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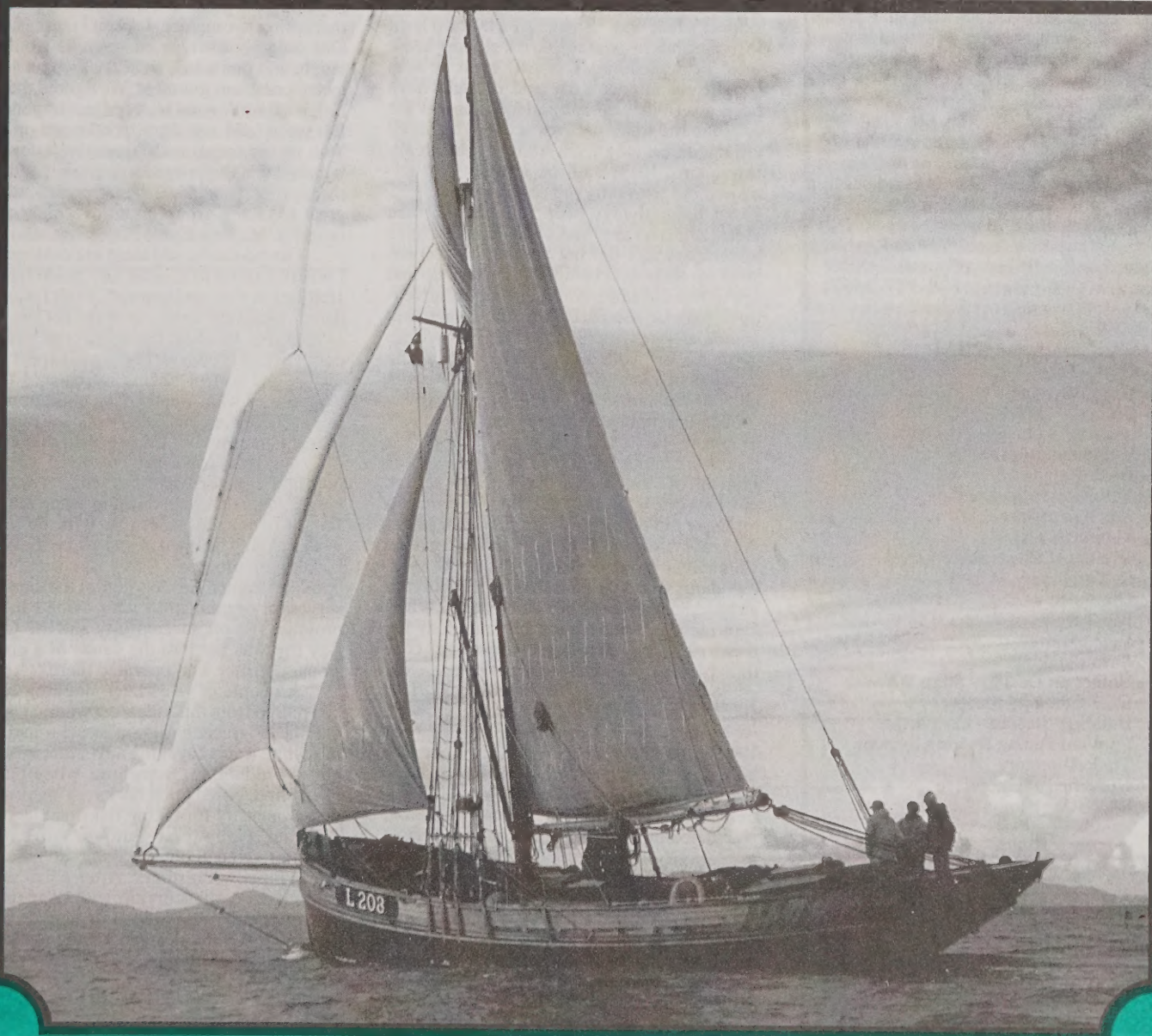
**Special Features This Issue**  
"Eda Frandsen" - "Syncopation"  
"Paper Boats of Elisha Waters" - "Strip Planking"



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 22 - Number 7

August 15, 2004



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August 15, 2004



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



There's a moment in Turner Matthews' cover story on his charter cruise aboard the Scottish lugger *Eda Brandsen* amongst the Outer Hebrides Islands off Scotland's northwest coast when the skipper and mate take two of the guests on a sea cave exploration outing in the inflatable. Deep within the caves, awash with seas from the random way the waves reflected through the caves, a surprise wave tosses the inflatable against the cave wall, striking the outboard hard on the rock. As Turner's wife (who chose to do this particular adventure) described it, the skipper's face was "ashen." Musta scairt him!

One has to assume that the skipper knew what he was doing, but still even he was caught out momentarily and it could have been a serious business indeed alone in the cold autumn water in caves at the foot of 800' cliffs with the long fetch Atlantic seas breaking against them and the mother ship anchored out with only the cook onboard.

I have always been reluctant to take along others on any "risky" adventures I have undertaken as I did not want to be responsible for their well being if I screwed up and got us into trouble. And my modest adventures pale in comparison to the things that people can undertake to do today under the guidance of professional adventurers. The wipeout of most of a Mt. Everest climbing party of rank amateurs, including the experienced guide himself, a few years ago comes to mind as an extreme example.

Back in our small boat game, the proliferation of "outfitters" taking sea kayak newbies out is a field that holds within it a bit more than everyday risk. I cannot imagine week after week facing without qualms yet another group of people you know nothing about who you plan to load into kayaks and paddle with upon the nearby ocean. Whatever the risk management program may be, it can run afoul of unexpected weather conditions or the personality quirks of those eager to adventure, or of the (in)experience levels of the summer help who serve as "guides."

I served as a guide for several years in 1994-98 when I was a volunteer leader for an organization known as Outdoor Adventures, dedicated to taking people with disabilities outdoor adventuring, hiking, climbing, and canoeing. On one occasion, because of my experience kayaking, I was asked to be a leader on a trip canoeing on a mid-state lake, not a dangerous environment except that it was late April and the water was still very cold, something that had escaped the notice of the organizers of the outing. Their prior canoeing adventures had been on shallow summer rivers where falling in was no big concern.

Our clients were adults with developmental and cognitive disabilities, people whose grasp of what was happening could be typically childlike, so that verbal communications regarding controlling the canoes could not be counted on to be effective. And if a wind blew up across the lake, it could make such control difficult, even for normally skilled recreational paddlers. Well, all went well but I was nothing but uneasy during the entire outing.

Later on they decided to set up a kayaking program and I worked with them that spring to organize weekend outings, Day One on a pond where basic skills would be taught and practiced, and Day Two on a protected ocean environment. We figured the first day would allow us to weed out anyone we felt we would not want to take out on Day Two on the ocean with its waves, tides, and winds. Then the program director, just hired that spring, persuaded them that it would be great to take a group on an overnight to an island in Maine's Casco Bay come summer.

I immediately told them to count me out, I was not going to assume any guide responsibilities in that environment. I felt I was just barely qualified to go out there for my own amusement, let alone having to cope with the unpredictable behavior one could expect from the special sort of clients we catered to, in who knows what weather/sea conditions we might encounter. I strongly opposed the idea, to the displeasure of the program director.

This issue was shortly resolved when the program director was fired when it was belatedly learned he had failed to set up the sites for the weekend programs with only two weeks to go. I stepped in and set up the ocean location on protected Essex Bay with even a "private" launch site courtesy of the land conservation organization who owned it. The program ran off successfully and the Casco Bay trip was put into the hands of a professional outfitter who operated there.

A couple of years later, not long after I had retired from this volunteer work, I learned that the disgraced program director had died in a white water kayaking adventure in which he was indulging. Somehow, when he had been hired, based upon his kayaking resume, this propensity for taking risks had not been detected. Nobody at Outdoor Adventures knew anything about kayaking. So much for hiring based on resumes. After a half dozen subsequent outings myself with their special sort of clients, I continued to shudder envisioning that ill-conceived adventure led by this risk taker and supported by inexperienced volunteer guides.

## In This Issue...

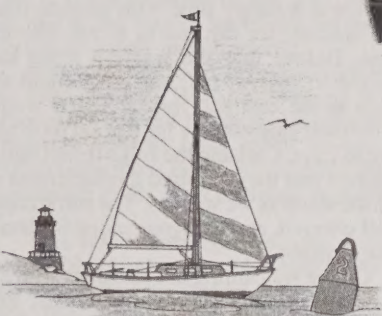
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## On the Cover...

*Eda Frandsen* sets sail on a cruise amongst Scotland's remote Hebrides Islands and Turner Matthews tells us all about the experience in this issue.

# EAST INDIA SQUARE Boats & Ships

Your Field Guide



By Robert Holtzman

Illustrated by Wayne Martin

## Boats and Ships (Your Field Guide)

By Robert Holtzman

Moon Mountain Publishing - \$7.95 U.S.  
80 Peachtree Rd., N. Kingstown, RI 02852  
www.moonmountainpub.com  
32 Pages Paperback - B&W 6"x9"  
For ages 5-10, Grades K-5

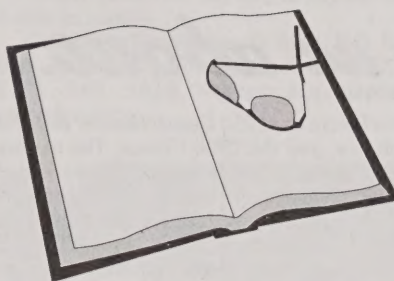
Reviewed by Mary Fiske

My son Alex and I enjoyed reviewing this book. Captain Bob reviews 16 watercraft ranging from Tall Ships to Personal Watercraft. This book was perfect to read to a seven-year-old child. For each watercraft there is a one-page description of fascinating information using easy-to-understand language. Captain Bob has underlined the nautical vocabulary words he uses in the descriptions. He includes a short glossary at the beginning of the book. Quite a few times, as I read the information, Alex turned to me and said, "Wow, Mummy, I didn't know that!" (and he knows everything!). Captain Bob's writing style kept both Alex and I interested.

Facing each description of the watercraft was a drawing of the vessel under examination. When we first read the book I thought the pictures were a little plain. After I went to work the next day, apparently Alex had had the same thought. That night I discovered he had decorated each picture with his own color palette.

Not only is this book full of fascinating nautical facts, it can also be a record of your children's or grandchildren's interpretation of their own field guide to Boats and Ships.

**Editor Comments:** This book is one of a series of Field Guides which includes volumes on Boats & Ships of Rhode Island, New England, and the Gulf Coast. Many of the boats and ships are duplicated in each of the four books, so the publisher recommends purchasing only one best suited to your own locale.



## Book Reviews

### In Peril

By Skip Strong and Twain Braden

The Lyons Press, Guilford, CT

Reviewed by Steve Burke

I always check out new titles in the hope of finding something interesting about boats and the sea, and this time I was pleasantly surprised. The subtitle, "A daring decision, a captain's resolve, and the salvage that made history," caught my attention.

The incident took place in November, 1994, off the east coast of Florida. Capt. Strong's vessel, the *Cherry Valley*, is more than two football fields in length and has a deadweight of 44,000 tons. Not a giant by recent standards but still a big boat that is difficult to maneuver. The *Cherry Valley* is a tanker, usually carrying #6 oil and, to make matters more interesting, is single, rather than double hulled. It was an American-owned ship and carried a crew of 25 with mostly American officers. The other vessels involved in this adventure are the *JA Orgeron*, a sea-going tug, and the *Poseiden*, a barge carrying the external fuel tank for the space shuttle. The tug and barge began their journey near New Orleans and were headed towards Cape Canaveral. When the various journeys began weather conditions were moderate but became a hurricane over the Atlantic.

The incident itself is quite simple. The *Orgeron* developed engine trouble and essentially control of the tug was lost and it was in danger of running aground near Ft. Pierce. The Coast Guard was informed of the situation and, with no vessels of its own to dispatch, issued a call for any vessel in the area to offer aid. The fully laden *Cherry Valley* answered the call and, at great risk to itself, affected the rescue. The contents of the barge, the shuttle's external tanks, were a very high value item (\$150 million) and the lawyers almost immediately became involved.

The difficulty and dangers involved are part of what makes this book so interesting. The *Cherry Valley* found itself very near a shelf which could have ripped out its bottom, causing an environmental disaster and subjecting its owners and captain to massive penalties.

What really interested me were the discussions of maritime education, salvage law, and all the environmental issues attending the management of a modern ship. I was also fasci-

inated by the in depth discussions of various power plants and how they are managed. The legal wrangling quickly established the salvage value of the tug and barge, but the court battle dragged on over the value of the shuttle tank.

A rather fascinating read for anyone interested in modern shipping and the intricacies of salvage law.

## Cork Boat

By John Pollack

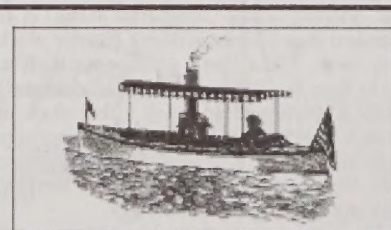
Pantheon Books, New York, 2004  
291 pages

A wooden vessel constructed of 165,321 corks, 15,000 rubber bands, lashed together with rope, decks made from Home Depot lumber, the boat that this book is about, is written by a man with a passion that outstrips any other project I have ever heard of. Pollack brings to this venture a background of writing, as a foreign correspondent and more recently as a speechwriter at the Clinton White House.

From my 40th to my 50th birthdays I ran marathons, from Paris to Washington, D.C. to Keene, New Hampshire. So I'm somewhat familiar with passion, willfulness, and commitment, but Pollack takes passion beyond the point of obsession. Can you imagine canvassing bars and restaurants requesting them to save their corks? Finally Pollack makes a deal with a cork manufacturer in California and this sets the stage for the assembling of the cork boat.

Later this same manufacturer sponsors a voyage of the "cork boat" along the Douro River, from Barca de Alva in western Portugal to the Atlantic Ocean. Much of the book details the trials and traumas of securing corks, volunteers, money, space, and talent to build the first ever "cork boat." Pollack's measured 20' from stem to stern and was equipped with a sail and a pair of oars.

He arrives safely at a spit of land braced by the whitecaps of the Atlantic, having sailed, rowed, traversed dams and locks, while recruiting volunteers along the way. When it was time to pull her out of the water, the spruce mast had swollen and wouldn't come up and out. Four men, groaned, yanked, pushed, and pulled that mast for more than a half hour until it finally came unstepped. They collapsed on the deck, exhausted but victorious.



## Boaters' Cards and Stationery

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

L.S. Baldwin, Box 884, Killingsworth, CT 06419  
See web page - [www.ironworkgraphics.com/iwgstationery.html](http://www.ironworkgraphics.com/iwgstationery.html)

# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### Classic Yacht Symposium Planned for 2005

The Herreshoff Marine Museum/America's Cup Hall of Fame and the New England Section of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers jointly announce the first Classic Yacht Symposium to be held at the Herreshoff Marine Museum in Bristol, Rhode Island, on April 1-3, 2005. The event will feature guest speakers, papers, and presentations on all types of classic yacht restoration by many of the well-known names in the field. The weekend event will include breakfast and lunch as well as several sessions on restoration projects. There will be a Saturday evening dinner with a keynote speaker and the opportunity to discuss restoration projects during the Sunday morning seminars.

The objective of the symposium is to promote professionalism and share knowledge in the restoration and replication of classic yachts, including the following: classic yacht design; classic yacht restoration, including planning for the restoration, selecting the vessel, surveys, research, financing, implementing the restoration, scope, purpose, techniques, lessons learned; and adaptation of classic designs to modern materials.

For more information about the Classic Yacht Symposium, contact John Palmieri, Curator at the Herreshoff Marine Museum, (401) 253-5000 or visit [www.herreshoff.org](http://www.herreshoff.org).

The Herreshoff Marine Museum and America's Cup Hall of Fame are dedicated to preserving, exhibiting, and interpreting the accomplishments of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company and demonstrating the influence of America's Cup competition for the purpose of education, research, and the inspiration of excellence in the world of yachting.

For more information, visit or contact the Museum at P. O. Box 450, One Burnside St., Bristol, RI 02809-0450, (401) 253-5000.

## Information of Interest...

### More About *Clione*

*Clione* is mentioned in the postscript of the book review of *Wendameen, the Life of an American Schooner from 1912 to Present*, by Captain Neal Parker and reviewed by Frank Niering in the June 15th issue. It is mentioned that *Clione* is doing charter work in Key West. The *Clione*, a schooner built in 1906 at East Boothbay Harbor and designed by B.B. Crowninshield, sank at her dock at Robbie's Marina near Key West and was broken up in the surge last year. She has gone to pieces. Her owner and captain, Carl Nettles, is now pursuing other interests.

I became acquainted with Carl when we were both board members of the Key West Maritime Historical Society 16 years ago. The *Clione* was the "flagship" of the organization. It was just an honorary title because she was the oldest around. The three schooners that made up the original "gang" at the Schooner

Wharf were the 1932 *Constellation*, the 1926 *Defiance*, and the 1906 *Clione*. The tropical waters are not kind to wooden boats and all needed major repairs which were ongoing but slow. My interest was only occasional observation from the dock, but it looked like they were deteriorating faster than they were getting repaired.

The *Connie* got it together the fastest and crossed the Atlantic but was wrecked in Spain or some other far-off land. The *Defiance* sank at the dock the day after it was sold to a new owner. It was subjected to rescue and refloating operations to the entertainment of hundreds watching from the docks, only to be turned down by the professional towing service as too dangerous to try to tow to the boatyard. Adventurous towers did get it to the boatyard where it sat for years, slowly coming apart in the tropical rains. So the original three have gone to their reward in Schooner Heaven and have been replaced by well-maintained schooners with Coast Guard inspection and regular trips for large numbers of tourist and locals.

As the flagship of the Key West Maritime Historical Society, the *Clione* took members on occasional day sails. I have seen her over the past 16 years in Key West and have a special remembrance of her from the days when I was running a diesel dive boat out of Key West Bight. The Reef Relief organization had established mooring buoys at the reef so that the dive boats wouldn't anchor on the reef and tear up the formations. The buoys were about 50 yards off the reef and dive boats would tie up on them and swimmers would swim over to the reef to enjoy the swim and view fish and coral formations, magic under water. On this day I had spent a frustrating half hour getting everyone fitted with face masks and swim fins and, for some reason, the 20 odd people that I had were mostly mothers and grandmothers with adult children.

*Clione* and a 32' Tahiti ketch were running special trips for gay guesthouses. The ketch was built in Cape Cod and I had known the captain and builder, but that is another story.

I had taken my boat out to Sand Key, a seven-mile trip. We tied up to a buoy next to *Clione* so we could get a look at her and I could wave to Capt. Carl. While we were getting hooked up to the buoy, the Tahiti ketch came into the buoy on the other side of us. Naked men began jumping into the water on both sides of us and my passengers were badly shaken by the apparent indecency. We got our ladder and float overboard, but I had to wait till most of the naked ones had gotten to the reef before I could talk my people into thinking it was okay to go swimming with all this going on. "It's a big ocean. Nothing to be afraid of. They won't hurt you. The fish aren't wearing clothes either." But I never tied up next to either of them again.

A few years later Capt. Carl moved his operation down to Safe Harbor on the next little island to Key West and I had retired out of the dive boat business. To pass the time I usually sailed a Cape Dory Typhoon out of a channel about a mile from them. I tried to get

out for sunset and the "green flash" (I stopped counting at 25). The *Clione* and a smaller schooner, *Reef Chief*, and before them the *Island Belle*, would be coming in from the last trip of the day. I would sail out to meet them at the Safe Harbor channel. Their little sails would be getting bigger and bigger as they came in from the reef five miles out. We would all hang out together there at the harbor entrance to get a good look at the sunset.

It was a happy time with tourists from Ohio waiting for the sun to sizzle into the ocean. Before that the western skies had changed to yellow, red, and purple and the clouds in the east had turned rosy. I would sail by their ship closely for a good look and wave to Capt. Carl and the folks from Ohio. I imagined that they admired the handiness of the little sloop as we went by. The sun sizzled, we all cheered, and everyone raced for home in the twilight.

*Clione* was sailing in those days with the main, a staysail between the masts, and forestaysail and jib. She was always a great sight, although missing the foresail. Capt. Carl had a continuous program of rebuilding going on in between the charter trips. He often said that *Clione* owned him and not the other way around, guess the old girl was coming apart faster than he was putting her together. She lasted longer than any of the other three of the "Original Gang" and she almost made it to 100 years. I am sure Carl didn't have the funds to do a complete rebuild.

Sam Chapin, Key West, FL



## Information Wanted...

### Tell Us More, Please

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed Walt Donaldson's two-part article, "Winter Cruise 2004," in the June 1st and 15th issues of *MAIB*. There was a real sense of adventure about his solo trip from Tampa Bay to the Keys and return, a considerable trip of at least 550 miles, some of it in "wilderness," over the course of three-plus weeks. The adventure was partly due to Walt's matter-of-fact but entertaining writing style, but it was also due to the very real demands of a trip like his in an open boat.

When someone has shown competence and skill in such an understated way, I always

wish for more, more details about life aboard while underway and at anchor, and more about such things as the demands of navigating in the Everglades. Remember when Walt mentioned bringing along a wetsuit? This man is not new to open boat cruising! He's done it before and faced situations before and has both the experience and skills to show for it. I wonder if he couldn't be persuaded to part with a little more of that knowledge? What is really required of the boat, of oneself, and in the way of necessary equipment to cruise in safety and comfort?

How was the boat provisioned? How was food cooked? How did Walt go to the bathroom? How did he keep himself clean? What tips does he have about navigating through amorphous mangrove islands? Which seamanship skills does he value in particular?

This was not an epic voyage, perhaps we should consult with the Water Tribe for their knowledge about more demanding ventures. But Walt showed an ease and confidence, perhaps even a deftness, in cruising that I very much admired. I hope to hear more from him, or from anyone with a good cruising story to tell.

Bill Boyd, Yarmouth, ME

### What is a Bahamian Moor?

In Walt Donaldson's "Winter Cruise 2004" in a recent issue, he refers to a Bahamian Moor method of anchoring. Could he, or someone, explain this to me?

