

Special Features This Issue
"2003 Giant Five Day Messabout"
"Messabout 2003...Some Windy"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 22 - Number 13

November 15, 2003



messing about in BOATS

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

Volume 21 - Number 13
November 15, 2003



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

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

Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks.

Production and subscription fulfillment is by Office Support Services.

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

Looking Ahead...

- 2 Commentary
- 4 The Joys of Nature
- 4 A Tribute: Farnham Dorsey & Tom Zuk
- 5 You Write to Us About...
- 6 2003 Giant Five Day Messabout
- 8 Messabout 2003: Some Windy
- 10 To the Bay - 2
- 13 Baie James Bay
- 14 Murphy Peed in the Engine Room
- 17 Robert H. Cloutman, Boatbuilder - 2
- 22 Hot Chili: 15'3" Catamaran Cruiser
- 27 A Bolger Boat May Violate Patriot Act
- 28 Bolger on Design: A Sport Fisherman
- 30 Troubleshooting Trailer Lights
- 31 Trade Directory
- 37 Classified Marketplace

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



With winter looming ahead and being momentarily caught up with the more urgent needs of publishing this magazine, I decided to bring my index of Book Reviews up to date through this issue. My curiosity was piqued by the length of the list, so I did a count and found I had published about 270 book reviews in our 20+ years. That many books about boats and boating? It appears so, and we no doubt have not published reviews of many others out there.

My approach to reviews, farming the books out to readers who express interest in reviewing them, is not based entirely on laziness. I still reserve for myself those books which attract my personal interest, but if all the books that come my way are ever to be reviewed, someone else will have to do the reading. It has been a pretty good system, perhaps a half dozen books have gone out, never to be heard of again despite follow-up inquiries.

The broad perspective of so many different people doing the reviewing has resulted in some interesting reviews. While occasionally someone will object to a reviewer's take on a book which does not conform to the critic's viewpoint and question the reviewer's qualifications, overall I feel that the quality of these reviews from amateur reviewers is right up there with the quality of the articles we publish from amateur writers/readers. In recent years a number of you have undertaken to send in reviews of books I never saw, a welcome surprise, an unexpected plus.

My predilection for welcoming material for publication from amateurs is not entirely based on being too cheap to pay for professionally written material. I feel that the range of experiences and viewpoints all you amateurs bring to this magazine provides a far more fascinating chronicle of messing about in boats than would carefully selected articles from professional writers. This applies also to the book reviews you do.

Writing is a profession to which multitudes aspire. The market for all that many would like to write is not there, so the aspirations of most are never fulfilled. My aspirations were fulfilled only after I had decided that the only way I could get my writing pub-

lished was to own a publication in which I could publish it. So my first venture back in 1959 into a magazine for my then consuming interest in motorcycle sport opened up a lifelong career for me. But I was still, and remain, an amateur writer. I have no formal training in journalism or creative writing. I was trained in electrical engineering, a career I hastened to escape from by age 30.

My own amateur status as a writer means I have no "professional" attitude about what sort of writing I welcome to this magazine. If I like what you write, I publish it. I like just about everything that comes in for it is written with genuine enthusiasm from the heart. No style book, no word count, no requiring of credentials get in the way. If you have no hi tech equipment to do your writing on and have to handwrite on lined paper, that's okay. If I can't read it, I'll get back to you. The content, not the format, is what counts.

Back to the book reviews. A few more books have piled up here during the summer, and so it now seems time to offer these up to whoever wishes to review them. They are review copies and if you offer to review a book you get to keep it. Herewith the titles:

The Private Collection of Geoffrey Frost, an account of the life and times of a Portsmouth, New Hampshire timer.

The Piscataqua Gundalow, workhorse for a tidal basin empire.

A Boater's Guide to VHF and GMDSS, techy stuff.

Down the Columbia, a master riverman's memorable journey on the world's wildest river.

Taking on the World, a sailor's extraordinary solo race around the globe.

The Old Outboard Book, details of every American outboard through the 1970s.

Paddle Your Own Canoe, an illustrated guide to the art of canoeing.

Tall Ships, the fleet for the 21st Century. *Wendameen*, the life of an American schooner from 1912 to the present.

The Annapolis Book of Seamanship, a volume that any sailor or would-be sailor simply must own.

First come, first serve on these, write or call.

On the Cover...

Reader Tom David sent us the cover photo on this issue with a note that inquired, "I'm sending a photo of my recently upgraded Bolger Bantam (*MAIB* Vol 20, Number 7) taken in the fog on Nantucket this past July 4th. Any chance for a cover on *MAIB*?" Well, yes, why not? Good shot.

Give
Christmas Gift
Subscriptions
to your friends
who mess about
in boats...

All gift subscriptions will begin with the January 1, 2004 issue unless you specify otherwise.

☐ SEND ANNOUNCEMENT CARD TO ME

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

I remember Long Island tidal mud being very different from the mud we have along the Chesapeake Bay. I encounter the Bay's mud frequently these days as a shallow water sailor, having to get out and push the boat off a spot in the marshes that is threatening to dry out completely at low tide. Most times the mud is sandy and I sink only up to my ankles. This is nothing compared with the black, oily, smelly mud along Long Island Sound that acts like quick sand and can have you sinking knee deep.

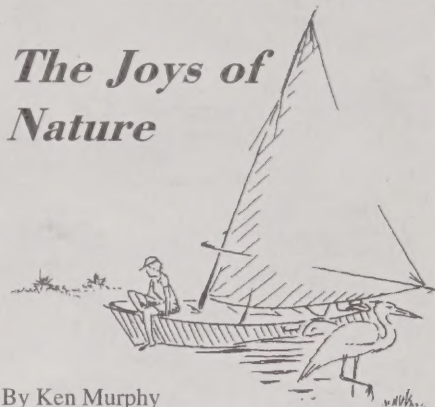
Even so, as a young teenager I loved the Sound's mud banks, mostly because of their huge populations of fiddler crabs. These little, well-armed soldiers kept my attention for hours at a time. I would pick out a particularly large mud bank at low tide and slowly walk towards it. There would be hundreds of fiddlers scurrying about. As I neared, they all would slow down and face me. The males would seem to threaten me, waving their huge front claws. Then as I came closer, they all would dart sideways into their tunnels and pow, the bank would be empty of crabs. Only their little claw prints could be seen heading toward the hundreds of tunnel entrances.

Fiddler crabs are of the genus *Uca*. Common species are the red jointed fiddler (*Uca minax*), the sand fiddler (*Uca pugilator*), and the marsh fiddler (*Uca pugnax*). All crabs are decapods, meaning they have ten limbs. The eight hind limbs are walking legs while the two front ones are claws.

The claws of the female fiddlers are tiny pincers. They are used to pick up small bits of sediment that they place in their mouths. They then scrape off the food (decaying organic matter, unicellular plants such as algae, etc.) from the sediment and spit the sediment out.

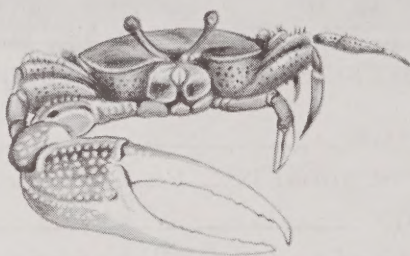
In the male fiddler, one claw (either the left or right) remains the same size as in the female, but as the male matures the other claw

The Joys of Nature



By Ken Murphy

The Fiddler Crab



becomes massive, attaining one-third of the crab's body weight. This massive claw is not used in foraging, but is used to defend the male's mating burrow from other males and in its courtship display ritual.

During breeding periods that occur every two weeks for much of the summer, males build small, cylindrical burrows that they defend vigorously from the other males. They then stand at the edge of their burrows, and try attracting the females by waving the very large claw. If a female shows interest, the male begins to wave more vigorously. If the female approaches the burrow, the male crab will slip inside and, using his large claw, will drum rapidly against the sides of the burrow. The female, feeling the vibrations, will enter the burrow. The male will then plug the entrance with sand or mud, the two will mate, and two weeks later the female, after incubating her eggs, will return to the surface and release her eggs into the water where the baby crabs develop.

The fiddler crab tunnels reach a foot or more deep. They may connect up with other tunnels and have more than one entrance. These tunnels provide an escape from predators such as raccoons and water birds, so the crabs stay close to the tunnel's entrance. The tunnels also allow the crabs to wait out high tide. They often roll up a ball of mud and use it to plug the tunnel entrance so when the water comes up, a pocket of air is trapped inside for the crabs to breathe. All crabs have gills, but crabs that live on land, like the fiddlers, breathe air instead of water. Their gills must stay wet to work, so they must stay near water all the time.

To really enjoy these little creatures, don't get too close to them. Use binoculars to watch their activities from a distance. This is a perfect application for the advanced image stabilizer type of binocular such as the Canon 10X30is. Once you focus in and press the stabilizer button, the usual shaky image becomes perfectly still and you too can enjoy the fiddler, hours at a time.

Send in your Joy of Nature notes to me at kgmurphy@comcast.net.

I suddenly realized that this year I would have been going to Sugar Island for 80 years. Indeed time to do something to recognize how wonderful it is to be able to go somewhere so beautiful and to camp and race sailing canoes for such a long time.

I decided to sail and race historic canoes in tribute to the sailors before us who made it possible. I proposed an "Historic Canoe Race" at Sugar Island. No one else brought historic canoes, but I sailed Farnham Dorsey's 1908 Peterborough *Mystie* and Tom Zuk's 1935 Willetts, *Undine*.

In 1908, Farnham Dorsey of Rochester specially ordered a canoe from Peterborough to his specifications and rigged it with a revolutionary sleeve sail rig where the entire mast folds down to lower sail. Remember, that boat would have been delivered to Gananoque by railroad and Dorsey would have gone to Clayton by railroad and steam ferry to Gan to get it and paddle to Sugar. With his new rig, he won the Cruising Trophy several times from 1909 to 1913. Dorsey and the canoe, *Mystie*, were at Sugar Island the first time I was there in 1923.

As I sailed it, I imagined how it looked on the river in 1909. Inter-island steamers,

A Tribute to Farnham Dorsey & Tom Zuk

Reprinted from
Canoe Sailor, August 2003

By Larry Zuk

not tourboats, working sailing boats with lumber and bricks and produce, not sailing yachts, and people rowing Saint Lawrence skiffs, not motor boats!

In 1935, Tom Zuk ordered a 17' Willetts canoe from Tacoma, Washington, and rigged it with a revolutionary new rig which featured an arm on a slanted mast instead of a typical lateen rig. He started the sailing group at Lake Sebago, where he first learned to sail in this canoe, and raced from 1935 through 1941. Tom Zuk won the Cruising Trophy at Sugar Island several times beginning in 1920 and 37 years later in 1956, when he was 65. He beat Steve Lysak, then 46, for the Cruising Trophy at Sugar Island in this canoe.

I sailed the two canoes at Sugar Island and then took them to the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association annual meeting and exhibited them. Both canoes have their original rigging - spars, leeboards, and paddles - but the 1908 has a replica sail and they have bronze blocks but modern running lines because I can't find any linen roping.

I also decided to see how well these canoes would race against present day canoes. On the Fourth of July weekend, I raced the 1908 Peterborough in the 1904 Lady Bug Trophy, since they both originated in the same era. It won the first race and got second in the series. On Labor Day Weekend I raced the 1935 Willetts, which I first started sailing there in 1935, in the Cruising Class National Championship Wilkinson Trophy which started in 1940. It won two races and the series, and I realized that although this canoe had won many trophies in its career, this was the first time that canoe had won the National Cruising Championship!

So here's to Farnham Dorsey and Tom Zuk, promoters of the sport of canoe sailing. Our thanks to them and to all the sailors who for many years preserved our sport and Sugar Island for us!

You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

New Friends from Three Countries

We just returned from a month of sailing our Catalina 25 on Canada's North Channel and Georgian Bay. Before we left home I ordered a copy of Robb White's *To Build a Tin Canoe*, and while on the internet I learned that Robb's father had written a children's book, *The Lion's Paw*, which was fondly remembered by many adults who loved the sailing adventure when it was read to them as children. While we sailed among the rocky islands, I read a chapter of Robb's book and then a chapter of his dad's book, noting at the end of each chapter the date, the name of the closest islands, and a comment. Often we were sailing as slowly at 1 knot as my husband, Dave, loves to sail with the outboard tilted out of the water and he only used six gallons of fuel in the month of cruising. *The Lion's Paw* became so suspenseful that we started reading two chapters of it a day to make sure we finished it. Both books are great for reading aloud on a boat.

While in the North Channel, we sailed for a week with a wonderful group of people who trailer their boats, the Trailer Sailors. We met so many interesting people, including a retired teacher sailing by herself all summer on a 15' West Wight Potter, a couple from British Columbia who invited us to share a dessert of fresh blueberries drizzled with melted chocolate, a retired pediatrician who played the bagpipe on his bow at dusk, a family of five on a 24-footer whose 15-year-old daughter was building a dinghy, a couple who had sailed from South Africa and were dismayed, nine people paddling a 34' birch bark freight canoe replica and camping each night on a different island, a Canadian businessman who had biked from Canada's west coast to the east coast, and a couple from Oklahoma who taught us to play Chicken Foot.

One night we shared a lake trout we had caught with an American couple, a young Canadian teacher, and a South Korean student. Life doesn't get much better than sailing a small boat among beautiful rocky islands while reading aloud a Robb White book and then sharing a freshly caught fish and a bottle of wine with new friends from three countries.

Donna M. Laux, Georgetown, DE

Information of Interest...

Merrimack Aspect

A letter, "Ironclads Research," (Sept. 15) announced that the Newport News Mariners' Museum had recently acquired the original drawings for converting the *USS Merrimack*, a frigate, to the Confederate ironclad *CSS Virginia*. The letter went on to give some interesting details of the plans.

There was another interesting aspect of this conversion. When the Norfolk Navy Yard

was about to fall into Confederate hands, April 20, 1861, the *Merrimack* was scuttled, but in shallow water. She was then set afire but, of course, burned only down to the water's surface. As a result, her hull was left in good shape for the Confederates to raise and build on.

Bob Awtrey, Fernandina Beach, FL

Opinions...

About Detesting Jargon

Wow! I must detest jargon even more than Robb White. In one of his more venomous rant 'n raves (from "Land Breeze") he balks at such mild examples of doublespeak as "biodegradeable," "jurisprudence," and "penciliform." Yes, those degreed professionals (lawyers, doctors, engineers, and especially biologists) have created ridiculous vocabularies which they can use from time to time to sound as certifiably intelligent as they are supposed to be.

But Jeez, these folks are rank amateurs at the business of parallel vocabulary. They could learn a lot from the expert boatologists with their "head" (ever hear of toilet?), "line" (rope to the ignorant), "aft" (now, which direction was that?), "galley" (kitchen, please), "topsides" (such a useful term, that one), and lots of other poetic unnecessary I can never keep straight; club, clew, leech, snotter, bite, standing end, bitter end, block vs. tackle, ad infinitum. And the shame of accidentally referring to a "stay" as a guy wire, or the "rode" as the anchor rope, revealing your true ignorance to the sailing intelligentsia.

Shucks, I need a nautical dictionary just to interpret some of Robb's own articles (what the hell is a garboard, anyway). No, I'm afraid

that an innocent child can catch a worse case of jargonitis by becoming a sailor than by earning a professional degree. Fortunately for us penciliform necked biologists, the boatspeak is kept to a tolerable minimum in the good ship *MAIB*.

John Sperry, Salt Lake City, UT

Projects...

Another Deadline

The *Ann-Lis* has been found (August 15) by Capt'n Freddy B. of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Capt'n Freddy was the author of "A Letter from Xanadu" that ran three issues, December 1, 1999 through January 1, 2000. I saw his Sabot at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival on October, 2000, a very eye catching design, but didn't get to meet him. Now he wants to receive his handsome reward for locating *Ann-Lis*, a sail on my skipjack at next fall's Festival. So I now have a deadline for finishing the skipjack, luckily the same one I had planned on.

The shed for building her is over a third complete, a couple more weekends of good weather and it should be finished. Gives me about a year to build her, seems doable. Right now I have mostly just blisters and good intentions.

I'm still trying to contact the current owner of *Ann-Lis*, hoping maybe she is for sale. Naomi is not so hopeful.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

This Magazine...

Can't Beat That Twister

I'm resigned to the idea that I'm just not going to be able to keep up with Robb White. I've taken a lot of boat photos, but so far none with twisters in the background (Sept 15). That really is a good one.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT



Poet's Corner

Morning After Poetry

John Powell, Allston, MA

This poem was written the morning after sailing between two fronts on Boston Harbor, from the Cottage Park Yacht Club anchorage beyond Snake Island, out the channel leading to the Winthrop Yacht Club, out to the end of the VASSI pier (visual landing slop in-

dicator pier) approach for Runway 7 at Logan, then back in the channel and back to the mooring, a decent sail with a stiff breeze on a 50-year-old centerboard sloop named *Miri*.

Sea
Shining sea
Mars and moon
Supine
Waves glowing
Black
Before me

And wind wind
Wind with breezes bright
This is the sea before me
And in my hand
A line, a sheet
Tied to the wind
And sea

2003 GIANT FIVE DAY MESSABOUT

"Best people in the universe!"

I've mentioned the Giant Messabout to many people over the past few months. They look at me like...what the heck is a Messabout...let alone a giant one. Well, SCUZBUM nomenclature has imprinted my genetic fiber and future scientists examining my remains will conclude...we do not know how this guy died, but one thing is for sure...he was a SCUZBUM.

I just expect everyone on the planet must know about the Giant FIVE Day Messabout located at Fiddler's Cove in California... Yeah, try to find Fiddler's Cove on your mapquest.com!

It would not be summer without the Giant FIVE Day Messabout. Every year Dudley and Annie volunteer to face bureaucratic entanglement and logistical struggles to provide a venue for the most obscure group of small boat enthusiasts on the planet.

The 2003 Giant Messabout was no exception. Boat builders and enthusiasts from five western states converged on a little known cove on Coronado's Silver Strand. This bayside wonderland is part of the United States Navy Department of Recreational Services. The Navy provides this recreation area for current and retired federal employees. We are extremely fortunate that our membership includes enough military and DOD retirees and active duty personnel to sponsor us as their guests.

This year countless BUMS littered the beach with their own unique watercraft. They ranged from fishtail powered kayaks, six Pelicans and a bunch of dinghies to diesel trawl-

Reprinted from *ScuzBums News*
Newsletter of the Southern California Small
Boat Messabout Society

By Randy Ames

Photo Credits: Leland Foerster,
John Roumbanis, Annie Kolls

ers. I could expound on the variety and diversity of watercraft for countless pages. This article will contain itself to shoreside observations.

Campers begin to populate the beach on Wednesday afternoon. Boats are unloaded. Motor homes are leveled. A variety of camping facilities are constructed to serve their unique owners. The campsite looks a little like a scene out of a Mad Max movie. Commonplace objects are converted to camper chic. Boatless trailers become chuck wagons complete with stoves, plates, coolers, and gourmet coffee brewers. Leather briefcases become condiment lockers loaded with salt, pepper, and other culinary necessities. Every variety of tent is wired, staked, and taped into submission. They range from multi room structures for several generations of family members to simple poly tarp contraptions that keep off the prevailing winds. The opulent top rate motor homes break the wind for the countless dome tents that spring up like mushrooms across the beach.

Every special vessel must have its own distinctive transportation device. They in-

clude custom fabricated aluminum extruded trailers and simple 2x4 racks. After building several custom kayaks, I recognized that the deck beam jigs could be used to fabricate custom kayak bunkers to cradle my creations in foamy comfort. Nothing from a catalog for my fine woodworking projects.

I am not alone in my feelings that nothing is too good for my special boat. Most builders rarely recognize that after all the hard construction work is completed you must still spend countless hours designing apparatus to get your creation safely to the water. Several schools of thought exist concerning boat carriers. If I see the slightest wiggle in a newly built kayak approaching freeway speed atop my car, I panic immediately, pulling to the shoulder to add additional straps and bracing. A reckless few can toss their hand built creation into a pickup truck without concern for gravity or physical properties of wind and motion.

A huge collection of carriers of every kind joined the assembly. Some were newly minted trailers with shiny galvanized parts glowing in the summer sunshine. Most were seasoned by repeated salt water dunkings, their owners apologetically mentioning they should get around to building a new trailer before next year's giant FIVE Day Messabout.

It just would not be summer without the Giant FIVE Day Messabout. Five glorious days of small boating mixed together with semi primitive camping and the best people in the universe.



.Dinghy riggers.

Scuz-Dogs like boating.



Family kayakers.

Annie & John with Annie's Paddleski.





"Hell no, I wasn't stuck aground." Bob White.



Pelican riggers



Pretty double-ender.

ScuzMum tows the Potter to the beach.



Pelicaners prepare for their race.

Pelican racing.





Skipper John Guidera and crew Tom Jones with bones in their teeth on the melonseed course.

Messabout 2003... "Some Windy"

By Pete Peters

If you have ever traveled to Nova Scotia, the expression "some windy or some hot" doesn't seem incomplete. It's just how you say it...

