

Special Features This Issue
"The Blackburn Challenge" - "To the Bay"
"Robert H. Cloutman, Boatbuilder"



messing about in **BOATS**

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November 1, 2003



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In mid-September we had the pleasure of a visit from Chuck and Sandra Leinweber who publish the online small craft "magazine" *Duckworks*. They were on an extended tour from Texas to Ontario, thence on to Maine and then homeward, passing nearby enroute. They had attended a small boat messabout in Kingston, Ontario, and in Maine had visited with several boatbuilders. We were about the last stop before they took a straight shot back to Texas.

As you might expect, it was a great opportunity for us to talk shop, for the Leinweber's online magazine is similar to our publication in concept, content, and in scale, if not in technology. About five years ago they launched their effort and have been slowly building up readership. They also operate an online store for plans such as those of Jim Michalak, John Welsford, and Jeff Gilbert. It is still a bootstrap operation but so is ours, now 21 years along. This is not a way to make money in publishing, operating as mom-and-pop enterprises. But it is very satisfying and earns enough for us to keep on keeping on.

While we are stuck in the past in print media, which does not yet seem to have been seriously displaced by electronic publication, I could see where the Leinwebers are amongst those focused on the future. They are about where we were in 1988 in growth and prospects, but their electronic alternative does have some real advantages. No printing bill and no postage bill, to name two of our major costs of doing business. If enough people are out there willing to pay to view *Duckworks* online regularly, this lack of overhead is an enormous advantage.

There does seem to be a cult of freeloading that inhabits the internet, witness the ongoing furor in the music industry over illegal free downloading of music through file sharing websites which, of course, renders purchasing CDs unnecessary, a major financial loss for the music publishers. Chuck

explained that their website does have free content, along with his promoting of the plans and products he sells in their store. But he found that if what was out there to be read for free led to more to be read by subscribing, people would subscribe.

The big plus for an electronic publication is the substantially reduced costs of providing a publication to readers and the flexibility in continuously modifying it anytime rather than putting it together as single packets every so often, as does print media. The major minus that still looms large to me is that you must read it on a computer screen (an appalling task to me after a lifetime of reading printed pages held in hand) or print it out to read it as you would a printed publication. Today's online folks dismiss this as a non-issue, but judging from the proliferation of printed magazines, including many aimed at, incredibly enough, online people (why do they need them if online media does it all?) suggests to me that the day of print media is not yet over.

The parallel to how the age of steam displaced the age of sail on the water is inescapable to me. As steam appeared and began to take over the tasks performed by sail it was no sudden revolution, it took over 100 years for steam to effectively put sail out of business commercially. And gasoline power has never entirely replaced sail and human power in smaller recreational craft.

However it may proceed on today's information superhighway of the internet, we will continue to be a dirt road reaching out to those of you who still prefer to get your messing about news in this fashion. I do urge those who have not looked into *Duckworks* to do so (www.duckworksmagazine.com), you might like what you see, and eventually they will inherit our place when we reach the end of our capability to carry on. I hasten to add that this is not imminent, but the years are adding up now to alarmingly large numbers.

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On the Cover...

In this issue Jose Joven brings us the first of two parts of his tale of a canoeing adventure with two friends down the wild Lower Missinaibi River to James Bay in northern Ontario, a 10 day escape from civilization on their own in the wilderness.

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

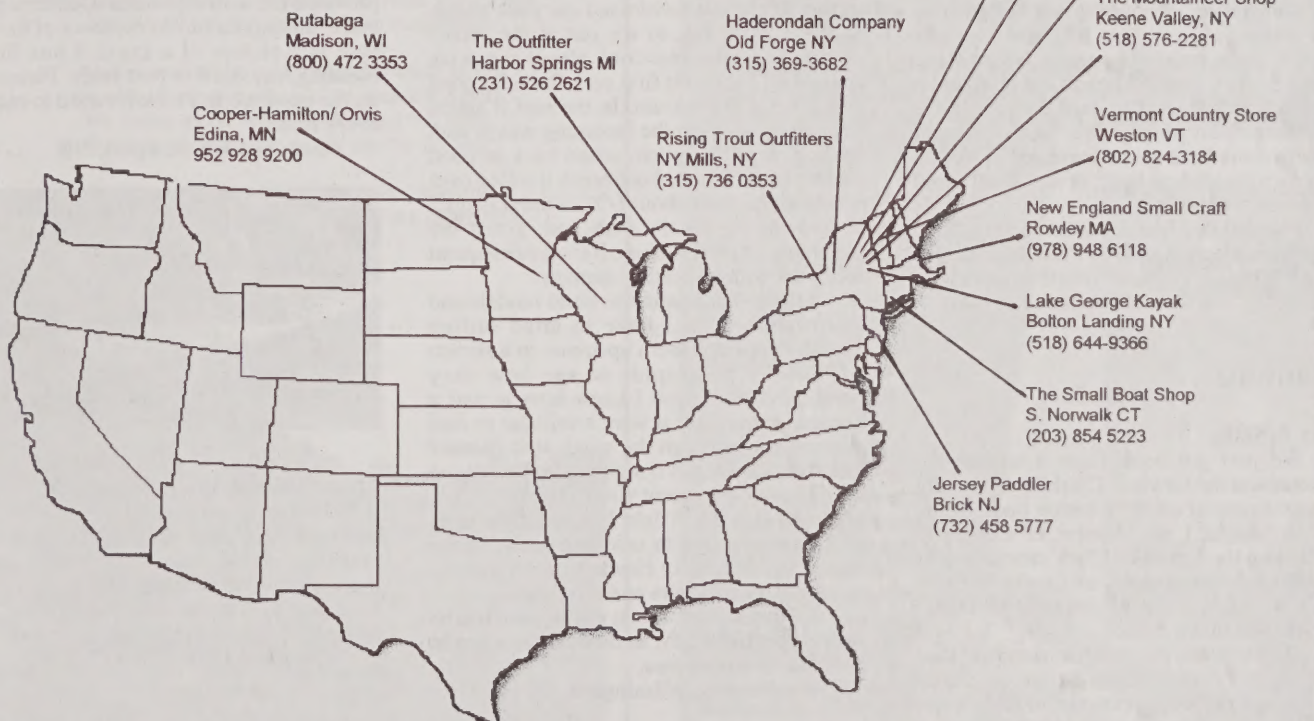
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"It is 5:15 a.m. I am rowing my
Steve Kaulback Adirondack Guide
Boat off the coast of Cape Cod. The
waters are glassy. My prow slices
the surface. I disturb several diving
cormorants. I am transfixed. I am in
touch. I am human. Great stuff.
Trust me."

Tom Peters, Forbes



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You write to us about...

Information of Interest...

Navigation Lights

All vessels from 16' on up are required by Federal law to display navigation lights from sunset to sunrise and in or near areas of reduced visibility. Many small boats, especially those with hand start outboards, do not have nav lights. "But I never go out at night", the owners say. True, but have you never been caught in a thunderstorm, haze or fog? In those all too common situations, navigation lights can be an important contribution to safety and they are not only easy to install but are very inexpensive.

For boats that do not have a built in electrical system there are clip on bow and stem lights available, powered by flashlight batteries. Get a set... they make great Christmas presents. Carry them in a readily accessible place. Mount them and turn them on when there is the slightest question of reduced visibility. Those of us who operate small boats are particularly likely to be overlooked by our larger colleagues and nav lights can make a real safety difference.

Get a set at your local boat or wholesale store and then each year, possibly on Memorial Day as a date easy to remember, replace the flashlight batteries and be set for another season of boating safety.

Tom Shaw, Wilmington, NC

Winter at Wooden Boat Factory

Our Fall & Winter Classes Schedule is now available on request. We also have two recently built boats for sale, a 14' Antonio Dias designed Small English dayboat and a restored 1965 Beetle Cat, both detailed in the schedule pamphlet. We also accept commissions from those interested in having their own dream boat built, in wood and wood composite methods.

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 West Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400, info@woodenboatfactory.org, www.woodenboatfactory.org.

Opinions...

Oars & Sails

We just got back from a trip to the Dakotas and the Lewis & Clark Trail. Having seen Indians carve out a canoe back in the '50s in Seattle, I was, I hope, of some help explaining the Lewis & Clark canoes to our Elderhostel companions, as Lewis & Clark had to leave their keel boat and two others enroute and make canoes.

Of interest to me was the Mandan "Bull Boat", larger than a coracle, and its oar which has a notch shaped, I presume, to keep water flowing rather than piling up and spilling over the oar edges, sort of like the hole in a parachute. The oar is about 6' long with a blade about 10" wide by 24" long. I have sculled (pulling stroke) a coracle once at a boat show in London so I'm interested in trying this out and bought some vinyl coated

fabric to substitute for the buffalo skin on the hull.

The frame is of willow branches about 1"-1-1/2", with two sets of four or five ribs at 90 degrees, each rib running across the bottom and up the chine to the rail, all lashed together as is the covering at the rail. The lashings are a stout 3/16" or so spaced about 2" apart. It was explained that a couple of Lewis & Clark's men lost their horses on an excursion and returned to the main party in one of these boats.

Enroute home our group came by way of Erie, Pennsylvania where the *Niagara* (3rd) is located. Perry captured the sloop *Little Belt* in the pivotal battle on Lake Erie, a sloop the British captured from my ancestors at Mackinaw Island. They were imprisoned in Detroit. The sloop had been named *Friend's Goodwill*, but the British changed that and added topmast, topsail and headsail. The museum states that she was too small to have been damaged in the battle.

I'm grateful to read Richard Carsen's recent letter about transom mounted sail rig as I have a small one-man boat similar in profile to his sketch, except I sit midway fore an aft.

I recently purchased an 8' inflatable pontoon boat meant for fishing, but returned it because the oars did not work. Having built an 8' pram for hunting and fishing, I hoped the pontoons would do well, although there's no deck so anything dropped can be watched all the way down.

I made a model (decked flush) similar to the Norseboat advertised on your pages, except for the rig, to try out at the Jersey shore. It has a marconi sloop rig with spinnaker. I sailed it first on a flat tidal pond and it went like a train. In the surf it sailed straight out to meet the incoming waves and, finding them too much, sailed back in good surfing form. In the shore break it rolled over breaking the mast about 1/3rd of the way up. I lashed the rig to the stub and, given the flexibility of the lashings, it took subsequent rollovers with no further damage.

I think it is prudent to build models and learn from them. I have in mind sailing models on strings from upstream in a stream with rocks and rapids to see how they navigate. I also wish I knew how to sail a kite on strings as if it were a sailboat to find the best way through the winds that channel like river flows. It's complicated, I can't see the airflow. On a recent visit to Dayton, Ohio, I learned that the Wright brothers flew kites with control wires to test their ideas in the steady winds at Kitty Hawk, then applied the results to their gliders and airplanes.

Sailing is real akin to gliding and merits very respectful study, as do holes/notches in oars like in parachutes.

Jim Hodges, Wilmington, DE

The Best Nautical Books?

Someone like me who loves to read and is also infected with the malady of building boats was astounded at the list of nautical books supplied in the Sept. 1 issue of *MAIB*. Maybe west coast tastes differ radically from

the midwest, south, east and elsewhere, but I doubt it. I recognized only two of the authors and none of the titles.

Without making too much noise about it, here is a brief list of many that have given me much pleasure. Some are old, all but two are non fiction. They are in no particular order and I know that I have left out some good ones.

Sailing Alone Around The World, Joshua Slocum; *Gypsy Moth Circles the World*, Sir Francis Chichester; *Close To The Wind*, Peter Goss; *The Sea Wolf and Cruise of the Shark*, Jack London; *Two Years Before The Mast*, R. H. Dana; *Master And Commander* (and anything else by), Patrick O'Brian; *Blue Latitudes*, Tony Horwitz; *Admiral Of The Ocean Sea* (and others by) S. E. Morison.

There are others, but I know that you all will ignore too long a list. However, for the thousands of us who have been tickled and educated by Robb White's regular contributions to *Messing About In Boats*, I have to mention his recently published (Hyperion, New York) *How To Build a Tin Canoe*.

Ward Knockemus, Coden, AL

This Magazine...

Pretty Long Run

Please find enclosed my subscription payment for another year of *MAIB*. I just checked my collection of back issues and it seems I have been a subscriber since October of 1998. That's a pretty long run on one magazine for me (a lot longer than some of the glossy boat mags made it).

Over the years, this publication has provided me with information, entertainment, and even inspiration. As evidence of the latter, here is a picture of a kayak I just finished building, my third in two years. Please keep up the good work, I look forward to each and every issue.

Gary Searles, Newport, NH



Likes "Beyond the Horizon"

I wish to commend you for recently adding a monthly column by Hugh Ware on maritime news and mishaps. His subject matter is somewhat far afield from small boating but it is refreshing and very interesting. Mr. Ware writes very well!

George Walton, Norwalk, CT

Opened Whole New World

Thank you very much for your publication. Going to any of the local marinas I didn't think that there was anyone interested in small boats. You have opened up a whole new world for me.

Edward Stagis, Plainville, CT



Poet's Corner

I don't remember if I sent the attached poem to you before, but I've noticed you're printing more of this sort of thing lately, so I thought you might like it. I wrote it after the last time my Dad and I put his canoe on the Ipswich, back in '96. He passed away last October, but we got one last paddle together before he went.

Tapley Brook, the outlet from the Spring Pond reservoir in South Peabody, is just half a block from the old house, and in recent years has been opened to paddle boating. As a kid growing up there it had always been off limits, so I naturally wanted to get out on it now that it is legal.

After checking it out in my Pak Yak I decided it was too nice a paddle for Dad to miss, so we got the Old Town out of the basement and I wheeled it down the street on a dolly. Dad walked along with me and we got it launched and had a nice paddle, end to end. That was Dad's last bit of messing about.

The photo I took on Tapley Brook with Dad in the bow. The poem is below. Dad really liked it.

On the Ipswich

We strap the old canoe atop the car
and drive a few miles to the little stream.

We don't intend to paddle very far,
just far enough to freshen up our dream.

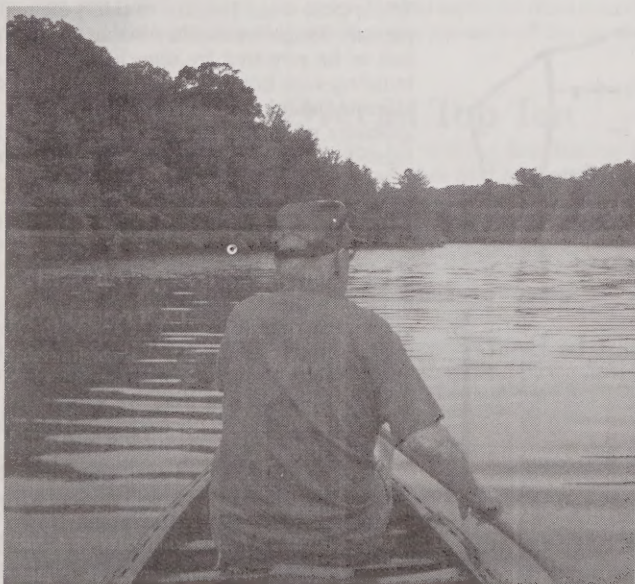
We paddle up the winding stream a ways,
past sunken logs and under hanging trees.
Each sight and smell brings back those yesterdays
that dwell among our favorite memories.

And as we stroke and guide our craft along
we talk of other times we've wandered here.

We listen as the birds trade song for song,
we marvel that such peace can be so near.

And feel that fortune favors us somehow
that we have shared such times as we share now.

June 1996



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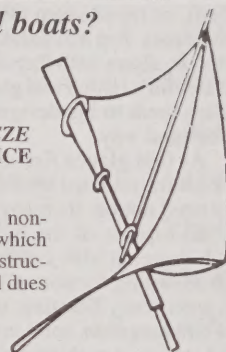
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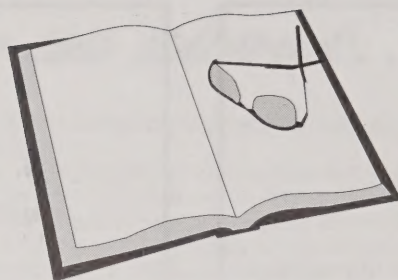


Boatbuilding For Beginners (And Beyond)

By Jim Michalak
Illustrations by Alyssum Pilato

Published by Breakaway Books 2002
P. O. Box 24, Halcottsville, NY 12438 (800)
548-4348 - \$24.95pp

Reviewed by Greg Grundtisch



Book Reviews

This new how to book for first time builders is the most comprehensive of its type for building inexpensive, hard chine (tack and tape, or quick and dirty as they are sometimes called), or taped seam (stitch and glue) plywood boats. Jim Michalak combines his own methods, along with Payson's (tack and tape) and Devlin's (stitch and glue) techniques, and applies them to his designs in a very easy to understand way.

At first glance first time builders might be a bit intimidated by this book's size. But they need not be. Its many pages cover virtually all aspects of the building process and much more. It also covers other "how tos" such as sailing for non sailors, capsized recovery, emergency flotation, trailers, car toppers, fuel consumption, used motors, and other related topics. Anything one could think of in regard to boating is covered. Whoops, I almost forgot. There are also plans included for building skiffs, rowboats, and sailboats.

The book begins with choosing the right design and then discusses the various properties of the materials to be used, such as lumber and its qualities, glues, fasteners, finishing material, and tools. In a very easy to follow way, Jim takes you step by step through the building process. His descriptions answer potential questions a beginner would have at the various stages of assembly. From the initial measuring for parts and panels to the finished boat, nothing is left out.

The book also covers sail making, spar and oar making, outboard motors, and any and all things a first time builder would need to successfully finish a boat. There is a section of boatbuilding websites, some further reading recommendations, a list of suppliers, and a selection of plans available for sale, in addition to the ones included in the book.

There were a couple of things I disagreed with, such as using 5mm lauan floor underlayment for boatbuilding. Lauan is a dangerous material for boatbuilding. And I think a spritsail is a better choice for a small boat than the suggested lugsail. It is true of the former, and a matter of choice for the latter, even though I'm right. Sorry, all you lug nuts out there.

I only mentioned some of the many things that are in this excellent book. One will not only find it helpful and interesting, but it will be money well spent for building that first boat and future building projects. There are other similar "beginner" books out there, but this is the most easy to understand, complete, and up to date one I've seen.

I have built a few plywood boats so I am no longer a true beginner, but I did find this book informative and a useful reference. Anyone building for the first time, or a beginner on the way to building a few boats of his own, should buy this book. It will save time and make building more enjoyable.

The Race

"The First Nonstop, Round
the World, No Holds Barred
Sailing Competition"

By Tim Zimmermann

Houghton Mifflin, Boston 2002, \$25.00

Reviewed by Steven Fisher

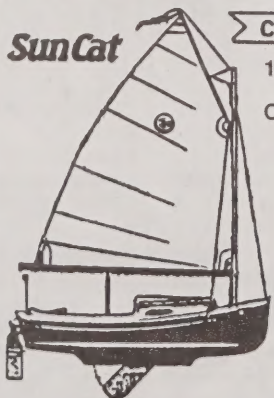
I last sailed about 15 years ago on my brother's Catalina 34. We sailed somewhere around Cape Cod and mostly what I remember was getting seasick. Prior to that I had sailed many times with my Dad in his Catalina 22 on the L.I. Sound, never getting seasick. In the intervening years I've spent many hours fishing on boats and not really giving sailing a thought other than reading a book on the Vendee Globe race and all of the Patrick O'Brien books. When I retired two years ago I started building small boats and reading anything I could find in the library on boats.

