (thorax), then the head. The last thing is the tail and he waits until his wings are pumped up and dried rigid before he finally turns loose with that and flies off. A brand new, supposedly ignorant, dragonfly can fly just as well as an adult, too.

The whole thing is really amazing to me. Which the recent Wright brothers re-enactment event is brought to mind. It doesn't look like all those engineers and professional pilots are going to be able to fly that thing... might to have to go back to Ohio and scratch them up some ignorant bicycle mechanics.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

Information Wanted...

Looking for a "Sunflower"

I recently came across this photo of a "Sunflower," which we greatly enjoyed while we lived in Chicago, lightweight and car toppable. Here in Georgetown, Maine, we have a small pond, with larger ones nearby. Although I am sufficiently stiff kneed now that I can't easily move around in a sailboat for tacking, I might still be able to manage this one. I wonder if any readers know if this boat is still in production, or even have a used one which they might sell for a reasonable price.

Hans Waecker, 47 Bowman's Landing Rd., Georgetown, ME 04548, (207) 371-2282



Projects...

Syncopation Sails

This photo was taken on my third time sailing in mid-December in my new *Syncopation* (page 74 in Chapelle's *Boatbuilding*). I've got a few problems with the wheel system to work out, but I promise you I'll have a full accounting soon.

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley, CA



idea you want to consider, you only need to put the idea in print and volunteers will come forward.

I am a charter subscriber, and sometimes contributor, and have come to enjoy *MAIB* more than any other boating magazine I get. It would be a tragedy if it went away. I, for one, do not want some e-zine. Most of my reading is on the couch, in the bedroom, in the kitchen, or (dare I say it) in the bathroom. I do not have computers in these places. And I can't get a computer into my brief case so that I can read *MAIB* over lunch.

Douglas Goldhirsch, Trevett, ME

Editor Comments: I better try to clarify what may have been unclear remarks in that column. My discussion of *Duckworks* was focussed on it as an example of things to come, and that perhaps by the time I had to give up publishing *MAIB* it might be the sort of thing that would be supplanting print publications in all fields of interest. Steam supplanted sail eventually, motor vehicles supplanted horse drawn vehicles, guns replaced swords and spears. So who's to say?

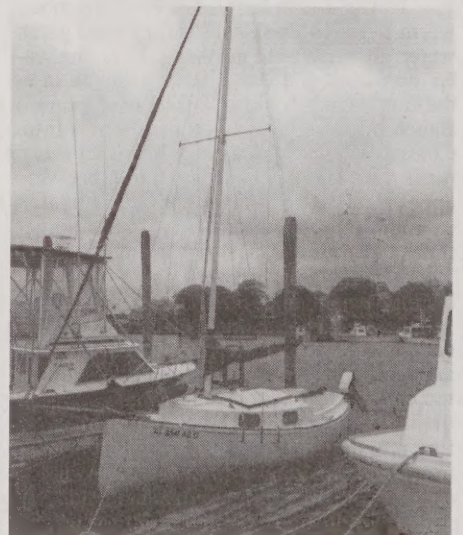
My remarks about my daughter carrying on specifically pointed out that as long as I could sit in my wheelchair and choose articles to be used from the pile of manuscripts, she could put together the magazine. She has no boating background/experience/know how. When I can no longer perform that last vital task, someone else will have to take on *MAIB*. I sold both my previous magazines to interested successors and that's the way it will be with *MAIB*, it's a business and will be sold when I can no longer carry on.

I also said that this is hardly imminent. I could last another 20 years functionally given my genetic predisposition. My mother retained her intellectual powers and good health until age 98, my dad the same until age 90. I still have no health problems at all at 74 and my mind, while slower and more forgetful, still seems up to the tasks with which I present it.

Found in *MAIB*

Thanks for helping me find my wonderful 19' Blackwatch cutter, shown here at her winter home at the Wickford Shipyard in Wickford, RI.

Kevin Burke, Charlestown, RI



Opinions...

There's a Great Difference

There's a great difference between johnny-come-lately bullshit like "biodegradable" and the time and usage hallowed words such as "rode," "sheets," "lead," and all the other terms decried by reader John Sperry in his letter "About Detesting Jargon" in the November 15 issue. Most of our nautical jargon has been around for scores, if not hundreds, of years.

David Kiremidjian, Long Island, NY

Robb Reconsiders

I have been thinking about what all I said in "Land Breeze" about the ridiculousness of the modern trend to make up new words to replace old words so as to customize the jargon of most any pursuit so that the language is so specialized as to be unintelligible even to the intelligent. Reader John Sperry mentioned that the language of boats is just as bad. I guess it is, but I can accept a lot of it because it is the jargon of my profession.

It was hard to reconcile my attitude in the face of that but I was finally able to do it. The virtue of the language of boats is that it is ancient. I don't approve of new "boatspeak" words any more than I do the idiot language of the computer literate. To me it is easier to say "garboards" than it is to say "them two boards that are supposed to fit in that little longitudinal notch in that big, long thing that runs down the middle of the boat at the bottom."

The language of hardware is the same way. It is easier to say, "street ell" than "one of them elbows with the inside threads on one end and outside threads on the other." Of course, most people don't know a carriage bolt from a stove bolt and ain't got sense enough to figure out how to say what it is that they want to the man at the hardware store, but they probably know every asinine word that Mike Rosoff ever made up. It is just these new words that are so unless they are my new words...ain't no nicompoopery spoken around here.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

This Magazine...

Spreading the Word

Your Commentary in the December 1st issue about spreading the word about *Messing About in Boats* in the hope of getting new people interested in the magazine made a good point. We all need to keep you in business.

Some issues have articles I really want to keep, and I do, but the issues I don't keep get passed on to people I know are interested in small boats, or I cut my address off the back covers and leave those issues at the dentist's or doctor's offices, or the barber-shop, anywhere where many people gather and have time to read for a while.

There is no way to tell if this really spreads the word about your wonderful magazine but we each have our own way of trying help.

Jonathan Bradley, N. Monmouth, ME

Editor Comments: This way of recycling back issues does gain us new readers, we do get requests for subscriptions from people who saw the magazine "while at the dentist." Thanks to all who so recycle old issues.

Plan for Transition

In your Commentary in the November 1 issue I think I read you implying that *MAIB* might not make a transition when you decide (or are forced) to discontinue its publication. You suggested that the online *Duckworks* e-zine might fill a void left by the demise of *MAIB*. I assure you that this is not the case! I seem to recall an earlier commentary in which you stated that your daughter would be able to carry on the publication even after you discontinued doing so. Is this not the case any more?

I'm writing to encourage you to plan for a transition if you have not already done so. I would be willing to bet that there are many in your readership who would be willing and able to take over this publication (I would be one of those willing, if not able). If this is an

I'm sitting on the sodden shoulder of a mountain in northern Vermont. It's a long way from my home water, but perhaps the rain that is falling outside the snug cottage will reach the Sound before I return in seven days. We usually come to Stowe for spring skiing. This year we are here for the better part of two weeks in the late fall, using the timeshare we bought to trade into a warmer coastal environment for future winters.

It's not easy to leave the ocean behind, I've become addicted to the rhythms and special lighting of the seacoast. I wake in the morning to a sunrise that is never the same, and end the day watching the special flat "painters" light of the sunset, the "Magic Time." Coastal atmospherics are so different from anywhere else, once it gets into your blood no other landscape can quite satisfy the inner eye's criteria.

Traveling recently to the mid Appalachian mountains of northern Virginia, I was impressed, and almost satisfied, with the quality of light against old mountains and rolling hills. Sunrise arrived over stunning hillsides, the foliage of the trees topping them gathered, then released, the light as it filtered through the top branches. Clouds arranged themselves out on a distant horizon, peeping up over the interruption of earth in the foreground. I knew there was a sea level horizon somewhere, I could feel its presence far away on the Chesapeake's shoreline. Sleeping in Virginia, as well as here, I'm at 900' or more above sea level, it feels different.

Casting my imagination loose with the rain as it runs off the roof, I can feel the water as it slides through the grass in the pasture below the house. Runnels from individual eaves meet and join forces out in the tall grass. The runoff sluices into ancient pathways winding between the trees that guard the grassy verges, finally entering the upper reaches of intermittent streams. The temporary waterways tumble along paths of least

Henry David Thoreau wrote, "It is the marriage of the soul with nature that makes the intellect fruitful and gives birth to imagination." While I certainly enjoy paddling with friends, it's hard to really "get in touch" with nature unless I am alone. There's something so relaxing, so meditative in gliding quietly across the water, observing the birds and the fish, and the wind and the water, becoming one with the environment.

It was a wonderful day for November, warm, sunny, blue skies, clear blue and green water. Due to a mild northeast wind, the water was calm and flat. I put my kayak in at the Gulf Islands National Seashore at Johnson Beach on Perdido Key to paddle the Intra Coastal Waterway. Although it was a Friday, there were few boats out and those that were appeared to be in a hurry with a destination in mind. I had no destination. I think sometimes those are the most rewarding journeys.

Meandering westward down the coastline of white sands, I was thrilled to watch a great blue heron quietly stalk, then spear and eat a small fish. Later I heard the squawk of another heron protesting a competitor getting too close to its territory. There were pelicans diving with seemingly break neck speed, bill first into the water, making big splashes, and usually coming up empty. Not to be discouraged, they'd dive again. Or they'd fly, just a



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Rain on the Mountain

resistance, deer trails or old logging roads become impassable for small forest dwellers but offer adventure for children to float toy boats on. Running into temporary impounding behind natural ponds dammed by beavers or a concrete storm drain, the water rises to overcome the obstacle and rushes on to meet a larger stream.

Joining forces with other tributaries, my roof's runoff will eventually join the mighty south-flowing rivers. The Merrimack with its long sinuous path is far away, and perhaps my runoff won't reach it before being diverted into the larger greedy mouth of the Connecticut River. However, this is my fantasy and I envision the molecules of this rooftop's moisture being contrary and taking an easterly detour to seep into the great aquifer that feeds the Merrimack's source, a small pond in New Hampshire. At the southern edge of a nameless kettle-hole pond, a river of great historic consequence begins as a meager trickle.

Now bisected and restricted by multiple dams and hydropower plants that once turned the turbines of the mightiest textile factories along its borders, the Merrimack doggedly moves its flow to the sea. In places it remains unchanged, appearing much as it did when the first Europeans traveled its shores, pushing back the wilderness. The wilderness has returned in part, second and even third growth pines and maples stand thick along

its banks. While not so massive as the virgin forests, these stretches of woodlands can make you forget the leeches of industry that fed off the river's arteries wherever the elevation dropped at a rapids, marking the ideal spot for a mill race.

Today there are few, if any, businesses using the power of the river. Several small hydro plants generating electricity do borrow energy before returning the flow to the river as it hurries along. The main trouble with the river at these intersections with industry are the storm drains built to carry the surface water from roofs, paved roadways, and acres of shopping mall parking lots. Here the runoff isn't sinking into the local grassy field, it hits the hard pavement and runs into catchment basins. Most grass has been treated with fertilizers and herbicides. These chemicals ride the drains to mingle with the clean fluid from the northern source.

My Vermont water has an easier time mixing with the lighter phosphates encountered today than it would have 50 or 100 years ago when all rivers were natural sewer pipes that dispersed industrial wastes and even human effluents which are now monitored and controlled. People have recognized the value of the river and the aquifers that replenish our wells for drinking water. Much has been accomplished and more will need to be done to guarantee safe drinking water and safe fishing from the river.

My Vermont runoff has traveled a long way to reach the margin of tidal influx just at the edge of the town named for the river. Here on the lower reaches of the river people are able to run boats out to the ocean without restrictions of dams and locks. Most of the upper river can only be navigated in short sections and by smaller craft like kayaks and small power boats. Here on the tidal stretches you'll find large boats tied to piers or anchored out of the edges of the tremendous central currents.

The Joys of Nature



Kayaking Alone with Nature

By George Jacobs

few inches off the water, gliding. There was the eerie cry of a loon. Somehow that sound just makes me feel so much a part of nature. In fact, paddling slowing and quietly, I got within about 25' of one. There were lots of ducks that would take off as I approached, legs flapping the water until they were totally airborne. And there were hundreds of gulls, some of them laughing. And why not? They were enjoying themselves as much as I.

The water held treasures, too. There were areas of dense sea grass swaying gently. Other areas were just sandy, the water so clear that it appeared you could reach out and touch the bottom, although it was over 6' deep. Just below me was a skate, almost in-

visible, being the same color as the sand, but then it gracefully swam away. Later I saw a school of sheephead with their black vertical stripes. And there were mullet jumping constantly. One fish I didn't actually see made a large ripple on the top of the water for maybe 5-7 yards long as it fled.

When I pulled ashore to eat a sandwich from my cooler, I was entertained by a sand-erling running along the beach, then stopping a few feet from me to peck in the sand before running again, legs moving so fast you could hardly see them. There was a crab near shore, sauntering slowly, probably in search of food. And further up the beach were the large footprints of a heron.

Time to head back. Heading eastward, there was a glare on the water, the reflections of the sun and sky. Yes, my soul feels married to nature. I'm imagining that what I'm doing is timeless. Ten years ago or 100 years ago and maybe even 1,000 years ago the water, sky, sun, fish, and birds would have been the same. And hopefully 1,000 years from now it will be the same.

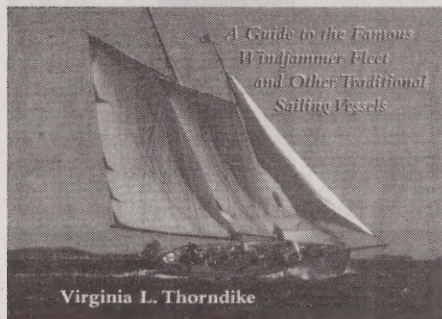
I arrive at the takeout and check my GPS. My journey without a destination has covered eight miles in about four hours. Or have I covered 2,000 years? My mind and body are refreshed. For this moment at least, everything is right with the world.

Just about every town in New England, including Willimantic, Connecticut, where I live, is trying to turn itself into a tourist attraction, inspired no doubt by the success of Lowell, Massachusetts. There is nothing especially new about New England boosterism for the tourist trade. Long before the decline of textile and other manufacturing industries, and even in their heyday, promoters cooked up an imaginary New England of idyllic rural or village charm and folksy indigenes to attract presumably harassed city dwellers. The Berkshires assumed Alpine proportions in brochures and the woods took on the aura of the Black Forest. There is, however, nothing fake about Lowell, or the attempt of other manufacturing centers such as Willimantic, or Thread City as it has been called, to preserve the rich heritage of mill towns.

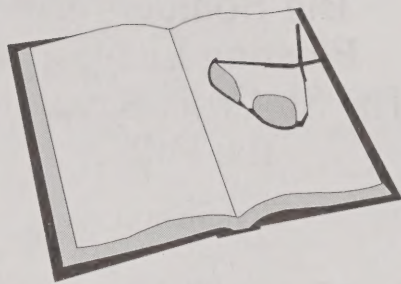
Another genuine attraction which has turned a displaced industry into a modestly successful enterprise to attract vacationers is the windjammer fleet of schooners sailing Maine's Penobscot Bay. Apparently once a term of disparagement used by sailors under steam or diesel power for any superannuated sailing vessel, windjammer more recently has come to suggest adventure, romance, and nostalgia. For those interested in learning more about these splendid wooden watercraft, two brief and excellent paperbacks are available, *Windjammer Watching* by Virginia L. Thorndike, and *Windjammer Cooking*, by Dee Carstarphen.



Windjammer Watching ON THE Coast of Maine



Windjammer Watching provides a brief history of schooners and the windjammer phenomenon. There are professional quality photographs, taken by the author, of every Penobscot Bay windjammer as well as brief histories of the schooners themselves and the people associated with them. For easy identification from a distance, Thorndike provides silhouettes of the boats as well and spells out the unique characteristics of each. I was reminded of silhouettes of German and Japanese aircraft we kids memorized during World War II in hopes of spotting an ME109 or a Japanese Zero buzzing over Staten Island. In a final chapter a plethora of other wooden vessels frequently seen in Maine waters is featured.



Book Reviews

The Maine Windjammers

By Jim Lacey
<Lacey@EasternCT.edu>



Windjammer Cooking, as the title suggests, provides a wealth of recipes for hearty, traditional New England fare which run the gamut from appetizers to deserts. Under breads alone some 40 recipes are given. The book itself, deftly written, hand printed, adorned, and richly illustrated by the author, is delightful. Carstarphen, who spent two seasons aboard the schooner *Adventure* as cook, provides a lively sketch of a typical week on a windjammer, which reminded me vividly of my passage aboard the *Heritage*. In addition, the author draws sketches and gives thumbnail biographies of a good selection of Maine windjammers.

I cannot resist adding that my wife Barbara and I thoroughly enjoyed two week-long passages aboard the *Heritage* with Captains Doug and Linda Lee, their crew, including daughters Clara and Rachel, and an interesting mix of passengers. The first time I saw Rachel, who must have been all of nine, go aloft to set the topsail, I held my breath until she scooted down with the aplomb of a squirrel. On windjammers, passengers who wish

to may serve as crew in a variety of tasks at the halyards or sheets or take a turn at the helm. On one occasion, as I remember, with some 20 members of a sailing club aboard, Doug Lee got more help than he wanted and had to announce that there would be no more course or sail changes unless ordered by the Captain!

One scene etched in my memory is the return to Rockland harbor in *Heritage* under full sail in stiff breeze, blowing past other schooners that had only a few sails working. At the harbor entrance we were cheered by crews of Outward Bound youngsters in pulling boats, to whom we must have seemed an apparition out of the storied past.

Windjammer Watching on the Coast of Maine: A Guide to the Famous Windjammer Fleet and Other Traditional Sailing Vessels, Virginia L. Thorndike, Down East Books, P.O. Box 679, Camden, ME 04843.

Windjammer Cooking, Flavored With Sea Salt and Wood Smoke, Dee Carstarphen, Pen and Ink Press, P.O. Box 235, Wicomico Church, VA 22579.

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

Needed: Boats and nautical gear

Cruising Ministries

6110 Florida Ave.
New Port Richey, FL 34653
(727) 849-3766
cruisingministries@hotmail.com

KITTERY POINT TENDER



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

BAY of MAINE BOATS

P.O. Box 631 • Kennebunkport, ME 04046 • 207/967-4298
43° 20.9'N - 70° 28.7'W

Saturday, October 12, 2002, Day Five: The morning mist burned off for another clear, sunny day. After we loaded the canoe, I climbed the bank to scout around the fireplace area for any forgotten or lost items. "Policing the area has been a habit since my Army days," I explained to Rob. "One time a fellow soldier on our detail found a \$10 bill." I found no hidden cache but was satisfied we had indeed left a clean campsite. When I returned to the canoe Rob chided, "Where's the \$10 bill?"

On our morning paddle I kept noticing more and more billets on the bottom of the widening river, remnants of the timber industry's giant log drives. "The log drives are over," Rob said. "The last one was in the 1960s."

After a few rips, we landed at a thickly wooded island on river right. Rob had heard of Camp Woodcock, a Boy Scout campsite used in years past. We thrashed through the thickest forest of the whole trip, searching for the campsite, but if it had ever existed it was long overgrown.

Big Boulders & Floating Leaves: The St. Croix River in the Fall

Conclusion

By Richard E. Winslow III

Soon we entered Loon Bay, an enlargement of the river, with camps and cabins and an access road on either side. I heard an incessant pounding of nails as a new vacation home was under construction. "We are either hearing a woodpecker," Rob joked, "or someone is preparing for winter."

"I won't take a photo of this desecration," I half-muttered to myself. Rob heard me and countered, "You conservationist. The

way I look at it, man is part of the natural world. We live here, too."

He was right, of course. Columbus, John Smith, and Lewis and Clark, without a second thought, had aggressively pushed aside all natural obstacles as they altered (some would say trashed) the existing land and waterscape in the New World. And tens of thousands of years before their time primitive man and woman, waging their own battle against the wilderness, had piled up rocks at the entrances of caves to keep out the wolves.

I mused momentarily about canoeists. If they really wanted so-called wilderness, they should not delude themselves by choosing a waterway such as the St. Croix (or, for that matter, a river almost anywhere else in the continental United States and southern Canada). Thwarted and frustrated by a mockery of ever-changing laws, easements, exceptions, and permits, these wilderness paddlers would need to strike out farther and farther north to look for a canoeing Utopia, now more illusion than reality. The politicians, lawyers, developers, contractors, and their clients have always seemed to be one step (or one river) ahead of the canoeists. Despite these random reflections, I still enjoyed the St. Croix, a beautiful river no matter what its condition.