Well, our Delaware River TSCA Chapter's 2003 Messabout was some windy. Against the odds the day was exciting yet mellow, filled with good fellowship and excitement. It is special when faces that one infrequently see join in and sail around the course.

Such was the case with Bob Durham, the old salt whose younger days of sailing were spent racing on Long Island Sound. He and I "screamed," literally and figuratively, around the triangular sail race course in the ducker *Thomas Eakins* to finish some respectable. Hitting the line at the downwind start and at the jibe mark in 18 knots of wind was some exciting twice.

The day was filled with many awards: First Dump of the Day went to Peter Byar on the ducker, followed immediately by the Biggest Dump of the Day by Ron Gibbs in the tuckup *Marion*. Well, we learned how to bail and tow. We could have learned how to reef, but that is for another tale.

The Melonseed class was again well represented and the finish as close as they get. Andy Follansbee unseated defending champion George Loos by a boat length, followed by Larry Wenger and the two-man crew of John Gudiera and builder Tom Jones, who had the lead at one time. Congratulations.

The open class was a duel to the end. On the last leg Dario Panfilli in his Comet, crewed by John Bailey, became disoriented and sailed off in the wrong direction only to squeak by at the finish mark, barely. Ron Gibbs, good sport that he always is, finished a very close second in his *Celebrity*.

"Last man standing," or sitting if you prefer, went to Mike Wick in his McGregor sailing canoe.

The eagerly anticipated Maritime Trivia Contest was some close but won by Tom Shephard. Dan Farmer, the outgoing winner, was some gracious. Who knew the original name for the sneakbox was *Devil's Coffin*?



Wendy Byar poles the railbird skiff.



How to sail a Tuckup in two easy lessons: Step 1, above, do this... Step 2, right, don't do this.



Mike Wick led the short-haul shanties.

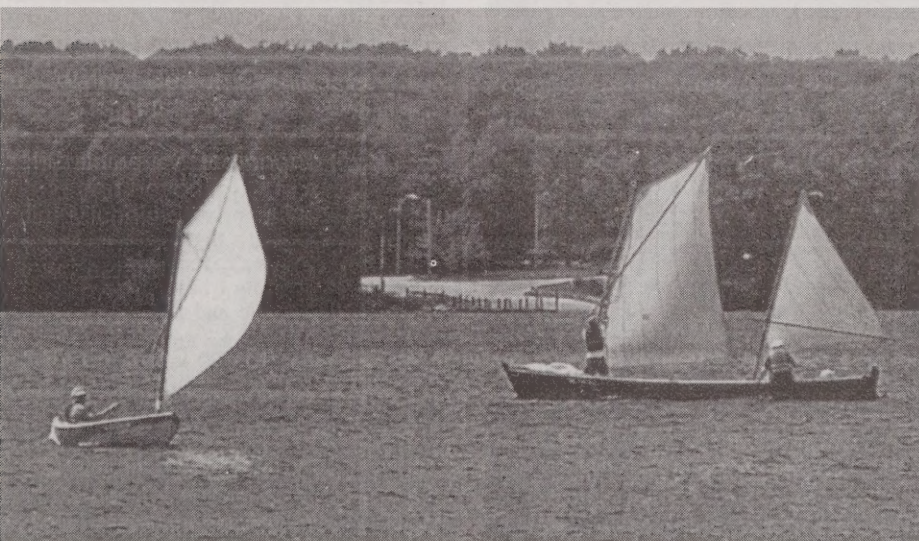


The difference between men and boys is the size of their...trophies.

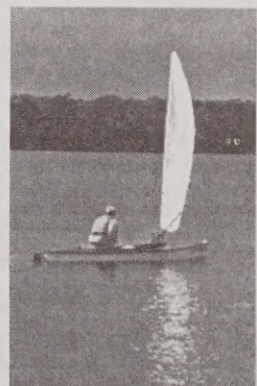
At left, a v ery happy Andy Follansbee and his son accept the Melonseed trophy from Pete Peters and Tom Shephard.



Clockwise from left, Ron Gibbs and crew ready the *Celebrity* for the open class race, which was won by Dario Panfili and John Bailey in Dario's *Comet*, above; third place honors were taken by Pete Peters and Bob Durham in pete's ducker *THOMAS EAKINS*.



At left, Ned Asplundh's ducker crosses tacks with Jim and Carol McKelvey's *Sharptown Bsrge*, a long and lean racing machine designed by Pete Culler. Below, Floyd Beam sets out in his newly re-rigged ply kayak.



All photos by Boatman Ron Gryn.



Jenny.



Chipotle Verde.

La Pinta.



To the Bay!

Part 2

A Canadian Canoe Odyssey The Missinaibi River, 2003

By Hoz Joven

The next day we started sailing. Jim's square rig looked like an old seagoing vessel and so was christened *La Pinta*. Worth had rigged a "V" mast that looked like a shrimp trawler so naturally his was *Jenny* after Forest Gump's boat. My canoe was called *Chipotle Verde* or *Green Pepper* because of its color.

It was evident Jim's rig was the fastest on the downwind run but had some limitations with cross winds. Worth's was too small to do much good but did help some when on a reach. My balanced lug sail handled pretty well on all points and I could make tacks from one side of the river to the other easily. However, my leeboard system (using a spare paddle so it would have dual use) was of limited value as the river was too shallow in most spots to get a good "bite." I couldn't get the canoe to tack up or turn through the eye of the wind as I can on lakes at home.

The five day sailing portion of our journey was most pleasant. The weather turned hot, temperatures were often in the mid 80s, and we took afternoon dips to cool off. The winds were steady and occasionally reached Force Four. On some reaches I would simply lay back on my pack, hold the mainsheet, and paddle to steer and sail on. We traveled an average of 40 kilometers a day and one day covered an incredible 50 kilometers!

It became a game to pick our way under sail through the many swifts, Class I rapids and boulder fields we encountered. Jim was the best at sniffing out a route through shallow water. Since I couldn't see under my sail I was usually running the rapids blind or by sound. I found I could hear rocks by the water swirling around them and tried to guide the canoe away. I had many scrapes, bumps, and collisions, but none serious.

There was one situation that gave me problems. I would have jibes that almost turned the canoe over and would cause me fits. On our last day of sailing one such jibe caused me to capsize in shallow water, completely filling the canoe. Worth was nearby and helped set everything right. I then noticed my paddle was missing. We started off downriver searching for it. It had been at least 15 minutes since the upset so I knew it would be somewhere in front of us but as the river was over a kilometer wide it would be easy to miss. We eventually found it floating about two kilometers downriver. The Werner Canoe Point paddle, it's big, plastic, ugly, and yellow. But it is nearly indestructible and is the pullingest paddle I have ever owned. It also is unmistakable and floats high in the water.

We sailed over 200 kilometers in five days, passing the confluence when the Missinaibi and Mattagami combine to form the mile wide Moose River. We sailed under Moose River Crossing, the first sign of man we had seen since Mattice. The Crossing is a railroad trestle that brings the train to Moosonee and would be our ride out of the

wilderness. We passed the five mouths of the Abitibi River where the current was so strong that, try as we may, we couldn't get close enough to see the roaring rapids. Three more days on the Moose and we would be finished. We took our masts down at last only after Kwetabohigan Rapids when the wind changed direction and the wonderful weather we been experiencing turned sour, and man, did it turn.

"We feel its presence..." Kwetabohigan (aka Quite-a-big-one) Rapids are over a kilometer long, 500 meters wide and are rated Class III-IV depending on the tide. We are still 50 kilometers from the bay but the tide can be felt twice a day, even up here. When we come through it is ebbing so the middle waves are only 3'-4' high. We stick to the safer lefthand run and experience 1'-2' waves, but they come at all angles! It's a mad roller coaster ride.

The Moose River is over a mile wide and you can see for several miles down its length. It is daunting to think you will paddle all that distance. The Moose looks like a big lake, but with a 7mph current! Islands rise in the distance like giant fairy castles. We experience a strange phenomenon, "the Missinaibi Mirage," where we all saw and heard a waterfall headed upstream towards us, only to get there and find nothing.

There are many hidden, submerged shoals and sand bars so a canoeist must be careful to find the right channel. Campsites can be hard to find and we usually look for sand bars in this area, as the other "beaches" are made of rocks and boulders. We make camp on a small sand spit, hoping we are high enough to escape a rising tide.

Not long after setting up our tents the skies turn dark. We hear thunder in the distance. We quickly turn to setting up the tarp to use as a rain shelter, the winds rise and make the problem worse. We bring huge rocks down to anchor the edges. After dinner the rains start in earnest and we all turn in. It rains throughout the night with impressive lighting displays.

The next morning the winds shift 180 degrees from south to north. It's dreary with cold overcast skies and fog. One thought comes to mind, "polypro." I put on my long johns, neoprene socks, and fleece jacket and get ready for some heavy weather. We break camp and start paddling down the Moose. Since we made excellent mileage under sail we are running a day ahead of schedule. With luck we will be in Moosonee by afternoon.

The map shows heavy shoals from the middle to the right of the river. We hug river left, running three close spaced Class I rapids. A light rain starts and as we approach Minahik Point where the river turns towards the north, we feel the wind increase. I call for a short break to "boil the pot" and share a cup of tea. Worth takes this opportunity to don more clothing. He is beginning to look like a big yellow walrus. After tea the wind is so strong we can barely make headway. We pull over again and take cover in the tag alder bushes high up the riverbank.

I gaze out over the scene. The waves are being driven upstream, by tide, wind, or a combination of both. White froth streams upriver in long tendrils. The river is warmer than the air and a primeval fog drifts up from the water. The sky is heavily overcast, grey and somber with low lying clouds scudding

southward. It's cold and raining but I feel warm in my full rain suit, fleece jacket, and polypro long johns. I lay back in the lee of some bushes and try to rest. In no time I'm asleep.

We are three native hunters lying in wait. We know animals will come along the river trail to drink. We hold here in the lee of the bushes hoping our prey will come soon. It has been a hard winter, our families will be happy for the meat.

"It's letting up, let's get going!" I wake from my dream and sit up. I am chilled and shivering, my wet feet cold even with the neoprene. I hope going out to paddle will at least get the circulation going, but to me conditions don't look much better.

The river has risen a foot. The rock the canoes were tied to is now partly submerged. We use it as a dock and push into the river. As we again try to round the point we face the full brunt of the wind and waves. It hasn't eased...it's worse! Every stroke counts as we try hard to pull ahead. "J" stroke, "C" strokes, the "Fort William" stroke, nothing matters. Play the wind? No, it doesn't work and technique goes out the window. It becomes pure brute strength and resolve. One, two, sometimes three strokes on one side. The wind catches the canoe and I start to turn. Quickly I switch sides and begin the cadence again. I watch as the canoe ever so slowly creeps past a midstream rock. Stop paddling for a second and I lose ground. The waves are a foot high and sometimes break across my bow.

After 20 minutes we all agree it's too much. Progress is so slow it seems futile, we are windbound. We see what looks like a clearing in the trees ahead and pull in. Jim finds a rough bush road in the forest and an old fire pit. We rush to secure the canoes and carry our lunch packs up to the clearing. Hurriedly we build a warming fire and I put some water on to boil. I make a pot of potato soup, Jim donates some summer sausage. It doesn't look as if we'll make Moosonee today. We have covered only eight kilometers since morning.

While gathering wood Worth flushes a wood hen. She has a brood of chicks and tidily gathers them off into the bush. We are cooking lunch when a single chick comes peeping into the clearing and tries to jump into the fire! He is lost, confused, and doesn't know where his mother is. I catch and softly cradle him in my hands. Worth says he thinks he knows which way the mother went so he

takes the chick back into the bush. We all hope he is reunited with his family. I feel guilty. We have come into his world and turned it upside down.

After a warm lunch of soup and stick grilled summer sausage we discuss our options. We could stay here the night, firewood is abundant. However the area is buggy and we would have to brush out platforms for our tents. It isn't the best campsite we have seen. The call of hearth and home are great but it's still early. We decide to keep trying to move ahead. It is only 12 kilometers to the campsite at Tidewater Provincial Park, which lies across the river from Moosonee. If the wind eases we could still make it today.

We pack up, douse the fire, and push out into the river again. It's about the same as before. The conditions sap our hearts, minds, and endurance but not our determination. With resolve we slowly move ahead. The map shows shoals blocking our way across the river and we have no choice but to paddle exposed to the chill north wind. Ahead we can see the middle of Bushy Island. If we can somehow cross the river we will be in the lee of the island and maybe paddling will be easier.

The air is full of driving horizontal rain. My glasses are covered with water and it is hard to see 20 meters in any direction. Jim sits grounded on a reef ahead. As I reach him he shouts, "I am going to try and cross here, it looks passable." I am apprehensive about crossing. It is at least a kilometer and besides wind and waves there are the hidden shoals but what options do we have? Worth is so far behind he is hard to see. I blow the whistle twice (on this trip one whistle means "stay put," two means "follow me," and three means "trouble" or "I need help") and we start to ferry across.

We are extra careful crossing the shoals. The tide has covered most gravel bars but there are still shallows and occasional rocks. The last thing we want to do is to get stuck or capsize and have to wade in these conditions. We cross the shoals and find the water deeper, the waves larger and stronger. They come in sets of two and I have to be ready for them. I paddle in the troughs until two big ones come along, I then turn my canoe to quarter the waves. I rise up and over and sometimes the second wave breaks over my bow. I reach behind each wave to its shoulder with my paddle and pull. It is dicey, but we can see the east shoreline through the mist. As we



slowly pull into the lee of Bushy Island I know we can never make Tidewater today. It is 6:30PM and we are only paddling 3k per hour with 10k to go. I start looking for a camp, though the shoreline seems unpromising.

One side is low laying mud flats, the other has a tidal bank that looks like it can flood to 20' at times. Above that is a big mud bank going almost straight up to the forest. The forest, however, looks level up there. We pull out at the mud banks and begin exploring. I climb and scratch up to peer over the edge. It is flat and I see some trees have been cut down. Worth and Jim begin looking left and I go right. In no time we find a faint muddy trail up to a rough bush hunting camp and an unbelievably fortunate find, it has a complete cord of firewood cut, split, and stacked dry under a giant red pine tree!

I quickly split kindling and start a big warming fire. It's still raining but we find a sheet of particle board in the bushes and use it to shelter the flames. We set up our tents and start cooking dinner. That evening I bake some bannock which we all share with hot tea. We dry our soaked clothes and have a great evening by the fire. We discuss the day's paddle. Jim mentions how I kept grinning when we were in the thick of it. He thought I

was having fun! I was trying to convey what I thought was the futility of the situation. All agree it was the worst conditions we have ever faced.

"Last Days:" After our tribulations with high winds and rain I awoke at 5:00 the next morning. Our routine has been for me to rise early for my morning ablutions and then return to bed for an hour or two until Jim and Worth wake up. After breakfast we pack and are usually on the water by 9:00 or 10:00. This morning I didn't want a repeat of yesterday. I got up and started the fire again. I banged the pots and split wood. I let everyone know we should be on the water within the next hour. They slowly awoke and joined me. Everything seemed calm but we were in the lee of the island and couldn't really tell from there.

When we shoved off we found a Tolkien world. Low lying fog had settled on the water and it was quiet and calm. We paddled in silence as the shore drifted away and we lost sight of each other in the mist. Within the hour the wind started murmuring and a soft rain began to fall. We pulled over to don our rain suits. We had only eight kilometers to go but the Moose River wouldn't give up easily. We passed a power line that spans the river and could see the village of Moosonee in the distance. We could hear the drone of outboard motors. We knew our trip on the river would soon be over. The rain continued.

Moosonee and Moose Factory are two separate villages separated by the Moose River and several islands. Moose Factory was so named, not because they made moose, but when the Hudson's Bay Company built Moose Fort there in 1676 the manager was called a factor. Hence "factory" is the same as a "rectory," where the priest lives. As we approached the channel that goes to Moose Factory, there was some confusion. Our map didn't specify on which side of the island the campsites were located. We attempted to go right toward Moose Factory but there was a heavy tidal current against us. I stared down the shore and couldn't see any indication of a landing or campsite. I decided to go left simply because there was no opposing current that way. If we must we can always circle the island. I am lucky, within minutes we pulled up to the Tidewater boat dock and canoeist camps which face Moosonee.

Our last two days in Moosonee/Moose Factory were a whirlwind of sightseeing and getting reacclimated to civilization. We learned how to stand on the dock and flag down a water taxi, (a 20' freighter canoe with a 40hp Yamaha motor, sometimes outfitted with a small cabin made of wood and visqueen so passengers can sit out of the weather). We toured Moose Factory Island and saw many buildings and artifacts from the Hudson's Bay era.

We chatted with the Cree who helped us learn more of the history and culture of their people. We ate bannock (Indian bread) cooked by Cree women over coals in a tepee. We saw the "floating" Anglican Church built in 1832, so named because it once was carried downstream by the spring thaw. After it was pulled back to its site by horses, carpenters drilled holes in the floor so that future floods would fill the church and it could be drained when the waters subsided. This church, which still holds services today, has several stained glass windows depicting

priests and bishops paddling canoes! The altar covers are made of white caribou hide and are adorned with beautiful native beadwork. We had lunch at the ultra modern Cree Eco-Lodge, a contemporary lodge built entirely of "green" or "eco friendly" materials.

In Moosonee we ate caribou sandwiches, shopped the Northern Store (sort of like the Far North's WalMart), and spent our last night at the Polar Bear Lodge (where I turned on the TV to find Jerry Springer)! We negotiated with Derek Beck, a Cree water taxi driver, to take us the final 10 miles out to James Bay. Derek is a good guide and is knowledgeable in the ways of the Bay. He landed at a Cree fall hunting camp where we were all swiftly covered by what he called "the flies," we call them mosquitoes. At Ship Sands Island, where the Moose River, now five kilometers wide, empties into the Bay. We all peered uneasily into the immense ocean and wondered how close the big roller waves would come to our small boat. Derek said, "Some white people I have brought out take off their clothes and jump into the water." My reply was, "What's wrong with them, are they crazy?" Anyway, since the temperature was in the mid 40s and the wind was whipping at 20 mph we all passed on a swim, even Worth, who admitted he wanted to dive in.

The next morning we loaded our canoes on the specially built flatbed "canoe car" and boarded the *Little Bear* train back to Cochrane and our waiting vehicle which had been brought there from Mattice by the Korpelas. The weekend was special as many Cree families were headed into civilization to celebrate Canada Day on July 1. The ratio on the train was about ten Cree to two whites. It was an enjoyable ride back through the countryside we had just paddled through. Our canoe trip lasted 11 days, the train took four hours.

In Cochrane we transferred our gear to the van and drove straight back home, arriving at 8:30AM Sunday morning. It was hard to imagine only 24 hours earlier we had been standing in the wilderness at the end of the line, Moosonee on James Bay.

Since returning home I have gone out canoe sailing many times on our local lake. But it just isn't the same as running mile after mile for days on end down the Missinaibi River. This truly was an adventure of a lifetime.



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

Needed: Boats and nautical gear

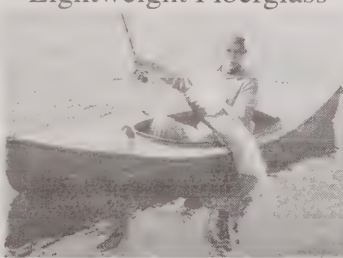
Cruising Ministries

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

ANNOUNCEMENT BART HAUTHAWAY BOATS ARE BACK

Lightweight Fiberglass

RUSHTON CLASSICS



19-LB TO 29-LB MODELS

**28lb Rob Roy
Double Paddle Canoe**

Contact

CAL-TEK KAYAKS

P.O. Box 202

Kingston, MA 02364

(781) 585-5666

www.erols.com/cal-tekengineering

Baie James Bay

By Paul Johnson

I don't know how any times I heard the weatherman in my town say another winter front was coming down from James Bay before it entered my head that I really should go there. But by the time I was ready for another Canadian adventure (the first was aboard a coastal steamer to Nain, Labrador), I found myself on a rail spur heading north

A land of the Cree, the Great Muskeg stretches
a continent still rising from centuries of ice.
We board the Polar Bear in Cochrane for Moosonee.

Where the Moose River widens, a warm breeze gathers,
passes Moose Factory, and speeds our canoe to the bay.
As the sun sets, the wind calms.

A thick blanket of arctic mosquitoes instantly surrounds the hastily pitched tent.
Beneath the sound of a million tiny voices you can hardly hear the lapping tide rise to your head.

Tonight is moonless.

In the brilliance of sun and water daylight creates a tropical impression.
The far river bank's thin green line disappears reaching into vast inland sea.

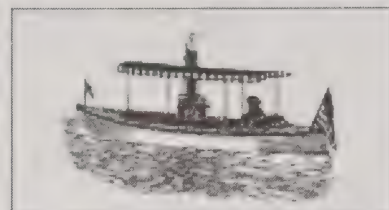
from Cochrane, Ontario. People and their canoes were being dropped off and picked up where rivers were crossed as I kept on north. Where the rail ended at Moosonee, the site of an early Hudson's Bay post, Moose Factory was on an island in the mile wide river. It was some miles more to be able to see the bay and fortunately, canoes were for rent.