The Race was displayed jacket facing forward with a photo of a giant catamaran racing through heavy seas. A quick glance at the jacket blurb and I had to check the book out. Much to my surprise I was quickly drawn into the world of giant open ocean racing catamarans. The first few chapters are a rather interesting exploration of the history of extreme sailing from the clipper ships, making record setting daily runs, through the voyage of Slocum's *Spray* and into the modern era of single handers like Chichester and the Vendee Globe sailors. Without exception, a fascinating group of people.

What makes this race different from the Whitbread, Around Alone, or Vendee Globe is that it was to be an organized non stop race around the world for crewed boats of an open design to goad and inspire multihulls larger and faster than anything previously built. While there was a long list of safety elements, the only design limitation was that all winches had to be powered by muscle. The cost of building such boats was high and there were a limited number of entries due to a lack of sponsors with deep pockets. Boats were designed taking advantage of all the newest composite materials with an eye for strength, light weight, and the ability to stand up to speeds up to and exceeding, 40 knots.

The story of the design and testing of these monster multihulls is a blending of modern technology being applied to an ancient mode of transportation. For me that was the most interesting part of the book, the race itself being somewhat anti climactic. Of course, I should add that the winning boat crossed the finish line 62 days after the start. Amazing.

I should add that I read this book this past winter while I was busy building a Shell Boats Swift 12 in my basement. Now I'm about to launch my handiwork and fantasizing about building a larger boat to cruise the world. It's fun to dream.

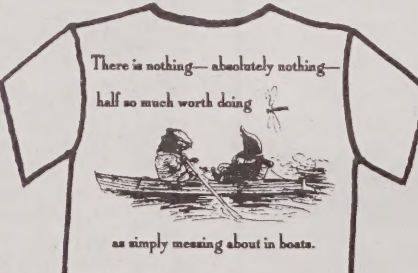


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Blackburn Challenge

By Bob Hicks

They keep on coming each July to test themselves over 20 miles of open ocean in their rowing and paddling craft. This year 166 boats were entered and 148 of them went the distance, with a span of four hours from Patrice Rioux and Al Flanders in their MAAS sliding seat racing double out front in 2:33:25 to Laura Evans in her 10' fiberglass dinghy in 6:34:30. As I sat onshore at a couple of vantage points for photo ops around the course and contemplated what still lay before them, I could only think of how motivated each must be, each for their own reasons, to endure this grueling challenge.

Conditions this year were quite benign, the outbound course up the west shore of the Cape in Ipswich Bay a placid calm, the inbound course after rounding Halibut Point and crossing Sandy Bay in Rockport heading into a rising southwesterly, as yet in mid-morning not too strong. The roughest seas were over the final two miles across Gloucester Harbor after rounding the Eastern Point breakwater, wakes raised by powerboat traffic coming and going.

The ongoing contest for fastest overall time between the sliding seat racing double shells and the six-person outrigger canoes again went to the former, two shells finishing 1-2, the winning team five minutes ahead of the third place outrigger, this year conditions really favoring the shells.

Herewith are the statistics, a Top Ten Overall ranking, and the class winners ranked in order of finishing times so that those of you interested in doing such comparisons amongst the array of small human powered boats can indulge.

This year we also have two sidebars of some interest, one a 1966 newspaper story about Gloucester's Phil Bolger issuing a challenge 37 years ago to others to have a rowing race around Cape Ann; the other a 2003 newspaper story about one participant's experience and perceived achievement this summer.



Manu'iwa, top finishing outrigger canoe, had to settle for third overall behind the two sliding seat rowing doubles, five minutes off the overall winning pace.

Overall Top Ten

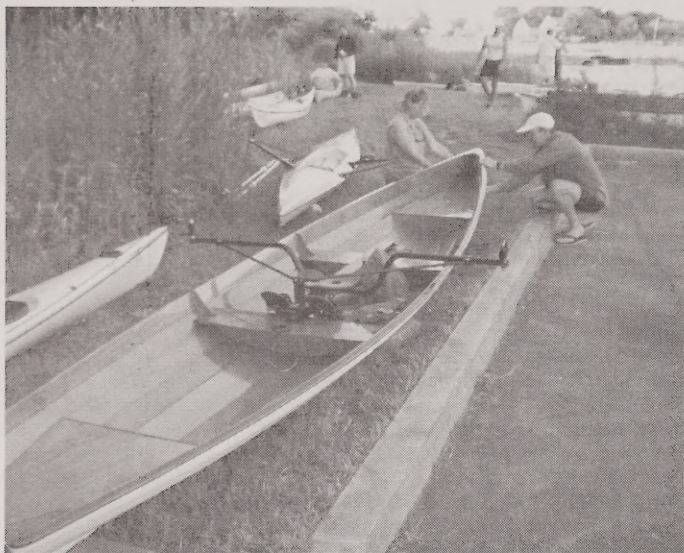
1	Patrice Rioux/Al Flanders	MAAS Sliding Seat Racing Double	2:33:25
2	Joe Holland/Peter Kermond	Kingfisher Sliding Seat Racing Double	2:37:30
3	Manu'iwa, Blake Conant, Paul Dyka, John Mathieu, Mark Lessaad, John Edwards, Randy Martin	OC6 Force 5 Outrigger Canoe	2:38:34
4	Northeast Outrigger Team 1: Nick Lyesiuk, Doug Howard, Dick Ulbrich, Gary Aprea	OC6 Outrigger Canoe	2:42:53
5	Dan Gorriaran	Peinert Dolphin Sliding Seat Racing Single	2:44:20
6	Ben Lawry	Mako Millenium Surf Ski	2:48:41
7	New England Outrigger: Olsen, Bill Kuklinski, Dave Lamoureux, Eric	OC6 Outrigger Canoe	2:49:18
8	Joe Glickman	Fenn Mako Surf Ski	2:52:21
9	Rich Klajnscek	Rec Racer II Sliding Seat Racing Single	2:54:22
10	Cohasset Maritime Institute: Rosamund Healy, Evan Cutler, Scott Bradford, Eamon Joyce	CYC Pilot 26 Multi Sliding Seat w/Cox	2:55:18

Class Winners

Sliding Seat Racing Double: 2 Entrants	
MAAS: Patrice Rioux, Al Flanders	2:33:25
Outrigger Canoes: 10 Entrants	
OC6 Force 5: Blake Conant, Paul Dyka, John Mathieu, Mark Lessaad, John Edwards, Randy Martin	2:38:34
Sliding Seat Racing Single Men: 15 Entrants	
Peinert Dolphin: Dan Gorriaran	2:44:20
Surf Skis Men: 6 Entrants	
Maki Millenium: Ben Lawry	2:48:41
Multi Sliding Seat w/Cox: 2 Entrants	
CYC Pilot 26: Cohasset Maritime Institute: Rosamund Healy, Evan Cutler, Scott Bradford, Eamon Joyce	2:55:18
Open: 3 Entrants	
Custom Triple: Bill Wolbach, Ken Parker, Shelya Donohoe	2:57:03
Kayaks Racing Single Men: 16 Entrants	
Thunderbolt: Brian Heath	3:01:33
Multi w/Cox: 2 Entrants	
Cornish Gig: Mike Jenness, Tim Snow, Ian Dargin, David Sierreveld, David Yoder	3:04:37
Kayaks Touring Double Mixed: 4 Entrants	
Guillemot 25: Tom Mailhot, Sara Evertson	3:10:31
Kayaks Touring Single Men: 55 Entrants	
West Side EFT: Rod McLain	3:15:15
Kayaks Touring Double Men: 7 Entrants	
NA: Joe Royer, Ken Fink	3:20:17
Surf Skis Double: 1 Entrant	
Mako Double Surf: Dana Gaines, Pam Browning	3:22:46
Outrigger Canoe Single: 2 Entrants	
OC1 Huki: Rusty McLain	3:24:49
Sliding Seat Touring Single Men: 5 Entrants	
Annapolis Wherry: Don Seymour	3:36:59
Surf Skis Women: 1 Entrant	
Futura II: Kinley Gregg	3:45:23
Fixed Seat Double: 6 Entrants	
Piscataqua Wherry: Donald & Dustin Carter	3:46:30
Kayaks Racing Single Women: 1 Entrant	
WSB Seafarer Sprint: Denise Radtke	3:46:35
Kayaks Racing Double: 1 Entrant	
FG: Scott Cole, Scott Berk	3:49:41
Fixed Seat Single Men: 13 Entrants	
Adirondack Guideboat: Paul Neil	3:57:06
Kayaks Touring Single Women: 6 Entrants	
Seda Glider: Alexandra Landrum	4:13:52
Sliding Seat Racing Single Women: 1 Entrant	
Alden Starr: Monika Dorman	4:14:14
Banks Dory Double: 4 Entrants	
Glenn Harrington/Jeff Muise	4:27:50
Banks Dory Single: 1 Entrant	
Jim Tarantino	5:53:55
Fixed Seat Single Women: 1 Entrant	
10' FG Dinghy: Laura Evans	6:34:30
Kayaks Touring Double Women: 2 Entrants	
No finishers	

Sliding seat solo shell vs racing solo sea kayak round the Eastern Point breakwater and head into the final dash to the finish. The rowers still top the paddlers in this matchup, the top solo sliding seat placed 5th overall about 17 minutes ahead of the top racing kayak single in 15th place.





Don Seymour built his CLC Annapolis Wherry and went on to win the Sliding Seat Touring Single Class.



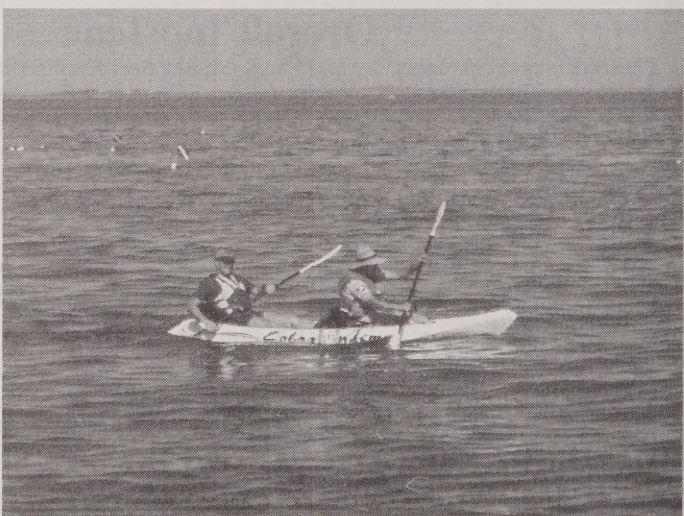
The Banana Boat, a custom sliding seat triple crewed by Bill Wolbach, Ken Parker, and Shelya Donohoe, finished just outside the top ten, 11th overall. The boat was built at the now defunct Artisans School in Rockport Maine, and year after year continues to impress with its speed.



Charles and Michael O'Hearn entered their not quite finished Banks dory for their first ever race, and 5-1/2 hours later arrived at the finish, last in their class (3) and 140th overall. They were stoked. (2)



This 12' double kayak didn't look too promising for a 20 mile ocean race but Stan Wasserman and Doug Hall paddled on to finish last (7th) in class and 139th overall. (2)



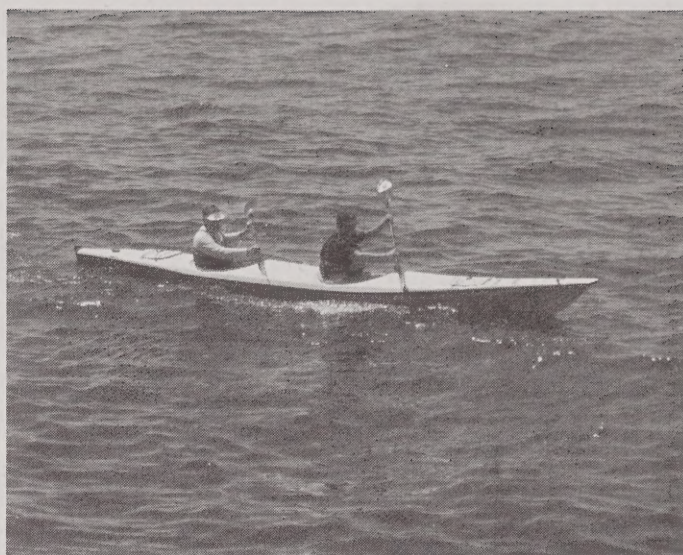
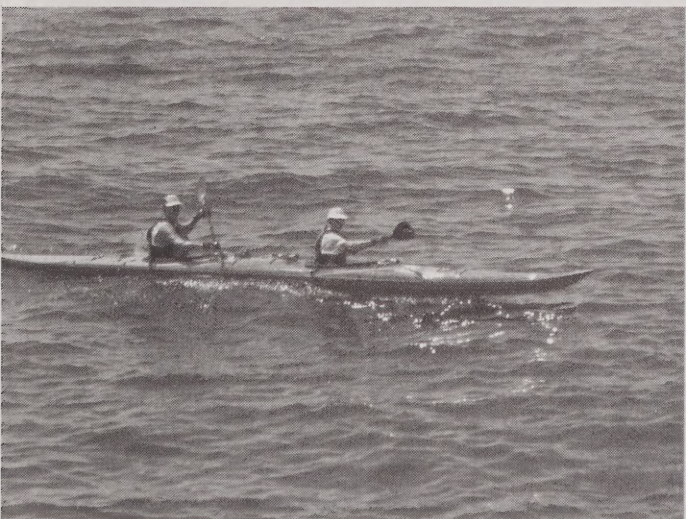


The two Cornish gigs entered, *Mike Jenness Sr.* and *Siren Song* at the dock.

Surprise! Scuba divers surface off Lane's Cove to find a passing dory closeby.



Sara Evertson and Tom Mailhot paddled their 25' Guillemot to a win in the Kayaks Touring Double Mixed Class and an impressive 26th overall. Fast boat, strong paddlers.

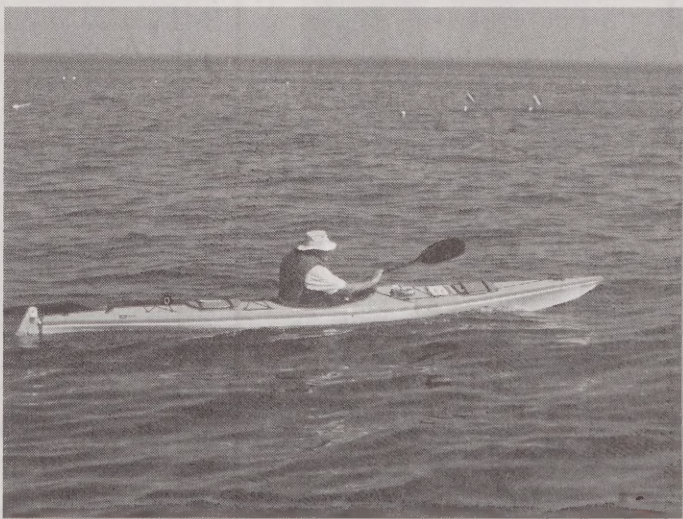


Pioneering sea kayak guru Ken Fink (rear) with partner Joe Royer topped the Kayaks Touring Double Men Class and a 38th overall.

Paul Neil appeared again in his Kaulback built Adirondack Guideboat, topping the fixed seat single class in 87th overall spot after a close contest with Jon Aborn's Monument River Wherry.



Dick Wheeler, 70 something, who a dozen years ago paddled a kayak from Newfoundland to Cape Cod following the migratory path of the extinct Great Auk, enjoyed his outing, finishing 37th in a class of 49 entrants, 109th overall. Dick remarked that he is now at a level where he must be timed by a calendar.





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The Blackburn's Ancestry... Summer of '66

In the summer of 1966 Phil Bolger rowed one of his 15' plywood dories around Cape Ann on the Massachusetts North Shore and issued a challenge, which the local paper undertook to feature. The opposite page shows how it appeared, but as the reproduction is too small and fuzzy, herewith is the text in readable type.

Phil tells us that for several years after this story appeared, several 'round Cape Ann rowing races (no sea kayaks around then) took place before interest petered out. It wasn't revived until the mid-'80s when today's Blackburn Challenge was first issued.

Well, Not Quite...

Ginger Martus of Nautical Stars, publisher of *Boneyard Boats* newsletter, sent on a local newspaper clipping about a Port Washington, New York woman of an age that would be "impertinent to disclose," who competed in the Blackburn and, according to the article, "finished the race in 4:14:39, beating out the other 14 contestants in her division, all of whom were men."

This sent me scurrying to the stack of Blackburn results printout from the Cape Ann Rowing cub website (courtesy of my daughter's internet hookup). I found her, Monika Dorman, to indeed be the winner of her division, Sliding Seat Racing Single Women in 4:14:44. She was the only entrant. The men were all in their own division, and 11 of the 12 entrants in that division had better times than did Monika.

The article went on to state that "unconfirmed reports indicated that Monika was the only woman to place first in her division, there were only three other women entered in the 166 boat regatta." Well, another hunt through the results revealed that there were 11 other classes that included women, 5 of which were limited to women, all of the latter obviously won by women, and that the total entry of women came to just under 30.

Monika, whatever her age, did an outstanding job in her Alden Star, it is unfortunate that the local newspaper in her community did not get it right.

17 miles in 5 hours, 40 minutes Attention Rowers Here's a Challenge

A Gloucester yacht designer has issued a challenge that he hopes will lead to a rowing race around the island of Cape Ann. Philp C. Bolger, 38, 250 Washington St., rowed 17-5/8 miles in 5 hours and 40 minutes just to start the ball rolling. "If anyone can beat this time, I'd like to see him do it," said the bearded Bolger after his workout.

He doesn't claim to be a mighty oarsman, the design of the boat and the way it's handled are important to him, and the absence of outboard motors, he is annoyed by their noise. Bolger used a 15' plywood dory that he designed a few years ago for one man fun rowing. It is light and fast.

But he would like to see a wide open rowing race sponsored by a suitable organization such as a yacht club, the St. Peters Fiesta Committee, or the International Dory Race Committee. By an open race, Bolger means that anything would be admitted, from a college racing shell 64' long with 6" of freeboard to a Gloucester seine boat with two or three changes of oarsmen. "When the word got around about a Cape Ann rowing marathon entries might come from all over the world," said Bolger. Meanwhile he said he would be glad to lend rowing equipment for an attempt to break his record.

Bolger made his row on a quiet day this week. He left Montgomery Boat Yard on the Annisquam River (foot of Ferry St.) at 6:56 AM and pulled under the A. Piatt Andrew Bridge of Rt. 128 and through the railroad drawbridge and Blynman Bridge into Gloucester Harbor. He was off Eastern Point Light at 7:59 and headed for the twin light-houses of Thacher's island, past Good Harbor and Long Beaches.

