

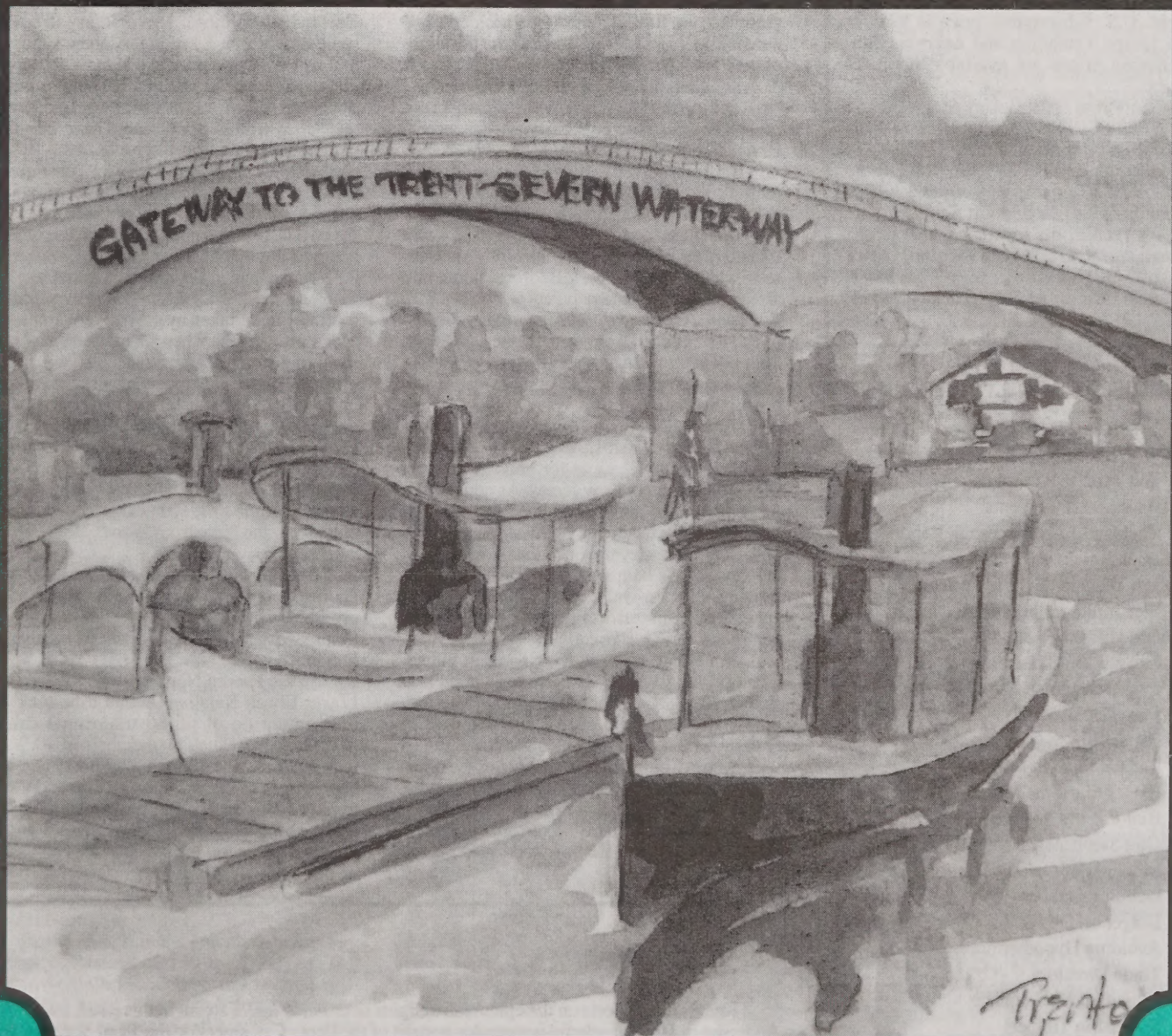
**Special Features This Issue**  
"Ten Years in the Everglades"  
"Rescue CG36500" - "Model Your Own Dreamboat"



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 19

February 15, 2004



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February 15, 2004



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Last September I shuffled through a collection of newspaper clippings that had accumulated here, sent on by readers. At the time I explained why I cannot reprint these without laboriously securing permission from the newspapers and the authors of the articles, but did give you a superficial rundown of titles so you could see what sort of news messing about in boats makes in the mass media.

Now in early January as I clean out files of stuff I'll never use, I ran through these again and thought I'd elaborate on several of the articles of particular interest. While the most commonplace are those reporting on accidents and deaths afloat and venting anger about the antics of the PWC crowd, some do indeed have a look at the brighter side of messing about.

Projects! Think you've undertaken a project beyond your capability and resources? How about these?

Jose Lopes of Brockton, Massachusetts, a retired merchant mariner, launched his 76' yacht, a 24-year project, in Scituate harbor last summer. Jose plans to sail it to his native Cape Verde Islands after fitting it out in the old Massachusetts whaling port of New Bedford, home of a sizeable Cape Verdean population. The *Senhora do Monte* (*Our Lady of the Mountain*) floated in Scituate harbor right on her lines. Jose had built her in the yard alongside a three decker in Brockton and had her transported overland to nearby Scituate.

Terry Allworthy, a 74-year-old retired music teacher and British expatriate, has been working on his 53' yacht for only 15 years in his yard in Raritan, New Jersey. As completion neared so did an implacable deadline, the state was about to relocate the highway past Terry's home/building site, and once that work got underway Terry's boat would be inaccessible for moving. "I'll be walled in," said Terry as he speeded up his efforts towards completion enough to be moved overland.

Jim Fahey is the moving force in the acquisition of a WWII German midget submarine by the U.S. Naval Shipbuilding Museum on the site of the old Fore River Shipyard in Quincy, Massachusetts. The 38' sub weighs 15 tons, is one of only seven remaining of the original 75 built for coastal duty by Germany on the Baltic Sea. Fahey has personally removed 40 lbs. of rust from the sub and restored the entire exterior by himself. He hopes to finish off the

interior restoration during the summer. He has enlisted the Blue Hills Regional Technical School in nearby Canton to build replicas of the two 23' torpedoes carried by the sub once he obtains plans from a German association of submariners who crewed the miniature subs.

William Kallop, a New York businessman relocated to Houston, Texas, who purchased the sadly neglected, old presidential yacht *Honey Fitz* in 1998, plans to restore it for his personal use. The 92' motor yacht was named by President Kennedy after his maternal grandfather, John F. "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, a colorful Boston Irish politician. Restoration will be done professionally in a Mobile, Alabama shipyard and was anticipated to take at least six months and in excess of \$1 million. No hand is out for donations to save this historic vessel, somewhat refreshing in this era of "help save our ship" campaigns by non-profit groups.

Okay, how about some "re-enactments," a form of messing about that I have serious reservations about being really possible, given that the re-enactors live and function in today's culture and not in that of the original occasion.

A reenactment of a voyage from Cape Cod to the nearby island of Martha's Vineyard once routinely undertaken by the native Wampanoag Indians took place when six men and a woman, including native Wampanoags who work at the Plimoth Plantation Wampanoag Indian Program in Plymouth, Massachusetts, launched a 28' dugout canoe they had taken over a year to build by burning out the interior of a donated poplar log in traditional Indian fashion. They came ashore out of the fog about 90 minutes later, about the same time span experienced by anyone taking the ferry from Woods Hole to Vineyard Haven.

Sharing in the spiritual experience with Darius Coombs, manager of the Wampanoag program, were Annawon Weeden, a Mashpee Wampanoag and Cassius Spears, a Narragansett Indian.

In the Pacific Northwest, members of the Lower Elwah Kalallam Indian tribe took part in a gathering of 50-80 traditional canoes paddled to a potlatch by members of 40 Washington tribes. The 14 man 32' long canoe was, however, of fiberglass construction and the intrepid re-enactors would have a support boat along with substitute paddlers should any be unable to maintain the pace.

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## On the Cover...

Kent Lacey reports on the epicurean delights of cruising under steam in this issue, and C'Ann Anderson did this wonderful watercolor portrait of the fleet of steamers on the Trent Severn Canal.

Living in a coastal New England community, we are blessed with all that the ocean and its shores afford. Sandy beaches on which to lay a towel and soak up the sun. Waterways on which to paddle, row, and sail. Fresh seafood. A gentle ocean breeze. Bugs...yes, bugs! In this case, "greenheads."

Every year it's the same. When I was younger they would attack as soon as the family picnic was spread in the sand. Years later, when I returned home from college, I discovered they had been waiting for me and attacked as I would be setting up or breaking down my windsurfer. Now I have my own family. And still those nasty, green-faced pests haunt me.

I am a reasonably optimistic man and, being one to give everything the benefit of the doubt, believe that all creatures serve some purpose. It's easy to think this way when watching bees pollinate a beautiful flower, or when finding worms in my garden. But greenheads...what purpose can they possibly serve except to test the tolerance of man? I can't recall the number of times that I've been chased off the beach, slapping at the back of my neck with one hand while brushing at my legs with the other. And who, in their infinite wisdom, decided to make these bloodsuckers impervious to bug spray?

A few weeks ago, my daughter and I made off on our maiden voyage aboard the *E.T. Bugaboo* (a home-built Skerry, designed by Chesapeake Light Craft and inspired by Nordic working craft, but ultimately a cross between a Norwegian Faering, a New England Swampscott Dory, and a Maine Peapod, refer to: <http://www.getoutside.com/skerry/skerry.htm>). This was going to be a relaxing father/daughter row around Duxbury Bay with a picnic on one of the least visited beaches. We were both excited as we made our way across the bay. There was a little bit of a breeze, but the *E.T. Bugaboo* handled it nicely.

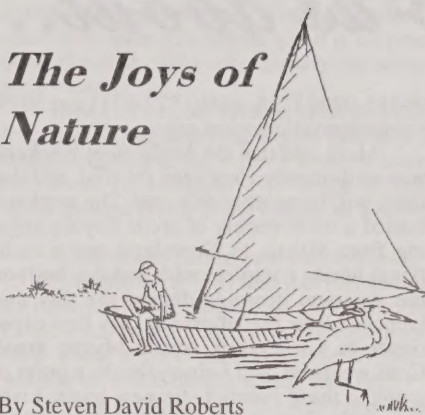
As we were making our way into the small inlet where our targeted beach of choice was, we talked about our plans for the boat, other trips we would make, and how great it would be to finally sail her. As if on cue, the mood was suddenly changed when I felt a sharp stinging sensation on the back of my neck, and my daughter started screaming that she was getting stung. "Greenheads!" I yelled.

Concluding that these little buggers were waiting in ambush in the inlet where they were protected from the wind, I quickly turned my small craft around and made for the open water. This was not how the maiden voyage was supposed to be. Didn't these pests have any sense of decency not to spoil a perfect father/daughter moment? Thankfully, we managed to find a beach that had a breeze and the trip was not a disaster. But still, I cursed the day that the greenhead found its way into existence.

The greenhead is a salt marsh fly, *Tabanus nigrovittatus*. It's the females that bite. They attack during daylight, they occur in large numbers, have a long flight range, and attack persistently. Greenhead fly populations reach their peak during July, but extend from late June into September.

In the fall, female greenheads lay egg masses consisting of 100 to 200 eggs. The protein from the blood they suck helps in producing the eggs. The eggs hatch greenhead larvae that inundate the salt marshes. Counts

## The Joys of Nature



By Steven David Roberts

## The Value of Greenheads



as high as 70 larvae in a single square yard of marsh sod have been measured. The larvae overwinter and form pupa which forage for a brief period of spring. The adults emerge from the pupa in late spring. Adult female greenheads move from the salt marsh to nearby wooded or open areas along the marsh edge to seek suitable blood sources. There they await and attack wildlife, livestock, and people who venture close enough for them to detect.

Soon after *E.T. Bugaboo's* maiden voyage, the family decided that we would go for a picnic on the ocean side of Duxbury Beach. My oldest daughter, our family dog, and I would row everything over in the boat, and my wife and the baby (who is still too young to be in a boat), would walk over the bridge and meet us on the other side.

Here I must briefly deviate from topic and say that I am a big fan of dragonflies. Without going into depth, I just think that they are neat. I can watch them all day. I think this originated as a kid, when I would walk through the woods and across the cow field, out behind the house, and sit on the banks of the Satucket River. Here I would throw rocks into the water and watch the dragonflies skim back and forth over the surface. Recently I even made a stained glass window with a dragonfly on it that I built into the wall separating the kitchen and family room. In the afternoon, when the sun is shining in through the large, south-facing window in the family room, the dragonfly lights up and his eyes shine green.

So, it was on this aforementioned family beach picnic that I discovered the value (or at least in my book) of the greenhead. As my daughter was jumping off the anchored boat and frolicking in the water, I put down a blanket on the beach, laid down, and waited for the rest of our family. I soon noticed swarms of huge, colorful dragonflies flying around me. I have never seen them this big... and so many at one time. I was amazed and thoroughly enjoying the moment. The sun, only about an hour from setting, was warm on my face as it glistened off the bay and the papery wings all around. It was one of those experiences that almost feels unreal, as if you're under a spell (or real strong hallucinogens). I wanted to yell for my daughter to come see, but was afraid that as soon as I did, the spell would be broken. It was then that I realized the reason the dragonflies were obviously flourishing. They were feeding on greenheads.

Only a few weeks earlier I would have paid big dollars to be rid of every greenhead in existence. But on this day, I was nothing but appreciative. I still have no use for mosquitoes, though.

(Contributions to this column, such as Steven's above, should be e-mailed to Ken Murphy at [kgmurphy@comcast.net](mailto:kgmurphy@comcast.net).)

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Battle of Hampton Roads

On the weekend of March 5-7 the Mariners' Museum in Newport News, Virginia, will host its 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Battle of Hampton Roads, a full program focussed on Civil War naval action in this area. In addition to the opening of a new temporary exhibit focussed on the *USS Monitor* and the *CSS Virginia*, the weekend will offer behind the scenes tours of the Collections, a guided boat tour, a Civil War costume party, and several lecture sessions. Contact the Museum for a full program and registration information. Email contact can be made at <info@mariner.org> or you can phone Ida Finifter at (757) 591-7739 or (800) 581-7245.

The Mariners' Museum, Newport News, VA

### WoodenBoat School 2004

The 2004 *WoodenBoat* School catalog has arrived, a 32-page newsprint tabloid sized publication with the stuff that summer vacation dreams are made of for anyone wanting to delve deeper into boatbuilding and all of its ramifications.

You can obtain a copy from them at *WoodenBoat* School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616-0078.

### 2004 Mystic Seaport Small Craft and Arctic Boats Weekends

I recently stopped by Mystic Seaport and had a chat with Peter Vermilya and Mark Starr about this year's boating weekends. Peter said the Seaport would be having, as usual, another John Gardner Small Craft Workshop the first weekend in June. The attendance could be better, Peter and I agree. I pointed out to Peter that many people are not really aware that this weekend is the most unique opportunity to try out all sorts of small craft ranging from sail boats, rowing craft, and kayaks. You can talk with people who build and/or own these interesting boats. There is no opportunity quite like this one. The mix of boats is perfect for we who always want a smorgasbord or a particular boat on the water. I always bring some interesting examples of sea kayaks for people to try out.

Last year I was able to try the Echo, an open water sliding seat boat designed by Doug Martin. The Echo is a most extraordinary design of open water sliding seat craft, which encompasses all the details missing in the well-known Alden Ocean Shell. I had seen the Echo in March at the Maine Boat Builders show, but to experience the boat the opportunity was available at Mystic. Wow, what a wonderful boat.

For information about the John Gardner Small Craft Weekend contact: Peter Vermilya, Assoc. Curator for the Small Craft Collection, Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., The Museum of America and the Sea, 75 Greenmanville Ave., PO Box 6000, Mystic, CT

06355-0990 USA, (860) 572-0711 ext 5019, <peter@mysticseaport.org>.

Mark said that the Arctic Boat Weekend was well-attended last year, the first, and that there will be another this year. The weekend hosted a wide variety of arctic kayaks ranging from Siberia to Greenland and a traditional umiaq complete with paddles built on the museum grounds during the day and launched later that afternoon. My first experience in a sea kayak was at Mystic Small Craft weekend, and I always make a point of going to these events to try new boats. I was especially pleased that Mark had arranged for two kayaks and the umiaq from Alaska to be on display from the museum's collection. Mark will be sending questionnaires to last year's attendees about the weekend.

For information about the Arctic Boat weekend contact: Mark Starr, Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., Documentation Shop, H.B. duPont Preservation Shipyard, 75 Greenmanville Ave., Mystic CT 06355-0990, (860) 572-0711 ext. 5092, <marks@mysticseaport.org>

Gail Ferris, Stony Point, CT

## Adventures & Experiences..

### Backyard Boat

Skipper has built a boat in the backyard, a 20' sloop with a snug cabin. When he wants to go "sailing" he walks ten yards from the kitchen door, climbs a small stepladder to the cockpit, and hoists the mainsail (of which he is proud, having hand sewn it from a new cream colored cotton canvas drop cloth).

He has to admit that most of the time not enough wind gets through the trees and bushes to provide enough "action." But on stormy days and nights things can be exhilarating, even a bit frightening. The mast (a 2"x4") whips and vibrates and the hull creaks and groans. The intrepid sailor plays the sheet skillfully to avoid an accidental jibe. It helps that there is no need to steer (there is a fancy varnished ship's wheel, but it is not connected to anything).

Night sailing is special. After getting unbearably cold "standing watch," he ducks into the cabin and pours a steaming mug of hot buttered rum from the pot on the stove. That's sailing, mon!

A backyard boat doesn't cruise or race or qualify one for club membership, but it does have advantages. It can't run aground because it is already there, and it doesn't know there are such things as adverse currents and unfavorable winds. Leeway? Noway! Skipper appreciates the absence of an engine. No shocking first cost, no nagging fuel and maintenance expenses. Navigation is a snap. The cardboard facsimile GPS can be adjusted to show any location (the boat recently rounded Cape Horn in a flat calm).

As with all of Skipper's previous boats, his wife has never been aboard the backyarder even though he told her, "I've named it after you!" He persuaded his friend Martin to come

for a sail but Martin became bored. "You turn the wheel and nothing happens," he said. This got Skipper thinking. Why not mount *After You* on a pivot and have the wheel turn another wheel athwartship under the stern?

Steve Tiebout, New York, NY

## Designs...

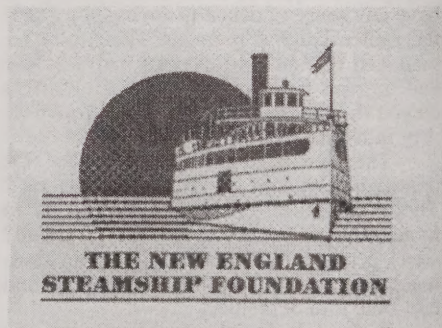
### She Moves So Quickly

My late uncle, John Huff, a long time Minnesota scow sailor, designed and built this one off dory in 1985. He said he just made a couple of temporary cross sections and bent rigid foam planks over them lapstrake style, covering everything with one layer of 8-oz. fiberglass cloth and epoxy resin. The result is a 20' boat that weighs only 100 lbs. I brought it back to Maine from Lake Minnetonka on the roof of my Volkswagen. Yes, she is a bit delicate and can't be dragged around over sharp objects, but boy does she fly under sail and seems perfectly balanced with her large centerboard and a sail cut down from something he had handy. Being so light, she is also quite tender, so it's impossible to reach around the mast to get the painter without tipping over! Some ballast would certainly help that...but who cares when she moves so quickly.