Rolling waves, drenching spray, bay's ebb and river's flow,
bare feet sink deep into soft silt peppered with stones.
We must push and pull the canoe to return.

Tall reeds form thick breakwaters, their hollow stalks
sway in the wind and rustle in a tight forest over our heads.
At the first solid spit, we carefully stake the tent.

The shore slowly rises.
Unkempt balsams encourage us through evening calm.
Past dark islands we paddle, searching when welcome lights finally appear.

Sunday buffet at the Moosonee hotel stiff, footsore, bite swollen, we come late, fill up,
and dessert, to no one's particular notice.



Boaters' Cards and Stationery

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

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

Burt's Canoes

Traditional Wood/Canvas Canoes

BURT LIBBY 2103 Hallowell Rd.
(207) 268-4802 Litchfield, ME 04350

New from Compass Classic Yachts 14' CLASSIC CAT

Good looks •
Easy handling •
Speed •
Versatility •
Forgiveness •
LOA 14' •
Beam 7' •
Draft 10"



• Seats •
• Cockpit room •
• Comfort •
• Stability •
• Low maintenance •
• Affordable price •
• SA 130 sq. ft. •
• Displacement 600#



DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

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

By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com

- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale



- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

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

PRECISION

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



FERNALD'S MARINE

Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

I don't know if those who don't live here near the north Gulf Coast have noticed it or not, but this has been a relentless year for wet and stormy. We certainly needed it because of this five-year drought (brought on by the last El Nino, I guess). The water table down here was so low that various wet ecosystems were having to change to something more like a desert. I am not going overboard with exaggeration, either. The upland woods look sort of the same as they always did.

I imagine that the trees didn't grow as much, and 100 years from now there will be set of close together annual rings to represent this time, just like I see occurring over and over in old logs I drag to the sawmill. It is just the places where it usually is wet that look like deserts. I guess that, after the plants that used to live there died, the soil was too poor for something else to take over so it stayed bare.

There is one exception and that is the big old swampy pond down on the old home place. That thing is 70 of the boogieriest acres anywhere. It was boogery back when it was a pond with all the lily pads, grass, moccasins, snapping turtles, alligators and all, but now it is an impenetrable thicket of small hardwoods and pine trees and tall sawgrass all growing in black-looking water with the moccasins, snapping turtles, alligators, and all ... wood duck heaven. The old pond was like that when I was a little boy, and the fishing was excellent if you could manage to beat your way out away from the edge to where the water was deep enough for a worm to immerse. You didn't have to get all that far, either, because the blackfish (bowfin, mudfish, *Amia calva*), which were a well adapted predatory fish in that situation, would slither like snakes through the mud to get the bait.

I don't know what most people's experience with blackfish is, but mine has taught me that they are dangerous. Despite being pre-dinosaur (Devonian) primitive, they are diabolically smart and they want to bite you and are well equipped to do so, either on land or in the water, and especially in the mud. The only thing I can think of that compares to them are moray eels, but they live in holes and won't come out to attack you if you leave them alone, but blackfish will come running ... makes a man want to stay in the boat.

I love to catch blackfish. Not only will they out pull a large mouth bass (which, despite all the hype put out by metalflake salesmen, ain't all that much of a fighter compared to, say, a big blue gill) pound for pound, but they are sneaky and will try to trick you that they are not on the hook anymore and have left you hung up in a wad of weeds, so you'll reach down to untangle your hook and they can lacerate your hand into shreds.

A five-pound blackfish is very hard to catch, particularly in a real boogery situation. Once you get him to the boat the struggle is just starting, and it is the decision making part of it that is the hardest. There he lies looking like the creation of some heathen demon deity and looking at you. You know he is trying to gather his strength ... or that he is just trying to trick you and isn't tired at all but ready to climb in the boat and turn the tables.

You know what they'll do to a landing net. Well, maybe you don't ... a blackfish in a landing net is sort of like a belt sander with a britches leg. Though his teeth are sharp as

Murphy Peed in the Engine Room

By Robb White

hell and big and plentiful, they are not arranged into a pinking shear setup like a shark and he can't clip his way out, so he proceeds to lacerate and shred the net into junk. He does not fall back out and into the water or, heaven forbid, into the bottom of the boat with your feet, he just lurks in the net waiting for you to decide what to do next.

A blackfish is in the same group of fish that first crawled out upon the land to terrorize terra firma, so they don't ever die from exposure to the air. You can't kill them by shooting them, either (my father dropped a Colt Woodsman into that same pond trying to do that one time). Though they'll bleed like hell and pop out their eyes from the internal pressure of the impact of the bullet, they won't die and will keep on with their elemental quest to eat your ass up.

A caught blackfish is a regular quandary, I tell you. My mother taught me how to deal with them. What you do is stick a willow switch down his mouth (he'll help) and out his gills, and after you have dragged him ashore behind the boat, get the axe and cut his head off on a stump. That still won't kill him but you can leave the biting part down there for the coons and the hot grease will finally take the life out of the rest. The meat is firm and excellent, but you have to slice many longitudinal slices in the fillets like you do a pike or a bonefish so the grease can get in there and fry all those little thin bones so you can chew them up easy.

Because of the weather, my literature production has been way down. I was worried about it. I thought that maybe I was catching writer's block or something. But I didn't think it was that because I was able to answer letters and all, it's just that there just weren't any stories bubbling to the surface from the fecund mush of my brains (whoa, y'all, I better try to curb some of this literature).

Anyway, I finally figured it out. It was just that I wasn't able to do anything interesting to write about was what was wrong. I am not a real writer like others who can sit around in tweed jackets with leather patches on the elbows and discuss which genre is which and all and then go back to the seclusion of the studio and turn on the mood music and type up something that will sell like hotcakes and have the literary minions singing its praises for weeks and maybe get included in college textbooks as a fine example.

Hell no, not me. Actual fermentation of the brain only results in stories when I am out and about, and the only time that effervescence bubbles up boat stories is when I am out and about in a boat. So, as bicycling weather up in Mass. (who in hell dictated "MA?" ... where are the patriots who threw the tea overseas into Boston Harbor?) influences editorial preferences, so does boating weather down here affect fermentation. I read a bunch of books (read *Jack de Crow* twice ... the second time when I was back near the library so I could look up all them quotations to see if they had any merit ... to hell with Keats) and fooled around with a lot of indoor

projects that I had been putting off because they were not interesting.

We hauled ourselves to the coast at every hint of a lull, but it wasn't real interesting, either. Cabin fever is cabin fever no matter where the cabin is. Down here we can look out the door at the weather sometimes, but it has been so stormy that mostly we had to stay battened down and look at the doors. Normally I would have been able to write about some mad dash in horizontal rain to some little secret spot to make a single throw with the casting net (lightning as a backdrop) and bring home the bacon but, though we made a bunch of mad dashes, the bacon usually eluded us. I have never seen the mullet so scarce. I was talking to my buddy the dump truck driver for the county who does a little commercial fishing on the side about it and he says that they don't like this yellow looking water from all the fresh water runoff from the land.

Though there was hardly ever enough of a lull to set off on a real expedition in the boat for fear of getting caught in a lightning storm, it is only a short trot to the seaside from the house, and when it was calm enough to cast, Jane trotted down and caught redfish in the surf. Of course, one trouble with that is that most redfish are too big to keep. Not only is it illegal to keep a redfish over 28" long, they aren't fit to eat when they get that big. Neither are bluefish. This is one of the years when very big bluefish come around here. They dominate the ecosystem for the whole time and throw these hotshot boat fishermen into a frenzy of hollering like Indiana Jones when the giant stone ball was chasing him down the tunnel.

You know a big bluefish acts sort of like a blackfish. They just aren't as primitive and haven't had enough racial experience to be sneaky, yet. Though the big ones are not edible (and the lower limit depends on the degree of gourmet you hold ... for old piled high and deep me, it is 11"), the small ones are very good. One time my cousin and I were camping down east of St. Marks between the mouth of the St. Marks River and the Aucilla River (as wild as any coast in North America) trying to do a little fishing. When it was calm enough we anchored off and slept in the boat (big old butthead aluminum skiff) to escape the no-see-ums and mosquitoes. One night I woke up to find that some fish were tearing up the surface of the water all around the boat and the baitfish (Gulf silversides ... about anchovy sized) were jumping in the boat.

I quickly got my rod and caught one of the baitfish out of the bilge, hooked him on, and threw out. I immediately caught a bluefish about 15" long (I had not finished matriculating in "Gourmet" then). Though he or one of his friends had bit the whole after section off the bait, the head was still on there, so I kicked the snoozing cousin and announced the bluefish and threw out again. Immediately I had another identical fish. I threw him down in the boat and threw out again, even though there was nothing but the lips of the bait on the hook. You guessed it. Not only did my cousin not wake up, even though I administered some pretty stiff kicks and strong language, the bluefish kept on biting the naked jig head. I hauled them in like gangbusters. The cousin only woke up when one of them bit a potato chip sized piece out of his ear.

One or two times this year we have felt confident enough to go to the rockpiles to fish in the Rescue Minor. I won't tell you exactly where those rockpiles are, and I certainly wouldn't give you any numbers even if I had that capability, but over here on this island, the lumber ships (mostly little brigs and some schooners) from the Baltic used to anchor up to wait for a load from the sawmills in Carrabelle, which was named for the daughters of the man who owned the biggest one. He was from Maine and the sidewheel tugboat which towed the rafts of sawmill cants was named *Orono*.

They shipped most of the longleaf pine and cypress as squared logs to be resawn into lumber when they reached their destination ... such a squared log is called a cant. The implement that is used to turn such a thing is called a "canthook," which is like the peavy used to turn round logs, except that a cant hook has some little iron toes instead of the spike that a peavy rams through the bark of a log. The paddle wheel tug *Orono* (and others) towed the rafts of cants out to the ships waiting as close in on the flats as they could get.

When the ships sailed here from the Baltic, they were in ballast and the ballast was round, igneous, and metamorphic cobblestones that, I guess, they picked up on the beach. They dumped these stones in piles in the bay and they are now called rockpiles. Isn't information wonderful? That's what you get from old men who are hived up with the cabin fever ... information.

We made a few scurries to the rockpiles and caught some little black rock bass (sea bass) but mostly we were aggravated by the big bluefish and these damned little sharks we have around here. They are not black tips, which are just as aggravating, but some other small (say 10 or so pounds) shark that looks just like a blacktip except without the black top to the dorsal fin. Might be little lemon sharks. You know I am not a sports fisherman. I don't "catch and release" unless I have to. I don't want to waste my time doing injury to some poor animal just for fun. I am not all that altruistic about it, I'll kill something to eat in a New York second. It is just that I don't see the point to it.

I do not believe that there are any animals that fit into the "varmint" category either, but I'll slap the absolute guts out of a horsefly and have learned that the way to keep mosquitoes to stop biting you is to kill every last one of the sons of bitches. You know, I don't think they stray too far in their search for something to eat. Out there in the yard of the shop (mosquito heaven this year) it would be impossible to do any of the jackleggerly I have had to do on the Rescue Minor if I hadn't done my mosquito research so thoroughly back in my youth.

When you know you'll have to do some work in a skeetery place, go out there in your short pants and sit around for about an hour or two. Read Keats or something that doesn't require continuous concentration. When a mosquito lights on you, kill the little bitch (only females bite). I even kill them with a thin wood slat while they are flying in the air. The slat is what I used to stir white epoxy paint and it is very smooth and durable. I love to see the silkscreen print of her little dead body so perfectly reproduced on the stark white epoxy paint. It won't be long before

the joy will have gone out of the project because of the scarcity of targets and you can go to work.

I am thinking about shooting these cursed little sharks. There is no doubt in my mind that they will bite you. I have many a time stopped them from grabbing me on the foot by slapping hell out of them with the leads of my cast net. I would hate for one of the little bastards to bite one of my grandchildren while they were messing around in the murky water of this year. Maybe they are like mosquitoes and it wouldn't take but a little while to clean out this vicinity.

I have a miniature revolver that I keep in my tackle box. It is the tiniest little thing to ever shoot a lethal bullet (.22 short ... very lethal). It is so little that when they first came out one of my cousins bought one as a curiosity and showed it to my good old uncle, a big pistol man (I think his is an old Colt .45 revolver ... what they call a "New Service"). "What if you have to go get your granddaughter out of the clutches of some unqualified man?" he asked scornfully. "Trying to shoot that little mess must be like milking a mouse."

Anyway, my son gave me one of them and it fits right in one of the segments of one of the trays of my tackle box alongside my shear pin collection. I figured that I might have to shoot a snake but then I remembered that I don't shoot snakes. Then I figured that pirates might attack us on the bay and then I remembered that pirates don't fool with folks, and even if they did I wouldn't undignify myself with such nonsense and that tiny pistol. I just left it in there alongside of my shorty screwdriver. It is made of the best stainless steel I ever saw, and though it has been immersed in salt water several times, there is not a hint of rust on it anywhere.

Next time I catch of those damned sharks, I might pull my pistol on his dangerous self and pop him right behind the head where his spine comes in. I know that'll work because I used to have a 1-1/2" chisel mounted on a crab net stick and it was the best killer of big fish I ever saw when you hit them right there. I wish I could lay claim to the fish killing chisel, but it was my father (*Three Against the Sea*, Doubleday, 1939).

Dang, I don't need this little nonsense pistol. I have about 10 old, redundant chisels. One of my habits is buying every socket style chisel I see at a yard sale because I believe that the modern degeneration to where the steel sticks up inside the handle is a degeneration and I would hate to have my supply of the real thing run low.

One of my all time favorites is an off brand 3/4" socket chisel that I have set up like a little slick with a long handle. I bet I have cut 15 miles of rabbits with it through the years. It will hold an edge better than any Marples, Stanley, or even my old 5/8" Buck Bros. The only name on it says "Pine Knot." I advise you to keep your eyes open at yard sales in case the rest of the set is still in circulation.

All that aside, Jane and I have not starved over here. The crabs are back. It was always possible to catch a few crabs by walking along the beach for miles and miles, but in the late summer (this is August 10) in the olden days, gravid female crabs would be lining the edge of the water in the surf every six feet. There is nothing like a pregnant crab who still has her eggs held internally before they are

transmogrified into an inedible "sponge" up under her abdominal flap. Glory be, there are plenty of sponge crabs seaside but plenty of eligible old girls, too. We have et well.

There are many ways to cook a crab, but the best way is to boil them in sea water and eat them while you are standing in the shallow water where you cleaned them ... if those damned little sharks don't come around and try to bite you on the foot. Another good thing is to save all that yellow goody out of the inside of the crabs when you clean them and make "she crab soup." It doesn't make any difference what all else you put in there, just the contribution of the crab is fine. I like celery and onions and garlic cooked with the yellow goody (actually the eggs) and maybe a little dollop of sour cream floating on top of the cup, but you don't need that. You'll find that there is a pretty good little calorie count worth of a fine oil that rises to the surface of the soup from the crab eggs. You know it is pitiful to be so out of range of the grocery store that you have to resort to such as that for something to eat.

That damned Murphy peed salt water in my engine room. I hate for salt water to get in the engine room of a boat. I have a bunch of horror tales about that but I'll spare you all but one. One of my buddies spent about two years down in the Bahamas in a poverty situation. He had every nickel he owned in this about 30' fiberglass sailboat, and it was back in the early '70s when there wasn't such an amazing surplus of junk fiberglass sailboats bringing down the price (I think mine is worth about \$400) so he had a few nickels in it. Anyway, it was his pride and joy until salt water got into the engine room.

What happened to him was that a rusted out exhaust elbow all of a sudden blew out a big hole and, in minutes, the perfectly good engine (Land Rover Diesel) that he had changed the oil in about every hundred hours was knee deep from the salt water in the exhaust. It was pitiful. The first hint he had was when he smelled burning plastic when the starter went under and shorted out the big wires to the battery and the insulation burned off ... then the battery melted. Because it was a diesel engine it kept right on running, even though half the flywheel was under water and, when he finally got down there to see what was what, the flywheel was throwing seawater all over everything ... the generator, the voltage regulator, all the wiring, and the fuse box. Even though no water got into the crankcase or (Heaven forbid) into the intake system of the engine, he had a world of damage ... in the Bahamas. You know import duties are what keep the Bahamian government going. He finally got it all fixed, but it cut a good bit of the idyllic part out of his sabbatical.

So the first time I got salt water in the engine room of the Rescue Minor was when Murphy caused the stupid fuel filter that I was using for a raw water strainer to swell up and cut off the exhaust cooling water and melt the muffler, and the little inadequate dribble ran into the engine room. Fortunately, due to the belt drive transmission, the engine sits with its flywheel about 10" off the bottom of the bilge so it was just some salt water in the engine room bilge. After I replaced the plastic muffler with a piece of straight inch and a quarter steel pipe, I thought all was well, but then, dammit, the next time I took the box

off (which, with the amount of jacklegger under there, I have discovered it is prudent to do so ...often) there was about a teacup of salt water in the engine room bilge.

I immediately thought that the old rusty steel pipe was not sealing to the hose good enough, so I got the socket wrench and the 5/16" socket and cinched down on the hose clamps to a fair thee well and vowed to get me some of those big deal, expensive bolt style hose clamps when I got back to civilization. Even though I had tightened up on the hose clamps as tight as I thought I could get away with, the thing still put about a mouth-

ful of water in the bilge every short trip. I diligently dried this up with my sponge and wet a paper towel with fresh water to get the salt out. When I got back to the shop, I gutted out the whole mess and polished the ends of the steel pipe with a wire brush and even wrapped a couple of wraps of that amazing hundred mph duct tape on there to make sure the hose got a good seal.

Though Hamilton Marine hadn't sent the big deal hose clamps by the time it was time to come back to the coast (in the driving rain), I thought I had that aggravation under control. Damned if when I got over here, there was about a tablespoon's worth of salt water in the bilge of my engine room. I thought that the hundred mph duct tape must have got warmed up and compressed, so I took the 5/16" socket to the hose clamps again. We scurried off to the fishing grounds and when we got back (in an absolute downpour) damned if there wasn't a little water in there. I thought it might be rain related but it was salty. I cussed and cussed. It has taken me over a month of cussing to finally find out where it was coming from.

The reason it has taken so long is that it has been too damn rough to run the boat at any speed at all with the box off. Finally we made a desperado trip to the east end of the island to see if the yellow tannin in the water had let up enough down there for to suit the sensibility of the mullet (it hadn't) and while we were down there catching crabs, it calmed completely off like it does sometimes after a storm. We ran all the five miles back home wide open with the engine box off. Jane steered and I hunted.

Finally I found it. You won't believe this if you believe in physics. It shows exactly

what a divergent thinker this Murphy is. I wish I hadn't ever provoked the son of a bitch. Anyway, when I decided not to trust the graphite/ceramic well pump seal (which had proven so satisfactory) because I was paranoid about this damned Murphy, I put in an old reliable tallow/flax stuffing box. I knew it would drip a tiny hint of a drop every now and then, but the stuffing box bilge is separate from the engine room so I knew I could handle that. What had me worried was a catastrophic seal failure when the graphite completely disintegrated and flooded the whole mess (in the Bahamas?).

I was worried that, because the shaft actually sits a little above the waterline, air might get trapped in the stern tube and the stuffing box might not ever get any water and might run hot, so I drilled a tiny hole in the bronze bushing that keeps the shaft concentric with the packing and tapped in a little 1/8" hose barb to vent the air out of the stern tube.

I put on one of those amazing German fabric style hoses that hold on to a hose barb so tenaciously that Mercedes and Volkswagens have never had hose clamps anywhere in the fuel system. I routed this tiny vent hose up as high in the engine room as I could get it and fastened it securely. Unfortunately, the highest thing in the engine room is the radiator cap of the coolant day tank in the engine room instead of someplace back in the separate stuffing box bilge.

Guess what? Even though it was almost impossible with my lips to suck any water through the vent tube to see if the stuffing box was getting water or not, the turning of the shaft against the bronze bushing of the stuffing box acts like a little pump and pushes water up against about 30" worth of head pressure. Jesus, it was hard to see that tiny trickle of water running down the copper day tank into the bilge. I stuck an old Evinrude 25 shear pin in the tube and stopped the leak. Come on Murphy ... what's next?

Postscript: The mullet came back the very next day after the vent tube problem was finally solved. I don't know exactly what environmental event precipitated their return ... the water is still mighty yellow ... but they are back. Ospreys are hovering and hollering all along the bayside and bringing home the bacon, too. So (except for the hollering) have we. So have the porpoises. You ought to see the oil slick when a porpoise eats an August mullet. I caught six very nice fat ones during a lull in the weather (actually just a lull in the lightning). You ought to have seen the oil slick from where I fed the guts to the sharks. I have to be careful to take them way down the beach so the Marine Patrol won't think the slick is coming from my boat and to get the sharks out of the yard.

You know mullet have a gizzard sort of like a chicken which they use to grind the sand that they eat to get the diatoms (single-celled algae who live in a little glass box and act a lot like a little animal instead of a plant ... one of the most abundant living things on this planet) into a digestible state. My Jane loves a fried mullet gizzard above all things, but she is a retired school teacher with excellent table manners so she eats her gizzards very demurely. It is hard to see that it is a tough little morsel that she is chewing up, but you ought to see a small child eat a mullet gizzard ... gad what a gross thing.