Off Land's End, Rockport at 9:26 he skimmed across Sandy Bay and rounded Hali-but Point at 10:23. In Ipswich Bay he pulled steadily close to Lanesville and Bay View, logged Annisquam Light abeam at 11:44 and bent to the oars against tide and a southwest breeze until he was back at Montgomery's at 12:36.

His average speed was a little better than 3 nautical miles an hour, not as fast as he had hoped. Asked if he stopped to rest he said, "Only to write the log and at the same time shake out the stiffness. It didn't seem necessary to stop to rest." He did admit to having "a blister or two" and said the wear and tear on the hands was a limiting factor.

Bolger thinks a rowing race around Cape Ann would be a good addition to Gloucester summer events and fun for spectators who would get close-ups at several points where racers would cut as close to shore as they could.

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17 miles in 5 hours, 40 minutes—

Attention rowers -- here's a challenge

By PAUL KENYON

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Page 10

★ ROWERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

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Photo Caption: Yacht designer Philip C. Bolger of Gloucester sizes up the wind as he carries 7' spruce oars with spoon blades to his pet rowing boat, a 15' plywood dory that he designed a few years ago. About 100 were built in Newburyport. He'd like to see somebody sponsor a rowing race around Cape Ann.



Row around Cape Ann?

Yacht designer Philip C. Bolger of Gloucester, above, sizes up the wind as he carries 7-foot spruce oars with spoon blades to his pet rowing boat, a 15-foot plywood dory that he designed a few years ago. About 100 were built in Newburyport. He'd like to see somebody sponsor a rowing race around Cape Ann. Below he shows how it's done. (Lowe photo)



Momma Moose.



Fred Neegan's bush camp.

Coal Rapids.



To the Bay!

Part 1

A Canadian Canoe Odyssey The Missinaibi River, 2003

By Hoz Joven

In July of 2002, Worth Donaldson, Jim Kendall, Jeff Kuhn, and myself paddled the upper Missinaibi River in Canada 220 kilometers from Dog Lake to Mattice. The Missinaibi is a Canadian Heritage River flowing north through the wilderness from near Lake Superior all the way to James Bay. It was used as a primary route during the fur trade era between Lake Superior, the interior, and James Bay. It also has deep religious significance for the Ojibwa and Cree First Nations who still inhabit the area and take sustenance from its shores.

While discussing options for our next trip Worth uttered those fateful lines, "we have to finish what we started," sort of like a challenge. We HAD ended our trip at the midpoint of the river. There are 321 kilometers to go before the route ends at the Native villages of Moosonee and Moose Factory on the shores of James Bay. The lower Missinaibi is graced with 32 sets of runnable rapids and the last 220 kilometers line up perfectly with the prevailing winds. I could practice my new hobby, canoe sailing. The temptation of being able to sail a long distance was too great. I agreed to organize the trip.

The only time Worth could get off work was June 14 through 29. Jim Kendall again signed on as our head fishing guide and Big Kahuna whitewater man. Jeff Kuhn couldn't get the time off work and wished us well on the journey. Since Jim, Worth, and I travel well together, we decided not to recruit any new canoeists and, as last year, we would paddle our Royalex solo canoes. Now before all you wooden boat purists get in an uproar, let me explain. This river falls off the Canadian Shield and is choked with rapids and big sharp granite rocks. I built a beautiful woodstrip canoe (the Millennium Stripper) in 2001 but sure wouldn't want to take it down this river. No folks, a Tupperware boat is the way to go here.

Jim volunteered his van and trailer so we were all set in the transportation department. He and Worth picked me up at my house at 8AM on Saturday the 14th. We drove straight through to Mattice, Ontario, in 17 hours, taking three to four-hour shifts. On the road from Wawa to Hearst we saw two moose and two bear on the roadside. Arriving at Missinaibi Outfitters base camp at 1AM, we found everyone asleep. Owen Korpela and his wife Denyse own Missinaibi Outfitters in Mattice. They rent canoes, gear, arrange guides, provide shuttles, and will watch over your vehicle while you are on the river. They are great people. A note was pinned to the office door pointing us to our reserved cabin. We quickly found it and turned in for the night.

We woke at 6:30 and took showers, our last for the next 11 days. Outside there was another group of four tandem canoes in camp. We met them and found they were from Wisconsin and also planned to start running the river this morning. Not wanting to have a traf-

fic jam we told our host, Owen, we would head down to the put-in with our gear and canoes and then come back to pay our shuttle expenses, permits, and cabin fee. The little municipal park in Mattice looked the same as last year and, not wanting to miss an inch of the river, we unloaded our equipment at the same take-out Worth and I used last July.

Worth stayed with our gear while Jim and I went back to the base camp to settle up and catch a ride back with Owen. At the office/restaurant the Wisconsin crew seemed a little peeved that we had jumped ahead of them to place our gear on the river. I only said we didn't care who was "first" on the river, but that we wanted to have steady forward motion and not have to wait or waste time in the office. They took their time settling the bill and heading out so by the time Worth, Jim, and I got on the river it was almost 11AM. We saw nothing of the Wisconsin crew.

As we paddled down the river I felt a great sense of anticipation and excitement. We were back and this time we were going to James Bay! It was mid afternoon when we came upon Wisconsin again. Seems they had jumped ahead by using a put-in about two miles downstream from ours. I guess they wanted to be first on the river and left the rapid set they were playing as soon as we came around the bend. I would have wanted a "Hail fellow, well met," but oh well, different strokes...

Rapids are rated according to their difficulty. A swift or Class I is easy moving water with some simple maneuvering required. Class II has a steeper gradient with a few rocks and eddies. Class III is very fast water with many rocks to dodge and large standing waves. Class IV requires experts and decks or spray skirts covering the canoes, and Class V is a waterfall.

The first day we ran two Class IIIs, two Class IIs, several Class Is and many swifts with no difficulty. At 5:00 that evening we again crossed paths with Wisconsin, who were setting camp for the night at Class IV Kettle Falls. We surprised them by cheating the beginning of the 300 meter portage and running the river an extra 100 meters to the edge of the drop, unloading our gear, and carrying 200 meters across the flat rock shelves. Our destination was another six kilometers downstream at Isabel Island so we didn't waste time. We bade Wisconsin a good evening and shoved off.

Just before Isabel is Skunk Island. Jim decided to go left, Worth and I went right. Halfway down the channel I spied a moose feeding in the shallows. Signaling Worth to paddle quietly we slowly sneaked up to her. By being careful and paddling only when she had her head under water, I was able to get close enough to actually "smell" the moose, deep and earthy like a horse. We never scared her off, eventually paddling past to leave her to her feeding. Worth said he could see a baby on the shore, but my eyesight is so bad I missed it.

Landing at Isabel we found a buggy bush camp hacked out of the alders. Worth and I set up his new Eureka VCS bug shelter and I determined that it would be good to sleep in as long as it wasn't pouring rain so I didn't set my tent. After dinner we all turned in, the sound of swift water lulling us to sleep.

The next morning we intended to go 28



Thunderhouse Falls.

View from Conjurung House Rock.



kilometers to Thunderhouse Falls. We wanted to keep ahead of Wisconsin to make sure we would have our pick of the four campsites located there. Two are choice camps and the others less desirable.

After a riverside lunch we continued downriver and found a bush camp on river left. Fred Neegan is a 75-year-old Cree native who lives on the Missinaibi River year round. He hunts geese, ducks, moose, and fish. He also guides clients on the Missinaibi, instructing them in the ways of the river and Cree folklore. Fred wasn't home when we came through but we paid our respects to him anyway, leaving a bit of jerky at his camp. Fred still lives the "old ways" and is well admired.

There were several Class Is and swifts to negotiate and we had no problem running them. By 3PM we were unloading our gear for the 900 meter carry around Class III Coal Rapids to the Falls campsite. The total carry to the put in is 1645 meters. We placed our gear at the camp and returned for the canoes, scouting the run as we went. It was decided we would attempt Coal Rapids with empty canoes by hugging the far left shore and booting two ledges along the way instead going of straight down the middle which is more dangerous. This saved us from carrying the canoes an extra 750 meters and there was a safe eddy and sand beach to land. We didn't want to make any mistakes here as Thunderhouse Falls waits at the end of the run, and the falls have killed five canoeists in the past decade.

Jim led the way and we had a high time finding the chutes and tongues of water to get us down. The cruxes were the two ledges, which were Class III and had a high volume of water pouring over them. Once committed there was no turning back. The ledges were impossible to line the canoes down as the shore is protected by high rock walls. To try and rejoin the portage trail would have been equally impossible through the impenetrable brush. A quick peel out from an eddy, stroke and brace, and we were through. Boiling souse holes waited at the bottom but a cross bow draw got everyone past. In no time we were at our exit beach and were carrying our canoes to the other end of the trail.

We set camp at a site that overlooks the falls and spent the rest of the day exploring the area. Thunderhouse is actually a series of three waterfalls, and when standing at the edge of the pitch off the power of the crashing water can be felt deep within you. White foam is tossed high up in the air and the patterns of disturbed, roiling water were spell-binding. An eddy at the top ebbs and flows with a life of its own, the foam rolling round and round like a galactic microcosm. Water holding scour holes in the rock vibrate with the power of the crashing river. Sitting at the edge of the falls you feel as if the rocks themselves are moving. It is awesome to see the entire Missinaibi funneled through a mere 10' gap in the granite.

Further downstream the river flows swiftly through a gorge with soaring 100' granite walls. Whole tree trunks have been carried down and lie like jackstraws on ledges high up the cliffs. It is awe-inspiring to think of the flood waters that flow through this canyon when the ice melts during spring breakup. Standing off to one side is Conjuring House Rock, a lone pinnacle of granite that seems

to contain the stone profile of a Native in full feather regalia. It's a sacred place to the First Nations people, who have come here for centuries on spirit quests, to receive visions, and for cleansing ceremonies.

That afternoon we each explored the area alone, contemplating this mysterious place. I swam at the exit beach upstream from the falls and also took the opportunity to rinse out my sweaty clothes. The water in the shallow bay was warm and I thought of the people in centuries past, Natives, Voyageurs, and Orkney Bay men, who perhaps bathed at this same spot. Lying on the warm sun heated rocks I felt refreshed and rejuvenated.

That evening Wisconsin came through. They carried the entire 1500 meter trail and set camp at the Gorge site. Their plan was to leave the next day, ours was to enjoy two days at Thunderhouse so our parties would be spread out on the river from now on.

Our second day at Thunderhouse was spent fishing the gorge and playing the swift water above and below Conjuring House. The river is still angry from the pummeling it has taken over the falls. Boils, eddies, and swift current make it difficult paddling upstream. We all tried but Jim was the only one to make it past Conjurers House to the foot of the bottom waterfall. He made an offering of tobacco to the spirits and promptly caught two walleye from the deep pool below. Jim and I caught a mess of walleye and bass in the gorge and we later made "fish jerky" by slowly smoking the filets. Wisconsin leisurely moved out about 3:00 in the afternoon. That evening we had a rain shower. The next day we packed and continued downriver toward our first big test, "The Long Portage."

The day had started with a short paddle from Thunderhouse Falls through swifts down to Stone Rapids, rated Class III-IV. We carried our gear through the forest over the 900 meter portage and began scouting the river for sneaks or a way through. What we saw looked doable until we came to the first waterfall. We considered a landing and rough portage over an island and continued upstream. Another 15 minutes brought us to a second waterfall, a raging, impossible cataract. We then decided we would have to carry the canoes over the trail instead of tempting fate. From Stone Rapids it was only a few hundred meters of Class I rapids to the beginning of Hells Gate and the Long Portage.

We had started Long Portage at 1:00 in the afternoon. At least the weather was cool and partly cloudy. My 50-lb. gear pack was carried across first in one trip. Now I would carry my food pack 300-500 meters, drop it, and go back for the canoe. At this rate it would be 6:00 in the evening before I would find the campsite at the other end. Black flies, mosquitoes, horse flies, and no-see-ums were going up my nose, in my ears, crawling behind my glasses, and taking their pleasure by sipping my blood. The phrase "finish what we started" kept going through my mind. Either I didn't anticipate this difficulty when I agreed to that proposition several months ago, or I choose to ignore it. Either way we were paying today!

The loads were grinding me down into the trail. My feet throbbed with every step. I was leapfrogging my canoe and food pack across the Long Portage, a 2350 meter trail that bypasses Hells Gate Canyon. Hells Gate is over 300' deep and has Class III-IV

whitewater and at least three waterfalls. It is impassable to canoes and all but the most expert kayaks, and even they must rappel down the waterfalls. Several years ago a group of canoeists (ironically, also from Indiana) entered the canyon. Four canoes went in and only one came back out. They had to do a 10 day forced march back upriver over 50 miles of rough terrain to Mattice.

Worth was having the same trouble as me, only he had three packs and a canoe. Jim seemed to be dancing back and forth across the trail like the Energizer Bunny, taking the time to explore the occasional side trails and always having a positive word as we passed each other. He came back with a "must see" waterfall at the bottom of the canyon. I groaned that I wasn't sure I could make it down but took the plunge anyway.

It wasn't much of a trail. Just a series of green and red surveyors tapes flagged to the occasional tree and bush. It led almost vertically over the hill and through the deep forest, slip sliding through wet springs and a creek bottom for approximately 500 meters. The trail led over downed trees and through thick brush. It wasn't a walk in the park. At times I lost the flagging tapes but could always hear roaring water in the distance.

Reaching the bottom and crashing through the bush I came to an astounding sight. Before me was Hells Gate Canyon, 300' deep, 100' wide and enclosed by reddish grey granite walls. The entire Missinaibi River was crashing down a 60' waterfall in a split cascade. It was wall to wall white frothing water; beautiful, amazing and, knowing very few people have stood there, well worth the effort.

After admiring the view I was reminded I still had about 600 meters to hump before camp and my canoe and food pack were waiting at the top of the hill. I turned to find Jim behind me admiring the view. We both agreed it was a remarkable sight and I followed the tapes back up and continued the portage, somewhat rejuvenated by my viewing of the falls. That evening after dinner we all turned in early. We were bushed. I took two Tylenol for my aching feet and sleep came quickly. It would be better in the morning.

The next morning we completed the steep, slippery 300 meter carry down to the river and took time to fish the rapids below Hells Gate. It was fantastic. We caught fish on almost every cast. Walleye, pike, and smallmouth bass all came to the lure. We released all but a few for a shore lunch and finally gave up on the "catching," continuing downriver. A 3 km reach of continuous swifts and Class I's known as "Long Rapids" brought us to Bells Bay, a wide spot in the river. Here we enjoyed a shore lunch of fresh grilled fish.

That afternoon we started looking around for masts and spars for sailing. There was plenty of driftwood on the shores. We were coming to the reach of the river that lines up with the prevailing winds, all our portages were over, and we could rig our canoes for the run to Moosonee. Worth and Jim were going to jury rig square tarps for sails. I had brought along my homemade Tyvek balanced lug sail and only needed to find a suitable mast and spars. By evening we located our materials and that night at camp we got busy setting up our canoes.

(To Be Continued)



In 1930, Dudley Murphy wrote about his experiences in the very early days of canoe sailing. Dudley Murphy hailed from Lexington, Massachusetts. "Murph" was a fine gentleman, an outstanding sailor, and the winner of many championship trophies. In 1902, 1909, and 1910 he won the A.C.A. Sailing Trophy, and in 1891 he won the Record Trophy. Twenty-three years later, in 1914, he came back to win the Record Trophy again.

"There is a subtle something about the Sailing Canoe that stays in a fellow's system, if he's ever had the fever badly, and it maintains his interest and love for the sport as long as he can keep going!"

I bought my first canoe 50 years ago this summer (1880) from another boy who had built it of barrel hoops, cheese boxes, and old bed sheets. I paid \$1.75 for it and carried it home in my arms for it only weighed 28 lbs. It was 9' long, 22" wide, had no decks whatever, and was so cranky that it would scarcely stand up alone when put in the water. I made two leg of mutton sails with a total area of about 11sf and began my sailing career. That "Trust in God" canoe, so called because faith was the only hope of getting ashore, instilled in my veins such an enthusiasm that I wanted to do some canoe sailing every year until I cross the Styx. Unfortunately, we are paddled on that voyage!

Acquaintance with the real thing came with my being sent as a news correspondent to the A.C.A. Stave Island Meet in 1888, arriving at camp during a sailing race in a fresh breeze. Some 25 canoes were out and in the lead was old Dave Goddard, sitting on the end of a short, sliding seat and bailing out the cockpit with a long handled dipper as he swept along the course. I was on the "Press Boat" and I think we rescued about half the fleet, for there were no self bailing cockpits and an upset meant the end of things for the time being, and cost of the fleet capsized.

It was the last year of the old time cruising canoes with little or no equipment for racing under sail. Only some half dozen carried sliding seats, introduced by Paul Butler, many had no bulkheads and only one had a well. Those who sailed without deck seats but carried big rigs sat on the outwale and often dragged their shoulders in the water. All the races, sailing, paddling, and novelty, were contested in sailing canoes. One ambitious contestant for the Paddling Trophy, awarded that year for the first time, had a canoe weighing about 20 lbs., thin as paper, with a silk deck, and to comply with the rules, two sails

Dudley Murphy

History from American Canoe Association Yearbook 1930, Reprinted from *Canoe Sailor*, August 2003

12" high! In the race he paddled standing with his feet in two shoes screwed to a 12" floor. He lost his balance, stepped out of his shoes, thrust both legs through the bottom of his boat, and both arms through the decks. Fitting reward for technical evasion of rules!

The sport was booming and from 40 or 50 decked canoes in 1889, we jumped to over 100 in 1890 at Jessup's Neck, Long Island. Rigs were still unlimited and most of us could spread 150sf in a light breeze using the largest pair of three or four sails. In the first race of the meet, the Club Sailing, two miles to leeward and return, we had 56 starters. The breeze was light and we all piled on sail to the limit. The long starting line was a solid mass of white sails with no hole to get through. We slid down the wind, rolling from one side to the other, but nobody could capsize because his boom would come down on another boat just alongside and be tossed up with a "get off of me" by the skipper. The mess at the turn was something appalling, but then we strung out and the real sailors left us duffers on the windward work.

At the Willsboro Point Meet in 1891 there appeared several innovations in the boats. Paul Butler, always inventing and experimenting, brought a new boat, the Bee, probably the lightest hull of 16' x 30" ever built for decked sailing. Her skin was as thin as a racing shell and she carried wonderful hollow spars of spruce veneer wound in opposite directions and of extraordinary lightness and strength.

Also, the Norwegian tiller instead of the old rudder chains and the first aluminum rudder to appear at camp. We had always held the mainsheet in the hand, but Butler had invented the clutch cleats and made his sheets fast, giving him both hands for sailing. He had a 5' sliding seat to put his 110 lbs. further out to windward, and as everyone considered him our best sailor, he was expected to win the Trophy with ease.

In those days of big fleets of 30 or 40 boats, only 15 were selected to sail for the Trophy and an elimination race was sailed to select the first 15. In this race Butler finished a whole leg in the lead six minutes ahead of the second man, if I remember correctly. But

the next day, just as he was stepping into his boat for the start in the Trophy Race, a wave drove her against the dock, smashing a hole the size of a hand in her side and, again pursued by the bad luck of years, Butler was out of the race for the Championship.