Sam Powers, Portland, ME



## Information of Interest...



### Nobska Needs Help Quick

The Trustees of the New England Steamship Foundation continue to be dedicated to

the goal of restoring the 1925 *Nobska* to once again sail the waters as an operating museum. The former "Friends of *Nobska*" and the current Foundation have faced Herculean tasks. A number of regulatory issues have finally been successfully resolved and we can now proceed with the restoration, in full compliance with Coast Guard and American Bureau of Shipping requirements.

Three million dollars have been spent thus far on restoring the hull and another million dollars is needed to finish that work so that the ship can be floated. Therein lies the problem! We are faced with pressure from the National Park Service to move the *Nobska* from its dry dock at the Charlestown Navy Yard, and the move plan must be completed by March 2004. (The dry dock space is needed for the future restoration of the *USS Constitution*).

This is it for the *Nobska*. If we can't complete the rebuilding of the hull, the ship can't be floated and moved to a new berth, and they will scrap the *Nobska*.

Clarence (Trip) Barnes, noted fundraiser, and Tom Carroll, Vice Chairmen of the Foundation, are heading up an emergency team, directing new efforts to provide publicity, communicate with local and federal governments, stimulate and renew marine interest, and most of all do aggressive fund raising on the local, state, and national level.

A new video titled *The Nobska* has recently been completed. It provides an excellent and comprehensive documentary on the *Nobska's* heritage, history, and restoration progress to date. The pressure from the Park Service and the release of the new video has produced an impetus to kick into high gear with renewed restoration efforts. The door is open for realistic progress.

You can help. To those who have supported the *Nobska* each year, we thank you, we could not have achieved what we have done thus far without your support. Many of you have let your membership lapse. We are asking you to please renew your membership. We really need your help.

David McCullough, our nation's premier historian, says it well in the new *Nobska* video, "It's the last of a kind, do we say the hell with it?" For further information, please contact us.

New England Steamship Foundation,  
P.O. Box 1642, Edgartown, MA 02539,  
www.nobska, <Nobska@fastdail.net>

### Keeping Trailer Lights Lit

Here's a helpful hint for boat trailer lights. I keep a can of contact cleaner/lubricant in my truck to use on the trailer plug and truck socket when my trailer lights grow dim or don't glow at all. It comes in a spray can and works instantaneously. Radio Shack sells it for about \$9 per can.

Bryan Shrader, Port Townsend, WA

## Information Wanted...

### Small Skiff Power

How can a 5hp Briggs & Stratton engine be set up to propel a small 12'-16' plywood boat? What would be the cheapest, easi-

est, safest way to install it cannibalizing old outboards and whatever else? Somebody must have done this before and if it's a practical idea that can work, can anyone advise me in detail?

How can a small vehicle's rear end (differential) be rigged to haul lobster or crab pots using a capstan as the hauling head, or better still a rim or whatever else might suffice, again using a small 3-5hp engine as a power source?

What would be the best way to power a 15' fiberglass deep V tri hull that has had the IO removed? Speed is not the main concern. Could a sail be installed on such a style boat? How about a good superstructure design, I want to be warm during spring fishing.

Arthur MacDonald, Revere, MA,  
<harbormaster 57@hotmail.com>

## Projects...

### Boaters Network

Have you ever been on a business trip and been stuck in a motel for the evening with nothing better to do than sort through the cable channels looking for something worth watching? Boring, isn't it. What we really need is a list of folks who are willing to take you boating in their local water when you are a long way from home. We need to develop a list of folks willing to share a boat with a complete stranger and sometimes do it on a short notice. Someone willing to spend a summer evening showing a stranger his or her favorite local waters. We need someone with email willing to maintain this list and to help people to connect with someone in the town they plan to visit. We also need folks to register on that list. I will start the list:

Name: Mississippi Bob

Home Waters: Upper Mississippi River, Minneapolis city lakes, St Paul lake chain, or Lake Pepin

Type of Boat: Solo canoe or touring kayak...I have friends who sail and row

E-mail address: None

Snail Mail Address: 12936 Galaxie Ave., Apple Valley, MN 55124

Phone Number: (952) 432-7557

Times available: Retired, I have a good deal of available time

Next?

We need some one to pick up the ball and run with it. I would be happy to do this but I am a technofobic. Bob Hicks and I use snail mail and telephones, the rest of you can use e-mail or whatever.

This seems like a great way to make new friends who boat. You might even look forward to revisiting some towns that you used to dread.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley, MN

### How Do You Straighten a Bent Mast?

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum offered for sale an O'Day Daysailer 11 exactly like the one I purchased 31 years ago. The boom and mainsail were missing and the mast was bent about 25 degrees 8' below its tip. I bought it in midwinter rather than wait for the May-auction. Obviously the boat had

been sailing on a windy day when a fatigued spreader parted, resulting in the mast shifting and bending when a stay took up slack.

The mainsail was easily replaced at Bacon Associates in Annapolis, as was a used boom found in a rigging shop. But how do you straighten a bent mast? A metalworker told me, "You will have to heat it up, but if it gets too hot the aluminum will get like cottage cheese and collapse."

On a sunny day in March my friend Jim Lohr came to my home to help take the bend out of the mast. We heated four gallons of water to boiling on the crab cooker. A concrete block was placed on my driveway with a piece of plywood on top to protect the mast. My wife poured boiling water on the mast bend and Jim and I applied our body weight to both ends taking them to the ground. When released the mast sprung back as it was before. So we placed another block under the first. Now my son had to help me with his weight because I only had 8' of leverage. Hot water was poured onto the mast and my wife helped Jim push his end down to the driveway. There was noticeable improvement but the mast was still bent.

So we placed a third block under the mast. By this time my neighbors were coming up the walk to see what we were doing and pitched in to help. The last of the boiling water was poured on the mast and five adults put their weight to the ends. As this pressure was applied we felt the aluminum relax and pushed it to the ground. When released the mast was almost as straight as original. I videotaped this whole experience because I doubt I will ever have to straighten a bent mast again.

However, you might have to adjust a mast with a little help from your friends. It can be done at home. Better yet, carefully inspect your spreaders regularly to prevent a bent mast.

Robert A. Musch, Easton, MD

## This Magazine...

### Library Gift Subscriptions

I saw your appeal for gift subscriptions in the December 1 *MAIB*. I was more receptive than normal, having recently seen an appeal for support of the magazine in the Bolger group on Yahoo.

No one sprang to mind as recipient of such a gift, however, it did occur to me that I could give a subscription to my local library. The subscription card and check are enclosed. My idea is that users of the library will discover the magazine and feel the need to obtain subscriptions of their own.

This plan is enhanced by the fact that Lakeland, Florida, has a fair complement of winter residents. Hopefully they might miss their bimonthly shot of messing about when they return north for the summer. Libraries seem to be a good choice for gaining exposure since are not on newstands.

I intend to urge subscriptions on the Yahoo Bolger group. I learned of *MAIB* from Peter Spectre's column in *WoodenBoat*. *MAIB* suits the kind of boating that I do much better than do the common glossies. Thank you for keeping it going.

Douglas Thomas, Lakeland, FL

The scene across the lawn glimpsed only in ragged patches of less obscure vision now and then reflects what the tempest is doing to the tree branches of the old maple. The ocean is being ripped apart and the Sound is a hellish cauldron of sharp sleet and agonized waves as the saltwater makes its way north on a rising tide. The immutable force of the tidal march is counterpoint to the implacable force of a northeast wind that has brought the first big squall to our shores this season.

In truth, winter hasn't actually started yet by our modern calendar. The ancient cultures knew it was upon us at the end of the harvest in September/October, they saw the waning days as a sign of the death of the sun and celebrated the return of that weakened celestial orb on the 21st of this month, we, for whatever reason, call the winter solstice the first day of winter. However you wish to count the dark days between now and when the first crocus emerges, we've got ourselves a doozy of a winter coastal storm.

All along the East Coast this storm has churned up coastal waters and tossed any boats left in the water about like bathtub toys. Whenever we get a good blow, particularly in the winter, I think back to the old days of schooners out on the Banks in all conditions to catch codfish and support their families and a hungry industry.

I called into work and was told "don't risk the roads, stay home." I doubt that I could have fought the wind to reach the car it was so strong, and if I had cleared it of the crust of ice and gotten to the road out front, it would have been tough sledding across the causeway, in fact, having a sled with a couple of huskies belonging to neighbors to power it might be the only sure way of going off The Neck today. Are we a less tough people then



## Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

### Nuthin but a Nor'Easter December 5, 2003

our ancestors, or are we faced with a different set of risks and dangers?

I want to think that the captain of a Gloucesterman out on the Grand Banks would not have risked his crew and equipment in this sort of rough weather, telling them, "stay below, mend your hand lines." When we lived closer to work and my responsibilities were of a managerial sort, I did make it down the highway or often through the quieter back roads. What never ceased to amaze me were the numbers of people who would risk life and limb to just be out sight-seeing or going to the mall because they had a snow day off from work or school. A 6000-lb. car travel-

ing at 50 or more miles an hour cannot stop on ice or packed, slick snow. Put me out on that schooner before asking me to expose myself to fools on stormy roadways.

Although we are well above the water, I am grateful that we're past the moon tide a couple weeks back. Anyone crossing the marshes on the low-lying roadway will be spared having to get out the oars.

I can report that the expert wrapping job on the Crawford dory is standing up to the ravages of the wind and sleet. I have one new bird feeder that hasn't fared as well, it is hanging by one side of its wire bail hanger. I think if it survives until a lull I'll move it into the lee of the front entry porch, trading places with the suet bell. Last night the birds were stuffing themselves and the geese were flying in confused patterns.

The geese instinctively want to head south, but their inner GPS and weather sense told them this monster storm was coming up from the south, not a smart direction to travel. They flew one way, then reversed and flew back up the Sound, plaintively complaining the whole time. The eider and black ducks were more complacent and hunkered down, resolved to ride it out at sea. I heard staccato quacks as irritated mothers gathered their broods into the flotilla.

Winter on the coast is never easy, but with a storm like this one, you can only take comfort in having been prepared and knowing that you and yours are safely out of the weather. I give thanks that we live in a new century, with comforting amenities and no need to be fishing the Grand Banks from an open boat. Those old Yankee fishermen would probably scoff at my concerns and state the fact, "Well, missus, it's nuthin' but a nor'easter".

The Apprenticeshop of Atlantic Challenge will offer a three-day workshop for students ages 8-15 during the winter school break, February 17-19, 2004. Participants will build half models of the Apprenticeshop designed Carney 22 Lobsterboat or the traditional Bantry Bay gig.

Participants will learn the principles of boat design and tool use while constructing their own half hull models. Instructors and volunteers will be on hand to teach tool use and safety. This is an excellent course for those who have some woodworking experience and for those just starting out with an interest in building.

The workshop will run from 1:30-5:00 PM, Tuesday through Thursday, February 17-19. The cost is \$100 and includes materials. Class size will be limited and early registration is encouraged.

And on the shop floor four boats were under construction as 2003 drew to a close:

10'7" Abeking & Rasmussen Tender (Crew Chief Brady Gow with Andrew Nencheck), a lapstrake double ender with beautiful lines similar to some of the bigger traditional Scandinavian fishing vessels. She's cedar planked on oak ribs and backbone.

16' Whitehall (Crew Chief Kurt Lynch with Mark Peters and Elisabete Baker), a carvel planked rowing boat, the design slightly altered from the original Chappelle plans to add additional stability.

## Rockland Apprenticeshop Report

24' Carney Design Lobster Boat Crew (Chief Joe Taylor with Adam Stanisz, Nick Carlson, Dodge Singleton, and Neil Joyce), the second of its kind we've built, she's a small cruising boat based on an original 22-footer, designed for coastal cruising and the occasional weekend excursion.

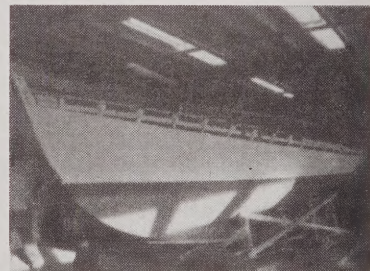
22' Herreshoff Prudence Sloop (Crew Chief Travis Fuller with Cate Tanski and Tito Parodi), a restoration project back in the Shop to continue work on sheer strakes and decks. The crew will be laying dynel over thin plywood overlay.

Some of our boat projects are still for sale, contact us. For more information about Atlantic Challenge and its programs, please call (207) 594-1800.



Atlantic Challenge is a not for profit educational organization whose mission is to inspire personal growth through craftsmanship, community, and the traditions of the sea.

Atlantic Challenge Foundation,  
Rockland, ME



# Rowing To Latitude

## Journeys Along the Arctic's Edge

By Jill Fredston

North Point Press, 2001

Reviewed by Hermann Gucinski

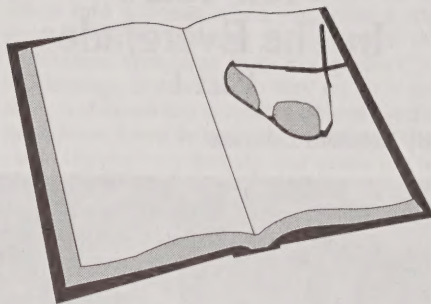
I enjoyed the controversy in the pages of *MAIB* about oars-on-gunwale versus sliding seat rowing as much as I have enjoyed the veritable spate of articles on beach cruising. My first impulse was to chime in with letters telling that I was firmly on the side of the oars-on-gunwale rowers, and I wanted to express my skepticism that beach cruising could still be done unencumbered by limited landing and camping sites and by "No Trespassing" signs. I rowed and sailed my little skiff *Periwinkle* on the Chesapeake Bay for 15 years and did a little beach cruising myself, so I thought I really knew something on both subjects.

When a present arrived in the mail, the book *Rowing to Latitude*, by Jill Fredston, right off the title had me puzzled, but the subject caught my eye instantly. Here was a woman who combined a deep love for rowing with coastal voyaging in areas I surely felt impossible to traverse in a small, human powered boat. She did it not only under oars, but in a sliding seat "beach cruiser," a boat I would have thought quite unsuitable for the dangers of totally wild coasts devoid of harbors, exposed to incredible seas and often sea ice, and far from any human presence.

Jill Fredston started as a competitive rower in typical flat water, multi oared crew boats. That experience, combined with her love of the wilderness, made her kind of travel a natural outcome of her desires, but in her case she pushed to what I believe are unheard of limits. She likens her feeling to one of the handful of Inupiaq natives who had traveled as far as she had on a journey on most all of the Yukon River. "I had to find out where the river came from and where it went."

You don't have to be a convert to sliding seat boats to do what she did. For the first 13,000 miles of travel, Jill's husband, Doug Fesler, accompanied her in a kayak, but he then converted to the type of boat she used, a vessel designed for her by Mike Neckar of Necky kayak fame, based on a two hatch boat, 20' long, 33" beam, weighing 120 lbs., and made of kevlar. The weight is the outcome of the cargo carrying need as Jill and Doug often carry three months' worth of supplies.

It is not only the tremendous range of their voyages and the incredible shores they choose to follow (the Alaskan Inside Passage from Seattle to Skagway, the Aleutian Peninsula to Cook Inlet, the Yukon, the MacKenzie River to the Arctic shore of Canada and Alaska to Prudhoe Bay, the west coast of Norway, a circumnavigation of Svalbard Island, Spitzbergen, the west coast of Greenland, and the coast of Labrador), but it



## Book Reviews

is the description of the travel that makes the book so compelling.

Jill writes of her innermost emotions, her reaction to the environmental insults seen in far too many places, the encroachment on true wilderness. The terror of huge waves against high, rocky cliffs are told with a vividness and depth that makes the writing seem like poetry. This applies to both the quiet moments like, "Sometimes, we stepped from the open glare of the beaches into the thick forest where secrets seemed to hang in the canopy," to the fearsome seas on the British Columbia shore, "I was seasick and more gut wrenchingly, biliously afraid than I'd ever been in my life. And that was before we hit the suckholes, or boomers, submerged reefs where the larger swells were feeling the ocean bottom and breaking in a ferocious display of boiling hydraulics that looked like inverted tornadoes and roared like jet engines."

You don't have to want to follow the example of these travels, and you don't have to convert to sliding seat boats to appreciate and delight in the indomitable spirit of these two people and their willingness to take on challenges that we imitate on small ponds or in gentle seas with only occasional tests when winds spring up, the water begins to boil, and we are tested for an afternoon, or a day at most. However, self reliance, self sufficiency, and ability to adapt to changing conditions is a must, whether it's for your travels or their gigantic endeavors. At one point airline officials refused to ship the boats back to the States, even though they had successfully flown them in. Doug meets the shipping box length requirements by taking a hacksaw and cutting their precious boats in half.

So grab this book and shudder along with them when brown bears become more than a nuisance and stalk the rowers, who have to go ashore sooner or later, delight in gliding on sky blue waters off the coast of Greenland, among blindingly white icebergs, moan when you read how garbage, trash, and poisonous detritus has scarred hundreds of miles of shoreline in what should be pristine places, and marvel how efficiently one can travel in so small a boat, ultimately becoming convinced, as is Jill Fredston, that such boats are safer than bigger vessels, sail or power, in the waters they seek to explore and know.

## Princess

By Joe Richards

Published by David McKay Co., Inc.  
750 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017

Reviewed by Mississippi Bob Brown

I feel a bit silly doing a review on a book that you may have trouble finding, but I feel that it is a great book that all boat people should read. I somehow remember it as a serialized book that was published in *Rudder*. Remember *Rudder*? I was a young man when they quit printing that one.

Years later my sister gave me a copy of *Princess*. I looked at it and said, "I think that that book was printed in *Rudder*." I put the book on my shelf and forgot about it for a couple more years.

One day I got the book out and began reading. Wow, this guy is really good. I have read the book about four times since then. I have loaned it out to friends and even bought a second copy just in case the first one got lost.

Joe Richards was first a sailor, a merchant sailor. He was also an artist and a writer. The book is illustrated by the author. *Princess* is a story about a man's love affair with a boat. The book also tells us a lot about the times before, during, and after WWII. It also tells us a lot about the Inland Waterway and the people that he met along this route.

From all I can tell this is a true story. Joe spins a good yarn that has to have some basis in the truth. Joe Richards bought a 50-year-old Friendship sloop in 1938 and spent the next 25 years restoring it. A few boards here and some new ribs there. A war happened and the author started a family and the restoration continued. By the time you put the book away you feel that you know a lot of folks between Flushing, Long Island, and Key Biscayne, Florida. And you may have learned a few tricks about boat building.

Okay, where do you find a copy of an out-of-print book? Try the library, they may have one. I rarely buy books, that's what libraries are for. Our local library system will find books that are outside of their system at no charge. I don't mind paying taxes for that kind of service.

I wanted a second copy and one of my sons found me one on the internet. I don't know how he did this, but I'm happy that he could. The book he found was a used copy that came out of a library somewhere in New Jersey. Me, I'm just a dumb boat builder. I don't do the internet very well.

I have my two copies that I keep a good eye on. You will have to find your own. Good luck finding a copy. Enjoy it.