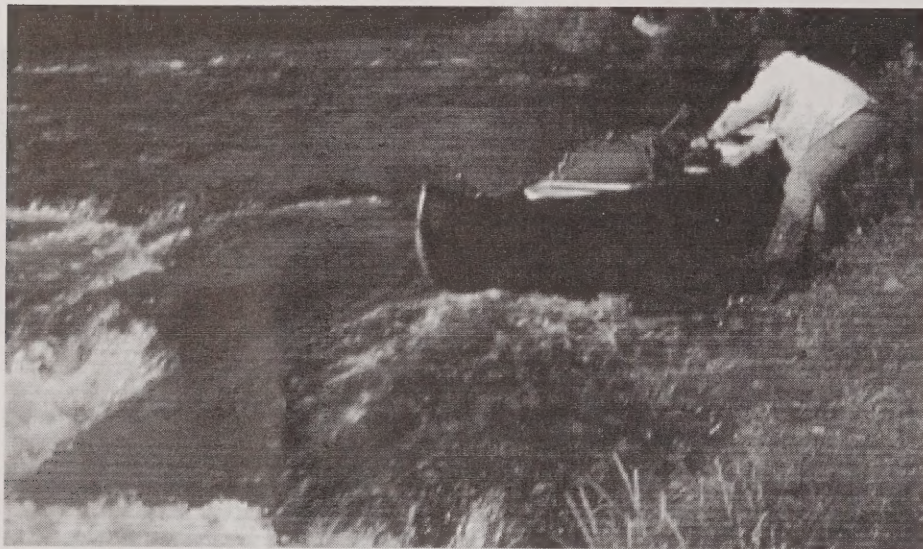
Ahead was the sound of rapids, at first no different from what we had been experiencing for the previous two days, but the river quickly became more throaty. I lost sight of the horizon as the waterline had dropped. Rob took charge and we angled hard river left. We bump landed on rocks just above Canoose Ledge and the rapids. "This is very high water," Rob said. "They must have released the flow at Vanceboro Dam." The level seemed just below flood stage.

"We'll line this," Rob decided. My job again was to catch the canoe deck gunwale as the hull was lowered through the chute in the ledge with a splash and a hard scrape. I caught the canoe and arrested its momentum, my arms and shoulders swinging and jerking vigorously in the downstream direction.

Until Rob poled out to view the ledge drop from below I did not realize the full extent of the danger, even the viciousness of Canoose Ledge, which in turn creates Canoose Rips. The buttresslike ledge wall extended bank to bank, with the easiest run or lining obviously where we had just been. Across the way to river right a boulder garden held up logs jammed at crazy angles. Branches and bark had been stripped from the logs by the constant battering of the raging Class IV whitewater racing around all these obstacles. Green hole craters with foaming white rims were a canoeist's no-man's-land. The deepest hole looked like the open jaws of a serpent's throat, I couldn't and didn't want to see the bottom, which would have brought us too close to danger. Above the din of cascading water Rob yelled, "They call this the 'Suicide Run.'"

Earlier that morning I had made a special request. "Let's have lunch beyond the worst rapids," I proposed. "Once through, I can digest my meal properly." Well below Canoose Rips we enjoyed a relaxed meal, complete with Rob's mother's huge, homemade gorp-and-oatmeal cookies, another touch of home that made this expedition special.

We were ahead of schedule. Soon we passed a campsite known for years by all the



Lining over Canoose Ledge.

Looking back at Canoose Ledge drop.



half-circular channel that looked as though it had been dug by a drunken crew.

On my 1994 trip Marty Brown, along as chief guide, talked up the "secret passage" through this channel at our party's initial meeting at Cathance Lake. After camping at the High Banks site (still its name then), we got up at about 4:00 AM and hit the river without breakfast within a half hour. We enjoyed a mystical, spiritual paddle in the early morning fog and half light, eventually entering the meandering stream to arrive with the break of day at the Egg Point campsite. The expedition cook, by prearrangement, took the direct river route and had the ham frying in the skillet and the coffee boiling just as our group arrived via the circuitous passage.

I was glad I had participated in that special ritual at least once, but once was enough. I had arrived at breakfast with wet feet, needing an immediate change into dry socks. Many shallow, hung-up places in the passage had forced my partner and me to hop out of the canoe and walk it through the maze of helter-skelter boulders. Having paid my dues with that cold baptism, I was now content to take my chances with the direct Kendrick Rips route, a new stretch of the river for me. The run turned out to be quite easy and fun and we soon landed at Egg Point. There is a saying among guides, whether for fishing, hunting, or canoeing, "save your best until last" so that the client, about to return to civilization, retains lasting impressions of great experiences toward the end of the trip. Such memories compel him to return for another outing.

For me Egg Point was the classic example a perfect campsite, pine-needled level ground, tall pine forest, sheltered landing area, magnificent view, and picturesque waterside tentsites. In anticipation of a good night's sleep, I chose a site overlooking Kendrick Rips with its soothing rush of water.

Rob went for a swim, a distinct rarity on the St. Croix in mid-October, then basked in the slanting sunlight of late afternoon. I was envious but declined, still fighting the lingering effects of a sore throat. I would wait until the next trip.

After wrapping up the last chores in darkness we headed for our sleeping bags, with the brilliant starlight shooting through the canopy of pines.

Sunday, October 13, 2002, Day Six: Rob and I celebrated our last breakfast with a most abundant meal, including huge slices of fried ham. Speaking from experience, Rob stressed the necessity of a robust, high-calorie diet on these strenuous trips. "If you don't serve plenty of wholesome food for yourself and your party, a person would otherwise tend to break down, unable to perform the necessary work."

For myself, all the fresh air, hearty meals, and sound sleeps for the past few days had restored my health. My cold was about gone and I never felt better.

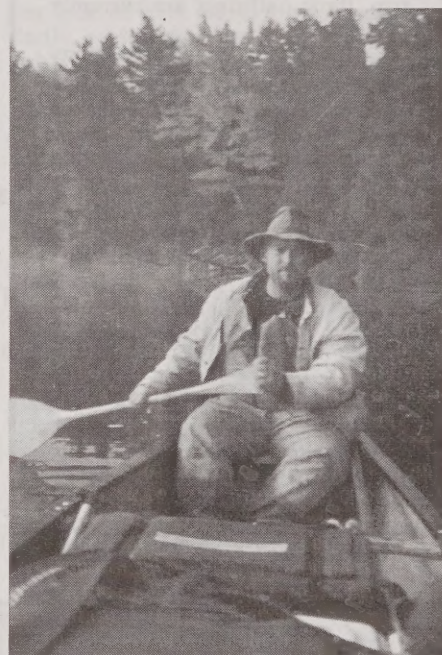
But all this exhilaration was tinged with sadness as we loaded the canoe for the last time. "This wraps up my canoeing season," Rob said. "I'll be putting away the gear. Tomorrow I'll head to Pierce Pond Camps for a few days. A relative runs those camps." Ahead for Rob until the next spring put-in would be a variety of off-season activities, harvesting Christmas trees, hunting caribou in Labrador,



Breakfast in the fog at Egg Point.

guides and their parties as "High Banks," a most descriptive name (back in 1994 there was no sign to identify the site). Now Augusta and Fredericton have tossed aside the informal names attached to many of these campsites and have erected shiny new signs. "High Banks" has become "Horse Island," and slightly downstream across the river "Utah Point" has become "Annapurna." I doubt that few sherpas have ever camped here and, even if they had, the name of that fabled Himalayan peak was totally inappropriate here. In Canada's far North this kind of situation did not exist, there were simply no signs. In fact, many topographical features have remained unnamed, even on the latest official maps.

With such ideal conditions we opted to push on to Egg Point campsite for our last night on the river. I have always contended, when making a repeat canoeing trip, that if one uses new campsites or perhaps a variant in the route it becomes, in a way, a new expedition. The Egg Point campsite was on a large island cut off from the mainland by a vaguely



Rob in canoe cockpit to start a day's paddle.

Into the Dawn of Solitude.



and assisting his wife in her gift shop. I would reluctantly return to the library, my writing desk, and other inside duties without fresh air, whitewater, or moose sightings.

The morning had dawned quite foggy with mist rising from the water. Red leaves along the shoreline shone faintly through the hazy light. We lingered until we could gauge our bearings ahead, then pushed off with increasingly good visibility as the sky began clearing. "There's the exit for the second passage," said Rob, as we swung out into a baylike enlargement of the river. The St. Croix kept widening, not because nature had created it that way but because of the Grand Falls

Flowage impoundment, the water backed up by Grand Falls Dam.

Soon the sky was completely blue, the clearest of days, with shoreline foliage glowing a brilliant red. We hovered off great sweepers, their exposed root systems clinging to the eroded banks more by faith than by logic. Ahead were any number of wooded-to-the-edge points of land, so many, in fact, that the Appalachian Mountain Club guidebook recommends carrying a topo map for navigating this labyrinth up to the Kellyland takeout. Otherwise a canoeist could paddle for a day to find the way out.

We glided along in silence for some time, transfixed by the utter calm and peacefulness, the only noise being the slight swish of our paddle strokes. I savored the pleasant fantasy of discovering this magical place, all to ourselves, at the dawn of time. "It's a beautiful morning," Rob finally said, echoing my thoughts.

I identified with Jack Kerouac's feelings about being alone in a Cascades mountain firetower and gazing at the panoramic view of mountains, valleys, lakes, and creeks. "I had a tremendous sensation of its dreamlikeness which never left me all that summer," Kerouac wrote, "and in fact grew

Grand Falls Hydro Station takeout.

and grew." I, too, had experienced the same sensation on a summer-long geological prospecting sojourn in the Cascades, and then again on a two-month Barren Lands canoeing trip in the Canadian North.

With only a few days' immersion in the special universe of the St. Croix, Rob and I had not quite reached the inner joy and acceptance, it would eventually seep into us if we had opted to stay longer, a blending of the rhythm of the trip, the passage of the canoe, the seemingly endless vistas, and our daily lives. It would seem as if we immortal humans would paddle on forever. Once we had reached this visionary state there would be absolutely no desire to return to civilization, nothing remotely of interest there, each of us just happy to mingle adrift among these incredible spirits.

I snapped back to reality as we arrived at the end of a long canal-like strait to Kellyland and the power generating station with all its tubes, pipes, wires, and humming noises. Soon Jimmy arrived in his van. "I heard a storm was coming to hit you guys," he announced with a big grin, "but I stopped it ahead of time."

St. Croix River, I love you, the canoe trip of my dreams.

Practical Information For the St. Croix River

An experienced whitewater canoeist with adequate maps, guidebook, and common sense should be able to safely lead a St. Croix trip.

For those who prefer a guided trip, three outfitters are currently available:

Rob Scribner, Sunrise County Canoe and Kayak, HC 68, Box 154, Grove Post Office, Maine 04657
Phone: (207) 454-7708
Toll-free 1-877-980-2300
Fax (207) 454-7162
www.sunrisecanoeandkayak.com

Martin Brown, Sunrise International (Sunrise County Canoe Expeditions, Inc.), 4 Union Plaza, Suite 21, Bangor, Maine 04401
Phone: 1-800-RIVER-30 or 1-888-490-9300 or (207) 942-9300

Mike Patterson, Wilds of Maine Guide Service, 192 Congress St., Belfast, Maine 04915
Phone: (207) 338-3932
E-mail: wildsofmaine@hotmail.com
www.wildsofmaine.com



Looking for the Right Boat?

Let Us Build it for You!

The Apprenticeshop

Building and Restoring Quality Wooden Boats
Since 1971

Bring us your own design ideas
or chose from our extensive
boat catalogue

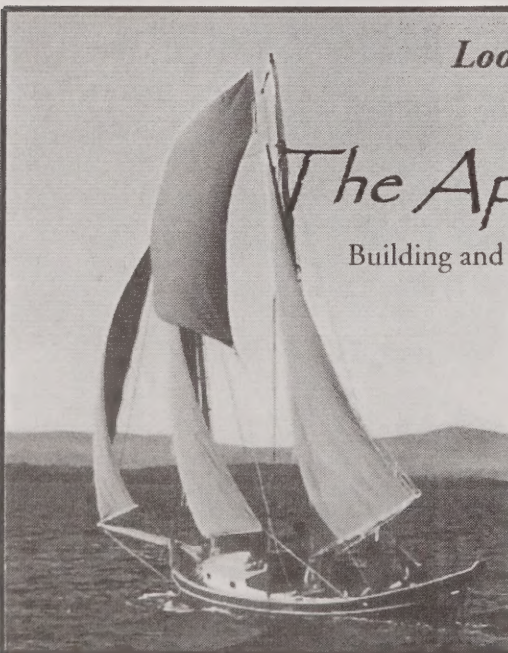
Atlantic Challenge
643 Main Street
Rockland, Maine
207-594-1800
www.atlanticchallenge.com

PADDLES & OARS



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

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



Although *Crocodylus niloticus* Laurenti is well known for its attacks on large animals, including man, that come to the shore for water, it is not so generally recognized that it may also attack small boats. We offer the following note in the hope that it may lead to an understanding of the circumstances under which such attacks occur.

On November 11, 1960, we set out about noon to sound Lake Chishi in western Mporokoso District, Northern Rhodesia. Chishi is a shallow lake with a rather uniform depth of about two meters. It is roughly oval in shape and measures some five by ten kilometers. The water is very turbid, the lake is ringed with papyrus swamp, and it supports a thriving *Tilapia* fishery. The Batabwa who carry on this fishery use paddled dugout canoes exclusively, they fish at night with lights and are sometimes troubled at their work by hippopotami but not by crocodiles.

Our boat was a light, two-man inflatable rubber dinghy obtained from the New York Rubber Corporation. It was greenish blue above and black below with a length of a little less than two meters and a width of one, and was powered by a Sears Elgin 2hp outboard motor.

We had been warned of the danger from crocodiles in the Mweru Marsh in which Lake Chishi lies, and so kept a sharp lookout for the animals during the course of our sounding run. Twice we spotted floating objects that appeared to be crocodiles and moved away from them with all due speed. They gave no sign of pursuit.

We completed our sounding run across the width of the lake and then turned around to go home. A squall came up, making the surface quite rough, and we were obliged to attend to the boat closely to keep it from swamping. While we were thus occupied, and when we were approximately in the middle of the lake, a large crocodile attacked the bow of the boat from beneath the water. In its first rush it burst the bow compartment, collapsing the front half of the boat, and raked the senior author across one buttock with two teeth, leaving a bruise, but the skin was not broken.

The crocodile then rose up and threshed around so that the entire boat was alive with its activity. The junior author attempted to kick the boat off its back through the canvas floor and was promptly seized in the animal's jaws by one foot. Some desperate kicking freed the foot, whereupon the crocodile surfaced and began coming in over the side of the intact stern half of the boat.

Its muzzle was very broad, even broader than the muzzles of crocodiles four-and-a-half meters in length. It was pale gray and green in color and the pupils of its eyes were closed to narrow slits. It was about half a meter from the eye to the tip of the snout and something over a meter broad across the back. Crocodiles of such a size are occasionally taken by professional hunters in other lakes and are probably not unusual in places like Chishi where hunting is not permitted.

As we were without weapons of any kind, the senior author aimed a blow with a hollow aluminum oar at the eye, but the great activity of the crocodile caused him to miss and he struck the snout instead. The blow had very little effect on the animal.

By this time our boat was as limp as a rag in the water, except for the stern which

An Attack By A Nile Crocodile On A Small Boat

By Jonathan Richardson and Daniel Livingstone, Zoology Dept., Duke University, Durham, NC

Reprinted from *Copei*, Journal of the American Society for Ichthyology & Herpetology with permission from that Society and the authors.

still retained at least some of its air. We took to the water and began swimming for shore, rapidly and quietly at first, then more slowly when it became apparent that we were not going to be eaten immediately. The water was rough and we soon lost sight of the crocodile and boat, but so long as we could see them the animal was still threshing about in the water with the boat in its jaws, or climbing up on it in an apparent attempt to submerge it.

We were in the water from a little before 2:00 PM until 4:00 PM. During that time we saw no further sign of our crocodile nor any others.

We have heard of two other attacks by crocodiles on motor driven boats on Mweru Marsh, where motor boats are rarely used. In one instance Mr. Peter Jackson, of the joint African Fisheries Research Organization, was travelling along the shore in Lake Mweru Wa Ntipa. A large crocodile came off the bank, plunged into the water, and pursued the boat, swimming on the surface with its jaws open. Fortunately, however, it stopped before reaching the boat, which was a rather frail wooden one. The attack was repeated by several other crocodiles in the course of the afternoon.

On the other occasion Mr. Ian MacKichan, the Mporokoso District Commissioner, was travelling on Mweru Wa Ntipa in a large native plank boat to which an out-

board had been attached. A large crocodile came up out of the water ahead of the boat and swam toward it, again with open mouth. As it approached the boat it submerged, only to surface again as it reached the boat, to which it delivered a powerful slap with its tail and then disappeared.

Considering all these occurrences it seems that crocodiles are irritated by outboard motors, at least on remote lakes where they are not accustomed to them. From Mr. MacKichan's experience and ours, one might conclude that it was either the sound of the outboard or the sight of the cavitating propeller that stimulated the animals to attack. The opacity of the water in both lakes, however, is very great and Mr. Jackson's experience seems to indicate the sound alone is adequate.

It may seem curious that our crocodile stayed with the boat instead of coming after us. It had an excellent view of us from a distance of less than a meter and can hardly have been unaware of our exit from the boat. We are tempted to speculate that the instinctive drive of a crocodile to submerge whatever it has sunk its teeth into is very strong. Ordinarily, even with quite large animals, this behavior pattern is successful. Even a partially deflated pneumatic boat, however, would be very difficult to submerge. By the time that was accomplished we may have been out of sight in the rough and turbid water of the lake, the noise of the waves may have drowned out the sounds of our swimming, and the gasoline from our outboard may have prevented the crocodile from trailing us chemically.

We wish to express our thanks to both Mr. Jackson and Mr. MacKichan for a critical reading of this paper in manuscript. This research was carried out during tenure of a John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation Fellowship by the junior author and was supported by a National Science Foundation grant to Duke University.

Editor Comments: Readers may wonder how this report came to us, well, we can all thank Robb White.





NORSEBOAT

SAILING & ROWING CRUISER

This innovative 17'6" adventure craft designed by Chuck Paine is lightweight, seaworthy, beautiful, affordable...the stuff legends are made of!

NorseBoat Ltd.
tel: 902-659-2790
fax: 902-659-2419
info@norseboat.com
www.norseboat.com

International Scene

The *Prestige* teakettle is still boiling. In September, a prominent member of one classification society said, "In the case of the *Prestige*, all logic and historical precedent was contradicted through the imposition of legislation and rules before the underlying cause of the accident has been scientifically determined. Ships trade worldwide and need a common set of rules. The potential for conflict and confusion seems enormous. We must elevate our investigative process closer to that of the aviation industry." Ten months after the accident and resulting pollution, the European Parliament overwhelmingly voted to establish a temporary committee to investigate the causes and consequences of the *Prestige* disaster, this despite two previous rejections. And questions are still being asked about the terms of reference for a EC investigation committee.

Meanwhile, the P&I Clubs say they form the base for commercial shipping in spite of the trend of nations to punish every infraction of the oil spill rules. But the P&I Clubs are frustrated that they cannot counter the anti-shipping lobby.

The European Union accelerated the phaseout of EU-flagged single-hulled tankers, the last will be gone by 2010. In addition, the EU banned all single-hulled tankers of more than 5,000dwt, built before 1980 and carrying heavy grade of oil, from entering or leaving European ports. But in a shocking display of NIMBY, single-hulled tankers flagged in countries belonging to the EU and the European Economic Agreement can carry heavy oil anywhere else in the world. Perhaps the International Maritime Organization can clarify this mess in its December meeting.

EU ministers, however, rejected attempts by the European Commission to introduce EU-wide criminal sanctions for polluters. Industry representatives believe that double-hulled tankers will not necessarily prevent all future oil spills.

And the salvage industry wants higher awards for their work. The work of salvors in pollution prevention or amelioration seems not to be adequately recognized and many arbitration awards have been sharply reduced upon appeal. In addition, the SCOPIC rates have remained constant since their inception in 1999 while inflation has been about 9%. Another disturbing trend is the criminalization of salvors at work in some countries.