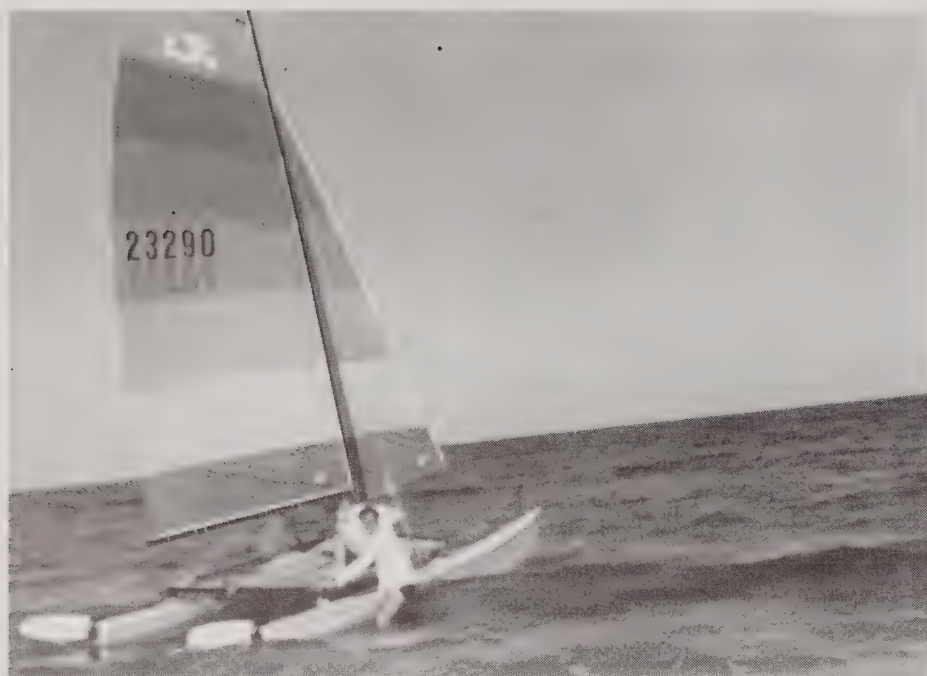
Paul Butler was the best sportsman who ever sailed a canoe. He never grumbled at his mishaps, never made any excuses for losing, and if someone asked him how he was beaten, he always said he could not sail fast enough! He had done more to develop the sport than all the rest of the crowd combined, and for years had been considered our best sailor, but had not yet won the coveted Trophy.

At the 1891 Meet appeared for the first time Charles Archbald of Montreal, who proved himself a great sailor in a hard breeze and later won the Championship five times. In 1892 and '93 the Trophy was won by Butler in the *Wasp*, his boat of 1889. The rigs had increased to enormous size, several of 180sf. Butler had added the self bailing cockpit, and the centerboard restrictions having been removed, the deep dagger board became general. Sliding seats increased in length, and because he weighed so much less than the others, Butler made one 7' long with a ladder to go in and out. It was as good as a circus to see him go out to the end of it sitting with his feet 3' beyond the boat. Once I saw him catapulted from his seat by a hard, sudden puff of wind, thrown clear across the boat, and while in the air he decided the quickest way to get back was to go down head first, go under the boat, and come up on the other side. He was sailing again in less than a minute!

In 1898, during the Trophy Race, a tremendous thunder squall came up and Harry Smythe of New York, who was not at all in the lead, thought the weather looked bad, and being a cautious skipper, sailed into a quiet cove, lowered his sails, and waited for the thunderstorm to pass over. When the weather cleared a bit he got up his sails and started back to camp supposing, of course, the race was all over. As he sailed across the finish line a gun was fired and he inquired what it was for, and he was informed that he had won the Trophy! Every other boat in the fleet had been disabled by the terrific squall!

Archbald and the *Mab* were again victorious in 1899 and 1900. There had been a great falling off in the fleet. Few could afford the perfection of boat and rig or keep in the perfection of physical trim to stand the strain of the hard nine-mile Trophy Race. We had no Racing Board then and the Executive Committee took hold of the rules and pruned the canoe of about everything that made it interesting. They cut the sail area to 75sf, ruled out the sliding seat, the self bailing cockpit, the standing rigs, hollow spars, dagger boards, and required a "sleeping space" of 6' between bulkheads! There was left only the old cruising canoe of the early '80s. Then a few of the old deck sailors drew up a petition for a mail vote on some new rules, got several hundred signatures, and the game was saved! Sails were limited to 112sf, hoisting and lowering rigs required, and practically no other restrictions.

The Sailing Canoe is the craft that combines the greatest amount of sailing skill, of handicraft in light rigging, of seamanship, judgment, great excitement, and physical exertion. Hail to the Sailing Canoe! May her shadow never grow less!



In July 1984 we were operating my humble Hobie out of the east end of Knight Key. This is the island where Key West is located, across the channel from Boca Chica Key. Lacking a trailer, I had sailed her down from Palm Beach in a series of weekend hops, depending on the trusty Greyhound Lines to get me back to the office before work each Monday.

One Sunday, after diving at Sand Key and other points of interest along the Florida Reef, my darling Elinor and I decided on a snorkeling expedition to Western Sambo, a nearly awash section of the reef about six miles south of Cow Key Cut.

After an early breakfast we swiftly loaded a picnic lunch, towels, and dive gear, then tacked out of harbor and onto the broad waters of the Hawk Channel. The gin clear water surged against us in a broad tide constricted between the sandbars. But with the dependable easterly breeze building by the minute, *Seize Pieds* stemmed the flood and passed over the shallows, easily gaining an offing. Tacking intermittently to take advantage of shifts, I soon left the channel markers behind and by 10:00 we approached the line of reefs in near perfect diving conditions.

On the inshore side of the reefs fishing and dive boats, mostly outboard runabouts, were already beginning to gather. Near half a dozen were already anchored or drifting in the lee of Western Sambo, with more in Eastern Sambo. I steered between the two, then tacked onto starboard to pass over the reef in search of a likely anchoring spot. By now the 12kt wind had kicked up a moderate chop. It damped down a bit as we passed into the shallow water, but was still in 1'-2' range. Consequently, we were still bouncing around vigorously. Elinor looked dubious when I asked her to stand on the trampoline next to the mast to keep a lookout for brain coral and staghorn rising close to the surface. However, as we found, most of the upper surface of Western Sambo is hard pan coral, horizontal with occasional cracks and crevices. Strong wave action kills off the more delicate types

Impaling a Hobie 16

By Tim Killen III

of coral over most of this reef, leaving a surface little more interesting than a parking lot.

Being rather new to this, Elinor made few comments as we glided above the near uniform reef surface 3'-5' feet below. Disappointed at the uninteresting prospects for snorkeling, I headed for a darker area, which looked shallower and more varied, by reaching off a little. The changed motion caused her to grip the mast tighter and divert her attention momentarily. Suddenly we were closing onto a more likely looking area, deep brown and dark red splotches beneath resolved into small clumps of brain coral and a smattering of fire coral. It was definitely shallowing. I made out a circular object just to windward of our path and diverted my attention to it, trying to make it out. It seemed to be about a yard in diameter. It hit me that it must be very close to the surface. Scanning back to the water dead ahead, I concluded it contained objects that the rudders might not be able to pass over.

As urgently as I dared, without alarming her, I ordered Elinor to sit down and prepare to tack. She responded immediately and laid hold of the leeward jib sheet as I got hold of the lazy sheet and put the helm down. Anticipating a difficult rounding, as she was well below close hauled when the turn commenced, and with our weight aft the chop would stop her cold, I delayed the order to release the jib until it was well aback.

The rounding started well, but as she came head to wind a couple of larger than normal waves stopped her cold. I reversed the tillers to cause her to fall of onto a port tack as she gathered sternway. As she pitched and hobby horsed, the strain on the sheet to the backed jib became greater than Elinor could overcome. Having gained the new windward side, I grabbed the sheet's tail and pulled with her to disengage the jam cleat.

The freed jib luffed violently, slamming the blocks, shackled to the clew against the forward side of the mast in the mad dance that is so familiar to Hobie sailors who have gotten into irons. Shoving the tillers over further, I waited for her gather sternway. I waited in vain. Instead, the Hobie strained in an unfamiliar jerky motion and remained practically head to wind with the jib flogging urgently. I noticed that when she dropped into each trough the port hull, instead of falling in unison with the starboard one, was brought up short with a violent chunk.

Just as I began to get my mind around the fact that something strange was happening, Elinor yelled something and jumped forward to peer over the crossbeam, down beneath the hulls. "We hit something," she said, the apprehension spreading over a face that was turned back to me, reproachfully.

Not only had we hit something, but we were aground on it. I glanced back at the rudders, which surged vertically on their swivel mounts, rising and falling by well over a foot as each wave pitched us up and down. No problem. Dropping the hiking stick, I leaped forward beside Elinor to check out what she was pointing at. Ten feet to starboard a wooden cable spool sat on the hard pan reef that spread out pretty flat all around, perhaps three feet below. I could see nothing below either hull.

Without taking time to unpack a face mask, I plunged over the crossbeam, doing a back flip so as not to go too deep into the water above the fire coral bestrewn reef. As the bubbles from my splash dissipated, I tried to look around. As usual, the water was deeper than it had appeared from above; about shoulder height. The salt hurt my eyes, as I peered in every direction under the rising and plunging boat. Her port keel threatened to brain me, as I searched the area where Elinor directed me.

Suddenly, I saw it, a vertical post implanted in the bottom, was thrust through the surface of the inboard side of the hull below the water line. As I watched the yellow gelcoat, with ends of white glass mat and roving flapping in the water, rose along the pole, rasping and cutting; visibly enlarging the hole. As the wave passed beneath the boat and continued out astern, she dropped into the trough, and the encrusted brown pipe plunged up into her innards.

Seize Pieds had been impaled. Caught on the tip of the pipe, she could move neither backwards nor forwards. And, with each passing sea the rusty pipe was cutting a bigger hole in her bilge.

Quickly, I placed my feet next to the base of the tube, got my shoulder under the keel, and lifted. Nothing doing. Then I noticed she was heeled well to port. Coming up for air, I spluttered, "lean out on the other side". As Elinor shifted to starboard the weight came off, and, with a heave, I lifted the boat just as a wave picked her up. As she fell into the trough, I noticed that she had slid aft a couple of feet. Now the jagged upper end of the pipe, sticking to within a few inches of the water's surface, was threatening to puncture the bow area. I shoved her aft, then swam madly after, as the boat cleared the reef and began to gather way.

Pivoting around the port hull, which was already noticeably lower in the water, the

Hobie came onto port tack, the mainsail filled, and she began to head back onto the reef. In an undignified scramble I surged over the windward side, shouting, "free the sheets, let her luff." Through wet spectacle lenses I could see she was listing seriously to port. Instinctively I yanked the helm up and sheeted in the main to balance the sinking windward hull with pressure on the sails. Elinor remained to leeward and trimmed the jib. We headed off to skirt the inner side of Western Sambo and edge out into the deeper water north of the reef.

From the aft end of the trampoline nothing seemed amiss, but the port hull went down evenly. Soon it was decks awash. Considerable rudder angle was necessary to counteract the resulting drag on that side and keep her tracking straight. On a broad reach I headed for a cluster of outboard motor boats a couple of hundred yards to the westwards.

"They'll be able to help us," I said. Elinor looked at me dubiously as I motioned her to scootch further back to counteract pitch poling, which seemed to threaten as the water in the windward hull sloshed fore and aft. Our progress was slow due to the extra weight and wetted surface, but she was under control. Gingerly I tried a few maneuvers. She responded lethargically but appropriately.

It was a glorious summer day, the water clear and warm, even warmer than the balmy air. Between us and the land of Boca Chica Key and Knight Key stood the Hawk Channel, up to 10' deep and two miles wide, then increasingly shallow water over marly bottom up to the line of mangroves. I began to think over what I would tell a motor boat to request assistance. It would be embarrassing. A tow, unless expertly performed, would risk broaching on the long downwind course to harbor. If I asked a boat to stand by, it would have to poke along for hours, probably losing patience. Gradually it occurred to me that there wasn't much point in seeking help as long as the Hobie wasn't capsized or disabled. An upturned boat would soon attract assistance from the many small power craft in the area.

"Let's see if she'll go on starboard tack," I said. Not fully understanding, Elinor replied, "OK." Passing within 20 yards of the first anchored boat, I told her to be ready to hike way out to starboard. Gradually, as a puff came through, I pulled the tillers up and popped her over onto the starboard jibe as it let up. The sheets ran free and heeling pressure was minimal as I rounded up a little. Now was the time. Would she capsize?

Expecting every second, to dump her right in front of a family sunbathing in their Bayliner, I trimmed in gingerly until the port hull's deck dropped below water. By slacking sheets, we could allow it to rise again. Elinor showed signs of growing relief. So did I. Close to the anchored boats we did a couple of figure eights in order to test her further. None of the people aboard them seemed to realize we had anything amiss on board.

Further weighing up the likelihood of a botched tow, I resolved to try and make it in unassisted. "Elinor, it doesn't look too bad. Let's sail in on our own. If we have trouble later, there'll be plenty of other boats around."

"All right, Tim. I just hope you won't lose the boat if we have to swim for it."

On starboard tack we headed northwest on a broad reach for water shallow enough to

beach her. As the white spherical radar towers of the Naval Air Station grew on the horizon ahead, my confidence increased. She was handling it. The Hobie 16 takes a licking and keeps on ticking, the most seaworthy of small boats. I've capsized them all four ways, to leeward, to windward, over the bow, and even over the stern, the latter while tacking out the Creek in Dubai when a strong ebb humped up square waves against the afternoon nor'wester.

I've brought them home under jury rig of upturned jib, the boom guyed up as a mast with the main spar lashed horizontal on the crossbeams, to a beach landing through 8' surf. But I was never prouder of the Hobie than I was that afternoon. Crippled, with one entire hull flooded except for the Airex foam core and styrofoam blocks inside it, she brought her crew safely home. Of course, if it had been anything but perfect weather, I would never have risked it.

Slowly but steadily we reached inshore, Elinor broke out the water bottle and even some sandwiches. My first intention had been to sail into knee deep water and try to get a patch on. But how to hold it in place and how to dewater the hull afterwards? Florida Keys marl is a sticky white mud. The entire coast to leeward, for a mile or more off the mangrove shore, consists of knee deep, soft marl, almost the consistency of quicksand. Simply stand on it and you sink to your knees or calf. Any attempt to lift weight will get you mired in to the knees or deeper. Gradually I concluded that gaining this lee shore would not prove constructive. Certainly it would make it harder for a towboat to reach us.

"I think we can make it back to the marina," I said. "Better than wading around in all that mud." Elinor accepted this, a virtual doubling of the distance to firm ground without demur. I gave her hand a squeeze and flashed a broad grin. Despite all that I and my boat had done to shake her confidence, Elinor was still with me.

By the time we reached the outer marker for the channel in to Oceanside Marina, overconfidence prevailed. As we sharpened up for the last quarter mile in to the launching ramp, I trimmed main as usual. Promptly the lee hull dropped below water but, just as promptly, it emerged again as I slacked off. Gradually, in a failing breeze, we edged into the harbor and came alongside the dock. The summer heat, reverberating from the white shell parking lot, struck with fury.

Recovery on the trailer was a simple matter. By winching her slowly up onto the trailer, we let the water drain out of the forward part of the hull. Then securing it tightly onto the trailer, against the extra weight, I drove up onto the flat parking lot where the rest of the water drained out through the jagged hole. It measured about 12" x 18", starting from a point several inches above the keel on the curved inner side of the asymmetric hull. As it was located about amidships, just aft of the main crossbeam, I've concluded we must have straddled the obstructing pipe just before tacking, then brought the hull into collision with it when she went through the eye of the wind and started to fall off on port tack. Had I struck it at speed, damage would have been worse.

From a nearby air conditioned restaurant, I let my fingers do the walking. Within a couple of hours I had located a

fiberglass repairman, gotten him down to make an estimate, left the job in his hands, and we were ready to hit the road ahead of northbound traffic on the Overseas Highway. A disappointing end to a missed day of snorkeling, but better, better by far than it might have been.

The following Friday we were back in Key West. To my astonishment the repair patch had been applied and the surface faired with resin dyed to virtually match the yellow gelcoat. It gave no trouble during the remaining years I owned the boat. And the cost was reasonable. Greg, the fiberglass expert, confirmed that we had probably struck the remains of a Coast Guard Light tower which had been blown down by Hurricane Donna in 1962. When I mentioned the cable spool near the vertical pipe, he was sure that it had to have been part of the wreck of the tubular steel marker that had stood sentinel on Western Sambo 22 years before.

Considering it my duty to report the obstruction, I telephoned the Key West station of the Coast Guard. The petty officer on duty proved basically uninterested in anything but my failure to report the mishap to the Florida Marine Patrol. He seemed to believe that, as boats don't normally navigate atop the reef, there was no point in sawing off the pipe flush with the bottom or retrieving the cable spool. Not getting anywhere, I hastened to ring off. At first, I was angry. But then, as I gazed through the phone booth window, down the entrance, and out onto the sparkling waters of the Hawk Channel, I thought, "If there weren't any navigational hazards, everybody would be out there doing it," I reflected. Alongside in the slip, Elinor held *Sieze Pieds* off the dock. Sails were up, lunch aboard, and, in the offing, the great Florida Reef beckoned with all its treasure of marine flora and fauna. "Let's go," she shouted. "Let's go somewhere, anywhere, but to Western Sambo." We did.

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

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International Relations

As before, what's happened in this broad area can only be showed by snapshots and snippets.

The master of *Prestige* broke his silence, although he still has to report daily to a local police station. He is bewildered at his treatment and maintains he tried to save his ship. He could get several years in jail if found guilty of disobeying government orders and causing environmental damage.

The European Parliament has rejected demands that it determine the precise causes of the *Prestige* accident.

Spain announced it would have samples of the *Prestige's* hull retrieved as part of the operations to remove the oil remaining in the ship's tanks. These pieces, plus many underwater photos, will bolster Spain's case against ABS.

Spain (and the Basque regional government and local administrations) sued ABS and ABS sued Spain. So Spain said it would ask the European Commission to revoke recognition of ABS.

The European Commission has set up an Independent Group of Experts to advise it on a strategy for handling transport accidents so as to determine the causes.

The European Union and member states have been urged to give an answer on the question of places of refuge, but it is clear that no action will be taken by these nations on this issue.

The Netherlands wants less bureaucracy by the European Union for short-seas shipping.

The Greek Minister of Merchant Marine served as President of the European Union for six months and returned home to find deep discontent with his homeland achievements. A new Minister was named.

Another Greek won election as the Secretary-General of the IMO and will take office at the end of this year.

Because the European Parliament has banned single-hulled tankers after 2010, the shipping industry will be hard-pressed to build replacements. Greece alone must scrap some 83 tankers. Europe may run low on oil and shipping rates could skyrocket.

Tanker operator OMI approved the new European Union regulations for an accelerated phase-out of single-hulled tankers in its territorial waters.

Italy wants its ban of single-hulled tankers extended throughout the Mediterranean.

India joined the list of nations limiting the age of all oil tankers approaching its shores.

The IMO tried to remove Greenpeace from its consultative role and that kicked off a squabble. Action deferred to the November IMO meeting.