Jay Berube, 1510 Silver Queen Rd., Kettle Falls, WA 99141

### Del Quay Launch

I recently purchased an 18' double-ended diesel launch built by Del Quay in Great Britain, powered by a 1-cylinder 10hp Saab diesel. I seek info on the Del Quay builders who, it appears, have gone out of business. I believe my launch was built in the late '60s. There is no hull number or other identifying marks on the hull. Any info would be appreciated.

Herrick S. Thompson, 3700 Peace R. Dr., Harbour Hts, FL 33983

### Not a Malibu 18?

I hope to get some info on my boat which the previous owner 15 years ago identified to me as a "Malibu 18." However, though I am not entirely sure, it seems to me that the 18s were beachable boats and that is not true of my model. I hope perhaps some readers might identify what my boat is based on the following specifications and photos.

Dimensions of this fiberglass, self-bailing, shallow displacement hull (with drop keel) daysailer, as I call it, are as follows:

LOA: 18'6" (or 18'8" including surrounding narrow rubber bumper at deck edge)

LWL: 17'9" (approx.)

Beam: 6'6"

Draft: Drop keel up: 20"; Steel drop keel down 5" (estimate)

Length of keel at bottom edge: 5'

Freeboard fwd.: 27" (approx.); freeboard aft: 18"

Mast: 22', 7" h, 2.25" x 3.75" (oval), stepped above drop keel housing about 8' aft of the bow

Sail area: Main & genoa about 160sf, genoa really is the "power" sail

Many thanks for any advice anyone may be able to supply.

Rev. Peter Praamsma, D. Min., P.O. Box 1016, Morrisburg, ON, Canada K0C 1X0, (613) 543 3816, <peter.praamsma@sympatico.ca>



### Projects...

#### Not Half Bad at 50 Yards

Last year I got into canoe sailing. My canoe is an Old Town Pack canoe, rather small and unstable for sailing. I ended up in the water quite a ways out, couldn't upright the canoe, so I swam to shore, went home, and got my other boat (a 125-lb. cartopper which I trailer, not wishing to get a hernia) to retrieve the canoe. Yes, I always wear a PFD.

The Hadden Outrigger Stabilization System in the December 15, 2002 issue got me thinking about outriggers. I wanted something available anywhere. I used 1" x 3" x 8" strapping for an aka and automobile inner tubes for amas. I folded the inner tubes around 27" pieces of strapping and tied them in place. These were bolted to the aka. Beauty is in (not capsizing) the eye of the beholder. I estimate the tubes give me over 30 lbs. of flotation each. I can sit on the gunwale with my feet on the aka and not take in water. I've been out on days when the wind was blowing like mad and water was splashing over the gunwales but was never in danger of capsizing.

For someone fussier about appearances, 6" PVC tubing will give about 1 lb. of flotation per inch of length according to my plumber's math. Four-inch PVC is not adequate. The cost of the strapping and inner tubes was a good value for the stability achieved and I'm quite satisfied, and it doesn't look half bad 50 yards away.

Edmond Bourgeois, 128 River St., Hudson, MA 01749

### About Wood Engraving

Engraving on end grain wood blocks was one of the main commercial illustrative methods of the last half of the 19th century, reaching great peaks of craftsmanship in the 1880s and employing many people. It was soon, however, made redundant by the invention of the halftone process and today there are very few wood engravers.

The boxwood, a shrubby, slow growing tree, provides a dense and smooth-grained wood. Blocks are made up of small squares glued together as the diameter of the tree is small. They must be finished glassy smooth and type high (.918"). A very detailed drawing is transferred face down to the surface of the block where it appears mirrored. Although engraved in reverse, when inked and proofed the image appears correctly. The block is placed on a leather sandbag and engraved with various small tools with the aid of a magnifying glass.

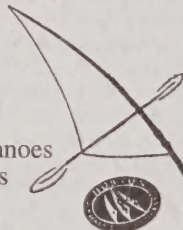
The process is painstaking as a mistake can only be remedied by drilling a hole in the block, inserting a wood plug, flattening and re-engraving.

I am now in the process of making a series of engravings of ship's figureheads to add to my stock of boaters' cards and stationery.

Lewis S. Baldwin, Wood Engraver, 147 Iron Works Rd., Killingworth, CT 06419, (860) 663-2861

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#### FERNALD'S MARINE

On the River Parker  
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As I made my way below to check on those of our party not on deck, I discovered Sharon, sitting on the sole of her tiny cabin, wedged between the lower berth and the bulkhead of the forepeak, totally happy and content to secure herself and not to be tossed about as were the other moving objects in the cabin. My wife, Nancy, intent upon completing a gift for the 2-year-old son of the captain, was seated in the main cabin and sewing away, her supply of beads and assorted items also secured and under close scrutiny through her magnifying lens headband.

Back on deck we were motoring through a rough beam sea, with increasing wind, some rain, much spray, and the occasional sea brought on deck. We motored partly because the crew had to keep a schedule on this, our last day, and they had already given us extra time at our last night's anchorage. It was also because, when offered, we guests/crew had declined to commit ourselves to the very physical work of sailing the *Eda Frandsen* for the relatively short distance back to Mallaig.

What had brought me to the austere and magical beauty of the western isles of Scotland was the boat *Eda Frandsen* and the family that owns and charters her, the Robinsons. I had read about her some time ago; about her rebirth from a Danish fishing vessel into a boat for the Robinsons to charter, about the fire that should have destroyed her after the refit was almost complete, and about the family's determination to rebuild her once again, this time with volunteer help from all over the United Kingdom.

I had dreamed about sailing on her and then, perhaps in the grip of some type of midlife crisis, chartered her for a week and invited several friends to come as guests. I realized three things as soon as the deposit went out; there was probably a good reason that rates for charter in the Hebrides are considerably less the last week in September, I would be leaving my home on the Manatee River in Florida at the mercy of God and the weather as this was near the peak of the very active hurricane season, and I must not allow myself to try and predict the weather in the Hebrides or, for that matter, in the tropics, if I were to experience and enjoy the cruise to the fullest.

The *Eda Frandsen* charts out of Mallaig on the northwest coast of Scotland, across from the Isle of Skye. She is 55' in length on deck, 72' overall, has a displacement of 60 tons, and sets a total of five sails measuring 2,500 square feet. The main mast

The fishing fleet at Mallaig, wooden or steel.



## Eda Frandsen

By Turner Matthews



is 50' high with a fitted 25' topmast. Conspicuously absent are any winches to assist in sail handling. *Eda* is a very traditional big cutter and, having sailed on her, I am amazed at the energy needed just to make sail and get underway, much less to fish her commercially.

Some other statistics: Mainsail and gaff weigh around 700 lbs. and require four people to raise; the anchor (which does not have a hydraulic winch) weighs 300 lbs. plus, along with its 300' of 1/2" chain. Despite the winch, it must still be catted on and off its resting place on deck by block and tackle.

*Eda* came to us with a wonderful crew of three; Capt. Toby Robinson, his mother, Mary Robinson, as cook, and mate Neil Pomfriet, who also occasionally captains *Alpha*, a 1904 Bristol Channel pilot cutter that also charts in the Hebrides. To sail this ship requires a minimum crew of five, so it became obvious right away that participation was not optional but required.

Tides in the Hebrides were in their spring phase, or roughly 45'. The first sight of our home for the next week was her topmast, as the tide was low and the crew was lowering provisions to her from the dock some 25' to 30' above her deck. Fortunately, by boarding time that afternoon she had shifted to a lower floating dock and we were able to simply step aboard.

To come on board was to enter an arena that significantly turned up the notch on the ability and seamanship to which I had previously been exposed in a fairly long history of

coastal sailing. Everything topside was there for the boat, with no compromise. Massive cleats, belaying pins, and the size of the sheets and halyards let you know that this boat would, could, and had sailed in almost any weather.

After boarding we spent the next two hours on a complete tour of the boat and explanation of all its systems. A great emphasis was put on safety, refreshingly how to take care of yourself, your fellow crew, and the boat, rather than what you could not do. The only safety requirement, which was the captain's call, would be to wear a life jacket and harness that could be clipped to the jackline should weather become too severe.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in getting to know the boat and the crew and we were able to sail with a gentle breeze for an hour or so in the clearing weather. It was after the mainsail went up that we inquired of its weight. I had a new appreciation of the probable origin of the term "able bodied."

The anchorage which Toby selected for the first night was in Loch Moidart. It was approached in the very dim light of early evening and required threading our way through an encumbered entrance containing numerous rocks, most of which were now just under the surface with a rising tide. No bumps, no scrapes, and one tense 15-second spinning of the wheel later, we anchored and went below for the first of Mary's six feasts, this one being a whole salmon baked in ginger and lemon.

Morning came, and with it an appreciation for the beauty we were to experience over the next six days. Loch Moidart is surrounded by green hills and is overlooked at the head of its entrance by what was to be the first of several castles we were to see. It was not too large, but very imposing in its setting, intact on the exterior and around 800 years old. Breakfast was plentiful but unnecessary due to the previous night's meal. It did give us the opportunity to experience haggis, a Scottish favorite that consists of oatmeal and parts of organs (hearts, lungs, liver, God knows what else) which was formerly cooked in a sheep's stomach but is now conveniently stuffed into in some vegetable-based casing. It was not a hit with the guests but continued to appear daily for the crew.

The day dawned clear with no wind and we spent it motoring with *Eda*'s Kelvin diesel pushing her at a steady seven knots. We went first to the island of Muck where we anchored for lunch and brief trip ashore. After lunch we continued motoring to our evening destination, this time at Loch Scavaig, a refuge on the Isle of Skye. Waiting for us for an evening raft up was *Alpha*, with her owner aboard as captain and six more charter guests. That particular evening took on an almost mystical appearance as the full moon rose over the towering hills into a cloudless night and began casting shadows and bright illumination on the rock strewn hillside on the other side of the anchorage.

Morning brought forth another hoped for beautiful day that began, after breakfast, with a trip ashore to visit a lake that was only a short distance inland. Ironically, people trek for several hours by land from the nearest road to visit this pristine lake and valley. We walked for maybe 15 minutes.

Day two, upon departure, only got better. The weather was beautiful and benign and

this became our day to sail to the Outer Hebrides, some 50 miles across the Hebrides Channel, or the Minch as the whole area is referred to by the locals. After an hour or so of motorsailing, during which we moved in consort with *Alpha*, we began to pick up a gentle 10-knot breeze. We also encountered a large basking shark along the way that swam lazily back and forth between the boats. This was our first real sail, and with all 2,500 square feet set, we rapidly outpaced our traveling companion which was theoretically much faster but set nowhere near the sail area of *Eda*.

That evening, we again crept into a "you probably shouldn't go there" anchorage at the island of Helisay, which again involved many rocks and a bar at the entrance. As usual, there were no problems and we once again rafted up with *Alpha* for the night.

Cruises in and around the Hebrides are completely dictated by the weather, which is extremely hard to predict. Where you can go or not go in relative comfort and safety is subject to change on a day-to-day basis. *Eda* has an onboard weather fax on which Toby received reports twice daily. Each evening we would be briefed on the weather and given options as to where we might go the next day, including overnight sailing if we chose, and the most likely sea and wind conditions to be encountered. On this particular evening, at the end of an almost subtropical day of sunshine, clear blue sky, and gentle breezes, it showed a total of four low pressure areas ranging from a severe low with near gale conditions off the coast of Southern Ireland to three other milder ones in our general vicinity. They were all capped by a high pressure area that more or less controlled the immediate weather where we were.

After hearing several options, our preferred destination became the island of Mingulay at the southern end of the Outer Hebrides chain of islands. A forbidding place, it is exposed to any winds in the eastern quadrant, having only a slightly indented bay on the eastern side with a beautiful wide sand beach. The Atlantic side has near vertical sea cliffs that tower 680'. The island was last inhabited in 1911 and there are numerous ruins of stone houses, cottages, a church, and school. Winds for the next day were predicted to blow around 15 knots from the south to southwest.

In order not to be trapped in our anchorage by the tide, we left early the next morning, separating from *Alpha*, whose collective conscience had sent her northward. The passage involved one long leg to the south southeast about 14 miles, then a tack westerly into Mingulay for another 12 or so miles. The breeze was moderate, which *Eda* took in stride as we once again put up all sails.

Despite her heavy displacement, *Eda* was not a very stable platform as we beat out into swells that must have generated somewhere in the Irish Sea because they were considerably larger than the existing breeze would have produced. This was also our first day for sea boots as handling sail on the leeward side involved some very cold water on deck.

Shortly after all sails were set, Toby sent Neil aloft to switch the topsail lead over to the other side of the gaff. Naturally this was accomplished, as were all things throughout the cruise, with a minimum of fuss and ef-



The castle at Loch Moidart.

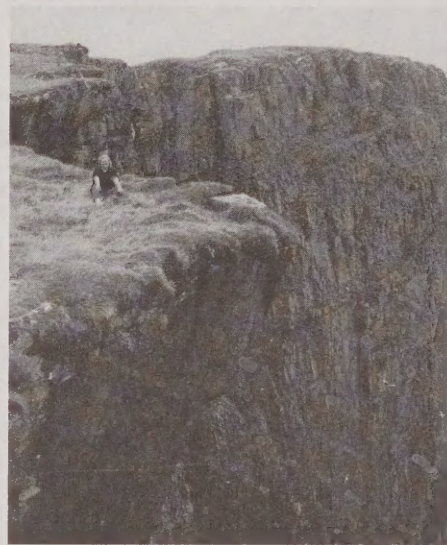
fort, and Neil was shortly back on deck having performed his task under our admiring stares. It was on this sail that we saw the only navigation marker (not counting lighthouses, of which we saw three) on this entire trip, a mark for the ferry that regularly calls at several of the islands. The Hebrides Channel is clearly an area for experienced sailors who are self-reliant and have much local knowledge.

Mingulay was, to say the least, as spectacular as promised. The Zodiac made two trips to get all ashore. Landings with it were always quite interesting, the object being, it seemed, to find the slipperiest rocks to disembark on and hope no one fell back into the boat. Conveniently, on Mingulay we were able to step onto some rocks covered with small mussels which provided a sure footing.

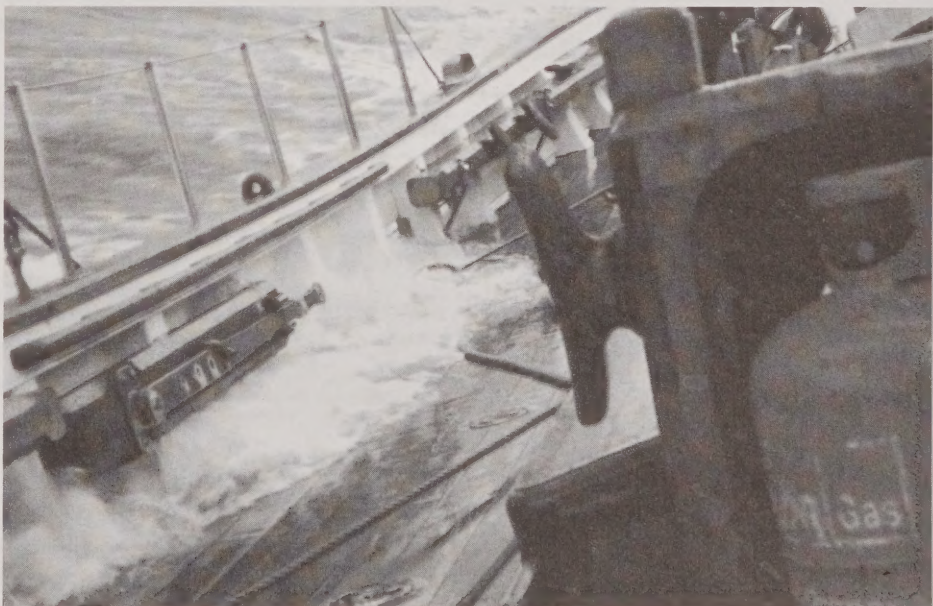
An hour or so later we had climbed to the top of the cliffs, having first wandered through the ruins of the village and the cemetery where the marker engravings had been worn away by years of blowing sand from the beach. To try to describe the majestic isolation of the island would do it no justice. The ability to be there was a gift of the weather gods and we gratefully accepted it.

Welcome aboard!

Leaving the island, we motored back to the island of Barra and its village of Castlebay, which is named for the castle that sits in its harbor. The village and island have around 300 inhabitants, making it a bustling



On top of the Atlantic cliffs of Mingulay.





Eda at anchor on the east side of Mingulay.



Approaching Castlebay on the isle of Barra.

The Atlantic face of Mingulay.



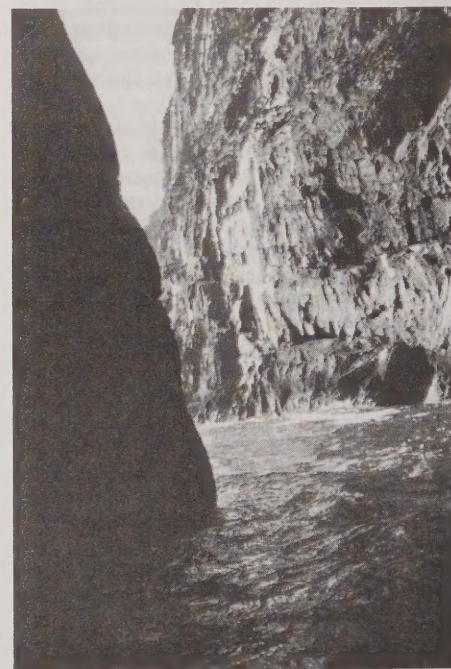
port when compared to the previous two anchorages. In addition to the castle in the harbor, the RNLi maintains a station on Barra and its impeccable lifeboat is moored in the harbor.

The next morning, the destination was still uncertain, but the crew wanted to return to the Atlantic side of Mingulay and explore the sea caves at the base of the cliffs. This, according to Toby, was a rare opportunity as the swells at the base of the cliff are usually too large to safely go into the caves. To me, going into a cave in an inflatable dinghy with an Atlantic swell, no matter how small, made about as much sense as haggis for breakfast. But Nancy, ever the adventurer, sided with the crew while Sharon, a castle addict, was torn between adventure and touring the castle that was open for one tour that day. In the end she helped us come to a split decision whereby my wife and the boat crew would go back to the caves and the rest of us would spend the day wandering about the town, with Sharon visiting the local ruins.

We took a bus ride around the island. Highlights of that trip included watching a British Airways DeHavilland Otter take off from the airport (which, on Barra, happens to be a giant tidal flat). The schedule, even for air traffic here, seems to depend on the tide. The end of the bus route was the elementary school, where we picked up around 20 bright, clean, polite children ranging from six to ten years old. Although conversation between locals on Barra is all in Gaelic, we were well-received during our short visit.

The rest of the afternoon was spent wandering around town, finally ending up at a local pub overlooking the harbor where we watched and waited for the return of *Eda*. She arrived late, along with the evening ferry that must have also been late, as the captain brought all of its 200' hull into the harbor at flank speed, visibly listing to port as she made her turn into the inner harbor. Shortly thereafter the Zodiac returned to pick us up and we were soon back aboard to hear of the day's adventures.

Inside the sea caves at Mingulay.



My wife was still visibly moved by her experience. It had been rougher than expected, a borderline decision whether to go or not, with Neil, Toby, and Nancy leaving Mary to wait offshore with *Eda* while they went into the caves. They were like a labyrinth, some with full sunlight streaming from above and some almost devoid of light. All, however, had the constant up and down motion of the swells being compressed into their narrow confines. At one point, in a froth of sea that unexpectedly discharged from an unseen opening, the prop began cavitating and they were pushed into the side of the cave, hitting the motor.

Nancy reported that Toby had looked grave and Neil was ashen, so the tour ended. Emerging from the caves at last, they found *Eda* with her hull and boom hidden by the swells. Then they motored back to Barra through the increasing seas.

We left Castlebay on Day 5 on a broad reach, for the first time without the topsail or the jib topsail. Winds were a good 20 knots, gusting to 25, with a gray sky. This was, in fact, the natural element in which *Eda* operates. The broad reach lasted for a good three hours, getting us back across the Minch where we altered course to a more downwind heading. At this point we used the dinghy derrick to pole out the staysail wing and wing and proceeded toward our destination, the Isle of Rhum. The wind went light for a while but increased again as we went onto a port tack and began our final leg up along the coast.

For the last two hours or so of our passage the wind steadily increased to near 30 knots, created in no small part by the funnel effect of the channel between Rhum on the west and Eigg Island on the east, both of which have very steep hills at the shorelines. The weather continued to deteriorate and it was at this point that my friend Paul inquired if those below would like to come up on deck and enjoy the sleet. With *Eda's* long main boom almost dragging the water, she made her powerful and steady way up the channel with the green and misty hills of Rhum less than a quarter mile off our port side.

All good sails must end, but I must say that we really ended this one with a flourish. The bay in which we anchored at Rhum is about a half-mile across, providing just enough room to tack up to our anchorage spot. Tack we did, five times in the space of only a few minutes, to perfectly round up into the wind on the last tack and drop the anchor. Solid, perfect, admirable seamanship on the part of the captain. The only problem was that there was only one solitary soul on another sailboat there to see our perfection. He must have been duly impressed.

Dinner that evening was an unbelievable seven course Indian meal which had been prepared, to say the least, under adverse conditions, including the spilling of the tandoori chicken in sufficient quantities to extinguish the oven. Ashore on Rhum is a late 19th century castle and Toby went ashore to arrange an unscheduled tour for us on the next morning. In so doing, he tightened his own schedule since on this, the last day of the cruise, we had to be returned to Mallaig and the boat reprovisioned and straightened up at her home berth on the Knoydart Peninsula before sailing back to Mallaig the next day to pick up the one last charter group of the season. Because of this tight time frame, as well as the

reluctance to expend the energy necessary to set and retrieve sail for the relatively short trip back to Mallaig, we voted to motor. In retrospect, I should have voted to sail, because with no sail to steady her, *Eda's* mast was arcing through at least 50 degrees in the step beam seas we encountered in a steadily increasing wind.

Last days of any vacation are always unfulfilling and this one was particularly so

as the crew were, of necessity, different people with time schedules to keep and a business to run. The wonder of it is that this only occupied the last 30 minutes of the entire charter.