...well, not really, not like the old timers Gregorio Lopez, Arthur Darwin, or the notorious Ed Watson, and not even like the more recent Evergladians like Totch Brown or my Chokoloskee friend Thornton. I am even farther removed from those total immersion year round dwellers of the Glades. I am but a snow bird from the cold northland of Maine who, after watching his students for 30 years migrating south during spring break, finally decided to join the fun in the sun, but in my own special way.

It was the spring of 1992. I was getting tired of beating up on the younger fellows in our spring whitewater canoe races and needed something new to dip my paddle into, something warm for a change, with some navigational challenge if possible.

So what's out there in the fun department for paddlers? First descents in China or Chile were definitely too extreme for me and financially totally out of reach. It had to be in the U.S. and south where it is warm that time of year. The Rio Grande appealed to me, but only if there is enough water in it, which is not always the case. And then there were the bug, snake, and gator infested Okefenokee swamp and the equally notorious Everglades, or were they?

After some background checks, the 100 mile long tidal estuary of the Everglades National Park from Everglades City in the north to Flamingo in the south sounded more and more enticing. Winter and spring, I also read, were the least buggy seasons down there, and coming from Maine, I thought, what are a few bugs. I can take it. It could not be much worse than May and June in our north woods, which I have survived on several longer trips down the St. John and Allagash and around Moosehead and the Rangeley Lakes.

After studying the three nautical NOAA charts (see Appendix for numbers) I was hooked. 100 miles through tidal mangrove forests, like our local 100 mile semi wilderness trip down the Allagash River in Maine, sounded like the thing to do during spring break. I began to think of this stretch as an "Allagash South" adventure. And no, I didn't need a guide, nor did I need the sociability of a group, and I definitely did not want to pay a lot of money for the "pamper package" (\$1,500 and up for 10 days!). I had all my gear, including comfortable PFD and lightweight, user friendly carbon fiber bent shaft paddle, and I enjoy planning my own trip from scratch. All I needed was a bare boat and drinking water for my four 2.5 gallon containers.

### The Wilderness Waterway

It took some planning to get a flight to Fort Myers with my two big duffels full of

Feeling much better already.



## Ten Years In The Everglades Part 1

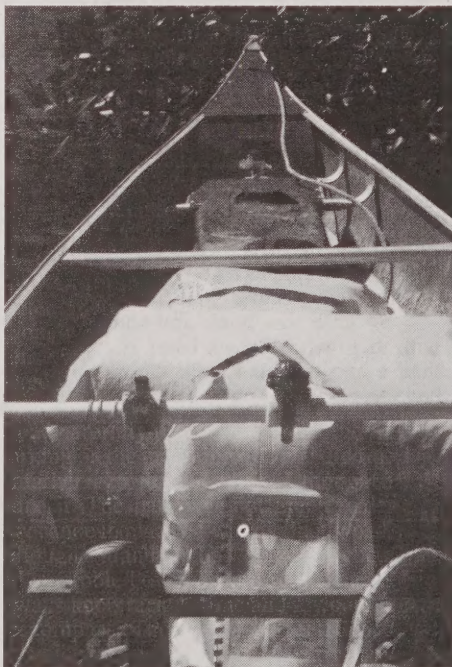
By Reinhard Zollitsch



Have paddle, will travel.

gear and food for 10 days, a ride to Everglades City, a bare boat from Sammy (ECBT, see Appendix), and a car shuttle back from Flamingo. But all that is instantly forgotten when you push off in your boat towards your first destination, with compass and stop watch mounted right in front of you and charts secured in watertight clear plastic chart holders. It felt and smelled warm and so new

Set up picture.



among the mangrove islands for a fellow only used to a pine, spruce, birch, and maple north woods landscape.

I had worked out all major courses and distances for the entire trip in advance and had entered them on my charts in pencil. I was navigating as if I was in the island world of the Maine coast, only using the occasional numbered markers of the National Park Service to verify my whereabouts.

But I had underestimated the effect of the sun and heat when I thought 20-22 miles a day would be an easy jaunt for me, even though I had to push a two man boom boom aluminum all by myself. I was surprisingly spent getting to Sweetwater the first day and Willy Willy the next. Sweetwater Chickee is a 10' x 12' wooden platform like a boat dock, about 30' off the mangrove shore in the water in a very secluded, not easy to find spot in the park (no markers). It was challenging to find and I enjoyed that immensely. When darkness fell, fish were jumping madly all night, being chased by bigger fish, dolphins, or gators. My flashlight bulb had broken in transport and I realized I had no light other than my L.L. Bean candle lantern, a distinct oversight which did not happen again.

Willy Willy to this day remains one of my favorite ground sites in the Park. It is way off the beaten path and not easy to find. But what a feeling, being there on an old Seminole/Calusa Indian shell heap under a large gumbo limbo tree, watching some big gators cruising by, checking you out. I decided to park my canoe smack dab in the gator slide to the water to get the message across that this little shell heap was MINE for the night. At night I heard bull gators rumbling like a distant outboard motor, their love song, very eerie when you hear it for the first time, all alone, in a flimsy little tent as your only protection, but also magical and raw. I trusted my Timberline, my tent was my fortress.

After having traversed 10 or more smaller and some quite large bays, all interconnected with often tiny streams like Alligator and Plate Creek, not much wider than 15', I finally got to one of the larger rivers draining and resupplying these large catch basins between the watery grassland, extending all the way to Lake Okeechobee and the tidal estuary and eventually the Gulf of Mexico. The Broad River was big and ebbed very strongly, especially below five mile long Broad Lake.

I spent a very buggy night two miles from the mouth of that river, just above the branch off to "The Nightmare," an 8.5 mile cross over to the Harney River. What makes this stretch so scary is that it can only be run at high tide. If you get stuck or lost, you will have to wait for the next high tide, 12 hours or so later. There definitely is no way of portaging out over the myriad of mangrove roots and dense woods. I knew it was the ultimate challenge in the Park and I had to do it, and do it alone.

I had carefully planned my departure in the morning on the incoming tide and did fine from marker #25 to #17, when I thought I had done it. The path was not much wider than my canoe in places. I was distinctly paddling through a tunnel in the woods. I hitched, pushed, and poled over several root systems and always kept track of time and my course on the compass. Then at #17 I met Broad Creek, which looked like a real stream on my

chart, and I was sure the rest would be a piece of cake. But suddenly the stream disappeared from under me. I was back in the mangroves. I was not ready for that, neither was my guide book or map.

I was going in the right direction, due east, but should have gotten to #16 a long time ago and on a proper little river or stream, not through the woods and over roots. Where could I have made a mistake, where could I have veered off course, I wondered. I stopped and replayed the last 30 minutes in my mind. No mistake on my part. Then I remeasured the distance on my nautical chart and recalculated my time, there it was. I had relied on the guide book and the guide book had it wrong. So I decided to go on for another 25 minutes, if I still did not see #16, I would have to turn around to the last known point, marker #17.

Just as my stopwatch beeped, the "river" suddenly became a river again and there was #16. Was I ever glad to see that little brown pole marker! That meant I had been on the right trail after all, but it looked everything but what I had expected and what was written up in the guide book. This definitely was the longest hour in the Glades for me ever, with some trepidation, I admit. But I still knew where I was and I could have retraced my steps. That is all important for traveling in the Everglades. Never get lost completely.

When I got to the Harney River, the tide was still running in hard and I had a relatively easy paddle all the way into big Tarpon Bay. I stopped for lunch at the place where it empties into Shark River and waited for the tide to turn. Having the tide run with you is a great help on those big rivers like the Shark, Harney, Broad, Chatham, and Lopez. But a headwind can make for very rough going also. Wind and tide will majorly affect your progress, so will the heat. But I made it fine to my little one tent Shark River chickee.

At sunset that night I heard a distant low hum getting closer and I did not know at first what it was. But just in case, I secured my boat with two lines, retreated into my tent, and zipped up. And not a minute too soon. The mosquitoes were out, by the millions. But next morning they were gone again. Whew!

Down into Oyster Bay and the Joe River in the early light and often calm conditions was fun, and the paddle to South Joe chickee, a very secluded and protected bight off the main drag, was delightful. One more day to Flamingo, crossing the southeast corner of the very large and often very windy Whitewater Bay into Tarpon Creek, Coot Bay, and the Buttonwood Canal to the locks in Flamingo.

Flamingo is the main park entry point with lots of people, tour busses, even some motels and restaurants, and, of course, a little harbor with sunset cruises on a two masted schooner with russet sails, how quaint. Definitely not the wilderness experience I had been enjoying on Sweetwater chickee or on the Willy Willy mound. I quickly carried my boat and gear around the locks, put in on the Florida Bay side and paddled and poled 10 more miles through the chalky shallow waters to East Cape Sable, the southwestern most point of the Florida peninsula.

Top to bottom, 110 miles, in six days, 18.3 miles per day on average, at a speed of about three miles an hour. I felt pretty good and accomplished in these new surroundings which always bring up new problems. Wind,

tides, heat, and bugs definitely have to be taken into account when you plan a trip through the Everglades. Even though the Wilderness Waterway from Everglades City to Flamingo is marked, so they say, it is not always obvious and still takes a lot of careful navigation if you do not want to get lost. That could happen very quickly and would not be a pretty picture.

At this point I felt sorely tempted to head back to Everglades City on the outside, island hopping along the Gulf Coast. But my time was running short, I had not reserved the back country overnight sites, and had arranged to be car shuttled back to Everglades City. So the next day I reluctantly returned to the campground in Flamingo and waited for my ride.

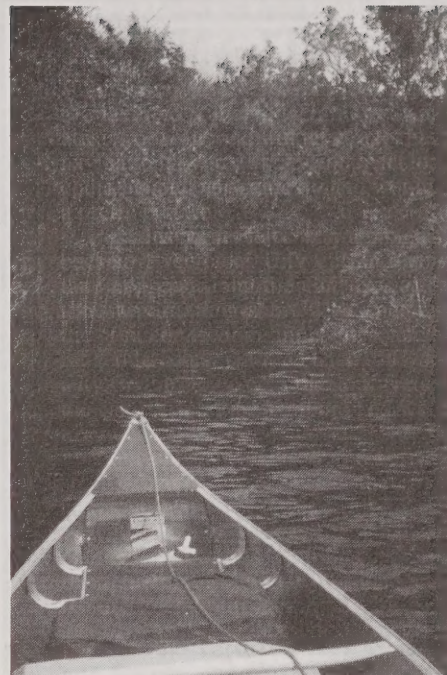
For me the trip was over, even though I spent a couple more days in the 10,000 Island region just to kill time until my return to Fort Myers and Maine. But I had already planned next year's trip, canoe the outside from the top of the 10,000 Island area, like from Royal Palm Hammock on Tamiami gator Highway #41 down the Black River and straight down to Cape Sable and into Flamingo. Maybe my family would want to come along, or go to Disney World while I paddled. They could pick me up at Flamingo and we could all go on together, by car that is, and check out the Keys, Hemingway's Key West in particular.

#### Island Hopping Along The Gulf Coast

And that is exactly as my spring break 1993 was spent. I enjoyed the outside at least as much as I did the back country. I always canoed outside of everything, of Pavilion Key, from there five miles straight across to New Turkey Key, around Seminole Point to the palms of Highland Beach, one of my favorite overnights of this trip. Then it got windy and I had the darndest time getting around Shark Point into Ponce de Leon Bay and into the "Graveyard," a back country camp site these days.

But I had barely set up my tent, when a ranger boat pulled up and told me to pack my things as fast as possible. There was a storm

Highland Beach hide away.



Gateway to "The Nightmare."

coming, a big one, and they had orders to pick every camper off their sites. Very reluctantly I packed up. I knew he meant business when he rested his hands on his gun belt. Then we strapped the canoe onto his deck, threw in my packs, and off we flew across a totally churned up Ponce de Leon Bay, then Oyster, and eventually Whitewater Bay, back to Flamingo. We hit the waves so hard I thought I had suffered a spinal compression. I could hardly walk, so they dropped me off at the campground with a Ranger pick up truck. I pitched my little Timberline in the same spot as last year.

The wind blew all night and got stronger by the hour. My little tent did nobly, though, slapping and banging, struggling to stay up. The surf on the beach was roaring until suddenly at around 4:00 AM it strangely quieted down, even though the wind contin-



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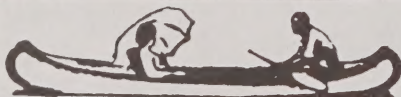
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ued to blow around 35-40 mph. I felt unsettled and restless, and when I turned over and touched the tent floor beside me, it felt as if I was in a large water bed. WATER! But it did not feel wet. I unzipped my tent. The Gulf was flooding the campground. Half of it was already under water, including my tent.

I got out gingerly, making sure I held up the bottom door zipper, zipped the tent shut again, pulled out the four corner pegs, grabbed hold of the two corner loops of the door side and slithered the tent, with all gear inside, over the water towards the only dry spot left in the entire huge campground, the bathhouse. There I packed everything back in my waterproof bags, took the tent down, which was quite a feat in this wind, and stowed all gear back in my boat as if I was going somewhere. Soon the water had reached the bathhouse. So I tied my boat to two sturdy palm trees along the road and got back into my canoe to catch some more sleep. By sunrise I noticed that most campers had abandoned their sinking ships/tents. It looked as if a hurricane had gone through here. Piles of camping gear everywhere, but no people. I could not help anybody, because nobody was there. They must have all gone to the Ranger station, the hotel, restaurant, or motel.

I then decided to untie the lines and start paddling up the road to the motel where we had reservations. Little did I know that Nancy and the kids also had had the darndest time driving down from Orlando. Roads were flooded, gas pumps and phones were knocked out. This March 1993 storm turned out to be the "number three storm of the century" according to the National Weather Bureau, a storm that started in the Gulf and went all the way up the Atlantic seaboard, leaving in its wake major damage, numerous dead, and tons of snow in my neck of the woods in Maine.

The water came up to the motel threshold. We had no phone, electricity, and other amenities usually found in a motel, but the manager let us stay. We cooked our meals on my campstove in our room, used flashlights and my candle lantern, and had a jolly pioneer kind of a time. But since water and wind damage is easily repaired, we decided to continue our trip as planned, with my rental canoe on our rental car across 100 miles of exposed bridges, causeways, and keys to Key West. The car rocked a bit sideways with the boat on top, but all of us thought heavy thoughts, and we made it fine to the Blue Marlin in Key West.

(To Be Continued)

Storm of the Century at Flamingo camp ground (March 1993).



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What draws us all to messing about with boats are those lovely, sunny days of gliding peacefully across sparkling waters leaving the cares of the land behind us. But what we seem to remember most, and what makes the most interesting stories, are those times when everything goes wrong. This is a story of a time before GPS, but it may still serve as a cautionary tale about depending too much on electronics.

Some years ago a friend, hereafter referred to as "the skipper" invited me to join him on a three-week cruise in the Bahamas on his 24' MacGregor sailboat. Despite having the then latest word in navigational equipment, a Loran, we found ourselves lost in the middle of the Gulf Stream. So how can you get lost between Florida and the Bahamas? After all, it is just a 55-mile jump straight east. Blame it on electronics.

This trip got off to a great start. We had 48 hours of gorgeous weather while we were trailering the boat from Virginia to West Palm Beach. But then, as soon as we launched, the wind shifted into the north and picked up several notches. We spent two days just sitting there waiting for the weather to moderate. Finally, in desperation we tucked a reef in the mainsail and poked our heads out the entrance for a look see. The wind was still from the north and conditions were lumpy but we were tired of the low rent district of West Palm Beach, so we kept on going.

After a while, the grey in my beard was accentuated by a lovely green in my face as I leaned over the lee rail and re-examined my breakfast. But after I got over being seasick it was a great sail. The skipper and his new Loran were going to get us to the Bahamas for a couple weeks of island cruising. I had thought about bringing my sextant, but he touted his trusty Loran as easier and more accurate. Who was I to argue? He's forgotten more about electronics than I ever knew.

When the high-rises of Florida dropped below the horizon along with the sun, it was time for the skipper to make his nightly ham radio call home. The skipper was an electronics engineer who had been a ham operator for longer than he could remember. He unhooked the Loran from the insulated backstay that served as his antenna and hooked up his high powered transmitter (if he had left the Loran hooked up, the transmitter would have fried it). After the call, he hooked the Loran back to the antenna. Unfortunately, the trusty Loran refused to lock on to a signal. In fact, it never locked on again during the entire three weeks we were in the Bahamas. Meanwhile, we pressed bravely onward toward the east, after all, it would be hard to miss the Bahamas.

In the middle of the night I observed a curious phenomenon. I was pretty sure there weren't any cities in the middle of the Gulf Stream, yet there was a great loom of light just over the horizon to the north. Maybe we were more lost than I thought. Eventually the glow turned into a cruise ship that looked about the size of Manhattan but with twice as many lights. Just to make life interesting, it appeared to be on a collision course with us. It loomed closer and closer, obviously ignoring the rule that sailboats have the right of way. We managed to sneak across its bow just a few hundred yards off. After we were clear, they hit us with a spotlight. Fine, I thought, now you look. Where were you for

## Electronics To the Rescue

By Gene Bjerke

the last half hour, down in the lounge dancing the limbo with the customers?

The sun came up and the wind began to ease. It was a glorious day, sailing on the inky blue of the Gulf Stream somewhere between Florida and the Bahamas. We weren't exactly sure where, but who complains on such a great day? The wind continued to drop as it swung more and more easterly. Our straight shot to West End was being bent more and more to the south. If this kept up we would have to begin tacking.

Still no Loran. I mentioned that a radio direction finder would be nice, which jogged the skipper's memory. He began rummaging around in the dark recesses under the cockpit. It's amazing how much stuff you can cram into odd corners on a 24' boat. He finally dragged out something wrapped up in plastic that turned out to be an ancient radio direction finder. It didn't look too promising, but being the electronic wizard that he is, the skipper soon got it working. He even found a station in Freeport close to where we were heading.

After a few minutes of diddling with the direction finder, the skipper announced the good news that we were headed straight for Freeport. I found that bit of information fascinating, since the compass said we were sailing due south. However, who am I to question the skipper, after all, he has forgotten more about electronics than I ever knew. So we pressed on.

Still, there was a nagging doubt in the back of my mind. Shouldn't we tack? On our present course I calculated that our next stop would be Cuba, which at our current rate of progress we should get to just about the time our food and water ran out. Cuba may be an interesting place, but cigars make me sick and I couldn't think of any other reason to go there. After contemplating the non-usefulness of Cuba for a while, I asked the skipper once again if he didn't think we should tack.

"Keep going the same way. Freeport is dead ahead...unless it's dead astern."

"Ready about!" says I and promptly put the boat on the other tack. I felt a whole lot better sailing more or less east again. Enough

better so that I stuck my head into the cabin and began a conversation about radio direction finders. I found that one of the things that the skipper had forgotten that I remembered was which part of the antenna you point to get a reading. The radio expert was 90° out with his bearings.

After getting that straightened out, he continued to play with the direction finder while I steered and wondered if we would ever see land again. He eventually found a station on the mainland and managed to cross its bearing with the one from Freeport. Plotting them on an old fashioned chart put us in the middle of the Northwest Providence Channel, south of West End, our putative destination. About that time I spotted a tug approaching. The skipper managed to raise it on the VHF and asked for a position. The position they gave was within yards of the one he had just plotted, so we felt pretty confident. We weren't lost any more. I was almost sad, it had been kind of exciting.