The Environment

In a rare instance of "fighting back," the German master of the container ship *CMA Voltaire* challenged photographic evidence that he deliberately caused pollution in the English Channel last May. A French navy helicopter spotted the ship apparently at the head of a slick up to three kilometers long. Masters have usually accepted such evidence and admitted guilt, but the *Voltaire's* master told a court he would not have knowingly caused pollution and pointed out that his ship was equipped with an oil separator system that blocked release of any water with more than 15 parts per million of oil. An expert witness testified that the "slick" could have been caused by wind or the passage of the ship. Most tellingly, the helicopter crew admitted that the photos were taken more than 45 minutes after the slick was spotted and they had

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

not taken any oil samples. The court will announce its decision in November.

An abandoned tanker leaked a cloud of deadly gas that killed hundreds of seabirds and sickened at least 50 people in Bangladesh. Officials suspected the tanker was carrying sulphur.

The U.S. Coast Guard updated its summary of Pollution Incidents in and Around U.S. Waters for the calendar years 1969-2001. The volume of oil entering U.S. waters has steadily declined since 1975, with the volume in 2001 being less than 4% of that spilled in 1975.

One has to wonder about the varying severity of penalties for oil spills. The tanker *Westchester* grounded and dumped about half a million gallons of crude into the Lower Mississippi in November 2000. The penalty? Two companies must restore about 20 acres of marsh and build a multipurpose dock to enhance hunting, fishing, and recreational opportunities in a State Wildlife Management Area.

The engineering officer on the *Hoegh Minerva* pled guilty to charges relating to obstructing a Coast Guard investigation of intentional dumping of waste oil at sea. He faces 20 years in jail and a fine of \$250,000.

A Seattle fuel dealer's employee pumped 12,371 gallons of diesel fuel into Sea Coast Towing's barge *Kitsap* without knowing that no state-approved spill-prevention plan existed. The fuel company paid a fine of \$28,242. Sea Coast received a notice of violation but was not been fined.

The Ward Hunt Ice Shelf, the largest in the Arctic and there for 3,000 years, has broken up.

Other Punishments

The Norwegian parcel carrier *Odfjell Seachem AS* agreed to plead guilty in a U.S. court to participating in an international cartel in an illegal manner. The company will pay a \$42.5 million fine while two officers of the company also pled guilty. One will pay a fine of \$250,000 and serve four months in jail while the other will pay \$25,000 and serve three months.

Hard Knocks

During the windy night of October 8, 16 vessels had problems in the Bay of Eleusis (home to many laid-up or arrested ships). Four ships went adrift and then aground, five ships needed tug assistance, six went adrift (and apparently hit nothing), and two collided. No injuries, no pollution, some damage.

The jackup oil rig *Parker 14* collapsed in the Gulf of Mexico, injuring eight of the 41 workers on it.

As this column is being finished, news comes in that the freighter *Sea Elegance* is on fire off the Durban coast and fire fighters from Natal, brought in by helicopter, are concerned that cargo may contain explosive materials that may combine with a light rain to cause an explosion. Passengers and crew are being removed by tugboats and a search is on for a crewman who jumped overboard.

Australian safety authorities have decided that the pilot was asleep "in an inappropriate area of the passage" when the bulk carrier *Doric Chariot* ran aground on the Great Barrier Reef last year. Criminal charges have been laid against the ship's owner, its master, the officer of the watch, and the pilot. The use of pilots is compulsory but a pilot is on duty for some 40 hours during passage along the Reef and this pilot "was likely to have been experiencing a significant level of tiredness." He sat down on a day bed and, unfortunately, fell asleep.

Salvage

In Pakistan, the government, on behalf of Karachi port officials, arrested the entire Greek salvage team for nonpayment of outstanding expenses and detained its equipment and chartered vessels used in the operation. The team had just finished removing oil remaining on the stranded tanker *Tasman Spirit*, which had broken apart and dumped much of its oil cargo. The salvage company said the bills hadn't been paid because they hadn't been received and the company now had no intentions of bidding for removal of the wrecked tanker. The company further stated it believed the Pakistani acts were intended to apply pressure on the American P&I Club so it would provide a \$1 billion guarantee covering the pollution.

Next, officials arrested seven crew members of the grounded tanker plus the Greek salvage master and detained them after the end of the official inquiry on September 26. Authorities would not discuss the nature of charges except to state there were five criminal charges and one maritime-related charge against the crew members. Apparently, these charges relate to negligence in navigation and in the handling of explosives and combatant materials endangering lives. Repeated attempts by the Greek embassy have failed to discover the charges against the salvage master.

The container ship *Sealand Express* was finally pulled from its berth off a sandy shore in Table Bay at Cape Town. It took several tries by large tugs including the *John Ross*, one of the world's three most powerful tugs, plus furious digging by a high capacity dredge. When the ship ran aground last month, it ended up against or on an old shipwreck, probably a sailing ship from the first half of the 19th century. When the ship was dry-docked, lodged in its starboard bilge keel were two broken cannon balls, some pieces of pig-iron ballast, and a piece of wooden planking. Marine archeologists are eager to investigate further.

Navies

The Royal Navy had hoped for two multi-purpose aircraft carriers but will have to settle for much less. Design conflicts between British contractor BAE and French contractor Thales have meant that command-and-control systems and multi-role capabilities have been removed and the ships may even be shortened so they will handle only 20 Joint Strike Fighters instead of the original planned 48. Cost estimates have soared from £2.8 billion to perhaps £4 billion. The ships still exist only on paper.

The Royal Navy's two newest hydrographic ships are laid up. Both were built by now-bankrupt Appledore Shipyard but it is

their podded drives that aren't working and have been shipped back to Finland for repairs.

Australia commissioned *HMAS Parramatta*, the fifth of eight ANZAC-class frigates. Taiwan is being forced by budgetary necessities to retire its seven Yang-class destroyers in order to provide funds for four Kidd-class destroyers it will acquire from the U.S. The Yangs, that nation's most powerful warships for many years, were built during World War II as Fletcher-class destroyers. According to one Taiwanese Navy official, "It is a pity that they will be taken out of service. They could still be used for another 10 years."

Canada is still having trouble with the four Victoria-class attack submarines it bought from the Royal Navy at bargain rates. A serious leak forced one to surface in a rush in September. And the U.S. Congress is about ready to OK the five-year construction of five Virginia-class subs. Such buying in bulk should save the taxpayers some \$80 million per ship. The Navy wanted seven ships at a saving of \$155 millions per ship. And the Indonesian Navy plans to buy four new submarines from South Korea at a cost of U.S. \$220 million each. They will join two existing subs because "at least six submarines are required to pacify the water territories."

At least 20 navy sailors were hurt in Chittagong when the Panamanian-flagged container ship *Eagle Strength* tried to avoid hitting a small vessel and hit the container ship *Banga Briraj*, and then five navy vessels.

Shipbuilding and Scrapping

The French shipbuilding and engineering group Alstom seems to have been rescued by a 3.2 billion euro European union plan, but shareholders didn't seem too confident as the European Commission warned that it would take legal action to prevent France from participating in a capital increase in favor of Alstom. And a French shipbuilders union warned it will not allow Alstom to sacrifice jobs at the Chantiers de l'Atlantique shipyard in return for winning the backing of banks.

German shipbuilders will discharge 1,800 workers by the end of 2004, predicted a joint study by a German university and a German metalworkers union. So far this year shipyard employment has fallen 5%. But Germany's largest yard HDW, usually occupied by naval orders, has an order for four 2,500-TEU vessels for delivery in 2004 and 2005.

The falling dollar could seriously hurt Japanese and South Korean shipbuilders, and South Korean builders are holding back on offering slots for 2007 deliveries. Other reasons are rising labor and steel costs. And in South Africa, that country's rising rand is hurting the ship repair business. Volume remains relatively constant, perhaps due to the yards' location at the tip of Africa, but margins have been cut to the bone.

About 100 container ships in the roughly 8,000-TEU range are on order and the world's first 9,500-TEU vessel, or rather four to eight of them, will be built in South Korea for Canada's Seaspan Container Lines. Seaspan ordered the world's first 8,000-TEU vessel only last January.

The FastShip concept has been around for 15 years but seems closer to fruition than

ever before as some interest in building the 37-knot vessels is suddenly being expressed.

The Philippines Supreme Court ruled that shipyards are not public utilities and are thus open to foreign majority ownership.

U.K.'s Appeldore Shipyards has gone into receivership. Two projects had taken too long to reach fruition and "we just ran out of work," explained one official. Over 500 lost their jobs, but both the landlord and the receiver want to keep a working shipyard. Receivership, however, was not the last act. The company chairman soon had to deny that the company had ignored a very recent inquiry about building four 800-TEU containerships. "This nightclub owner and former sea captain has, on a number of occasions, wheeled up asking for quotations. He has wasted a great deal of our time." Later the company ran an advertisement for the business and several potential buyers expressed interest. But confusion over the pension rights of former workers is also confusing potential bidders.

Greenpeace wants national inspectors in Europe to apply existing national regulations to ships being sent away for scrapping. And Greenpeace wanted scrapping of the Norwegian tanker *Hesperus* stopped because it believed it contained hazardous materials. The Indian environment ministry ordered Alang not to beach the ship but Alang was upset. "The ministry agreed with Greenpeace on hearsay evidence, which is not good practice," said one official.

At Gadani, Pakistani laborers are dismantling the *Sea Giant*, the second-biggest ship ever built. It was run high onto a beaching in the usual style of Asiatic scrappers. A Karachi charity volunteer died while trying to rescue a seafarer who fell into a tank on the *Alexy-II* awaiting demolition at Gadani Beach. And in India, the Gujarat Maritime Board has demanded that scrappers should pay an extra \$543 when a laborer lost his life and \$54.30 for those injured. These payments would be on top of any insurance payouts. And any major fire, explosion, or accident that caused damage but not injury or death, would mean scrapping would stop for up to five days on that particular plot.

China's insatiable demand for steel has caused that country to pass India as the world's leading ship scrapper.

After much protesting by environmental groups who don't want PCBs, asbestos, and the like in the U.S., but also don't want them sent overseas and would rather they stayed in the States, four former U.S. Navy support vessels were allowed by a court to be extracted from the James River Reserve Fleet and they are being towed across the Atlantic. British scrapper AbleUK had received governmental approvals for scrapping the Navy ships, and probably others to come, but the four ships in the "pilot program" may find an unpleasant surprise at voyage's end. The Hartlepool Council voted that permits, granted to AbleUK in 1997 for constructing a drydock in which the vessels would be safely scrapped, had expired. The company disagrees.

Ferries

The fast catamaran ferry *Stena Discovery* was pushed by unexpectedly high winds while mooring at Hook of Holland and did the loading bridge and itself considerable harm. No injuries, though.

The second mate of the Spanish ferry *Volcán de Tauce* stabbed the first officer to death while alongside at Las Palmas. And 160 passengers and crew of the Sardinian ferry *Moby Magic* evacuated the ship after it ran aground and the engine room started taking in water. The master later said, "I want to rethink the maneuver of closing in on the coast. I can't exclude that an error was committed."

A Vietnamese ferry capsized on a rain-swollen river, killing one and leaving seven missing. Fourteen others were rescued by villagers living near the river. And the Indonesian ferry *KM Mandirri Nusantara* collided with the Taiwanese cargo ship *United Gloria*, leaving three dead and 11 injured. Neither vessel sank but the ferry was badly holed.

Senegal held memorial services marking the first anniversary of the sinking of the badly overloaded ferry *Joola*, a sinking in which more than 1,800 died. The country's president was seen shedding tears.

Cruising

Carnival Cruise lines wants some \$2.8 million from the New Orleans power company Entergy because its low-lying power lines across the Mississippi forced the cruise company to relocate its terminal to Gulfport for 18 weeks. High water levels had raised the river by 10', bringing the lines too close to the water. In contrast, New Orleans lost an estimated \$18 million for each six-week period while the cruise ship was in Gulfport. And Carnival's *Imagination* picked up nine Cubans in the Florida Straits and, as required by law, turned them over to the U.S. Coast Guard.

Carnival Cruise's head criticized as "outrageous" the proposal by the Caribbean Tourism Organization for a \$20 per passenger tax on cruise ships visiting Caribbean ports. In an interesting stretch of the group's imagination, the monies raised would be used to promote tourism.

Carnival will not be ordering cruise ships for a while but is considering a pair of giants called the *Ultimate Carnival* and *Ultimate Princess*. The *Carnival* would be about 180,000gt and would carry about 4,000 passengers while the *Princess* would gross about 170,000 tons and carry about 3,000 passengers.

About 1000 passengers were offered the options of staying on board while repairs were made, or flying home, after the cruise ship *Melody* ran into a pier during a storm in Turkey, a bit of excitement that ripped open the liner's hull.

The 28,592gt passenger ship *Astoria* quietly and quite illegally departed London at 0300. Inspectors had discovered its two galleys were infested with cockroaches and forbade preparation of food on board. The master signed a "voluntary detention agreement" but later changed his mind without notifying authorities.

Cunard's giant *Queen Mary 2* has successfully completed sea trials.

Women seafarers are mostly found on cruise ships but are discriminated against, sexually harassed, and their special hygienic needs are generally ignored. So said the United Nations Labour Organization in a recent report.

Australia is concerned that too many cruise ships are visiting Antarctica. As many

as 31 ships, some very large, are scheduled to make up to 170 tourist visits in 2003-2004. Add to that at least five tourist flights using 747s. "The huge increase...makes it that much more important to establish protocols as to how we can sustain tourism in the future," stated Australia's Parliamentary Secretary for the Antarctic.

Sheep

The Dutch-owned livestock carrier *Cormo Express* has not been providing express service. On its arrival from Australia, Saudi Arabia rejected its cargo of 50,000 sheep because of an excessive rate of scabby mouth disease. It said the rate was 6% but the owners claimed only 0.35% were infected. (A 5% rate is maximum.) Australia then banned, at least temporarily, any export of sheep to Saudi Arabia until it is certain that sheep can be safely unloaded, and it seems certain that the whole issue of live sheep sales overseas will be discussed in depth over the next months.

The Saudi refusal triggered attempts to find another buyer, or perhaps somebody that would take the *Cormo Express's* sheep for free. The United Arab Emirates didn't want them. Pakistan was grateful for the offer of free sheep but couldn't accept diseased animals. Kuwait said "No, thanks." Then an onboard fire in sheep feed delayed disembarking in Kuwait.

The latest available word (Day 62) is that the *Cormo Express* has left Kuwait and went to sea where conditions for the sheep are better than the high humidity and heat near shore. Three weeks' worth of water and fodder has been loaded, enough for an expected trip back to Australia. But industry and quarantine concerns there may mean the sheep are unloaded at Christmas Island or the Cocos Islands. The question is, can they handle unloading and slaughter of more than 50,000 sheep.

Back in Australia, picketing kayakers prevented the *Al Kuwait* from docking at Portland, Victoria. The ship is owned by a Kuwaiti company banned since January from exporting livestock due to excessive death rates. Some 28,000 sheep bound for Kuwait are penned near the port.

Big Blows and Big Shakes

Typhoon Maemi ("cicada" in Korean) hit South Korea with 125mph winds and extensive flooding. The typhoon killed 87 and left 1.47 million homes without power for several days. Korea's main port of Pusan was hard hit as winds toppled container cranes and damaged boats. Shipyard damage was slight, however. Crane replacement was initially estimated as taking a year but the port was soon working at 80% of capacity. The government later announced that the port will be fully operational by next March and there will be extensive construction of new berths in the next decade.

A Richter Scale 8.0 earthquake hit the northern Japanese island of Hokkaido, injuring about 500 people and causing some damage. The resulting tsunami was about 4' high but did relatively little damage as it rushed into various ports.

Odd Bits

In September, China started digging a 238-kilometer canal between the seaport Ningbo and the river port of Hangzhou. Hangzhou handles a million TEU a year, but most containers are transported overland to ports such as Shanghai, Ningbo, or Shenzhen for export. Moving containers overland costs more than by water transportation, U.S. \$300 more to Ningbo and \$400 per container to Shanghai. When finished in 2007, the canal should save about CNY3 billion a year.

Twenty-four Panamax ships transited the Panama Canal one day in July, thus setting a

record. These large vessels were largely responsible for another record when 934,488 Panama Canal/Universal Admeasurement System tons passed through the Canal that same day. Normally, the Canal processes about 38 ships of all sizes each day.

China has joined the European Union in the Galileo satellite navigation and timing program.

Off the Texas coast, a female crew member of a shrimp boat laid down in the nets to read and somehow fell overboard. Her cries were not heard so she started swimming for shore some 70 miles away. Some 13 hours later, after a night's swim, she came to an abandoned oil platform. Summoning enough strength to climb a ladder to the deck, she found food, water, and enough spray paint and duct tape so she could make large SOS signs. They were spotted by a searching Coast Guard helicopter. She is grateful for duct tape but will no longer go shrimping.

Two balloonists lifted off from a vessel off Cornwall, U.K., and flew to the edge of space (about 25 miles up) in an open-basket balloon. As had been planned, they quickly returned to earth to warm up.

The registry of U.K.-owned and registered shipping grew by almost 30% last year and may grow even more next year if COSCO, one of the world's largest ship owners, transfers some tankers and containerships to British flag and management. However, there are concerns that there may not be enough trained mariners to man the British ships.

Milford Haven will probably be the entry point for 30% of all LNG entering the U.K. This gladdens the Port Authority, which still faces some £50 million in compensation claims resulting from the *Sea Empress* oil spill in 1995.

Turkey has tightened rules for transiting the Bosphorus now that its new Ship Traffic Administration and Information System is up and working. As a result, waiting times for passage through some sections can be several days because masters are now under continual observation and tend to behave. Traffic continues to increase annually and Turkey warns that there are finite limits to how much shipping can use the Strait.

Headshakers

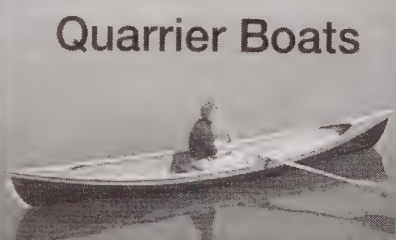
The Chinese port of Fuzhou has no money to repair aids to navigation and all 42 aids in the river and some 70 at sea are damaged or don't just don't work or have been "lost." So far there have been only six incidents since April, but ships up to 10,000dwt dock in the harbor at the river's mouth and many have grounded, some after striking a submerged dam.

The Royal Navy court-martialed four officers of the destroyer *HMS Nottingham*, which ran afoul of a charted rock off Lord Howe Island off Australia in July last year. Cause of the multi-million-pound accident? While plotting a course, a junior officer placed a navigational instrument on the chart exactly atop the mark denoting the rock.

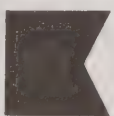
A Britisher who once had leukemia will attempt to walk across fabled Loch Ness in an antique diving suit at depths up to 30'. The 26-mile attempt to raise money for children with leukemia should take 14 days. Don't worry, he completed the 2002 London Marathon in a diving suit.



KAYAKS
Boreal Design
Wilderness Systems - Old Town
CANOES
Ranger - Old Town - Radisson
Hundreds on Display
FERNALD'S
On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312



Quarrier Boats
St. Lawrence Skills
Race Winning Fixed Seat Rowing Boats
Fast, Durable, Good Looking
P.O. Box 125, Alstead, NH 03602 - (603) 835-6985
<http://qboats.home.comcast.net>



By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com

- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale
- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

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

SHIVER ME TIMBERS by: Robert Summers

The Racing Game



We are indebted to Alexander Parris, Esq. for a copy of the following interesting communication. It details the dangerous and difficult operations of his workmen on one of the most exposed situations on our coast, and the successful accomplishment of the undertaking. A plan of the Monument was exhibited at the recent Fair in Quincy Hall, and attracted the eye of almost every visitor.

To the Hon. John Anderson, late Collector of the Customs, Portland, Maine, Sir: The cast iron Monument on York Ledge having at last, under the most difficult circumstances, been completed and secured to the rock, thus furnishing to seamen an important and conspicuous designator of this dangerous reef, it gives me pleasure to communicate to you a description of its structure, in connection with a short account of the history of the undertaking as furnished from the journal of Mr. Gridley Bryant, under whose superintendence it was erected. The novelty of the design in this country of erecting iron beacons upon reefs and sunken rocks, the peculiar character and situation of the Ledge in question and the circumstances under which this beacon was constructed, tend to make the account somewhat interesting to all who have the least concern in the navigation of our coast and especially to those whose immediate interest is confined along our eastern shores.