We said our best goodbyes and watched *Eda* depart into the increasing breeze, back to her home in Knoydart, still earning her living as she has since she was built, somehow knowing that she is a respected and cared for member of the Robinson family.

My hat from Maderia was mocked but they all secretly wanted one like it.



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We don't usually go to the coast on Memorial Day. The situation has changed since the old days when little children got dressed up and went to the graveyard with their little flags and flowers. I guess it is that we have all forgotten how it feels to have this country actually be in mortal danger and be defended by a bunch of good people who did not get to come back and claim the good life that we all take so much for granted. All my uncles and my father fought in WWII and, thanks to good, blind luck, all came home, but a whole bunch of others did not. We thought that if we didn't win, our children would be learning a different language in school so everybody in the whole country did what they could to prevent that from happening.

Now, the history teachers of this country spend so much time on the intricacies of old English royalty that school is out before they ever get around to WWII and the wars since then, so thousands of people have no idea of what gas rationing was like and they go to the coast on Memorial Day and never give a thought to the reason why they have that Monday off.

This year we filled up and went, too. Because of the current trend of scheduling every minute of children's lives, the only gaps in scheduled events are government holidays and that's just because all the supervisors of those events want to take a three-day weekend off, too, and so they turn them loose and we get to take them to the coast. The traffic was bad even on our little back road on Friday afternoon and we had to stop and show the driver's license and get the baby seats scrutinized, but we were OK and did not get patronized too bad.

The boat ramp was a hideous frenzy but the Rescue Minor has finally become adjusted to the trailer and we showed all those people how to launch an inboard boat in a hurry and were soon gone. Boy, was it ever rough. The wind was blowing right down the bay from the WSW about a steady 25...one of those high pressure, low pressure interactions that makes the wind predictable. Not only that, but the tide was falling and the incoming waves meeting the flow of the river made it messy as all get out in the mouth and hordes of deep vees were wallowing around trying to decide whether to go out or not.

Because of the shallow draft of our boat and a little local knowledge, I was able to skirt around the west side of the channel on the flats and didn't get into it until we were past the narrows (and the deep vees) and we idled over head to the waves. The girls (we have so many grandchildren that the car won't hold enough car seats to haul them all so we have to run a split shift deal) had had experience with that and put their heads down to keep the spray out of their eyes and just took it in stride as we crabbed across to the island.

The boat was loaded with a bunch of junk for Coast House Week coming up in the middle of June so it was a slow, wet trip. Rescue Minor is a good boat in that situation. It will throw spray with the best of them but that big bow keeps the green water down and, with the forefoot in the water like it always is, the boat holds up to windward well and doesn't pound. We made less than a gallon of water. When I get my Kilburn Adams house on there we'll have something to hide behind.

It was too rough to do anything with the fishing so we had to eat leftovers for supper.

## Memorial Day

By Robb White

We entertained ourselves by watching the deep vees of the other islanders bashing their way to the harbor. I tell you what...a big, heavy, powerful, high deep vee will damn sure throw a sheet of water when running downwind when it is rough. The only time we could see the boat come out from behind the wall of spray was when they were running to catch the next wave.

It is funny how people act differently in a boat than they do in a car. Nobody...not even teenaged yahoos, floor the car every time they take off, but even old men jam the throttle wide open in a boat. They seem to have no idea that such a thing is undignified. As a matter of fact, even old stodgy businessmen lose all awareness of dignity when they get in a boat...or try to get in a boat. I don't know what possesses people to ram a boat into rough seas like they all do. I have ridden in those kinds of boats under those conditions and, though they run pretty smooth when it is just choppy, they'll sure set you up for a dose of ibuprophen or even a hernia operation if pushed to the limit when it is rough, if they don't flip over and kill you.

I saw this old fat dude standing at the wheel of a big boat hit the wake of an even bigger boat so hard once that his big belly hopped up so high that when it flopped back down it popped the string of his bathing suit and dropped it off them skinny legs clear to the deck...gad, what a gross thing.

It blew until about 3:30 in the morning and then slacked off gradually until it was just choppy by about 10:00...nearly high tide...a perfect cast net situation. We quit swimming, climbed in the boat, and hurried to the lee of the west side of the harbor. The water was still muddy from the wind and, in the lee, I could see the ripples that mullet make on the surface of the water and knew, if they were in there (they are unpredictable), I could catch them by throwing flat-footed off the beach. The children swam around beside the boat while I trudged down into the harbor looking. Finally I saw what I was looking for and did the buzzard lope with the net until I was close enough to throw. I knew I had them as soon as I let fly.

I still get a thrill when I feel big fish hit the net. I had five big mullet in the pocket and at least 30 pinfish all gilled to the max in the meshes. I left the net in the water while I got the pinfish out before they died and, while I was fooling around with that, all but two of the mullet found a way out. But two were a gracious plenty so we went back home and the girls continued their swimming, digging, and explorations until the heat of the day. We ate the fish and watched people arrive and walk by on the beach.

I am not going to make any more observations about lapses of dignity with respect to women's attire but I have to wonder why everybody at the coast has to have a cylindrical object in their hands at all times. I believe drinking a lot of water is good for you so I always have my water jug but I don't carry it around sipping constantly from it all the time. I leave it in the boat and go get me a long swig every now and then. I have other things to do with my hands than clutch a coozie.

Another thing I noticed is that there are very few people who give the Rescue Minor even one glance, although it is anchored right there 15' from the beach. I guess they have all spent so much of their lives being indoctrinated by mediocre supervisors that the sight of something unusual is completely invisible to them, like deer in the woods are to people who don't know how to look for them. I believe if those people had to walk all the way up the Italian peninsula like two of my uncles did, they might have a wider range of vision. Oh, well.

When Sunday came, great godamighty, what some boats. The whole bay was absolutely full of white...all heading to the west...all day long. It was still pretty choppy, but pretty choppy doesn't inhibit people of that caliber. Finally one of the boats peeled out of the parade and idled up as shallow as he could get (about bellyhole deep) right in front of the house. It turned out to be a cousin of mine with his wife and teenaged son. He told me that there was now a two-year-old tradition called a "White Trash Bash" in Shipping Cove right around the point to the west, and that thousands of people who liked to be associated with other people who don't mind being identified like that gather on the Sunday before Memorial Day to see how drunk they can get and pull off their clothes and prance around naked and fornicate in public.

I didn't actually believe him but I followed him down around the point in the Rescue Minor to see what the cove looked like. Boy, was it ever full! There wasn't a bare spot of sand for the whole two miles of beach. Boats were milling around waiting for a vacancy so they could unload some more trash. We were too far away to see if any of the thousands of people were naked or not and Jane wouldn't let me go any closer, said, "Somebody might see us and get the wrong idea." My cousin went pretty close but I didn't get to find out what all he saw. We did notice that the Marine Patrol was well represented, but I believe they were in over their heads in that situation. We turned around and went back to our bay to one of my secret rockpiles and the girls caught a supper of black rock bass and triggerfish.

You know, at that, I need to tell you about triggerfish. Black rock bass (sea bass) are a great favorite eating fish, but most people don't think triggerfish are anything but bait stealers and trash. That's just another example of the standardization of our society by mediocre people held up as authorities by other mediocre people. Is that what they call a center seeking equilibrium? Anyway, triggerfish are one of the best eating fish I ever saw. They were always the staple of our diet in the Bahamas. They are so confident of their bait stealing ability that they are easy to catch at a moment's notice, unlike the also ubiquitous gray mangrove snappers which are also excellent but hard to catch, especially when you are tired from sailing all day and just want a little snack for supper.

The way to catch triggerfish is to lean over the side so you can see what's happening with a very small, long-shanked hook on a handline. All you want is a tiny piece of bait on the hook positioned so that it completely covers the hook part, leaving the shank exposed. Triggerfish steal the bait by skillfully grabbing just the meat and pulling it off the hook but they aren't smart enough to know

that all that shank sticking out is making them think that the meat is hanging out beyond the hook so they'll get the hook in past their teeth and you can snag them in the gums. They look so surprised that it is kind of funny. Big ones can straighten out the hook so you have to play them sort of cool but they can certainly be caught...especially by people who have not lost the intensity of youth.

Little children love to fool around with the trigger mechanism which releases an extremely stiff and rigid spine that sticks up above the few spines of the dorsal fin. There is another little spine which, when depressed, releases the bone that props the big spine up and it'll fold right down. The trick to cooking triggerfish is to skin them with a pair of pliers.

Though the skin is extremely tough and abrasive (folks used to use it for sandpaper and nothing I ever saw will sand vinyl bottom paint like the wet skin of a trigger fish), it is easy to pull completely off with a pair of pliers. It is easy to skin the head, too, and it is the biggest part and has a lot of good meat around the cheeks and forehead and all. Triggerfish are thin and flat so they'll fry up all together, have soft bones, and are real good to teach small children how to eat a whole fish. They are set up about like a flounder and are just as good.

So the whole time we were fishing these boats were pounding west to the melee in the cove. It sounded like an old movie about the attack on Pearl Harbor with all those engines

yowling like that. When the girls had caught us a mess, we went on home and set up to fry the fish and watch the boat parade. I am not good at estimating, but I bet there were over 400 boats down there. They kept going west until about 5:00 when a big, very loud boat came barreling around the point heading back east with the Marine Patrol (now called the FWC...Fish and Wildlife Commission) in hot pursuit.

You know, Florida is real proud of how fast their boats can go. That's how we could always tell them on the bay. If the boat was outrunning its wake, it was the Marine Patrol and we knew to get the whistle and the flare gun and the paperwork in order. This time, though, he had met his match. That other boat outran him all the way to Lanark about ten miles to the east and, I believe gained so much that he might have had enough time to load up and get gone before FWC could get in there to nail him.

About 7:30 or so the exodus began. They had sort of trickled in there all day long, but they all left at once. I couldn't see any collisions or anything but I know a lot of them were very drunk and was glad that the tide was out and the Rescue Minor was high and dry. I couldn't see any of the other Marine Patrol boats chasing them, but some of the boats weren't all that fast and would have been easy pickings if there hadn't been so many, kind of like little fish in a big school. The barracuda just can't make up his mind which one to grab. I think the whole thing

was overwhelming. I want to read about it in the paper next week.

The next morning (Memorial Day) we left early so as to get pulled out before the ramp got too busy. While we were idling up the river we saw a jet ski pulling a good-sized runabout. It was easy to see that none of the people involved were in any kind of good shape at all. Sleeping on the sand at Dog Island with the no-see-ums and skeeters is not pleasant, even if you are dead drunk white trash.



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My daughter Kelly wanted to celebrate the end of freshman year in college by going sailing with her father and her Uncle John. What a great Father's Day gift! We submitted our sailing resumes with crossed fingers; we all had extensive crewing experience but none of had been in charge of a cruising bareboat before.

Hartge's boatyard, a venerable (established 1865) institution on the Chesapeake's western shore, got a few chuckles out of our resumes and accepted us as charter customers. We arranged to take *Vivace*, a 30' Pearson sloop for the "mid-week" Monday (May 17, 2004) through Thursday charter. *Vivace* is a Pearson 303 built in 1984 with a fin keel and nominal 4'4" draft. She has a Yanmar 2GMT auxiliary diesel that is nominally rated 13hp at 3500rpm.

Because Hartge doesn't orient charter customers on Sunday, we planned to kayak the West River on Sunday (from the Galesville town dock) and pick up the sailboat on Monday. We arrived at Pirate's Cove Marina Saturday evening, having reserved two of their hotel rooms. The six hotel rooms are directly over the live entertainment of Big Mary's Dock Bar. Fortunately, the live entertainer quits around 10:00PM on Saturday night and earlier on Sunday. The hotel rooms are inexpensive and convenient, but smoky and musty until aired out thoroughly.

The weather forecast for the cruise week was entirely consistent with our prior experience. Afternoon thunderstorms were predicted each day and wind in the early part of the week (southerly) would come exactly from the direction in which we were heading. Because of an early mutiny by the crew, we had a hotel room booked at Knapps Narrows (for unlimited showers), so we were headed south regardless of the wind direction.

After charter orientation, we left Lerch Creek at 1215 hours, motoring east out of the West River under light southerly breeze. We noted that 1700rpm on the auxiliary diesel only produced 3-1/2 knots under fairly calm conditions. Since our prior experience was with auxiliaries that didn't tolerate being run

## The First Annual Chesapeake Cruise of the Beans and Sardines Yacht Club

West River (Maryland)  
to Knapps Narrows  
Tilghman Island and Return

By Jim Niederlehner

over 2000rpm, we were puzzled. Our first thought was "barnacles on the prop," but we knew that this was less likely in a low salinity creek than on the lower bay. We had forgotten to ask the charter service how fast we should run the diesel and we weren't sure how to find out!

We reached open water (West River "1A" buoy) around 1330 and raised main and genoa, heading east to clear the Curtis Point shoal. On clearing the shoal, we began a beat down the bay under a pleasant 10-knot southerly breeze. We tacked at Bloody Point light around 1500 hours and decided to beat down the entire width of the bay for the afternoon. We had thought of sight-seeing through the Poplar Island Narrows, but we were having second thoughts about our trust in the diesel engine.

Around 1700 hours we started to have some concerns about vertically developed clouds in the west. We were directly westward and across the bay from Coaches Island in the Poplar Island group, so we were ready to begin our last beat on starboard tack which would take us into the western approach to Knapps Narrows. The wind was picking up to 12-15 knots but the boat beat nicely into the typical Chesapeake chop from the south.

About 1800 hours we chickened out. The big vertical cloud pillar to the west had a horizontal top extending eastward over us and our

vague recollection of weather class said that this might be the "anvil" of an approaching storm system. We dropped the main and rolled in the genoa to about 50% of the foretriangle and motorsailed. Sure enough, the wind began piping up and we got a few sprinkles of rain. We were becoming concerned about the remaining hours of daylight as we approached a strange Eastern Shore harbor (to me, "Eastern Shore" equals "shallow with tricky shoals").

For a while we rolled in the genoa completely, but we found that we couldn't maintain four knots with engine alone at 2000rpm. The wind was still around 15-18 knots but the chop was building up. We kept a slip of genoa unrolled and were relieved to see the buildings in the Knapps Narrows community come into sight. At this point we were "latitude sailing" with our handheld GPS, reaching directly east with the latitude at 38 degrees, 43-1/4 minutes until we could see the Knapps Narrows daymarks.

The chop directly off the eastern side of Tilghman Island seemed more intimidating as twilight was approaching, and we approached the narrow channel. At one point the turbulence of the chop gave us a depth reading of 3-1/2'. Before we could think much about this we were back into the expected 12'. If we really went over a shallow hump, I'm sure that we cut a choppy divot rather than a straight furrow with our keel.

We were tired and relieved to get into Knapps Narrows before dark. Docking was easy since we were assigned a berth alongside the main narrows and there wasn't any appreciable current through the narrows as we tied up. We headed into the Knapps Narrows Marina Hotel for long showers and dinner.

On Tuesday we had an attack of laziness. Wind was brisk out of the south, thunderstorms were still predicted, and we decided to walk around the island rather than go daysailing. Since Tilghman Island is home for much of the remaining skipjack fleet, we wanted to see how many of the famous oyster dredging sailboats were still in existence here. We walked down to Dogwood Harbor, a small basin that opens up into the Choptank River side of the island.

At Dogwood Harbor we saw the *Rebecca Ruark*, a restored early skipjack that is in tourist service. A raft-up of three vessels turned out to include the *Mamie Mister*, the *Nelly Byrd*, and the *Thomas Clyde*. The two latter vessels appeared to be serviceable, while the *Mamie Mister* was missing her rig and looking quite derelict. It turns out that the *Mamie Mister* is actually a two-masted bateau rather than a (one-masted) skipjack. A man I met at the local waterman's bait and tackle store told me that a local man had acquired the *Mamie Mister* for the purpose of oystering, but had been unable to make a go of it.

For Wednesday, winds were predicted to be westerly 10 knots in the morning, diminishing to "light and variable" with the usual predicted afternoon thunderstorms. Wednesday night and the next day would bring northeast winds. In other words, it was time to skedaddle back to the West River! Our goal was to head for the Rhode River, a very scenic branch off the mouth of the West River with a beautiful anchorage. The mutinous crew finally completed breakfast and morn-

The skipjack fleet.



ing shower baths and we left Knapps Narrows close to noon. We motored northwest along the riprap border of the Poplar Island Restoration Project.

The Poplar Island group, northwest of Tilghman Island, was formerly a substantial land mass with farms and a village in past centuries. In the early 20th century it was a hunt club and hideaway for politicians. Erosion has turned much of the original land into sandbars and shoals, and the entire remnants were expected to disappear in this century until the state of Maryland realized they could kill two birds with one stone. Dredge from Baltimore Harbor needed a home, and voters in the Chesapeake region don't like the idea of disappearing islands and wetlands. Ergo, a huge reclamation project will recreate a 1140 acre island (the size of the natural island in 1847). Dredge fill will find a home and the artificial island will replace the sand bars with areas of "upland wildfowl sanctuary" and restored wetlands.

At present the southwest border of the reclamation project looks pretty industrial, with lots of heavy construction machinery arrayed along a long riprap wall. I'm looking forward to seeing the new island once more vegetation gets established. I am particularly interested in the Poplar Islands, because they contained a popular anchorage 50 years ago and my parents frequently anchored their sailboat overnight in the "Poplar Island Pot."

As we approached the open bay we realized we were too late for the morning breeze and stuck with the "light and variable" conditions until the anticipated thunderstorm. It was time to solve the mystery of the Yanmar 2GMT engine. We had sought out advice on how hard we should run an unfamiliar diesel that doesn't belong to us. The consensus opinion was that we should briefly see what rpm a burst of full throttle gives, and then use either 75% of that or 500rpm less as a working limit (*Vivace* had idiot lights rather than a real temperature gauge). Of course, I knew that steam coming out the exhaust water stream would trump any other estimates of acceptable throttle setting!

With great trepidation I cranked up the throttle and saw the tachometer easily shot up to 2900rpm, so I quickly decided to try 2400rpm as a new working limit. That seemed to be a good idea for about 10 seconds until the engine decided on its own to sag back to 2200rpm with no human hand on the throttle. I quickly backed off the throttle, looked towards the idiot lights and the exhaust stream, and decided that I might try 2200rpm as a working limit. Again, this worked for about two minutes and the engine decided to sag back to 2050rpm with no apparent movement of the throttle lever. At this point I concluded that a 20-year-old Yanmar engine had given me clear orders that we would continue to use 2000rpm as our working limit! After all, it was (so far) a fairly calm day on the Chesapeake with only occasional light rain and we had all afternoon to make a 14 nautical mile passage to the Rhode River anchorage, since we could make four knots under calm conditions.

We were relieved to find ourselves approaching the West River without any sign of the inevitable afternoon thunderstorm. We took the additional time to pass by the famous Thomas Point Lighthouse in order to take photographs. The Thomas Point lighthouse



The Thomas Point "screwpile" lighthouse.

is a red-roofed hexagonal cottage atop a wrought iron "screwpile" structure. The wrought iron legs are like an old fashioned spiral drilling bit and were twisted into the mud at the time of the lighthouse's construction. The lighthouse is quite obsolete but it is maintained as a historic structure and tourist attraction. Every tourist in Annapolis has seen pictures of the lighthouse, but it seemed to be quite a privilege to actually sail out for a close look.

We entered the Rhode River anchorage in plenty of time for supper. The anchorage is surrounded by three uninhabited islands and a beautiful unspoiled shoreline. The reason for this rare beauty is that the surrounding property was acquired decades ago by the Smithsonian Institution for an ecological research station. The suburbs of Annapolis have crept out over the entire county, but the Smithsonian has preserved this little bit of paradise.

Dropping and setting the hook was uneventful, although the Danforth anchor seemed a bit small for the boat and the anchor rode seemed well worn. The rode locker had a lot of residual mud, suggesting a lack of cleaning effort by prior charter customers. When I attempted a thorough seawater bucket cleaning, I realized that the 1/2" hose that drains the rode locker needed some unclogging work.

We fixed our evening feast of macaroni and marinara sauce on a Swedish alcohol stove that functions like a giant sterno stove with big refillable canisters that are controlled by sliding snuffers. Since I am used to camping with a plain sterno rig, I liked it!

Our final adventure occurred when it was time to break out the anchor. I shortened scope under power and, when I called out to the helmsman to go into neutral, he reported that the gearshift lever had broken off in his hand. We eventually got underway with pliers and electrical tape to operate the shifter and made it back to Hartge's fuel dock for fuel top-off and holding tank pump-out. Having participated in some spectacular holding tank misadventures, I felt like an expert and went ahead and operated the pump-out appa-

ratus myself since the fuel dock personnel hadn't arrived yet. The pump-out process always seems like an impressive thing to show to a guest who has never been sailing before!



"Hey, look, the gear shift lever broke off!"

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The picture of a restored "Hooper Island" boat in a recent issue has reminded me of the building of one of these boats by my father in 1937. Hooper Island boats were a type of commercial fishing boat on the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake. My uncle lived in Baltimore and both he and my father greatly admired these boats, particularly those built by Mr. Jabez Tyler of Cambridge, Maryland.

I was in college in the fall of 1937 when we all went to Baltimore for Thanksgiving at my uncle's. The day after we drove to Cambridge and located Tyler at his yard. My father showed Tyler a picture of what he wanted as a cabin arrangement on one of Tyler's boats. They agreed on a price, the boat to be 42' long, twin screw, decked in but not finished inside, motors, etc., not included for, I think, \$800. Tyler's yard had only one small shed, the ways were long parallel logs. Tyler used the down payment to build a good-sized shed.

The *Mary K* was built 100% by eye using nothing but locally grown timber. The keelson, which ran the length of the boat, was hewn from a 12" x 14" log. The bottom was built first, the bottom planks were nailed to the keel at a 45° angle. I think these planks were 1-1/2" thickness. When it was finished the bottom was turned over and the side planks were nailed to the bottom. There were four planks per side, 1-3/4". The top planks were dowelled to the bottom planks. These planks ran the length of the boat, there were no ribs or bulkheads. When the hull was finished it was like one single piece.