SunCat

COM-PAC

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

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



MIDDLE PATH BOATS

P.O. Box 314
Edinburg, PA 16116
(724) 652-4448
middlepath@aol.com

20 High Performance
Models in Wood/Epoxy
Composite Construction

Photo: "Skua"
Winner, Blackburn Challenge
1993, 1994, and 1995
Skua Available in Fiberglass
www.by-the-sea.com/middlepathboats

Rowing Cruisers
Fixed- and Sliding-Seat
Send \$3.00 for Brochure

The success of the *Lizzie H.* led to the commissioning of three more V-bottom lobsterboats for the shop in 1948–1949. Ralph Connors, praised by Bob as a good carpenter, worked with Bob and Albert, along with Gerald Smith when work warranted. The 31' hulls designed by Albert had less sheer, and although successful and easy driving, were reported to be wet in certain sea conditions. "They went for \$1,750," said Bob with bemusement. "That didn't include the motor. They bought the Buick automobile engine and put it in at the time."

Patty Z. was launched in 1949 for John S. Zdanowicz of Beverly and Salem. John Gardner photographed her in December 1956 near Pickering Coal Wharf in Salem (1996, *Wooden Boats To Build And Use*, p. 151). After eight years of hard use working with his brother Frank, the *Patty Z.* needed only minor repairs and Zdanowicz opted to replace her engine with a Buick V-8 Roadmaster, developing 265 hp and getting 15 kts.

The *Millie II* was built for Fred Bartlett on the same molds as the *Patty Z.* Bartlett's boat, after being in commission and soaked up, would reputedly reach a top speed of 10 kts. (Ibid., p. 152). In November 1956, John Gardner took the lines of the *Millie II* while she was hauled out at Dions Yacht Yard in Salem. He included her in a six-part series published in the *Maine Coast Fisherman* in 1957 (January–June) from a survey he was making of North Shore fishing boats which generated lively commentary on the merits of V-bottom hulls. In 2001 Bob recalled that there were two boats for the Zdanowicz brothers and one for Bartlett, but it is not clear what the third boat was called.

Ed Hawkes owned the *Lizzie H.* for about six years before selling her to his brother John. Ed used her for dragging with a small flounder net and 100 lb. doors for yellowtails, jigging off the Isles of Shoals and trawling with long line. John lobstered with her for a few years before selling her to Don Russell, who used the *Lizzie H.* for summer lobstering, carrying 55 pots, and for two winters fished offshore trawls for cod and had-dock.

Tested in all kinds of weather she was tight and dry. Bob was disappointed when she fell into disrepair due to a lack of judicious maintenance, and more than 20 years after her launch she was crudely planked with plywood. "One of the things I would like to clear up," said Bob. "John has the wrong idea that Russell had a boat built similar to the other lobster boat (*Maine Coast Fisherman*, Jan. 1957). Russell bought the one that Ed Hawkes had and he used that. There were not two, there was just the one boat."

In 1948 Albert and Bob also built a 24' open launch (4P104), for the Corinthian Yacht Club. The completed hull sat alongside the shop in preparation for launching when a hired crew helped jack her up to rest on a flatbed trailer for transport. The launch had a long life and was well-used. Charlton's grandson Lyman Smith started driving her for the club when he was 16 years old. "I could thread a needle with that boat," he said with pride. "She was a marvelous little boat. I worked four summers, 12 and 16 hour days. I worked for Karl. Got room and board and a uniform" (personal communication, May 2003). "Finally, we used it for hauling chain for moorings. Pretty beat up," said Bob.

Robert H. Cloutman, Boatbuilder Part II

By Sharon Brown

In 1949 Albert and Bob finished *Little Gull*, a 31' lobsterboat designed by Albert for Marblehead fisherman Watson Curtis. At the time there was great interest in engines chosen for powering, and Curtis was content to cruise at 8 kts. with a Chrysler Ace engine.

Next out of the shop was the sailboat *Honker* for Mr. O'Hare, photographed in its cradle on skids alongside the shop. And inside, Col. Purdon's boat, then Mr. Chapin's *Mary Ann* of Manomet (4N951) being rolled out, and a 32' open launch for the Eastern Yacht Club.

Like his Pond Street neighbor Captain Gerald Smith, Albert used Chamberlain's molds to build a couple of gunning dories in the 1940s after leaving Graves (John Gardner, 1960, *Outdoor Maine*, Feb.; 1996, *Wooden Boats to Build And Use*, p. 15). Known as "Sharpshooters," they were of slightly flatter sheer than Chamberlain's and also a foot shorter on the bottom.

Bob described the Sharpshooter as a "double ender 18' long used for duck hunting from the surrounding islands. It had three rowing stations, 7' oars, cast bronze oarlocks, and one removable thwart with a roller attached to the underside for ease in hauling up on the land. One raised grating aft to keep the decoys out of the water so they wouldn't freeze. I sold one in the 1950s and it went down Maine."

A photograph of Dr. Walcott sailing his Sharpshooter gunning dory with his black lab is dated 1950. "We devised a "T" shaped carrier and could pick up the long end of the T and the boat was balanced so we could walk it down the street to the water easily. In those days there were no restrictions and we could leave the dory down near the water with others during the legal duck hunting season," Bob continued. Albert and Bob enjoyed duck hunting and Bob kept a rack of Henry's duck shadows and later donated to Willowbrook Museum in Newfield, Maine, a mechanism to load shotgun shells that Henry had made.

Captain Gerald Smith (1906–1994), a contemporary and friend of John Gardner's, was skipper of James J. Storrow's 52' Crocker designed cutter, *Mercury*. He quit yachting in 1971 and gave up gunning to please his wife when he was 85 years old, continuing to carve prize winning decoys to the end, by his son's count—1450 full size and about 600 miniature decoys. John had met his father Charlton, for whom he also had great respect, when he'd gone to Graves for lumber.

In November of 1950 Albert received a large brown envelope from Walter J. McInnis of the naval architect firm Eldredge McInnis, Inc., State Street, Boston. It contained 14 drawings for a 32' express cruiser commissioned for Lowell A. Mayberry. Plans for the hull, 32'5" l.o.a. x 9' 7 1/2" beam x 2'3" draft, called for stations spaced at 3' intervals with frames on 8" centers. All woodwork was to be kept light and a seven page booklet of specifications called for Sitka spruce, Douglas fir, and lapstrake planking of 5/8" Mexi-

can Mahogany flush fastened with copper rivets. Drawn in October of 1949, Hull No. 383 displaced 9400 lbs. with two gasoline Packard 150 hp Model IM 386 engines. Kept in the same envelope was a sheet of foolscap with Albert's penciled estimates for stock costs and labor for the Mayberry job. He calculated that the stock would total \$1,610 including \$475 for planking and a total of 1,470 hours including 55 hours for the laydown and molds, 600 hours for the planking, and 120 for the paint and varnish.

"*Mala II*, the 32-footer, this was our pride," said Bob. "All lapstrake Honduras mahogany. The man was so fussy we had to match the color of the planking and we finished it all with varnish. I can remember putting the stain on that mahogany. My father bought a whole roll of burlap. You put it on and wipe it off with the burlap to get the color all the same. Copper riveted. There was about 7,000 rivets and I headed up every one of them. It took a long time to build." There was a lot of activity in the shop in 1951 when the crew rolled her out, gunwales wrapped against chafing on exit through the narrow double door opening. Children milled around and Bette watched Bob and Albert making last minute adjustments in the cockpit. "We took it down to Graves to launch it right here at Beacon Street," added Bob.

Even rendered in black and white it is evident she was a beautiful boat. The next album entry is startling in contrast. It is a worn August, 1954 AP Wire newspaper photograph of *Mala II* up against a house amongst a jumble of timber and debris with the caption, "High and Dry—the cabin cruiser *Mala II*, out of Woods Hole, rests on the lawn of a Fairhaven home amid the litter deposited by Hurricane Carol." An inauspicious end to any boat. In 2002 Bob was resigned and his ironic sense of humor dispelled any hint of remorse he might have once harbored at her fate. Mayberry of Boston was a member of the Boston Yacht Club, the Woods Hole Yacht Club, and the Quissett Yacht Club of Buzzards Bay, and by 1957 owned his fourth *Mala*.

In 1950 Albert and Bob built 15' skiffs for the Marblehead Transportation Company. In one of four photographs, Albert is planing the bevel on the bottom to receive the garboard. The same uncredited image was published in the December 1951 issue of the *Maine Coast Fisherman* and may have originated with John Gardner, who was using a camera to illustrate his columns and had copies of the photographs.

"I am pretty sure we built six skiffs for the M.T. Co. which they rented to people who wanted to go handlining in the harbor," said Bob. "There is one of these skiffs at Willowbrook Museum ... I remember it took a 15" wide board to make the garboards which was difficult to find even then and naturally that was the first place to develop a split. They were my dad's design, no doubt taken from Chamberlain's lines because he worked there." Bob donated the molds from this job to Mystic Seaport Museum in 1969 (Accession No. 1969.5–1969.59.11). Some bear the remnants of Raceway Express Agency shipping labels, the significance of the barely visible March 1947 date not known.

Most who read the newsstand copies of the December issue of the *Fisherman* did so after Albert's death on November 14, 1951.

He died from a heart attack at the age of 54. Despite Albert's earlier health problems it was a shock to Bob and his family which included an infant daughter, Sharon, born in 1950. While still in mourning, Bob was challenged to keep the shop going and assure his customers that the quality of the work would not be compromised. The project at the time on the shop floor, a bass boat for Earl Boardman, was incomplete. It was a difficult blow.

In April 1952, A.H. Cloutman & Son was one of 30 exhibitors including Graves Yacht Yard, Sudbury Laboratories, Fred Woods Jr., North Shore Outboard Motor, and Cape Cod Shipbuilding who participated in the second annual Marblehead Boat Show at the Marblehead Yacht Yard, Inc. Sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce (*Maine Coast*



Lowell A. Mayberry's 32' mahogany express cruiser, *Mala II*, alongside A.H. Cloutman & Son's boat shop on Calthrope Road (Robert H. Cloutman Collection).



Walter McInnis designed 25' 9" bass boat for Carl W. Haffenreffer (Robert H. Cloutman Collection).

Michael Pearlman's 32' V-bottom sports fisherman designed by Philip C. Bolger (Robert H. Cloutman Collection).



Fisherman, May 1952), boats exhibited in the loft included the new Manton 17' double ender built by Don Grant at Graves (designed by Frederick Aeschbacher of Hammondsport, New York, and Joseph P. Manton of Boston), the International 210, and 15' Cloutman dory skiff built by Bob and Albert. Reportedly well attended, the two day event helped raise the shop's profile.

In 1952 Charles Lawton's second wife died and he went back to New Brunswick to live with his son. In November John Gardner wrote Lawton from his Lynn, Massachusetts home inquiring of his health. John told him how the men at Dion's still held him in high regard and appraised him of changes in Marblehead including the ominous comment, "The boat business is steadily going downhill in these parts. Graves are no longer building 210's and according to Don Grant, the first ones built, when we were there, have gone all to pieces—the plywood is letting go." He told Lawton that Mandon Bates was in charge of the Calderwood Yard in Manchester where Dan Grant went to work shortly before he died. He signed off after complaining of the cost of finished pine that had gone to 30 cents a foot and bragging of a new source of Swedish plane irons he had found that also cost too much, \$4.50 each.

Bob finished the 24' bass boat for Earl G. Boardman of Mattapoisett (4S105) in 1952. The hull that Albert and Bob started together, Boardman needed assurance that Bob could complete the job on his own and he was not disappointed on her launch. Designed by Eldredge McInnis and drawn in the fall of 1951, she was hull No. 400, 24' 1" l.o.a. x 8' 5" beam x 2' 21/2" draft. Boardman used her to fish, "out to the islands," as Bob stated. "Nice little bass boat I always thought. Only 24' but very seaworthy."

Bob built the same model, *The Lady* (4S522), for Judge W. Foley the next year. Bob's daughters, Sharon and Jeanne (b. 1952), would go down to the shop at lunchtime and the judge—a diplomat—brought two dolls on Sharon's birthday. *The Lady* was transported by truck to the launching ramp where she sat with large boulders on her cradle waiting the rising tide to set her free. In 1955 Bob built a 32' model of the same hull for Boardman who ordered on Valentine's Day, from Columbia Bronze Corp. of Freeport, Long Island, one strut complete with rudder bearings for a 1-1/8" shaft, strut bolts, worm gear, steering wheel, and prop. On the back of the order Bob penciled a list of things remaining to do including flag pole socket, flagpoles and hardware, and Danforth anchors.

The last Walter McInnis designed hull managed by Eldredge McInnis Inc. that Bob built, was designed in 1954. Built in the shop in late 1955, it was a 25' 9" x 9' 6" x 2' 3-1/2" bass boat for Carl W. Haffenreffer of Rhode Island, a millionaire scion of the Haffenreffer beer family. Throughout the construction Bob struggled to make ends meet and comply with his client's budget and stiff demands. Upon completion Bob agreed to deliver the boat himself. After a long, miserable day in rough seas and rain, he and his crew, fed eggs in the kitchen, were offered a ride only part way back. Left in Fall River to wait for a bus, Bob was wet and angry and his pride was hurt. In frustration, he later complained to McInnis about Haffenreffer's parsimonious ways and

their business connection fizzled. More than 45 years later it was easy for Bob to make light of his gaff but at the time the outcome was financially difficult for his young family.

"There were a couple of years that we didn't have any work in the winter time," said Bob, "I would work on my own or away from here in other yards." And Bette added, "You worked down at Graves a couple of winters, probably 1953, 1954, because I used to bring the girls and they would bring your lunch. Jeanne was just a little two-year-old and she was following her daddy. And that is when we met Carl Sangster."

Bob added that one winter when Albert didn't have any work he had built 28 hand planes. "A whole chest of them." Among Bob's treasures were the boat models that Albert also made, including a half model of a lobsterboat that was never built. And one winter Bob built a 13' skiff for Ben Chadwick which he used for ten years, keeping it down at the Transportation Company. Chadwick would row out to his house on Tinker's Island and take seals for the bounty, keeping the livers. When later he asked Bob to fiberglass her bottom, Bob gave up in frustration after two applications failed to adhere properly.

In the winter of 1957 Bob built Design 3-57-A, a 32' V-bottom sports fisherman by Philip C. Bolger for J.W. Rice. She was intended for use on the West Coast of Mexico where it was thought sawn-frame construction would be most appropriate. Bolger compared her lines with those of the round-hulled Egg Harbor 31 which he also designed; they were of similar proportions and he believed there would be no difference in performance between the two despite the chine hull's sharp entrance.

Later, in 1958, Bolger was quoted (John Gardner, *Maine Coast Fisherman*, July), "I'm very proud of both these boats. They are extremely dry and can be driven fast into considerable chop without getting either wet or jolted. Despite the fears of many people, they are stiff and steer well running down a sea." Experienced with construction of both round-bilged and V-bottom hulls, Bob found the sawn-frame construction cheaper because molds were not needed. Bolger's plans for the *Rosy III* which Bob built for Michael Pearlman of Swampscott called for frames sided 1 1/8" molded 2-5/8" and spaced on 18" centers. A gentleman in suit and tie, shouldering a large press camera, watched the men roll her out of the shop on launch day.

Dr. Leonard Cronkite built a 28' Atkins schooner and Bob hired a crew to bring the heavily built boat to the shop for finishing. Her overland journey was not without mishap and Bob worked on the hull through the winter launching *Barquita* in 1957 (4X542). Bette and Bob's first holiday cruise to Maine was in 1958 when they left their children with Bob's mother for a couple of weeks and sailed on *Barquita* with Cronkite and his wife.

In late 1959 John Gardner steered a job to Bob. His boss, Fred Dion, had committed to a load of work in the yard and did not have time for John to build a second surf dory for the Texas Petroleum Co., so John recommended A.H. Cloutman & Son. The first surf boat, a 19' lapstrake, round bottomed hull, was designed and built by John while working at Dions Yacht Yard in Salem in 1955. It

was modeled after the surf boats of Chamberlain and George L. Chaisson (John Gardner, 1977, 1991 *Building Classic Small Craft*, Vol. 1, Chap. 12; 1987, *The Dory Book*, Chap. 17) which worked in the surf up and down the eastern seaboard.

In Puerto Masachapa, Nicaragua the boat was used to haul heavy gear, equipment, and men through the surf from the beach to moored tankers, their tenders, and back. She handled well and was liked by the men. However, she was slammed into the beach on a bad landing, breaking frames. Repaired in 1959, she eventually became too heavy and sluggish for the job. Bob was glad of the work and he built the new boat in the shop in the fall of 1960, following the revised plans and specifications first published in 1956 in John's columns in the *Maine Coast Fisherman* (June, July). As specified she was painted a bright red and photographed with four men aboard—three rowing with Bob at the middle station. Even the oars were red.

John tracked her construction, which included plywood garboards, reinforced with epoxy fiberglass, and a removable false bottom screwed on over the fiberglass. Bob allowed that she was a little heavier than John's. He'd had to ask the company for a deferral on the delivery date when he sustained a hand injury, requiring surgery, while rescuing boats the day after a hurricane hit the Marblehead harbor. John celebrated her construction in his April 1961 *National Fisherman* column: "The new boat was exactly built with the best materials and workmanship throughout. The result is an extremely sturdy craft that should be able to take an extra amount of pounding. It is not a light boat. Yet it sits light in the water, handles well, and rows easily. Three men at the oars can make-it jump, and in this regard the marked resemblance to old-time whaleboats is not accidental."

In 1960 Judge Foley asked Bob to build him a larger boat, *Lady II*, and Bob built a temporary 4' extension on the back of the shop to accommodate the hull, ca. 36' overall. She came out of the shop stern first in her cradle on rollers and was hauled to the launch by Paine Wood Co. of Marblehead. A good boat, she was eventually taken over by Foley's son-in-law.

John Gardner's six part series on the 27' St. Pierre dory in the 1962-1963 *National*

Fisherman was inspired largely by his boss, Fred Dion, who visited the St. Pierre et Miquelon Islands, the French islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and returned with enthusiasm for the local fishing dories and a model of one for John. From Bob's dog-eared copies marked up with pencil notes, he built two. One was for Dr. Leonard Cronkite, then president of Children's Hospital in Boston. "You had to build a tunnel for the shaft so that you could pull it up," said Bob. "To get the propeller up. So that you could just drag it up on the beach. ... I was able to ride up in it from here to Maine. Kind of a strange feeling in that it is all open. As though you are going to get soaking. But, as I remember, we never got wet." Cronkite named the boat *Eastern Mark* after an island he owned. Years later on one of their cruises to Maine, Bob surprised Bette by recognizing his dory swinging on a mooring at Northeast Harbor and rowed over to confirm his sighting. "Yup. That's my dory!"

Dr. Thomas G. Barrett of Marblehead, a member of the Boston Yacht Club since 1952, commissioned Bob to build a 28' inboard/outboard over the winter of 1966-1967. Launched in 1967 and named *Tom Kat*, a contraction of his name and that of his wife Kathleen, Dr. Barrett's new boat was photographed by David Matt for the *Salem News*. Barrett eventually donated *Tom Kat* to a charitable organization which used her for years in the lakes of New Hampshire and later asked Bob to build him a small catboat, *Tom Kat III*, which was launched in July 1978 (MS4996) amid a gala celebration.

In 1976 Bob and Ed Hawkes and his son Ted built a 16' gunning dory in the shop. She was built from lines drawn by Walter M.



The 19' Gardner designed surf dory ready for delivery to the Texas Petroleum Co. Bob is rowing from the middle station (Robert H. Cloutman Collection).

Wales, N.A. In April 1968 Wales took the lines of a boat that Gerry Smith built on Chamberlain's molds in 1960, the 17' *Republican*, which John Gardner wrote about in his last book, *Wooden Boats To Build And Use* (1996). Smith also built a 16' version, the *Annie*, ca. 1940 which is now in Mystic Seaport's watercraft collection (Accession No. 1969.99).

Walter's own boat, the *Independent*, which he built after the *Republican's* lines, was adapted for sail with daggerboard and spritsail main. Ed knew John and he came down to Mystic to get some hackmatack for the project. Bob grew up with Ed's younger brother John, becoming close friends with Ed after the war. Recently Ed, who was partners with Mandon Bates, wrote, "I gave it [the dory] to Frank Lord. We called it the 'batten' because it had so many battens to cover rents in the planking. Bob and I put 13 battens on it. We rowed it to The Breakers to gun in January ... It was 23 or 24 years old when I gave it away." Hawke's boat was also fitted for sail with an aluminum plate daggerboard and the mast was set into the aft edge of the forward thwart and held in place with a small pinned gate, making it easy to step and unstep. Bates who founded Bates Boat Yard at Little Harbor in his younger years, and also worked at Graves, went into partnership with Ed, forming the marine survey firm Bates & Hawkes in Boston which remained in business over 18 years.