This rock, in consequence of its dangerous situation, lying directly in the way of vessels bound to Portsmouth and York Harbors, from the eastward, and indeed to all whose course lies inside of the Isles of Shoals, has long been an object of anxiety and dread to seamen, as the situation could rarely be seen or inferred but when it was indicated by breakers which, in consequence of the depth of water upon it at high tide, only broke over it at low water or in severe storms. In moderate weather, otherwise favorable for coasters and ships, coming into Portsmouth harbor inside of the Isles of Shoals, nothing was to be seen by which the situation of the ledge could be known, and very few vessels would make the attempt of reaching this port from the direction in which it lies. Frequent wrecks and losses have been the consequences of these attempts before the beacon was erected.

At times of ordinary tides, no part of the ledge is bare excepting occasionally the projecting point of some detached rock rising perhaps a foot above the level of common low water, and it is only at the lowest spring tides that the ledge to any extent is left uncovered, and even the part then exposed is so much broken and indented with hollows and crevices, that but one or two tolerably fair portions offer sufficient space to land upon for any purpose of building or observation. The ordinary extent of the ledge left exposed at low spring tides is about the dimensions Of 250' x 160', but I have landed upon it in calm weather when the tide fell unusually low, when an area of nearly two acres remained bare, but over this whole surface the greatest space which offered any facilities for landing and building did not exceed the extent of 200 square feet; and this portion did not average an elevation of more than two feet above the level of the sea, at that time.

The nearest land is a part of York, Maine about four miles distant; the eastern point of the Isles of Shoals is about seven miles off, and in every other direction the ledge is completely exposed to the fury of the severe

The York Ledge Monument

From the *Portsmouth Journal of Literature & Politics* October 9 1841

Submitted by Kinley Gregg

storms which happen so frequently in the winter upon this coast; in calm or moderate weather the heavy swell breaks around and over it in every direction, rendering the attempt of landing, on most occasions, utterly impossible, and even in the calmest weather when alone practicable, a business requiring the utmost care and prudence to prevent the boats from getting stove or swamped.

Although during the whole time operations were continued on the rock, a period of 500 days, every opportunity which occurred for landing was improved, yet Mr. Bryant had but 99 days in which he was enabled to get upon the rock at all. Many of these occasions were attended with the greatest difficulty and danger to the boats and men, from the tremendous swell which broke around the ledge in every direction. During the progress of the erection he made many attempts to land, but was obliged to relinquish the effort after having rowed in his boats five or six miles in a rough and heavy sea.

It was in consideration of the peculiar character and situation of York ledge, its limited extent and the difficult landing upon it, that I proposed in my report to you on this subject, an iron spar beacon as the most suitable and conspicuous mark which could be erected there. This kind of monument would require the least amount of time and labor on the rock before setting up, would better resist the fury of the sea and would be more firm and enduring than a structure of any other material. The utility of iron for purposes of this kind has been thoroughly proved in Great Britain, and the first experiment which was tried, still continues to exhibit the strength and durability of cast iron beacons erected in the most exposed situation. The first iron beacon of this kind was erected by Mr. Stephenson, Civil Engineer, on Carr Rock, coast of Scotland, a most dangerous rock, in situation and extent much resembling York Ledge. I accordingly adopted a similar form of beacon to the one there erected.

This beacon is composed of six cast iron hollow pillars each 22-1/2' long, 12" diameter at the lower end on which is cast a flange. They are 10" in diameter at the top and are cast in two parts which are connected together by faucet joints. These pillars or columns are disposed at the base in a hexagonal form and inclined inwardly so as to meet and rest against each other at the top, thus forming a hexagonal pyramid. Within the base thus formed by the feet of the columns, and secured to the rock is an iron centre plate with sockets, from which radiate six diagonal braces, which are secured in the sockets of the centre plate by hook joints and spear bolts. These braces are cast hollow and incline towards, and butt against, the main pillars on which are cast arms, to which braces are secured by bolts passing through, both arm and brace. The tops of the main pillars where they meet, rest against an iron centre block, which

gives additional solidity and strength to this part of the structure; over the apex thus formed by the meeting of the columns and centre block, enclosing the whole is an iron tubular cap which rises 8' above the tops of the pillars, and rests on an iron ring previously placed around them.

The upper end of this cylindrical cap is surmounted with an iron ball 3-1/2' in diameter, cast in ribs which are enclosed in an iron ring with the inscription "YORK LEDGE, 1840." The whole structure is well keyed and wedged together, and additional security given to the whole, by wrought iron braces, which are fitted in grooves cast on the collars where the radiating braces are joined to the main pillars. These wrought iron braces are keyed together and enclose the main columns of the beacon as by a hoop. To give further security and solidity to the beacon, the hollow cavities of the columns, braces and tubular cap, are filled with hydraulic cement, which most effectually prevents the sea from entering any part. The whole exterior is painted black, except the ribs of the ball, which are alternately colored red and black.

This form of beacon having been approved, Mr. Emerson of Portland took the contract for the iron work, and Mr. Bryant of Boston undertook the business of its erection upon the rock.

The first object to effect, was to decide upon a suitable place on the shore at the nearest point to the Ledge for an encampment for the party which was to proceed with the work. The most favorable position for this purpose was at Godfrey's Cove in the town of York, its distance from the ledge being about five miles. Here a temporary house for the accommodation of the men was erected and proper facilities obtained for making and repairing the tools, etc. From the 8th of February to April 15th, 1840, Mr. Bryant's time was principally engaged in making these preparations and preparing tools and means for the commencement of the work.

He had three life boats built after a plan of his own which were particularly adapted for the purposes intended, and for landing through heavy seas as would often be required in a work of this kind. These boats were of a light draught of water, built in the strongest and most thorough manner, possessing great buoyancy and stability. They were implicitly trusted in by the men, whose confidence in them arose from experiencing on more than one occasion their utility and their safety.

It was on the second excursion to the Ledge that their powers were fully proved. Mr. Bryant says on this occasion he went out with two of the boats and seven men but was not enabled to land. The wind freshened and soon blew a violent gale, the boats were constantly taking in water, and the party were three and a half hours in reaching shore on their return, but were completely satisfied with the capacities of the boats. Such continued to be the confidence reposed in these boats, that the men, when prevented by the roughness of the weather from landing on the Ledge, would often in the heaviest seas employ their time in fishing.

As the operations on the Ledge previously to the erection of the beacon were to be confined principally to drilling the large holes for the reception of the main pillars. Mr. Bryant constructed a drilling machine to be fixed permanently to the rock until the holes

were completed. By this arrangement a great convenience as well as loss was avoided in carrying a large number of heavy tools on every occasion of going to the Ledge, which otherwise would have been obliged to be left at the risk of being washed away before returning. This machine was perfected, and during the whole period of working answered most thoroughly the object intended.

On the 1st of May, Mr. Bryant had these preliminary arrangements completed and had procured a party of eight men ready to commence the undertaking as soon as suitable weather and tides should occur to admit of landing. Of this party Mr. Joseph W. Coburn was engaged as foreman, and Mr. Elisha Turner as blacksmith, both of whom had been engaged a considerable time previous.

The first landing on the Ledge was effected with a party of eight men on the 19th of May, no previous opportunity occurring in consequence of the state of the tides and weather. The first object to be accomplished was to decide upon and clear away a portion of the rock for the site of the beacon. The holes for securing the drilling machine were then commenced, and one 6" deep was sunk for the reception of the centre shaft. The party on this occasion worked one and a half hours, when the tide obliged them to return. From this time they had no opportunity of landing on the Ledge till the 31st of May, when at 3:00 in the morning a party of seven men and two boats succeeded in landing and getting in one and a half hours' work. At 3:00 PM they again started for the rock, but could not land on account of the heavy sea; they were obliged to return, but the further particulars of this attempt have been before alluded to.

On the morning of the next day another landing was made and two hours were employed in levelling the rock for the centre plate of the beacon. In the afternoon the attempt to land was unsuccessful; the next morning, however, a landing was effected, notwithstanding the heavy sea which breached almost continually across the ledge. The men, however, contrived to work on the rock one hour and 20 minutes, after which, as the sea increased, they were forced to leave. From this time they were not enabled to land until the 9th of June, when one hour and 12 minutes were obtained; the remainder of this month offered but six opportunities for getting upon the Ledge, and from the commencement of work to this period, but 11 landings had been secured, giving the whole time an amount of 19 hours and 23 minutes for active operations.

The first part of the month of July, on account of weather and tides, was very favorable for the prosecution of the work, and during the first eight days of this month, the men had obtained as many landings to good advantage. In this period the drilling machine was secured to the rock and put in operation for drilling the main holes for the beacon. By this time, the men had become well accustomed to the work, and though on some occasions heavy seas would breach their way across the Ledge, they would continue in their occupations with apparent indifference. It was necessary, however, when a larger wave than common broke over the rock, to be ready to cling firmly to some part of the drilling machine or bolt, to prevent being washed off. In the whole of the month of July upwards of 20 landings were effected, some favorable

days giving opportunities of getting on the Ledge at both morning and evening low tides.

In the months of August and September 34 landings were obtained, two being frequently effected in one day: on some occasions, however, in the latter month, although the men were successful in landing, yet they could do no work, owing to the extremely heavy breakers. In all October but three landings were effected, and these too, with the utmost difficulty and danger. The boats being frequently filled with water and the men only by the most strenuous exertions succeeded in reaching the land.

As the season for profitable operations was now so far advanced, Mr. Bryant had but little prospect of doing any more work upon the Ledge until the next year, but, with the hope that a few landings might possibly be had in the month of November he retained all his men until the 23rd, without however succeeding in a single attempt. Despairing now of any further success he discharged all hands for the season. Mr. Emerson arrived in this month with the ironwork of the Beacon and landed it at York Harbour.

Induced by the moderate weather in the latter part of January, 1841, Mr. Bryant resolved again to attempt carrying on operations at the Ledge, and after one unsuccessful excursion he landed with a small party on the 5th of February and obtained about 50 minutes' work. On the 6th he made another landing which was the last until March 10th, when one hour and 45 minutes were occupied in the work. This was the only landing effected in March, and the month of April followed with but little better success as only two landings were secured, and on the latter occasion the men could work but 10 minutes when they were driven off by the breakers.

During the month of May nine landings were made and the drilling for the main pillars so far advanced that on the 17th of June Mr. Bryant concluded to carry out the first or lower section of the Beacon, which was safely landed on the Ledge. On the 21st the derrick for hoisting the pillars into their places was carried out, but as the sea prevented the party from landing it was anchored off the Ledge until a favorable opportunity should occur for setting it up, which however did not happen until the 24th. The centre plate of the Beacon was secured on the 23rd. On the 26th of May the first column was set up and secured, the men working to the middle in the water.

In the month of June all the pillars comprising the lower section were set in their places, and Mr. Bryant says from the period of the first landing of this part of the Beacon, until it was set up and secured, the whole party were obliged to work in the water, continually exposed to the seas as they broke over the rock which as they advanced would force the men to cling firmly to some part of the work to prevent being carried away. The waves would lift them entirely off the rock, while the body by this movement would rest in a horizontal posture until the force of the wave was spent and relieved the feet from this elevated position. From remaining so long in the water, sores were produced on all of the party, and the skin was constantly decorticating from the feet and hands.

The remainder of the Beacon was landed, set up and secured to the Ledge in the first part of the month of July. A few landings more were necessary to complete the

keying, painting, etc., and on the 20th the whole work was considered as permanently secured and finished.

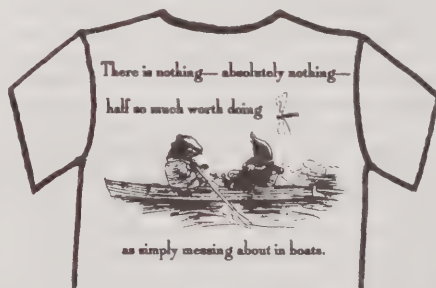
Perhaps a more unfavourable position than York Ledge, where a Beacon or Light-house would be required, and upon which it would be at all possible to build, will not often occur. The circumstances detailed in the account of the erection of this Beacon show, that almost as great difficulties as a work of this nature could possibly present, were overcome by the skill and energy of competent and courageous workmen, and probably, many dangerous rocks and shoals on our coast and in the vicinity of our harbours, which have proved the destruction of valuable ships and cargoes from want of some distinguishing mark to indicate their position, still remain without a warning guide, which might be placed upon them at perhaps less cost, and with less difficulty than was experienced in the present case.

The nature and great durability of iron beacons, which require but comparatively little time under ordinary circumstances in setting up, their permanence and power to resist the fury of the heaviest storms, afford many reasons why they should be preferred to the ordinary and precarious structures, which are commonly erected as monuments in dangerous places, and which are too often destroyed or carried away, causing the seaman on such occasions to doubt as regards his vicinity to danger, from the absence of the usual guide.

It is hoped that the success of this undertaking will be followed in cases where similar works are required, by the adoption of the same material and like mode of construction, as they together form a structure, which, in point of durability and strength, is but little inferior to the rock itself.

I have the honor, Sir, to be Respectfully your ob't servant, Alex'r Parris.

Postscript: I intended to find out what had become of the York Ledge Monument but nobody at the Historical Society had ever heard of it and I was too lazy to root around in their archives. Kinley Gregg.



Simply Messing About In Boats
Nautical Apparel & Accessories

from
The Wind in the Willows

The Design Works

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

I just got back to the coast after making a speech to a bunch of people approximately my age...“elderly seniors” (probably fixing to graduate). I guess they were a literary group or something but they looked like an SUV convention. At that meeting, and for a little too long after, I was in the company of a woman who used to come play with my sister and me when we were children. This woman’s mother was my mother’s best friend and was not only a great beauty but a formidable adventurer (“adventurous” in those days), something like an Amelia Earhart.

She and my mother used to ramble the woods and bog around in the creeks and go to the coast when they were little girls. My mother used to say that there was nothing this woman wouldn’t do if she decided it was worth doing. The daughter’s first sentence to me after I stammered my little speech was, “You know I liked your book but I couldn’t have eaten any of those things you mentioned that y’all ate when you were rampaging down at the coast.”

That’s the pitifullest thing I ever heard. Here this woman had the genes to be somebody and had degenerated down to the state of ordinariness which is so common among modern people...where they think that a dysfunction is something to be proud of. Why just the other day, I overheard a man going on and on about how he had just taken a trip to Canada to refill his prescription for Viagra. He said that he could get it cheaper up there than he could down here even after the Medicare subsidy. Jesus, y’all. I think the government is out of hand. I guess they are running brothels for unattractive people who can’t make a connection even with the help of Viagra.

I heard an interview from a woman who ran a regular free enterprise of that sort and specialized in old men. She said that Viagra was a great boon to her business...it helped out with the scheduling. “They take the pill and they are gone in exactly one hour,” was how she put it. Anyway, I have no respect for people who are proud of any sort of helplessness and nothing but pity for anybody who doesn’t have sense enough to like to eat crabs.

It is late summer (when I wrote this), what y’all call fall...late September, early October, down here. The cicadas are winding down and, after consummating what they have waited for 17 years for, are dying. You can hear the descending pitch of their raucously hollered invitations all through the woods and see their little worn out bodies dead on the ground.

Down at the coast, the mullet are all as fat as they can be in preparation for fall, what y’all call winter...late November, early December, to do their business along the seaside beaches in schools so big and thick that the release of the gametes causes an oil slick all the way to the horizon in a brisk norther like is the best time for such as that. They haven’t started spawning yet and can be seen all along the bayside in smaller groups swimming around and, I guess, going through the motions of foreplay or something. They are very frisky. It is possible for a good man with a cast net to catch such a bucketful that the overkill would be a sin if it wasn’t for the smoker. Mullet don’t keep at all well (sort of like bluefish) in the refrigerator and don’t freeze worth a toot...but they can be canned and smoked.

The Jimmy Of the Hole

By Robb White

I hate to keep taunting you with things possibly alien to your culture, but there are few delicacies better than smoked mullet. As soon as we got here yesterday I saw that the conditions were exactly right (a rare thing) and left Jane holding the boat while I dashed for the net and we took off. We were back in 15 minutes I caught 11 mullet as big and long and as strong as a working man’s forearm in two throws of the net. Normally I just catch one fish as big as that to fry for supper (or bake...a baked mullet with mushrooms and onions and wine sauce with Montreal steak seasoning, had to go to Canada to get it, is delicious) but just before roe season they are prime for smoking.

Though I firmly believe that capable people should not encourage helplessness in others, I smoke mullet for some old folks I know who are no longer able to get them on their own. I had an old aunt who was so far gone with the Alzheimer’s that she didn’t know anybody, but she damn sure knew a smoked mullet. I bet that woman who was a girl in my childhood would turn up her nose at such a thing and prefer to eat bologna out of a plastic bag. Which ain’t nothing wrong with that and I’ll wander back to that subject in a minute, but now it is time for the Jimmy of the hole.

Crabs have already finished their reproductive doings. They do it all summer long. The males hang out in tidal creeks and pools in the marsh. They like it when the current is running and, indeed, bury themselves when nothing is moving. If you wade up a creek at either low or high slack water, or even a good bit before or after, you would swear that there are no crabs in there at all...unless you step on one and then you’ll swear alright...between the wails and whimpers.

Anyway, when the water starts running, the big...I have to deviate a little with that. I have always been interested in anything to do with blue crabs (*Callinectes sapidus*...“beautiful swimmer”). I like everything about them. I like their outlook on life and I’ll explain that, too, directly. Anyway, when I started going to college, one of the first things I did was to try to lie and connive and manipulate around all I could to circumvent what they called “basic studies” so I could get to where the valuable knowledge was disseminated. I found out that there was this one professor who had degenerated down or graduated up the echelon to the point where he did not deign to teach basic studies. You had to be in graduate school to find out what he knew and he knew plenty.

He had been born and raised on the Chesapeake (Tangier Island) and made a lifetime specialty of the denizens of bays and marshes. Though he was a grumpy and, in most social situations, uncommunicative man, he was the world’s expert on blue crabs and very famous in the field of the genetics of many other sea creatures. I don’t remember how I managed to get into graduate school before I finished silly psychology, ridiculous “humanities,” or absolutely unnecessary English, and certainly not any foreign language

and absolutely no PE, but I did. I was a good bit older than the kids in college and, though I had not fully matriculated, I was not ignorant so I guess people just made some erroneous assumptions.

I jimmied my way into graduate school and the first class I took was “Estuarine Science” (the study of all things connected with a place where fresh and salt water mix). Needless to say, this old Chesapeake denizen was the head booger of that section. I quickly found out that he was not overwhelmingly eager to take an eager young (?) student under his wing and quickly explain everything he knew (boats, for one thing). You had to go through the ritual. What his method was was to stand up behind a podium and read his doctoral dissertation from when he had been in graduate school back in the late ‘30s.

I remember a little of it...something to do with the genetics of pelyceps. I think he was the first person to look at the chromosomes of a clam under a microscope. Altogether it would have been a waste of time (and hard earned money), but he had to pad it out to fill out a whole quarter’s worth of time and could be sidetracked by a cleverly worded question. It didn’t take me long to find out what I wanted to know. I know most of you have read Robert Warren’s *Beautiful Swimmer*, but if you haven’t, I advise you to. It is a good book and in there is about a tenth of what that old man knew about crabs.

Grown male crabs don’t wander all over the place. They fight for the best location. Competition in the little creeks of the marsh between the male crabs is a terrible (horrible) thing. Because of that, there are way fewer male blue crabs in the world than there are females. Not only do the bigger crabs chase the littler ones back out on the flats, they kill and eat them every chance they get. The little ones are relentless, though, and so the big ones get bigger and fatter. My professor said that there were no bigger blue crabs anywhere than in the Chesapeake Bay.

The whole time I was associated with him I tried to prove him wrong. One time I was wading up a little creek running into the bay (Apalachee Bay in the Gulf of Mexico...almost as big as the Chesapeake and not as confined and polluted...yet) down between the St. Marks and Aucilla Rivers. I had my cast net all made up so if I saw some mullet I could try to catch them. The tide was running out and when I came around a bend, I saw a crab so big it looked like his wingspan was two feet. Even though he was standing by an oyster bar, I threw the net. I caught the crab and about 50 sharp oysters which I gingerly had to pick out of the net without cutting too many holes in it.