We changed course and headed for West End. Presently, the island crept up out of the sea ahead of us. As we approached we were suddenly surrounded by a school of small dolphins, leaping and playing in our bow wave. The skipper's cherished electronics had gotten us thoroughly lost and then found us again. Three cheers for electronics.

But next time, I'm bringing my sextant.



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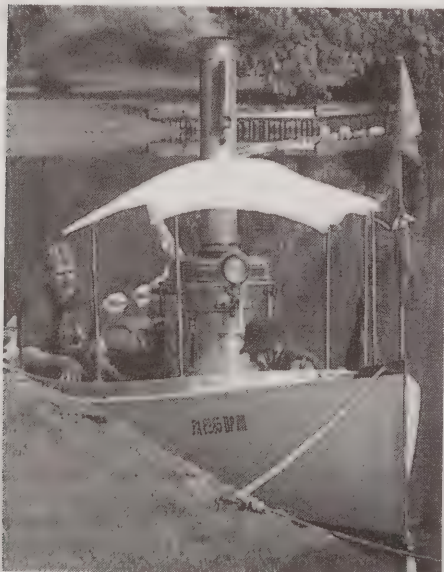
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It is very difficult to describe the spiritual component of cruising, yet the reason most of us do extended boating is to search for the perfect effervescence to add to our Zen quotient, that almost out of body experience that transcends mere movement through the water. This mental lift can be affected by weather, locale, and scenery, the companions one is blessed with, and, of course, by the variety and quality of the food and beverage enjoyed along the way. Having just completed in June 2003, a three year, 386 kilometer, easterly transit of Ontario's Trent Severn canal system, I am overwhelmed by a cornucopia of memories, none stronger than the efforts expended and successes achieved providing the crew sumptuous provisions.

Let me be clear that neither Vienna sausage nor Raman noodles had a berth on the three steamboats this quest. We did have a few advantages with boats of 23' possessing plenty of space for coolers and food. Also, 150psi steam boilers provide the luxury of cooking with steam or cooking over the coals of a hardwood fire in the firebox. In addi-

Cooking aboard ship.



## Food for the Soul

### Aboard the Steam Launch *Black Eagle*

Report & Photos by Kent Lacey

Illustration by C'Ann Anderson

tion, one boat carried a two burner propane stove perking a wonderful 30 cup pot of breakfast coffee each morning that we camped out. Fried sausage, onions, peppers, eggs, potatoes, blueberry pancakes, roast beef hash, as well as oatmeal for the health conscious accompanied the hot java.

Normally we did not cruise many hours per day as we rather enjoyed hiking, painting, exploring small towns along the canal, photography, fishing, searching for firewood, and talking to the many Canadians interested in our journey. When underway it is quite easy to boil water for tea, coffee, or cocoa as the process takes about five seconds with a steam coil. One boat has a steam operated espresso maker permanently mounted to the boiler. Steamboats travel slowly and it is not unusual to run gunwale to gunwale, passing cooked food from boat to boat. Popping corn in the firebox is a snap. Hot dogs and hamburgers are hot and juicy and steam pizza cooked in a folding sandwich iron over the coals is a real favorite. I often believe the only reason we go steam boating is the excuse it provides to eat, play with the whistles, and give vent to pyrogenic tendencies.

Admittedly we did occasionally cook supper when in a remote campsite. But Herculean efforts were made to try and schedule nightly layovers within walking distance of a local restaurant. Truth be told, we sometimes delayed departure for a variety of weak excuses that predictably resulted in being able to patronize a second time restaurants that had smitten us the first time around. After all, we had no deadlines, no schedule, and no reservations so we were able to cruise away or remain tied to the wall and follow our stom-

achs. Likely, this is why it took three seasons to complete the adventure.

One of our most interesting meals was enjoyed at the summer Tea Room of the Whetung Ojibwa Indians on the reserve at Curve Lake. I had corn soup and deep fried Indian bread served with butter and jam. Others had buffalo burgers and wild rice pudding. Quantities were generous, the selections most unique, and the setting absolutely stunning.

Did I mention visiting Dooher's bakery in Campbellford on three different occasions? A captain must worry about the deck hands hiding bottles of that demon rum in the bilges, but in this instance eight rhubarb pies were smuggled aboard just prior to departure as we were to spend the next two days in a wilderness area deprived of any but our own cooking.

Another wonderful treat is experienced when pulling the boats up to the dock of a bed and breakfast establishment. Of the 38 days we spent transiting the canal system, we camped out about three nights in four. A real bed and shower at a B&B was always a welcomed extravagance and each host has their own breakfast specialty of which they are justifiably proud. Morning meals in the towns of Cobocok and Orillia stand out in my memory. Discovering the darkest, sweetest maple syrup this side of heaven at Rainbow Sugary in Bailieboro was a special treat. We often smuggled the precious bottle of syrup into restaurants in lieu of the domestic offering. A farmers' market in Peterborough provided red pepper jelly made by H. MacNaughton of Cavan, Ontario. Put this on a cracker with cream cheese and wash it down with a dark Sleeman brew and I guarantee you will have lots of friends and a smile on your face until it's all gone.

There is a restaurant in Bobcaygeon named *Just for the Halibut* that offers an excellent bill of fare, but this writer believes it should be most noted for its coconut cream pie. We all had one piece before dinner and another piece afterwards. There was just a tingle of guilt for the smallest moment and then I felt all was right with the world. Next time in Bobcaygeon I will do it again.

On more than one occasion we made a stop to the shoreline for a midday treat of rich Kawartha ice cream. We ordered double and triple scoops and the drips soon ran down one's chin and over the fingers as the effect of the summer's heat forced the crew to hurry to the bottom of this creamy concoction. Afterwards we would take a swim to refresh and clean the epidermis. Yes, life is good.

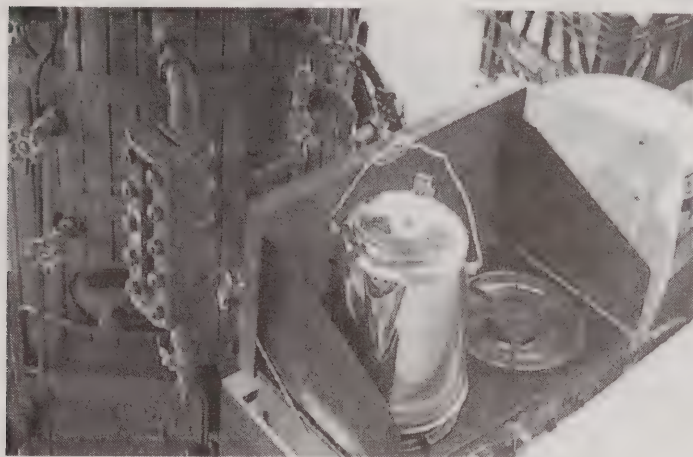
I have cruised fresh water and salt under sail, oars, paddle, diesel, gasoline, steam and electric propulsion and I must state that a boat is a boat and they do not really differ all that much except in price and complexity. In any instance, there is no need for culinary deprivation or the equivalent of eating ships biscuits and weevils while boating. One of the common methods to maximize boating pleasure is the occasion when the body and spirit are pampered with food and beverage to complement the arduous day on the water, and even the non arduous days. This helps insure that you and your crew will want to come back again and again.

Trent Severn Canal information is available from Friends of the T/S Waterway, Box 572, Peterborough, Ontario K9J 6Z6. Or visit the web site at <http://varkscanada.pch.gc.ca>.

The discovery of tasty morsels is not in any book but requires the discipline to tie

vessel to the shore, exercise the legs, and make inquiries to the natives. A nose for the

smell of a great kitchen can also be an advantage.



LP cookstove.



Canalside restaurant.

I am not one to let sleeping dogs lie. For one thing, I want to know why it is that they sleep all the time and how they get away with it. There are times when I would like to flop down in the shade in the middle of the day and take a little hard drooling nap like they do, but I know from experience that if I did, I would wake up about 2:32 in the morning and not be in the mood to go back to sleep until daylight and time to get up, and that would start a vicious cycle.

Well, that ain't exactly right. It would be a vicious cycle if I had me a hard driving boss to get irritated if I crawled up under the workbench on a pile of shavings and took a little siesta but I don't, so I do. Time is not wasted though, because I go in there and work when I can't sleep in the middle of the night. I have learned to adapt to the situation sort of like an old dog, I guess.

There is one main difference between me and this old dog we used to have here at the shop. I don't want to sleep all the time, day and night, like he did. It wasn't just because he was old that he did that, he did it when he was just a puppy, too. He would have dreams like he was chasing something or other as soon as he was old enough to open his eyes. His little feet would wiggle and he would give out with this little helpless sounding barking through his nostrils like he was dreaming that he was just one leap behind a rabbit or something. The inexplicable thing was that he had never seen a rabbit or chased anything but a titty. I don't know.

Mosquitoes are another inexplicable thing. I used to go to Dog Island reef to fish with my cousins. We would rent a big flat bottomed boat from this old man and put every which a kind of mismatched junk outboard motor we could manage to get to act like it wanted to run one more time on its wide transom and motor out the three or four miles to fish on the reef (actually just a big, grassy sandbar).

In those days you could just let the boat drift and drag a big lead and a good sized hook with a piece of cut mullet on it along the bottom and, every now and then, catch a big

## Inexplicable Things

By Robb White

flounder or a speckled trout, bluefish, or a red. You never knew what might happen. We caught ladyfish ("ten pounder" which I have never seen one that weighed more than four pounds) and hardhead catfish (both inedible) and occasionally hooked a tarpon or a shark. Us young men would sit with our poles in the boat and eat Vienna sausages and sardines and tell jokes.

The inexplicable part of this thing was how the mosquitoes would bite us out there. What the hell were they doing? Did they have a master plan? Here we were miles out in salt water and there were mosquitoes. Even when it was blowing, maybe eight knots, they would be trying to bite. We had a bug bomb (pyrethrins, half a percent, the good stuff raised from the Chrysanthemum in Kenya) and we carefully killed all the ones in the boat every so often, but they always came back.

Now mosquitoes can't fly any eight knots. I have timed various insects traveling over water and butterflies can't even do two, and my wife and I can trot faster than the cloud of mosquitoes that follow us out from under the house when we head for the boat early in the morning. Horseflies, on the other hand, can outrun me and maybe a horse, but we aren't talking about them, we were talking about mosquitoes.

Was there a steady stream of them coming all the way from Alligator Point, blowing suicidally downwind with one claw sticking out like a hitchhiker in hopes that they would hang onto something to eat just sitting out there on the water and then, soon, find some fresh water in which to lay their eggs? I don't see how nature could have possibly not have selected against such reckless abandon. Maybe some upwind yahoo had said, "Goddamn these son of a bitch

mosquitoes anyway," and God had replied, "I can do that."

One time, on the tugboat, we had an inexplicable rash of mosquitoes. They just ate us up all the time, even when we were 50 miles out to sea. We sprayed the whole boat time after time and would have maybe one day free of the diabolical little bastards, but then they would be right back and just as bad as ever. I finally took notice that they were those little striped legged, smart, relentless, weal raising, Asian tiger mosquitoes (*Aedes egpti*, another imported pest like German roaches...will the whole world be completely cosmopolitan in my lifetime?) which breed in standing bodies of fresh water like tree stumps and old tires and bite in the daytime (or nighttime or any old time). I knew they were raising right there on the boat.

This situation wasn't inexplicable, though, and it makes me think that I just haven't searched hard enough for the answer to the other phenomena like I did this. The old boat had been in drydock over in Mobile and had had the old bottom welded up, temporarily water tight, once again and the nasty Alabama River water was still in the bilges where the pump couldn't reach it. I let a little of the Gulf of Mexico in there and that was the end of that.

Dogflies and houseflies are another thing of that sort, but how they'll invade a boat 50 or 75 miles out at sea is not a mystery to me. Though I haven't proven it quite yet, I believe they can fly about 75 knots and the Gulf of Mexico is just their back yard. Like bureaucrats and lobbyists, they have abundant frequent flier miles and are apt to take a whim at any time. "You know," one might say to a flock of his or her peers, "it's been a long time since we had a council on voter's rights down in Dade County. Let's us set up an agenda to fly down for a week or two. We can all take up suites on the beach and have a wonderful time walking on people's lips and biting them on their plump thighs. If we see a tug or a shrimpboat out in the Gulf on the way, we can just drop in for a little in flight infestation."

An 8:00 AM e-mail last October from Ron Hoddinott in Tampa:

"... awake at 5:00 AM...read the classifieds. Saw an ad for a Klepper Aeriuss II with sail rig, \$450. Thought it was a typo or must be sold by now. I called at 6:35 AM. I got it a few minutes ago. I feel like I won the lottery!"

Ron's sailed for 40 years, 16 years PHRF racing his own boat, and the last six as a frenetic Sea Pearl sailor. He's taken to sea kayaks, too.

Three-way e-mails zipped among us and Howard Rice in Micronesia. The ether frothed with Klepper talk. Kleppers are the German, skin-on-frame folding boats, decked canoes for paddling and sailing. Tailor Johann Klepper made his first in 1907. New Kleppers and old feel alive, like you'd imagine sticks and notched wood should if bound by a walrus hide. Longitudinals and the cockpit rim are ash. Frames are 9 ply birch. Hull skins are Hypalon and Trevira polyester. Decks are still Egyptian cotton and hemp. The boats have been refined, refined, and refined. The only repeated complaint I know is from casual users about the seat backs. "Ramrod straight" was no joke with Klepper.

The Aeriuss I single is 15' long, 28" wide, 55-60 lbs. The Aeriuss II is 17' by 35", 70-82 lbs. Each fits in two bags. Assembly is 10-30 minutes. When you're in one you can't help musing about other cockpit rims like this one under the arms of, say, Dr. Hannes Lindemann crossing the Atlantic, or a British commando in the Falklands, or Bea and John Dowd riding 2000 miles up the Caribbean.

Ron e-mailed, "Had the Klepper all apart and back together. Set up the sail rig, but too windy to try her out, 20 knot norther. The old guy from the kayak shop came to see her. Says she's a goodie, ready to go."

His first day out. "It was quite tippy until the sponsons touched the water. Then it



By Hugh Horton

First Published in *Small Craft Advisor* Mar/Apr 2002

was different, the feeling I could sit on the side and not go over. I actually steered upwind from the lee side in the light wind to keep some shape in the sail. I didn't try the jib."

Second day. "Used the full main and jib all the time and learned to let her heel to the leeward sponson to get to windward. Managed to stay ahead of an old White canoe with lateen rig on all points of sail. Loved the way she would snake through the water, and so quietly! No wonder Seals use them, the ultimate stealth boat. Just add black sails!"

"Oh, look!" In a bright Bahamian cove, my wife Kayann pointed to a miniature Mediterranean looking landscape a paddle length away. It was like a trainless HO train set, a bonsai subtropical garden on delicately eroded limestone. We were honeymooning, gliding with a warm current past a cliff, sail and sprit boom snuggled to the mast. Above us Australian pines (causuarinas), "sshhhhed" an increasing white noise.

As baggage from December, Michigan, we'd lugged our Aeriuss II's bags on three

planes and a ferry to Green Turtle Cay in the Abacos. The long bag is near 5' x 1' thick. The other bag is a bit over 2' square, 8" high. The causuarinas' building sibilance foretold a 15-20 southeasterly. The run/broad reach back was rolling, wet, and rudder challenging as the ebb grew waves over aqua and emerald shallows. I watched the leeboards working, although they were mostly up, and wondered about repairs underway.

Last June Howard and I were returning from rainy Mystic, Connecticut. We stopped at Eric Stiller's folks' under a canopy of elms and oaks in New Jersey. Eric was staring at the cruising, sailing canoes, Puffin and Serendipity, on the old Dakota pickup's plank rack.

"Eric, 400 miles into crossing the Gulf of Carpentaria, how the hell did you fix that coaming?" Imagine his hands or yours after 3,000 miles of paddling and sailing, jellyfish stings, septic sores, and salty wet. Imagine hundreds of miles of fetch and 15-25 knot trades with stronger squalls.

"I don't know. The nut just went on."

For me it was the high point of his book, *Keep Australia On Your Left*. He and Tony Brown paddled and sailed an Aeriuss II Quattro up the east coast of Australia, from Sydney around Cape York and west with the trades across the Gulf, eventually to Darwin. Eric wrote of no sleep, trancelike states, a continuum of discomfort and pain.

On the fifth day, "The seas had developed fully in those last hundred hours and giant waves seemed to be moving uniformly in slow motion. I could see snowy capped peaks, deep ravines, and glaciers, but as one set of mountains went by, another range moved in. I remembered realizing we had neither seen nor heard any other vessel on the entire crossing. No ships, no boats, no airplanes, nothing! We were in maximum wilderness. And there was a four hour satellite blackout when the GPS didn't have enough satellites to get our course. I heard a snap, the boat suddenly downshifted, and I saw the leeboard system wobbling in front of me like a broken arm."

After thousands of miles and many surf Maytags with a heavily loaded boat, a cockpit fitting which assembles and secures the rim to a frame had pulled its screws. He fit oversized screws. They broke loose again. He drilled and put in 1/8" bolts with nuts.

Years back Howard and I drove to Fort Peck Lake, Montana, on a windy fall day with our Aeriuss I singles. It's in high, dry Great Plains, a reservoir 134 miles long, with 1520 miles of shore, a Federal agency says. AM radio said westerlies 25-45, gusting 50 plus (mph we assumed, not knots). Locals are reputed to have said wind is often "hard enough to blow a rooster into a beer bottle." In the lee, gusts were blasting silt and sand onto the water, 2" wavelets bubbled away a few feet before being squeezed flat by the wind.

We paddled north out of the Hell Creek Recreation Area. When I saw the open lake, I said too crazy for me and turned south and west up Hell Creek. Here and there it was cozy and protected enough for one western grebe. Gusts howled and the soft, sandy shale hills and gulches in fall flower, thanks to recent rain, enchanted me and brought visions of youth spent in the west.

I set the 21sf, sprit boomed cat rig a couple of times but made no headway in

Kayann in Green Turtle Cay, Abacos.



gusts. Quizzical cattle looked down from a muddy bank as I paddled by. After I beached on a sandbar, I slid down in her cockpit and dozed in the sun. The sail back was thrilling. Jibing was the anticipated problem, but between gusts it wasn't. What's easier to jibe than a tiny, low, battenless sail on a short, free standing, rotating mast?

One gust got me, though. I couldn't pull the sail over and plowed into brush and shale, laughing with relief. But I disentangled and continued slicing along, whooping a few times like a gleeful loon.

About 4:30 PM, back at the nearly new Dakota, Howard paddled up from the north. He was grinning and roaring, soaked and cold. "Yeeoooooww! I got my hair wet! That's the most wind since Cape Horn." Before or since I've never seen him so stoked. He paddled four miles up the main lake, hugging the shore from lee to lee. He rigged his mast with a backstay, set the jib, and steered for the center of the Lake. *Esperanza* flew downwind, mostly out of control, until a gust flattened boat and rider into the reservoir.

A couple weeks ago Ron e-mailed, "Back from five days of camping and sailing the Klepper at Fort DeSoto Park. Sailed all over the place. I was browsing a 1990 *Sea Kayaker* magazine and found Howard's trip around Cape Horn! Interesting and scary stuff. Kleppers...you gotta love 'em."

My Klepper at Atesena Otie Key at Cedar Key. Simplest leg-o-mutton sprit-boom rig with hal-yard.