ABS said that the role for classification societies needs clarification. If they are to act as "policemen," powers of enforcement are needed.

Australia is not recognizing Philippine certificates of competency because of evidences of cheating in deck officer exams. And the U.S. Coast Guard uncovered signs of fraud in licenses issued by St. Vincent and the Grenadines.

Cruise Ships

Those worried about the 32-year-old *QE2* will be reassured to learn that the ship will be refitted next year. But she will be

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

scrapped in 2010 (new SOLAS requirements for no wooden fittings) and, as soon as *Queen Mary 2* enters service, the *QE2* will no longer sail between Southampton and New York but will cruise the Med and northern Europe in summer and the Caribbean in winter.

Royal American announced that it would build the world's largest cruise ship, the *Ultra-Voyager*, at 160,000grt, 3,600 passengers, probably as soon as the U.S. dollar regains its vigor against world currencies. Within days, bitter rival Carnival announced that it would build one or more giant versions of its *Princess* class at a whopping 180,000grt and 4,000 passengers. Look for these vessels in 2006 or 2007.

Several weeks after its deadly boiler explosion, the cruise ship *Norway* was towed from Miami-Dade by the deep-sea tug *Smitwits Rotterdam*, probably to Bremerhaven for repairs. The company promised she would be back for her October 5 sailing. The big ship might resume service with a new diesel-electric propulsion system. Elsewhere, crewing agents called for the trial for compensation claims to be held in the Philippines, home to all of the eight dead. So far, 14 claims for a total of \$1.2 billion have been filed.

When half the crew of the *Hebridean Princess*, once voted Britain's Best Luxury Cruise Ship, came down with severe tonsillitis, the Scottish islands cruise was cut short.

Cruise passengers departures from U.S. ports were up 11% over the same quarter last year.

Hard Knocks and Things That Go Boom

The Chinese freighter *Shengxin 658* struck a sunken ship because a buoy placed over the wreck wasn't lit. The master and cook were saved while the rest of the crew went missing.

Off the United Arab Emirates, the product tanker *Efxinos* had just finished transferring fuel to the VLCC crude-oil tanker *Sebu* and had departed, when an explosion peeled the *Efxinos'* deck back against the superstructure. Four seamen were killed. Environmental and bomb specialists tried to determine the cause and effects of the explosion. Elsewhere, off the southwest coast of France the French tanker *Chassiron* had an explosion that killed one seaman. The vessel's tanks were empty at the time.

The Matson RO/RO container ship *Matsonia* broke its shaft 600 miles off Hawaii and the tug *Jimmy Smith* went to their aid.

Ferries

In Wellington, while docking in storm-forces southerlies, the inter-island ferry *Aratere* holed the fishing vessel *San Domenico* with its bulbous bow and then crushed the FV. About 5,000 gallons of oil were spilled but nobody was hurt. In Marseilles, the ferry *Danielle Casanova* violently hit a floating ramp connected to the ferry *Paglia Orba* and both the master of that ferry and an automobile containing a couple went into the water. The men were saved but the woman died.

In the Philippines, the ferry *Dipolog Princess* steamed along and it was night and raining and the radar wasn't working. A bewildered third mate woke the master but it was too late, the ferry was far off its charted course and went aground. None of the 1,700 passengers were hurt. Elsewhere in the Philippines, *Superferry 1* hit an unidentified object and suffered serious underwater damage. Again, no harm to passengers. But the crew of the ferry *San Nicholas* face criminal charges for the deaths of at least 46 people resulting from the recent ramming of *Superferry 12*.

In an effort to cut down on such ferry disasters, the Philippine government imposed a number of stricter regulations. Included were provisions for a mandatory fine of \$1,900 for every victim whose name did not appear on a passenger manifest. Shipping companies, not their insurers, would have to pay the fine. In a separate action, the government also made major changes to encourage investment in RO/RO transport of passengers in order to reduce costs of domestic travel.

In China, 17 students and one crew died when their ferry overturned after crashing into rocks due to engine stalling caused by a fire fueled by a broken oil line. Forty-three were saved. Elsewhere, a collision between a ferry and a freighter in thick fog on the Yangtze resulted in the recovery of 12 survivors. The vessel was capable of carrying 300 passengers.

The families of last year's disaster in Senegal have turned down the government's \$13,000 compensation offer, calling it "crumbs." The ferry *Joola* capsized and sank, carrying 1,863 people to their deaths. In Oslo, local politicians want the Color Line's ferry landing for housebuilding and amusement purposes. They expect the company will be "accommodating," although the company has a contract until 2036 and needs the terminal for a new 70,000-ton ferry due next year. Austal USA has an order for a 630', high-speed vehicle/passenger ferry that will cross Lake Michigan in just over two hours starting next summer. And rival Incat received the ferry industry's Most Significant New Build Fast Ferry award for its high-speed theater-support vessel *Spearhead* (TSV-1X), built for the U.S. Army. Incat is also building the 367' diesel-powered *Evolution One 12*, which will carry 1,500 metric tons, including loads such as 312 cars at speeds up to 50 knots. Finally, BC Ferry Services has removed its "Sunshine Breakfast" from its menu. The meal has been called "a heart attack on a plate." The company is newly privatized, which may have something to do with the decision. Then again, it may not...

Terrorism and Piracy

A freighter bound for Senegal was boarded by Spanish police at Barcelona. The *MSC Munich* was found to be carrying machine guns, assault weapons, and ammunition from South Korea. Spain said the ship's papers were forged and the cargo illegal, while South Korea's defense ministry and the shipping company both said the shipment was legitimate.

The small Coromos-flagged freighter *Baltic Sky* was seized by Greek commandos, frogmen, and special forces off the western coast of Greece. Found aboard were 680 tons of ammonia dynamite, an explosive used in mining. The vessel's behavior may have

alerted authorities because it was detained in Britain earlier this year and then wandered around the Mediterranean since March 7, while its owner proved equally hard to track down. The question remained, was this ship-ment legal or not? Tunisia and Sudan fought viciously with Greece over the matter, but nobody claimed that terrorism was involved.

The Singapore-flagged tug *Poet Vandu* was captured by knife-bearing pirates off Indonesia and the crew was forced overboard (they were later rescued by fishermen). The tug was recovered several weeks later after a tip led authorities to it. This is the eighth piracy incident in just over three weeks off the Bintan coast. Some of the ships attacked were sizable, ranging up to 79,000 tons.

Shipbuilding

HDW, Germany's largest shipbuilder, now largely owned by the U.S.'s One Equity Partner, may be sold to Thales, a French aerospace and defense firm. Thales has a large share in building two aircraft carriers for the Royal Navy. The U.K.'s Appledore Shipyard may be saved if Seawind Ltd. takes advantage of a £40 million loan from the government and builds an offshore wind farm platform barge at the shipyard. Canada's largest shipyard, St. John Shipbuilding, closed after standing idle for three years, Groupe Océan closed its Industries Océan yard in Quebec, and on Prince Edward Island, East Isle Shipyard was saved only by getting orders for three tugs.

In Australia, Austal Ships will build the world's largest multi-hull, high-speed vessel. It is based on a new trimaran hull form that is said may revolutionize fast sea transportation. The customer is Fred, Olsen, SA, which will probably use the 416', diesel-powered, cargo/vehicle/passenger vessel on a Canary Islands run.

Matson Navigation, which is having two container ships built by Kvaerner Philadelphia Shipyard, first decided it could not operate the ships due to union refusals to make necessary concessions and was looking for someone to buy the ships and then time-charter them to Matson. Now Matson has decided it can operate the ships after all.

Chinese yards have delivered the largest China-built oil tanker, a 150,000 deadweight FPSO, and the biggest China-built dry bulk carrier, a Capesize vessel.

Everyone is used to those house-forward oilfield platform supply vessels with their long after decks. Now Norwegian builder Vik & Sandvik has a house-aft design it says has many virtues, including a safer bridge, a simplified and safer cargo area, lower building cost, and reduced noise and movement. The vessels would have diesel-electric propulsion, using either azimuthing or azipod drives.

Last, some shipbuilding quickies. A Japanese advisory panel says Japan should aim to build one-third of the world's shipping and make them high-value ships, but a Japanese expert has a pessimistic view of price trends. A plan to build cruise ships for Alaskan and Hawaii cruising fell through after a Baltimore shipyard filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy protection. Lloyd's Register will class the first six of the Royal Navy's new Type 45 destroyers, the first time this has been done for front-line combat ships. The European Commission has included LNG tankers as eligible for "temporary and limited" shipbuilding subsidies.

Ship Scrapping

Greenpeace and shipping industry representatives failed to agree on how to handle scrapping in Third World nations. Greenpeace wanted an admission that industry was responsible for what happens to vessels at the end of their lives and had brought a delegation of Indian and Bangladesh scrapyards workers to London. When it offered a ship's bell from a scrapped vessel to the International Chamber of Shipping, the gift was refused and Greenpeace was "shocked," while the ICS stated it had been "presented with a series of demands we felt we couldn't support."

P&O Nedlloyd has established operating standards designed to improve conditions for the Chinese scrappers of its ships and called upon the shipping industry to implement a common international recycling standard. The company's standards involve radiation and hazardous materials surveys, tank-cleaning, and removal of all possible hazardous materials.

The sunken, much-battered car carrier *Tricolor* is being cut into nine sections by a variant of the saw that cut off the bow of the sunken Russian submarine *Kursk*. Each section will be loaded onto a barge for a trip to a shore scrapping area. The vessel has sunken several feet into the muddy bottom of the English Channel.

Prices for scrap steel look to be good for some time to come so Indian, Chinese, and Bangladesh ship scrappers are stocking up on old ships, and paying top dollar, too, with a recent high at \$238 per light displacement ton.

Odd Bits

A well perhaps 25,000' deep or deeper will be drilled into a sand layer under the Gulf of Mexico that is as large as the state of California. Gas, rather than oil, is expected.

The computer responsible for operations at Southampton and Tilbury, plus other ports such as Bristol and Humberside ports, crashed and was down for several days. The old mainframe took over but much manual processing of paperwork was also required. Look for lawsuits from shipping companies, freight forwarders, and importers.

Most of the U.K.-flagged fleet may be registered elsewhere if the government scraps the shipping industry's exemptions from the Race Relations Act.

Some 200 African migrants died when their vessel capsized off Tunisia. Forty-one survived. The vessel is one of many that make regular trips from Africa to Italy.

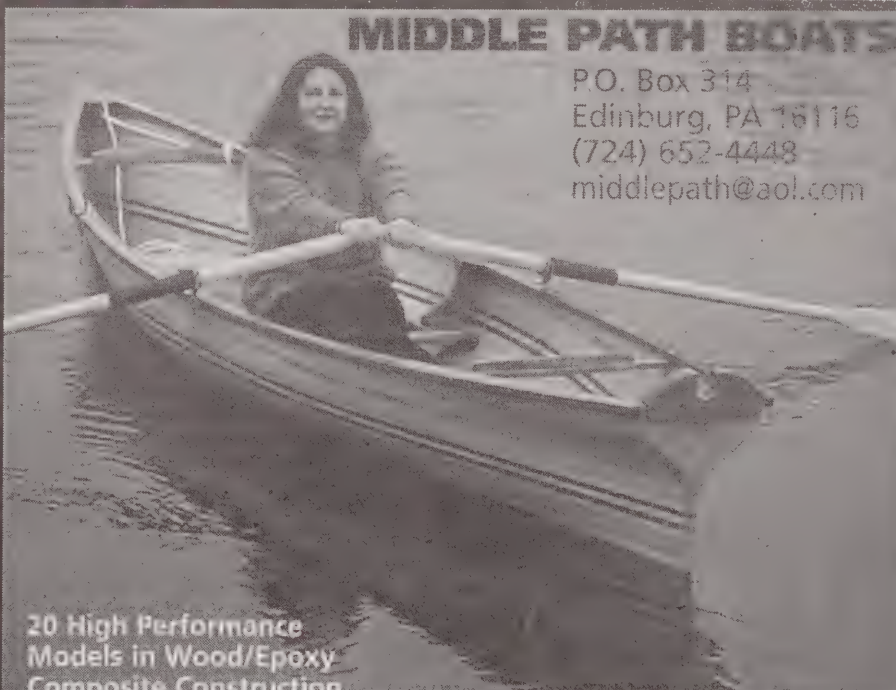
The first phase of a Vessel Traffic Service is in operation. The full system will provide coverage of the 164-mile Turkish Straits and their Black Sea and Mediterranean approaches.

Headshakers

During Tropical Storm Bill, a bridge tender in New Orleans fled as his booth was about to be knocked cockeyed. Approaching were a barge and two drydocks that had broken loose.

The computer in the US Navy's surface-ship electronic warfare suite is '70s-vintage and is "literally a Commodore 64 in a box," according to the officer in charge of the suite's replacement program.

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Fernald's from Route 1A.



Howie Fernald with a Picnic Cat.

The Picnic Cat (left) and the Sun Cat (right). There is a difference between a 14' and a 17' catboat!



A Quest for the Ideal Daysailer Part II

By Jim Lacey, Willimantic, CT

Fresh from Cape Cod, where we had visited Arey's Pond Boat Yard and Compass Classic Yachts, my wife Barbara and I, continuing our search for a small sloop or catboat at facilities advertised in these pages, set out for Newbury, Massachusetts, to check out Pert Lowell Co. and Fernald's Marine. We were able to reserve a room in Newburyport at the Windsor House, an elegant bed and breakfast within easy walking distance of Market Square and the Merrimac River waterfront for about half the going rate of similar accommodations on Cape Cod. The two-and-a-half hour drive from Willimantic was pleasant and easy and, following the directions provided by www.mapquest.com, we ran smack into Fernald's Marine on Route 1A in Newbury.

Fernald's main building is so packed with equipment, kayaks, canoes, and sailboats, including a spanking new Sunfish and a relatively huge Horizon Cat, that coming in from the bright sunlight the showroom seemed cool and dark. Howie Fernald, after completing a transaction with a customer, talked with me about the business and cordially showed me around the shop. I learned that the Fernalds had been at this location for some 70 years, and that Howard's father, Bunny Fernald, had sold Editor Bob Hicks' father his first boat, a 19' Century.

Then we made our way to two warehouselike facilities for boat storage just up the path, along with clusters of used boats here and there. I was primarily interested in seeing the Com Pac Picnic Cat and the Precision 15. Though the same length as the Arey's Pond Cat and the Compass Classic Cat, the Picnic Cat at about 500 lbs. weighs less and carries less sail, only 109sf. Defying tradition, the Picnic Cat has abandoned the barn door rudder for a retractable spade, which many would consider an advantage in convenience and efficiency as the traditional rudder can be a bear in weather. The Picnic Cat also features a Quick Rig setup, a hinged mast that requires only the attachment of the headstay.

The Precision 15, with its modern sloop rig, including a boom vang, is an attractive possibility and would be swift and zippy, but I had doubts about towing and raising the tall mast on my own. While we took a look at a Picnic Cat moored in the Parker River from the frontage of Fernald's property, Howie informed me that Pert Lowell's boat shed was just a hundred yards or so up the road appropriately named Lane's End.

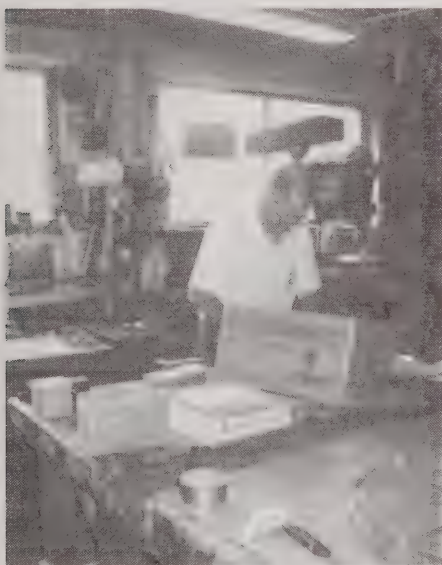
The lane indeed ends at Lowell's shed with another scenic view of watercraft on the Parker River to the left. Ralph Johnson, Pert Lowell's son-in-law, who runs the establishment, met me outside and showed me the wooden Townie sloop he would be restoring. Ralph proved to be amiable and low-keyed. The old shop itself is a treasure with wood, workbenches, and tools everywhere, along

with the project being completed that day, a Beetlecat restoration.

The Lowell family has been building boats in the area since the 17th century, the current shop was established by Pert Lowell during World War II when, among other things, it fashioned mast hoops for towed aircraft gunnery targets. Mast hoops and fasteners, parrel beads, sail hanks, wooden cleats and shell blocks, as well as belaying pins and bronze hardware are still being made to order in the shop, which proudly supplies mast hoops for Old Ironsides, the *U.S.S. Constitution*. In addition to the 16' Townie, they build the Fleet O Wing, an 18' keeled knockabout, a 17' Swampscott Dory, both rowing and sailing models, and a 13'9" cat rigged dinghy simply called Another Old Classic. After saying goodbye to the folks at Lowell's, Barbara and I headed for Newburyport, where we stopped for lunch at Molly's Pub, which featured much old wood charm and that ultimate assurance of civilization, Guinness on tap.

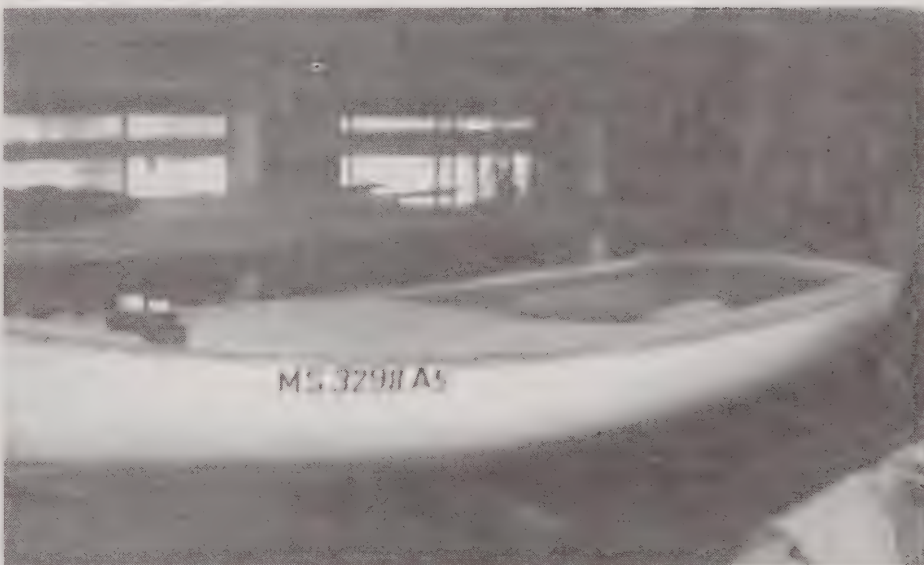
Though most of the town was destroyed in a fire (ca 1810) and had become shabby in the early 20th century, Newburyport has been beautifully restored. Maintaining its 18th century aspect and scale, it may be one of the few towns to have been improved by the "urban renewal" of the 1970s. On the boardwalk along the river, on the pleasant streets, reminiscent of the old town of European cities, and in the lively restaurants there was a comfortable mix of natives and tourists. And, marvelous to report, there was street side parking available as well as free parking in lots! A great area for a boat enthusiast to live or visit.