She was very sharp forward but gradually flattened out to a perfectly flat stern. The

## Remembering *Mary K*

By Richard Knight

stern was round with a reverse tumblehome. We referred to it as a destroyer type stern. It was very easy to climb aboard when swimming, no boarding ladder was needed.

When completed the boat was 44' x 9.5' and drew about 2'. Tyler told my father he had to make her 44' to look right! At no extra cost.

She had a double cabin arrangement, bridge deck, self-bailing cockpit, four bunks, flush toilet, galley with sink, ice box, Shipmate stove, wet locker, and plenty of storage space. Power was two 50hp Gray Marine engines.

In June 1937 I went by boat from South Swansea, Massachusetts, to New London, Connecticut, to see the Harvard/Yale rowing races on a Saturday. On Sunday I sailed as crew in a race from New London to Gibson Island, Maryland. Our navigator was Sherman Hoyt, who had been in the afterguard of the America's Cup defenders *Enterprise* and *Weetamoe*. He later sailed *Endeavor I* as a trial horse for *Endeavor II* that summer.

My father came down to Maryland after the race and we cruised home in *Mary K*. The first night we spent in Cape May, New Jersey, the second in City Island, New York, ar-

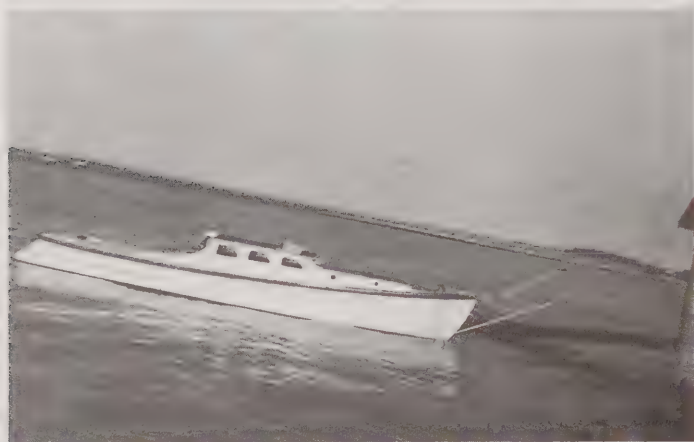
iving home in South Swansea on the third afternoon.

The *Mary K* was the most stable power boat I have ever been on. In spite of her narrow beam she did not roll, she seemed to sort of lean and weave her way through whatever kind of seas we met. We fished from her extensively, well offshore, rain or shine, calm or windy, for tuna, swordfish, cod, and whatever else might have been migrating up the Atlantic coast. It was dead reckoning all the time as we had no radio, just time pieces, a compass, and charts.

On one memorable trip we left the old harbor on Block Island about daybreak and headed offshore trolling for tuna and looking for swordfish. It was our usual route, overnight on Block Island, circle off to the southeast at sea until about Sunday noon, then head in for Newport, Rhode Island. We were passed by a large, new, fancy sportfisherman that was soon out of sight ahead of us. The weather deteriorated and began to blow from the northeast. There was a very long swell rolling in from the southeast so it soon got to be very rough.

We were soon passed once again by that sportfisherman heading in, but halfway to Newport we passed him now going very slowly so as to not take green water over the bow. The *Mary K* just seemed to find her way without slowing down, taking nothing but spray on her windshield. She was a great boat.

Tyler went to work for my uncle who had an electric welding business in Baltimore, and during WWII built small steel tugs and barges for the U.S. Navy. Tyler could shape and fit steel plates by eye just using the rolling mill. Quite a talent.



*Mary K* in June 1937.

*Mary K* under construction in Tyler's new shed.



*Mary K* rigged for swordfishing.

Nearly finished, *Mary K* displays her torpedo stern.



## Grounded On The Sidewalk

By Bill Zeittler

Although I had visited the Baltimore Inner Harbor many times by auto, I always wanted to go there in my boat, a 21' "was-a-sailboat," now my Poor Man's Trawler *Amenity* with a 6hp/4-stroke Yamaha outboard.

I decided to make my boating visit in late April to the Baltimore Inner Harbor as a part of my annual two-week solo cruise on the Chesapeake Bay. Midway into my two-week cruise I had intended to rendezvous with the Shallow Water Sailors for their 25th Annual Spring Cruise.

I departed the Magothy area on the gray and threatening morning of April 26. The following sea on the way north to the Baltimore area made for an interesting ride. As I entered into the far reaches of the Inner Harbor, everyone (Harbor Police, water taxis, USCG, etc.) were all heading quickly for cover. In the west I could see a long and low black line squall coming our way. On a previous land visit to the harbor I had talked with the harbor master and knew where one could tie up temporarily for no charge at the low lying sidewalk area, the area with the red cleats.

As I approached this area a very strong wind gust caught me, and before I knew it or could do anything about it, I was blown upon the sidewalk. I was later told that at high tide

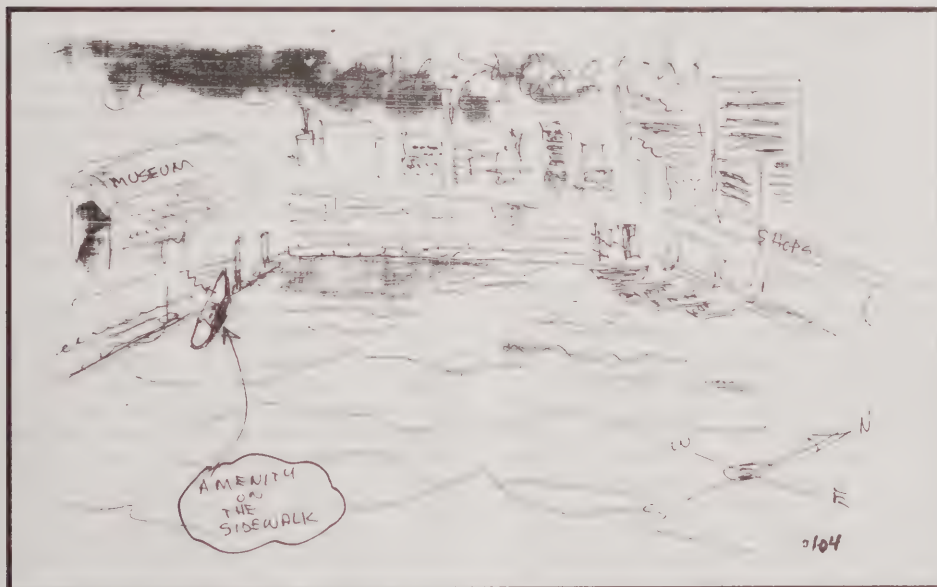
with the strong winds, the low sidewalk docking area usually floods with about 2' of water. My boat draws about 18". The wind twirled me around. I was bumping uncontrollably into all sort of things like the parking meters (?), red cleats, etc.

After the storm passed I was able to push off the sidewalk area. Since NOAA was predicting some really severe weather for that evening, I slowly motored back down the Patapsco River for about three hours and over to the Rocky Point State Park where I knew there was a good hurricane hole where I could calm down, reconnoiter, and dry out.

I discovered that there was a small hole below the water line at the base of the stem. I soon had to pump several inches of water out of the cabin area. Recalling some quite ancient U.S. Navy damage control classes, I jammed an old sock into the hole. This action somewhat stopped the leak. I decided that the prudent mariner thing to do was to cut my two-week cruise short, forego the Shallow Water Sailor weekend event, and head for home a week early.

I slowly made it back north to the top of the Chesapeake Bay and to the top of the Elk River where I had left my car and trailer at the Triton Marina. After a few days of drying out, some scraping out of old and shredded fiberglass, and some epoxy repair, I put my boat back in shape. A few hours of testing on our local Wilmington, Delaware stream (the Christina River) proved my leak repair was good.

Interesting experience, indeed.



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One day in the 1860s, young George Waters of Troy, New York, received an invitation to a masquerade. There was nothing very unusual about that. Masquerades and young men have gone together since the dawn of history. However, this particular masquerade and this particular young man had a date with destiny and, if Mr. Waters had not had occasion to buy a mask, probably no one would ever have considered the zany idea of building boats of paper.

Mr. Waters found his mask. There were plenty of fancy masks for sale in Troy in those days. The only trouble was that their prices began at \$8, quite an item in a young man's budget, even today in 1949 and more so in the 1860s when, we will remember, \$500 per annum was not a bad salary for the head of a family. George Waters balked at the price. His father was a box manufacturer and he knew something of working in paper. Perhaps he could make his own mask. He could and did. History records nothing further of the masquerade and we must trust that a good time was had by all. But from his mask making young Waters learned that paper could be built up in layers to any form he wished and that the result was light, strong, and durable, just the stuff for boats, one would say, if only it were waterproof.

The boat idea took hold almost immediately. These were the great days of the oarsmen of America, single shell competitions, and the canoeing days of Rob Roy. Lighter and lighter, finer and finer, were the cries that drove the designers onward. Single shells of cedar could be built down to a weight of 40 lbs. for a 28' boat of 13" beam. They were not very durable, one contact with a gravelly shoal could take the bottom out of them, but

## The Paper Boats of Elisha Waters

(A 1949 Look at Composite Construction)

By John B. Ehrhardt

these cedar shells were fast. Still, could a 28' shell be lighter yet?

George thought so and his father Elisha thought the idea was worth a trial. The Waters bought up a disused cedar shell, set it bottom up to form a mold, laid layer after layer of manila paper over it, lapping the joints and bedding down in shellac as they went. When the formed paper was lifted from the mold it was provided with a pair of light spruce inwales and a pair of transverse bulkheads. This, plus the stem piece, was the only wood that entered into the construction. The paper was carefully waterproofed inside and out with varnish.

The finished craft weighed little more than 30 lbs. and presented a smooth, seamless, almost friction-free surface to the water. Its performance suggested definite advantages over wooden construction (it was leak-proof and tough enough to withstand beaching), and accordingly the firm of Elisha Waters and Sons, while paper box manufacturers, applied for and received American and Canadian patents on the manufacture of paper boats.

In the year 1867 the firm began large scale production of paper racing shells. The old cedar hull was discarded in favor of a solid wooden mold with rabbets cut to receive the

wooden inwales and stem pieces. By this arrangement it became possible to set the wooden parts in place before the first layer of paper was applied and they could accordingly be incorporated in the paper skin, giving a true monocoque construction. The adhesive continued to be shellac, but with constant refinements the weight of a single shell, 28' long and 12" wide, complete with sliding seat and outriggers, was lowered to less than 22 lbs.

Moreover the boats were strong. One Waters shell was placed on trestles 8' apart and a 140 lb. man was lowered into the cockpit which was midway between the trestles. The boat merely buckled slightly under his weight, 1/16" out of horizontal to be precise.

The drive of competition soon conquered the oarsmen's inherent conservatism. By 1870 the paper boat was an established factor in all important races. Indeed, a single shell match that pitted one paper boat against a field of cedar shells was pretty much like the road races of the early 1900s when a steam car was entered against a field of gas buggies. It was essentially a contest among the cedar boats for the privilege of finishing second.

In 1876, for instance, the Waters' boats hung up the freshman and varsity Intercollegiate, the Saratoga International in singles, doubles, and fours, the national championships of the National Association of American Oarsmen (singles, doubles, and fours), the world championships at the 1876 Centennial Exposition (singles, doubles, and fours likewise), plus the professional championship of the United States. By this time, it will be noted, the firm was building a complete line of racing shells plus at least one type of cruis-

ing boat. Cornell had adapted the paper boats for varsity work and the Waters outfit was sitting on top of the world.

Probably their biggest boost came from the now forgotten Natty (Nathaniel H.) Bishop of Toms River, New Jersey), a leading sportsman and adventurer of the day. Natty had begun his career with a solo hike across South America in the 1850s. In the 1870s, no longer young, he made a solo voyage down the Mississippi in a 12' Barnegat sneakbox and another solo (in 1874, to be precise) from Troy, New York, to Cedar Keys, Florida, with one of Waters' paper canoes.

The stock paper canoe was something of the Nautilus model. The 1860s had seen the Rob Roy books with their impelling gospel of the kayak canoe. The slim, round bottomed Rob Roy had been tried here and abroad with varying favor. She was a canoeman's canoe, fast, easy to paddle, stiff to sail, but cramped and not too safe in the hands of the beginner. The Rev. H.G. Baden Powell (father of Scouting's Baden Powell) had developed a modification of the Rob Roy which he dubbed Nautilus. This design was standard with canoe clubs in and around New York City in the 1870s and was adopted by the Troy firm as their own.

The stock canoe was 14' long, 28" wide, and 9" deep amidships. It had a paper skin 1/8" thick (some of the racing shells had a skin 1/12" thick) and weighed 58 lbs. Nautilus had a leg o' mutton ketch rig as well as both oars and paddles. She was decked about one quarter the distance from bow and stern and was built with considerable sheer. Under ordinary conditions she was self-righting.

It was one of these boats that Bishop took on its own bottom from Troy to Cedar Keys. He abandoned his sails at Philadelphia and rowed or paddled the rest of the way, using oars in open water, paddles in small streams.

From Troy he sailed down the Hudson River to New York, then through New York Harbor to the Delaware and Raritan Canal, which venerable waterway some yachtsmen not too grizzled today will remember with no fondness. This canal was more or less open to large cruisers as recently as 1933 and is still passable by canoe in 1949.

From the Delaware and Raritan, Bishop went down the Delaware to Philadelphia and into Delaware Bay. Here he had his only mishap, a capsizing in a squall near the capes where the bay is almost 16 miles wide. The paper canoe righted herself and floated, though swamped. Bishop got his boat and gear ashore, though the paper skin took quite a pounding on the oyster shell beach before the craft was hauled clear of the breakers and emptied. The next day the skin was examined but showed only a few scratches which were promptly filled with shellac. Bishop remarks that his light 300 lb. all wood canoe would have been reduced to matchwood under similar conditions.

From the Delaware he proceeded to the Chesapeake, thence through the Dismal Swamp Canal and Hatteras Sound and (with some portages) by inland rivers to the Gulf of Mexico at Cedar Keys. He had consumed five months on the voyage, the paper boat had never been out of water more than three days at a time, and its paper covering, barring a few chips and scratches, was as good as the day it had left the factory.

Bishop's writings in the contemporary press and in his published books (a favorite Sunday School prize in those days) gave the Waters firm a further boost. The year 1876 was their high spot, but it was also the year of doom. We have seen the number of trophies won in competition that year. The same year saw Bishop's boat exhibited at the Centennial, and many boat clubs along the Hudson River had 30 and 40 paper boats on their racks. But in the same year the factory at Troy burned. There were attempts to revive the industry after the fire but the firm did not long survive, and since the Waters family still held tightly to their patents, the process languished and sank into oblivion.

Several things must occur to the modern yachtsman as he reads this. For one thing, the advantages of lightness and strength, freedom from corrosion and ease of repair offered by laminated paper construction are still valuable features. For another, we have better laminating adhesives than shellac today.

Modern plastic chemists tell us that shellac was the first modern plastic. Its use was known to Europeans as early as the 13th century (much earlier to Orientals) and it is reasonably waterproof. However, shellac gets lazy with age and its properties are likely to vary from batch to batch. Our modern phenolic resins have none of these troubles and are cheaper as well.

This writer has been experimenting with paper laminates and, while the first boat is still unfinished, the preliminary experiments will be of interest to the amateur builder. Test panels of phenolic resin bonded laminates were made up before actual construction was started and the results with these have been amazing.

The standard test panels have been 12" x 12" all made up of one ply of 1/32" bristol board overlaid with six plies of .012" manila paper. Laminating resins tried have been L.W. Ferdinand's Stanzall, Borden's Cascophen, and Weldwood glue. Results with all three have been equivalent, though we found Cascophen by far the easiest to handle (the mixture is never lumpy). The completed panels weigh 8 oz. after coating both surfaces and all edges with three applications of spar varnish. This weight of 1/2-lb. per square foot means that a 14' canoe, a 12' duckboat, or a 10' dinghy can be built over a wooden frame to give a completed weight of less than 50 lbs.

The test panels were soaked in water for 30 days with no delamination. Next we gave them a month of soaking and drying on alternate days, still with no delamination and no warping. Finally we allowed them to weather for three months, at the end of which time there was no change in physical properties.

For strength we tried them with a 3 lb. axe. The ax, swung against the edge of a panel, crushes but does not split. Swung against the flat surface of the panel, it punctures but never makes a hole more than 3" long. The punctures can be repaired by pushing out the dent (the hole all but seals itself) and then pasting two layers of paper over the damage at either side. For this, shellac (the kind sold as rim and gasket cement) must be used. Resin glues will not make a durable repair since the setting of the laminating adhesive in the paper destroys its porosity and makes the further use of synthetic resins impossible.

It is obvious, of course, that this method of construction offers no advantages in cheapness, lightness, or durability over the plastic, plywood, or aluminum boats now available. Its one advantage is that it is the only type of seamless monocoque construction practicable for the private builder.

Since the Waters technique of a solid wood mold is undesirable in home construction, we settled on a light wooden frame similar to the kayak frame though, since the paper skin adds stiffness which the canvas covering of the kayak lacks, some of the longitudinal members may be omitted. The mold to which the paper is applied serves also as the permanent frame of the boat. Over the frame we place a layer of 1/32" unglazed bristol board, set in waterproof glue and lightly tacked to the frame. We use the glue sparingly, we cannot permit the pores of the bristol board to become completely filled. When the frame is fully clothed with paper board we are ready to apply the manila paper.

The paper must be laid up all at once since, as we have seen, additional plies cannot be added after the first glue line sets. First coat the bristol board with glue, then lay down the first layer of paper parallel with the keel. Avoid paper wider than 18" since it is difficult to handle. Lap the paper generously at keel, stem pieces, and chines and press down firmly with the hands. It will stick as quickly as a postage stamp.

Next coat again with glue, lay up the next ply athwartships, lapping fully at bow, stern, chines, and keel as before. The next two layers should be laid up diagonally from the keel, the final two most anyway that is found convenient. No pressure other than firm hand pressure is required in smoothing down the plies. There is no need to weight the plies while the glue is curing. Why lay up the layers in different directions? Because paper (machine made paper) has grain the same as wood. By laying the grain in several directions we achieve maximum strength.

The finished hull should be allowed to cure for 48 hours before filling with paint or varnish, then give it three coats inside and out. The paper can then be sanded the same as wood. Slight cockling of the paper near the edges of the outer ply may be observed. This can be sanded down without materially affecting the fabric.

The arithmetic of a 14' canoe is roughly this: plywood and spruce frame (with fastenings), about 25 lbs. and \$20; Bristol board and paper, about 17 lbs. and \$6; Resorcinol glue (Cascophen) about \$10. Therefore, a seamless leakproof boat of 50 lbs. costs about \$40.

This method of building seems to be the answer to Mr. Herreshoff's very valid objections to ordinary kayak construction. The frame does not stick through the covering like the ribs of a starved puppy, the paper covering adds stiffness and strength and, quite as important, it adds buoyancy. The test panels floated for several days before they absorbed enough water to sink and Bishop's boat, we remember, floated even when swamped. The method seems thoroughly practical for canoes, yacht tenders, duckboats, and sailing dinghies, for any boat that must be light, strong and leakproof. We cannot recommend it for boats that will remain in the water for long periods of time. In a few days the paper will absorb close to its own weight in water.



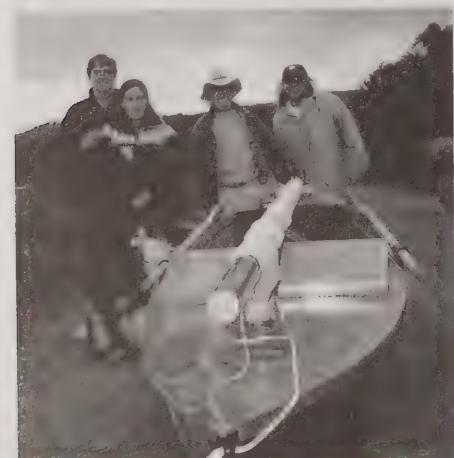
Syncopation in Mill Valley Harbor.

When I showed a man I am acquainted with, a man who really knows music, a photo of my boat he said, "Hmmm, syncopation, we define that as an irregular progression from bar to bar." I knew then that I had the right name, and not just an offbeat boat.

A good boat is as complex as some people and the act of becoming acquainted with an old design, over time, is likewise just as rewarding. I completed my 18-1/2' Chesapeake Bay crabbing skiff, christening with champagne produced by my neighbor, Mike Fox, in his Oregon vineyard, just before Thanksgiving last fall. It's now June and, after sailing many weekends, I feel that I'm just beginning to learn about my new vessel. Incidentally, my daughter poured only a small libation over the bow, we drank the remainder.

Back in the late '60s my friend Bill Booth introduced me to a traditionally built version of my present boat, his *Pat Chenoweth*. It was built by Lincoln Devereaux in Vallejo, California, who is said to have built three to this design. Bill's skiff sailed well, even out on San Francisco Bay, and rowed well, too. It was one of those magic boats. Chapelle thought enough of the design to include it in his *Boat Building*, page 74. "Traditional Racing On the Miles River," photos and reporting on crabbing skiffs by

Launching time: Micah, Katrina, Derek, Mike.



## Syncopation

By Derek Van Loan

Kevin Brennan in the August 1, 2003 issue of *MAIB* was very encouraging. I read it while I was in the midst of construction, a time when inspiration is much appreciated. Thanks, Bob and Kevin. I must add that a photo of my much-admired great-grandfather, A.J. Fellows, sailing a sharpie in Connecticut and obviously having a great time, had a positive effect, too.

This boat as originally built would be just too heavy for me to launch and retrieve single handed, though, so I built it of lighter material. Instead of 3/4" sides I used 4mm occume (I scarfed side pieces using a Gougeon Brothers scarfer jig) and the bottom is 1/4" marine fir plywood (butt blocked). To stiffen up what would be a pretty flexible structure, I carried the fore deck back beyond the middle, left a 5' cockpit and retained the lazarette. I also made the seat (thwart) using 4mm and 1" x 2"s with a chunk of flotation foam wedged underneath. There are 1/4" bulkheads just ahead of the mast, at the aft end of the fore deck, and at the beginning of the after deck. Instead of the centerboard I used my flexi trunk, a Naugahyde® sleeve between bottom and fore deck. I added a bit of area to the lateral plane, making the board a bit deeper, as the original needed more. The 4mm deck is supported by 3/4" fir laminated (3-1/4" layers) deck beams at 1' intervals. The deck is crowned about 2" and this is barely strong enough. There is a Maurice Griffiths coaming for the lazarette hatch and two for hatches either side of the daggerboard to accommodate two people.