# Sherpa

**A John Welsford design**

Length — 9'0" Beam — 4'7"

Draft-6" (d/b up) / 32" (d/b down)

Weight — 150 lbs Sail Area — 43 sq



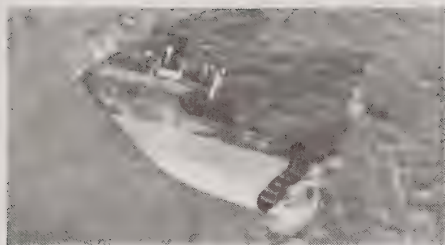
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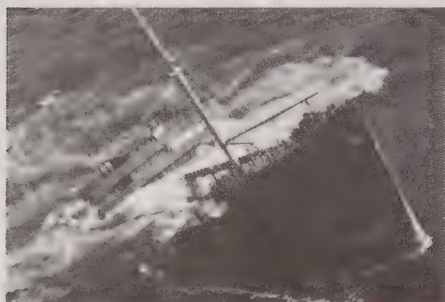


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The stern section of the tanker *Pendleton* taken the next morning with the Jacob's ladder still hanging from the side. (Photo by Kelsey)



The broken bow section of the *Pendleton* lies awash off Chatham the next morning. (Photo by USCG)

After the heroic rescue, crewmen of the *Pendleton* were interviewed by the press and media. The crewmen escaped with only the clothes on their backs.



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

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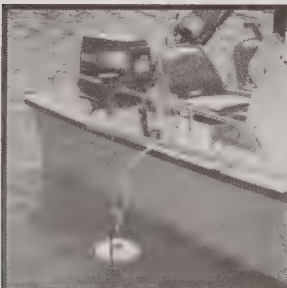
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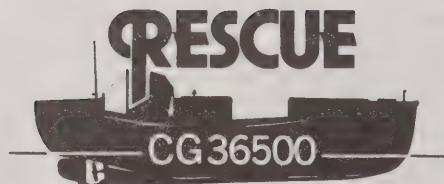
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By John A. Ullman  
(Reprinted from the CG36500 Brochure)

Rescue! No other word so illuminates the courage and selflessness of the human species at the peak of its form. On the night of February 18, 1952, a ferocious northeast storm slammed waves as high as 60' into the hulls of two tankers off Chatham, Massachusetts. One sent out a distress call before she broke up and rescue ships zeroed in on her from Portland to Nantucket. That was the *Fort Mercer*.

The other broke in two so fast that sending equipment was lost. Only a radio receiver was working. That ship was the *Pendleton*. Thirty-three men, clinging to the stern section of the smashed *Pendleton*, drifting helplessly past Pollock Rip lightship, banged about by mountainous waves, could hear the progress of a concerted rescue effort...for the other tanker. Every detail of the fleet converging on the *Fort Mercer*, not a word about the *Pendleton*. But Chatham knew.

The Coast Guard station had picked up the *Pendleton* on radar and was watching the two sections of the ship, marking their positions. Over the *Fort Mercer* hovered an amphibious plane from Salem Air Station. To



The CG 36500 returning to Chatham fish pier after her dramatic rescue of 32 men off the stern section of the *Pendleton*.



Thirty miles offshore the C.G. cutter *Eastwind* and the stern section of the tanker *Fort Mercier*.

The gold medal lifeboat crew. L to R, Bernie Webber, Andrew J. Fitzgerald, Richard P. Livesey, and Irving Maske.



the scene rushed cutters and tugs. All the craft able to cope with the pitiless sea were fighting their way there. Chatham station sent out an amphibious DUKW to the *Pendleton*. It was too small to make it. A surfboat was launched but couldn't force the breakers at the bar.

Bernard Webber, boatswain's mate, and a crew of three made the run, their rescue craft, the motor lifeboat without a name. Old 36500 she was called. The crew, Irving Maske, Andrew Fitzgerald, and Richard P. Livesey. Four men and a motor lifeboat, not expecting to get to the *Pendleton*, not expecting to rescue anyone if they did, not expecting to make it back over the perilous bar... not expecting to live.

They managed, in spite of every adversity the sea could produce. Going over the bar the little boat was pounded by a huge wave and much of its rescue equipment was lost. The compass went with the rest...the one piece of equipment that would help them find the drifting section of the tanker with the crew members still aboard, the one piece of equipment that would let them find their way back.

Simple, sensible seamanship would have dictated a prompt return to the station. A tiny craft, no compass, and the vast and rampaging sea. Ridiculous. But "rescue" is the word that scrubs common sense, abolishes reason, wipes out calculation, and leaves nothing but courage and a refusal to quit. The rescue was made, and even that was incredible.

Of 33 men, 32 were picked off the tossing stern, down a Jacob's ladder over the tilted hull, the 36500 timing the rise and fall of the waves, one at a time, off the metal monster to avoid disaster, then back for one more rescue...off to maneuver, back for just one more...until they had all but the one who slipped and went under. Four Coast Guardsmen and 32 temporarily safe tanker crewmen on a valiant 36' motor lifeboat, and no compass to lead them home.

Bernie Webber says today that the Lord had a hand on the tiller that night. Hoping to reach the beach somewhere, he found the entrance to the harbor itself, made it over the bar, made it safely to the fish pier. Not only was the rescue incredible, even the survival of the 36500 was a miracle in its own right. The rescue made international headlines. The four stubborn Coast Guardsmen eventually got the gold medals for valor that the service rarely awards.

But what of the 36500? The boat was donated to the Cape Cod National Seashore for a display at their Coast Guard exhibit in Eastham. This move was never completed because of a shortage of funds for restoration. The vessel was eventually acquired by the Orleans Historical Society and restored by volunteers to her present mission, a floating museum dedicated to the memory of the Life Savers of Cape Cod.

(Above reprinted courtesy of the *Cape Coddier*, Orleans, MA)

Thank you for your support. Your generosity has helped us to maintain an historic piece of America.





The fully restored CG36500 underway off Cape Cod. (Photo by Quinn)

A large effort from many people went into the restoration of the craft. The initial rescue effort was carried out when the ownership was transferred to the Orleans Historical Society. Fred Crowell of Harwich moved his large crane to the site where the boat was stored in Wellfleet and lifted the craft onto the large boat trailer of the Nauset Marine Corporation of Orleans. The boat was then moved to a warehouse in Orleans where the restoration was completed in six months by a crew of volunteers.

Harvey Murphy of Orleans, a retired professional mechanic, donated his time to rebuild the engine. There were some replacement parts needed and many of these were donated in order to get the engine running again. Many lower Cape citizens volunteered time and tools to restore the hull by scraping paint and cleaning the interior and exterior.

The basic hull was sound but some woodwork was needed to restore it completely. Don Horne of Chatham donated his time to this task. All of the hardware was removed and cleaned. Some had to be replaced but most of the original parts were usable.

The boat has been restored to modern running condition. Late model safety equipment has been installed to enable her to cruise southern New England waters.

Summer cruises are carried out each year to various ports along the coast. The boat is supervised by men from the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary during her passage between harbors.

A small group of volunteers continues to maintain the boat each year when the craft is hauled out for her biannual maintenance. Everyone is welcome to participate in the support of the CG36500. Money is needed for fuel, crew expenses, and an endowment fund. The small endowment is used to help maintain the vessel year round.

The CG36500 is a floating museum. There is a large collection of photographs taken on the night and the next day of the famous rescue of the men of the *Pendleton*. Some of those pictures are printed in this brochure. Come aboard and view the memorabilia and hear the story of that incredible night on the high seas off Chatham back in 1952 and the miraculous rescue that followed.

Funds are still needed for the endowment of the CG36500. Tax deductible donations, small and large, are welcome and all will be acknowledged. Donations should be sent to:

The Orleans Historical Society, P.O. Box 353B, Orleans, MA 02653. Please denote "Rescue CG36500" on the lower corner of your check.

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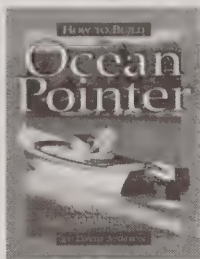
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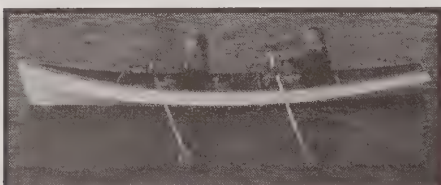


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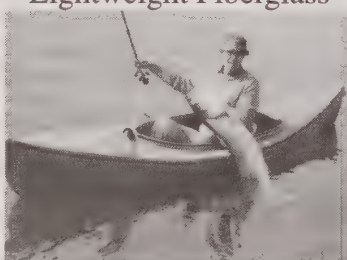
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## Fastest Beach Cruiser...

### White Lightning or Green Flash?

By John Zohlen

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

This is the story of how the competition for the title of "Fastest Beach Cruiser on the Eastern Shore" first got started. The "trash talking" has not stopped since then.

Eight boats (three Dovekies, two Peep Hens, a Bay Hen, a Sea Pearl, and a Norm's Boat) participated in a weekend cruise on the Wye River on June 21-22, 2003. The eight boats converged on Dividing Creek for a Saturday night raft up. The weather that evening was unsettled with distant thunder and lightning. The front cleared and Sunday morning brought a delightful 5-10 knot wind out of the NW. I got underway first and began a broad reach back up the Wye East River towards Wye Landing. The others followed. It was a great sight to see the seven other boats on the river overtaking me.

In case you did not know, Peep Hens are NOT the fastest beach cruisers on the Eastern Shore or anywhere else! I photographed the boats as they passed. Included were Phil Sampson in his white 1979 Dovekie No. 013 and Norm Wolfe in his green 2001 Michalak-designed, Cullison-built Norm's Boat. A little later we passed a tree with two bald eagles perched, then recovered at the landing. Norm, Phil, Dana, and I ate a late lunch at the Wye River Restaurant and drove home.

When my photographs of the cruise were developed I noticed one shot in which Norm's boat was clearly ahead of Phil's boat. I sent an e-mail to both noting this fact and asked

each what they would be willing to pay to have the photo published...or not published. Norm's response was, "I was leading. Heineken or better." Phil's response was, "John, I know Norm got a good header on me several times in the light airs coming back up the Wye River. BUT, I was running away most of the time. Any pictures of that or was I too far ahead? Publish if you must. I hope it lets me approach with the stealth of a pool shark on the next sail." Now I ask, what should a fun loving, mischievous, beer drinking sailor do based on these two responses?

I have sailed with Phil and his Dovekie since 1985. He is well known for having a very fast, competently sailed boat. One of the reasons for his speed, besides being a very good sailor, is that he sails light. I mean VERY light. I do not think he carries more than 200 lbs. in the boat, including himself. I have sailed with Norm and his Dovekie since 1990. The crawling required on a Dovekie was getting to Norm's knees, so he recently replaced the Dovekie with a professionally built boat that he commissioned Jim Michalak to design. It is really an AF 3 stretched to 18'. The boat has a Birdwatcher style walkway, no deadrise, a hard chine, and modest rocker. Typical Michalak, there is one leeboard to starboard, carries a balance lug rig of about 130sf. The boat has no overhang. The entire length is wet when sailing. Recently I watched Norm's boat literally launch from the wave tops in a beat to weather with one reef set in 15-20 knots of wind and 2'-3' waves.

Both Phil and Norm are easygoing sailors, definitely not Type A's. In fact, I do not know a Type A shallow water sailor. Some boats are faster than others, but our sailing style is easy, distances are short, and nobody really cares who gets there first...until now. In two subsequent Eastern Shore mini cruises with the usual crowd, the burning topic has been, "Who has the fastest beach cruiser?" I do not know, but that Heineken is sure going to taste good!

*Green Flash ahead of White Lightning.*





The launching of the largest boat built in Wickford, Rhode Island, in over 15 years, a 40' Lyle Hess designed cutter, took place in early November at the Wickford Shipyard of builder George Zachorne, Jr. and his wife, Norma Jean. The boat has been in the works for over two years and is unique in being built of tropical hardwoods from Surinam. As far as the builder is aware, this is the only boat ever to be built to this design. Designer Hess, who is deceased, sold only seven sets of plans for the boat, but as far as anyone knows none have been built until now.

The boat, weighing about 36,000 lbs., boasts an 11,000 lb. lead keel, bronze bolts, and 3,000 5/16" copper rivets used to fasten

## Launching Ryugin

By Kevin Burke

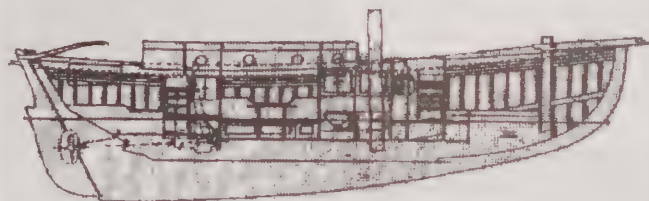
the heavy 1-1/2" planking. It was built for Rick and Jane Barbour from New York, a couple who had owned a smaller fiberglass version of another of Lyle Hess designed yacht and decided that they liked his designs enough to move on to the much larger, all wooden cutter. Rick Barbour is a percussionist with the Metropolitan Opera orchestra. From the beginning, Rick wanted to work on the project and spent summers and almost all of his spare time traveling back to Rhode Island to do his part.

This was the first time Zachorne used such a significant amount of tropical hardwoods in the building of a boat. That, he says, contributed to the most difficult aspect of the project. He explains that he was unprepared for the weight of the tropical hardwood, there is a lot of silica in the wood that the trees had sucked up. It dulls the tools out very quickly. The wood used to build the boat was so heavy, in fact, that the Zachornes had to construct a special "railroad track" on which to move the pieces. They built a cradle to sit like a car on the track and greased the bottom of it so that it could easily slide over the track.

The cutter is the 18th boat that the couple has built, but it is one of the most ornate and complicated of their projects. The cost, according to Zachorne, at the time of the launch is upwards of \$400,000.

Builder Zachorne has been boat building for the past 25 years. He was introduced to boats as a child learning to swim in the fish hold of his father's old catboat. The Zachornes have lived aboard their own boats with their two sons, now grown, since they were married after high school.

The boat is not yet completed as the Barbours have decided to design and build the interior of the vessel themselves, a process that is expected to take at least another year. The Barbours chose to name their boat *Ryugin*, which is an Oriental name meaning "the dragon's song," or the mystical sound that a dragon makes as it flies by.



## Ryugin Bristol Channel Cutter

Keel laid October 2001

Launched November 4, 2003

Designed by Lyle Hess in 1971, built by G. W. Zachorne, Jr. for Rick and Janet Barbour of Newburg, NY  
LOA 40', LWL 36', Beam 13'5", Draft 6'4", Displ. 18 tons

Built with tropical hardwoods, she has an angelique and yellow heart hull frame fastened together with silicon bronze bolts and 11/2" wana planking, fastened with 2,500 copper rivets. Her transom, decks, and cabin houses are teak. Her lead ballast weighs 11,000 lbs. and is held in place by 12 1-1/8" bronze bolts. Her hull frame is double sawn sided 3-1/2", moulded 3" at the deck and 4-1/2" at the keel, and spaced 18" on centers. Each set of frames is held to the keel with manganese bronze floor timbers. There are 30 sets of frames in the vessel. The deck beams vary in size depending upon their position. The largest beams are 3-1/2" sided and 3" moulded and spaced 18" on centers. Seven sets of hackmatack lodging knees and three sets of bronze hanging knees help support the deck frame and 11/2" deck planking.

Wickford Shipyard, 125 Steamboat Avenue, Wickford, RI 02852

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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.

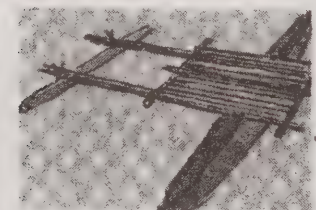
This catalog lists all the boats in the possession of the Museum. Some of them are not on display, and others may be withdrawn for maintenance or sailing. The mention of a boat does not therefore imply that it is on display. Please enquire if there is one which you are particularly keen to see.



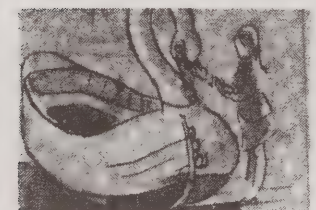
- 30. MALTESE DGHAJSA** (pronounced 'Dysa'). The taxi of the Grand Harbour Valetta, probably best known for their ferrying of the men of the Royal Navy from ship to shore, these boats ply for hire much as their wheeled counterparts do on land, most are now propelled by outboard engines.



- 31. MALTESE KAJJIK** (pronounced 'Kaiyik'). A small inshore fishing boat, similar to the Luzzu but for its square stern. The removable boards are for weather protection. These are very wet boats. It is thought by some that these craft are better described as Fregatina.



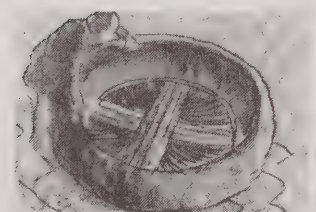
- 32. PAPUAN OUTRIGGER** A small and frail single man canoe. Unlike the Polynesian builder, the Papuan, who uses his canoe for coastal fishing and transport and moving up forest banked rivers, uses softwood.



- 33. CYGNET** Believed to have been built about 1880 as a tender to the much larger 'Swan' which was also built in the form of a bird and could seat sixteen to dinner. She was burnt and only CYGNET remains to testify to that delightful expression of Victorian self esteem, the folly. CYGNET was presented to the museum by Mr. J. H. Cookson of Crosby, Liverpool.



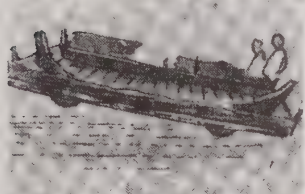
- 34. RACING CANOE, BRUNEI** Descended from the war canoe, these giant dugouts are now used for racing, a popular sport in Brunei. This particular craft, hollowed out from a single tree trunk was presented by Sir Muda 'Omar' Ali Saifuddin, former Sultan of Brunei, whose colour, yellow, she carried in the canoe regatta at Bandar Seri Begawan.



- 35. IRAQI GUFFA** A cargo and passenger carrying boat, designed to carry the maximum load for the material used, hence a circle. The Guffa was frequently abandoned after only one trip down the Tigris. Constructed of pomegranate stalks, twine, straw and a covering of pitch. Presented by Mr. Glen Balfour Paul, who at the time was British Ambassador in Baghdad.



- 36. BRUNEL DREDGER 'BERTHA'** Built in Bristol in 1844 this is the oldest working steam vessel in the world. BERTHA was designed by the great Isambard Kingdom Brunel and worked in Bridgwater docks until 1964. She is in steam annually. BERTHA was presented to the museum by British Rail.



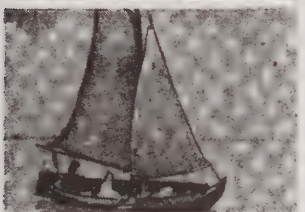
- 37. BUDE TUB-BOAT** A 20ft. canal barge used on the Bude canal (built 1819) and fitted with wheels to enable it to be drawn up the inclined planes which served as locks on this canal. The lift was produced by enormous buckets of water (about 15 tons of it) which descended a 250ft. shaft pulling the 4 ton barge up the incline as they did so.