As soon as I got him out (he bit me through the thumbnail so bad that there is a deformity that causes a perennial split to this day) I put him in the bucket and trotted straight to the old man’s office and poured him out on the desk. It is funny how old men get hardheaded and refuse to acknowledge that things are not exactly as they thought. He never admitted that that was the biggest crab he ever saw, but it was the biggest one I ever saw. Do you think I have him in a jar of formaldehyde waiting for universal recognition by the big crab committee? Hell no. I ate him. Crabs are one of those things like mullet and (judging from the antics of the Japanese) tuna that are better when they are big. I

am not interested in any world records, but I am interested in eating a big Jimmy any time I can.

The best time is in the late summer. I hate to bother them when they are in a tender social situation. When the current starts running to suit him, the biggest male crab around comes out of his hiding place and places himself strategically at the narrowest place in the creek. He likes to stay close to a deep hole so if something more dangerous than he is comes along he can dart into the deep water and bury himself, but until that happens he stands there with his arms outstretched facing the incoming traffic. His needs are few. If a fish or little Jimmy comes along, he'll swat with both claws and maybe catch him and, if so, he'll hide and eat him. If a little virgin female crab comes up the creek...

Think about that for a minute. Here he is, one of the most formidable and certainly the most intimidating looking of the arthropods, standing there looking like...well, I have to tell you that I have adopted the ways of the blue crab. I think it is attitude that gets one by in this world. If you act timid, little dogs will bite you on the ass. If you play meek, you will not inherit the earth but will be putty in the hands of people possibly less capable than you are. My advice is to stand up and act like the Jimmy of the hole. You don't have to actually engage in any hideous slaughter or be the object of hideous slaughter but if you act like a crab, people will give a little thought before they try to impose their wishes upon you.

Back when I first got out of the Navy and started looking for something to do to enable the boatbuilding business, I discovered that there was a trend for house trailer manufacturers to come down here from Indiana because there were no unions. For some reason, there was a boom in the demand for trailers, and the factories that they threw up all over the place couldn't meet that demand. These canny Indians soon discovered that the usual slow pace of the normal Georgia working man, though it came cheap, was not exactly what they wanted at that particular booming time. They instituted a system of piece work that, for extremely hard work and some skill, would pay a man pretty good.

It was a vicious way to run a factory. All these men were in direct competition all the time. Some of them, like Jimmy of the hole, were very dangerous. I couldn't resist, though, so I crabbed my way right in there amongst them. Though I do not like to fight and hate like hell to get my teeth knocked out, I know exactly how to play Jimmy. In a confrontational situation, I sashayed myself into the middle of the narrowest place and spread my arms as wide as I could. If some fool made like he was going to approach, I would make a hard slashing feint with my 2' long 20-oz. straight claw hammer. Though I was so effective with that that I never had to do Jimmy's next step, I was ready. I already had my hiding place picked out and was ready to scurry to the side.

I was going to get back to how powerful the reproductive instinct must be in crabs, but I need to tell you exactly how effective my masquerade actually is. Another thing I used to do to make a little boatbuilding money was to drive a semi truck to New York City (yes, Virginia) and unload a whole load of South Florida produce. Like the piece work at the

trailer factory, it paid pretty good. Nobody is going to load 50,000 pounds of ripe tomatoes (or, Heaven forbid...strawberries) onto a truck driven by somebody who don't know how to act like a Jimmy crab.

Anyway, though it paid good, it was money earned. I used to drive up in one trip, unload and drive to New Jersey and pull off at the horrible Jersey City truckstop just across the river. There I would eat the best five tomatoes of the whole load, lock myself in the cab, idle up the engine, and turn on the air conditioner (or the heater) and sleep like a dead man. After my nap, I would cash my check, buy fuel and a little snack, and dead-head on back.

One time I was coming out of the building after paying for my fuel. As I crossed the parking lot, three men (or boys...hard to tell sometimes) acted like they wanted to corner me. They all had baseball gloves and bats and when I first saw them I thought they might be coming home from practice...but it was 3:30 in the morning. I did just like a big Jimmy and it took them so aback that I was able to take it to step two and, by the time they recovered from the initial shock, I had scurried sideways and was in my tractor and had already changed three gears and they had to scurry sideways to keep from getting run over, but I did run over one baseball glove. I think it was a first baseman's snag. You know the kind that look like they have been mashed flat. Of course I only saw it in my rear view mirror.

Y'all probably thought I had completely forgotten about how I was going to explain about good meat packaged in plastic, didn't you? Well, all this nonsense is actually interconnected nonsense. Somehow at that wretched truckstop they had a delicious little snack that I have never been able to find anywhere else. It was a good sized whole fish... head and all...possibly a herring. The fish was very salty and packed in some kind of dark oil in a plastic sleeve and sealed by the ends

like a sack of salty peanuts. The name was "Blind Robin," and I loved them.

I used to gnaw off one end of the sleeve and slide him out, head first, and eat my way down to the tail. Of course I had to keep the oil licked up or it would run down the outside of the sleeve and lubricate my hand so I couldn't get traction to steer or change gears. It ain't worth a trip to Jersey to find out where I can get me one of those again...maybe the internet. Anyway, the reason I had to tell you that was because two of those fish was what I had in my hands when I pulled the Jimmy crab feint on those boys at the truckstop. I wonder what they thought I had?

It is a brave little virgin girl crab who will come up the creek into the arms of such as the Jimmy of the hole, but they'll do it. It is in the nature of virgin girls of most any species to take risks. He'll greet her with great kindness and, terrible arms still outstretched, will help her into the embrace of his six walking legs underneath him. Then he'll stand there as before and if a fish comes along (or little Jimmy...God help his young ass), he'll catch him and sidle off to his hiding place. He'll give her a little snack, too. It is the kind-est kind of copulation.

Of course the real act itself is a day or two in the future, but it is just as gentle. She'll shed her shell and he'll guard her until she is out, then he'll carefully turn her over and around until their aprons (abdomens) overlap and copulate with her while she is soft... and do enough of a job of it to fertilize a zillion eggs.

After the real business is tended to, he'll turn her back over and around so she is facing forward and he'll guard her and feed her until she is hard enough to take care of herself. It is a dear little ritual and that's the reason I don't bother the old Jimmies until all that is finished with in the fall. Then, old man, look out...you just thought you were the Jimmy of the whole.

KLEPPER FOLDING KAYAKS

www.klepperwest.com

Largest Selection in the Whole USA

Klepper West

6155 Mt. Aukum Rd.

Somerset, CA 95684-0130

PRICE REDUCTION

Toll Free: 888-692-8092

Greens Point Boatyard

Native White Oak Lumber Sales

31 Greens Point Road

Ipswich, MA 01938

Tel: 978-356-7416 Fax: 978-356-7424

TREMOLINO BOAT CO.

Competent builder/marketer sought to continue the over 200 boat tradition of founder John P. Olin, building Newick designed fiberglass trailerable trimarans with 2 berths, cockpits for 4, speeds from 15 to 20 knots.

Purchase may be split into two groups which share common tooling:

1. 23' TREMOLINO, T-FULL 23, and the new round bottom T-GULL 2300, \$60,000
2. T-GULL 2500 and ARGONAUTA, 27.5', \$40,000

All FOB Chaska, MN • Dick Newick • (207) 439-3768



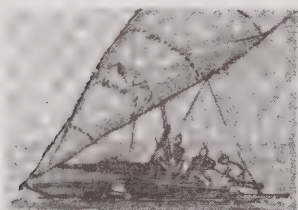
The Maritime Museum in Exeter has the largest collection of working boats in the world, and is still growing. It is to be found on the banks of the River Exe in the heart of the city and only five minutes from the cathedral. It is housed in a number of historic warehouses and in the Exeter Canal (dug in 1566).

The craft in this catalogue are in numerical order, the number of each boat being found on the longer explanation that accompanies each boat.

This catalog lists all the boats in the possession of the Museum. Some of them are not on display, and others may be withdrawn for maintenance or sailing. The mention of a boat does not therefore imply that it is on display. Please enquire if there is one which you are particularly keen to see.



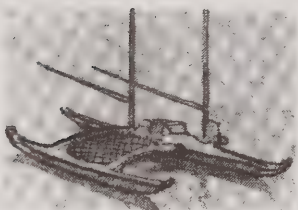
- 16. REED BOAT FROM LAKE TITICACA** 18ft. long and made entirely from reeds, even the sail. Lake Titicaca is 12,000ft. up in the Andes, 4,000ft. above the tree line, hence the use of reeds. The reeds are made up into round shaped bundles and the ends turned up to lessen waterlogging and reduce resistance. Shipped to England and presented to the museum by Mr. Colin Sharpe.



- 17. FIJIAN PROA** A 30ft. sailing outrigger. In proa sailing the same side is always presented to the wind. When going about it merely reverses its direction, bow becomes stern and stern becomes bow. In the case of this Fijian craft, the tack of the sail changes place with the steering paddle on going about. Because of its great length and slender hull, the proa is very fast.



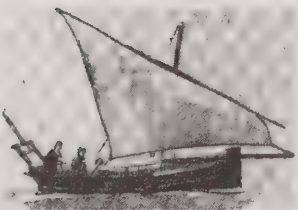
- 18. EAST AFRICAN DUGOUT** This dugout was retrieved from the sea off the East African Coast by HMS Gurkha in the spring of 1968. It is probably a coastal fishing boat from the Kenyan and Tanzanian coast, known locally as a Kiori.



- 19. 'CHEERS'** The most successful of the revolutionary craft that took part in the 1968 trans-Atlantic Race in which she finished third. Her design was inspired by the Pacific Proas (see also exhibits 17 and 24).



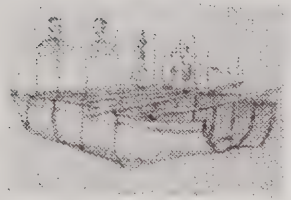
- 20. TONGAN CANOE** This boat was discovered by the Duke of Edinburgh during the Queen's Jubilee tour of Australasia and the South Pacific in 1977. It was brought back to England on the Royal Yacht and is on loan to the Museum.



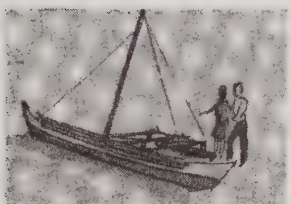
- 21. JALIBOT. BAHRAIN** With their straight stems and square sterns, these are the most European looking of Arab Dhows. It seems likely that the name is derived from the English 'Jollyboat'. Presented by Yusuf Bin Ahmed Kanoo of Bahrain.



- 22. TE BAO BAO** Ellice Islands South Pacific. The design and decoration of this craft are traditional, but the craftsmanship shows considerable European influence. This boat has been lent to the museum by HRH The Prince of Wales to whom it was presented by the people of Ellice Island, (now Tuvalu).



- 23. IBIS** In 1905 this boat went up the Niger, across Lake Chad, then was carried overland to the Nile and went down river to Khartoum. Boyd Alexander who led the expedition and was subsequently killed on another expedition in 1910, was awarded the Royal Geographical Society's Gold Medal for the journey he made with this boat. 'Those Whom the Gods Love' by Joan Alexander tells the story of this astonishing voyage.



- 24. GILBERT ISLANDS PROA** Built on Ocean Island, with sewn planks and an asymmetric hull i.e. more bulge on the side nearest the outrigger. This produces a curved keel which enables the hull to counterbalance the uneven drag caused by the outrigger. Built for and presented by Doctor M.J.Denny of Gloucester.



- 25. SIERRA LEONE DUGOUT** 26ft. canoe. This craft illustrates the first step of development away from the true dugout towards the planked boat. It seems probable that as tools improved with craftsmanship, so the planking progressed downwards until the keel only remained as a continuous piece of wood. Brought to England by George Wimpey & Co. Ltd. and presented by Mr. John Long.



- 26. PILOT CUTTER 'CARIAD'** Built at Pill Bristol in 1904 CARIAD worked at Cardiff until 1918 when she transferred to Bristol, where, until 1922 she was the last remaining pilot cutter in full time service under sail. She was then converted to a yacht. From 1926 to 1937 she was owned by Frank Carr, moving spirit behind the 'Cutty Sark' restoration and Vice President of ISCA. CARIAD is undergoing much rebuilding.



- 27. BANGLADESH SAMPAN** A small cheap sampan with typical 'Twin horned' stern. The 'Horns' are useful in pushing the boat out from the beach.



- 28. DUTCH PRAM DINGHY** This little dinghy was built by Van der Meer and Zonen around 1930. In May 1940 she helped in the escape of Mr. & Mrs. Zeylmaker of Haalem from the Nazis. The dinghy was reconditioned by Commander J. L. Watkinson and presented to the museum by Sir John Palmer. of Chagford.



- 29. MALTESE LUZZU** (pronounced 'Lutsu'). An inshore fishing vessel, a smaller version of the Gozo boat which is used as a ferry between Malta and Gozo. Sprits'l rigged and highly coloured, the design reflects the Arab influence which is to be found in the Mediterranean and as far west as Portugal. Presented by Mr. Peter Greene of Bugibba Malta GC.



Crabclaw Cat Update

By Fred Shell

This is an up date on the Crabclaw Cat design which I have been working on for the last three years or so. I am writing on my laptop computer aboard my boat *Crabby*, self-steering at about 4 knots in a light breeze on Lake Champlain.

The design has finally evolved to the point where I can consider it complete and, more amazing, it is even a moderate commercial success. Deb (my wife) and I recently returned to Vermont from a trip to San Diego to deliver a finished Crab. A kit was sent to Thailand this winter. The boat was built on the beach there and is currently being sailed off the beach around the area of Phuket. My prototype will be moving to Maine this summer and I will be replacing it with a totally current model which will be ready to sail by the end of July.

The design has been changed in two major ways. First, the crab mizzen has been replaced with a leg o mutton, and second, the hull shapes are now hard chine with narrow flat bottoms instead of simple V. The crab main is a wonderful sail, very easy to set up and handle while producing lots of power with little heeling moment. I like to use the mizzen as an air rudder to promote responsive tacking and reliable self-steering. The crab sail likes to just keep going straight and so doesn't make a very good control sail. The leg o mutton, with its self vanging properties, makes an ideal mizzen.

The slightly more complicated flat bottom hulls have replaced the "simple" V because they improve performance and, as it turns out, are easier to build from the kit. They go together in a more controlled step by step process that reliably produces a sound and true boat.

Okay, I'm back out on the boat, about two weeks later. I left this morning at about 9:15 for a circumnavigation of North Hero Island, a total distance of about 35 miles with some open waters (about four miles across), some narrow channels and a couple of low bridges. One bridge with a clearance of 18' required dipping the yard, which takes less than a minute. The weather forecast was for mostly cloudy, chance of showers. Well, I did get some rain but, of course, stayed dry in the cabin. There was a nice sailing breeze for the first half but it has been dead calm since and looks to be for the remaining three miles or so.

Now that I broke down and bought a gas outboard these longer day trips are very relaxed, knowing that I will be able to get home. The motor is a 4hp Yamaha 4-stroke. I am sitting in the cockpit with the cabin rear windows closed and the noise is not enough to interfere with normal conversation. It is set at about 1/3 throttle and we are making 6mph. The top speed is 7-8mph. I still have an electric mounted also and find that it gets a lot of use for quick maneuvering and when quiet running is called for. As much as I hate to admit it, the low rumble of the 4-stroke does have its appeal.

With a chance to build the new one I have been looking for things to change and improve. That's why I had to go sailing to-

day, construction has started and any changes need to be decided on soon. I guess it's going to stay the same.

It's 3:00 in the afternoon and a breeze has come up for the perfect ending to this little voyage. The motor is off and *Crabby* is self steering and heading right for home. I expect to have the new boat finished just in time for a six-day trip on the coastal waters of Maine

with my son in early August. It has been over 25 years since my last salt water sailing, and I am really excited about the prospect of seeing some of the Maine coast and trying out the latest Crabclaw Cat.

If you have any questions or would like more information on the Crabclaw Cat or any of the other Shell Boats, feel free to call me, Fred Shell, at (802) 524 9645.



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



www.woodenboat.com

CAPE COD CATBOATS



Brand New Book! From 19th century workboats and yachts to today's fiberglass models, the complex story of America's most enduring sailing craft. Includes reviews of today's daysailers and cruisers, how they compare, rigging tips, practical advice, history, and much, much more. A fascinating book.

Hardcover • 208 pages • 16 pages of color • Over 100 b/w images and drawings • Big 8-1/2 x 11" page size • Just \$39.95 plus \$6.50 s/h.

Devereux Books, P.O. Box 503, Marblehead, MA 01945 (781) 631-3055
www.devereuxbooks.com
 Call, write, or e-mail for free color catalog.

NAVIGATOR

a John Welsford design

Catalog of 20+ Welsford plans - \$15 ppd
DUCKWORKS
 608 Gammenthaler
 Harper, TX 78631

Duckworks Boatbuilder's Supply
www.duckworksbsbs.com
"everything for the home boatbuilder"



articles/forums/photos/more
www.duckworksmagazine.com



Wind Products



SKIMMER 45



FEATURES

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

America's Largest Iceboat Manufacturer

Wind Products

2485 Rosstown Road
 Wellsville, PA 17365
 (717) 432-1074

windproducts@email.com

Check out our website
www.sail4joy.com



SeaPearl 21

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

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

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

Marine Concepts
 MANUFACTURING AND SALES

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



I have been busy fooling around with junk outboard motors again. I had to go to Apalachicola just on a day trip to buy the cursed numerals for the Rescue Minor because Florida is so predatory that, for boats built by builders who have not jumped through all the ridiculous hoops and paid big bucks to get certified by the authorities, they require an inspection (which you have to pay for) and, if the boat passes inspection, the inspector will engrave (?) a special Florida 12-digit number on the outside of the transom, free hand with a Moto Tool, despite the fact that the builder has already attached a 12-digit serial number which is in perfect compliance with maritime laws of the United States of America.

Not only that, but they require you to register for a title just like a car and you have to pay extra for that. Not only that, but they require you to present proof that you have paid sales tax on the boat even if you built the boat for yourself in another state and no money changed hands. I never went far enough into it to see if they would require you to have the boat appraised (and pay the state approved appraiser) to determine what the tax should be.

Georgia, on the other hand, just wants you to fill out a little card telling how big the boat is, what its intended use is (pleasure or commercial), inboard or outboard, diesel or gas. If it is under 26' the fee is \$16.50 and the sticker and the little plastic registration card come immediately in the mail and are good for four years. No title, no inspection, no extra numbers, no sales tax, no rigmarole. So why would I fool around going to Florida to register my boat? Well, for one thing, I am actually a Florida resident and, for another, the Marine Patrol makes a point of checking every out-of-state boat they see at least twice a trip. They are nice guys and perform a very necessary function in modern society, but...

There is a loophole. You can transfer a boat already registered in another state without doing anything but paying for the registration and the title (total, \$35.50 for the Rescue Minor and that for just one year). They just want your money and are delighted to entice out-of-state boats into their greedy system so they are willing to assume (I guess) that the other state has already collected sales tax and verified the compliance of the vessel with the authorities and ascertained that it has plenty of numbers etched in proper places already, so I always register my boats in Georgia and, as soon as the little card comes, I trot it straight to Apalachicola and pay the money and transfer the registration.

There is another irksome thing about Florida. A Georgia registration certificate is a little waterproof plastic thing like a credit card, but Florida gives you a whole sheet of tractor feed computer paper that you have to carry around in the boat with you all the time. I keep mine folded and rolled up tight enough to fit into a test tube with a rubber stopper.

So, as I was driving for four hours just to be in compliance, I passed a yard sale and there on a sawhorse was an old Johnson 9.5. I have always liked those old motors. They were the predecessor to the 9.9/15 that OMC made for so long and Bombardier is still making and of which I wore a bunch completely out (the last one was so multicolored from various conglomerations of used parts that it was sort of art deco looking). The 9.5 was

Nine Point Five

By Robb White

only made from 1964 till 1973 and was unique. For one thing, it only came in one horsepower. There was no 15. For another thing, it was built entirely different from any OMC engine I ever saw...better, commercial grade like the old two-cylinder 40.

The most unusual thing was how it was situated so that the whole engine of the thing hung down behind the transom with just a little bit of its eyebrows peeking over the top. The top of the flywheel itself is only 3" above the transom. All the controls and pull rope and all are so low that, from the front, it looks like you don't have an outboard on the boat at all. The literature of the time said that it was built like that so it would be easy to fish over and they were right. Those dumpy little motors are a cult object around here for the dwindling population of small boat fishermen and it is a seldom thing to see one that isn't just about worn out.