I liked the original sprit boomed rig. To step it I used 3" black plastic plumbing pipe as a mast tube, sealed with 5200 at step and deck to keep water out of the cabin. Hose clamps reinforce the plastic. Furling sail is accomplished by rotating the mast using a continuous piece of parachute cord, four wraps around a wooden spool, which rotates on the part of the plastic mast tube that projects above the deck. A brass cleat on the mast engages a hole in the spool. The first mast I made from a lovely 18' fir 4" x 4". It

was heavy and like tossing the caber to step it, so I scarfed and glued together western red cedar, available at my local lumber yard, and now have a one-handed mast finished in Starbrite® teak oil. My sprit boom is disengaged from the snorter by pulling a cord connected to an old bike spoke. The 3/8" snorter ends in an eye splice that goes through a hole in the tack end of the boom. It's convenient not to have to go forward to free the boom for stowage. The sail's clew line runs to a cleat on the after end of the boom.

The hull deck, without board, rudder, rig, or oars weighs about 120 lbs. The 16" rear bike wheels have wooden bearings, bored for the 5/8" axles. I tried 1/2" axles but they were not tight in the floor flange/pipe nipple bottom supports allowing the tires to rub on the arms. The loaded boat fortuitously balances just aft of the cabin bulkhead. Each arm assembly weighs 10 lbs., heavier than I'd like, but they work very well indeed. I've arranged the after fore and aft 1/4" guy lines so that when I lift one side of the boat the arm drops to lock over center. Then, at my leisure, I pull the forward guy line taut and cleat it on the pin rail. A line passes from one arm to the other beneath the hull as there is some toe in/toe out, depending on which direction one pushes the boat, which can cause the arms to splay out away from the sides. I suppose I could solve this with carefully crafted wedges, but it is not that much of a problem. Launching is just a 10 minute walk from my house.

The pin rail runs thwartship and is on the cabin bulkhead at the forward end of the cockpit. There are pins for the wheel guy lines, anchor line, anchor tag line, furling line, and whatever else one might want to belay. Sometimes I even loop the sheet under a pin; 3/8" dowels make cheap cleats. As with my canoe, I lead the anchor line through a thimble in the end of a tag line that passes through the bow eye and back to the cockpit. This enables me to deploy and retrieve the Danforth from the cockpit without bashing the bow.

If you are at all interested in sharpies buy a copy of Reuel Parker's *The Sharpie* (International Marine, 1994). This book is full of great photographs and drawings and, moreover, it is loaded with advice for the boat builder. I followed his instructions for glassing the bottom (and cockpit and rudder) with Xynole polyester fabric and epoxy, which includes "glazing." Works great. Defender Industries, supplier of Xynole, 60" wide, cat. #751425, is now located at 42 Great Neck Road, Waterford, Connecticut 06385. I was tempted to do his lumber cored rudder, but glued up 1" fir stair tread instead. Reuel has many can do ideas. I love his version of "Egret." I knew Reuel when he was in Sausalito and he's a real craftsman and an outstanding designer. Check out his Appendices I & II for lines and offsets.

Two more little publications of interest to sharpie aficionados are *Chesapeake Bay Crabbing Skiffs* and *Chesapeake Bay Sailing Craft*. Both are available from The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum. Also, of course Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft* is a must. Less popular, but with some real nuggets of information about sharpies, is his *American Sailing Craft*.

Sailrite ([www.sailrite.com](http://www.sailrite.com)) again came through with materials and advice for my rig.

They are nice people to deal with. I printed a computer generated hole pattern, glued it to scrap ply, clamped the clew between it and another ply piece, and drilled for the clew grommet ring stitching on my drill press. I'm still dealing with reefing technique but I've experimented with rotating the mast so that the sail streams off the lee side of the mast. This is covered in Marchaj's *Sailing Theory and Practice* and produces more drive.

On my list of things to do is a more substantial rudder latch, the slinky little stainless steel one isn't tough enough, especially since I rounded the bottom of the rudder as Parker shows, for I remembered that a big swell would lift the stern, leaving the old skiff's rudder waving in the breeze. I'm going to try a rubber door stop wedge for daggerboard depth adjustment or, optionally, holes and a peg. A bungee would be of help to prevent the tiller from going overboard as I have not fitted, and don't want, rudder stops.

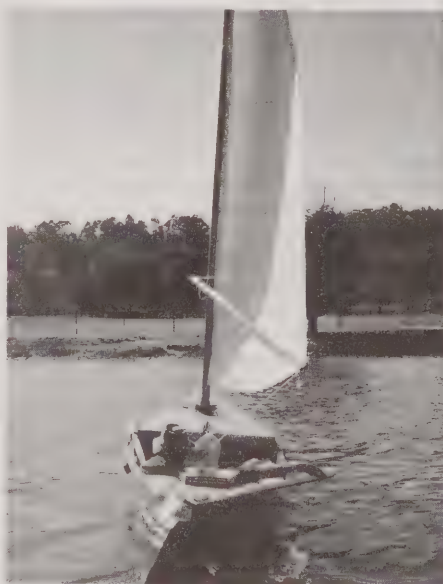
Oh, I bought a nifty, little trailer, which came shipped in two boxes from Boat U.S. for those trips away from home. It's new so there are no old wheel bearings to worry about, and I never back it into the water. It's adjustable and comes with lights and fenders. The real surprise, though, came when hooking up the lights to my F 250. Boat U.S. stocks an absolutely splendid T-connector, no crimping, searching for wires, no soldering, and it plugs into the existing harness, works great!

So my Rushton "Vesper" decked, wood sailing canoe is up for sale (the mold, too). *Syncopation* is a joy to sail. My friend Nancy and I spent one Saturday on Richardson's Bay poking around the anchorage and into the houseboat harbors. This skiff trims perfectly with two aboard. With only one, a tiller extension is necessary. I often use the end of the main sheet rolling hitched to the tiller so I can sit further forward. A long vessel with a skeg aft, *Syncopation* tacks like an 18-wheeler, but with pulling up the board and backing the sail she can maneuver in some pretty tight territory. We had lunch on Schoonmaker Beach in Sausalito, shallow draft enlarges the bay greatly. And this boat can really move!

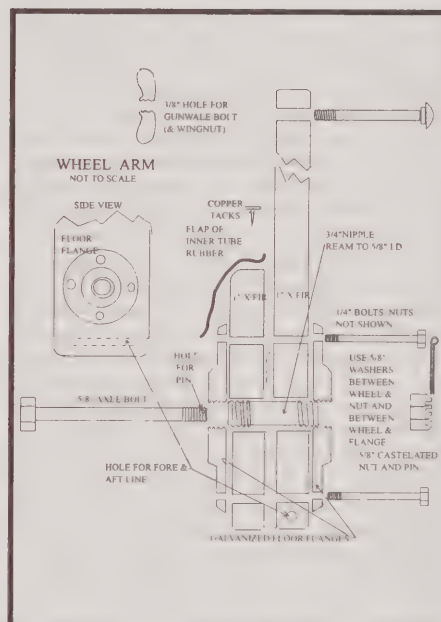
The bottom line: 18-1/2' Crabbing Skiff, \$1,651, 261 hours over four months.



*Syncopation's* launching wheels.



She tacks like an 18 wheeler.



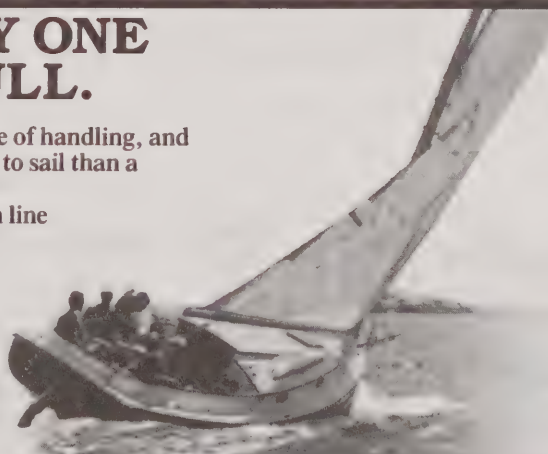
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When I first started out to serve my time at the ripe old age of 13 years, the term strip boat threw up a vision of barnbuilders struggling to nail together a great many pieces of wood in the hope it would hang together and resemble a boat. The shop I worked in built a great many of the clinker or lap streak boats of the type with the pinked or gig stern. A very shapely, long-lived, and popular model, usually 16' long, they were in great demand for inland lake and river use. We would build up several hundred over a winter, storing them minus seats in nests like dories to save space. Then, in the spring when orders were coming in faster than we could build, we would finish them up, paint them completely, and crate them for shipping.

It is pretty hard to sell a man who has broken his eye teeth on one type of boat anything new for the same purpose. But gradually a demand crept in for reinforced sterns to carry kickers, which were becoming popular about that time, and their use was spreading fast. Every other boat or so would have heavier transom, all because the girl with the long-skirted bathing suit in the little dory was becoming more and more familiar. Remember that old trademark about ten years ago? So the boss started dopping out ways to improve the model we were working on, more to accommodate a motor on what he thought should be a good clinker rowboat rather than from any conscious recognition that a new type and a demand for a different boat were in the process of making. About this time I was 17 and knew more about boats and boat building than really was good for me, so I alternated my time for a while between completing my schooling and telling the professors in naval architecture at Ann Arbor all about what a wonderful fellow I was.

Time then, and not so much of it either, drew me back to play at the game of boats and in a short period and only recently (January 1927) I have seen the demand for the old family rowboat with the gig stern, as at Figure 1, develop into the once popular and probably perennially blossoming broad transom lap streak outboard model, only to have Mr. and Mrs. Public want a smooth seam boat of the same type. The old order changeth and permits me to cough a bit, shed a dry tear, and say times ain't what they used to was.

The people who buy small boats in the Valley and on the Lakes are forsaking the type which is purely rowboat. They want something for a kicker now, with oars as the auxiliary. For a while we built on Minnetonka the new model with broad transoms, the anti squat, barely portable, and hard to row boat, the rowboat in a state of adolescence. This change has been taking place the last five years and last June, when the boat season opened, the clinker boats didn't move in our



Fig. 1. The "Old Family Rowboat."

## Strip Planking

**A word about their uses, their limitations, how to build them, with notes concerning the little tricks of the trade which help to make this style of build very simple for home construction.**

By E. Westen Farmer

community worth a hang. I guess customers go as far to get Minnesota-built boats as they do anywhere else.

The reason is interesting and plain. The new kickers have got so much more power in the same weight package that the light rowboat hull doesn't make the most of the motor's possibility.

The answer is, find something that does. That is exactly what my old friend, John Redeen, who used to work in the same shop I used to do the designing in, in the days I have spoken of, asked me to do for him. So I looked around, visited this plant and that, and found that the men who were selling their product were men who were building a smooth skin boat, heavy enough to fill the gap between the unportable out-and-out motor boat and the sketchy abbreviation of a satisfactorily powered, durable boat the old type attempted. Now probably because I used to earn my living throwing lap streak boats together, and because I used to consider strip boats unworthy of the highest traditions of the boatbuilding art, it took me hours of reasoning with reality to bring myself to see the virtues of strip construction, for I found that without exception these now popular smooth planked round bilge outboard boats, which represents the type usually undertaken for home construction, were strip boats.

However, I am now just as partial to strip construction, or edge nailed boats as they are sometimes called, as I once was for clinker. Collective common sense is far more accurate in judgment than private guess.

I found that a strip boat, if well built, will last for 30 years or more. The argument that the nails will rust out is bunk, particularly if they are galvanized in a good hot bath by some reputable marine hardware house. I should buy my own nails bright and take them to some galvanizing works and see they were well galvanized in a hot bath, incidentally, common finishing nails make the best nails for edge nailing the strips. Clout nails will not do the job. All this I found and told to John.

I cautioned against building too many boats of the type shown in Figure 1 and doped out a boat which would have the feature of being pleasant to look at and still would be of strip construction. The job he is working on will look like the top middle illustration in Figure 4.

For the amateur bent on building his own small boat, I should say the strip boat was simplest of all. The mold work to start with is simpler. There are not so many clamps as are needed in clinker building. There is not so much sny, or twisting, to be attended to. The ribbing is identical. Both are worlds easier than the so-called simple seam and batten V bottom.

Strip boats have peculiarities all their own, however. For instance, there is a loathness on the part of the builder seemingly to taper his strips with the result that the girth at any place on the boat is equal to that at any other. Therefore, in commercial job lot building the boats generally look like Figure 2, ugly, high bows which hurt looks, present a sail for the wind, and make a hard-to-handle boat in any blow, particularly on inland waters where it can blow like thunder and still leave the surface navigable enough. There is no need for this, you can see what I mean in Figure 2 and the lefthand group in Figure 4.

Figure 3 shows the reason. The projected area of the planking in the ordinary clinker rowboat is a byproduct of the looks, and the planks are spiled and the planking is shaped so that the divisions or number of strakes are each the same width on any one section or mold. In amateur construction the planks must be cut individually to separate pattern and it is generally the big hurdle in home building. In a strip boat, which type is now spreading to so many shops where they never built them before, the increased number of strakes in the planking seems to have defeated even the professional, who has tried to hurdle the obstacle by letting his planks fall where they may, with the result that the girth on all sections is about equal, the sheer is souped up into the clouds, and looks just ain't.

This can easily and automatically be taken care of by means of a little trick explained at the foot of Figure 9. A pattern is made of a plank strip of such breadth that its collective added measurements at each section equals the girth at that section. Then this pattern is bent so that one edge becomes straight again and is laid on a board the same thickness as twice the plank or strip thickness and the line X to Y drawn and sawed out on the bandsaw. Then the straight uncut pieces

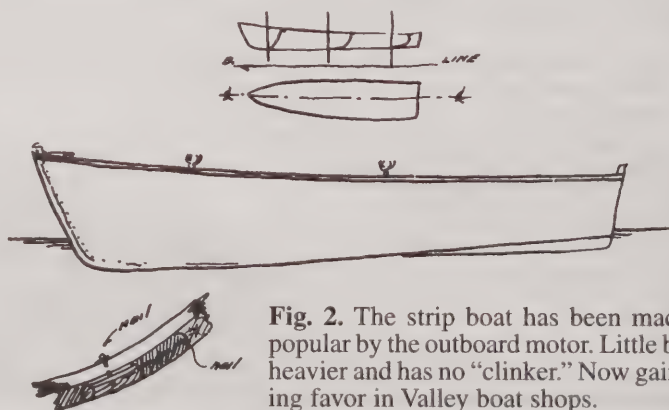


Fig. 2. The strip boat has been made popular by the outboard motor. Little bit heavier and has no "clinker." Now gaining favor in Valley boat shops.

can be run through the sticker and will come out with the partner as a straight plank, with the top edge hollowed or round depending on the cut being taken. Any sawmill or sash and door factory can thus produce the planking already cut to shape for any strip boat you may wish. Boat shops, too, will find the gag useful. To reduce the freeboard and height of the bow for'd by hand planing with the tool shown in Figure 7 is tedious and wasteful of time.

In Figure 2 is shown the type of strip planking am sold on at present. There is the plain, straight-edge, nailed planking, too, but it cannot be made as tight, self caulking, or as quickly as the hollow round type, for each strip of the straight stuff must be beveled for the next strip and it takes too much time to do it. Possibly the absence of the hollow round idea is one reason old salt crusty boatbuilders frown at the strip idea. With the hollow round strips a strip boat is easier to build than any clinker boat and, of course, worlds easier than the idea of building a separate mold structure, ribbing first and then fastening planking to ribs as is usually done with smooth seam boats. The hollow should be just a trifle smaller radius than the round it is to fit, that is to say it should be more hollow so that when the nails draw it up, the lips in the round are drawn down snug on the next strip.

In Figure 7 the usual style of nailing is shown, together with a plane which is used for smoothing off the occasional lumps the sticker, which is a kind of mill machine, always leaves. A blade for hollow and one for round cutting will get the job tight.

In building a strip boat the usual procedure of laying down the lines and checking them must first be done to get the full size molds. After the full size patterns have been made, the keel, stem, and transom should be set up on a strongback or partner mold as in Figure 9 so any curve in the design of the keel, or rocker as it is called, having first been cut into the piece, which may be a 2"x12" fir plank, can be built into the boat by springing the keel, which originally may be straight, into position with 3" screws every 2', the holes later being plugged. In cases where necessary the keel can be softened for bending by pouring boiling water on it after it has been swathed in gunny sacks or it can be steamed in the ordinary way.

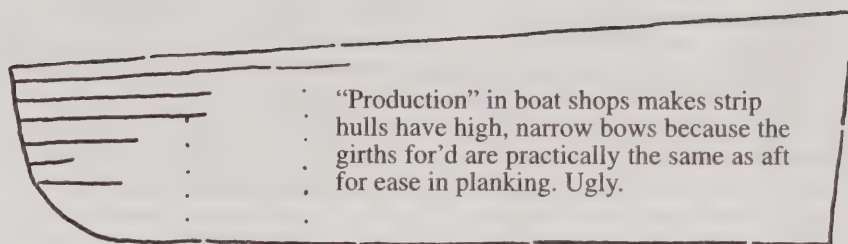


Fig. 3.



The projected area of the clinker boat planking shows how each plank must be cut to a different shape. Therefore, for home construction, strip boats are much easier — each strip is like the next.

A 2" x 4" stringer of some hard pine is run on centers between the stem and the transom, both of these being braced plumb. The strongback may be secured to the floor or to a couple of boxes ballasted with cement sacks or stone. It ought to be level, the baseline, so it will be easy to fair the work.

Now the mold idea which I think best is the one English builders use, they cut out a lot of work by building only half and hinging it on the proper place by means of ordinary door bolts let into holes (Figure 9) with a driving fit for snugness and rigidity and rendered snug in their own sockets by the simple expedient of clouting it with a hammer until it is snug. Usually the Valley builders and those on the Lakes build a complete set of molds, set the whole thing on a horse, and take the bends out of their backs when working. I don't think one single small home job warrents all this, but tastes and backs differ.

When the keel is set up, the half molds in, and the planking has been doped out, the boat is built right there. Planking goes along like duck soup goes down and soon the hull

has her sheer strakes on and is ready for ribbing, simply by nailing strakes together on edge as shown.

The ribs go in in one length, steamed, as shown in Figure 10. The places the ribs lie will, of course, have been marked out on the inside of the hull which will be quite rough. The awl holes for the copper-covered clout nails, which are universally used in ribbing small boats, are punched in and the boat stuck with a nail in every hole, ready for the ribs, which must be quickly put in and fastened, for once they chill they become twice as brittle and breakable as before they were steamed. While ribbing it is a good plan to run a rope around the bow, midship, and near the transom, with a brace across from wale to wale, and tighten these ropes so as to avoid springing up the seams. Start ribbing amidship and work in a patch, then start from the stern and bow and meet it. Loosen the rope clamps and the boat is ready for gunnels, stringers, seats, planing, sanding, and painting. Of course, the hull outside is planed and sanded rough before the rib nails are

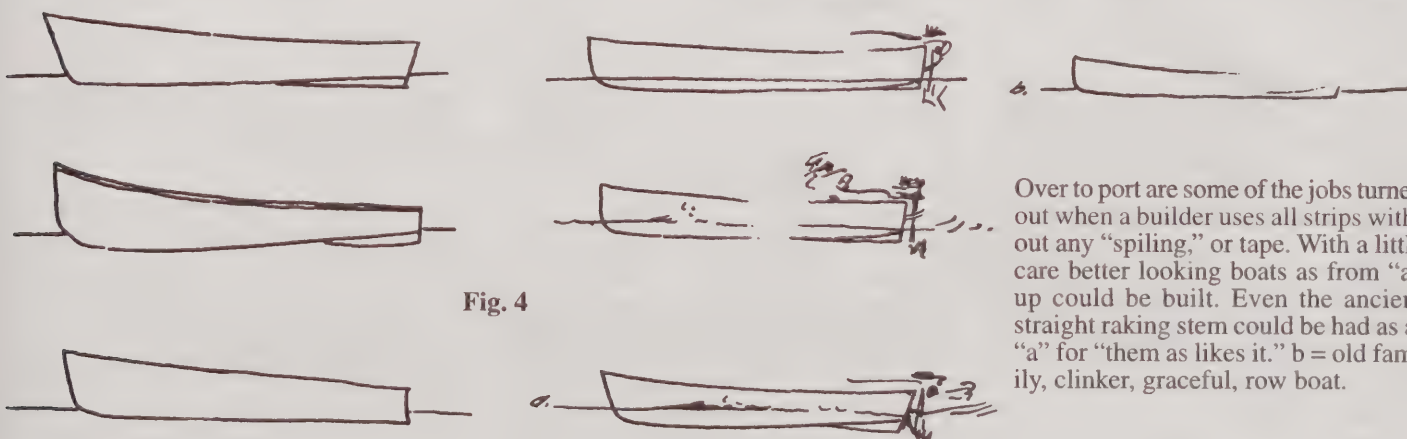


Fig. 4

Over to port are some of the jobs turned out when a builder uses all strips without any "spiling," or tape. With a little care better looking boats as from "a" up could be built. Even the ancient straight raking stern could be had as at "a" for "them as likes it." b = old family, clinker, graceful, row boat.

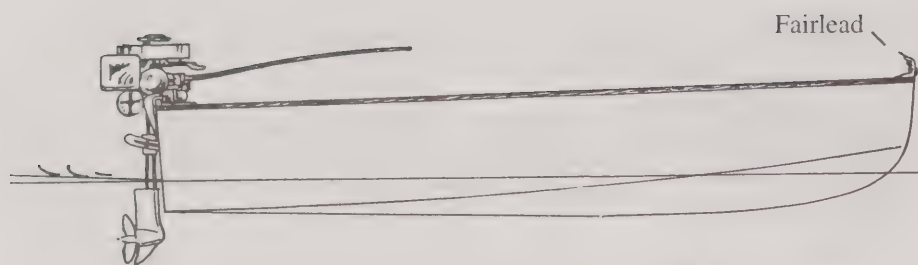


Fig. 5.