- 38. NORTHUMBERLAND COBLE** Pronounced to rhyme with 'noble' if from Northumberland, but 'Cobble' if from Yorkshire. This boat was the subject of an article in 'Drive' magazine, who contributed largely to its cost. Cobles were designed for launching from steep and exposed beaches, hence the deep bows and flat stern.



- 39. WESTRAY SKIFF** An inshore and very light fishing boat from the Orkneys, presented by Mrs. Leslie Browne in memory of her husband Mr. Cecil Browne—a Founder Member of ISCA.



- 40. DUTCH TJOTTER** A typical Dutch in-shore small sailing craft. The leeboard, which drops over the lee side, as with the Thames sailing barge, prevents the boat being blown sideways across the water yet, unlike the centreboard, does not take up useful space in the centre of the boat.



- 41. VENETIAN GONDOLA** Usually propelled by a single gondolier rowing from one side of the craft only. The Gondola is asymmetric to counteract the one sided thrust of the oar. All Gondolas are of a standard size. This one, which worked in Venice until 1969 was presented to the museum by Mr. Guy Saunders of Truro and carries the gilt furniture and trimming used for weddings. Nearby is a Felce or removable 'cabin' - very seldom seen now.



- 42. COLOMBIAN DUGOUT** Sent to England by Captain Adrian Small, when sailing the GOLDEN HINDE to San Francisco from England via Panama.



- 43. WEST AFRICAN DUGOUT** A light and beautifully curved dugout. These dugouts are made from a single tree trunk hollowed out and filled with moss, grass or leaves. A fire is then lighted to make steam to soften the wood. This enables the opening to be stretched by the insertion of thwarts (crossmembers) and wedges.

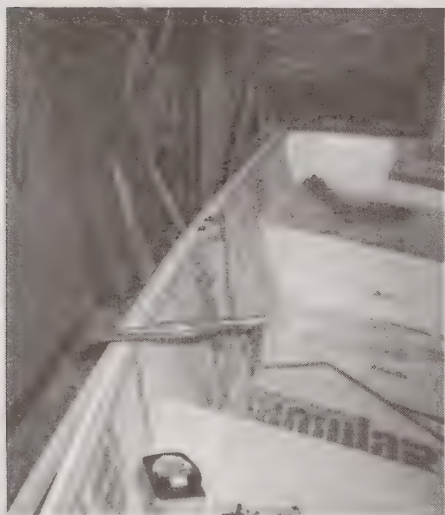
Glassing the outside of the hull was pretty basic stuff, but prepping it to be glassed was really fun. I have a few fairing boards that I have made. The one I used first to remove a lot of material is made from 1/2" plywood the length of two sheets of sandpaper. I installed a round wooden knob near either end. I glued on some 40 grit green stuff from 3M. The other board that I used a lot is made of 1/4" ply loaded with 60 grit.

After the seats were installed and cured, I again turned the boat upside down and trimmed off the extra foam on the bottom. I cut this with my saber saw about 1/8" oversized and began sanding it to shape. 40 grit paper removes pink foam fast and very soon I had a really nicely rounded corners all the way around the bottom. The 1/2" sides and bottom offered much material that could be removed so the edges could be rounded up a lot. I could possibly have done this job with some power tool, but the fairing boards worked quit fast and the finished product was fair.



Peal ply being used.

Gunwales being bolted on.



## Building the Foam Barge

### Part 2

By Mississippi Bob Brown

I smoothed this up some with the finer paper and removed a few other drips that happened somehow then laid on the main sheet of glass. I used 6-oz. 60" wide fabric for this. This width of glass cloth did not reach the top of the hull so there was an area that would have to be filled in later. After positioning and smoothing out the fabric, I removed a wedge shaped chunk of cloth at each corner so the ends could wrap over the sides.

I poured the resin into the big flat bottom and spread it around with a squeegee. As each corner came into place I installed some peal ply over the seam. Wonderful stuff. It sure saves a lot of sanding. The side panels got completed and again I used peal ply over the edges to help keep it smooth. When this resin cured, I turned the boat upright for the remainder of the construction. I rounded the seat edges and glassed the outside of the seats. A second layer of glass went into the bottom between the seats.

Finally done glassing, it was time for me to install the only wood going into this boat. The gunwales were wood through bolted to the top of the hull. The inwales were soft mahogany which I trimmed to fit inside the hull and then sanded the radius on the ends to match that of the inner corners of the hull. The outwales happened to be some ash that I had. I clamped the two pieces in place near the center of the boat then proceeded to bolt them on. The smallest bolts that I found at our local farm supply store that were long enough were 3/16". These had to do.

I started at the oarlock sockets and went both ways from there. To position the sockets, I climbed in and laid the oars across the gunwales. I have found that 14" to 16" from the front edge of the seat seems to fit me. In this boat it worked out so the oars will be equally distant from the center and the stern

seats. The sockets got bolted in with two through bolts then a through bolt went in every 6" out to the ends of the boat. I sawed off the extra outwales and the boat was ready for the smoke test.

I was having a real race with the Minnesota winter getting ready for launch day. My test tank had frozen over in early November but the week preceding the launching was quite warm and the pond opened up again. Before the launch the boat went on the scale. It felt heavier than I had hoped for so it was time for the some proof. Balancing the boat on end on a bathroom scale it read 38 lbs., this was acceptable.

I had hoped that the boat would fit inside the box on my Ranger, but I have a paddle rack inside the topper on the port side and the boat didn't fit very well. I put the boat on the roof rack. It fit fine up there but the ropes slid around the ends. I had to use some ingenuity to make sure that it would stay for the half mile ride to the pond.

I launched without any fanfare and climbed in. The boat did exactly what I had expected of it, it rowed very easily but it trimmed a bit nose heavy with just me on board. The directional stability was zilch. The boat turned altogether too easily. I did some testing with ballast. I had some five gallon buckets along and filled them with pond water. I estimated my buckets were holding 120 lbs. I put them on the back seat and the boat trimmed out much better. It tracked better, too. I did another test with the buckets on the front seat and rowed from the stern facing forward. This worked out quite well also. I didn't have enough ballast to test its capacity but my 170 lbs. and 120 lbs. worth of ballast didn't set the boat down much. My guess is that the boat could carry a half ton safely.

The boat will need a skeg. I think that I will install two keels on the bottom and set them up as runners, great for Minnesota winter boating. The after end of these keels will blend into skegs. I feel that with a pair of skegs the boat will track well enough.

Two days after the launch the pond froze over again. This time I expect it to stay frozen until April. I have the winter to add the keels and to do a bit of Bondo work and give the boat a coat of Brightsides.

Initial trimming with five gallon pails of water.



I know most of the readers of *MAIB* are not too concerned with the America's Cup or any other high level big buck sailing situation. However, I hope you will find the story of a 12-year-old building a 40" "bread and butter" sailing sloop model interesting and very informative of the character of Olin Stephens.

Here follows a series of letters between Olin Stephens and his father and I in 1973 and 1974. The letters speak for themselves, except for one that seems to be missing. I must have written a letter in October 1974 asking some questions regarding the finished models. In retrospect, it seems incredible that a design office such as Sparkman & Stephens would have given the attention and personal thought to a 12-year-old's questions, especially considering that they were designing Cup defenders left and right at this time.

Dear Mr. Stephens:

I met you in Skaneateles, New York, at the 30th Anniversary of the Lightning Class Invitational; in fact, I sailed Lightning No. 1 with Janet Bessie. My son has just completed a model of the yacht *America* after a two-year struggle. He started it when he was 10 and completed it at the age of 12. We ballasted the hull to the water line during construction per directions (see picture).

We attempted to sail it, and it moves quite well except that it seems very overpowered and it sails with the cabin top awash with 4" to 6" waves. Before it destroyed itself, we put it back on the fireplace and I promised Jay that I would help him build a real sailing model. We propose to build it by laminating 1/2"-3/4" pine sections for the hull and fairing smooth inside and out prior to decking over.

Do you or any of your staff have any proven sketches for a sailing model of about 48" long in either sloop, ketch, or schooner rig? I hate to build a model six (6) times to get it to sail. Is it possible to take any of the plans shown in magazines and shrink to 48"? How much does the sail plan have to be reduced to make it work?

Joseph Spalding, Skaneateles, NY

Dear Mr. Spalding,

Replying, to your letter of the 2nd, I am sorry to hear of your son's difficulty with the *America* model. At the same time, this is not surprising because geometric factors apply very powerfully to boats and scale models. Specifically, if the center of gravity remains in a constant geometrical position, stabilizing forces increase as the fourth power of any linear dimension, while the heeling forces increase as the cube. Consequently, a large sailing vessel is much stiffer and better able to carry sail than a small one, and for this reason good sailing models must be built either with a very low center of gravity or a great deal of displacement. In the case of a racing model yacht, ballast can frequently equal 60% or more of the total weight, and the keels are frequently made much deeper in proportion than in the case of a sailing yacht.

With careful work the so-called bread and butter method of model yacht construction can result in quite a light hull and, of course, the deck and rig should be just as light as possible in order to keep the center of gravity low. All of this should be done in con-

## Olin Stephens...A Mighty Hi Type Guy

By Joe Spalding



junction with just as much ballast as possible.

I think I have answered your question about simply shrinking your plans which may have been published, but I am not sure that I can do very much more to help as we have files full of yacht plans but have not designed a model yacht in about 40 years, although I did a few of them in the early days and will put on a search for the plans.

I am turning a copy of your letter over to my father who helps us here at the office and may be able to locate drawings which you and your son could use. I hope we will be successful and one of us will write to you again in a few days, but meanwhile I hope you and your son will understand the trouble you have had with the *America* model.

Olin Stephens, Sparkman & Stephens, New York, NY

Dear Mr. Spalding,

Supplementing my son's letter of October 10th, I am informing you that we have available Lines and Sail Plans of two (2) model sailing yachts. One is for a 40" overall, the other is 30". Either set is available to you at a price of \$7.50. Both are designed for a sloop rig and the 40" plan contemplates radio controls. We shall await your response with interest.

Roderick Stephens, Sr., Sparkman & Stephens, New York, NY

I ordered these plans, and after a delay due to a mix-up in the order being filled, I subsequently wrote with some questions regarding the model design. I no longer seem to have my copy of this letter, but Olin Stephens's reply follows:

Dear Mr. Spalding:

I have recently received a copy of your letter of 4 October and, as a matter of fact, the original letter and photographs have shown up at the same time. Frankly, the questions you raise are pretty difficult to answer

because, frankly again, I do not know why we designed this model as we did in 1961. I should certainly not do it that way today, but would use the separated keel and rudder design which has been regularly used for many years on models and which has become the norm in full scale yacht design.

Beyond that point, it is hard to say more as we are extremely busy and we are trying always to make our work more fundamental and analytical, which in effect means that the design of a small boat or a model can involve just about as much calculation and study as the design of a very large and expensive yacht.

I should like to help out with more positive suggestions, but frankly, after seeing how far we were from the mark in 1961 despite whatever reasonable efforts were put into the design at that time, I do not want to make more guesses on the subject of model yachts as I have just not done enough of them to have the satisfactory intuitive feeling for the problem.

I am not sure just how to read your comment about a boat for yourself but I can say that we often provide duplicate plans at what we consider as a reasonable cost for the design, and although it would be very expensive to go into new plans, if we had in our files the sort of boat that you would like to build, we should be glad to provide you with small scale prints for your review and to quote a figure for the use of the drawings. If you have something of this sort in mind, and would like to outline your specific requirements, we should be glad to make any possible suggestions.

Olin Stephens, Sparkman & Stephens, New York, NY

The 40th Lightning Regatta was held in Skaneateles, New York, in 1978 and Mr. Stephens stayed at our house. My son Jay, who was contemplating what to do with his life, came over and cooked pancakes for Olin. They discussed the best way to be involved with sailboats for a life's work. Olin advised him to get a good engineering background and the "yachty" stuff would follow.

The boat model is in Jay's hands at this time and is in good shape. In 2000, we wrote to Sparkman & Stephens as to getting a new set of drawings and they were available, such as they are. The price was \$85, some difference a few years make.

Olin stayed with us again in 1988 and 1998 for the 50th and 60th Lightning Anniversaries. I had the pleasure of being the Race Committee chairman in '78, '88, and '98. The regattas had close to 200 boats for each of these events. Olin said on each visit that he wished that he had retained the design rights to the class, but he donated them to the class association many years ago, not guessing over 16,000 boats would be built.

In 1998 he watched the races from an open boat all day in the rain. We could not persuade him to get in a covered boat. He told me at that time that his father had counseled him to go anywhere and any way he wanted and that would keep him young.

In summary, I just feel privileged to have had a casual relationship with this super individual. His book, *All This and Sailing Too*, covers almost all of his life up to 2000. I found it a good read and I am sure some of you would also.

Dreaming of that boat that you hope to build some day. Then you can't afford to pass this up. It shows you how to make certain that you'll get the boat you want

Boat minded sportsmen usually have a "feel" for sweet curves and flowing lines. But they find it difficult to get these down on paper so that the boatbuilder may interpret what is wanted. Few laymen have the necessary professional skill to draw out a boat, calculate the weight, peg the proper waterline, and predetermine the performance. How then to get the boat you want out of dream stuff? How do you know how it will actually look and how it will perform? The method is easy.

You model it. Anyone who can handle scissors and a tube of model airplane cement can get, with the method I show here, a miniature of his boat which will show him how

## Model Your Own Dreamboat

By Weston Farmer

his dream ship is going to look and how it is going to perform.

First, you need a few simple materials. You need photo mounting board, a few sheets of 1/32" balsa, scissors, a couple of tubes of Testor's fast drying model airplane cement, some pins, some stiff backed razor blades, a sheet of fine sandpaper, and a small can of varnish. Two dollars will buy the works. A stationery store will supply the sheet of photo mounting board and a model airplane supply

store will provide the cement or "glue," pins, balsa, and razor blades. Get the cardboard in the usual gray and blue backed sheet. The balsa should be of the hard variety. Standard sheets are 1/32" x 3" x 24" and cost about 14¢ each.

Now you have your materials. The first two things you do are cut out of the photo mounting board the outline of the deck (sheer) plan, and the outline of the boat in elevation, which is termed the outboard profile. See Fig. 1 in the accompanying drawing. This illustration shows what you are shooting for.

The profile will give you no trouble, but if you find it hard to sketch both sides of the boat symmetrically about the centerline in plan view, cut a separate template to one half the boat's shape, draw one side, then flop the pattern over about the center and draw the other side. This assures symmetry. Any small jogs in any curve usually are smoothed up by cutting when you use the scissors.

With a razor blade, cut partially through each face of these two pieces, the profile and the deck plan, about 1/4" from the edge. The idea is to go partway through, but not quite, what we want is a piece of cardboard stiff enough to hold shape while cementing but which will part company at the right place when we gut the falsework out of the model.

Next, as at Fig. 3, cut out some spacers for the chine to sheer height, assuming your boat is of V bottom form. If of round bilge form, forget this step. These spacers go between frame stations and are merely for temporary support of the chine plane.

In gluing the profile and the deck plan together, and in setting in the chine to sheer spacers, the technique to use is to hold the piece to be glued in the left hand, and with the tube of cement held in the right, pay a bead of cement out on the edge to be glued. It is like putting a ribbon of toothpaste on a brush.

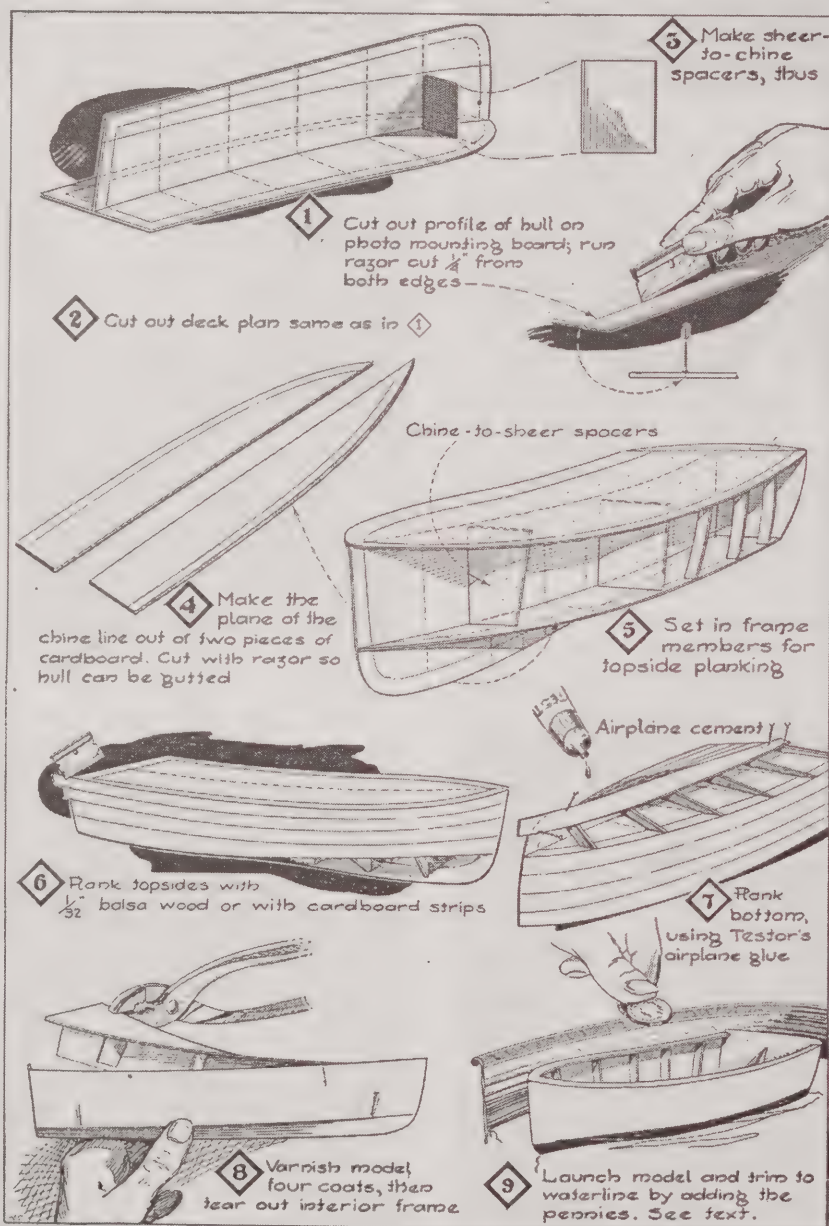
The next step is to get out the chine planes. In a V bottom boat the chine line is the hard knuckle where the topsides and bottom meet. In most modeling, notches are cut in the frames and a small chine stringer is inserted. This method is not as satisfactory as the method of containing the chine line in a plane of cardboard and bending it into place over the sheer to chine spacers. The chine plane method assures symmetry and accurate flow to the line, something otherwise hard to get. Fig. 4 shows how these chine planes look, including the razor cut, and Fig 5 shows how they are installed.

Cut out the transom from cardboard and glue it in place. If you work in a dry room at about 70 degrees, the airplane cement will dry so it will hold in about one minute. It later sets up glass hard, holding beautifully.

As shown in Fig 5, you proceed to frame up the topsides. Cut curved frames from cardboard and use balsa for straight frames. The topsides are best framed first to avoid any propensity to warpage caused by the dope cement "pulling." The heads and heels of the frames are tacked with glue at the 1/4" strip which will stay in the boat. Avoid getting glue spread over the razor cut as this will make it hard to rip out the inboard falsework.