In March of 1984 Bob built a 12'8" flat bottom plywood skiff, *Phoenix*, for M. Magee. He figured the job to cost a total of \$1,114, including \$250 for supplies and nine days of labor at \$12/hour, including a half day for laydown.

Another chapter in the Cloutman legacy began back in November 1959 when Bob opened Cloutman's Boat Yard, Inc. on rented property at 6A Clift Street on Marblehead Harbor. "[Bob] had his dream for 25 years. Blood sweat and tears but he loved it and he was admired and respected by all his many customers and friends," observed Bette. In this yard he did repair work, continuing to build boats at the shop when he got orders. After ten years he was able to purchase the

Inside the Cloutman shop in May 1976 at the completion of the planking of the 16' gunning dory by Bob, Ed Hawkes, and his son Tom (Edward F. Hawkes Collection).



Before an appreciative audience, Dr. Barrett's inboard/outboard, *Tom Kat*, leaves the Cloutman shop in 1967 (Robert H. Cloutman Collection).





At Cloutman's Clift Street Boat Yard, Bob helps a crew from Mystic Seaport load up Albert's 14' sailboat for transport to Mystic in 1978 (Robert H. Cloutman Collection).

yard. There son Tom (b. 1957) got his first job, painting docks when he was five years old. In August of 1970 Bob removed three large fuel tanks from the property which had impeded the easy transport of boats, a cause for celebration. The same year he bought an old crane from Graves. "The crane, which Bob drove down to the boat yard, was forever old," said Bette. "All the kids that worked in the yard learned how to drive it. It was used for hauling and launching boats for 25 years. The kids used to dive off the cab roof despite all that Bob did to prevent it, including tar the roof."

In 1972 Bob bought a truck christened "G.T.O." by his children, to drag the boats around the yard. Five years later they rebuilt the yard shop over the winter, completing the job in March 1977, in time for the new season and Mike Mentuck's annual launching on May 29 with the crane. One of Bob's customers at the yard was Everett "Hap" Peabody who ran a garage in town. Hap bought an old fishing boat which Bob fitted out for cruising. He built a cabin and recalled putting in 5/8" x 12" lags to hold it together, helping it to last 50 years. The two couples, Hap and his wife Beverly, and Bette and Bob became good friends and cruised together in the 1970s summering around the Cape and in Maine.

Among Bob's papers one was saved because of the lines sketch on the reverse side. In Bette's handwriting, it is the 1978 list of 42 customers and accounting of the charges for their moorings, float numbers, locker rentals, and spar rack numbers. The boat names—*Hogan, Grenda, Alondra, Roy, Flounders Friend, Pop Top, Ripple, Bacchus, Snoopy, Snook, Little Bit, Nemesis Assist., Janko, Jonathan, Scorpio, Dynamite, Pluto, Smith, Applejack, Dottie, Spirit, Sailor, Budweizer, Hamond, Endurance, and Mad Cap*—still elicit memories for Bette.

Bob and Bette took pride in servicing customers who owned modest pleasure boats, and the yard was familiar to Ned Perkins who recalls with enthusiasm his summers as a kid working at the Marblehead Transportation Company. His father kept the family boat, a 23' lobster hull, *M. Susie G.*, named for his grandmother, at Cloutman's Boat Yard.

It was years of hard work and celebration for Bob and Bette. Their annual Christ-

mas chowder parties at the yard began with a few friends and grew to include over a hundred guests. In 1983 Bob and his partners sold the property to the Town, and for two years Tom continued the boat yard operation, closing out in July 31, 1985 when he was outbid for the lease. The "Last Hurrah" for Cloutman's Boat Yard, the Fluff in the slings was launched with the old crane. Bette's letter to the editor of the Marblehead Reporter, eloquently expressed her disappointment and ended, "I am Tom's mother, Bob's wife, and I am proud to be part of the Cloutman family who has serviced the boating public for 100 years."

After the yard was sold, Bob built some smaller boats, but primarily worked on boat repair with Tom in the shop where the last boat built of any size was one dubbed *Squander*. It was a lobsterboat hull built on spec to keep the men working over the winter of 1985. "It was a little lean year," Bette said. "He wanted to keep the guys busy. It ended up at the Manchester Yacht Club."

Tom Sleeper of Marblehead, who built four Chamberlain style dories and used to have Bob haul his Alden O Boat *Windy* down at the boat yard, visited Bob within the last five years to look at his old plans, some of which he collected for the Peabody.

In addition to a couple of rough pencil sketches on scrap paper, plans in Bob's own collection include the following classics: a 32' power launch by James E. Graves, Inc., Dec. 19, 1936, built in 1937 for the Eastern Yacht Club; Fred W. Goeller of Quincy plan and specification sheet for a 1938-39 24' auxiliary cruising catboat, #3803, which Bob priced out for a client in 1956 for a total cost of \$6619.29 (\$3000 labor) in 167 days; Samuel H. Brown, Jr. of Marblehead plan No. 111, for a powerboat drawn in 1940; Eldredge McInnis, Inc. of Boston drawings and contract specifications for 1947 design No. 362 for a 20' motor sailer sloop *Eastward* altered November 1953 and built by Pinaud's Yacht Yard at Baddeck, Nova Scotia; and 1955 plans for Weston Howland of a 30' cruiser, design No. 424, and a proposed 32'2" sport fisherman; Alberg and Brengle of Boston, 1950

plans and specifications for a 23'7" auxiliary daysailer; Fenwick C. Williams of Marblehead, drawings for a 25' auxiliary sloop drawn in 1963; and a glued-up photocopy of John Gardner's 1971 two sheet drawings of the 13' Chamberlain dory skiff.

Theirs was a textbook account of economic survival, of the difficulties of maintaining a profitable small shop. The realities of business faced on a daily basis. Bob respected the work of his father and grandfather and recognized the importance of passing on the trade, what it had meant to him to learn from his father, and he taught Tom and kept high school boys working summers at the boat yard. One of the young men told Bette at Bob's funeral that Bob had been a good boss, they'd learned a lot, and had fun. "He was almost like a father to us guys that summer we worked for him."

Bob's mother Alice, keeper of family lore and treasures, died in 1992 at 90 years of age. How much easier their lives might have been had Henry and Albert also reached their senior years. Might Bob have been better equipped to take over the boat shop, or would he have pursued a career in engineering? Children reject the ways of their elders, leave home and seek financial and spiritual fulfillment elsewhere.

It is testament to the integrity of the craft and the personal fulfillment therein that Bob followed the career paths of his grandfather and father and that his son Tom has chosen to also. It is perhaps easier to conform to the old ways in a small town like Marblehead, or conversely for some, easier to leave for the same reasons. "You know," said Bette, "they grew up together." The Graves—Selman, Donald, Jimmy and Barbara, and Bob. He was a playmate and visited their camp in New Hampshire. Ned Perkins, who can still smell the print, delivered the Sunday *Boston Globe* ca. 1947–1952 to Potlead Connors who walked by the Perkins' Pond Street house, "two houses up from Gerald Smith," every day on his way to Graves, and the weekly *Marblehead Messenger* to Albert and his petite wife Alice, whom he remembered as a nice lady of about 5'2" with curly hair. "We

Bob Cloutman before a number of his father's racing trophies in his Norman Street home in June 2002 (Sharon Brown Photograph).



entertained ourselves," said Ed Hawkes. "We rowed down to Gloucester. From Little Harbor to Ten Pound Island in Gloucester is about 7-1/2 miles. Of a Friday night we would row to Manchester and sleep overnight in the bandstand and then wake up and row down to Gloucester." They worked hard, enjoyed their fun, and knew each other.

There was a symmetry to Bob's life—occupation and domicile—that is no longer common in our society. He lived where he worked and built boats that were successfully used by members of the community who earned a living lobstering and fishing and raised their families on the proceeds. Reputations were built on product.

In Bette's words, she and Bob celebrated "54 years of a wonderful love and life on May 2, 2002. He was a very quiet and humble man, but he sure left a big mark on everyone—family, friends and the community." And as his friend Ed Hawkes observed, "Bob should have had a visible halo for his courage." Bette is grateful for their children, six grandchildren, and friends with which to reminisce about the old days in Marblehead. Though no longer building boats as he would like, Tom owns Cloutman Marine Services at 7 Calthrope Road and carries on the Cloutman maritime tradition in the old shop, a legacy now over 100 years old. Bette rightfully brags, "A hard business to be in but he would not want to be in anything else. He can do everything, electronics and plumbing, all systems. He doesn't do any fiberglassing. He doesn't build boats, he services them."

Bob's photographs document the steady encroachment of suburbia and the procession of completed vessels in a venue of changing

fashion and automobiles. To the naive, standing in Norman Street neighbor Mandon Bates' (1915-2001) driveway, the shop—the small rectangular building in weathered shakes—looks at first glance an unlikely birthplace of so many boats, its rich history hidden.

The sequence of construction and dates were substantiated using references in the literature, oral histories, family documents, and resources of the Phillips Library, the Marblehead Historical Association, the Abbott Public Library, the G.W. Blunt White Library at Mystic Seaport, and most of all the generosity of Robert H. Cloutman and family with the support of colleagues P.F. Littlefield, E. Perkins, and D.J. Thomson. Bob had the foresight to donate materials of importance to scholars to the Peabody, Mystic Seaport, and Willowbrook museums. Perhaps someone will return to the Cloutman family the silver plate trophy which Albert won in his Beachcomber and Bob loaned to Maddie's Sail Loft which, despite being screwed to the wall, went missing.

When your subject is no longer living, you are dependent on a myriad of secondhand information. A contemporary who knew and worked with the subject is a significant source. In this regard, Robert H. Cloutman was a rare gem. Both he and his father, Albert H. Cloutman, worked with John Gardner at Graves and were, in turn, the subject of John's writing. Bob and Bette were generous in opening their home, their lives, and their hearts to my visits and endless questions. On complaining of the difficulty of saying good bye, Bob laughed, "You don't! Say, 'See you later.'"

"See you later, Bob."

BOATBUILDING FOR BEGINNERS (AND BEYOND)



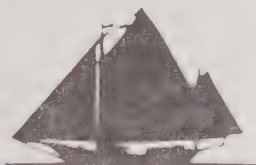
EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW
TO BUILD A SAILBOAT, A ROWBOAT,
A MOTORBOAT, A CANOE, AND MORE!

Jim Michalak

WHAT A BOOK!

Clear instructions, sensible advice, all of Jim Michalak's good ideas at your fingertips. How to build 6 different boats (including 11"x17" sets of fold-out plans), plus making oars, sails, kick-up rudders, pivoting leeboards, and much more. A treasure trove of information for the beginner or the grizzled veteran.

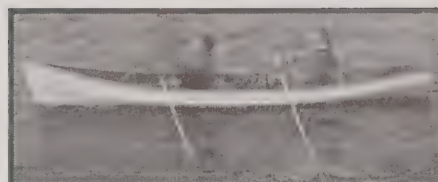
Available in bookstores everywhere, or from Breakaway Books, P.O. Box 24, Halcottsville, NY 12438. (800) 548-4348. \$24.95 + free shipping if you say you read MAIB. We accept checks or credit cards.



Greens Point Boatyard

*Winter Storage & Service
Reasonable Rates
Boat Sales & Brokerage
Native White Oak Lumber Sales*

31 Greens Point Road, Ipswich, MA 01938
Tel: 978-356-7416 Fax: 978-356-7424



Forward facing rowing

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



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

SeaPearl 21

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

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

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

Marine Concepts
MANUFACTURING AND SALES

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



Hot Chili is a strong plywood asymmetric catamaran which can be built by anyone who can measure, cut, and glue timber, towed by anything on four wheels, afforded by anyone with a job, and can be used anywhere with a foot of water. Chili can be sailed, powered, or both, and sculled over the stern. She can be camped on at anchor by two adults or a small family, or beached to set up a campsite. Minimal extra build effort renders her unsinkable, in standard form she will float swamped. Last, but not least, Hot Chili is both striking and unique.

Construction is fast, the boat being semi monocoque with a chine log but no stringers. The prototype is one-third complete after 60 hours. Time savings are inherent in the design's conforming to the material, the flat hull and cabin outer sides are cut from two joined sheets of 9mm ply. The sides are linked by an 8' square two sheet 12mm bridge deck to form a flattened "H" section and thus define the entire outer shape. The bulkheads are placed inside this, truing up the structure and preparing for planking the curved inner sides. The upper and outer edges of bulkheads are lofted in sheet corners, exploiting the accuracy of factory cut right angles.

Hot Chili 15'3" Catamaran Camp Cruiser

By Jeff Gilbert

After planking they form a tunnel, angling from four degrees at the stern to vertical at the 6" x 1" laminated stem. The stem protrudes vertically to take the front crossbeam if it is required for nets and/or a spinnaker prod. Once the narrowish dory bottoms are on, the boat receives a layer of glass below the waterline, the only glass used on the boat except for some taping around the stem and other areas of end grain exposure.

Hot Chili tip: If your HC takes up half your double garage in winter, put the trailer outside and store HC on one of its flat sides with some laths beneath.

Types of Chili: Essentially you have an 8' square level viewing platform which floats in ankle deep water and is easily driven. From

here, the possibilities for personalising Hot Chili are so vast that I expect no two to be the same. However, there are two major themes for Hot Chili:

As a sailboat with or without small auxiliary: The cheapest way to go about this is to build the bare 15'3" hull of Hot Chili (referred to as HC throughout these notes) beach cat. In this way an older person like me can trade in his or her beach cat for a more stable and only slightly slower yacht on which one can go camping and sail all year round, getting wet only when one wants to.

Unless you are intending to use a prod (bowsprit) to run asymmetric spinners, you can build the simpler wooden front crossbeam, use a beam from your old cat, or have no front beam at all, though this sacrifices the chance of a net/tramp. The hardware should transfer directly though you may need to lengthen your tiller arms and will need to calculate your daggerboard position to match the rig. If you e-mail a dimensioned sail and mast profile to jgilbert@webone.com.au. I will be happy to assist.

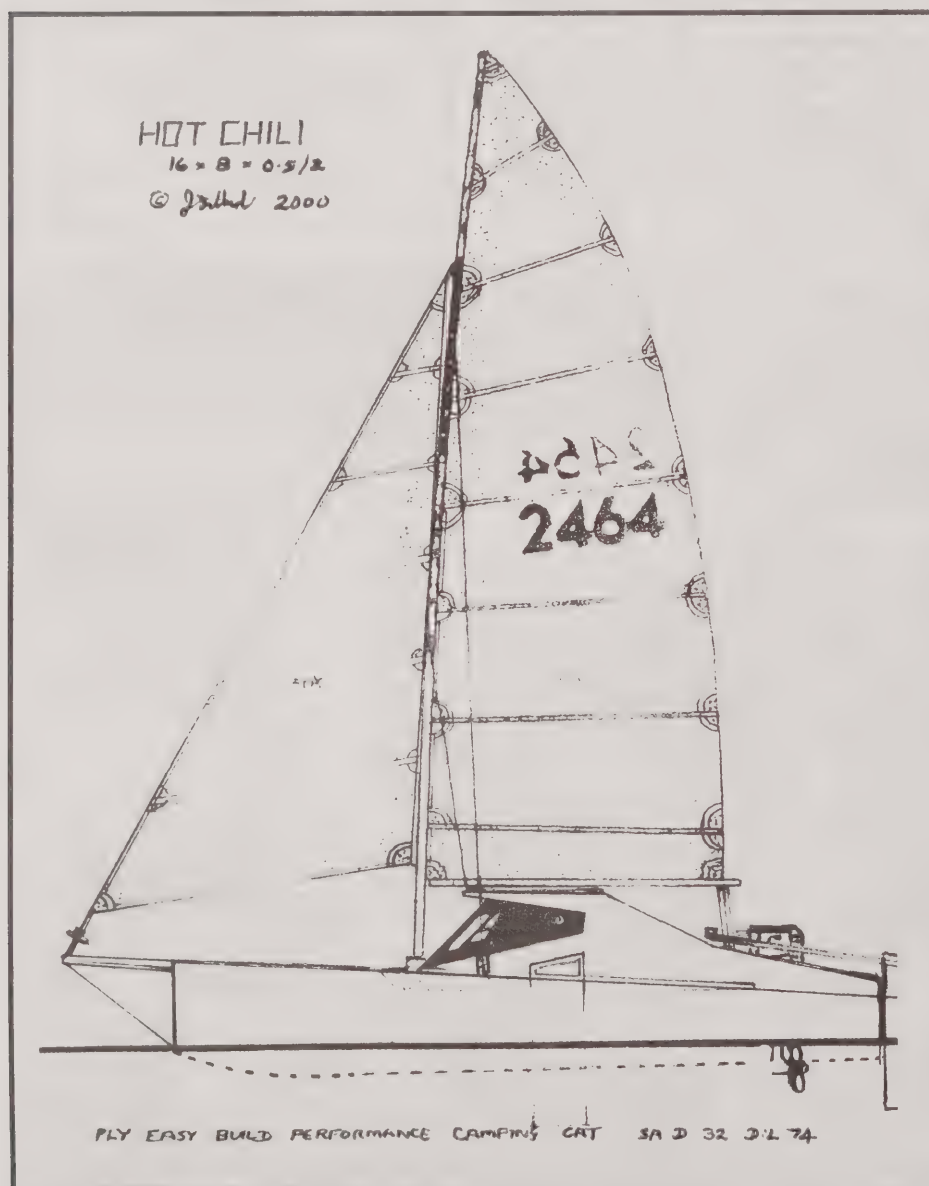
If you want an auxiliary motor, use one you can carry easily, the smaller the better. If you are buying new, try to afford a 4-stroke, they are kinder on ears and fuel. The biggest I recommend is a 6hp, there are now several (Suzuki, Nissan, Merc) long shaft 4-strokes weighing under 58 lbs. A trolling motor would make a passable auxiliary for limited use, position the battery bank as final trim and you have power for a wonderful camping set-up. HC is an ideal platform to experiment with bigger electric motors, outboard or inboard, even in one hull. Imagine fishing a mountain lake of a still evening, not a breath of wind, and your campsite a mile away. With an electric motor it's an easy 12 minutes, barely disturbing the scene.

The plans do not yet include a tabernacle as they need to be tailored to the particular mast and rig. I will add a generalised design for an unstayed mast of around 20'. Builders experienced and keen enough to experiment with their own rig designs will have a ball. Single sheet Easy Rigs of the Rob Denney (see Duckworks design pages) persuasion are perfect for this boat with the cabin peak to deck height offering adequate bury.

Tabernacles would also brace to the cabin roof peak and offer an opportunity to use the mast as a tent ridge pole. I hope to find time to design HC a gaff rig for home building, object being to complement the boats angular lines whilst maximizing sail area on a low aspect rig. Some say this will be slow upwind, I say, if you are late for dinner start the motor.

As a motorboat: With its 18" underwing clearance higher than the few comparable cats, HC will be quite at home in ocean, lake, or river. A 10hp motor provides close to 20 knots, so as a fishing boat she's economical and swift enough to run for cover and beachable when she gets there. She can be winched up a beach, or lifted bodily by four adults. With her hull space available for stowage, I see her best use as a weekend camper for two. A standard tent can be adapted to fit her decks at anchor, she can be beached to set up a campsite, and in extreme weather one can retire to her dry bunks.

She can carry 1200 lbs. of people and gear without complaint and only a couple of



inches lower in the water, but will perform better on her waterline with a third of this load. A 25hp outboard will overpower HC unless she is carefully trimmed for planing at over 25kts. I regard 15hp/20kts as a reasonable maximum, but would personally settle for one of the many quiet and efficient 4-stroke long shaft 9.9hp outboards available.

Design background: Hot Chili was drawn by hand in 1999, aiming to be the most attainable two-person performance pocket yacht to date. By attainable, I mean it can be swiftly built in a garage with the spare time and funds from an average wage earner's job. The term performance includes both on the water (easily driven and handled) and off (strength and longevity). Speed and ease of build have been considered in every aspect the design.

Many will claim that HC is sturdier than strictly necessary and that it could be built lighter. They are quite correct, and there would be some gains in launchability and speed. There would also be big increases in both build time and ability to capsize. What is the point in pursuing those last few ounces? One can see at a glance this is not a racing boat, it's a fun camp cruiser with a turn of speed. I'm a big guy with big boots and prefer boats strong. I'm not a brilliant sailor, but love coastlines and sometimes sail up rivers full of rocks, intermittently clouting them. Plus, I don't like skittering 50 metres sideways while I'm fumbling with the daggerboard. You can tow the "heavy" HC with four cylinders and the lightest of trailers, so build the version that won't break if you make a mistake!

The abundance of right angles produced by maximizing use of factory cut ply sheets produced a tough looking design, yet one which calculated at less than 1hp for displacement hull speed. Hot Chili could double as a sheltered water motorboat or trailerable motorsailer. In particular, she looks useful as a river commuter, at worst Hot Chili would plane at six times $\sqrt{\text{hp}}$ so wouldn't require a big motor.

In 2002 I transferred the design to a computer to fine tune and optimise the hulls for load carrying and performance. The hull bottoms were broadened and inner hull sides steepened from the original 45 degrees to facilitate building, optimise bridge deck (BDK) clearance, and make HC both less tender and easier to lift onto a plane. This development almost eliminated the original torturing around the bow, the scarfed inner side plank now just underwent a slight twist along an easy curve. Flexibly was originally specified, it's not needed now.