I have worked on quite a few nine point fives and know what all is liable to go wrong with them, so I had to stop and see exactly what all was wrong with this one. I found out that it was just about brand new. It has some skint places and a busted propeller and the man said it wouldn't run, but it had good compression and the broke propeller turned and it was easy to see that it hadn't been used much. Probably, I assumed, that was because it wouldn't run. I went for the secret hiding place in my car where I keep my hundred dollar bill.

At that, I must deviate briefly. You know a credit card and a checkbook are neat things. You can keep up with what you spent money on so you can decide if it was a business expense or not (which...) and all. There is some panache to the checkbook if you do it right. I refuse to use one of those little, wretched pocketbook sized checkbooks where you have to have a cheap, junk, plastic folder to house both it and the damned little booklet that won't stay open so you can write down all the information. Any fool can flip out one of those little things and write out a bogus check that ain't worth the paper it was scribbled on.

I like one of those big, looseleaf notebook style checkbooks...black and well worn. When people see you come in with such as that, they know you are interested in transacting business. There is some gravity to the check writing in such a thing, too. Instead of trying to balance the little vinyl (why does vinyl always stink...it seems that things that stink should finally evaporate) convenience while you scribble around to try to get the ballpoint going, it is better to sweep off a big clearing on the counter, place the big book deliberately, look the recipient directly in the eyes and, with dignity and purpose, carefully write the check with an ink pen (Parker 51 preferably) and enter the information in the place provided. Money is serious business...especially if you ain't got none...but I do always have a hundred dollar bill.

I threw the old junk 9.5 in the back of the old junk Mercedes and tooled on down to the courthouse. It only took the nice lady ten minutes to issue my numerals and I was back

on the road again. I had to stop to examine my 9.5 at a little parking place out on the causeway across the bay and I was so delighted to see that all was as I thought it was that I forgot that I had not eaten my lunch. You know, if you haven't driven for long distances in completely uncivilized places all that much, the drive from Quincy to Apalachicola is a good example of that.

About halfway between Sumatra and Telogia my stomach gave a yelp about like a stepped-on dog and I just stopped in the middle of the road and rummaged my lunch out of the ice box. My wife had fixed me some sliced ham and coleslaw with hot Serrano peppers...a traditional traveling lunch for me.

Which, at that, I better explain why. One time I had to take the bus for an extremely long trip somewhere to do something which I have forgotten. It was a spur of the moment project and I was unable to alert my wife about it so I did not have my usual carefully prepared meals with me (only a crazy person eats at a bus station) nor did I have my hundred dollar bill. All I had was my big checkbook.

The bus was very crowded and I sat next to an enormous, two seat wide, black man the whole way. He was very friendly and we told each other a lot about ourselves and came to agreement about a bunch of simple solutions to the complex problems facing not only this nation but the whole world. I think this was during the time of inflation and our solution for that was simply that the government needed to stop printing money for a while until it got scarce and valuable again.

The conversation was very pleasant but he had about a whole ham sliced and wrapped in very heavy duty tinfoil. As we talked, he carefully unfolded the aluminum and extracted a little morsel from his delightful stash and smacked his lips most appreciatively as he ate it. I am a proponent of aeration of the taste buds while eating and I heartily approved. Though I was about to starve to death, I declined all his repeated offers so as not to appear undignified and needy and so as not to deprive him of any of his carefully portioned and wonderful smelling sustenance.

All night long, he carefully unwrapped that ham and extracted a little slice and ate it and wrapped it back. I don't remember what that trip was for I but damn sure remember the sound of the unwrapping of ham from heavy duty tinfoil and I did learn a little something. I do not travel without some sliced ham wrapped in heavy duty tinfoil or a hundred dollar bill. I learned something from subsequent bus trips, too. Now, I don't ride the bus without my little revolver and big pocket knife. I am fixing to see if I can carry my live oak cave man club on these airliners when I have to fly someplace to promote myself.

The Evinrude/Johnson/OMC/Bombardier (?) Nine and a Half Outboard Motor: They are peculiar as hell and very different from most OMC motors. I'll list a few peculiarities: The throttle control is rack and pinion with the rack running in a bronze bushing instead of in just a hole in the aluminum like is normal with OMC. Instead of the usual transom angle adjustment with the little rusty rod with the toggle, that is rack and pinion, too. This engine was the first OMC motor to have a Bendix style recoil starter where the rope wrapper is not above the flywheel. The 9.5 rope wrapper is far superior to the 9.9/15.

The vibration isolation system is truly remarkable. The whole motor and foot part is enclosed in something like a hollow shroud all the way down to the waterline. All the motor/foot part is completely isolated from the boat by not being rigidly connected to the shroud/transom clamp/tiller part. All sorts of ingenious rubber and spring style devices were employed. One of the problems with the engine is that those ingenious devices wear out and then the whole engine/foot part just rattles around in the clamp/shroud part and all that rattling defeats the whole vibration isolation project.

When that happens, there is a little convoluted rubber tube that is supposed to convey the idle exhaust out the stern of the shroud and the wiggling of the engine soon tears that up and the idle exhaust (and water) comes out inside the shroud. The water runs out the bottom but the exhaust soon starves the engine for air, and the only way to operate it is to take the hood off. You hardly ever see one running all that good with the hood on anymore. They did all that complication just to defeat a little vibration. You know, I don't see the point to it. I like a little vibration from time to time. I think it agitates the jelly of the eyeballs and might help prevent cataracts.

I believe I like the carburetor of the 9.5 engines better than any other outboard. It is peculiarly mounted on the starboard side of the engine and is downdraft style unlike any other outboard carburetor I ever saw. Because of that, there is no way any gas can dribble out the mouth of the thing when the engine is tilted even if the float needle is leaking. Another charming thing about the carburetor is that it can be taken apart with nothing but a screwdriver and the screws (four) are on the top and easy to reach. There is no need to undo the fuel line or the throttle or the cute little low speed jet adjustment cable. Besides the four screws, all you have to take a loose to get at the jets is the choke rod and all you have to do is just pull it off of the bell crank. There is no need to take the carburetor off the engine to clean the jets and float bowl but if you decide you want to get to the reed valve assembly, it is just the matter of four more easily reached screws.

It is kind of tricky taking the top off the carburetor past the bottom edge of the flywheel...kind of like those little bent nail puzzles or the fuse box lid on a 123 Mercedes...but it can be done once you learn how to wiggle it right. The 9.5 was, I believe, the last outboard motor to have a cork float and it is just a little cube instead of a specially formed thing, so it is easy to carve a new one out of a regular big sized fishing cork.

There is some interesting history about those short little engines. Evinrude (et al) introduced the cheap made 9.9/15 about 1974. The new engine was bigger and heavier than the old, funny looking engine and stuck up higher above the transom. Though the new motor was a pretty good engine, it did not strike the market all that hot. OMC worked something like a scam to induce the serious fishermen of the world to give up the expensive-to-build old industrial quality engines and buy a new throwed together one with half the grease fittings and all sorts of plastic parts. They discontinued most all the parts for the old engines, including the propeller. The last nine point fives had a cheap, brittle, plastic

propeller and, when it broke, it could not be replaced except with an aluminum prop from Michigan Wheel which cost about \$100. That weeded out a lot of people (including me).

There is another feature that may or may not have been an OMC contrivance to help eliminate the old motors to make way for the new. The hood latch back on the stern of the engine works both ways. One way latches the hood on there pretty securely, but the other way makes it feel like it is latched on there but it ain't. The first 9.5s I ever saw were at the FSU marine lab while I was matriculating down there. They had a few little Crosby Sea Sled boats and some 9.5 Evinrudes to go on them.

Though I only was an eyewitness to one incident, I was told that this happened quite often. As is usual with facilities like that the damned dock is way too high and the graduate student oceanographer in his (or her... plenty) wet suit had to pass the motor from the dock down to the marine biologist standing in his wet suit down in the boat. The incident I witnessed went like this: The girl on the dock got down on her knees and slid the engine, foot first, over the edge (leaving a good strip of blue paint on the concrete). As soon as the guy standing in the boat took hold of the foot of the engine, the boat moved away from the dock just enough to make a gap exactly the same width as a 9.5 Evinrude. The girl was able to retain hold of the hood but the man was not able to slow the fall of the

engine at all. Indeed, he became so unbalanced that he went in right behind it.

It took three scuba divers (in wet suits in July) two hours to find it in the silt of the muddy little dredged hole of the marine lab harbor and then a whole team of oceanographers made like experts to dismantle it and rinse off all the parts and reassemble it. It never ran right again. I think they boogered up something up under the flywheel. Anyway, like I said, that was the only incident of that type that I actually witnessed with my own eyes but there was a slash in the fiberglass bottom of one of those Sea Sleds that looked just like the skeg of a 9.5. In case you have occasion to want to know, the hood is latched when the little lever is pushed all the way to the port side.

Oh, yeah, I got that yard sale jewel running like an old sewing machine. Nine point fives start and idle better than most any other OMC motor. Maybe it is that downdraft carburetor. I greased all 19 grease fittings, cleaned the carburetor and fuel pump, and replaced the water pump impeller. Maybe the reason it wouldn't run was because there was a roach egg stuck right on top of the high speed jet hole down in the venturi of the carburetor (which, always pull out the choke knob when you put a motor up). Now, where the hell am I going to get me an 8-1/4" RH 8" propeller now that I don't have my hundred dollar bill anymore? And what in hell am I going to do with this old cult object?

PRECISION



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

FERNALD'S MARINE
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

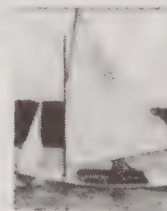
New from Compass Classic Yachts
14' CLASSIC CAT



- Good looks •
- Easy handling •
- Speed •
- Versatility •
- Forgiveness •
- LOA 14' •
- Beam 7' •
- Draft 10" •
- Seats •
- Cockpit room •
- Comfort •
- Stability •
- Low maintenance •
- Affordable price •
- SA 130 sq. ft. •
- Displacement 600# •

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

FIBERGLASS REPLICA CLASSIC SAILBOATS

RAINBOW 12' Cape Cod Catboat  LOA - 12'4" Beam - 6'2" SA - 100sf Displ. 440lbs	Construction Fiberglass Hull & Deck Varnished Oak Trim Bronze Hardware Wooden Spars NEW! Compass CLASSIC CAT 14' Classic Half-Decked Catboat Dealer Inquiries Invited COMPASS CLASSIC YACHTS, INC. Box 143, S. Orleans, MA 02662 * (508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032 (Shop @ 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA)	BAYBIRD 18' Gaff Sloop  LOA 18' 0" Beam - 5'6" SA - 145sf LWL - 16' Draft 0'8"
---	---	---

What tools are needed to build the Sleeper? Sleeper can be built without a table saw or band saw or, for that matter, without any major tools whatsoever other than a hammer, a handsaw, and a hand drill. However, I can't imagine building a boat without a small block plane.

If one wishes to avoid having to make these more expensive purchases, the builder could ask a lumberyard to cut his wood cleats and sticks to size (width) from stock sizes. After that, all that is left for the builder to do is trim these wood sticks to their proper length, and this can be easily done with a basic handsaw. Sleeper does, however, use mostly standard stock size for its construction so there is not a great deal of cutting stock size down to size.

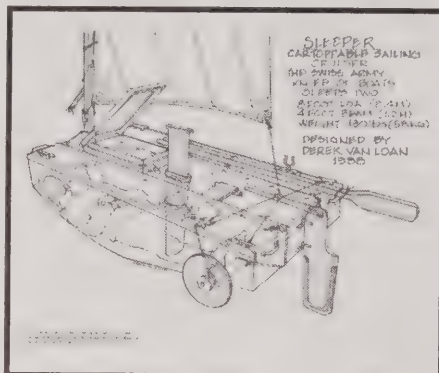
It is unlikely a mega home building store will be able to do this cutting or sizing (trimming their stock size to a new width) for you, however, most small lumber shops will. Fully expect to pay a small charge for this service. However, to build Sleeper quickly and without outside help, the builder should have at least three power tools, and they would be a power hand saw (Skil saw), a jigsaw, and an electric hand drill, otherwise building Sleeper will be a laborious task.

If one wishes to avoid investing in these tools, he may simply lay out and mark all the

Building Sleeper

Part 5

By Don Elliott



parts and offer to pay a friend to cut the parts for him. From that point the only task left is to assemble those pieces. Cost aside, actually it's more fun to do all the cutting and building yourself, even if you do make some cutting or building mistakes you shall benefit greatly from the learning process. If there is a boat that just about anyone could build easily, it is the Sleeper.

The next step in the building process is to cut out the deck shape from a full sheet of plywood and assemble the necessary wood cleats to that deck. Note in the sketch that the flexi-trunk for the dagger board is cut to shape and put in place on the underside of the deck panel at this time. Note also that this part is elliptical shape.

These flexi-trunk blocks (there are two of them) are oval or elliptical shaped affairs. The builder must know how to develop these oval forms.

A picture is shown on sheet 1 of 4 of Sleeper's plans; this is very similar to what

is shown on the drawing. From this basic drawing the builder simply doesn't have a clue as to where the nails are located to draw this elliptical shape. The plans lack the necessary information for locating these nails to make the elliptical shape. The designer assumes that a builder will know how this system of producing elliptical shapes is done without a detailed description on the plans, as it is a well-known standard process among boat builders. However, if one isn't aware of how the nails are located I have developed a sketch to show how it's done.

Here are the steps in working order. Make sure your working stock for the flexi-block is cut oversize so it may be clamped for cutting and shaping.

Mark the width of the ellipse on a straight line.

Mark the height of the ellipse at the center of the straight line.

Pick up half the width widest part of the ellipse.

From a point on height of the ellipse (the narrowest part), strike an arch that intersects the centerline. Do this at both ends and this is the location for the nails.

Tie a string around the nails so it is tight against the nails and just touches any point at the width or height.

Place a sharp pencil against the line and draw the ellipse.

This method can be used for any size elliptical shape. The string and nail method is only one way to develop an elliptical shape and there are more, but this method does the job.

Before cutting out the elliptical shape, cut the slot for the dagger board in the piece. Drill a hole for a jig saw blade to fit in and cut the slot. The outside of the elliptical shape can be cut out using a band saw or jig saw. Carefully cut the elliptical shape and sand the surfaces of this elliptical shape until it is very smooth, as another part will be sealed tightly to that surface. Make sure the slot is in perfect alignment with the centerline of the craft when it is finally mounted to the underside of Sleeper's deck

COLUMBIA TRADING CO.

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

On Line Catalog:
www.columbiatrading.com

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

"Ginny's Dittys"
Handmade Nautical Ditty Bags

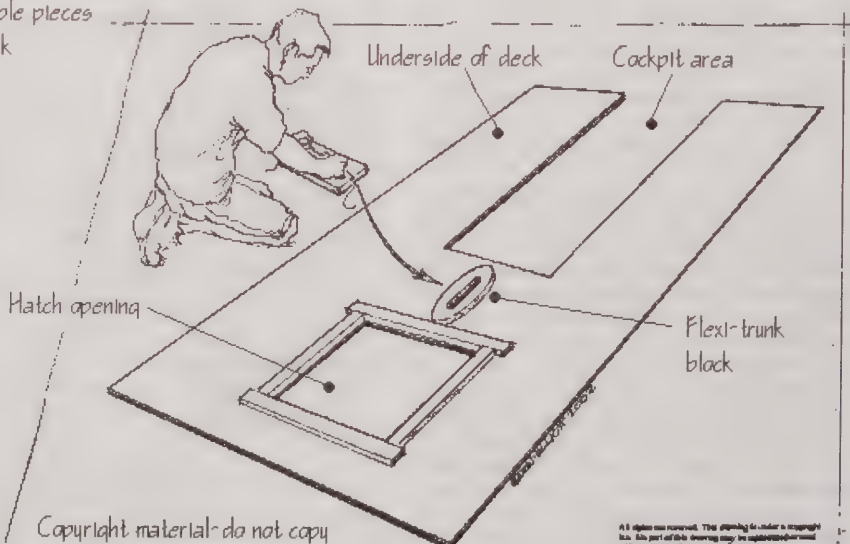
Ginny Duba-Filiatrault
941-575-2574
Ginny-Lea@Juno.com

SOLID COMFORT BOATS

Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampan

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

Step 5-cut out deck and assemble pieces to deck

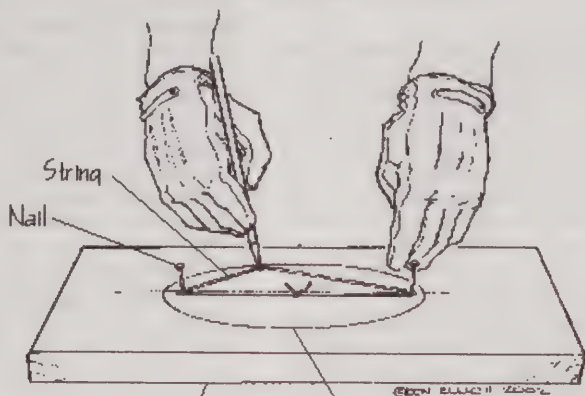


Copyright material-do not copy

All rights reserved. This drawing is under a copyright law. No part of this drawing may be reproduced or used in any form without the permission of the designer.

Step 5. layout the shape for the the upper and lower flex-trunk blocks.

For details instructions on developing this elliptical shape see the next sketch



For Stack size for flex trunk see Sleepers plans

Ellipse height and width is given on Sleeper's plans

Copyright material- do not copy

How to layout an ellipse using the nail and string method.

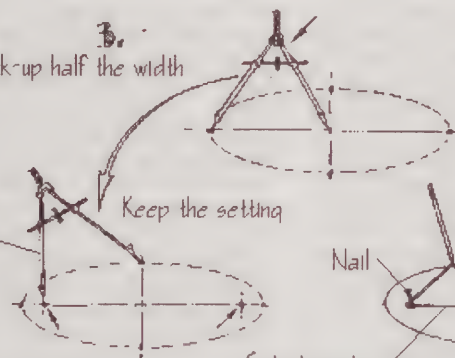
1. Mark width

2. Mark height



3. Pick-up half the width

4. Mark the location for the nails using the compass



Draw the ellipse

5.

Place nails at marked points and draw ellipse



All rights reserved. This drawing is under copyright and no part of this publication may be reproduced or used in any form without the permission of the publisher.

Copyright material- do not copy

ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

Starting our 13th season with the March 2004 issue

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

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

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

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

Like to see a sample issue? Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

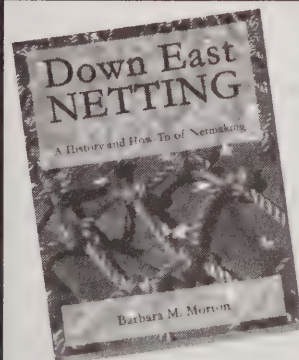
City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Send check for \$22 payable to:

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker

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



Down East Netting

by Barbara Morton

The definitive book on net making for craftsmen, artists, and mariners.

29 Practical Projects • 40 Photographs
82 Illustrations • 143 Pages

\$19.95 + \$5.00 S&H

To Order Online:

www.peasouppublishing.com

Send Check to: Pea Soup Publishing
P.O. Box 411, Vinalhaven, ME 04863

Interested in traditional small boats?

JOIN TSCA!

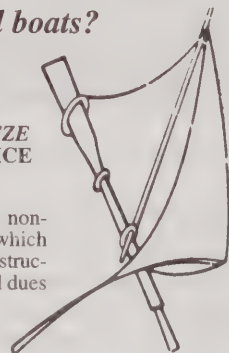
MEMBERSHIP INCLUDES:

- A SUBSCRIPTION TO *THE ASH BREEZE*
- MEMBERS' DISCOUNT BOOK SERVICE
- INSURED SMALL CRAFT EVENTS

The Traditional Small Craft Association is a non-profit tax-exempt educational organization which seeks to preserve and encourage the design, construction, and use of traditional small craft. Annual dues \$15 (tax deductible).

www.tsca.net

Write to: The Secretary
The Traditional Small Craft Association
P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355





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

Alden Shells

in eastern New England



"Oarmaster 1" parts

Rowing Sport

Ipswich, MA 978 356-3623



COM-PAC

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

FERNALD'S MARINE

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

About Knots

By Sam Chapin

Did you think I had anything to say about the square knot? It is our most popular, except maybe the overhand. It is an uneven knot tied with two half knots, one right over left and then left over right. That makes it look symmetrical. The attributes are that it is easy to tie, holds fast, and is easy to untie. If it is not pulled too tight or gotten really wet, one good pull on one of the loose ends will capsize the knot into a cow hitch on the end pulled (now straight). The cow hitch slips off easily. It is good for tying bundles and packages and reef in sails. That's why the other name is the "reef knot." The ease of untying leads to it not being a good knot just to join two lines together. If it catches on the edge of something it can come apart. A sheet bend is a better knot for tying two lines together.