The next step is to plank the topsides as shown in Fig. 6, and the bottom, as shown in Fig 7. The ends of the balsa are shaved off as they pass the transom. Use a razor blade for this. It is a good plan, after the plank ends

These steps given in the drawing below will explain themselves. If you follow them carefully, you will not have any trouble in obtaining a model that gives you an idea of your desired boat.



have been thus trimmed, run a bead of cement over the raw end grain of the wood and smear it flat with your finger tip, the better to provide a glue wrapping about the end of the plank.

Reasonably flat topsides may be planked with one sheet of balsa as shown in the photos. The same holds true of bottoms which are reasonably flat. But on any surface which has much sny, or warpage, strips should be used. The planking of a typical bottom is shown progressing in Fig. 7. Strips can be 1/4" wide and should be glued both at frame landings and at the edges as they come together. In other words, at the seams. Pins can be used to hold warped strips in place until the cement dries.

Now the hull is planked. As shown in Fig. 8, a razor blade first having been used to pry up one end of the falsework, pliers or scissors are used to pry out the inboard falsework. By nicking with the razor blade here and snipping with scissors there, the entire interior of the model is removed. This leaves you a hollow hull in which you later can build scale sized berths, lockers, floors, engine boxes, and so on.

Some naval architects who are extremely careful designers use scale sized manikins so they can gauge headroom, elbow and foot room, and general utility of layout. It pays off. Very often it makes the difference between a klunker and a thoroughbred. The latter kind of boat, one with no bad traits, comes about rarely and is a result only of such close attention to little details.

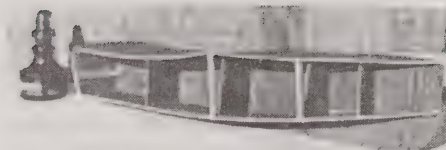
Now the hull is lightly sanded and finished off. This is one of the main reasons balsa is used for planking. It sands and finishes easily. I have used cardboard and it is perfectly all right, but finishing must be done by waterproofing with hot paraffin and then scraping with a blunt table knife. Paraffin is not as satisfactory or as long lived as varnish.

Four coats of varnish is the minimum necessary to really waterproof a model built on this system. Let each coat set up overnight. Do not sand the last two coats, but flow them generously.

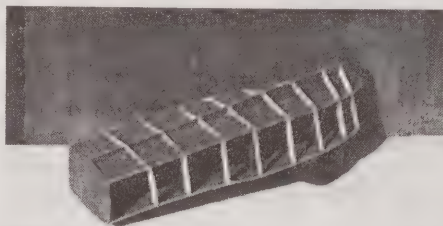
Now comes the launching! This, and the testing for trim and wake pattern, are the payoff where the real fun comes. And here I must get in a word or two about the simple mathematics of similitude.

There is a law in naval architecture which states that (within broad limits) the model of any vessel varies to the prototype as the square root of their linear ratios in the matter of speed, and as the cube of the linear ratios as to weight. Let us take an example to show you what is meant.

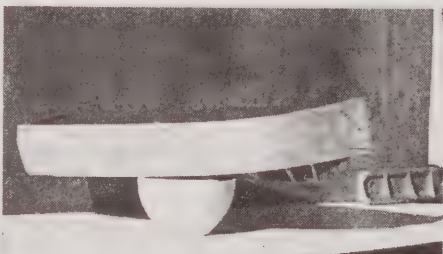
Suppose you have worked in the scale of 3/4" equals 1'. This is the scale most used by naval architects who use models because it is 1/16 full size, and the linear ratio, 16, is easy to cube and to extract square roots from. Your model is then 1/16 full size. Its speed in scale proportion will be to the prototype as the square root of the linear ratio. The linear ratio is 16. The square root of 16 is 4. Therefore the model, when towed, will exhibit the wake and behavior of the prototype at 1/4 the speed of the bigger vessel. If your prototype is to be powered for a speed of 16 miles an hour, tow the model at 4 miles an hour (a nice brisk walk at lake edge) and the behaviors will be similar. For a 40 mile an hour prototype speed, one fourth of 40 being 10, a mod



In this picture, you see that the model has been glued up with airplane glue. The cardboard profile is glued to cardboard deck plan and sheer to chine spacers and the chine-line plane put in. The framing topside is begun. Study this photo.



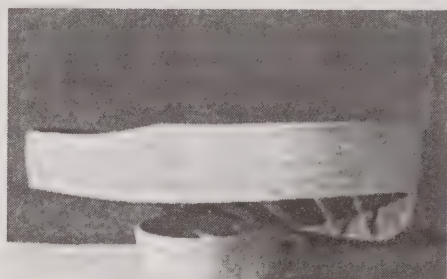
Bottom and the topside framed in reay for the planking. All you need for the making of model is ability to handle a scissors and model cement.



The step pictured here is the one where you are beginning to plank the topside. For the man who is planning to build a boat, the steps in the making of this model will be of great help. He will avoid serious errors in his boat.



In this picture above it is seen that the topside frames are all in and the bottom frames have been tacked on. This is a V-bottom model. This article will give you full details on the making of this model and all of the materials needed.



Here we see that the topside of the model is planked and trimmed. The bottom is planked in the same manner. It should be varnished before launching.



In the photograph above you find the fully finished model of the round-bilge form ready for the launching. You will now be ready for testing of the model.

Below is given the method for weighting your model properly so that you'll be able to judge her condition when boat's equipped with an engine. You may get some surprises now.



10 Weigh model on photo or druggist's scale, then multiply by 4096 for disp.



13 Using corks for cylinders, pennies for weight, and balsa for a base, you can simulate inboard motors of any weight.

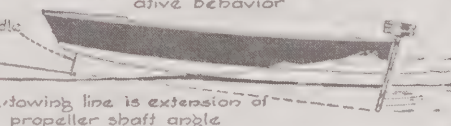


11 Screw Pump with 3 pennies & hairpin for 80# motor weight



12 Each new Lincoln penny weighs 25 lbs scale weight on 1/16 scale (3/4" = 1 foot)

14 On 1/16 scale, model is towed at 1/4 speed of prototype for comparative behavior



erate running gait will give you 10 miles an hour and similarity.

Because these towing speeds so readily lend themselves to a gait a man can achieve, the scale 3/4" to 1' is most useful.

As to displacement, or weight, the scale varies as the cube of the linear ratio, or, on a 3/4 scale, as 16 times 16 times 16. This is 4,096. Therefore, if your model, after trimming to waterline, weighs one pound, the finished prototype will weigh 4,096 times 1 or 4,096 pounds.

After launching your model, a most convenient form of ballast is multiples of the Lincoln penny, which scales out very close to 25 pounds scale weight in 3/4 scale. By adding pennies until you reach the waterline trim and gunking these pennies into permanent place by flowing a bead of cement over them, the model, after being removed from the water and dried, can be both weighed and balanced. Where the model balances will be

the fore and aft position of the center of buoyancy, much more accurately arrived at this way than by Simpson's rules of calculation. The center of buoyancy and center of gravity always coincide in a fore and aft relationship.

After ballasting, weigh your model on a photo scale or on a druggist's balance. There are 16 ounces in a pound, and 480 grains in an ounce, troy weight. Thus the total weight of the model in pounds, ounces, and grains can be converted to pounds and decimals of a pound, multiplied by 4,096 and presto, you have the weight of the prototype. The method is quite accurate.

Thus both the wake pattern and the total displacement of the prototype as well as the location of the buoyancy center and gravity center are made known by modeling.

Figs. 9, 10, and so on show the launching and weighing, and give suggestions whereby engines of different weights may be simulated with pennies, balsa, corks and pins.

As to towing methods: it is important, in order to simulate the proper thrust components, to extend the towing cord in the same angle as the propeller shaft. A needle is shown in the last drawing of the series through the eye of which a silk thread is knotted. The towing operator then keeps the towing line at an extension of the shaft angle. In tank work the towing thrust is usually applied at the thrust block, but this is not practicable for our simple experiments.

A self integrating model shows up errors in basic premises if there are any. To the skilled, the best method of arriving at the ultimate dream boat is to carry both calculations and model along together. To the sportsman not concerned with theory, the model will show him more in a few days' time than a whole library possibly could. He is taking his answers from the boat and the water itself. Together they are infallible.

Friday nights starting at 6:30 members come to the Avery Point clubhouse to build boats. They are boats specifically chosen to satisfy the needs of the club and outreach for nearby schools which have an interest in traditional rowing boats. Guess what they are building right now? A dory. Well, actually two dories for the club and another two dories will be built by students at a local school.

Why a dory? Well simply enough, from all the years of combined club and individual members experience, the dory seems to suit the club as a group consensus just fine. The dory chosen is one of those old all too familiar stories, "the rescue experiment from somebody's yard sale," a seemingly sorry craft in much need of repair.

Well you know the type, it's one of those boats which needs not just one crew but two. It needs a specialized crew to propel the craft and another crew aboard to just to bail. And, of course, the problem is, when you can't quite get enough people aboard to bail and a crew strong enough to propel the craft, to actually maintain any freeboard, even on a

## The John Gardner Chapter TSCA

By Gail Ferris

millpond. Or the other option is that even if the bailing and rowing crews are looking for generous amounts of exercise to stay in shape or in some esoteric degree of magnificent health, the situation is a failure when both crews pass out from sheer exhaustion before they hardly make a mile on the water.

So with this "sorry craft in much need of repair" came the vision of Russell Smith of "let's fix this dory and see how she goes." And so the club set to fixing her as she was a simple straight sided, flat bottom type with a skeg.

When all was said and done, the members tried her out and found that of all the boats they've used for the waters off Groton, Connecticut, this dory rowed and handled the open water the best. She had

enough skeg to not make her too stiff in the water but enough to keep her from weather cocking in a breeze. Following on the success with this boat, patterns were made and now the club is in this wonderful process of making more copies of the dory.

I had such a good time watching and helping building with these very enthusiastic fellows that I decided to stick with the winners and learn how boats are built rather than just generally guess what is involved in the process. After all these years of learning how to describe what a boat is doing on the water when I am out in it, now is the time I look forward to learning how boats are actually built.

If you are interested in joining our club where you can build and row traditional boats on the open water just footsteps away from our clubhouse, here is our address:

John Gardner Chapter, Traditional Small Craft Association, University of Connecticut Avery Point Campus, 1084 Shennecossett Rd., Groton, CT 06340, website: <http://www.tsca.net/johngardner>



"Environmentally speaking,  
I figure that between his boat  
and mine, we balance things out"

WME

The last article on Sleeper built the deck and the flexi-block. This article will cut the dagger board slot in the flexi-block and the slot for the deck hatch. These are the structures that have been made so far, the hull side panels and transom structure.

Both of these parts are ready to be put together. However, first the slot must be cut in the flexi-block, this slot is made to accept the dagger board. The following sketch shows the steps that it takes to make the slot.

The stock for the flexi-blocks should be fastened securely for cutting and boring. Both flexi-boards will be bored at the same time. To prevent the wood from splitting on the bottom side the blocks are nailed down to a piece of scrap.

This is a list of the steps to make the dagger board slot in the flexi-blocks:

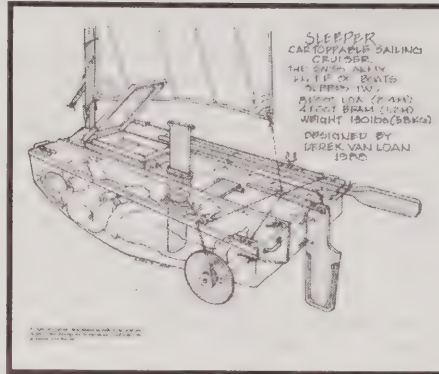
With a soft pencil, mark not only the centerline of the hole but the overall ends of the length of the slot. The reason for these two marks is to prevent any errors; that is, a single mark might be confused as to if it is the centerline or the slot's end, include both and visually there can be no error.

Drill a small pilot hole before starting the larger hole. Bore into the wood and occasionally back the drill bit out of the hole, this action clears the wood chip build-up on the bit and makes for easier and cleaning boring.

# Building Sleeper

## Part 6

By Don Elliott



Once the holes are drilled the slot can be cut. A jigsaw is used for this operation. This operation is shown in Step 3 of the sketch. Note that only one flexi-block slot is cut at one time, this single-thickness cutting prevents the jigsaw blade from angling or

wandering. Moving slowly also allows the blade to cut with more precision.

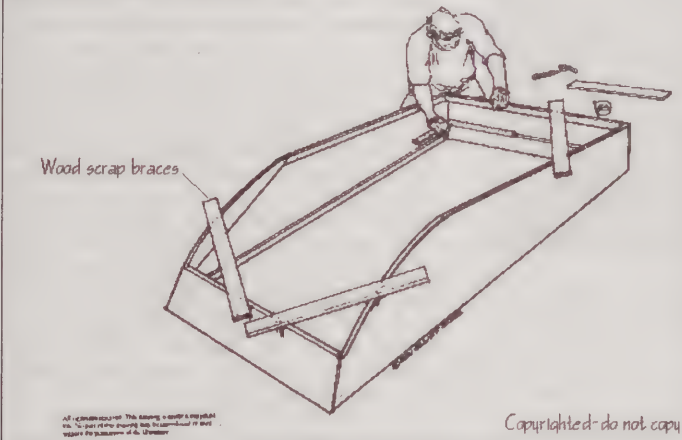
After that the ellipse can be cut and the flexi-block can be installed on the underside of the deck (store the second flexi-block, this will be installed at a later time). Make certain that the dagger board slot is cut into the deck exactly on the centerline of the craft.

The very same bore hole and insert jig saw blade method is use to cut the hole for the deck hatch opening. What's important to note in that sketch is the use of milk crates (plastic file crates). Here they are used to elevate the plywood deck panel, however, they have many more uses. These plastic crates are very useful for a great many boat building tasks, I have found these crates so extremely useful for boat building that I now have a large number on hand at all times. One day I will have to write an article on all the shop uses for this handy item. It should be noted that all plastic crates are not equal, some are made poorly made and are useless, so be careful in your selection of these crates for shop use.

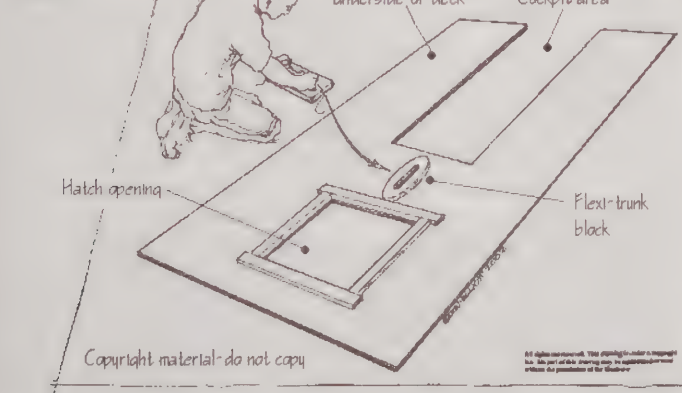
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(To Be Continued)

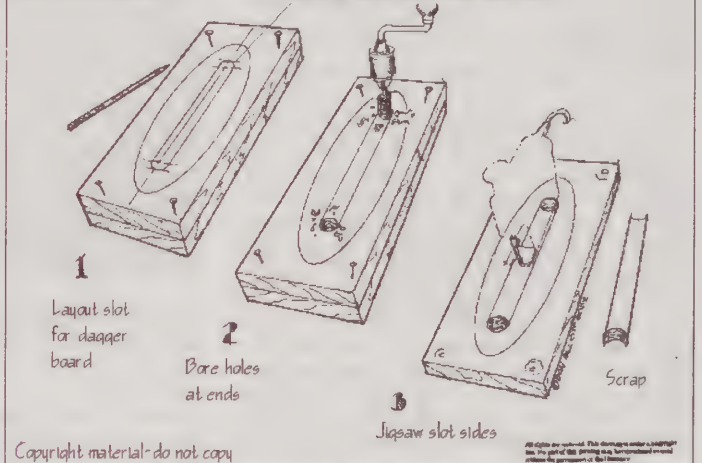
Step 7 Brace structure with scrap wood quasse to allow the glue to set



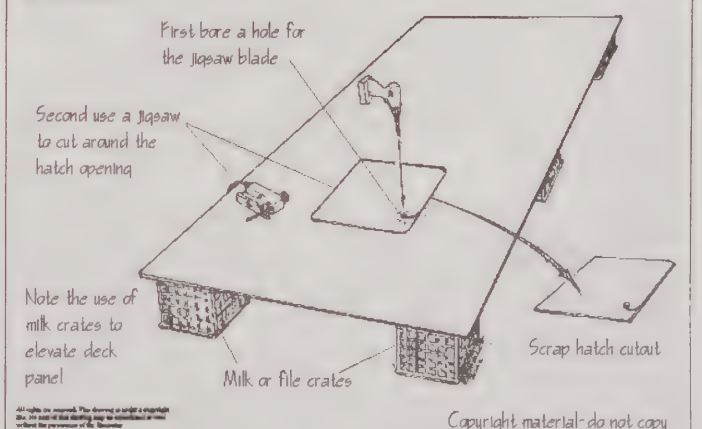
Step 5-cut out deck and assemble pieces to deck



Cut slot in Flexi-Block



Cutting the hole for the deck hatch.





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Back in 1963 I spent a year working out of the office of the Mallorca Yacht & Boat Construction Association (MYABCA S.L.) in Puerto Pollensa, Mallorca, Spain. While I was there I did various design jobs for them, besides commissions of my own. Besides new boat designs, I designed a modern rig for the old 72' Alfred Milne yawl *Concha II* and a new cabin layout for the Francis Herreshoff 58' ketch *Denebola* (with the approval of LFH and no tampering with her outward appearance!).

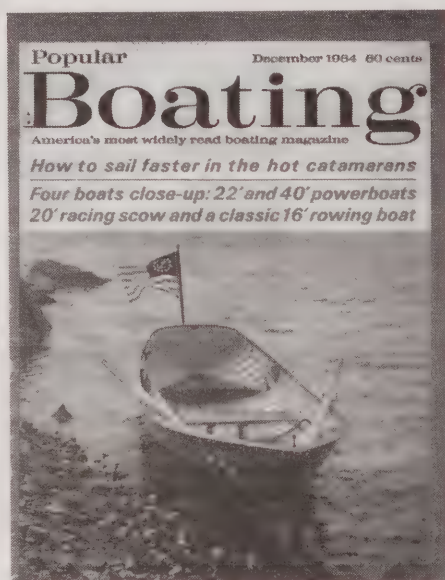
They were doing very high class wooden boatbuilding and I took the chance to have a dream rowboat built, which I called Spur ("a stimulus to action"). She was my only ever indulgence in a gold plater, with mahogany planking and Burma teak thwarts, a glittering finish, and no concessions whatsoever to speed of construction or limited skill (note the faired in skeg, the rounded in quarters, and the lipped thwarts, to say nothing of the gilded cove line and stem ornament (this last designed by Stanley Woodward and executed by a brilliant local sculptor who did ship carvings for MYABCA).

She came out a lovely shape which the photos barely convey, much admired wherever she went. I used her around the Bay of Pollensa and later got her back to Gloucester in the hold of the U.S. merchant liner *Excalibur* on that great ship's last trip before the scrap yard. One of two sisterships, *Excalibur* was designed by Gibbs & Cox just before they did the blue ribbon liner *S.S. United States*.