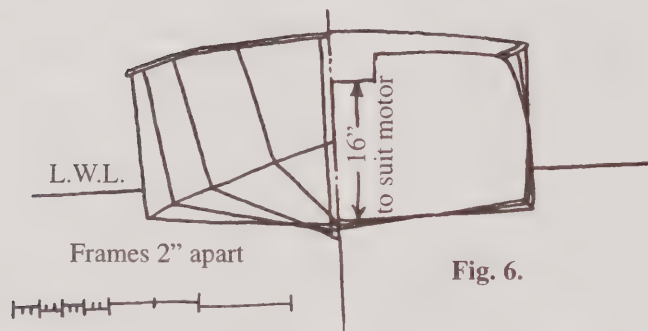
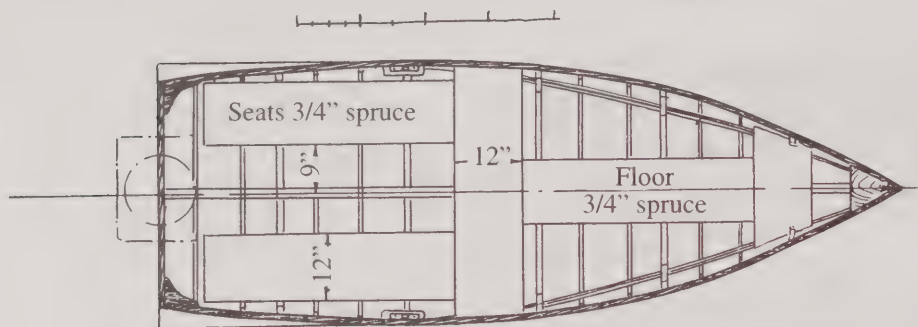


Fig. 6.

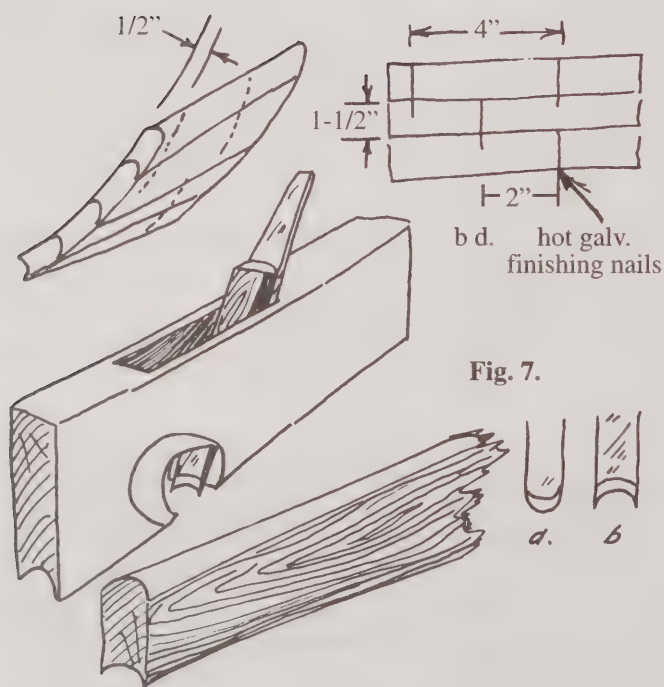


Fig. 7.

stuck, and after the boat is ribbed a good sanding is all it needs out board, as the clout nail heads are flush with the planking. Figure 10 explains much of the above.

Often when there is much more girth amidship than in the ends, as in the dinghy illustrated in the sketch in Figure 8, a garboard strake of solid plank, as in Figure 10, may be put in to equalize the spaces to be covered with the strips, thus making each strip less wide in the middle and thin at the ends. Incidentally, while talking about this dinghy, which is a typical Clyde dinghy as used in England, I am going to take the thumbnail sketch here and work it up into a good article for home consumption and building when I get time. Possibly I can include a working set of plans for the type shown in Figures 5 and 6, just to be comprehensive and provide some concrete dope on strip boats as well as discussion.

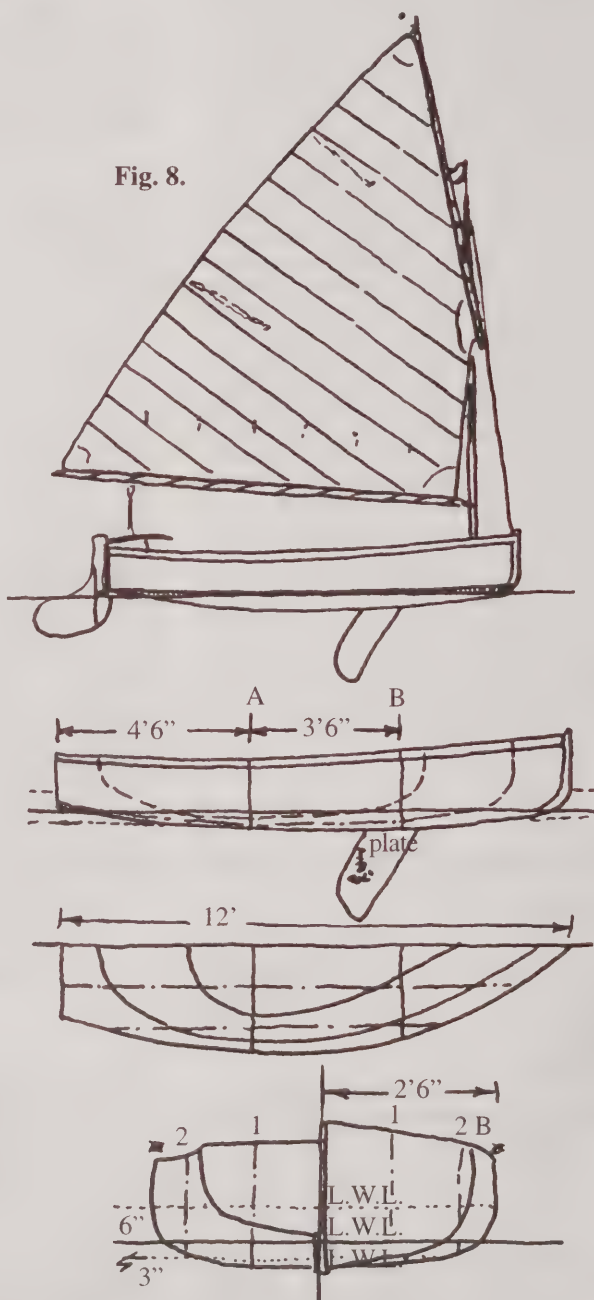


Fig. 8.

Speaking of Figure 5 brings us around to the V-bottom type in connection with edge nail construction. I can't see that the V is as easy to build as the round bilge boat, either for pro or amateur. Those nice straight lines look great, but just try to worry those battens into place neatly, and rabbet or build up those chines. I know of only one method of building V-bottoms that is any simpler than the frame batten method of building, and it is plenty complicated when looked at in the light of actual fuss and man hours spent. Sailing into a V-bottom hull on the supposition that it is the easiest form of boat for an amateur to build is a queer trait of human nature. A round bilge is a V-bottom simplified. I rest my case there.

I should think, however, that the certain uses and application of power which call for a V-bottom hull, as in Figures 5 and 6, where we aim at planing and at 15 miles which can be had with an outboard, can best be met with other than the strip type as explained here. I have doped out a style of construction which is about as easy as the strip boat, being a combination of other points of construction. The difference is in the frame construction and

I'll save the telling of this type for another and similar article. The chief difficulty in building a strip boat on the V-bottom style is the chine construction. The planking goes on as easily and makes just as quick and strong a job, but unless special methods are used, the strips along the chine at the bow go haywire in a few days in the water. With special applications a strip V-bottom makes as good, as cheap, as strong, as easy, and as quick-to-build boat as there is. More on that at another time.

For home building the strip method, as discussed here, is the simplest in point of time and labor spent which will produce a boat that is all boat, orthodox, graceful, staunch, and usable. Special points need watching, such

as not too much soup to the sheer, and the general prejudice against strip boats in some quarters is based on a long background of other types. They will last as long, if not longer, than other small clinker boats, and for the new type of hulls being developed for the outboard the unusual solidity of the edge nailed hull is a glad find. Men seem to want a smooth hull when they have power and the strip boat, being a most economical alternative, is going into the water everywhere. This writing, then is a general introduction and abbreviated discussion of this new old type, which is at the same time as eminently suitable for adoption by the man who wants to build his own, as it is for all small boat construction.

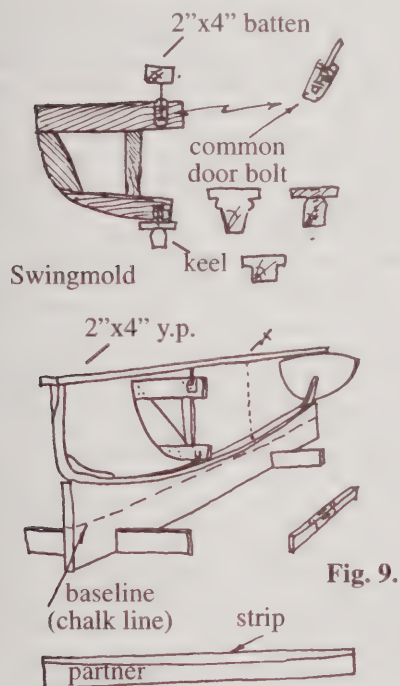
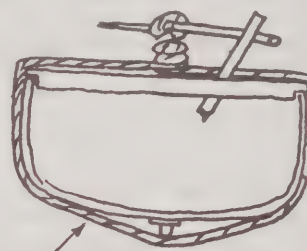


Fig. 9.



On boats of large girth, a garboard may be used to fill out



Rope clamp for hull before ribbing

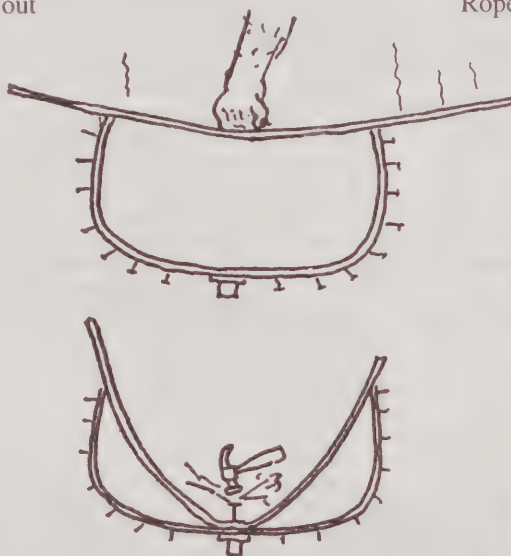
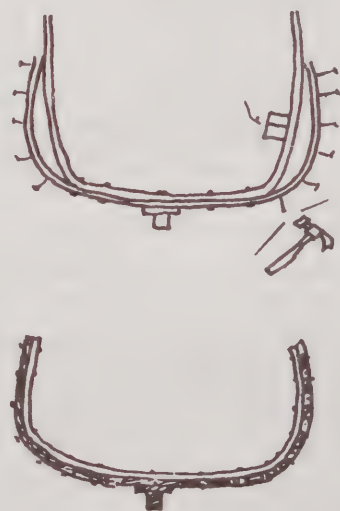


Fig. 10. Use of garboard, rope clamp, and successive steps in ribbing a strip boat



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## Bolger on Design Pedal Powered Stern-Wheeler Cruiser

Design #669  
 Becky Thatcher

19'9" x 5'4" x 6" x 1300 lbs. w/full load

Paul Everett wrote us about a plan to "celebrate his 50th birthday by pedaling the length of the Erie Canal, with one crew." He had in mind to use one of our (Paddlin') Madeline (Design #441) pedaling sidewheelers. That design is about as simple as a pedal boat can be if it's capable of what passes for serious performance in such craft. It's a sidewheeler so that two people can pedal directly on the crankshaft (fabrication of which is about the only tricky part of the project). We understand that it works quite well, having heard of an implausibly high speed in it.

But sidewheels are not so good coming alongside floats of various heights, controlling the boat between towering, slimy, lock walls, confidently exploring tight waters, or just casually beaching her after smoothing over the shallows of the receding tide. Furthermore, on a Madeline type geometry there was no good way for one partner to stretch out and rest while the other keeps the boat moving.

In fact, for the proposed venture of a de facto extended cruise, it seemed like a good idea to avoid having to count on shoreside lodging if at all possible. Thus Paul and crew ought to be able to sleep in the boat in reasonable comfort, to relieve themselves in some privacy, and to do some rudimentary cooking. So she became something of a cruiser with decent load carrying capacity that would not necessarily have to schedule shore stops exactly or even frequently.

We took on the commission rather lightly as a nice diversion between demanding large boat projects. It turned out to be an unexpectedly time consuming job to work out in detail. Accepting the human powered sternwheeler cruiser idea, it seemed necessary to develop it to a reasonably serious level of actual utility for the building effort. Despite the added effort necessary to get on the

water, Paul took the proposal in stride and was getting it done handsomely when we saw it in May.

The two ply sheet length hull is a simple scow except for some deadrise worked into the forward bottom for quiet in ripples. The breadth on the bottom is kept to 4', but she has plenty of stability since the breadth is carried well out to the ends. The forward pedaling position is necessary to balance the sternwheel weight, while the unrestricted view ahead and abeam should be a major element in enjoying progress and judging clearances less tense. A fold back panel over these seats allows standing up for stretch and "shooting the sun" and makes boarding her easier as well after stepping down from the foredeck. Not shown, but readily conceivable, would be a canvas/vinyl windshield assembly between coaming and roof edge to keep rain off legs while allowing open sides to ventilate crew adequately.

While Madeline type direct drive geometry proved successful in our assumptions of agreeable leg travel versus the wheels' power absorption, it seemed that this rigid single speed/four legs approach would be less useful on a cruise through variety of weather conditions and across a range of available physical stamina. Extended tailwind versus

short headwind situation (there is no future in long headwind passages in anything human powered), occasional two legs only power, or regular mismatch of crews' athletic capability had to be accounted for in a craft that would have to work for more than a few hours of local splashing about. Apart from dual rudder controls, legs now power her through two individually adjustable three speed chain drives turning one shared shaft from which a long chain runs aft.

We hope the ratiis are adequate for rapid third gear downwind dashes, while laboring upwind in first would still allow the twosome crew to match the lock schedule just ahead; first gear would be the choice moving her alone with dead weight snoozing off an upset stomach in the cabin aft. It would also be the choice for authoritative maneuvering in tight quarters. Changing one sprocket wheel in her final drive would allow adjustments to match any crew's particular athletic status. And, rather importantly, her final drive chain on the wheel runs fully protected; i.e., dry inside the sternwheel carrying sponson. Apart from raindrops on the chain forward, her drive train should last in very good running order with just a routine drop of bike chain oil.

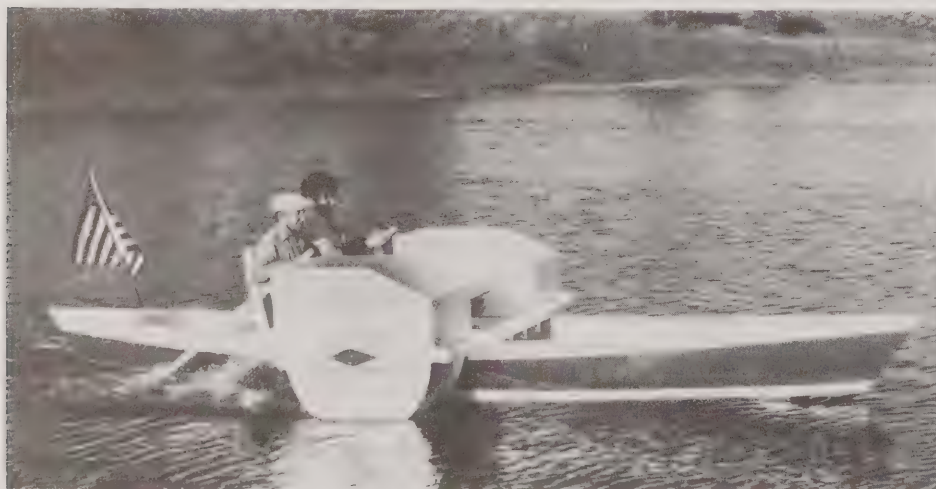
We had looked at some alternative arrangements such as splitting the sternwheel for independent powering by each crew, but it got even more complicated with not enough gains. We concluded that a couple of paddles would be more practical, and probably more effective, to spin her on a dime.

Inevitably the drive mechanics absorbed much of our attention and do add up to a reasonably significant budget item, although consisting 98% of off-the-shelf catalogue sourced industrial hardware with limited machining necessary. While we spec'd the part numbers for good quality ball bearings throughout, her drive train is less efficient overall than Madeline's due to the multiplicity of shafts, chains, and sprockets to operate.

Her cruising capability and ergonomic adjustability, though, override any such concerns in our minds. Fondly extrapolating from Madeline's performance reports, we hope that Becky Thatcher will be steady in her progress, though slower overall, only occasionally sailing on her superstructure faster than under leg power. Since speed is not the issue for Paul's trip, the experience of getting there seems more enjoyable in the comforts of her cruising accommodations.

The sternwheel is a watertight, buoyant drum of wood strip construction with the paddle blades mounted on its outside. The unusual rake of the blades is an experiment. As we see it, when the boat has some way on, the water emerging from under the hull will take the descending blades edge on without much slap. The surface area of the blades at the bottom of their arc will drive the boat,

Madeline, a pedal powered sidewheeler designed for Dynamite Payson.



and the blade lifts out of the water at the end of its stroke without carrying much water weight up and over as radial blades do. It seems to us that the power wasted lifting water and throwing it forward over the top is worth saving. We'll write up what actually happened when we've seen it.

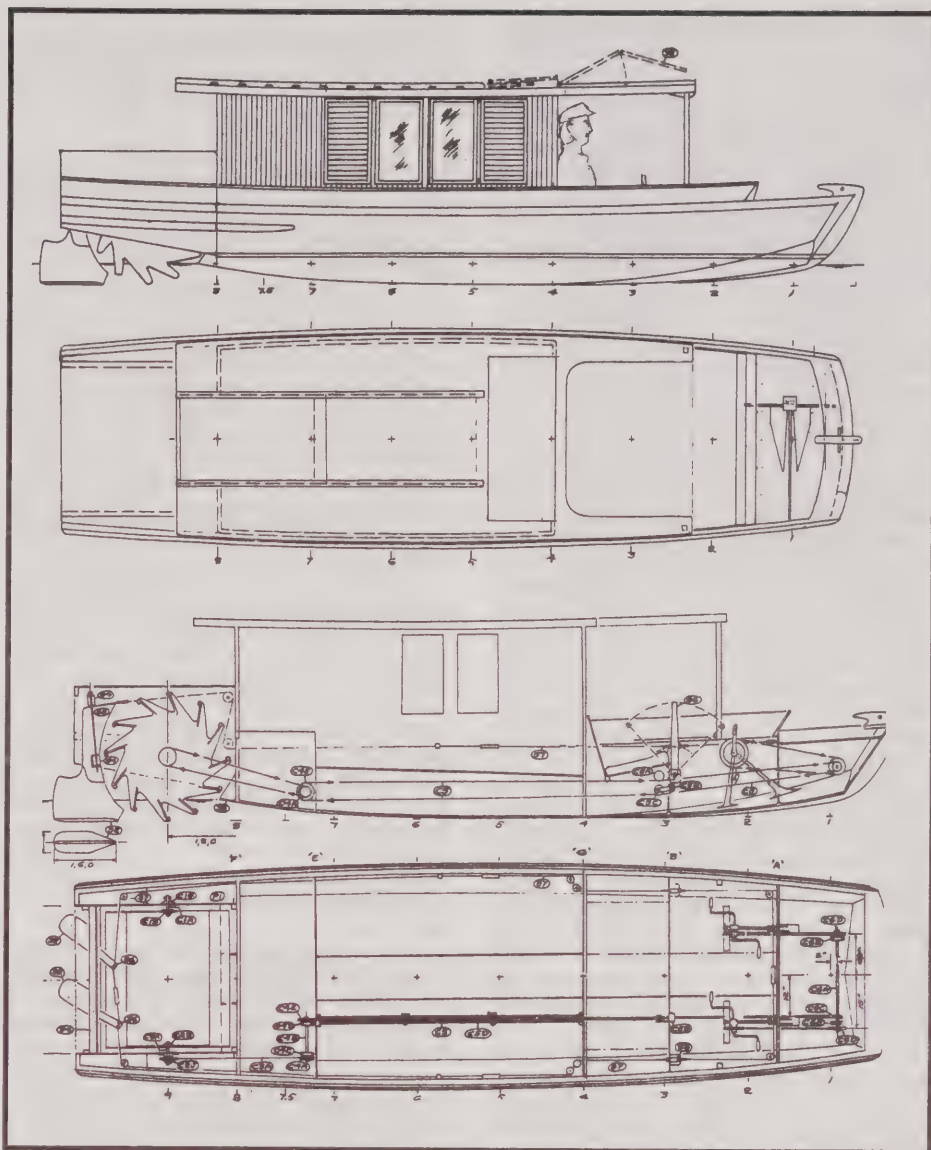
Sitting in her emerging structure recently certainly drove home how attractive that little cabin will be. There are full length transom berths and good sitting headroom, easily closed in for privacy as needed, stronger than a tent for bad weather and some security. The plans don't actually show much interior detailing except structural and drive related items, the near 1' wide footwell between the berths, lots of stowage volume under berths and in bins abaft both. After you are done color coordinating her superstructure with those functional shutters and those carved nameboards on the sides of the wheelbox, be your own interior decorator as well! The galley could be arranged transversely at the cabin's after end venting through window over the sternwheel box. Sitting sidesaddle to cook seems a tolerable geometry when the stomach is growling and the bugs are frustrated by the screens in her windows.

Paul agreed to add a lot of foam panels in her light hull structure to beef it up further and add positive buoyancy while offering low condensation potential when spending rainy days just reading and watching ducks. She ought to carry solar panels to feed one or two batteries for necessities and luxuries. Her load carrying capacity is perfectly up to the job of lugging a battery, your legs soon would be anyway. Likely the caloric intake necessary for the crew's output will require a lot of pounds of high powered food to be carried along. We'd carry a folding bike on top of her sternwheel box.