Jerry Yunker at work.



Ralph Johnson and Pert Lowell's shop.

A Beetlecat being repaired.



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Readers interested in further information about the shops I've described might send for the catalogs or check out the websites listed below. In general, Arey's Pond Boat Shop, Compass Classic Yachts, and Pert Lowell, Co. build boats to order, the first two mainly in fiberglass, the last mainly in wood. Most orders come from buyers familiar with the boat they are ordering. These shops do not have samples of every boat they build on hand. Fernald's is primarily a dealer/distributor of relatively noiseless watercraft manufactured elsewhere, canoes, kayaks, and sailboats.

Arey's Pond Boat Yard builds catboats, the 12'2" Kitten, the 14' Cat, the 16'6" Lynx, a 20'9" Cruising Cat, and also a 21' Pleasant Bay Launch. In addition to constructing new boats, Dan Gould does repairs and complete restorations of boats both wooden and fiberglass. Tony Davis, P.O. Box 222, Arey's Lane, South Orleans, MA 02662, (508) 255 0994, catboat@cape.com, www.by the sea.com/areyspondboatyard

Compass Classic Yachts builds replica classic sailboats, Rainbow, a 12'4" cat, the 14'2" Classic Cat, the 18' gaff sloop Baybird, and the much more substantial 18' gaff sloop Hurricane. Merv Hammatt, P.O. Box 143, South Orleans, MA 02662, (508) 240 1032,

compass@compassclassicyachts.com, www.compassclassicyachts.com

Fernald's Marine sells a wide range of kayaks, canoes, and sailboats, both new and used. Among other boat manufacturers, Fernald's has had a long and successful relationship with Com Pac Yachts of Clearwater, Florida. Howie Fernald, Route 1A on the Parker River, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465 0312.

Pert Lowell, Co. builds classic wooden small boats, the 16'6" Town Class sloop, now also available in fiberglass, the 17' 9" keeled Fleet O Wing sloop, the 17' Swampscott Dory, in both rowing and sailing versions, and the 13'9" cat rigged Another Old Classic. Wooden cleats, mast hoops, blocks, and the like are also available. Ralph Johnson, Lane's End, Newbury, MA 01950, (978) 462-7409.

Where do I stand in this quest for my ideal daysailer? Learning a lesson from my son, who once found himself owning three houses (in California, New Hampshire, and South Carolina) at the same time, I decided not to buy a daysailer until *Chatterwug*, my Ted Brewer designed canoe yawl, was sold. Since I live in a Victorian house in the city, there is no room on my property to collect boats anyway. Because of the slack economy

and miserable weather this summer, and perhaps because it is what Howie Fernald referred to as a "specialty boat," *Chatterwug* remains unsold. In brief, there is no great rush to make a decision.

Right now, I'm thinking fiberglass for easy maintenance, stability combined with light weight, and a simple setup for trailering, and though I can still, pushing 70, handle the yawl rig solo, a catboat without too much power in that big sail would be more comfortable, particularly when it gets dusty. Though all the shops I visited make beautiful, elegant boats, the Com Pac Picnic Cat right now seems the best for my requirements.

In the meanwhile, as I have discovered visiting boat shops and meeting the people who work in them an enjoyable experience, I may continue my quest further afield. Perhaps (who knows) I may be love struck by a little gaff rigged wooden sloop. Robb White, if a Yankee in a baseball cap arrives in your yard and climbs out of a white Toyota pickup toting a dinky digital camera, welcome him with Georgia hospitality and let him pet and take a picture of one of those sweet little boats you mention now and again.

Jim Lacey, Willimantic, CT, (860) 456 1214, Lacey@EasternCT.edu

View of the Parker River from Pert Lowell's shop.



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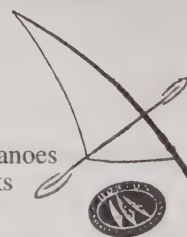
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Robert H. Cloutman, Boatbuilder

Part I

By Sharon Brown

While researching the boat yards of Massachusetts' North Shore where John Gardner worked, I was fortunate to meet Robert "Bob" Henry Cloutman and his wife Bette of Marblehead. In November 2002, I submitted a note to *Messing About In Boats* describing the boat in which Bob had been taught to sail by his father, Albert Henry Cloutman. In the course of investigating the boat, which Bob donated to Mystic Seaport Museum in 1978, I came to appreciate the significance of the contribution made by three generations of Cloutman boatbuilders to an industry comprised of small, family run boat shops and yards producing one-off traditional plank-on-frame boats for recreation and commercial use.

The diversity of these yards was once an important component of a stable New England agrarian based economy of seasonal farming and fishing. As these yards disappear from the fabric of society our lifestyles preclude the pleasure of hand tools except as recreation, house carpenters no longer swing claw hammers and boatbuilders carry portable routers. I resolved to celebrate Bob's legacy and work as a boatbuilder. This profile is based on a few facts concerning boats and their construction and cannot capture the whole man, some aspects of Bob's life assume importance simply because they are known and others are ignored because they are not known.

I knew Bob as a handsome, proud man of exceptional inner reserve and strength. He faced the world with a wide smile, dry wit, and easy laughter despite crippling arthritis diagnosed when he was an otherwise robust man of 44. Though Bob was pleased to read the account of his 14' sloop, he did not see it in print. He lost a difficult battle with a series of medical complications and died in Salem Hospital with his family at his bedside on December 14, 2002. Bob was 79 years old.

A celebration of Bob's life was held December 18 in the Old North Church where his ashes rested in a small sea chest. Testimonials by family and friends were bracketed by bagpipe renditions of "Amazing Grace" and "Marblehead Forever." His daughter, Jeanne Parker of Brunswick, Maine, later stated, "My wish is that he's now running with reckless abandon, with arms flailing over his head, and his face turned up to the sun, screaming 'Yahoo!' into the wind."

Bob was born in Marblehead on September 11, 1923 to Albert Cloutman and his wife, Alice Horne of Boylston, Massachusetts. Bob, an only child, lived first in his grandparents' home on Orne Street, then in the "little" home his father built at 5 Calthrope Road, and finally in the house next door at 18 Norman Street which Albert built in 1927-1928. Never too far from the waterfront and boats, Bob had a pretty typical Marblehead boyhood. He played touch football, skated on Redd's Pond, and chummed around in the neighborhood and down at the shore dawn to dusk. When he was about 11 he watched his



James E. "Al" Graves, third from right, and Henry Cloutman, on the right, established a boat yard in 1895 which became James E. Graves Yacht Yard, Inc. (Robert H. Cloutman Collection).

father build a 14' lapstrake sloop of his own design in the family cellar. It was kept on a mooring by Graves' Beacon Street yard along with a 10' skiff, both for Bob's use. It was there that Albert taught Bob to sail in "Bob's little sailboat."

Albert was well equipped to teach his son how to sail. Born October 1, 1897, he was raised in an atmosphere of respect for the sea and wooden boats and nurtured in Marblehead traditions. As a teenager he had matched his skills against the best of the old dory hands, competing in the Alpha Beachcomber dory classes. His early winnings were reported in the Corinthian Yacht Club Annual results for 1912 when Albert was only 15.

Organized in 1885, the Corinthian Yacht Club of Marblehead inaugurated a mid summer series for small boats in 1904, including races for the two classes, both the same 20' 11" model, the Alpha dories from Salem and Beachcomber dories from Marblehead (see John Gardner, 1961, *Outdoor Maine*, March, May, 1977, *Building Classic Small Craft*, Vol. 1, Chap. 14). They were built by Marblehead builder William H. Chamberlain who took honors in the Dory Class in his boats *Alberta* and *Scamp* and the mid summer series Beachcomber Dory Class (usually over a five-mile course) in *Surprise* in 1895, 1909, and 1910. James E. Graves joined the club in 1902 and famed designer, Samuel H. Brown Jr. was the measurer in 1907, and Evers Burtner in 1917.

It was the halcyon days of racing in Marblehead harbor and *Yachting* (March 1913) reported that the mid summer series in 1912 was the largest regatta in years. Spectators lined the shore to watch over a thousand men in 184 boats cross the starting line to the repetitious firing of the starting signal for 30 classes. Chamberlain's name was absent from the winners in 1912, but Albert Cloutman was reported in the list of participants in his Beachcomber Dory, *Freak*, competing in the Alpha Dory Class on July 4, taking first place in a field of six starters on August 24, and

winning the five-mile Pleone Yacht Club race on September 2. It was the beginning of a remarkable racing record in the Beachcomber Dories *Freak*, *Freak II*, and *Freak III*. He was in the top finishers taking silver home in 1913, 1914 (*Freak*; *Freak III*), 1916, 1919, 1920 (*Freak II*), 1921 (*Freak II*), and 1922 (*Freak*), accumulating more than a dozen trophies over a ten-year period (Corinthian Yacht Club Annuals, *Winners*, published by the varnish maker Edward Smith & Co.; *Yachting*; Cloutman Family Collection). When Albert's name disappeared from the record book he was 25 years of age and about to start a family.

Albert's father, Henry Cloutman, was born in Marblehead February 2, 1851, and married his second wife, Harriet Alice Imperial, on February 9, 1888. Henry went into

Mrs. Schofield watches Albert Cloutman kneeling at the batten on Graves' mold loft floor (Robert H. Cloutman Collection).



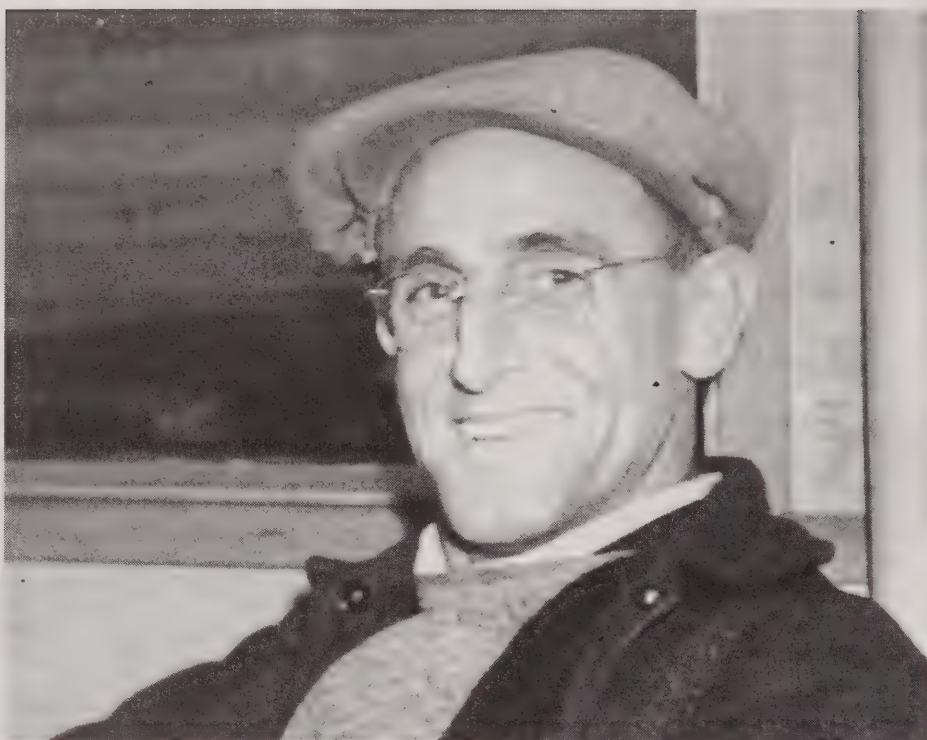
business with James Elbridge "Al" Graves when they established a boat yard in 1895, a year before Al's father, Eleazer T. Graves, died. This yard was destined to become the premier North Shore yard, James E. Graves Yacht Yard, Inc., managed by the Graves family until its sale in the early 1980s.

A large man, Al had a passion for competitive rowing and the yard was established to handle the growing demand for winning rowing dories which he began building in a barn near Beacon Street while still employed at the Roberts Box Factory in Marblehead. It quickly grew in reputation. Between 1897 and 1903 Graves built 21 yachts ranging from 28' to 45' in length overall. Eighteen were of Bowdoin B. Crowninshield designs and three by W. Starling Burgess (*Lloyds American Yachts* 1903-1904). According to his wife Georgene, W.H. Chamberlain (1864-1939) learned the trade from Al before setting up in his father's cow barn to try his own hand and designs. Henry Cloutman died in July 1916 at the age of 65 and Al's son, E. Selman "Jim" Graves joined the yard in 1919 working with, among others, Edward Goodwin and W. Henry Schofield.

Albert Cloutman graduated from high school and then, on his own initiative, from Burdett College in Boston. Despite his family connection to the Graves yard and summer work there, Albert first worked at W. Starling Burgess' Marblehead factory at Little Harbor building WWI airplanes. When the factory was destroyed by fire shortly before the "False" Armistice of November 1918, his tool chest was burned and Bob inherited door clamps which he used despite their lack of handles, lost in the flames. Albert also worked in Chamberlain's Orne Street boat shop, perhaps as early as 1911 (*Maine Coast Fisherman*, December 1951).

A paid receipt for him in Chamberlain's records dated ca. 1921 (File MH 54 Phillips Library, Salem) included two oak stems, 145' of pine, nails, screws, and three pairs of oar locks, all for \$23.59. Not long after he apparently got into an argument with Chamberlain and quit. As Bob later reported, "My father

lived right down the street, Orne Street. He went and got a wheelbarrow and put his tools and his tool box, a good sized one, on the wheelbarrow and started home with it. He never even got to his house and Mr. Graves [Al] came along and hired him right there. He never got home, he just kept on going with his tools down to Graves." There is a photograph, dated 1920, in the Cloutman album of Albert in a sweet, double-ended open launch, named *Alice* in honor of the woman whom he married on April 6, 1921. He became a full time employee of Graves in 1922. He built the house for his parents on Calthrope Road, but Bob, born almost seven years after



Albert Cloutman, superintendent of James E. Graves Yacht Yard, Inc., at his desk at the Beacon Street yard (Robert H. Cloutman Collection).

Henry's death, grew up with his grandmother's second husband, Mr. Baker, in the role of grandfather.

In 1928 a fire destroyed the Graves' mill where boats had been built for nearly 30 years, and in 1929 the business was officially incorporated under the name of James E. Graves, Inc. On March 17, 1930, Albert, Carpenter Foreman at Graves, was promoted to act as General Manager in the absence of Jim, as signed by the latter and the witnesses, his sister, Edith P. Graves and P.T. Grant. On August 8, 1930, James E. Graves died at his New Hampshire summer home after a long illness. In 1933 the Graves corporation purchased the Stearns and McKay boat yard, which became the Marblehead Yacht Yard, giving the corporation a lower yard on Beacon Street near Little Harbor and an upper one on Front Street.

Five years later, on November 15, 1938, Albert signed an agreement with E. Selman, again acting for James E. Graves, Inc., making him superintendent. He earned a good wage, "sixty dollars per week plus any overtime directly collectible from customers at the rate of One Dollar and Twenty Cents per hour" and ten percent of the net profits after deduction of taxes and expenses. Bette Cloutman was later to remark wryly, "We thought the Cloutman's were rich!"

On November 21, 1938, Albert signed his name to a pencil drawing of a 24' open launch with small cuddy, No. 101, for James E. Graves Inc. The plan called for 3/4" pine planking, bronze fastened with 1" x 7/8" oak frames on 8" centers, bronze fittings, and tank of tinned copper. As John Gardner summarized, "At this yard he [Albert] supervised the construction and repair of all types of fine yachts, some by foremost American designers, and so was thoroughly conversant with the latest and the best in the design and construction of pleasure craft, particularly as the



Graves yard tended to advanced and experimental jobs." In fact, between 1904 and 1920, Graves built 23 yachts ranging from 30' to 60' in length overall. Twelve were of B.B. Crowninshield designs and the rest from the boards of ten different designers, including W. Starling Burgess, Swasey, Raymond and Page, James E. Graves, and William Garden & Co. And between 1926 and 1940, Graves built 50 yachts ranging from 28' to 66' in length overall. Thirty-five were of John G. Alden designs and the rest from the desks of 12 different designers, including L. Francis Herreshoff, Gordon Munroe, Belknap & Paine, and Eldredge-McInnis. (*Lloyds American Yachts* 1920, 1940).

Bob's first job in a boat yard was a dirty one. When he was about 17 he worked with Captain Charlton Lyman Smith (1869-1944) scraping and painting boat bottoms. They were the bottoms of the 14' hard-chined, V-bottom catboats designed by W. Starling Burgess and named by his children after the family dog, "Brutal Beast." A yacht master, Smith built boats mostly in the winter and 11 of 800 Brutal Beasts built by 1944 were from his shop. It was a classic initiation for Bob, and fitting somehow since Smith's son, Gerald, would one day work with Bob, both at Graves and in Bob's own shop.

In 1940 there was a bad explosion at Graves, grimly revealed in Albert's photographs. The *Trim-Too*, a 50' express cruiser designed by Eldredge-McInnis, Inc. for Stanley W. Ferguson of Boston, built by Graves, and launched in 1937, was stored in the shed next to Albert's office for the winter of 1939-40. She was photographed by Rosenfeld for the December 1937 issue of *The Rudder* and her lines presented in the May 1938 issue. Two gasoline Hall-Scott four cycle, six cylinder engines powered her.

In the spring of 1940, as Bob recalled, "The guy hired as a captain went out and lit the stove for a cup of coffee and there was gas and it blew him out through the side of the boat and ruined the boat. Killed the man. Awful explosion. Must have been a large concentration of gas. My dad was there and it blew him right out of his seat." Ferguson, commodore of the Central New England Regatta Association, expected 20 boats to enter the Atlantic Coast Express Cruiser Sweepstakes in the fall of 1940 with a prize of \$250 for the winner offered by Walter McInnis (*The Rudder*, April 1940, p. 77). The explosion occurred "in the galley, forward of the engine room bulkhead, so that the motors were intact" and they were used in the new 53' express cruiser, *Trim Fore*, designed by Eldredge-McInnis for Ferguson, built by Graves, and launched in May of 1941.

Bob graduated from Marblehead High School in 1941 when he was 18, spent one and a half years studying engineering at Boston's Wentworth Institute, and then applied for a job at Graves. Graves first built boats for the government in 1939, four 35' Coast Guard Station boats. From November 1941 on, all production work was for the military. They were also refitting pleasure yachts for government service, and in late 1941 fitted out the 58' Alden schooner *Syren IV* for J. Malcolm Mooney of Columbus, Ohio, who took her south to Florida. Reminiscent of post 9-11 Homeland Security Patrols, in mid-December of 1941 Marblehead police chief S. Irving Chapman asked the selectmen to con-

firm E. Selman Graves' choice of six men to be sworn in as special patrolmen to guard the Graves yard: Clifford Stetson, Albert Cloutman, Lynton Wright, Yuol Nichols, Elliott Gantry, and E. Selman Graves (*Marblehead Messenger*, Dec. 19, 1941).