But Spur wasn't really my kind of boat. She weighed 300 pounds, much too much to haul up a beach as I like to do. I bought some air rollers which helped, but not enough. Also, I like to use boats, not polish them, and I developed a bad conscience about not keeping up that super yacht finish as well as it deserved. Eventually I sold her to a collector who had full time help to keep his fleet shining. He kept her as she deserved, but he died

## Bolger on Design Whitehall Type Pulling Boat

Design #167  
 16'0" (4.88m) x 4'5" (1.35m)



and the boats were auctioned off, and I got a call from a man who had acquired Spur and wanted advice about how to mount an outboard motor on her. I told him to sell her through *WoodenBoat* and buy a decent outboard utility with the proceeds. I don't know whether he did so or not, or what became of her. She would be 41 now.

While she was still in her pristine condition I showed her to Ted Jones, who at the

time was one of the editors of the 200,000 circulation magazine then called *Popular Boating*. He sold his colleagues the idea of using her for a cover story, with very arty photos by Gene Butera. They thought it would make a change of pace for their regular readers, but I got a bemused letter from Ted saying that that issue (December 1964), had produced about twice the projected newsstand sales and generated about 2,000 letters.

Among others it caught the eye of John Millar, who commissioned me to design the 450 ton full rigged ship *Rose*, currently seen, in her old age, in the role of *H.M.S. Surprise* in the movie *Master And Commander*. Whatever you think of Spur, it was a very successful publicity stunt! *Popular Boating* had me design a couple of more practical pulling boats, but their outboard motor advertisers soon took a poor view of promoting recreational rowing. I was told that Kiekhafer of Mercury was particularly aggressive in his intervention, so the idea was dropped.

In suggesting that Spur was impractical, I don't mean that she didn't perform well. She rowed easily and fast, was steady and dry in rough water, and had no vices. What put me off was the weight and the demanding maintenance, plus the skill and man hours to duplicate her. Our present pulling boat, Spur II, is a third of the weight and of glued lapstrake plywood construction that went together in a fraction of the time. My partner, Susanne Altenburger, and I can put her on a car roof rack without breaking our backs. To my eye she's as good looking as Spur I, and she has better acceleration, if not more speed.

Spur I suffered for a long time from one bad mistake. I had designed custom oarlocks made in MYABCA's metal shop, which worked well, and custom spruce oars made in their spar shop, which did not. I had picked up a notion from Francis Herreshoff that oars with very narrow blades would be easier on a rower than wide ones and be better in rough water and headwinds. This is definitely not



true, the only advantage of narrow blades is that they're less apt to break if they're used for poling and fending off. It took me much longer than it should have to grasp how much better Spur would go with larger blades.

As yet another aside, during the 2003 Mystic Small Craft Weekend I was quite pointedly instructed on how to row a Whitehall and how not to break those spoon blades. The fact that Susanne's anonymous inquiry later as to the complete absence of any reference to Bolger and his easy-to-build small craft in their discussion, exhibits, and apparent awareness, we were (quietly) not surprised to get a half baked throwaway remark. The line went something like this, while the man was blankly looking at me, that anything post war is of little interest to Mystic in their efforts to reintroduce the museum's visitors to the beauties of building your own craft!

In the mid '90s I was queried about whether I would not want to come a give a chat at one of those meets. When I asked which of my designs they liked in particular and had built for their fleet so that I would not have point into thin air for a 3D reference, I got embarrassed silence. These days Susanne would call this general modus operandi "flat lining."

It's easy to forget nowadays how low recreational rowing sank 30 and 40 years ago. Even now it isn't appreciated as it should be. The swarming comeback of kayaking is something to applaud, but a good pulling boat can do a lot of things no kayak can. I wish, though, that so much of rowing didn't revolve

around competition and exploits like ocean rowing. The beauty of rowing is that it can lend itself to relaxation and tranquility. Perhaps as kayakers are aging and the ability to just scratch your abused bottom or even being able to relieve yourself without risking capsize becomes more urgent, perhaps then rowboats of all flavors will again become more commonplace.

Whether as plush and costly as Spur, or as portable as Spur II, or as rapidly buildable as our Gloucester Light Dory, as long as you can take your picnic, dog, and afriend or two with you, a one manpower craft offers lots of opportunities for fun a memories. Read Henry David Thoreau's *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* for a quiet taste. No racing numbers here! And stay away from Banks Dories and the like unless you are into masochism and want to make sure none of your friends will ever want row again.

The original plans of Spur I, our Design #167, were left with MYABCA, on whose time they were made, and have vanished with the changes in that company. (I think they built a few more of the boats, the late Heinrich Nordhoff, then CEO of Volkswagen, told me that he meant to have one, but I don't know that he did.) We have reconstructed them from published reductions, well enough for a loftsman to lay her down, and these plans are available for \$100 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube. Plans of Spur II, our Design #600, (featured in *MAIB* Volume 10, No. 21, March 15, 1993) are available for \$75 to build one boat, ppd first class mail.

## Wind Products 45 SKIMMER 45°



### FEATURES

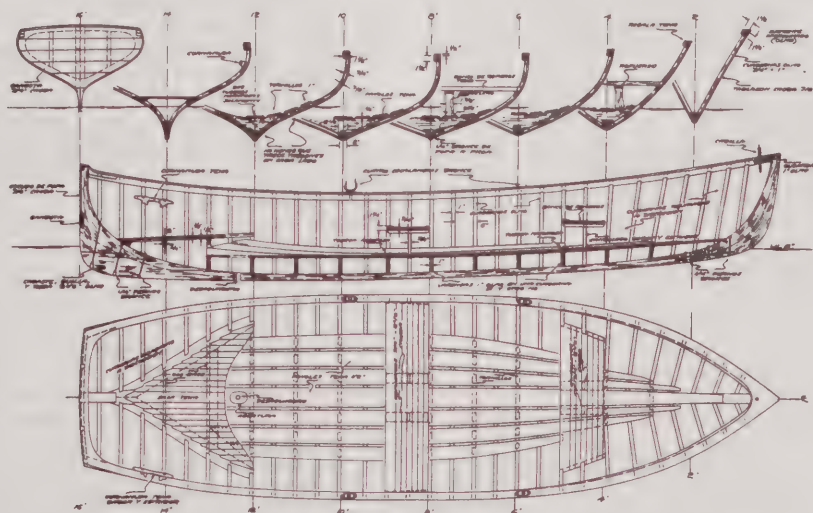
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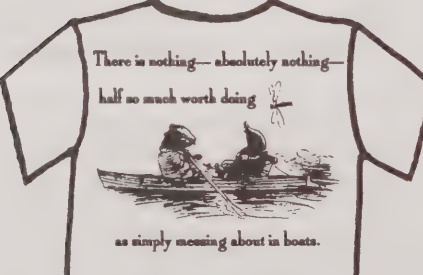


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## Avoiding Hypothermia

By Sam Chapin

Preparing a lesson plan for a seaman-ship class this year, I was fascinated by information on avoiding hypothermia if fallen overboard from ship or left in the ocean by a sinking boat.

About 20 years ago Dr. Reagh Wetmore devised and taught a "drown proofing" technique for swimmers to stay afloat for long periods of time. Wetmore was his real name. A swimming coach with a Ph.D. in Physical Ed, I remember reading his book in the Monroe County Library. The system was to curl up with the head underwater in a "jelly fish float," conserving energy, and when a breath is needed, to extend legs or paddle with hands and take a quick breath and then do the float again. It was widely taught as "drown proofing" and survival swimming.

Other factors affect hypothermia besides the temperature of the water and the fact that water conducts heat 20 times better than air. Movement of the water increases heat loss. Areas of the body with large vessel supplies like the neck and face, underarms, groin, and behind the knees lose heat more rapidly. Skin areas in between these parts respond to cold by vasoconstriction and thus have less heat loss.

Another factor would be body size. A bigger body has relatively smaller surface areas compared to the core so it cools more slowly, and thus children are more susceptible to cooling. Women are more resistant to cooling because of the fat layer under their skin. Plain obesity insulates the body and makes it float higher also. There is some role for acclimatization. The woman who swam to Antarctica was fat and had trained in cold water. She also went almost to Antarctica on a ship and was really close for her swim. (Reported in *National Geographic*.)

Data from Washington State compares survival in 50 degree water (temperature year around in San Francisco Bay).

Varying situations survival times in hours:

No flotation with drown proofing, 1.5.

No flotation treading water, 2.0.

With flotation swimming, 2.0.

Holding still, 2.7.

Heat Escape Lessening Posture (HELP), 4.0.

So drown proofing in cold water shortens survival time by a half hour. Don't think that hypothermia won't be a problem in the Keys with water at 80 degrees. Body tem-

perature is 98.6 degrees. Somewhere around 86 degrees body temperature you will be dead. Ninety-three degrees will make you seriously sick.

Now all good Sail and Power Squadron members will have their life jackets on when the boat sinks. Now with your flotation on HELP does the most for survival. Note that swimming is not a good option in cold water.

HELP is head out of water, arms at side closing armpits, pulling in knees closing groin and area behind the knees. Do not remove cloths, shoes, and hat. They all help. Hang quiet. If there is more than one person involved, then "HUDDLE" may be better. Hold on to each other face-to-face, as close and quiet as possible. If children are in the group they will fit in the middle of the huddle. The huddle will trap a little wisp of warm water around you.

If there is a life raft, partially sunken boat, or the "fisherman's savior," the big cooler, then abandon the HELP position and try to get on it and get out of the water as much as possible.

If you are on the other side of this equation; i.e., without flotation in our temperate waters, if fatigued you might try the drown proofing. It seems to lose more heat with your face and neck in the water, but conserves energy.

I have often thought that collecting floating stuff would be a good tactic. I haven't seen it suggested other places, but why not grab Sargasso weed and stuff it in your shirt. It is floating and if you get enough, it should help. It might be itchy, or even some of the little critters in it might bite you a bit, but if you make it to shore I'm pretty sure you could recover from that.

Then there are those lobster buoys. If they are out there and you are on a traffic lane, like the way to Sand Key, just hang on until your next ride comes by. If not and you have your trusty survival knife along, cut off the buoys and stuff them in your shirt with the Sargasso weed. The lobster guys have a tough life and I don't want to suggest losing their traps. If you are not desperate and it is a three buoy marker, just take two. If you are going to take all of the buoys, then get as much line as you can. You might want to use the line later to tie things and people together. If the current is going the wrong way, you might just hold on until it reverses. If some logs, boards, or a can show up, add them to the collection. If you find a navigation aid, try and get up on it and out of the water.

All rescue manuals emphasize a positive attitude and accounts of survivors talk about it. The survivors write about the loss of hope in their fellow victims who didn't survive. One section I read said of swimmers, that if they fall asleep, they drown. I wonder about that and how you could be sure that happened. They suggest that day dreaming leads to sleep and drowning. They suggest doing math and poetry to keep awake.

Mention is also made of hallucinations that are good, maybe about "dogs and boats" and ones that are bad, like "you are a fish." Cook up reasons to live and ways to do it. Stay with the boat or with a group, or all the junk. You will be easier to see when your float plan expires and your creditors start looking for you. Practice the inspirational survival talk you will be giving at the next Sail and Power Squadron meeting.

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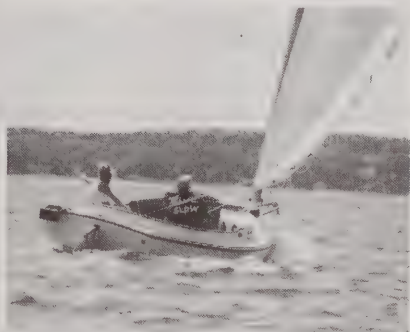
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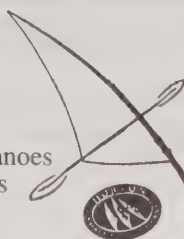
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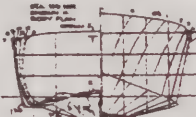
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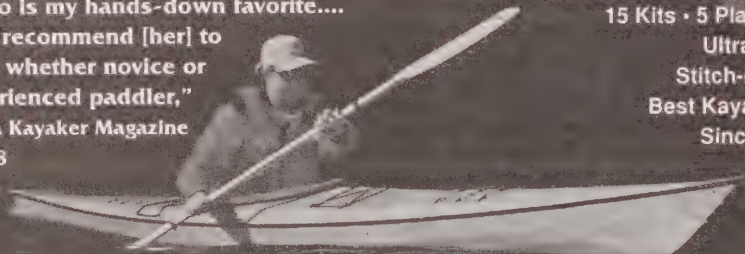


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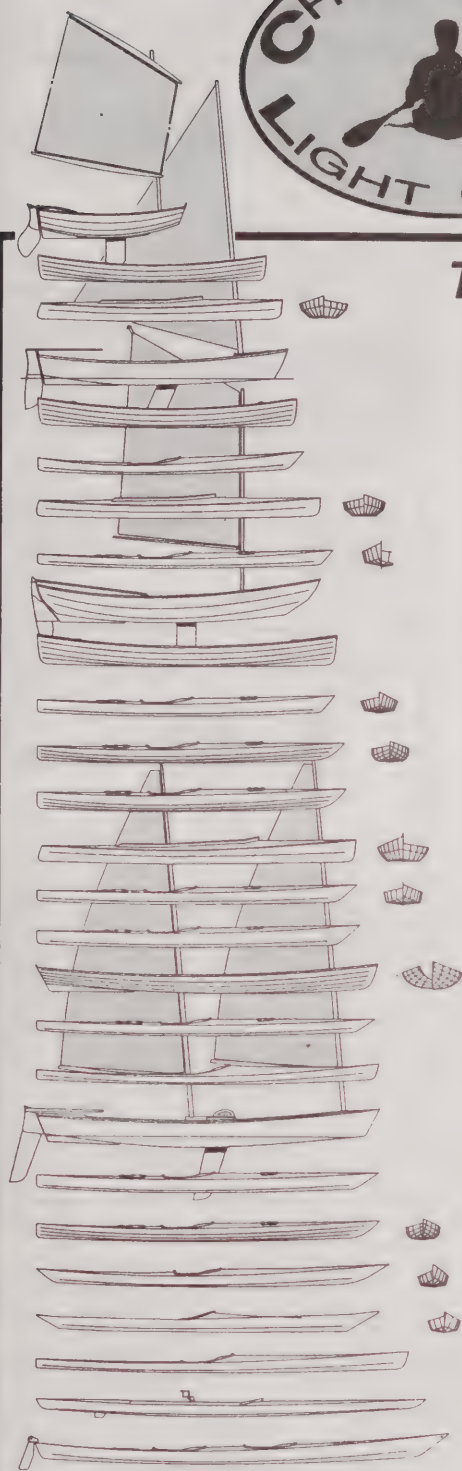
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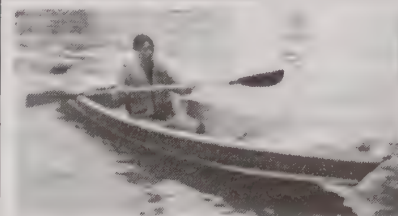
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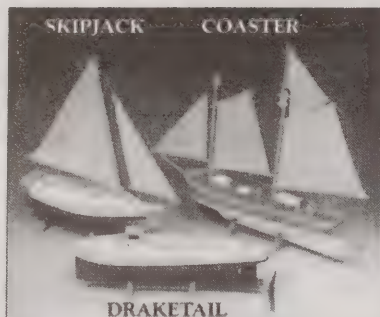
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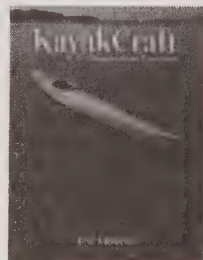
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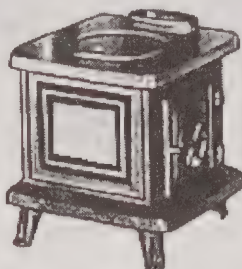
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# Classified Marketplace

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**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)

**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. n'92 8hp Johnson OB. \$3,500 firm. RICK RAMSEY, Fort Wayne, IN, (260) 747-2437. (19)

**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)

**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, <edeshea@tdstelme.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)

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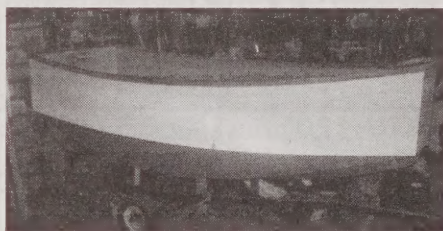
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**12' Geodesic Whitehall**, vy light weight, w/oars. \$450. RON GRUNLOH, 36 Bliss Ave., Hamden CT, (203) 407 0713, cris2655@earthlink.net (20)



**12' Old Shoe**, Phil Bolger design slightly modified. Professionally bilt w/West System™ & bronze, ready for spring launch, incl trlr. \$5,500. Call for additional info. RUDY SAMPSON, Plymouth, MA, (508) 746-5472. (20)

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

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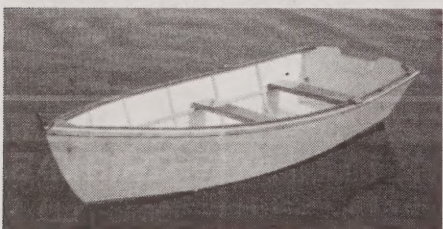
**"Sleeper"**, 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3. EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 (TFP)

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DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)



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#### BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

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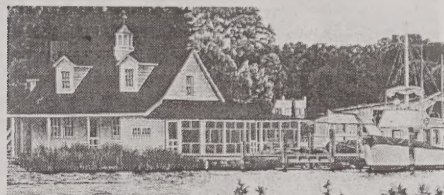
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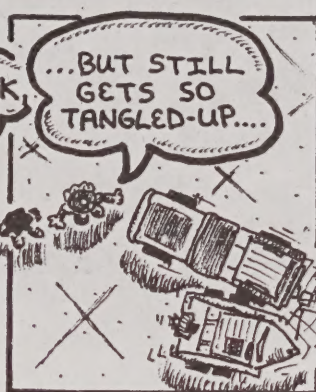
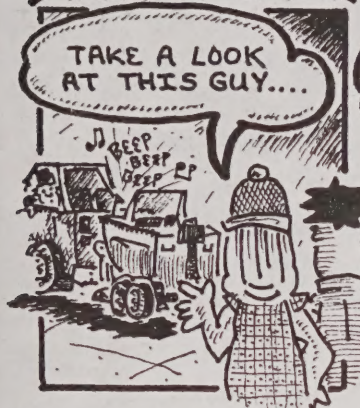
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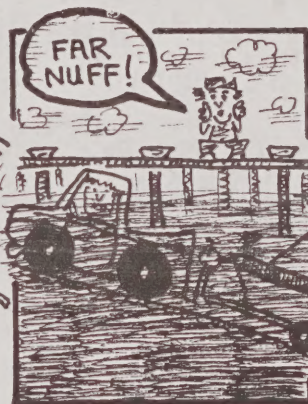


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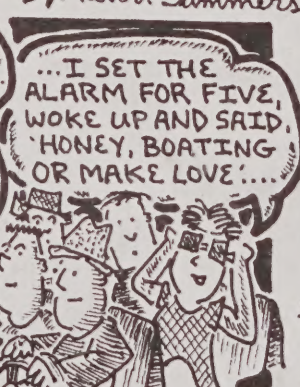


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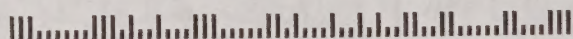
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