These developments don't alter the extremely short build time possible in HC's simplest iteration, nothing in the hulls, an 8' x 7' deck with a cuddy offering both dry stowage and a double berth open to the stars or coverable with the huge hatch in case of rain or cold. No forebeam, simply an inverted "Y" forestay to both bow and swept back sidestays to chainplates at the cabin sides just behind the windows. No spinnaker, simply a single sail cat rig, or a main and blade jib combination from a beach cat in the 12' to 18' foot range providing 100sf to 150sf of sail.

I sat on the design over three years before finding a builder who would endure further simultaneous development during the build! Thus these plans have the considerable

building and sailing experience of Jim Townsend seeded throughout. Thank you, Jim.

Hot Chili offers beach catamaran sailors the chance to stay dry and sail all year round, albeit at a slightly reduced pace. Simply build your beach cat straight over onto a Hot Chili hull, using everything, rig, rudders, and even the net out front and daggerboards if you wish. On a reasonable wage one can afford both the time and money to do this over a winter lay-up, losing no sailing time. If you don't have a beach cat, buy one cheaply in winter, if possible from a place that's cold in winter (sails less worn, boat cheaper). It's good to buy from racing types who usually have lots of sails, look after their gear, and are realistic about value.

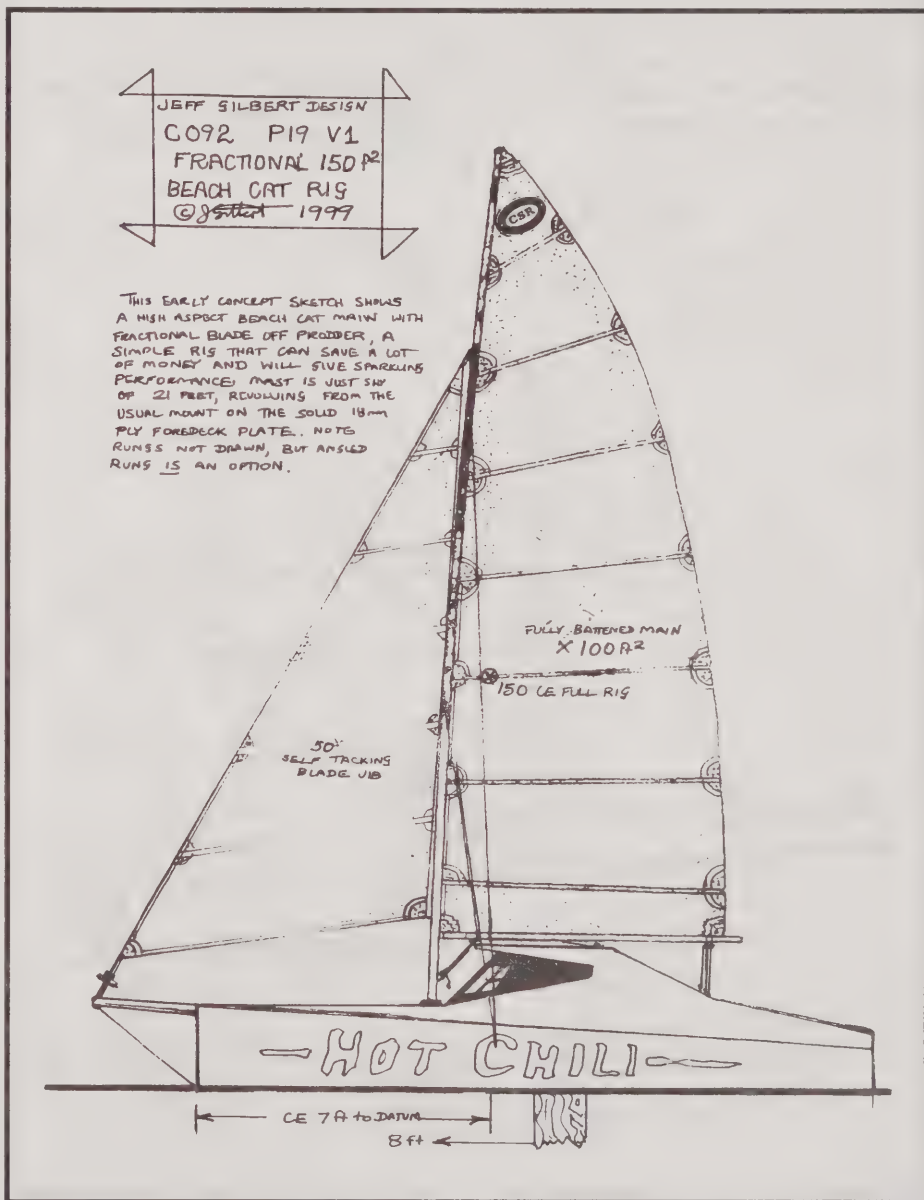
In Australia you wouldn't pay more than \$1000 (\$550 U.S.). Huge possibilities open up for finding old garaged Pringles, Sol Cats, and the like. You could be lucky and find a cheap one, say with a damaged hull. Try your Yacht Club, E-bay, the newspaper. If you don't mind building rudders, you might go for a dinghy, some of which have unstayed rigs which would suit admirably. Beware of ultra high aspect rigs that are difficult to step,

although with a lighter person standing on the cabin you will get by.

You can now have a dry boat you can camp overnight on and can take mates sailing all year round without handing them a dose of hypothermia. You can also tow Chili wherever you go behind any 4-cylinder vehicle.

All up cost depends on so many factors, not the least of which is your enthusiasm which comes in finite and difficult to gauge quantities and can run out before you cut a panel. For this reason, you should save time by using basic power tools, router, saw, sander, and drill. If you live in the boondocks beg, borrow, steal, buy, or rent a small generator. If you are doing the most basic package referred to above, converting a beach cat, double the cost of your ply and add the cost of your beach cat. There are about 16 sheets depending on your lofting skills. A full material list is being prepared.

Options: The plans provide for so many options that no two HCs need be alike. The most complex Hot Chili would take twice the build time of the simplest, yet may not be what you want. Look at the optional items one by one and your Hot Chili will take shape.



Alloy forebeam was conceived to carry the screecher (asymmetric spinnaker/reacher). This high performance sail was a requested addition.

The standard design plan consists of building over a beach cat rig. If these have a jib at all, it is likely to have an inverted "Y" harness to fix the forestay to the bows (SS eyes through stems) and carry about 50sf of blade jib.

For standard sail plans from a suitable (similar length) beach cat, one only needs a front cross beam to carry a net/trampoline. I'd use the 3" x 2" timber beam sketched at the top of Drawing 5 and sheath it in 6mm ply to hold a small upward curve and help the bond to the stem stubs. I'd mount a tramp to cut spray.

No front beam at all is quite okay, especially for calm water use where spray is not an issue. Many owners, especially of unrigged motoring Chilis, will never venture forward of the cockpit.

Hull berths, two at 80" x 21."

Rear seat (increasing berth convenience).

Footwells, mostly used sitting on the rear beam which can be up to 14" wide over the hulls.

Motor/sculling oar.

Fold-up side decks.

Rear steps.

My choice would be a wooden front beam, no prodder, and an asymmetric cockpit. This means a seat on one side with the attendant larger hull berth having the larger permanent access opening which would be covered by the hatch when in motion. A single foot well in the diagonally opposite corner would complete the "high seat/low seat" cockpit. The secondary hull berth would have a flush fitting hinged lid where the outboard could be locked to secure the yacht.

Dimensions: The boat is designed imperial for Australian and American ply in 8' by 4' sheets. I'm not going to convert plan dimensions to metric and here's why. If I do, someone will go, goody, rush out and buy 2400 x 1200 ply and start building in metric with these undersized sheets. If one converts the dimensions directly by the usual 1' = 304.8mm, then starts building with 2400 x

1200, it's only a matter of time before one gets into an insurmountable mess. At best, the last things created will be cumulatively undersize, at worst things won't fit at all.

Solution: If you can only get 2400 x 1200 ply, build in mm and scale down the whole boat as you convert the imperial dimensions. This is as easy as falling off a log. The design requires 8' sheets, you have 2400mm sheets. Convert the plans at 1' = 300mm and 1" = 25mm. Voila. (Your boat is 1.6 percent smaller than the design, bad luck you live in a country that makes undersize ply).

Get wood! Start stockpiling timber now! Grab odd bits of scrap ply and pine offcuts, there are skipsfull at building sites headed for the dump. Grab bits of oregon and hardwood, you only need a 2'6" of 6" x 1" for your stem. You'll need an assortment of sizes for bracing, temporary struts, measuring (a stick and a pencil, I don't transpose figures), and padding clamps (collect clamps, too). If you don't have a ute, put it in your boot, tie it on the roof rack. Boatbuilders' cars should be sacrificial items.

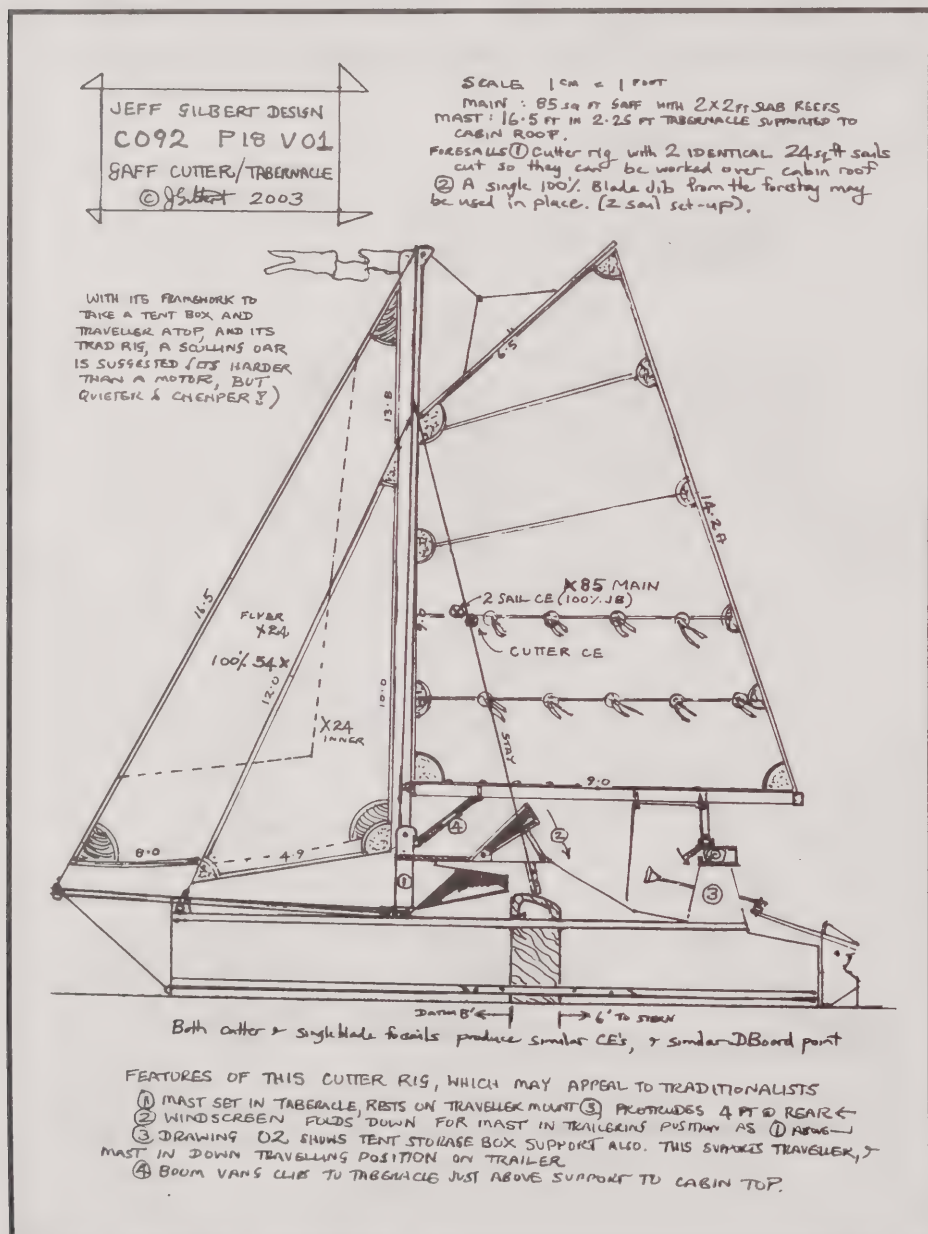
The main structure of Hot Chill depends on the manufactured ply being true, try to buy it all together from the same firm or, preferably, run, so it's all the same. If you want a boat with incipient cancer, buy the cheapest ply. Use the best you can find, at least BS 1088 Boat Building Standard ply. This might seem expensive, if so check out Duflex panels or foam core FG and see the price of getting covered in toxic crap. They will tell you its easy, fast, and fun, but you won't care what they say because you will already be too frightened by the price. Go back and buy the marine ply. You still need a bucket of epoxy and 10sm of 290g/sm glass cloth, but only a tenth fraction of foam core or full FG lay-up.

Even if it's further and dearer, a lumberyard which knows boats will save many tears and you'll feel confident about your purchases. If you are in a multipurpose hyperbarn with a zillion grinning idiots with uniforms and nametags, buy some cheap sandpaper and leave. You are looking for a yard where they consider your project, have the time and knowledge to tell you what you are getting, and will help selecting your own straight grained lumber and knot free ply. This last is probably superfluous, marine standard ply has at least one good face, waterproof glue in the right amounts and no hollows.

Design decisions: Speed and economy of build are the prime objectives of the boat and take precedence over looks, comfort, and performance in most decisions. Nevertheless, the boat won't obviously suffer in any of these secondary areas. All but a few design dilemmas were solved by answering the question, "Which option is the easiest to build?"

An exception to the above is the 1.5" bend towards the centreline of the cabin top, making the inside width of the roof 7.75' to the bridge deck's 8'. This is done to prevent leakage and possible delamination at the top of the cabin sides (the cabin roof can now cross this exposed end grain) to aesthetically relieve the constant right angles to make it easier to work the daggerboards without grazing knuckles and to provide more width for crew on the optional hinged fold down side decks.

Side decks may either complement or replace the hinged roof as a means of forward



access. They should hang from light (possibly plastic) chains and hooks (thus making their angle adjustable) and sit at a slight up angle of about 80 degrees to the cabin side, i.e., 100 degrees to the hull. At this angle they will make effective buffers. A long notch or slot in the side deck edge where it hinges to the boat side replaces the upper positioning rung of the daggerboard, implying that the corresponding side deck must be down for a board to be used. Side decks should be just wide enough for crew to "sit out" and balance the boat on a fast reach. They can be used for a spot of mild hiking, you'll need to build some timber hand rails along the cabin tops at a comfortable distance between the edge and hatch.

Despite absorbing a foot of accommodation length, the integration of the BDK with both crossbeams is literally a design strong point. Additionally, there is far less work in setting up and building the beams, they are ideally spaced at half boat length, and there remains enough space (83.5" x 48") for a couple to sleep longitudinally. Some crew find the motion of multihulls makes sleeping athwartships uncomfortable. The answer is to beach the boat, it's designed for it.

Beaching protection: The last action before painting the upturned boat is to add some sacrificial 1" x 1/2" hardwood laths to the bot-

tom and optional rear fin. These could be capped with metal channel or stripping, held on by a bedding material such as Sikaflex.

General: Purbond waterproof glue is perfectly adequate for build joins and less messy than epoxy which can be reserved for filleting and filling. Save your fine sawdust, or wood flour as it is sometimes called by boatbuilders with aspirations to chefdom. This is great for thickening epoxy for filling and filleting (more cooking imagery). Don't epoxy anything except joins and areas that are about to become inaccessible until the boat is complete or you'll exhaust yourself and blunt your tools working with material which you've just converted to virtual steel. An argument rageth on the web, time penalties for this approach are being debated at 7 times.

Without fibreglass Hot Chili won't necessarily leak. To be certain, fiberglass the bottom below the waterline, and better still from outside WL to outside WL right across the bottom of the bridge deck, which is only 10sm maximum. One layer of 290grams/si will do, we want a water barrier not structural strength of which we have plenty.

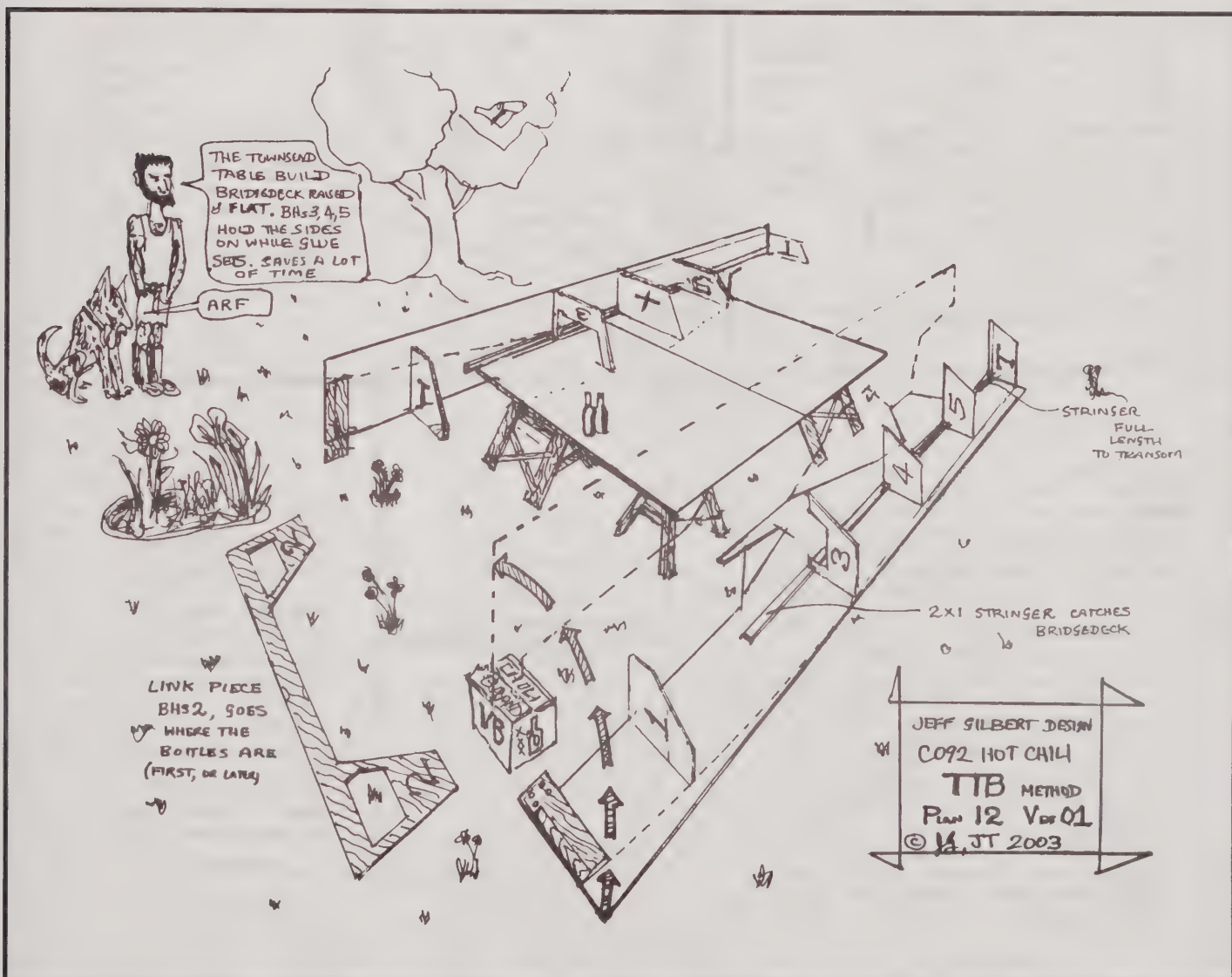
Any start points for delamination should be covered with fiberglass tape, key areas such as the stem, around transoms, and anywhere that a ply edge is exposed, these are

lethal. Several coats of epoxy on such edges is likely to prevent delamination, glass taping will.

Accommodation and use: HC accommodations were designed at bridge deck level for simplicity and flexibility. There is plenty of hull stowage, and the 41-1/2" x 23" flat hatch cover stows upside down under one side deck. This has no impact at all on the resultant enlarged daysailing deck which also provides access to the mast. Moving forward is rarely necessary, but good for cooling off on the net/tramp. It's simply a matter of stepping over the windscreen or sitting on the roof peak and swinging your legs over.

Though it makes the build more complex, those who wish may incorporate hull berths between BH1 and BH4. These have myriad advantages, not the least of which is one can get up in the night without disturbing the other. Hull shape and size dictates feet forward and there's not much room under the crossbeam. Entry is tight, but easy with the hatch off, simply swinging under from a grip on the hatch coaming. Once installed, you will be really comfy and well supported in a sea-way.