Bob was working on the same boats that John Gardner, Albert, and Gerald Smith were planking. From mid-December 1941 through March 24, 1943, John worked the second shift at the Beacon St. yard. He was planking the 38' Walter J. McInnis designed U.S.C.G. picket boats for the war effort. His crew shaped the planks and installed two strakes per day. Albert, yard superintendent, had similar responsibility on the first shift and they shared the same bench.

Half of the initial order for 20 was shipped in March of 1942, and altogether 64 were built on two forms over a period of little more than a year. The frames of the carvel planked hulls, 38' l.o.a. x 10'4" beam x 3' draft, were bent on the outside of the ribbands. "The first job I had on those was putting the bits down through the forward deck," said Bob. "Forcing them through the floor timbers and caulking them around the deck. I helped put in a lot of the stringers on the inside. A hogging girder. The thing was about 30' long, steamed to get it in, about 1-1/2" x 4" fir. It took maybe ten guys on it trying to get it bent in and fastened while it was still hot."

On January 29, 1943, when Graves received the Army-Navy "E" production award for Excellence, Bob was among the 36 employees in active service listed in the program. At the time Graves was working on 36' tow-boats for the Army and still converting yachts for the Corsair Fleet or Coastal Picket Force. When the war effort intensified, Bob enlisted in the Navy and by September of 1943 he was heading across the Atlantic.

While overseas Bob applied for officer's training school. He was one of 600 applicants and qualified for the Navy V12 program (*Motor Boat*, November 1943). He was shipped back and sent to Bloomsburg State Teachers College in Pennsylvania for a year and a half where he played football as he had done since high school. He went on to Penn State but had to quit the program when his mother needed his help. "I could have stayed there in the Navy but they wanted two more years guaranteed and my father was in tough shape so I decided I better come home and do something." Albert had suffered a bad accident earlier at work when a large hatch fell, striking him on the head. Paralyzed on one side of his body, his recovery was supervised by Alice. "My mother taught him to crochet so he could learn to use his hands," said Bob, pointing to the afghan that he had made in recovery. When he was well enough, he went back to work at Graves.

During World War II, both yards were contributing to military production, the 64 38' picket boats for the Coast Guard, 40, 47' tugs for the Army, 30 30' sea sleds, one 36' sea sled, and one 78' sea sled for the Army Air Corps. Graves also continued to convert private yachts for coastal patrol work. In April of 1943, John Gardner went to work for Willis J. Reid & Sons of Winthrop for a few months, and then returned again in August of 1943 to the Beacon St. yard to make a model of the giant Hickman Sea Sled Graves was building for the Army. "I was there when they had the sea trials for the Hickman Sea sled," said

Bob. "My father was out in it at the time and said they had some problems...anything that was loose in the cockpit walked from one side to the other due to vibration. Also, half of the props were out of the water." James Arthur Graves added (personal communication, March 2002) "There was only one big sea sled. It was run over a channel buoy in Washington to put it out of commission against the Elco PT boats before the sea trials. I felt bad for Hickman. There were three sizes, 35', 40' and 80' with three big Packard engines each 1450 hp." John Gardner worked at Graves through 1946 and during that time at the Marblehead Yacht Yard on Front St. there was production of smaller sea sleds. And C. Raymond Hunt launched the first 210 on May 5, 1945.

The number of men at Graves contemporary with Albert and Bob numbered by one account in the 30s, some of whom were honored in John Gardner's 1993 *Wooden Boat* article (No. 115). "I also worked there before and after the service [Navy]," said Bob. "I worked with Dan Grant, along with Paul Grant, Jesse Hammond, Albert and Ralph Connors, Henry Schofield, and all the guys that John knew, but I was just a kid." Tremaine L. Robarts, head rigger in 1943, started working at Graves in 1921, and the boss painter, Henry Schofield, who started before WWI, served with the Navy and returned to the company in 1919. Other Graves' staff included the purchasing agent Robert E. Manning, Jack Robarts, who had been the foreman at Stearns and McKay, Clifford W. Stetson, the foreman, George K. Blaney, head yard man, and Samuel Haslet, head of the joiner shop.

Bob enjoyed relating Marblehead stories about his colleagues and told one about Albert "Potlead" Connors. "He used to get out all the planking down here at Graves and he would never sweep up in front of his bench. There were all these shavings up over his knees. The guys, one day when he was out to lunch, they got a bunch of glue and they poured it all over the shavings. And when he came back he didn't notice and he went wading through. It was all stuck to him. Used some Marblehead language." Bob also had one about Dan Grant, the Nova Scotia Scotsman that John Gardner regarded as the finest finish carpenter and mentor to Howard Chapelle. Bob said that Grant didn't work on the hulls, he built the cabin trunks that were fitted on later. "When he was 57 years old, he cut off the end of his thumb on the bandsaw. He just sat down and cried. He had never had an accident in all his working years."

Charles A. Lawton, born in St. John, New Brunswick in 1858, moved to the North Shore after working in Boston in the 1880s for H.V. Partelow and others. He worked for E. Gerry Emmons of Swampscott and eventually for Graves, leaving in 1914 to go to the Charlestown Navy Yard. He returned to Graves in 1925 where he worked into his 90th year building fine yacht tenders. "I never worked with Charlie," said Bob, "he wouldn't let anyone work with him anyway. He used to work up on the second floor and he used to have his own corner and he got anything he asked for. He was quite a man. He wouldn't tell you anything." Lawton's career spanned 70 years and in 1943, he had the longest record at Graves.

When Albert returned to work at Graves his physical stamina was not the same and he began to think about other prospects for earning a living. In his spare time he built a round-hulled lobsterboat of his own design which he launched in 1944 and named *Bob*, the third boat he built with his son in mind. Albert kept *Bob* by Graves at Little Harbor. There she swung on a mooring, her 10" Coast Guard required letters across her transom, the "O" framed by the small stern boarding ladder, and the number "4A798" prominent on her bow. "Potlead Connors built one just like it

[*Bob*] from our plans in August 1944," said Bob.

Albert started lobstering part time, and eventually left Graves in 1946. When Bob returned from the service in the spring of 1946 he went back to work at Graves, helped Albert build a boat shop at 7 Calthrope Road (1946-1947), next to the "little" house, and went summer lobstering. A young woman living in the neighborhood, M.E. "Bette" Carter, watched the shop take shape and caught Bob's eye. They began dating in late summer of 1947. "Between 1947 and 1951 Bob went

Lizzie H., the 30' V-bottom lobsterboat built by Albert and Bob Cloutman and launched in February 1947, shown here in 1947 or 1948 with a long exhaust and no muffler because her owner, Ed Hawkes, liked the roar. Hawkes rigged her for dragging by stepping a mast about where the davit is, fitting a boom and towing from its end so he had only to bring the net aboard, leaving the doors hanging off the end of the boom until the last tow. Ed is on the right and his brother Winslow is on the left (Edward F. Hawkes Collection).



lobstering from early spring to late fall, getting up at 5 AM [and working] until around noon, then worked on boats with Albert for the rest of the day," recounted Bette. This practical experience in boathandling served them both well when designing, modifying, or appraising lines.

In 2002 Bob estimated that more than 30 boats were built in their shop, mostly powerboats, a few sailboats, and some skiffs. He had an excellent memory. Unable to negotiate the cellar stairs, he knew the location of every tool in his chests and on his work benches and could describe the overhead rack in the shop with the piece of fiddle back mahogany set aside for the bed his father never had time to build. But Bob did not write about the boats. The best source for chronicling their construction is the Cloutman photograph album and documents kept in the family safety deposit box, some dates corroborated by the literature.

The first boat built in the new shop by A.H. Cloutman & Son was a "learning experience" for Bob with Albert acting as the teacher. It was the V-bottom lobster boat, *Lizzie H.*, which Albert designed. The handsome 30' hull, with 9-1/2' beam, was painted white and gray, and powered with a 80hp engine. She was named by her owner, lobsterman Edward Hawkes of Marblehead, in honor of his mother. Her February 26, 1947 launch at Fisherman's Beach in Barnegat, the first of the season, described in a brittle newspaper clipping. It was a proud moment for father and son. Fishermen, workers from the nearby yacht yard, yachtsmen, and spectators were treated to a Marblehead fish chowder cooked by Gerald Smith and two assistant chefs, Ernest Cronk and Buster Dixey, in Smith's fishing shanty known as 'Snug Harbor.' "At 1:15 PM, as the tide swelled in and carried the *Lizzie H.* free of her cradle, Mrs. Hawkes splattered a bottle of sea water on the craft's bow." Those attending the launch, a Who's Who of Marbleheaders, included Henry Briggs, Herbert Dixey, Ray Mace, Ray Burns, Myron Hutchinson, Fred Woods Jr., Chummy Frost, William Hawkes, Webster Brown, Lincoln Hawkes, Cap. Smith, Linton Bell, and Dick Russell.

This traditional event preceded years of hard labor. Bob and his father continued to lobster in the summer (possibly as many as seven years) and build boats in the winter. Bob relaxed long enough to marry Bette on May 2, 1948, and they took up housekeeping on Calthrope Road.

(To Be Continued)

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The old man sat with his back to the spray and wind as his 14-year-old grandson drove the little open boat through the rising chop in the dim light of the evening. While the fishing had been nothing to write home about, it had been a good summer with the young lad, he thought to himself. In fact, it had been a good year! The boy had been going a bit off the rails, poor school results, too much time hanging out with other idle types, sitting in front of television eating junk food (here he spat overboard), and playing with those unfathomably fascinating electronic games.

The boy's parents were both working, the choice between family time and paying the mortgage being a difficult one, but it left his grandson at more than a loose end. He'd been in the same trap himself, but his own grandpop had been able to involve him in other things.

Memories of fishing the estuary near home with his grandfather led the old man to gather up the boy one day and drive down to the local lumber yard, involving the resentful youth in selecting and loading a short list of plywood and lumber. They then headed off to unload into the space under the house.

It took most of the winter to build the boat, it was nothing extravagant but suited the small rivers and lakes as well as being tough enough for the fine weather fishing along the shore that he hoped would show the kid that there was much more to life than pre-packaged food and a square screen.

As the regular twice a week afternoons went on, the resentfulness gradually subsided and a friendship grew, skill with tools began to emerge, and a real involvement in the creation of something together gave them a shared interest that made those building sessions something that they both looked forward to.

Launching day had been something very special, small sister got the job of sprinkling the lemonade and blessing the new boat, Grandmum had produced new woolly caps for the intending mariners, and the old 15hp Mercury had responded first pull and had more than enough punch to keep her up on the plane, but not so much speed that it could get them into too much trouble (some of the unoccupied evenings had gone into a very thorough service check to ensure that it would be reliable). Everybody had a tour around the bay, the boy taking the helm, but only after Grandfather was sure of his abilities to think and act on the boat's performance.

Not long after the fishing trips started, first just a couple of hours at a time, drift fishing at the top of the tides, setting a long line with multiple hooks, a try with a couple of crab pots and experiments with nets. Then the expeditions got more serious, towing the boat on the old garden trailer for a few hours on Friday evening, when the chores and homework were shown to be up to date, and pitching a tent near a prime spot. Cooking the day's fish wrapped in foil had proven to be a real adventure! The young man had only ever eaten fish as fast food before, and cooking his own catch to satisfy an appetite sharpened by a day out on the water put a whole new perspective on life.

During summer break the two had taken the boat up country to a fair sized lake, loaded up with camping and fishing gear they'd spent the first day exploring and looking for a good

Trover... A Utility Outboard Skiff

(More than just plywood and a motor)

By John Welsford

tent site, and from there on the two had forgotten their age difference and had the time of their lives fishing, swimming, cruising, and reading the covers off the few books they'd taken.

With the summer rapidly cooling into fall, the leaves turning gold and red, the old man's thoughts turned to the possibility of ducks. Goldie, the old Labrador, should cope with another season and the pump gun was well preserved in its coating of oil. Hmmm.

Yup! The boat had been a success, and the boy hadn't turned out too bad either!

Trover... 14' Outboard Utility

Loa	4.4M	14' 5"
Beam	1.4M	4' 7"
Weight (est)	90 kg	196 lbs
	(dry, ex-motor)	
Power	5-25hp short shaft OB	
Speed range	7-30 knots.	
Load capacity	450 kg	1000 lbs
	(to total weight)	

Trover

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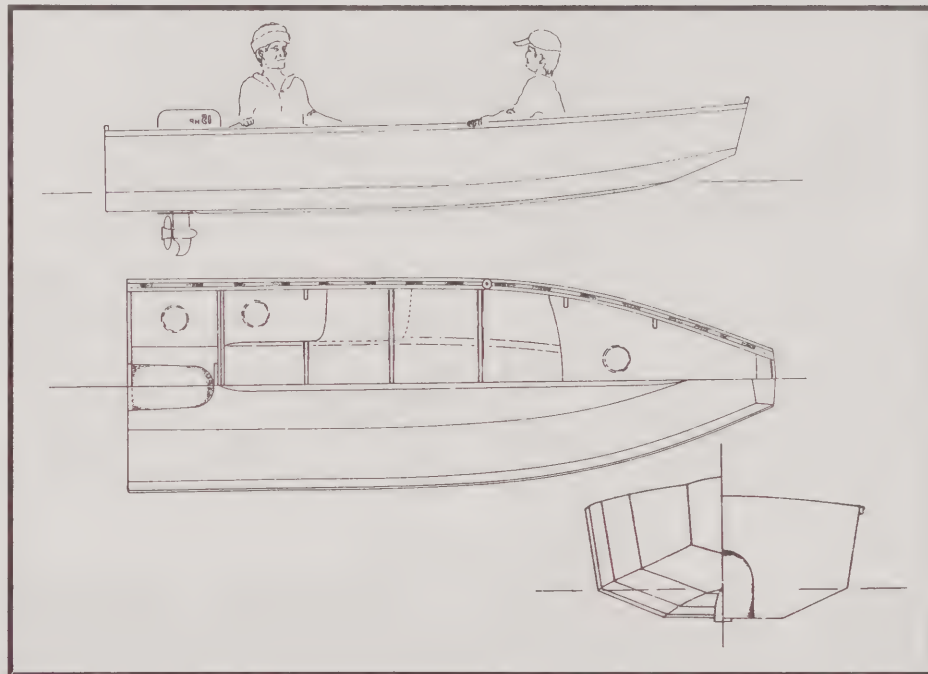
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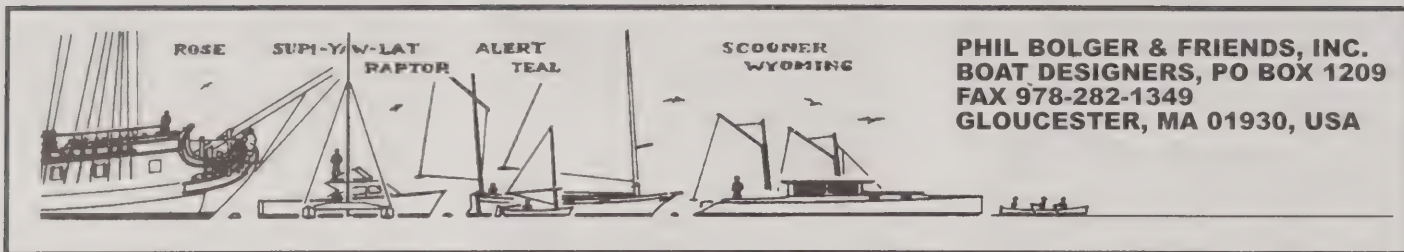


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The wish list for Riever II was for a coastal cruiser that would often be used to entertain good-sized groups for day trips. The owner had owned a smaller motorsailer for many years (he had commissioned us to design a new rig for her with more sail area), so we knew that he was experienced. He wanted the low freeboard afterdeck with side as well as aft entrances to the deckhouse for circulation of the day parties. Since, with a lot of beam for her hull draft, she was going to be a very stiff boat sailing at small angles of heel, doing so typically only in decent weather, we went along with this. We would have preferred to deck her flush with the rail all the way aft or at least to carry the raised deck to the after end of the deckhouse. Either solution would likely have made her fit for ocean work.

The design we proposed was an elaboration of our own Resolution in many respects. We took the client out in her and showed him how she could get into attractive places denied to deeper boats and how nicely she lay in a cheap and private dry out berth at the end of the day. The new boat was to be twin screw for handier maneuvering, and we more than doubled the area of Resolution's dipping lugsail with the idea that it would waft her along pleasantly in gentle breezes for the pleasure of the day parties.

Steering way in a light breeze with the big dipping lug.

Bolger on Design Reiver II

Twin Screw Dipping Lugger Coastal
 Cruiser

Design #621

Length overall 49'2"

Breadth 13'1"

Draft 2'6"

Displacement 39,000 lbs

Sail Area 936sf

Mast Height from W.L. 45'0"

Clearance with mast lowered 10'10"

This last was in reaction to having seen the dead performance of conventional motorsailers in that kind of circumstances. The big dipping lug would drive her much better with a minimum of controlling lines on a cantilevered mast so short that it could be pivoted and counterweighted to swing down without special gear and next to no effort or delay to duck under low bridges or minimize wind resistance at anchor in a gale.

This mast was a fir four stave box with wall thickness tapered to lighten the top, 100% counterweighted to swing up and down at a touch, deflection with the stiff boat heeled almost rail down was very slight. The yard of the big sail was rigged with a peak halyard to make it unnecessary to lower it all the way to the deck in dipping and brailed in to its yard to reduce the free bunts in hoisting and lowering. Roy Downes cut a beautiful sail.

Construction was conventional bent frame carvel except for the long plywood epoxy box keel. She was copper sheathed in the same fashion as Resolution, which went 14 years without being cleaned. One reason for the box keel was to put the ballast inside where it would not react with the copper as Resolution's outside casting had done. And, with the ballast in multiple matching blocks, the box would also allow various levels of ballasting and fore and aft trim changes without much drama. The box was coppered but we were uneasy about driving the sheathing nails through the epoxy finish of the plywood, so designed in discussion with the builder, natural wood nailing strips let into the edges of the box.

The owner insisted on twin 72hp four-cylinder diesels. We mounted them close in to the centerline to blow the single rudder in a sharp turn. The rudder is more powerfully blown by the prop on the inside of the turn (!), while she is held in place by the one on the outside; that is, to turn to starboard you go ahead on the starboard engine and back down on the port one, the reverse of the usual practice. To improve this action, the props were specified inward rotating to walk the stem in the desired direction. The engines were planned to exhaust dry through flex sections up the tabernacled radar mast at the stern. In a hot engine application we tested for the minimum radius of the flex pipes to make sure they could work as intended hot or cold.

Alas, what should have been an all around good experience between the old acquaintance client and the seasoned builder next town over to see the construction progress periodically, turned sour quickly. We thought we had agreed to all this with the owner and builder, but as soon as construction started it began to appear that they did not agree with a lot of it and felt free to make drastic changes in discussion with each other and various outside "consultants," but not with us.

The detail drawings of the engine installation, some of which are shown here, were completely ignored, and once launched the "quicky on the shop floor" arrangements substituted led to unacceptable noise (85db at the helm), heavy vibration, overly hot engine room risking the engines, with compromised reserve buoyancy due to uncontrolled 10" x 12" openings out near the rail, plus a care



fully crafted and expensive fire hazard potential from an indefensible watercooled/dry/watercooled exhaust system layout. And, yes, she gained a third engine to boot, just to turn a few lights on (different make, though, to add to the confusion aboard). Her stack of manuals alone amount to a goodly weight of trimming ballast.