We picked Becky Thatcher for a drawing board name after the pretty ten-year-old blond who Tom Sawyer fell in love with at first sight. And we noticed that there ought to be a third book apart from *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. Since Becky Thatcher and Tom had a great adventure together, we amused ourselves with an alternate universe fantasy in which girls and women had a lot more freedom and options than they did in the the 1840 setting of those great books. So when Becky had developed an ambition to be a steamboat pilot, not much stood in her way, such as the tragic superstitions that dictate societies to suppress half of their available talent.

Becky was supposed to be the same age as Mark Twain. He lived until 1910. If she'd lived that long in a culture in which women weren't prohibited from doing engineering, she would have seen some startling things. After all, even in Mark Twain's universe he lived to see 30-knot turbine ships and 600psi boilers, having served his apprenticeship with ten knots and not much more than 100psi (with frequent catastrophic explosions at that). He could have seen an airplane fly. Without wasting half of the talent pool, in our hypothetical sensible universe likely there'd have been gas turbines and radar by that time, and by this time there would be space cities mining the rings of Saturn. At any rate, here's to Becky Thatcher!

Plans on seven sheets are \$150 from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930-1627.



Becky Thatcher under construction revealed just how attractive the little cabin will be, much to the pleasure of the designer.



Once rot gets a toehold in wood it is difficult to cure completely. It is like a cancer. Digging out the rotted wood will still leave spores and water in the sound wood. After you fill in the cavity with something like epoxy, the rot continues to flourish underneath. Products promoted to make rotted wood sound and stop rot penetrate only until they meet water, with which they do not mix. Under the solid repair rotting goes on. With one exception (more later), the commercial products sold to treat dry wood to prevent rot are completely ineffective against established rot in wet wood because they are dissolved in petroleum solvents and oil and water do not mix.

There are two commonly available, inexpensive materials that will kill rot in wood and prevent its recurrence. First there are borates (borax boric acid mixtures) which have an established record in preventing rot in new wood and in killing rot organisms and wood destroying insects in infested wood. Second there is ethylene glycol, most readily available as auto antifreeze coolant. Glycol is toxic to the whole spectrum of organisms from staphylococcus bacteria to mammals. All of the published material on its effectiveness against wood destroying fungi and insects that I am aware of is the result of my investigations over the past 15 years.

Both borate solutions and glycol penetrate dry and wet wood well because they are water soluble; in fact, penetration by glycol is especially helped by its extreme hygroscopicity, its strong attraction for water. For both, the fact that they are water soluble means they are not permanent solutions to rot in wood that is continually exposed to water below the waterline and in ground where they will eventually be extracted/dissolved out.

I first was interested in glycol as a wood stabilizing agent, where it is in many ways superior to polyethylene glycol (PEG), and it was during this work that I realized the useful effect of glycol on organisms, though I was pretty dense in interpreting the first experiment.

The ladies immerse the stems of greenery such as magnolia branches in glycerin to keep them green. Glycol is very similar to glycerin in all its physical properties and much cheaper, so I stuck a magnolia branch in antifreeze. The next day it was brown. After the third attempt I tumbled to the fact that the glycol was killing the greenery. This was the reason that glycol never replaced glycerin in applications such as a humectant for tobacco and an ingredient of cosmetics and pharmaceutical ointments, though it had all the desirable physical properties.

I had two 2" thick slabs of a 14" diameter hickory tree that had just been cut. I treated one with antifreeze and left one untreated. I was looking at wood stabilization,

## Chemotherapy for Rot

By Dave Carnell

not rot prevention. After about six months stored inside my shop, the untreated control was not only cracked apart but it was sporting a great fungal growth, while the treated slab was clean.

The local history museum wanted to exhibit two "turpentine trees," longleaf pines that had many years ago been gashed to harvest the sap that made everything from turpentine to pine tar. The trees delivered to us after cutting were infested with various beetles and had some fungal growth. I treated them with antifreeze outside under a plastic tarpaulin every few days for three weeks. They were then free of insects and fungus and have remained so after being moved inside and installed in an exhibit over four years ago.

I took three pieces from a rotting dock float that were covered with a heavy growth of fungus, lichens, etc. I treated one with antifreeze painted on with a brush, the second with a water solution containing 23% borates (as B203), and left the third untreated as a control. They were left exposed outdoors and were rained on the first night. By the next morning the growth on the antifreeze treated piece was definitely browning and the borate treated piece showed slight browning. After two months exposure to the weather the growth was dead on the antifreeze and borate treated pieces and flourishing on the control.

I have a simple flat bottomed skiff built of plywood and white pine which has little resistance to rot. After ten years some rot developed in one of the frames. It may have begun in the exposed end grain. It consumed the side frame, part of the bottom frame, and part of a seat brace fastened to the side frame. The plywood gusset joining the side frame to the bottom frame was not attacked. I excised the rotted wood, saturated all with ethylene glycol antifreeze to kill all the rot organisms, and there has been no further deterioration in four more years afloat with wet bilges. I have not replaced any pieces as I am building another boat that can replace it; that is more fun, anyway.

I have a 60-plus-year-old case of the fungus infection known as "athlete's foot." Many years ago it infected the toenails extensively. The whole thing was pretty grotesque. My dermatologist and druggist both assured me there is no known cure. About six years ago I started using antifreeze applied under the nails with a medicine dropper about every five days. The professionals are technically right. I have not completely cured it but the nails have grown out pink and thinned almost to the ends and I never have any trouble with blistering, peeling, or itching between the toes as I had had for six decades. No drug company is going to have any interest in this because the information has been in the public domain for so long that there is no opportunity for any proprietary advantage. The various wood rotting organisms cannot be anywhere near as tough.

There are two types of borate products commercially available for treating wood, solid sodium octaborate for making solutions in water (Tim Bore® and Ship Borg®) and a

40% solution of sodium octaborate in ethylene glycol (Boracare®). Their equivalents and more concentrated solutions can be easily prepared from borax, boric acid, and antifreeze at much lower cost. Keith Lawrence, editor of *Boatbuilder*, offered to sell me advertising if I wanted to go in the business, but I might run afoul of patents (preparation for individual use is not prohibited), I would have to get EPA registration, and I could not deliver products anywhere near as cheaply as they can be made from raw materials available at your supermarket, drugstore, and discount store.

Glycol by itself has one big advantage over solutions of borates in either water or glycol. Glycol penetrates rapidly through all paint, varnish, and oil finishes (except epoxy and polyurethanes) without lifting or damaging those finishes in any way. You can treat all of the wood of your boat without removing any finish. The dyes in glycol antifreeze are so weak that they do not discolor even white woods. Once bare wood has been treated with glycol or the borate solutions and become dry to the touch it can be finished or glued. In the years since I first wrote this article, my experience has been that glycol by itself is generally the best treatment for killing rot. Gougeon's research has shown that borate solutions weaken epoxy joints in the treated wood. If a borate solution leaves white residues on the surface, it will have to be washed off with water and the surface allowed to dry.

If you decide you need to treat with both glycol and borates, this is my preferred process to treat rot. Once you find soft wood or other evidence of rot, soak it with antifreeze even if you cannot do anything else at the moment. Paint it on or spray it on with a coarse spray. Avoid fine mist-like spraying because it increases the likelihood that you will breathe in unhealthy amounts of glycol. Put it on surfaces well away from the really damaged wood, too. Use glycol lavishly on the suspect wood which will readily absorb 10-20% of its weight of antifreeze.

Next dig out wood that is rotted enough to be weak. Add more glycol to wet the exposed wood thoroughly. Then add the 25% borate solution of the recipe below so long as it will soak in in no more than two to three hours. Then fill in the void with epoxy putty and/or a piece of sound treated wood as required. The reasons I use borates at all are: 1) it is a belt and suspenders approach to a virulent attack, and 2) over a long period glycol will evaporate from the wood, especially, in areas exposed directly to the sun and the high temperatures that result.

If there is any question about water extracting the glycol or the borates, you can retreat periodically with glycol on any surface, painted or bare, and with borate solutions on bare wood.

Glycol's toxicity to humans is low enough that it has to be deliberately ingested (about a half cup for a 150-lb. human); many millions of gallons are used annually with few precautions and without incident. It should not be left where children or pets can get at it as smaller doses would harm them and they may be attracted by its reported sweet taste that I have confirmed by accident. The lethal dose of borates is smaller than of glycol, but the bitter taste makes accidental consumption less likely.

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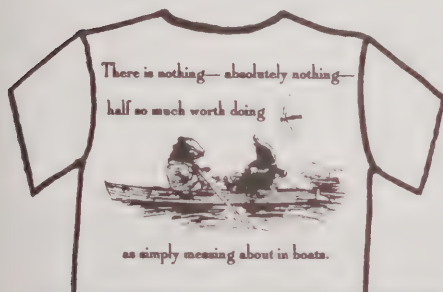
Ship Bor®: Same as Tim Bor®. \$19.95/lb. plus \$2 shipping.

Bora Care®: 40% solution of sodium octaborate in ethylene glycol; 27% borate content; \$70/gal. plus shipping.

Home Brew Water Solution of Borates: All percentages for this recipe and the others here are percentages by weight. Based on U.S. Navy spec of 60% borax 40% boric acid (this ratio gives the maximum solubility of borates in water); 65% water, 20% borax, 15% boric acid; 15.8% borates; borax costs 54¢/lb. (supermarket), boric acid costs about \$4/lb. in drugstores (sometimes boric acid roach poison, 99% boric acid, is cheaper in discount stores); equivalent to Tim Bor® or Ship Bor® at 30¢/lb. To make this

solution, mix the required quantities and heat until dissolved. The boric acid, in particular, dissolves slowly. This solution is stable (no crystals) overnight in a refrigerator (40°F.), so can be used at temperatures at least as low as 40°F.

Home Brew Glycol Solution of Borates: This is equivalent to Bora-Care® diluted with an equal volume of glycol to make it fluid enough to use handily; 50% glycol antifreeze, 28% borax, 22% boric acid. To make a stable solution you mix the ingredients and heat until boiling gently. Boil off water until a candy thermometer shows 260°F. This removes most of the water of crystallization in the borax. This solution is stable at 40°F and has a borate content of 26%. With antifreeze at \$6/gal. and borax and boric acid prices as above, this is equivalent to Bora Care® at about \$15/gal.



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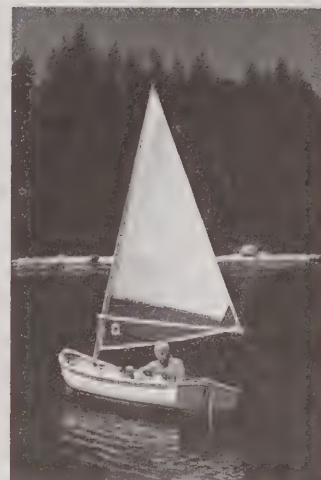


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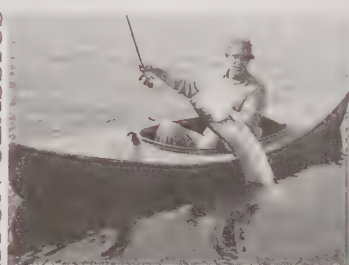
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For the price of a few sheets of plywood, some sticks, and a little glue it is amazing what one can do.

When you need a rest from long distance traveling, or perhaps you simply want to enjoy your local waters, then owning a boat that is both handy and versatile might be just the thing to have.

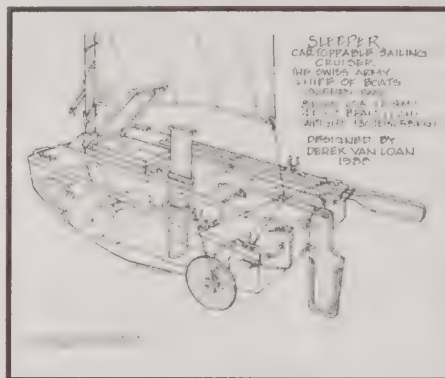
The advantage of a boat this size is that it can be tossed in the back of a pickup or placed on a roof rack in very little time and you are ready to go. Some find great pleasure in simply hanging out at the bay or docks, chatting with other boaters, and having a small boat to cruise around these areas can be great fun.

When the captain is ready for lunch or maybe a short nap before moving on, Sleeper will supply both the stowage area for the food and a bed for that rest. Sleeper's flat decks can readily be used as a lunch counter (or cooking platform) and these same decks can be used for lounging.

Sleeper's building expenses and upkeep can be kept to the minimum if the builder only fiberglass tapes the seams and not the entire craft. Also, if Sleeper is stored inside it should last a lifetime. If the owner has used a qual-

## Building Sleeper Conclusion

By Don Elliott

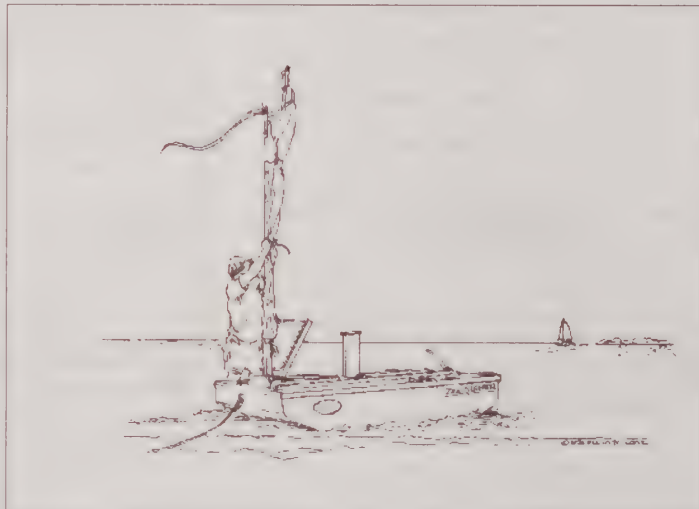
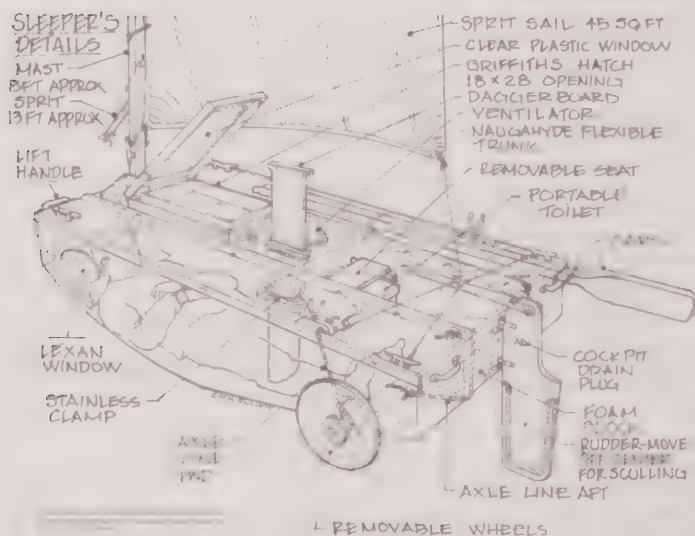


ity marine paint, repainting the craft should only have to be done every three years or so. The sails can easily be protected from the sun's rays by storing them inside Sleeper's

'cabin' (not many dinghies this size have a cabin, much less a bin in which to store stuff).

Storage at home or at the marina is not much of a problem as Sleeper, when placed on its transom, will stand right there, balanced on its flat end, and all that is needed is a small line to make sure it doesn't lose its balance. This feature is also used to allow Sleeper to be placed on the top of a standard land vehicle. Sleeper's instructions not only include building instructions, but all the steps that are required to get the craft from the ground onto the top of the car.

There are, in fact, very few plans that you find that cover as much as Sleeper's plans do. What is very important to any potential boater when he is considering building a small boat of any kind is to make sure the boat does everything that he wishes it to. Avoid making snap decisions on which type or style of boat one should build. It is not uncommon for boat builders to build a boat, only to find in the end this it is not a useful or practical boat for their needs and are soon building another. With Sleeper one can hardly go wrong, it is inexpensive to build, does many things well, and should be a whole lot of fun, to boot.



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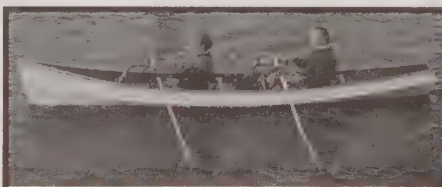
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### Forward facing rowing

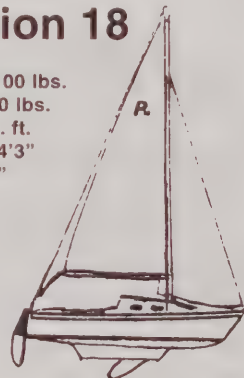
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For centuries people have been rowing backwards, looking back to their port of de-

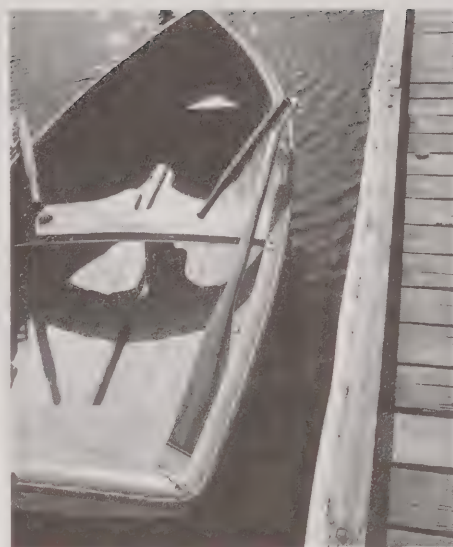
parture instead of forward to their destination. The reason is because the human body has power concentrated in the back, shoulders, and biceps. Pulling with these muscles uses energy more efficiently and transfers more energy to the oars than using a pushing motion.

The FRS-1 Forward Facing Rowing System was designed using CAD/CAM technology to design a simple, reliable system with a minimum of moving parts and the elimination of any need for adjustments. It can be used on almost any kind of dinghy or rowing craft. Other forward rowing systems use complex cable and pulley arrangements which can require complex frequent adjustments. Most specify use only on a particular style of boat or even only on boats manufactured by their company.

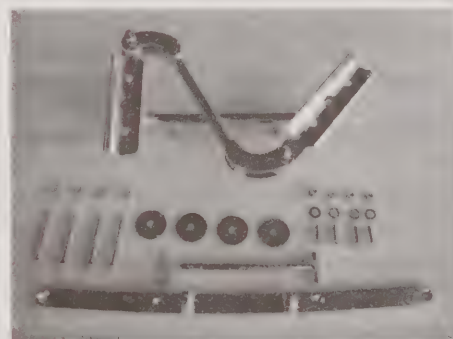
The oar cradles and link arms are asymmetric which increases the movement of the oar blade in relation to the handle and produces a 15% mechanical advantage as less motion on the handle is required to move the blade through a complete cycle. Blades can be swung inboard to store the unit inside the boat without having to remove them from the boat.

No tools are needed to release the entire oar and bracket from the boat for storage.

For more information, contact Gig Harbor Boat Works, Inc., P.O. Box 765, Gig Harbor, WA 98335; phone (253) 851-2126. The FRS-1 is featured at <http://www.forwardrow.com>.



Alongside a dock.



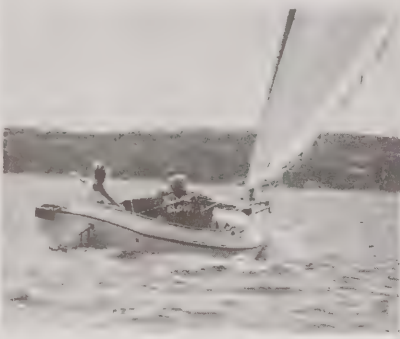
The components.

Action sequence.