All but the biggest sailors can fit the berth low enough in the hull to provide sitting headroom, even with HC's low cuddy. Hull berths would be a real boon to serious



- * TILLER COMPRISES 2x12mm
PLY TINES LINKED BY BLOCKS
IN CENTRE - FIRST 12" FROM
CHECKS SHOULD BE 35mm
TO GRIP FURROW SECTION OF CHIEK PLACES
* DOWEL PINS MAY FIX VERT. ANGLE
* INTER 2-TINE BLOCKS SOLID FOR 10"
W/ SKIP TO ENABLE SWIRLING
* TINES TAKE 2" TO 1 1/2" d
STOCK

CHEEK GRID "		
POINT	→ x"	↑ y"
D	0	0
E	11	4
F	13	13.5
TP	11-33	13
RP	5	10
G	4	23.75
H	0	19.5
I	5	15.8
J	-1.25	16.3
K	0	7.7
L	-1.25	0

TUGGER
BLOCK
HERE

Pintle 6mm
fixed to
outer
edge of
transom

$\frac{3}{4}$ "
 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

APPROX
AS PINTLE

SINGLE CORD WHIPPED TO BOTH
LOCK & RAISE ROPES CLEATS
OFF AT TILLER TYPICALLY
TO

UNDERSIDE
OF SPACER
BLOCKS BETWEEN
TILLER LINES

ALLER
NOT SHOWN

RP 1/2"

TP 3/8

- USE POINT
KP TO POSITION
STOP @ 80 degrees

ALLOWED
UPSWING
AS P.O.

USE 3 TO STOP
ONLY
FENCE STAPLES

SECTION
TAPERS CUT
BETWEEN DE & M

KICK-UP

CHECK (TOGETHER)
POSITIONING!

* TILER TIME
PIVOT CENTRAL IN
MEAT OF CHICKEN D,
7" FROM BLADE
PIVOT
IS RP TO TP = 7"
* STOP SHOULD BE
POSITIONED WITH
BLADE ITSELF. SWE
RUBBER STRAP ON
IF DESIRED.

JEFF GILBERT DESIGN
C092 P14 VOL
RUDDERS
& TILLERS
© *Jeff Gilbert* 2003

KEYNOTE :-

18mm SPACER/STOP BLOCKS
BETWEEN CHIEKS TO SPACE FOR
18mm BLADE $\frac{1}{2}$ shape DKJLD

coastal cruisers who wished to eat up some overnight miles with helm watches interspersed by ballast duty in the windward berth! The shakedown cruise for Hot Chili is to be a 400-mile reach on the Australian coast, returning by road. Hot Chili will lap it up!

The large stowable roof hatch essentially removes all but the windscreen and strength providing roof peak across the boat. This setup lends itself to mosquito netting and various standard tents. A standard 8' x 6' A-frame would fit around the coaming/cabin edges. A poleless igloo 8' x 8' would go over cabin and all, secured around the sidedecks and X-beams. If the boom were lashed out of the way or hoisted, one could attach the peak of such a tent to the halyard.

With a calm sea and 10hp, Hot Chili will happily bowl along on half throttle at 12kts and hit at least 17kts flat out. Builders with motoring in mind may wish to raise the cuddy design against spray and either eliminate the rig or rationalise it by removing the prodder and installing a mast tabernacle. To optimise this dual role, the designer is researching a source of telescoping 20' alloy masts.

Hot Chili is a real solution for those who think they are doomed to save forever for "a decent boat." You can savour the feeling of sailing a boat you built yourself and you won't be exhausted or broke by launch day. You will sail past boats costing 50 times as much and can take your boat on holiday without making the drive a nightmare. You can spend 200 hours building and 2,000 sailing instead of vice versa. Your boat will be focal at messabouts and wooden boat festivals. Hot Chili is environmentally sound and heaps of fun. Can you think of a better way to go?

Plans are available via Duckworks convenient distribution service which can process your order at warp speed for \$100. See www.duckworksmagazine.com or write to: Duckworks Magazine, 608 Gammenthaler, Harper, TX 78631. You will receive a wad of drawings with around 20 pages of text advice to help you understand and use them.

I will put plan buyers in touch with all previous buyers who consent

Jeff Gilbert Yacht Design, 9 Birbai Place, Waramanga, ACT 2611, Australia, jgilbert@webone.com.au.

Jeff Gilbert Design #092 Imperial Specifications

LOA 16'9"
LOD 15'3"
LWL 15'3"
Mast ASL 17'-28"
Bmax 8'2"
Hull Beam @ WL 1'4"
Draft 0'6"
Deadrise 0 deg (1/2 Dory hull)
Interior HR max 3' (sit over hull berth)
Typical SA -Main 100sf, Jib 50sf
Typical Working Disp 800 lbs
Recommended Powering 10hp/17kts
Aux Power (O/B) 4hp/10kts
Inch Immersion 200 lbs
Amateur Build Time 250 hrs
Batteries 1 x 12v
Berths 2
SA/Disp (100%) 28
Disp/WLL 100
Tankage/Galley/Head Portable Camping

A friend, Scott Palm, and I took *Julia May*, my Bolger 19'6" Long Micro, across the border into Canada in early fall. Some of her other travels have been described in earlier *MAIBs*. It was Scott's second cruise with me to the islands and bays that begin at the northern boundary of Minnesota on Lake Superior. Canada seems to have gotten the best of the Webster Ashburton Treaty in 1780, something, I think, when it comes to scenic beauty. The U.S. coast of Superior to the border is a bold, heavily forested, sawtooth ridge with only a few natural harbors for small craft and not unattractive. But once to the border on the Pigeon River, the coastline changes dramatically to hundreds of islands and islets north and east to Thunder Bay, Ontario, and beyond. Many have spectacular cliffs that jump from the depths to 600' and 700' above the water. And offshore in the mists you can also see Isle Royale which, due to some suspicious gerrymandering in the above treaty, does belong to the U.S.

Our trip was a short but delightful four days with good weather, although my stove didn't have all the parts and thus we had to cook ashore. I also forgot blankets and had to sleep in my float suit. Phewww! (A friend in Grand Marais asked how we were fixed for socks and underwear?) We towed both a plastic kayak and my dink, a Bolger Nymph called the *Julia May Knot*. Both were used for exercise and exploration. We came back through the border checkpoint on, of all days, September 11, 2003.

Upon our arrival at U.S. customs traffic was very light and there was no queue. I was gratified but not surprised when the officer in charge asked us about the *Julia May* and where we had been with her. In fact, he came out of his kiosk and walked around her. Of

A Bolger Boat May Violate the Patriot Act!

By Dennis Bradley

course, having driven Bolger boats all over the U.S., I was used to such attention and proceeded to get out my wallet photos of her under sail. As I got out of the car, several other officers came out of the building presumably to look also. For, after all, your subscribers all realize that many lay people might doubt that many a Bolger design can float, let alone be wind driven.

Alas, as we were told to park and come inside, I realized our interrogator, hand near his weapon, was indeed intrigued by her design subtleties, though not as I first imagined. We were suspects. In retrospect, considering the "date" of September 11 and the frankly weird boat-like object we towed, we probably shouldn't have been surprised.

As we walked to the office, I grumbled about not really fitting the profile of a terrorist but Scott, whispering so as not to be overheard, asked if I had looked in a mirror lately. I went back to the truck and did so... oops. Who the hell is that swarthy unshaven unkempt fellow? Doubtless a zealot, I was forced to admit.

And then I also thought about what some terrorist from a desert girt country like Afghanistan or Iraq would know about boats. I imagined them examining various small boat plans that, due to some snafu that always seemed to plague plotters, had omitted end views. Left with only the plan and elevation and hiding out in a lonely spruce bog in the

Canadian interior with a stack of plywood, a drum of epoxy, a ton of C4 explosive, and zillions of skeeters and black flies, they proceeded to create a Trojan horse to thwart our defensive line. But without the end view, and obviously stressed by the bugs and their mission, a Bolger box was the result, one of those apparent cases of identical if not simultaneous invention. Like Newton and Leibnitz, for example, inventing the calculus independently. Indeed, perhaps this is what happened when Phil himself came up with the Micro for Mr. LaRowe. My reverie ended as we were called to the desk.

After two officers climbed over the bow to peer into all her crevices, we eventually assured the half dozen officers that we and the Bolger Long Micro posed no threat to anyone but ourselves. Certainly not to our testosterone overdosed boating industry. Thus we were allowed to return.

It could have been worse. Had Attorney General John Ashcroft been on duty, who knows what might have happened, considering his Christian aesthetic sensibilities in the face of such a clear cut Bolgerism. You may recall that, to the tune of \$8000, he insisted the Justice Department cover the exposed breast of the "blindfolded woman holding the impartial scales of Justice" in front of its building. As one wag put it, when he was photographed in front of it, he wanted to ensure we saw only one boob at a time.

So beware all you other Bolger boaters. Should you leave our borders for cruising adventure abroad, make sure your papers are up to date when you return. And don't forget those photos of your project actually in the water. A buxom, scantily clad bathing beauty may help the deception. Unless, of course, you find Ashcroft in the kiosk.



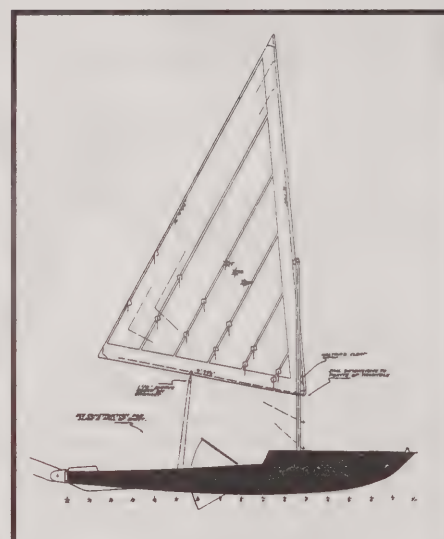
PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.
BOAT DESIGNERS, PO BOX 1209
FAX 978-282-1349
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930, USA



Bolger on Design

Nina, Sailing Sport Fisherman

Design #196
 16'0" x 4'0", Sail Area 75sf



Nina was a custom design for Henry Gibson, Jr. about 1967. He had her built by Brandt Custom Boat in Palm Beach, who did a beautiful job of molding her, a rare case of a one-off fiberglass boat as fair and clean as the best production work. Henry liked her very much and has kept her to this day though, at 82 years old, he doesn't sail her much any more. The two photos, taken 30-odd years apart, show how she has been cherished.

She was designed for sport fishing, through the surf on the ocean front of Palm Beach, out into the Gulf Stream, and over towards Bimini. A wonderful concept. When he commissioned the design he showed me a photo of her smaller predecessor, a Sunfish sailing surfboard with a sailfish about half the size of the boat lashed on deck, looking much more impressive than it would have lost in a far corner of a Rybovich cockpit. Nina was intended to be more comfortable and a better surfboat than the sunfish and, I suppose, able to deal with still bigger fish. The unusual deck design, shown in the drawing, was worked out to best carry his fishing equipment. The cat rig left the stern clear for his rods. He used frameless kites to trail his bait.

She was a good sailer, capable of planing, but she was not designed especially for speed. The emphasis, besides the surf capability, was on being undemanding; that is, to



be sailed with the singlehander's attention on other matters, such as maneuvering with a hooked fish. The triangular centerboard was chosen as less apt to stall in sudden maneuvers; it was also less likely to take any harm when she was driven onto the beach. The rudder also pivoted for beaching. The high bow, with hard chine, carried up to the stemhead for the combination of low drag and high buoyancy that lets a good surfboat lunge straight ahead when her bow is driven before a following wave and lift quickly to incoming waves as she gets off the beach. The stern was kept narrower than would have been best for planing to let the bow lift easily.

Sharp deadrise carried well aft gave her a smooth action in a chop and, perhaps more important, ensured that she would not get far on her own if a singlehander should fall off her. Floating light, the waterline becomes narrow and she would fall on her side from the weight of the rig. She normally floated high of the waterline marked on the plans, which is for a displacement of 565 lbs. and would be reached with two sizable people. We don't know what she weighed, with 1960s fiberglass technology it may have been as

much as 150 lbs., not too much to manhandle with a light dolly after dragging her clear of the waves.

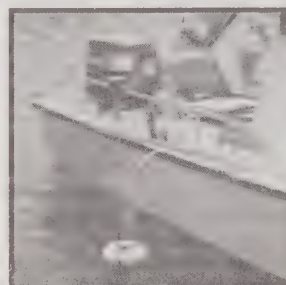
The tall boomed lateen rig is carried high to be well clear of the fisherman's head and not to block his view. I designed fiberglass sheathed wooden spars for her but, in fact, glass vaulting poles were found to serve well. The rig is intended to be flexible. Two rows of reef points reduce the area and cock the boom up to clear wave crests if she's allowed to heel sharply.

This was a very expensive sailboard, but for personal satisfaction she's probably worth more than a 40' twin diesel cruiser. And there's no noise to frighten the fish and no risk of winding your lines around a propeller!

There was never any intention of production of this design, and as far as we know she has never been duplicated. The shape would not be hard for an experienced builder to render in strip planking or coldmolding. Plans are available for \$100 to build one boat from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.

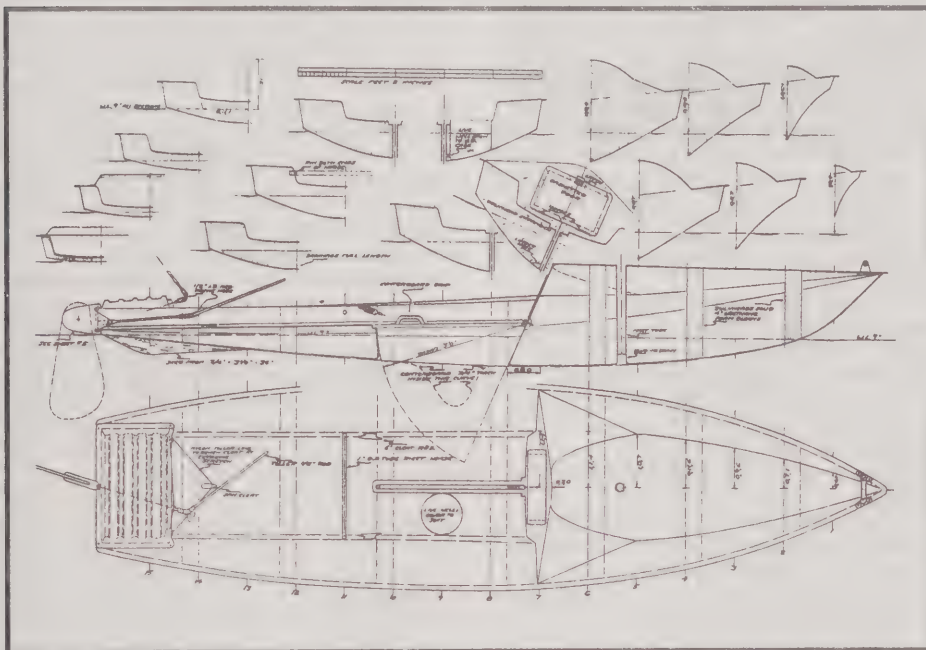


ALDEN OCEAN SHELL & STAR
APPLEDORE POD
MAAS AERO & 24
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
EASTERN 18 COMMERCIAL OB
BRIDGES POINT 24
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930



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

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



FIBERGLASS REPLICA CLASSIC SAILBOATS

RAINBOW	Construction	BAYBIRD
12' Cape Cod Catboat	Fiberglass Hull & Deck	18' Gaff Sloop
	Varnished Oak Trim	
LOA - 12'4"	Bronze Hardware	LOA 18' 0"
Beam - 6'2"	Wooden Spars	Beam - 5'6"
SA - 100sf		SA - 145sf
Displ. 440lbs		LWL - 16'
	NEW!	Draft 0'8"
	Compass	

CLASSIC CAT

14' Classic Half-Decked Catboat

Dealer Inquiries Invited

COMPASS CLASSIC YACHTS, INC.

Box 143, S. Orleans, MA 02662 * (508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032
(Shop @ 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA)

KITTERY POINT TENDER



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

BAY of MAINE BOATS

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

I am guessing that many readers have had a run-in or two with trailer lights and have had to offer up the lame excuse, "Gee officer, they were working fine when I left the house." So consider the following.

First, trailer lights are merely clones of the lights (running lights, directional signals, and brake lights) that are mounted internally on the rear of all towing vehicles. Unlike the vehicle lights enclosed in steel and plastic, trailer lights are exposed to rain, snow, salt, and the occasional dunking in fresh or salt water when the boat is launched. The wires are exposed and subject to chafe and damage and the connectors (usually brass) are particularly prone to corrosion. Trailers also have small wheels, do a lot more bumping and jarring around than tow vehicles, and as a result the filaments in trailer light bulbs tend to fail more often than vehicle light bulbs.

Trailer light rigs are usually of one of three varieties. Rig "A" has the light fixtures permanently bolted to the metal frame of the trailer and the ground "wire" is actually the entire trailer frame joined to the tow vehicle via the metal trailer hitch. This is the most common rig, but also the one most prone to failures when the fixtures rust and end up losing contact with the trailer frame.

Rig "B" also has the light fixtures permanently bolted to the trailer frame but has both a positive and ground wire going to each fixture. This is an improvement over Rig "A" but a little more costly as a second ground wire needs to be initially rigged for each fixture.

Rig "C" is a removable light board consisting of all the fixtures and full wiring mounted on a plank that can be bolted to the frame of the trailer when in use but removed from the trailer and stored out of the elements when not in use.

Rig "C" is "The Answer" to most of the woes that beset trailer light problems, but check with your local State Department of Transportation regulations to make sure such rigs are legal in your state, as in many states such a rig must be quasi-permanently attached to the trailer when in use, bolted on for example, rather than tied on with balling twine or some kind of quick release device. The greatest advantage of the removable light board is the ability to remove the lights before launching a boat and submerging all of the light fixtures. No electrical device likes to get wet.

All trailer light rigs have to be linked to the tow vehicle via some kind of connecting device (plug and socket) and these devices come in several varieties. The most common type for small trailers is a "flat plug" male and female device that has metal prongs and sockets (usually brass) that are encased in a flat plastic jacket. The flat plug typically has four posts, a ground wire and separate wires for running lights, left and right directional signals, and brake lights. Others may be round, all metal plugs and sockets, but they all have the same function.

On most vehicles the plug is hardwired into a black box called a "converter" and unless you know your way around automotive electrical circuits, I would recommend that you let the guys at the local garage or a U-Haul installer rig up the converter unit for you (although these days most light trucks and SUVs come with a factory installed wiring harness that makes it relatively simple to hook

Troubleshooting Trailer Lights

By Alan Glos

up the rest of the rig). Most tow vehicles have the light rig socket mounted externally (again out in the elements), but if you have a choice in the matter, install a "pig tail" wire harness and socket in the trunk or the hatch of the tow vehicle that you can run through the trunk lid or the hatch door rubber gasket when needed. Again, keeping the wiring out of the elements will reduce failure due to corroded plugs and sockets.

Troubleshooting: So you hook up the rig, walk to the rear of the trailer, and have your tow vehicle partner turn on the headlights and test the running lights, turn signals, brake lights, and four way flashers. If they all work, bow your head and mutter an appropriate benediction to the God of all things electrical, but often one or more of the lights will not work properly and you will need to make repairs.

Tools needed: Screw drivers, knife, steel wool, small wire brush, light power drill, spare light bulbs, and a circuit tester. After years of frustrating attempts to troubleshoot these problems, I finally went to the local NAPA store and sprung \$8.75 for a simple 12 volt automotive circuit tester. This device looks like an ice pick with a little neon light in the handle and a wire with an alligator clip attached to it.

To test a circuit, one clips the wire to a bare metal part of the tow vehicle or trailer ground wire and then uses the sharp pick end as a probe to touch fittings or wires. If the circuit is complete, the light in the handle of the tester will light up; if not, no light. You can also use the pick end to "stab" a wire through the plastic covering without the necessity to peel back the covering.

With these tools in hand, let's look at the most common problems and fixes (Note: disconnect the light rig from the tow vehicle when making repairs to avoid blowing tow vehicle fuses, see "Fuses" below.)

Problem: None of the lights work. **Fix:** Check the ground wire as this common ground provides half the circuit for all of the lights, and if none of the lights work it's a better than average bet that the ground wire is faulty. Start with the tow vehicle. Has the ground wire (usually the white wire in most rigs) become disconnected or is the connector device corroded? Use your circuit tester to see if current is getting through and make repairs as needed to get the ground wire humming.

Problem: Some of the lights work but not all of them. **Fix:** In this scenario, the common ground wire is probably not the problem but the "hot" wire that forms the rest of the circuit to the light fixture probably is. Use the circuit tester to see if power is getting to the light bulb. First check the wires going into the fixture that doesn't work and work your way back to the tow vehicle to see where the circuit fails. Use steel wool and/or the small wire brush to clean off the brass terminals.

To clean the inside of the hollow parts of the plug and sockets, chuck a small bit or nail in your power drill, wrap steel wool around the bit or nail, and then gently insert the device into the holes and rotate. When you can see clean metal, you know you have a good contact. Use handheld steel wool or a small wire brush to clean the male prongs on the connectors.