When it came to trials, the owner said our maneuvering directions were “counter-intuitive” and refused to try them. We had run her on one engine around the river, out into the bay, and back into our tight cove, controlling her just fine with just one prop including a final 180 degree turn over the “inside” prop. In keeping with prior behavior, he was not influenced by our demonstration of how well she handled as designed, even with the props wrongly installed conventionally rotating outward. He continued to try to turn her by levering her around with the props, which were too close in to the centerline to be effective in that way and put her ashore, fortunately right between granite riprap into a soft marsh grass spot.

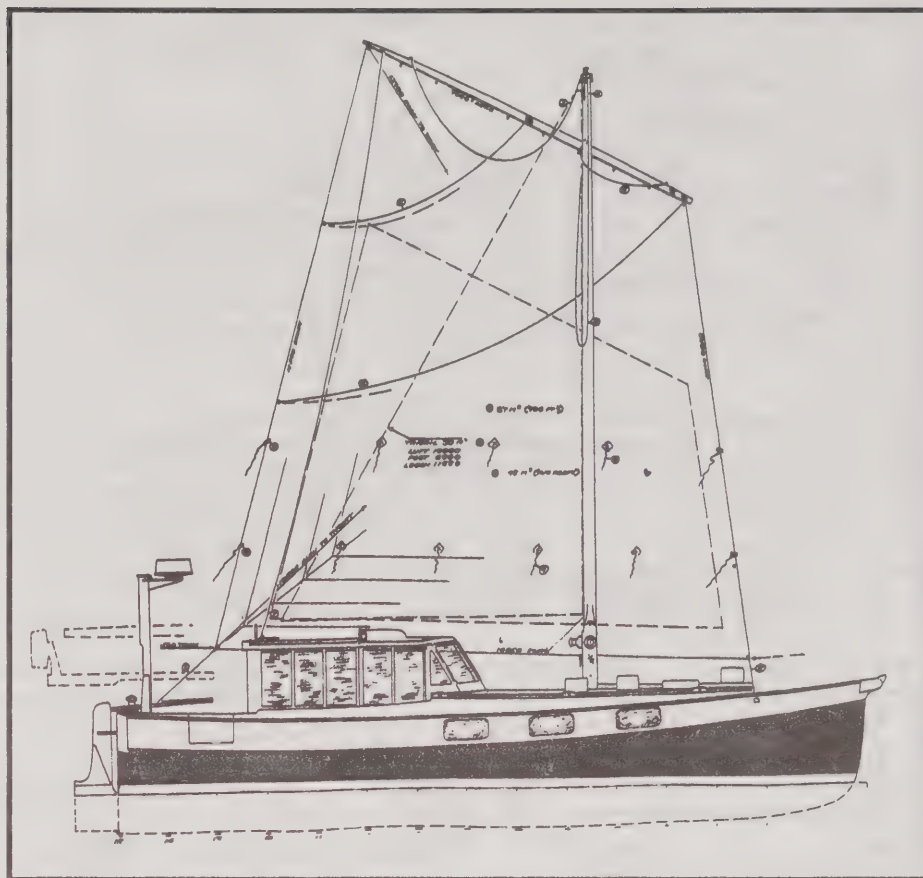
She never reached full hull speed despite 140-hp on tap! Out of the blue a bow thruster tunnel had been carved into her smooth bowlines in the middle of her assembly. In stark contrast with the plans, an extra wide but short keel cooler was installed at the point of maximum drag. In violation of common sense, they were placed right at the turn of the bilges to risk crushing their thin wall pipes first time she’d come down on a less than perfectly raked dry out berth. Her expensive feathering lobster cages periodically touching the blade tips. Etc.

The expensive and incongruous details were endless and were concocted between owner and builder over our day-to-day protests. As the photo shows, she showed an efficient wave pattern under power, but she was a knot slower than she should have been on account of various added resistances, plus the engines not developing their full power in light of the engine room detailing perpetrated earlier. But she was very steady and dry in a seaway.

The big dipping lugsail gave her steerage way in a zephyr and drove her 8-1/2kts close hauled in a fair breeze, not heeled sharply enough to put the low afterdeck in the water. It was slow work to hoist, the two speed winches being barely adequate; we should have given her a power winch. The powered sheet winch made that point even clearer, the boat had already jumped from \$225k to near \$600k, more or less inexplicable to us.

The two halyard arrangement worked well in light airs, but the bunts of the half lowered sail thrashed hard in stronger wind, out of control of a singlehander. We planned fixes for this problem but were not given a chance to try them. And we had underestimated the weather helm potential of this sheeting arrangement in conjunction with the thick keel amidships, the rudder had to be hard over when there was much weight in the wind, and holding her with the rudderhead tiller was hard work.

We had talked of giving her a single leeboard on the port side where it would have worked clear of the windows. This would have relieved the heavy helm by reducing leeway. A simpler fix would have been an



endplate on the keel well aft. We never had much chance to examine some of the phenomena beyond short afternoon sessions to draw more than casual conclusions from them. Soon she steamed under power Down East out of our however limited reach for good.

Within the following year she would receive what we understand to be well over another \$250k of special care and attention. The owner elected to replace the lug rig completely with a conventional “motorsailer” jib headed ketch rig, short masted and ineffective as they usually are. He also had a Maine boatyard design and build a round counter stem abaft the original transom which increased her length about 10', it was nicely done and looked quite well.

On the other hand, in light of her unusual construction to begin with, we don't

really want to know how this was accomplished structurally. We do know that most if not all the sins built into her during initial construction are still there. We surely would not want her in terms of ergonomics, engine durability, fire safety, reserve buoyancy as a sailing craft, structural durability with copper nailed straight into epoxied ply (!) of her box keel, near impossible to repair/replace after the inevitable rot has progressed too far as that would amount literally to a spinal columnectomy.

Within a year or two she ended up donated as some sort of tax write-off to promptly show up in brokerage pages. By now, many years later, she is still with the same broker it seems. She had initially been bid by the builder at \$225k. First and last, we were told, she had cost near \$900k after everybody (but us) was through with her. Last thing we heard

Nice clean wave shape at full speed under power. Ability to lay the mast down on short notice is a comfort at anchor in a gale.



I have run the Rescue Minor more this summer than ever before. For one thing, my old, new, dearly beloved 16' outboard skiff is getting a complete refinish job so it'll be good as new. I had to pay my son Sam and his 18-month-old daughter to do it. They are way more meticulous than I am and actually peeled all the deteriorated two part varnish off the boat with the splay blade of a pocket knife...frames and all. He just about has the old boat re-epoxified (the baby does not get to epoxify) with three new coats including the rails which, as a failed experiment, were never epoxified in the first place. This normal, old, wet Georgia summer is slowing down the work, but I don't care. I think I can keep the Rescue Minor running and, if I can't, I still have the old, pitifully checked, plywood take apart skiff and the Grumman Sport Boat, *Chickenfeed*.

We have been running the Rescue Minor all the time in spite of Murphy and his attempts at interference. Just like anybody trying to learn his boat experience is the trick. I have learned a lot. During Coast House Week, I had to take one participant back to participate in a scheduled shoreside event and my nephew went along for the ride. The ride over there went fine even though it was sort of choppy and we had a following sea which will sometimes make the boat cavitate when the stern heaves up over the crest of a wave and allows the stern cavity to lose its seal to the water. I reckoned that my 6'3" nephew was holding the stern down enough...the boat never cavitates when loaded. Anyway, after we had let off the person to tend to his responsibilities, the nephew and I headed back out. It was even more rough then and I headed up straight into it to keep from throwing so much water, thinking that I could run kind of quick into the lee of the island by hauling ass in the sort of calm spots, but the boat cavitated so bad that I couldn't do much more than hull speed the whole way across to the island. I couldn't figure it out. Even after we made the lee, the boat wouldn't do anything much. I was appalled. Finally, in the flat calm lee, I was able to open her up but then I saw black smoke coming out of the engine room vent. That was when the exhaust water filter swole up for no reason other than spite and cut off the cooling water and melted the plastic muffler.

The water problem was understandable and I have fixed it (I hope) with about a 2-qt. filter with a polyester element that won't swell up (I hope). What perplexed me was why the boat wouldn't go to windward as good with my nephew as it does with my wife. I set to to figure it out, and I did. Though the dynamics of all that water captured under the stern of the boat does not allow the boat to list when loaded heavy on one side, it does dramatically affect the cavitation of the boat when running light. My nephew was just too heavy and was sitting on the lee side. I did a bunch of experiments.

When the boat is running empty, just the least little change of trim from weather to lee will make a hell of a difference in how the stern seals to the water in a chop. I discovered that when I am running all by myself when it is rough, I can eliminate cavitation by just standing a little bit toward the windward side. The attitude of the boat never changes but she won't cavitate when I am standing just right, it only takes a few inches

Dynamics

By Robb White

to do the trick. The boat has to trim just a little heavier to the windward side. It is amazing. I imagine that when it is running light that little pirogue up under there is not deep enough in the water to make enough wake to fill the cavity and get a good seal, so when a wave comes along on the weather side it is able to break the seal and let in enough air to make the boat cavitate. I believe the boat weighs at least 350 lbs. less than Atkin intended. She won't cavitate at all with that much extra weight, but she runs wetter and does not get that amazing gas mileage.

Another interesting phenomenon is that when my wife goes forward to pull the anchor, I can start the engine in gear and it acts like it is in neutral. I can hear a little splashing noise up under the stern and see a little foam coming out but the boat does not creep forward nor crab sideways. After she gets the anchor stowed and starts walking back, I can feel the propeller catch and the boat idles forward.

If the boat is already moving, she can walk forward and the cavity stays full of water even when she moves all the boxes of junk up front so they'll be ready to unload. I guess once the cavity is full the seal is established, and there is enough suction to hold all that water in a hill up under there. I think it is sort of like how you can raise a glass full of water upside down above the surface and the water won't run out. If the water was mercury, and the glass was about 29" tall you couldn't lift it, but about a foot before you would run out

of strength but the atmosphere never runs out of strength. In theory you could...well, that's one of them things.

Anyway, idling in the river no wake zone the Rescue Minor will outrun most of the other boats without making a wake if Jane is up forward rearranging the junk. I guess that hill of water (5cf?) up under the stern is so relieved to get loose from all that suction that it flattens out the wake.

Unfortunately there is one thing. When lightly loaded with just us and a little junk, the boat likes for us to sit in the stern when we are running at speed. Now that we know what we are doing, when it is real rough my wife has to sit over to windward with me sort of like on a sailboat. She sits in front and the water hits her first and, though she is a man about it, I feel guilty sitting there in her lee. I could let her hold the tiller and sit in front, but after all, I am the captain.

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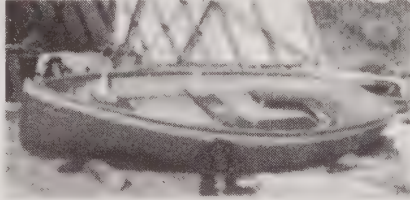
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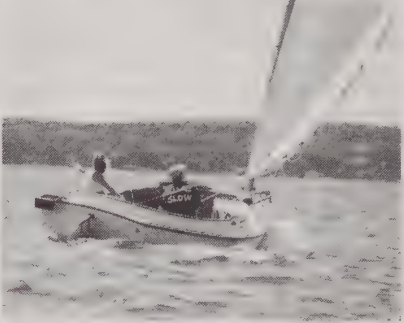
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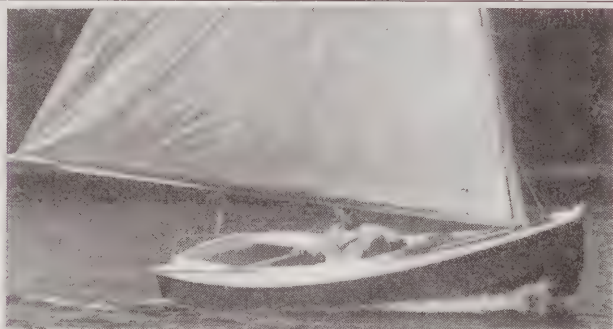
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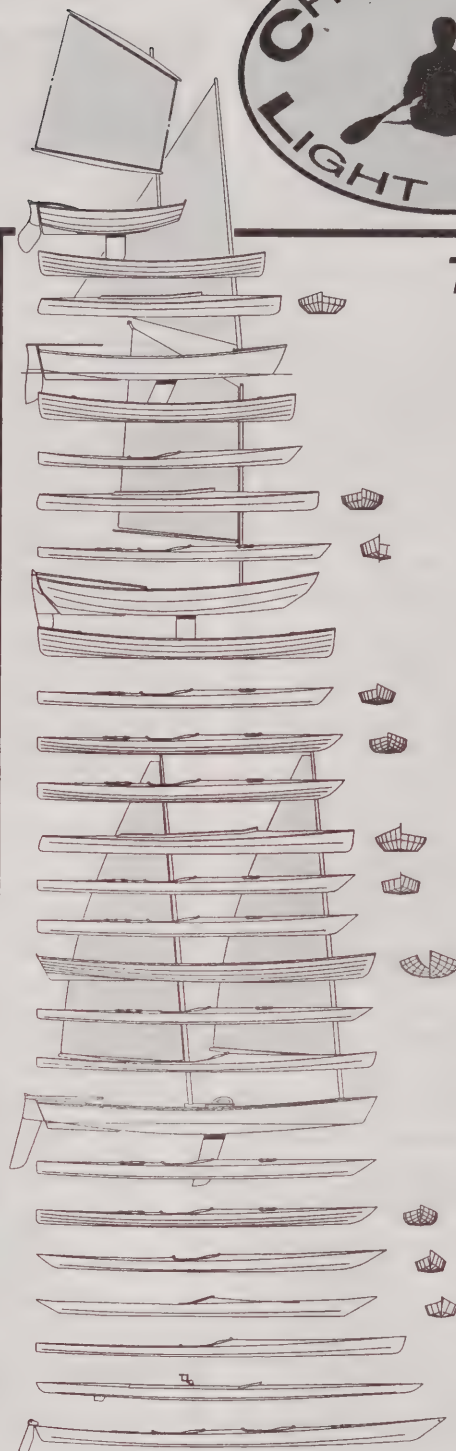
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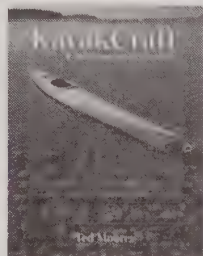


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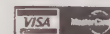


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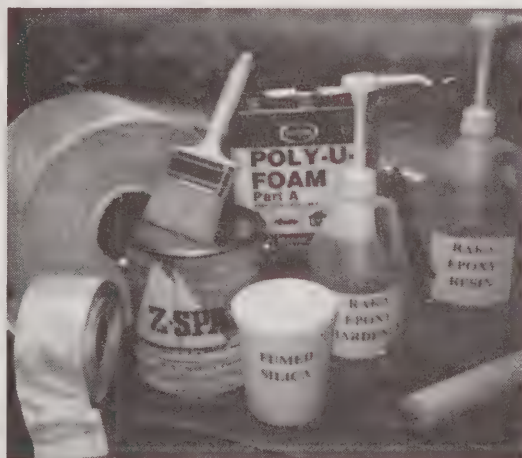
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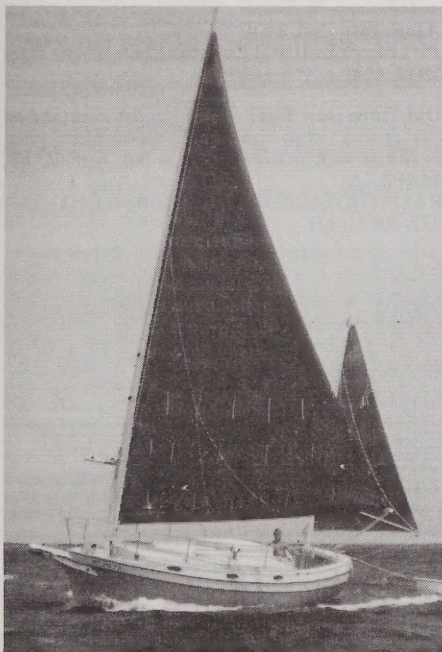
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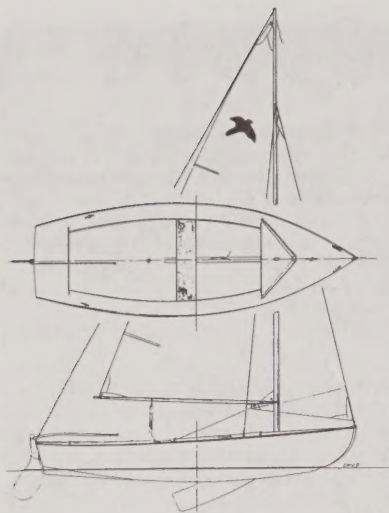
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Appledore Pod. \$600. PETER FLEMING, Foxboro, MA, (508) 698-2941. (13)

Old Town Row Boat, 13'10", cedar lapstrake on oak frames, mint cond. 7'6" spoon blade oars. Featured in *Ash Breeze*, Vol 6 No. 4, Fall '84. \$1,500. RALPH NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY, (631) 757-3087. (12)



Chesapeake Deadrise, 32' x 10', blt '89, Deltaville, VA. Hull in exc shape, cross planked bottom, strip planked from chine to rail, all about 1-1/2" thick, monel & SS fastened. Volvo Penta just rblt May 02 w/280 outdrive. Small cuddy fwd, pilothouse aft, all open between. \$9,900 OBO. NED COSTELLO, Middle Haddam, CT, (860) 267-6847, nedcoz@aol.com (13)

BOATS WANTED

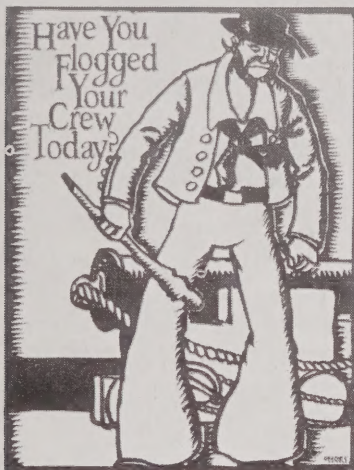
AMF Alcort Minifish. AL COURTINES, Springfield, MA, (413) 731-9393, (508) 428-8943. (TF)

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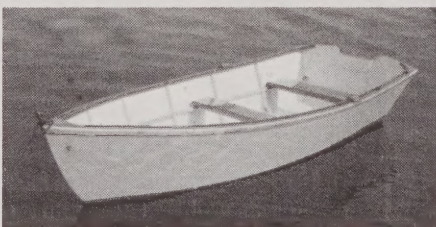
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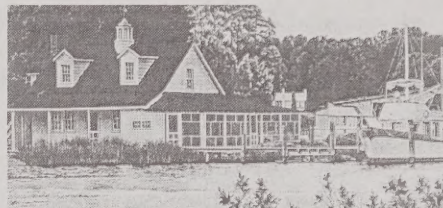
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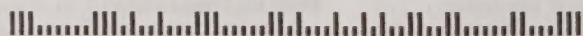
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