If you are worried about not being able to untie the square knot, it can be tied "slippery;" that is, with a loop pulled through one side so it is like a half bow. The thief's knot looks like a square knot, but it is not, and can't be tied by adding half knots. You must form a loop with one side and then weave the other end around it so that the end comes out on the side that it would not if it were a square knot. The story is that on the old square rigged sailing ships, the cook would tie up a bag of cookies with the thief's knot, and then if a seaman opened the bag to steal a cookie he would certainly tie it up again with a reef knot. The cook would know then without needing to count cookies. I don't really believe that because any good seaman would recognize the knot when he tried to untie it and could easily tie it up odd again.

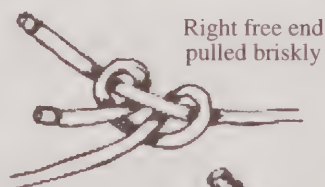
If you tie a granny knot (which is symmetrical, as left over right and then left over right) and it is rather loose, you can pull sharply on one free end and find that you have a clove hitch tied on a straight piece of line. The granny knot will slip and, if it is tight, it is the devil to untie. Notice that part about the slipping.

Doctor C.W. Mayo of the Mayo Clinic devised a knot to tie off the cystic duct. The cystic duct is deep in the bottom of the hole he did gall bladder surgery through. Doctor Charlie would tie a granny knot in the ligature around the duct up where they could manage it and put his finger on the tied knot and slide it and tighten it around the duct. Then he would add a half knot that would make a square knot out of the last two half knots so that it wouldn't slip back. Doctor Charlie visited me once when I was about 14 years old and sick. He was in town for a medical society meeting and my doctor uncle brought him by to see his sick nephew. Dr. Charlie sat at my bedside, examined my wound, nodded his head and said, "Wilber, I think you are going to save this boy. Just keep giving him that new wonder drug, sulfanilamide." I think the consultation was free. I never heard of a bill. Neither of us mentioned the granny knot.

The other knot that surgeons use to tie off big bundles, when they don't have a finger to hold on the first half knot to keep it tight, is the surgeon's knot. It is a square knot except the first half has an extra twist so there are three passovers in the first half knot. That gives enough friction so the knot tends to hold itself until the second half knot is pulled down.

The bow knot used to tie our shoes and the bow on our hat is a square knot with the ends not completely pulled through. A good knot to tie up a bag of stuff or the drawstring of your swimming shorts is the bow knot modified. Tie the bow knot and then put an overhand knot in each end of the ends. Pull the bows so they enlarge and ends with the overhands tied in them are drawn up to the knot. Now gravity and centrifugal force will keep the knot tight. When you want to untie it reach in, get a hold on each of the ends with the overhands, and pull in opposite direction to undo the bow. Leave the overhands in for the next time that you tie the knot.

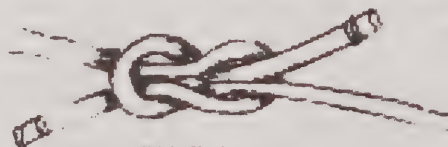
Have I mentioned macrame yet? I am told that it is Arabic for "square knot." You should probably ask an Arab about that but most of macrame is square knots, granny knots, half knots, and half hitches. And lace and knitting I won't mention.



Right free end
pulled briskly



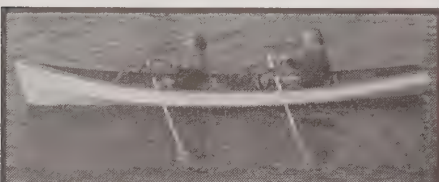
Surgeon's knot



Thief's knot



Granny knot



Forward facing rowing

Uses arms or legs or both. Great full body exercise for 1 or 2 rowers. Boat kits and rowing rigs made by Ron Rantilla in Warren, RI. Please visit our website:

www.frontrower.com

I stopped by the Northwest Canoe Co. one afternoon and the Foam Barge got moved to the back burner. Al, the owner of the place, was my boss until I quit to become a full time caregiver to my bride. Al said, "I'm glad you came by. I have a job for you that you can take home." He certainly did. He had a rowing shell that needed a lot of TLC. Al didn't have the time to mess with this boat and I became a subcontractor.

The story that I got was that the shell, a Maas single, had been stored on a canoe rack next to Clear Lake in Iowa. One night the wind blew up and lifted a boat lift out of the mud and flung it against the canoe rack, damaging several boats. The shell was badly broken, it had several holes in the deck and an equal number in the hull. The deck hull seam had opened up for about a fourth of its length. The owner wanted it fixed if it could be done. I could do this job but it would take time. The boat was worth fixing.

The boat was 20-something feet long. My shop can handle an 18'6" racing canoe, but that's about the limit. This shell would have to get fixed in the garage. The Ranger would have to sit outside and the job would have to be done when the weather allowed resin to cure. I put it in some slings and gave it a thorough inspection. Some of the repairs had to be done from the outside as I didn't want to tear the deck off trying to get at the damage. After the exam my next step was to make some fiberglass boards which would have a curve that came close to matching the curve in the hull, boards stronger than the existing skin. I used three layers of 6-oz. glass.

The shell had a fairly uniform curve the length of the hull, so finding a mold to build these boards was quite simple. I used some wax paper and taped it to the upturned hull near the damaged areas and cut some fiberglass pieces larger than the patches would be and wet them out with unthickened epoxy. I smoothed this wet glass out on the waxed paper near each damaged area and let it cure.

My next step was to complete the demolition. When fiberglass breaks there are usually a lot of torn up fibers that overlap at the break (see Drawing 1). The adjacent edges cannot be pushed back in place. Don't try to make them do it. I like to use a Dremel tool at this point and remove some material. I loaded the tool with a cone shaped bit that is about 3/16" diameter at the big end and about 3/8" in length to the sharply pointed end. This bit can easily be plunged into the damaged area and remove all of the torn up glass fibers. I made a slot about 1/4" in wide and as long as needed to remove all the damaged material. The ends of this slot were rounded. The broken ends would now be able to lay flat with each other (see Drawing 2).

Drawing 1
A Normal Fiberglass Break



Fixing a Broken Shell

By Mississippi Bob Brown

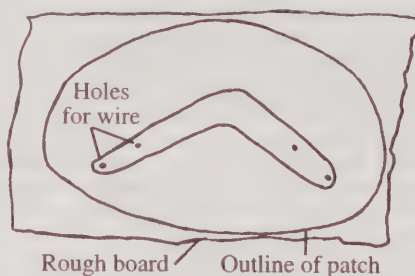
Drawing 2
Break Ground Clean



I now took a board that I made for this patch and laid it over the hole. The board was translucent and I was able to see the slot clearly through it. With a felt marker I drew the outline of this patch, oblong in shape, just narrow enough to fit through the slot, but not yet. The patch needed to have handles on it so it wouldn't fall uselessly inside the boat.

I smoothed the edges of the patch and the hole with some medium grit paper and laid the patch back over the hole. Near either end of this slot I installed a wire to be used to pull the patch up against the interior of the hull. I drilled a pair of 1/16" holes about 3/4" in apart quite near the end of the slot. The 3/4" lined up with the bridge that I installed on the outside of the repair (see Drawing 3).

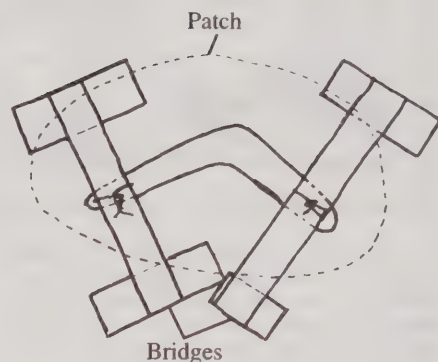
Drawing 3



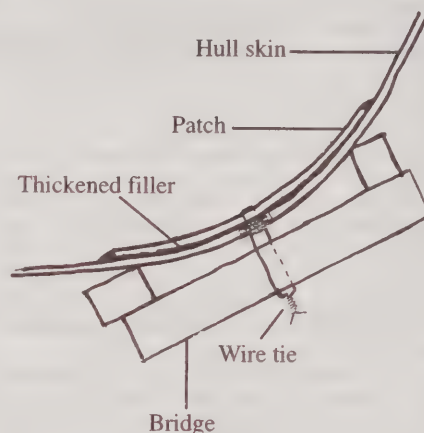
I built a bridge for each end from 1" x 1" stock and a short block of something large enough to hold the bridge up out of the resin. I strung a wire about 2' long through both holes in either end, pulled an equal amount of wire through, and twisted the ends together. These wires were my handles to move the patch around inside the boat. I made sure that the wires came out of the right side of the patch.

At this point I was working on several patches at once, but I do them one at a time. I mixed enough resin to do one patch and thickened it with colloidal silica, somewhere between mayonnaise and peanut butter in texture. I buttered up the outside of the patch (the side near the boat skin) and, hanging onto the wires, slid the patch through the slot and into the boat. I worked this patch around with the wires and got it into the place that I wanted it to fit. I slid the bridges through the wire loops and pulled up the slack. The bridges straddled the slot at nearly a right angle and extended beyond any oozing resin (see Drawing 4). I cleaned up the ooze at this time, saving a lot of sanding later.

Drawing 4



Drawing 5



The wires were pulled out the next day. I cut one side, removed the bridge, and heated the remaining wire with a torch, getting it red, then waited a few seconds and pulled it out. The holes healed themselves as the heat melted the resin around the holes and they closed in behind the wire.

Rebuilding the seam was just a matter of cleaning up the old broken seam and removing any broken compound from the joint. When I was satisfied with the joint I wedged it open with some thin hardwood wedges, mixed more thickened epoxy, buttered up the inside of the seam, and pulled out the wedges. I have some cargo straps that I pulled the joint closed with, but duct tape will work. I used wax paper so I wouldn't glue the straps to the hull. Again, I cleaned up right away rather than sand later.

The rest of the job was done with Bondo and paint. I don't usually use gel coat on a canoe repair and I didn't on this shell either. I painted with a semigloss paint helping to cover the blem.

Now I was ready to get back to work on the Foam Barge. Then Al called me up and to tell me, "The customer was happy with his boat. I have a USCA Mixed Cruiser that needs a new skin and a few other things. You got all winter to do them, the owners don't want them until spring. Can you do them?"

Well, I knew that Al was hurting for space, like I'm not. At least I can get the Ranger in under these jobs, but they're not going into the shop until the Foam Barge gets launched.



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

Bolger on Design

Light Cat Schooner

Design #395

Length on Deck 23'6"
 Breadth 5'0"

Draft 6" Board Up, 3'9" Board Down
 Sail Area 206 sf, 248sf w/Main Staysail

the low booms make ducking the boom somewhat more difficult.

"We are amazed at the speed of the boat. My friend Todd Merrill, an old Hobie Cat racer, was aboard and at one point commented that we were at Hobie Cat speed. That may be a small exaggeration, but she is a very fast boat and it was fun to tack at the same time as a production sloop and then put a quarter mile on her in a few minutes time. With water levels in our reservoirs still low from several years of drought, we find ourselves running out of lake quickly in this boat.

"Todd and I thought she pointed fairly high and we got to windward very well, but I think we made better time by falling off just a bit from her closest point to the wind (that's the way to get the best out of these old fashioned rigs [PB&F]). She must be a sight to see from ashore or afloat because we have drawn a lot of attention (and excessive wakes) from other boats and boaters.

"So far we have not tried the staysail nor have I made the Herreshoff style foreboom strut yet. The long foresheet horse, taken all the way to the gunwales, seems to do the job quite well by itself and I'm not sure we'll need the strut at all, but this will require much more sailing to determine with certainty. The sails

seem to be well cut and we haven't had any trouble at all getting them to set well, as long as we remember to keep the gaff peaked up as its halyard stretches and to slack off the topping lifts. Our strategy has been to sheet for the main and then do the best we can with the foresail, and so far we haven't managed to backwind the main unless we were headed.

"My construction notes indicate a building time of something like 180 hours. My boat took somewhat longer than most would, but I was doing some things, like boxing in the cockpits, that other builders may not wish to do. I also was experimenting with different industrial paints instead of going with the basic Latex, and another builder could save considerable time by sticking to the simpler finish. Lastly, I chose to trim the cockpits with coamings and made hardwood rub rails, pin rails, and made my own cleats. This could all be dispensed with, or replaced with commercial items, by other builders.

"I was aiming for a traditional look and I think I mostly achieved it, whereas other builders may want a more utilitarian level of finish. My reasoning was that this is probably the last or largest boat that I could afford to trim out more or less traditionally, it was shaped and rigged right for the part, and its size wasn't too large to make the project unmanageable. Builders more interested in getting in the water faster could probably build this boat in something around 100 hours, not counting shopping for materials.

"Some improvements you have mentioned previously would add a little building time but would make the boat easier to use. Specifically, doing away with the motor well plug and going with twin shallow fixed rudder blades would be a big improvement in ease of use. I find it awkward to get at the big wing nut on the rudder, and manipulating the motor well plug out and around the motor shaft is also a minor annoyance. A mount that

The 23' Light Schooner was designed in 1980. A lot of them have been built, certainly scores. They are scattered over the world, but one small fleet of them races regularly at Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia. They're fast boats, one in Australia reported to have sailed over a measured mile at 16mph.

This new version of the design was drawn for Jon and Nancy Kolb of Colorado Springs, Colorado. We're designing a seagoing cruising auxiliary for them which they'll build themselves. The light schooner was a pastime while they and we get the plans for the cruiser done. It's also a test of sorts of the rig of the big boat, which will use the principle of duplicated sails to make spares available with a minimum number of different sails. The two sails, masts, booms, and gaffs of this cat schooner are identical. Due to the hull's rocker near her bow, that forward location makes that mast appear taller above waterline, thus making her a cat ketch by convention, but we prefer to call her a schooner anyway.

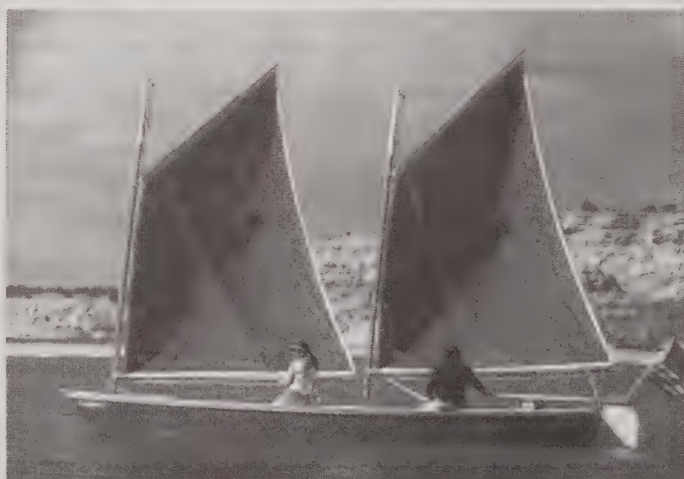
Eliminating the schooner's jib saved the jib's running rigging and is otherwise simpler, and it's shorter on the trailer by the length of the other version's billet head and bowsprit. And the main boom is shortened. Overall, though, the working sail area is practically the same, with a slightly higher center of sail area but a lower height of the tallest mast. It will be interesting to see how the performance of the two rigs compares when some of each get together.

Jon writes about her early trials, "...I must tell you that it was the most enjoyable sailing experience Nancy or I have ever had. The boat is fast and steers easily. The long tiller keeps the helm light and prevents oversteering her. The wide side decks resulting from boxing in the cockpits make for very comfortable seating, but the resulting narrow cockpit width (nominal 25") combined with

The original in 1980.



The redesign today.



"Those who keep the dagger board may wish to make a cover for the slot when the board is removed, since even at low speed under power it spits a lot of water into the aft cockpit. I should have ordered the sails with windows since the low booms make it difficult to see traffic on the lee side of the boat. We could raise the sails a bit higher but there's a limit to how much it makes sense to raise the center of effort. Nevertheless, I see many happy days ahead sailing the boat. In case I forgot to mention it, she's a very fast boat. I think the name *Meteor* fits well and I'll have to paint it on her quarters soon."

The point of the foreboom strut mentioned is to keep the boom from lifting at times when it is not held down by the sheet, as happens when running before the wind no matter how long the traveler horse is. When the boom lifts, the gaff and the top of the sail sag forward, which hurts the power of the sail and can induce a rhythmic roll when running before a strong wind. The strut bracing the boom diagonally downward from the mast substitutes for a vang under the boom for which there's no room in these low rigs.

We like the big flag. Jon asked if it was being correctly flown. According to the old strict rules the ensign, the national flag should be on a stern staff under power or at anchor but transferred to the peak of the main gaff under sail. The club flag or equivalent is flown at the truck (top) of the foremast, and the owner's private flag at the main truck. There are separate sets of rules for motorboats, warships, etc. All this has been relaxed in recent years for practical reasons such as not having a gaff mainsail (for a while there were purists who insisted that the ensign should be flown from the point on the leech of a jib headed mainsail where the peak of a gaff would have been), plus less deference to ceremony generally.

Nowadays using the stem staff at all times is acceptable and the other flags are optional, as are frills like the owner absent flag, the cocktail flag, and so on. We're old fashioned enough to dislike seeing a national flag flown in tatters or dirty or after dark unilluminated. Also, some foreign countries make a point of following the rules, especially about flying the "courtesy flag" of a host country, so it's not a thing to brush off too casually.

Plans of the Light Schooner, our Design #395, including the cat schooner option, are available for \$125 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.



Custom Small Boats

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

Mast Hoops

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

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

Hansen & Company
Builders of Practical & Impractical Boats

Gloucester Gull Rowing Dorries,
Kayaks & Other Small Boats

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

Cullison SmallCraft

Builders of Traditional and Contemporary Rowing and Sailing Craft

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

www.CullisonSmallCraft.com



REDD'S POND BOATWORKS

Thad Danielson
1 Norman Street
Marblehead, MA 01945

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

Wooden Boat Building, Classic Designs,
Traditional Construction and Materials

Builders & Restorers

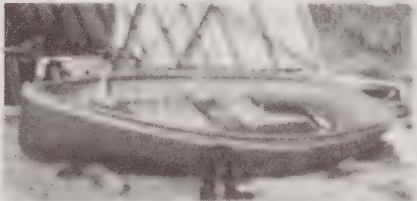
(607) 547-2658

Tom Krieg's Boat Shop
(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
Cooperstown, NY 13326

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

Reproduction of Charles Lawton 10' Yacht Tender

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

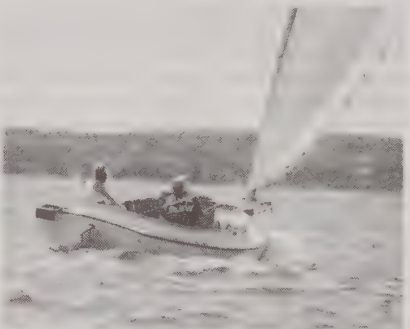


C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.
HC 61 Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857
(207) 372-8543
email: woodboats@msn.com
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

AREY'S POND

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

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



14' "CAT"

12' Kitten - 16' Lynx
20' Cruising Cat
Traditional elegance with a
fiberglass hull, teak trim & floor-
boards, all fittings solid bronze
sitka spruce spars

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

Robb White & Sons, Inc.