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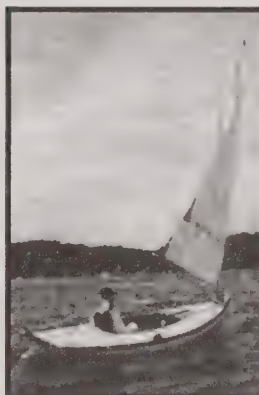


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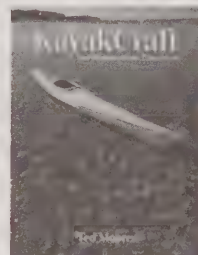
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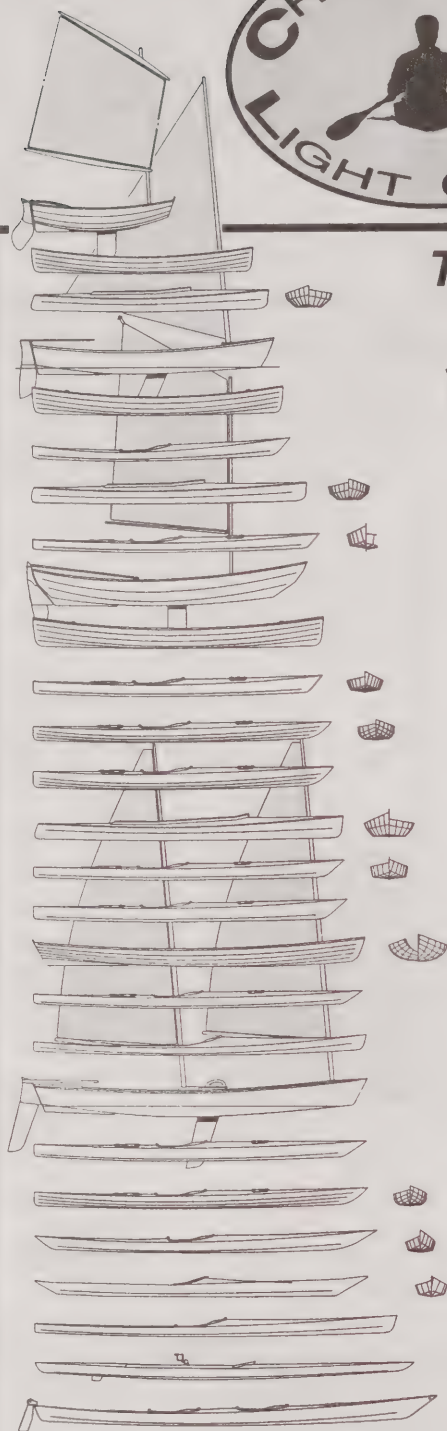
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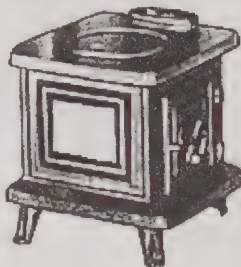
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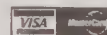


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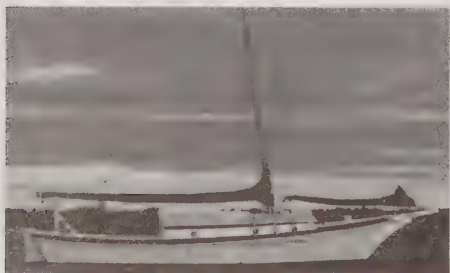
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**16' New Haven Sharpie**, traditional design & constr. Professionally blt to plans of Mystic Seaport's sharpie *W.B.* Vy handy to sail. Cedar on oak, bronze fastened. Egyptian cotton sails. Asking \$3,000. GUY HERMANN, Mystic, CT, (860) 536-2994. (8)

**18' Folding Kayak**, Russian mfg, vy high volume, 2 take down paddles. \$375 obo. **13' FG Peapod**, daggerboard well, 8' oak oars. \$450 obo. **13' Burro FG Camping Trlr**, \$1,800 obo by summer's end. Will consider fg canoe, lg cockpit kayak, small boat trailer or something interesting in trade.. MARTIN KOKUS, Pippa Passes, KY, (606) 368-2340, <martinkokus@alc.edu> (8)



**Drascombe Lugger**, '68. Suzuki 6hp ob, trlr, sails, oars etc. \$5,200. GENE GIFFORDS, East Islip, LI, NY, (631) 206-1261. (8)

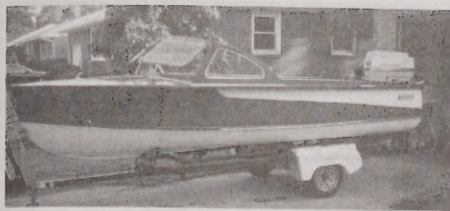


**Bauer 10 Dinghy**, sprit rigged, 10' spruce mast & snotter. Tanbark sail w/pennant. (Atlantic Sail). Whole rig fits inside boat. 3/8 sheet. 2 aft cleats, 1 bow cleat, 7' oars w/hrdwre. Finish of the boat, rudder/tiller, cb is yacht quality. Vinyl rubrail. Full liner w/flotation, 4 watertight access ports. Everything new as of April '04. Fitted galv. trlr w/hold downs. Trlr does not go into water. Performs beautifully w/sprit rig. I'm just too old. Specifications: LOA 10'1", DWL 9'3", Beam 4'9", Draft (board up) 4", (board down) 24", Weight hull approx 130lbs, rigged approx 160lbs. \$3,700. Harry Hershey, 4909 Oxford Dr., Sarasota, FL 34242-1406, (813) 349-3102. (7)

**Pacific Catamaran (P Cat)**, by Newport. FG w/ solid bridge deck & cbs. State of the art ca '64. Everything is there (rigging, cbs, newer rudders, etc.) but quite tired, sails nd replacing. No trlr. Any offer considered, boat nr Augusta, ME. KEN MEYER, Augusta ME, (207) 549-5741, <kmeyer@gwi.net> (7)



**20' Tornado Catamaran**, by Reg White/Sail Craft Ltd. Of England. Blt '71, orig sails & trlr. Never campaigned, day sailed only in freshwater. Upgrades as needed. Vy carefully maintained by orig owner who is getting elderly, must sell. Located upstate NY. \$3,000. JOHN MASON, Norwich, NY, (607) 334-9494. (7)



**'60 Whirlwind 16' Neptune Day Cruiser**, Model 1640, hull #13719. Compl rig incl orig convertible top, 40hp Johnson '60 Model RDSL23 & Gator trlr w/fg art deco fenders w/faux alum grills. All woodwork & most hrdwre orig. Exc cond w/new stain & varnish.  
DAVID BAUMER, Virginia beach, VA, (757) 363-0262. (7)



**Lobsterman's Batteau**, 21'6" x 4'2", blt '01. White pine on Douglas fir frames, copper & bronze fastened. Grt family sized river boat. Asking \$2,500.  
ALLEN HEAD, Concord, NH, (603) 225-2619. (7)

**Swampscott Dory Cloe**, \$7,500 obo. 17' traditional lapstrake construction pine on oak (but with Sikaflex in the laps), blt '97 at Halifax, NS, Maritime Museum. Comes w/2 sailing rigs (balanced lug & sloop) & 2pr Shaw & Tenney oars. Spars & sails new '03. Also incl '03 Loadrite galv trlr. Everything in exc cond. Located MD.  
DOUG OELLER, Germantown, MD, (301) 515-3953, <paifrodocs@comcast.net> for photos & more info. (8)

**19'6" Bristol Corinthian**, Carl Ålberg design, full keel, sloop rigged. Vy pretty boat, provides fast stable keel boat. Ideal for day sailing or overnighting. Positive flotation, lg deep dry cockpit, mahogany ext trim, teak cockpit grate. Comfortable in hvy weather. Grt sailer. 2 sets sails, genoa & main, both vy gd cond. Tradewind 4,000lbs gross wght dual axle trlr. \$3,200.  
TIM QUINN, Wareham, MA, (603) 742-1443. (7)

**22' Lapstrake Dory**, narrow & fast rower. 3 rowing stations, rudder, trlr. Blt by Landing School '94. Vy gd cond. \$1,700. **17' Swampscott Type Dory**, beautiful lines. W/rudder, 2 rowing stations. \$700.  
DONALD CARTER, New Gloucester, ME, (207) 926-4540. (8)

**'15 Old Town Charles River Model 16' Canoe**, hull no. 35720. No canvas, nds compl restoration. Best offer.  
ERIC HAFFNER, Suffield, CT, (774) 232-1917, <chaffner@wncc.edu> (8)



**Tonka 12**, 12'6" dble end rowing boat, fg, positive flotation, oak gunwale capped w/layer of fg, cedar seats. Recently compl refinished inside & out. Weighs under 100lbs. Stable, fast, comes w/set of 7'6" English COLLAR spoon oars (simply the best!) \$1,975.  
SHAM HUNT, Westport, MA, (508) 636-8387, <shamhunt@aol.com> (8)



**Bolger Light Scooner**, 23-1/2', marine ply/epoxy/bronze. Green & cream. See MAIB 2/1/04, Bolger's *Thirty Odd Boats*, "http://www.ace.net.au/schooner/build.htm#start (Tim Fatchen & the Flying Tadpole in Australia). Like new cond, used less than 100hrs (crew grew up, moved away. All equip. Trlr, bearing buddies. Motors avail. \$3,800 inv, come see & make offer.  
DAVID BOLGIANO, Have de Grace, MD, (410) 272-6858. (7)



**'78 Wooden Novi Lobser Boat**, 35' x 13'5", 135hp Ford Deisel. Major refit '02. Hull structurally sound. Some rot in cabin & wheelhouse. Mechanically great. Long list of improvements & repairs. Great coastal cruiser or fishing boat w/potential for seagoing houseboat, but compl operational as is. Sea kindly & economical at 2gal/hr fuel consumption. Invested \$20k, sell for \$10k obo.  
FRED EBINGER, Ipswich, MA, (978) 356-7416. (7)

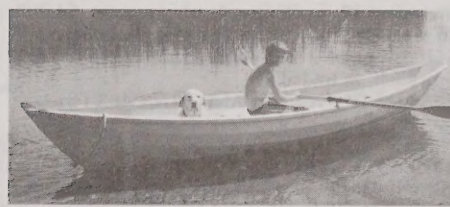
**New Old Town Canoe**, short & beamy, 12' x 42". fg Katahdin model. Has Balogh's classic canoe sail rig, 45sf, floating sectional mast, rudder, cable steering, oars & locks, 2 lg. float bags. Also optional fg drop in rowing seat w/outriggers that fits most canoes but is fairly heavy. Nothing ever used as I got sick first. Stored in garage several yrs. \$800.  
J.H. DAVIDSON, Melrose, MA, (781) 665-6973. (7)

**Windrider Rave Hydrofoil Trimaran**, main, jib, tramps, custom trlr. Display boat, sailed once. \$5,000.  
BOB RUNDUS, Champaign, IL, (217) 359-3000, <brundus@illinoisalumni.org> (8P)

**19' 6" Caledonia Yawl**, Ian Oughtred designed dble ended beach cruiser. Launched '00 Open boat layout w/balanced lug rig & kick up rudder. Quality material throughout: Okoume ply, West System, bronze, mahogany, Douglas fir, Harken blocks, sails by Douglas Fowler, '00 Venture trailer. Fully equipped, has been stored indoors. \$9,550  
ANDY HALL, Lynn, MA, (781) 592-5533. (7)



**20' Victorian Fantail Launch**, Elco hull #ELCO0082C202. Custom mahogany interior w/bronze wheel & cleats. Electr start 9.9 Honda, EZ Loader trlr. \$14,000 BO.  
JOHN RUGGERIO, 9 Lakeside St., Salem, NH 03079, (603) 898-5395. (7)



**15' 6" Swampscott Rowing Dory**, fg w/wood trim. 4 yrs old, 125lbs. Shaw & Tenney oars. \$1,000 boy & dog not incl.  
PEGGY HART, Shelburne Falls, MA, (613) 382-0096, <phart@crocker.com> (8)



**19' Old Town 2-Sail Canoe**, fwd raked bow stem. '29 "Sail Sled" (custom blt, 1 of a kind?). Bare hull refastened 15yrs ago. Nds some tweaking, canvas and taken over the finish line. \$600.  
ROB WHALEN, Westerly, RI, (401) 596-2287. (8)

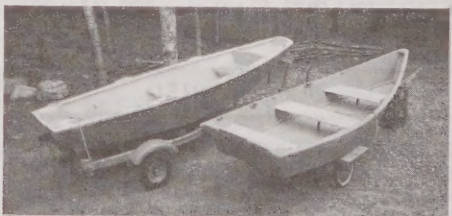
**1975 Catalina 22**, swing keel, on galv trlr, w/'80s Johnson 6hp ob, \$3,500. Upgraded to newest spreader brackets & cockpit drain scuppers. Incl 2 sets sails (main and jib), most original equipment, such as sink/stove unit, and some additional, such as boom tent, life preservers and cockpit cushions. It's been sitting on trlr for 2 seasons, but ready to sail. Pick up in Collingswood, NJ (Philadelphia area).  
ED WINCHESTER, Collingswood, NJ, (856) 296-4543. (8)

**14' Cape Dory Handy Cat**, Cape Cod style catboat. '71. Gaff rig. Sitka spruce spars, teak coaming & seats. FG hull. 4.5hp British Seagull ob, cover & trlr. All in vy good cond. A comfortable, classic day sailer! \$6,950 compl.  
ERIC KRETZMANN, Mansfield, OH, (419) 589-4050, <kretzmnn.4@netzero.net> (8)

**'86 Dovekie**, 21' Shoal draft cruising sailboat, sail or row, 4" draft, easy to trlr. Include trlr & equipment, gd cond. \$5,000  
JON KIMBALL, Eliot, ME, (207) 439-7207. (7)

**16' Kayak**, repairable. \$50.  
ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (7P)

**21' Sea Pearl**, '87 model w/cb & water ballast. Boat & sails are 'in exc cond & comes complete with Hutch trlr, convertible fwd cabin, rowing thwart w/10' oars, 2hp motor, fg covers for fwd cockpit, tonneau cover for forward cockpit, ob motor bracket, blue sunbrella boat cover, bilge pump & anchor w/chain & rode. \$5,200. Will deliver within 500 miles of San Francisco.  
R. DOORMAN, or call (707) 265-8415, <rdoormann@vom.com> (8)



**Stretched Auray Punt**, 11' x 4'2", 1/4" mahogany fg ply, ss cleats & hwdre, transom knee storage compartments w/deck plates, compass, oars, removable center thwart for spacious center, reinforced transom for small ob. 2 rowing stations. Asking \$1,500. **Monhegan Skiff**, 12' x 4'2", mahogany fg ply, bronze hwdre, 2 rowing stations. Asking \$1,200. Call for info & photos.  
HANS WAECKER, 47 Bowman's Landing Rd., Georgetown, ME 04548, (207) 371-2282. (8)

**Starwing 19**, by Wellcraft, trlr & motor. \$4,200.  
**16' ComPac**, nice rig. \$2,995, designers choice trlr. \$1195. **CL 14'**, nice w/trlr. Bend in mast. \$995.  
**Sun Fish**, as traded.  
 FERNALD', Newbury MA, (978) 465-0312.  
 (8P)

**1890's J. H. Rushton 13' LOA Pleasure Boat**, Beautiful (same as photo after page 124 in Atwood Manley's book *Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing*). Planking, decking, gunwales etc. Bottom 4" 5" sections only of more than 15 ribs weakened or missing from dry rot possibly? Easy repair. Also missing is 1 oarlock, 1 seat brace and 2 removable floorboards. Temporary floor boarding screwed in bottom. 1 cowl has 2 cracks. Has 2 pennant holders and unique brass plate stating, "J.H. Rushton's Boats & Canoes, Sold by the H. & D. Folsom Arms Co. 314 Broadway, New York." Totally seaworthy. \$8,800.  
**'23 20' Old Town Guide Special Canoe**, #73726, CS Grade. Two pairs of adjacent cracked ribs, 30" poorly done inwale scarf. Totally seaworthy. \$1,800. **16' Wood Canvas Canoe Hull**, (no stem numbers). Canvas removed peaks and decks nd work, outwales in 5 pieces. \$250. Photos at [www.wallkilldesign.com/boats](http://www.wallkilldesign.com/boats).  
 LEE ROSENTHAL, Wallkill, NY, (845) 895 3137, call anytime. (8)

**17'7" Current Design Solstice GT Kayak**, vy light use, exc cond, 24-1/4" beam, 31" cockpit for easy entrance/exit, w/skirt. Jade deck, fine entry, effortless paddling, handles rough chop superbly. Lots of storage room. Paddle float & Werner paddle. Asking \$2,100  
 ROCKY KEITH, S. Dartmouth MA, (508) 994 0877. (8)

**16' Town Class Sailboat**, blt mid '70s. FG w/wood spars & trim. Package incl 2 sets sails & trlr. A classic in exc shape. \$3,400.  
 COURTNEY MACLACHIAN, Amesbury, MA, (978) 388-7768, <cmaclach@earthlink.net> (8P)



**18' Simmons Cat-Ketch Skiff**, '84. Cedar lapstrake, 3/4 decked, 6' beam, 18" draft, plank keel, cb, 3" bulwark coaming. Removable sliding seat, 2 rowing stations, 4 Simmons oars, Bohndell genoa, main, mizzen. Cox trlr. \$5,000.  
 KENNETT LOVE, Sag Harbor, NY, (631) 725-7856. (8)

#### BOATS WANTED

**20' 26' FG CB hull**, w/trlr  
 KEN MEYER, Augusta ME, (207) 549-5741,  
 <kmeyer@gwi.net> (7)

#### GEAR FOR SALE

**Vintage Outboards**, parts, electrics.  
 ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107.  
 (7P)

**Bow Pulpit**, off 28' sloop. Abt 15" between up-  
 rights at bow end, abt 42" at aft end. \$80.  
 ED CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435. (7)

38



**A Tough Jacktar**, holding his billy stick (18th C. British sailor) is featured on this T-shirt. Dramatic woodcut printed on an Ash Grey shirt. The words say it all! Perfect gift for any sailor, rower, or old salt! Medium-X large \$17.00, XXL \$19.00, S&H \$4.50 in North America. We accept Visa, Master Card & American Express.  
 NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA,  
 Phone/Fax (207) 442-7237, <crew@norsgear.com> [www.norsgear.com](http://www.norsgear.com) (TFP)

**Outriggers**, for canoe or kayak. \$75. 1-1/2hp Cruise 'N Carry ob, 12lbs.  
 C.J. BELLING, Warsaw, IN, (574) 268-1990. (7)

**Shaw & Tenney 6-1/2' Spoon Oars**, cherry tipped w/sewn on leathers/buttons. Used perhaps 12hrs total. Nd longer oars. \$80 plus shipping from Austin, TX Can email pictures.  
 STEVE LANSLOWNE, Austin, TX, (512) 371 7148, <slanslow@ev1.net> (8)

**4hp Johnson OB**, ('90), never been used, stored indoors, mint cond. Perfect for messing about in a small boat. Asking \$450.  
 STUART DAWSON, York Harbor, ME, (207) 363-7436. (7)

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 THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918, Toll free (877) 637-7464, [www.messingabout.com](http://www.messingabout.com) (TFP)

#### GEAR WANTED

**Kerosene Running Lights**, suitable for Martha Jane. Also **20lb-25lb Yachtsman's Anchor**.  
 LEO SMITH, Wynantsville, NY, (518) 283-0565.  
 (8)

**9.9hp 15hp Short Shaft OB**, for "Poor man's Whaler."  
 KEN MEYER, Augusta ME, (207) 549-5741,  
 <kmeyer@gwi.net> (7)

**Steering Wheel & Base**, for '50s Penn Yan, any cond.  
 JIM MANNING, 15 Eastern Ave., Beverly, MA 01915, (978) 922-6655, <cztswift@aol.com> (7)

#### BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Wooden Boat Magazines**, #1-150, 1<sup>st</sup> 25 yrs. \$250 plus shipping. **Maritime Life & Tradition Magazines**, #1-#24. \$50 plus shipping.  
 RON RENDER, San Diego, CA (619) 223-4351.  
 (7)

**Robb White & Sons Sport Boat**, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs.  
 ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799. (TFP)



**Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat)**, Bolger design, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.  
 DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@ec.rr.com>

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



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



**\$400 Touring Kayak for \$85?** Yes! Just spend an easy 10hrs & you'll have Li'l Beauty, nationally advertised 39lb 2-person kayak, perf for camping, fishing or just exploring. Send \$2 for exciting photo info brochure or \$18 for compl building manual.  
 HOBBYCRAFT KAYAKS, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, NC 28692. (TFP)

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

#### MISCELLANEOUS MARINE RELATED FOR SALE OR RENT

[www.kleppers.org](http://www.kleppers.org). (TFP)

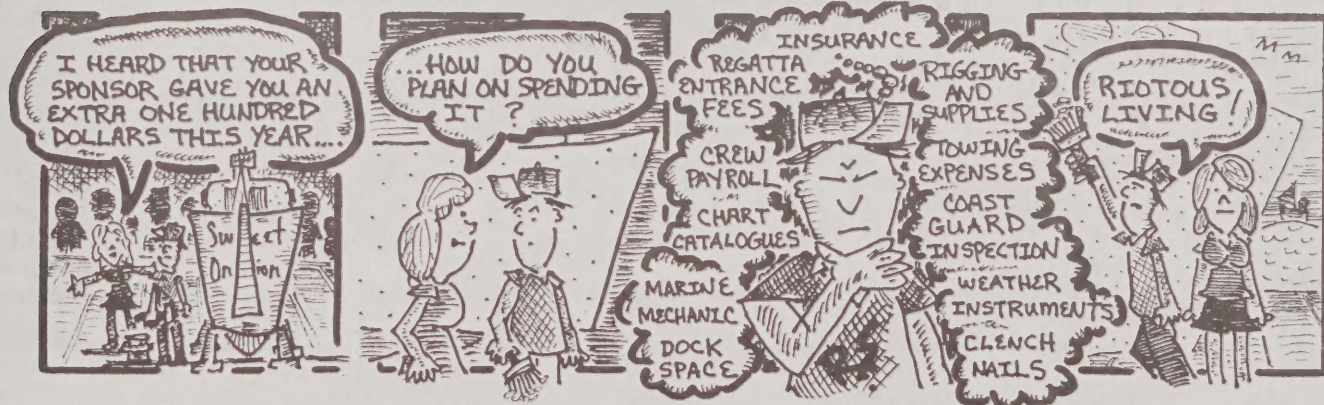
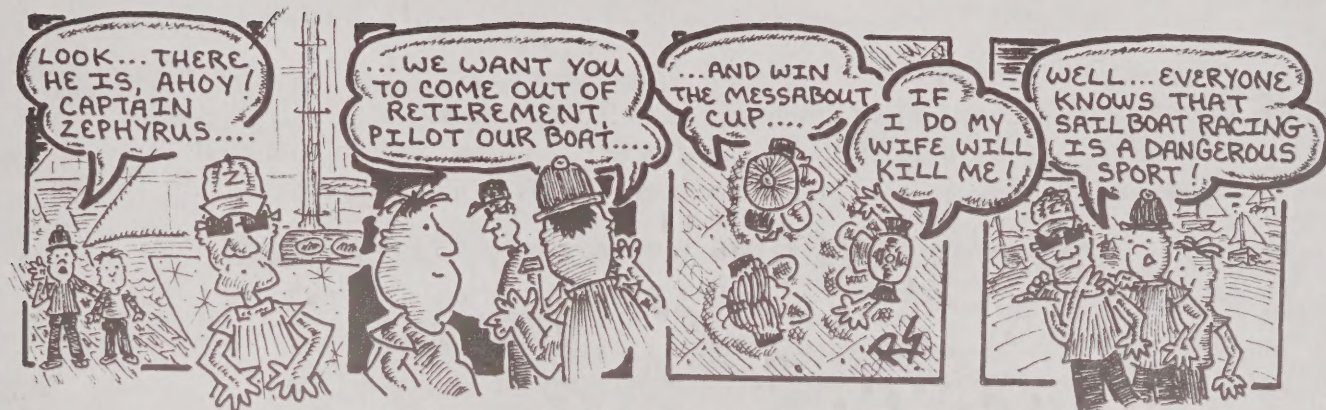
**Small Boat Repairs**, canoes, kayaks, shells, skiffs, etc. Wood, fiberglass, plastic, aluminum. Reasonable & fast.  
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Just enjoy and take it all in, even in the snow! Bradley Lake, Andover, N.H. Photo: Brownell

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