**Custom Small Boats
Forty Years**



P.O. Box 561
Thomasville, GA 31799

HADDEN BOAT COMPANY
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair
Experience the Original

1888 N.J. Melon Seed
W.P. Stevens ~ H.I. Chapelle
Patience Launched June 2003
Order yours now.

11 Tibbetts Lane
Georgetown, ME 04548
207-371-2662



Bluejacket 24



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

Plan package \$150
Tom Lathrop

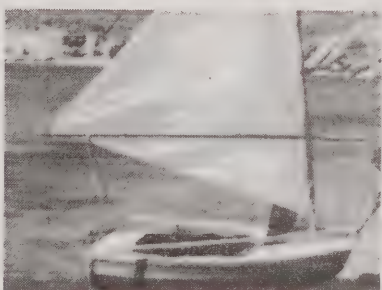
P.O. Box 752, Oriental, NC 28571
(252) 249-2646
Harbinger@cconnect.net

PICCUP PRAM



11' X 4'5" OA - 100# Empty
Taped Seam Multichine
\$20 Plans - \$1 INFO ON 8 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK
118 E Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254

WEE PUNKIN



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

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

Plans & Kits

Attend our fall & winter one-day workshops where we will show you the construction techniques

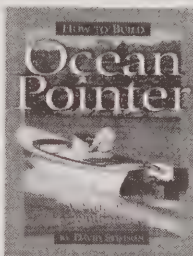


CANOE, KAYAK & ROWING BOAT KITS

the **NEWFOUND WOODWORKS** inc.

603-744-6872

www.newfound.com

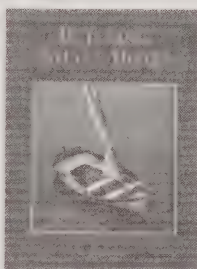


How to Build the Ocean Pointer

A 19'6" Outboard Skiff
by David Stimson

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

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



Building Small Boats

by Greg Rossel

Traditional lap-stake and plank-on-frame construction methods are featured in this thorough yet reader-friendly book.

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



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

Most informative site on the web: Over 200 Plans & kits, "Project Registry" lists boats in progress, online catalogs & ordering, customer boat photos, FREE info on various building methods, online newsletter & much more! Your one-stop boat building resource! Hard-copy catalog \$9.95-216 pages illustrated.

Glen-L marine designs

PO box 1804/AM44

9152 Rosecrans Ave.

Bellflower, CA 90707-1804

562-630-6258

FAX 562-630-6280



SWAMP YANKEE BOATS



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

Information Packet \$2.00

Robert W. Sparks

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



ATKIN

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

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

ATKIN DESIGNS

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



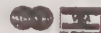
Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$4.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95

Monfort Associates

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



<gaboats.com>

WESTON FARMER BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES

18970 AZURE ROAD, WYZATA, MN 55391

(612) 473-2360

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

Unique Wood-Strip,
Performance, Sea Kayaks

**Kits, Plans &
Finished Boats**

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

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



SWIFTY 12

A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled

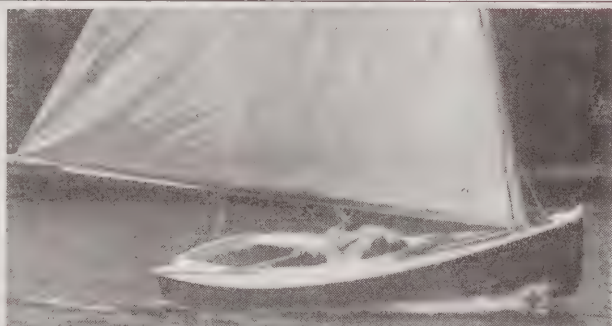


kit. Price, including sail, \$975. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Two-hour demonstration video, \$23.

SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645

www.by-the-sea.com/shellboats



Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

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

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

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

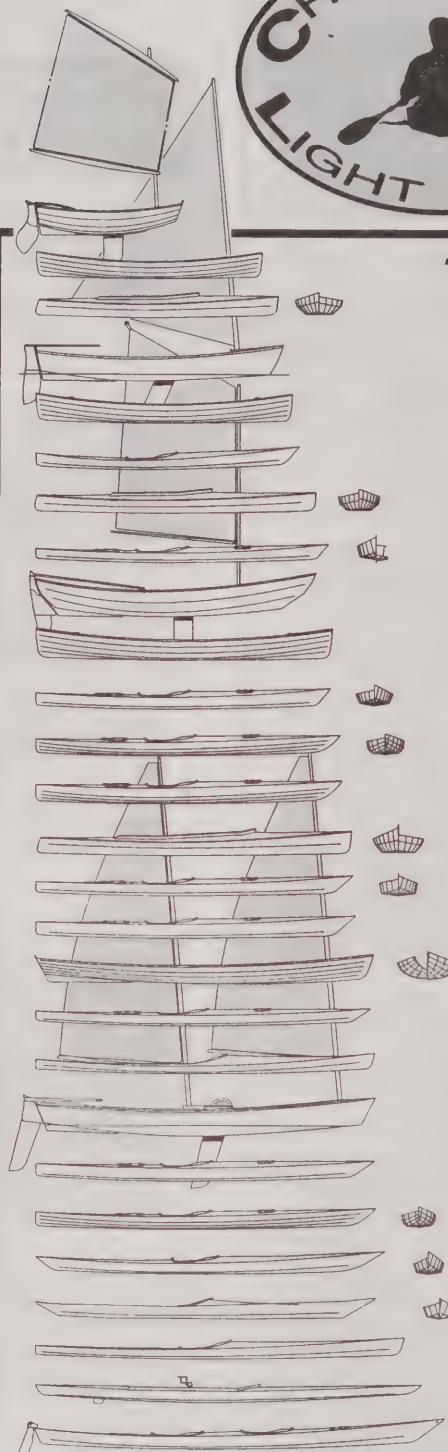
Name

Street

City State Zip

Harold H. Payson & Co.

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



**The Best
Boats
You Can
Build.**

For a free catalog of boat kits, plans, and boatbuilding materials, contact:

Chesapeake Light Craft

1805 George Ave. Annapolis, MD 21401
410 267 0137

info@clcboats.com

www.clcboats.com

Wood Canoe Hardware



CANOE HARDWARE

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

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP

Ph: (888) 564-1020

Fax: (207) 564-3667

Web: www.woodencanoes.com

Supplies

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS



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

CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS

Pure half hard hand drawn copper made on old Atlas Company machines.
3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8"
11 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8"

For sample packet & information send \$3
To order call 603-433-1114 or write

STRAWBERRY BANKE MUSEUM

PO Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick. New supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

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

KayakCraft

by Ted Moores



Learn from a master! Ted Moores has been building and teaching in the art of strip-construction for years. The book includes four Steve Killing designed

kayaks. It's packed with Ted's tips and techniques, so results will be great.

185 pgs., softcover.

\$19.95 + \$4.50 postage.

The WoodenBoat Store,

PO Box 78,

Brooklin, Maine 04616

www.woodenboatstore.com

Call Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447



telephone (413) 783-5589
20 TREETOP AVENUE
SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS 01108
DROP RUDDERS • TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

MAINE COAST LUMBER, INC.

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



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

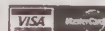
HARDWOOD LUMBER • SOFTWOOD LUMBER •
HARDWOOD PLYWOODS • MELAMINE • MDF •
MARINE PLYWOODS • MDO • PARTICLE BOARD •
SLATWALL • LAMINATE • EDGE BANDING • VENEER •
HARDWOOD MOLDINGS • CUSTOM MILLING

We Deliver

ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

www.maineoastlumber.com

email: info@mainecoastlumber.com



We ship UPS

RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

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

RAKA, Inc.

3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571

Ph. (772) 489-4070 - Fax (772) 461-2070

www.raka.com

HANDMADE SEAMANS KNIVES
207-882-9820
CUSTOM DESIGNS
MUDD SHARRIGAN
WISCASSET, ME 04578

Clearly the best

**WEST SYSTEM® Brand
207 Hardener**



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

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

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

**WEST
SYSTEM®**
BRAND

■ Epoxy products Reliable solutions



Gougeon Brothers, Inc.
989.684.7286
www.westsystem.com

Call today for your **FREE User Manual & Product Guide**

Atlantic White Cedar

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

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

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

Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

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

3 Gal. Unit \$147.00

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KNITS

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



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

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

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

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

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

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

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

YANMAR

Diesel Power

ORR'S ISLAND BOAT WORKS

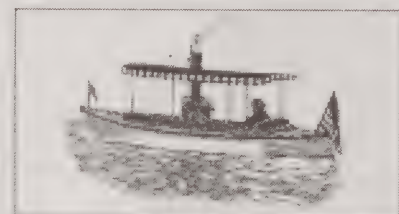
Award Winning Dealer 9hp-500hp Diesels

Full Parts Inventory

Expert Technical Assistance

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

E-mail: oibw@ghi.net



Boaters' Cards and Stationery

Business-card size with a wood engraving of your boat printed on the front. Your contact info on the back. All hand work by artist/printer. Other stationery options available. For samples contact:

L.S. Baldwin, Box 884, Killingsworth, CT 06410
See web page - www.ironworksgraphics.com/iwstationery.html



The
Smart
Bilge
Pump -
the
simple
solution
for the
small
craft
owner

Call (800) 350-0564
or see
www.jrsupplies.com

SEE SMALL-CRAFT SAILS

AND GET A QUOTE AT

www.dabblersails.com

OR CONTACT US AT

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



Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE



25' Old Town War Canoe, '54. *Legacy* is beautifully restored, appears on cover of the history of Old Town Canoe. Featured in Dec 2000 calendar page of *WoodenBoat* magazine. Gorgeous. \$6,000 OBO.

SUE AUDETTE, Mansfield Ctr, CT, (860) 456-0558 days, wwc canoe@mindspring.com (20)

14' Electric Launch, plywood/epoxy w/ mahogany deck & trim. 50lb thrust Minn Kota motor, 2 deep cycle batteries. May be seen at www.boatlinks.com/PT/PT2001/HalfaPuffin.jpg. \$2,500. **Bolger Bobcat**, used 3 yrs, Bondell sail. Nds paint and TLC. \$500. **13' Plywood Kayak**. \$50

JOHN LEYDE, Arlington, WA, (360) 652 5397, jleyde4228@aol.com (18)

13' **Catspaw Dinghy**, new. Cedar on oak. Dk blue w/red sheer. Nat Wilson sail & Shaw & Tenny oars. A great rowing & sailing boat. \$7,500. **New 15' Matinicus Island Peapod**, cedar on oak. Dk blue hull w/white sheer. A beautiful rowing boat. \$6,100. For more information please call Tony or Bob.

THE CARPENTER'S BOATSHOP, Pemaquid, ME, (207) 677-3768, boatshop@midcoast.com (18)

Long Micro, 20' Phil Bolger cat yawl mini cruiser *Zephyr* is reluctantly for sale. Quality amateur constr '93/'94 w/many upgrades over the years. Marine fir ply & System 3 & WEST™ System epoxies throughout. Featured at www.znw.com/homepage/zephyr.htm & www.znw.com/homepage/zephyr_fa.htm. \$5,000 firm w/gd running '70s 5.5hp Johnson, or \$4,800 w/o. *Zephyr* has been yard kept since launch. Located Shelter Island, New York. No trlr incl, please note I can't arrange delivery.

DANIEL GONNEAU, Astoria, NY, (718) 726 3549. (18)



Dovkie 21' Trailer/Sailer, draws only 4", can be rowed. Slps 2 inside "back porch". Try it in FL this winter. \$4,800.

GEORGE PALFREY, Tarpon Springs, FL, (727) 938-5926. (18)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

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

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

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

Chesapeake Bay Bargain Boats: O-Day 23 FG Sloop, '78 shoal draft model, CB. '90 Evinrude 6hp OB w/charger. \$1,500. **31' FG Ketch**, w/wheelhouse, Volvo Diesel. Character cruising boat. \$9,000. **San Juan 24 FG Sloop**, fin keel w/OB. Performance cruiser. \$2,200. Trade possible for lg traditional pulling boat.

MICHAEL BOSWORTH, Vienna, VA, (703) 864-4174, Michael.bosworth@verizon.net (18)

14' **Peep Hen**, 2003 model, has bronze opening ports, upgraded stainless keel, custom color. DAVID ROUTH, The Woodlands, (281) 364 9922, Shorty@ShortyPen.com (18)

25' **Bristol Corsair**, '67. Grt sailboat, 8' beam, 3'6" draft, alum spars, SS rigging, sails M/J. Nds TLC. Value \$3,800. Sell or trade for Boston Whaler Harpoon sailboat w/trlr. MIKE MULLANEY, Johnston, RI, (401) 942-3722. (18)

West Wight Potter, '85, main, jib, genny. \$1,100 include trlr w/new tires. ED BEDNAREK, Poland, OH, (330) 707-1738. (18)

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

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

Sea Pearl 21, Hull #201, Marconi rigged, leeboards, green hull, gold sails, Hutchins trlr, Johnson 4hp LS OB, pram top. 1 owner boat garaged since new when not in use. Has not been sailed in 4 yrs. Extensive boat and cruising equipment incl, list available upon request. Selling as package only. \$7,250 firm. RICHARD J. DIX, POB 103, Hesperia, MI 49421, (231) 854-3545. (19)

13' **Lonestar FG Sloop**, ca '60s, solid & safe, retracting bilge keels, gd sails, no trlr. Fine lake boat, sail 2 or 3 or more if kids. Running out of storage space w/8 boats. \$500. ED CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435, <cedeshea@tdstelm.net> (19)



'79 21' **Drascombe Coaster**, *Alongshore*, well taken care of. I am 3rd owner for about three years, and have cruised many places include the coast of Maine, Lake Champlain and the Gulf Coast of Florida. It has been sailed almost every day providing there is no ice on the lake. Please contact me for full equipment list and if you have any questions. Asking price: \$7,500. MIKE LAVECCHIA, Burlington VT, (802) 598 7194, <wmse@together.net> (19)

Bolger 21' Dovekie #1, black hull, green bottom, red boot, mahogany rudder & leeboards, Sitka spruce spars, tanbark main, small jib added, cedar floorboards, compass, anchor, 10' oars, trlr w/new springs, bunks, lights & custom 4' ash guides. \$3,200 firm. **17' Montgomery**, '83, Lyle Hess design, keel/CB FG lapstrake. 2 new mainsails, new jib, knotmeter/log, depthmeter, compass, nav lights, teak & mahogany trim, trlr w/new lights & tires. '92 8hp Johnson OB. \$3,500 firm. RICK RAMSEY, Fort Wayne, IN, (260) 747-2437. (19)

BOATS WANTED

Workboat, Christian ministry nds boat that will slp 2 large enough to haul food & medicines to the islands. Tax ltr available. CRUISING MINISTRIES, (727) 849-3766, lv message, cruisingministries@hotmail.com (18)

Used Recreational Rowing Craft, w/sliding seat & oars. KENT MULLIKEN, Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946, kent@ga.unc.edu (18)

O'Day Widgeon, any cond. KEN BENSON, CT, (203) 264-0095, <kenbdesign@earthlink.net> (19)

GEAR FOR SALE

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)

Luger Sea Scout, 4 cyl Ser. # D20239, w/trans. Running when removed from boat. \$300.
J. DOOLAN, Middleburg, VT (802) 388-4119. (18)

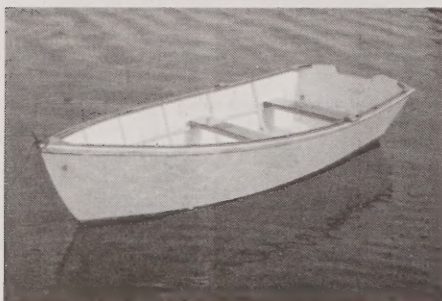
Signet Marine Masthead Sensor Unit, just cleaned, calibrated & tested by Signet. Will ship anywhere. \$475.
LEN MITCHELL, Wilmette, IL, (847) 256-0941. (19)



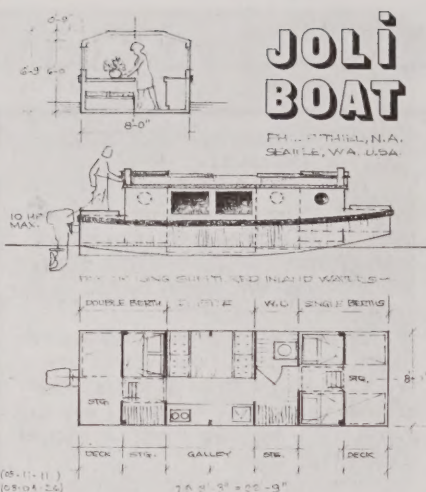
A Tough Jacktar, holding his billy stick (18th C. British sailor) is featured on this T-shirt. Dramatic woodcut printed on an Ash Grey shirt. The words say it all! Perfect gift for any sailor, rower, or old salt! Medium-X large \$17.00, XXL \$19.00, S&H \$4.50 in North America. We accept Visa, Master 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)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM: Customer photos, **FREE** how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes **FREE** Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.
GLEN-L, Box 1804MA44, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258 www.Glen-L.com (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)



Joliboat, cruising life in the slow lane on sheltered inland waterways. Designed for the advanced amateur boatbuilder, the Joliboat features the simplest possible barge-like hull w/great proportions built of marine plywood & softwood framing. Accommodating 4 adults under good headroom w/generous storage space, the arrangement incl a fwd deck, 2 single berths, a watercloset & storage space, a 4-place salon w/ adjacent galley, a dble berth w/storage & an afterdeck. Propulsion is by a 10hp 4-cycle OB operated from the afterdeck for a cruising speed of 6mph. Construction plans on 8 sheets 18"x24" plus 1 sheet of detailed building procedures. \$120.
PHILIP THIEL, Naval Architect, 4720 7th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105. (18)



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)



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)

"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)

When You Can't Get On The Water, board a good book, visit...
www.bookboating.com (21P)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

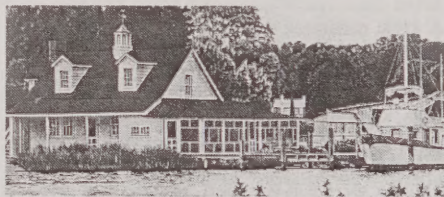
September 1932 Rudder, copy of magazine or reprint of article by Fenwick Williams.
PETER BRADFORD, Middleboro, MA, (508) 947-8352. (18)

MISCELLANEOUS MARINE RELATED FOR SALE

www.kleppers.org. (TFP)

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

Get Away Vacation Rental, secluded home on Lake Huron 3 miles from DeTour Village in the UP of Michigan. Direct access to famous North Channel of Lake Huron. Over 500' of private waterfront, private dock on protected Lake Huron bay. 6yr home on 1 floor sleeping 6 w/compl apartment over attached 2 car garage sleeping 7. Features full laundry, hot tub, deck, sandy beach. Home \$800/wk. Home & apartment \$1,100/wk. Apartment \$300/wk.
ROBERT/JEAN BLOOM, Detour Village, MI, (906) 297-6105, rjbloom@sault.com (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)

Things You Should Know About Publication of Your Classified Ads

If we receive your ad just before going to press, there will be a two-week interval during printing before the issue containing it will be mailed, and a further ten days to two weeks is added to the interval before your ad will be in readers' hands.

Thus, it can be from three to six weeks before your ad will appear. You can receive up to two more issues after sending in your ad before it will appear, it will not be in the next issue you receive for certain.



BOAT BUSINESS ASSETS FOR SALE

MOULDS BOAT OARS TRAILER AND CRADLE

NORWEGIAN DESIGN

BARNEGAT BAY ROWING SKIFF

15'2" Length Overall

36" Width

\$5800.00

FOR FREE BROCHURE

WRITE TO:

**WILLIAM R. FEIST ENTERPRISES, INC.
95 BEECHWOOD AVENUE
WEST LONG BRANCH
NEW JERSEY 07764-1850**

OR CALL:

BILL FEIST 732-229-2014

Anywhere.
Anytime.
Anyone.



[GO WITH THE FLOW]

Go explore that nearby lake... check out that local creek... paddle along a rustic New England harbor... all in our easy-to-paddle **FeatherLite** kayaks. User-friendly, they come with large, non-confining cockpits and are easy to carry at only 37 lbs.! These are the perfect *all-terrain recreational vehicles*.

Discover kayaking in your own backyard!



The FeatherLite 37 lbs. 9' 5"
Stable Shallow-V Hull, Comfortable Foam Seat,
Built-In Flotation, Adjustable Seat, Footbraces & More.

www.heritagekayaks.com

HERITAGE
— KAYAKS —

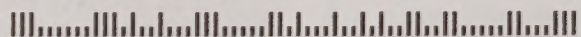
55 Ballou Boulevard, Bristol, RI 02809 • [401] 253-3408 • Fax [401] 254-6994

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

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

XXI-18

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



*****3-DIGIT 019

S1 P2

DEAN LAHIKAINEN
PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM
161 E INDIA SQUARE MALL
SALEM MA 01970-3711

messing
about in

BOATS

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

Librow 7