Similarly, if the circuit tester indicates that the problem may be in the light receptacle itself, unscrew and remove the light fixture covers and use steel wool to clean the contact points. Also, remove the bulbs themselves and clean the brass sides and lead tips. At the same time, visually inspect the bulbs and replace bulbs that are blackened or have obviously broken filaments. Corroded contacts account for the majority of trailer light failures, and cleaning is the answer. Bulb failure seems to be the #2 problem.

Problem: One or more lights don't work on the tow vehicle or the trailer. **Fix:** Check the tow vehicle fuse box for a blown fuse. You can blow fuses with a faulty trailer light rig or clumsy efforts to make repairs to same. Check the fuse box for one that is blown, replace it, and see if it does the job. If it blows again, you have a short circuit in the tow vehicle or the trailer light rig.

Other fixes: In rare cases the tow vehicle converter device falls. Again, use your circuit tester to see if the output directly from the converter works. If not, you may have to replace the converter. This has happened twice to me over 30 years, once on a factory installed unit in a Toyota SUV and another on my VW where it turned out one of the wires had broken just inside the converter and was repaired with some epoxy glue.

Broken wires: The metal part of a wire can be severed even if the plastic cover is still intact, witness stretching a wire until the metal strands break even though the elastic plastic cover does not. Look for obvious breaks and replace or re-solder as needed, or use your circuit tester starting at the light fixture working back to the tow vehicle until you find the break that interrupts the circuit.

Rusted beyond repair fixtures: I have found that even good quality trailer light fixtures rust out somewhere around 5-10 years, depending on how long the rig is left outside in the elements, so be prepared to replace units often if you find you are spending too much time trying to restore them. A salt water environment results in even shorter working life for these fixtures.

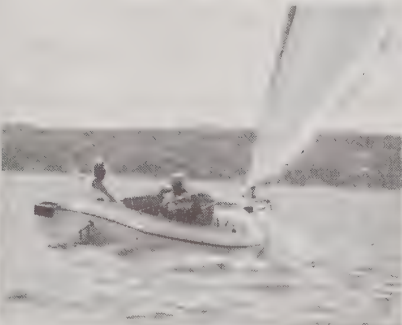
All of the above notwithstanding, if you operate a trailer long enough, you are bound to come across One of Those Problems That Has No Logical Solution (OOTPTHNLS). To troubleshoot OOTPTHNLS, first try a different tow vehicle to find out if the problem is in the light rig or in the tow vehicle and proceed accordingly. If you still can't find the problem, enlist the help of the local garage (\$ouch\$!) or better yet a friend who actually knows his or her way around automotive electrical circuits. If you don't have such a friend, cultivate one.

Trailer lights perform a valuable and necessary function, but as noted they are prone to malfunction and the occasional breakdown. I hope some of the steps outlined above can help you make basic repairs that will get you street legal and roadworthy again.

Happy trailering.

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

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



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

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

Builders & Restorers

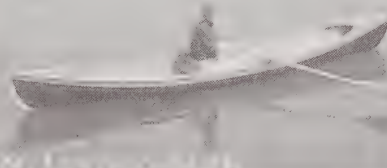
SOLID COMFORT BOATS

Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampans



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

Quarrier Boats



Race Winning Fixed Seat Rowing Boats
Fast, Durable, Good Looking
P.O. Box 125, Alstead, NH 03602 - (603) 835-6985
<http://home.attbi.com/~qboats>

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

**Custom
Small
Boats**



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

Mast Hoops

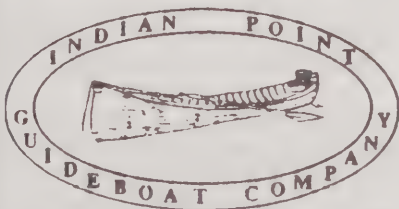
Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail
Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood
Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks -
Deadeyes - Bullseyes -
Custom Bronze Hardware

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

Robb White & Sons, Inc.

Custom Small Boats
Forty Years

P.O. Box 561
Thomasville, GA 31799



THE ADIRONDACK GUIDEBOAT

by the
Indian Point Guideboat Company
493 Engle Rd., Industry, PA 15052

Phone (724) 643-6001 Fax (724) 643-5457
www.by-the-sea.com/indianpointboat/
Gardner Callanen, Boatbuilder

We have the world's largest selection of new guideboats and historically correct accessories available from any source. Dozens of models, in lengths of 10' to 18-1/2', construction materials range from traditional wood to the state-of-the-art bi-axial kevlar. We offer reproduction oars, hardware, yokes, paddles, and accessories. All of our fiberglass boat hulls are exactly reproduced from original antiques for the best rowing performance and authenticity. Our new 16' "Lonesome Bay Boat" is a modern materials version of a 1912 "Old Town Double-Ended Boat." See our new "Video Magazine" III.

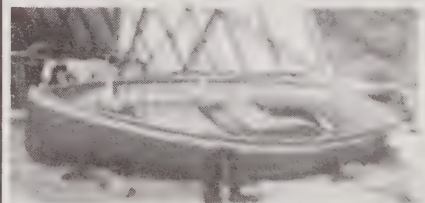
Hansen & Company Builders of Practical & Impractical Boats

Gloucester Gull Rowing Dorries,
Kayaks & Other Small Boats
Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehansen@aol.com
Spruce Head, ME 04859

Reproduction of Charles Lawton

10' Yacht Tender

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



C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.

15 Wiley's Corner Rd., St. George, ME 04857

(207) 372-8543

email: woodboats@msn.com

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

Cullison
★ SmallCraft ★

Builders of Traditional and
Contemporary Rowing and Sailing Craft

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

www.CullisonSmallCraft.com

(607) 547-2658

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

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

**SWAMP YANKEE
BOATS**

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

Information Packet \$2.00

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



REDD'S POND BOATWORKS

Thad Danielson
1 Norman Street
Marblehead, MA 01945

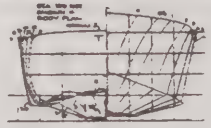
thadd@mediaone.net 781-631-3443 888-686-3443

Wooden Boat Building, Classic Designs,
Traditional Construction and Materials

HADDEN BOAT COMPANY
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



JUST LAUNCHED
34' W. Atkin tunnel stern
Sea Bright Skiff



11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548 207-371-2662

Plans & Kits

A Top-Rated Sea Kayak

The Coho: "Of all the boats I have reviewed, the Coho is my hands-down favorite.... I would recommend [her] to anyone, whether novice or an experienced paddler,"
V.S.—Sea Kayaker Magazine
Oct. 1998



Pygmy Boats Inc.
For a Free Color Catalogue Write: PO Box 1529 • Dept. 2 • Port Townsend, WA 98368
(360) 385-6143 • Read the Reviews of our kayaks at: www.pygmyboats.com

John Lockwood, Designer
30-Year Wilderness Paddler
Computer Design Pioneer
15 Kits • 5 Plan Sets
" Ultra-Light
Stitch-n-Glue
Best Kayak Kits
Since 1986

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



Unique Wood-Strip,
Performance, Sea Kayaks

**Kits, Plans &
Finished Boats**

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

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

THE SIMMONS

Sea-Skiff

*Classics of the North Carolina coast
from the sounds to the Gulf Stream.*

Outstandingly seaworthy, 30 mph with low power, light, simple (flat laps, straight planks) plywood lapstrake construction. Detailed plans and directions; no lofting.

Information packet - \$1

Cape Fear Museum Associates • 814 Market St. • Wilmington, NC 28401 • 910-341-4350

Sea-Skiff 18
pictured
• 17'1" x 5'7"
• 5" draft
• 20-40 HP
• Plans - \$40 US

Sea-Skiff 20
twice that size
• 19'4" x 7'6"
• 10" draft
• 50-70 HP
• Plans - \$55 US

Sea-Skiff 22
20% bigger than the 20
• 21'6" x 8'3"
• 12" draft
• 70-90 HP
• cabin versions sketched
• Plans - \$55 US




PLANS  **BOOKS**

John Welsford Design Catalog
\$10 plus p&h

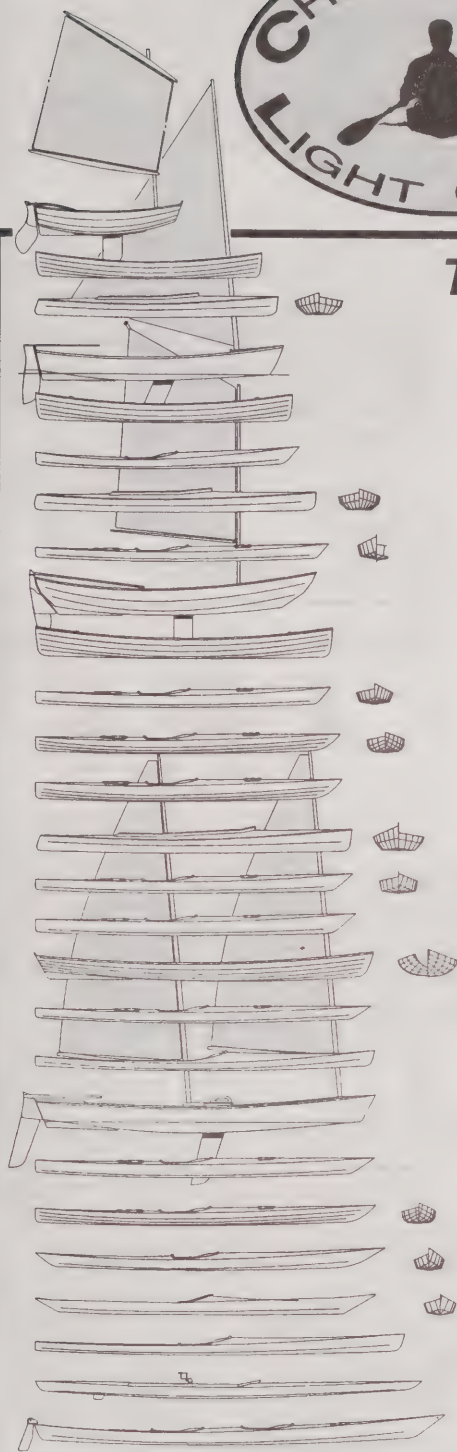
Boat Building for Beginners
(and beyond)
by Jim Michalak, \$17 = p&h

New Zealand Backyard
Boatbuilder
by John Welsford, \$24 = p&h
p&h, all orders, \$5.00

DUCKWORKS MAGAZINE
608 Gammenthaler
Harper, TX 78631
www.duckworksmagazine.com



**The Best
Boats
You Can
Build.**



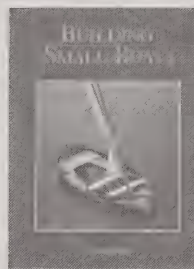
**For a free catalog of boat kits, plans, and
boatbuilding materials, contact:**

Chesapeake Light Craft

**1805 George Ave. Annapolis, MD 21401
410 267 0137**

info@clcboats.com

www.clcboats.com



**Building
Small Boats**
by Greg Rossel

Traditional lap-
strake and plank-
on-frame construc-
tion methods are
featured in this thor-
ough yet reader-
friendly book.

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



ROAR 2

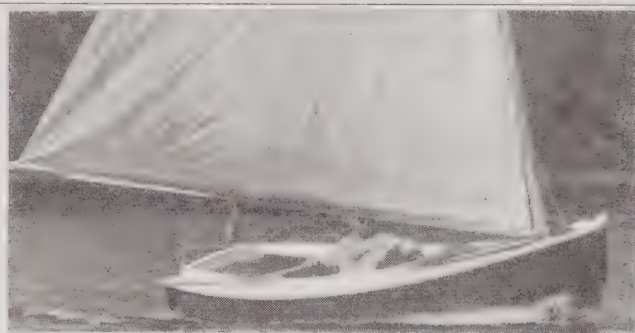
14' x 4' x 75 lbs.

Jigless Taped Seam

\$15 Plans - \$1 Info on 16 Boats

JIM MICHALAK

118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254



Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

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

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

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

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Harold H. Payson & Co.

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

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS

WOODEN POND MODEL KITS

SKIPJACK COASTER



DRAKETAIL

MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL

RUBBER BAND & SAIL POWERED KITS

PRE-SHAPED & DRILLED PARTS
BRASS, COPPER & STAINLESS HARDWARE

GREAT FUN IN POOL, POND OR SEA • ORDER YOURS TODAY

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted
Other Kits & Plans Available, Catalog \$1.00

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS

Dept. M, PO Box 2863
Prince Frederick, MD 20678, USA

Visit our Home Page at: <http://www.azinet.com/seaw.html>

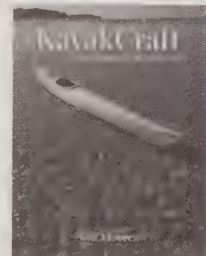
HUGE BOAT BUILDER WEBSITE: WWW.GLEN-L.COM

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

Glen-L marine designs



PO Box 1804/AM33
9152 Rosecrans Ave.
Bellflower, CA 90707-1804
562-630-6258
fax 562-630-6280



KayakCraft by Ted Moores

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

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

185 pgs., softcover.

\$19.95 + \$4.50 postage.

The WoodenBoat Store,
PO Box 78,
Brooklin, Maine 04616

www.woodenboatstore.com

Call Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447



WESTON FARMER BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

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

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

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES

18970 AZURE ROAD, WYZATA, MN 55391 (612) 473-2360



SWIFTY 12

A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$975. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Two-hour demonstration video, \$23.



SHELL BOATS

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

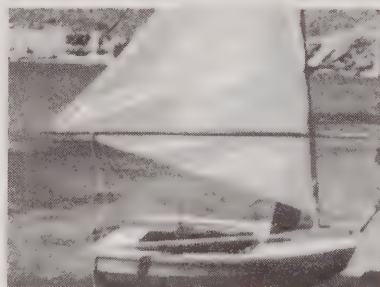
www.by-the-sea.com/shellboats

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



www.woodenboat.com

WEE PUNKIN



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

GRAND MESA BOATWORKS

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



Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$4.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95

Monfort Associates

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



<gaboats.com>



ATKIN

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

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

ATKIN DESIGNS

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

CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER



A range of small craft plans for very easy home building in plywood

For details, visit the website:
www.broadlyboats.com/sections

or contact:

CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER
The Old School,
Brundish Road,
Raveningham,
Norwich NR14 6NT
U.K.

Tel/Fax: 01508 548675



GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS

Sails
and
Rigging

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

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



CANOE, KAYAK & ROWING BOAT KITS
the **NEWFOUND**
WOODWORKS inc.
603-744-6872
www.newfound.com

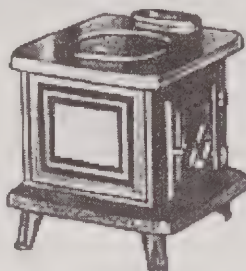
ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR
Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick. New
supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

HCR Box 337, Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

Supplies

TRADITIONAL MARINE STOVES



CAST IRON
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
WOOD BURNING
HEATING & COOKING
COMPACT

NAVIGATOR STOVES

509 Double Hill Rd.
East Sound, WA 98245
WWW.MARINESTOVE.COM

Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

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

3 Gal. Unit \$147.00

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KITS

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



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

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

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

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

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

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

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

Atlantic White Cedar

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

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

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

CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS

Pure half hard hand drawn copper made
on old Atlas Company machines.

3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8"

11 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8"

For sample packet & information send \$3

To order call 603-433-1114 or write

STRAWBERRY BANKE MUSEUM

PO Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802

SEE SMALL-CRAFT SAILS

AND GET A QUOTE AT

www.dabblersails.com

OR CONTACT US AT

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

Stuart K. Hopkins, Sole Prop



Why use System Three for your boat project?

"Because Boatbuilding Launched Our Company."

Kern Hendricks

Chemical Engineer & Boatbuilder

systemthree.com
enter discount code:
wb1

We understand boat specific applications.

In 1978 Kern Hendricks was building a boat.
When the available woodworking products didn't measure
up, he was inspired to create a better marine epoxy resin.
Since then, we've spent 24 years creating products and
literature specifically for wood/epoxy boat construction.

Your first boat is important.

Make sure you get it right by experimenting with our
boatbuilders trial kit. It's packed with information and all
the supplies you need to get a hands-on understanding of
how epoxy works. Only \$15.00 at: www.systemthree.com
or call: 1.800.333.5514 (reg. \$20.00 use discount code: wb1)

Get it right. Get the kit. **SYSTEMTHREE**

You'll get The Epoxy Book, plus 12 ounces of resin
and hardener, fiberglass cloth, brushes, measuring cups, fillers, a
roller cover, squeegee, gloves and a certificate good for \$10.00
off your first purchase.

telephone (413) 783-5589
20 TREETOP AVENUE
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS 01108

SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY

DROP RUDDERS • TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

YANMAR

Diesel Power

ORR'S ISLAND BOAT WORKS

Award Winning Dealer 9hp-500hp Diesels
Full Parts Inventory
Expert Technical Assistance

8 Park Place (800) 339-6777
Orr's Island, ME 04066 (207) 833-5852
E-mail: oibw@gwi.net

Wood Canoe Hardware



CANOE HARDWARE

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

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP

Ph: (888) 564-1020
Fax: (207) 564-3667
Web: www.woodencanoes.com

MATSUSHITA

Carbide-Tipped Blades

Smoothest cuts. Thinnest kerf. Least power. "...much better than any other circular saw blade I ever used" (Robb White). "Cuts better than blades costing three times as much" (Mac McCarthy, Feather Canoes). "I've fallen in love with the 7-1/4" Matsushita blade" (Thomas Firth Jones).

Best Buy: 7-1/4" comb., 1/16" kerf, \$26 ppd
Check or M.O. to:

DAVE CARNELL

322 Pages Creek Dr.
Wilmington, NC 28411-7850 (910) 686-4184

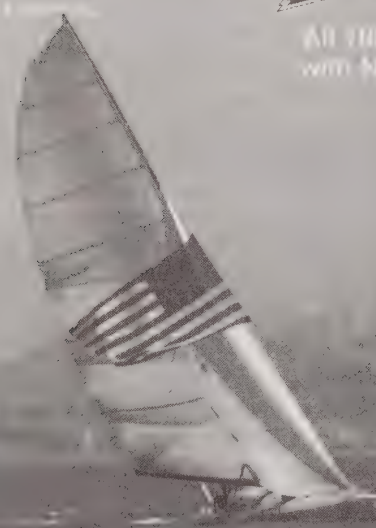
PADDLES & OARS



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

SHAW & TENNEY

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



MAS EPOXIES

All things solid with NO VOC'S

"Ocean Planet"

the only all American-made Open 60

Phoenix Resins/MAS Epoxies is a proud sponsor of "Ocean Planet"

Phoenix Resins, Inc. 2615 River Road #3A Cinnaminson, NJ 08077
1-888-627-3769 www.masepoxies.com E-mail: masepoxies@aol.com

Ocean Planet, September 14, in a spirit of remembrance, perseverance and solidarity for the tragedies of Sept. 11. Photo by Latitude 38

William Clements
Boat Builder
Since 1980



P.O. Box 87
No. Billerica, MA 01862
Telephone (978) 663-3103
<bill@boatbldr.com>
<www.boatbldr.com>

WOOD BOAT and CANOE RESTORATION SUPPLIES and TOOLS

U.S. MADE SILICON BRONZE WOOD SCREWS
MAS EPOXY**TARGET COATINGS
CANOE CANVAS**TRADITIONAL CANVAS FILLER
BRASS CANOE TACKS & STEMBANDS
AND MORE!!

For free catalog call (800) 896-9536

MAINE COAST LUMBER, INC.

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



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

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

We Deliver
ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

www.maine coastlumber.com
email: info@mainecoastlumber.com

We ship UPS

Classified Marketplace

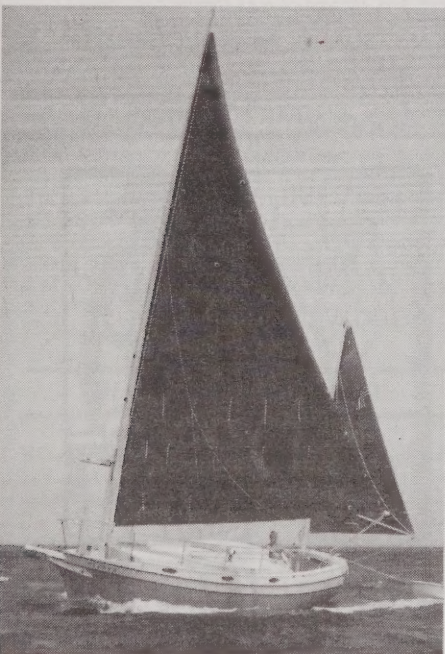
BOATS FOR SALE



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)

20' Eastporter, FG power boat, '85. Designed & used as an island ferry. I/O drive overhauled this year. Compl w/2 axle galv trlr & 8hp OB on bracket. \$9,730. Call, email or write for description & pictures. KARL WEBSTER, PO Box 261, Brooksville, ME 04617, (207) 326 9781, <ksw@midmaine.com> (13)

New 15' Matinicus Island Peapod, cedar on oak. Dark blue hull w/white sheer. A beautiful rowing boat. \$6,100. For more information please call Tony or Bob. THE CARPENTER'S BOATSHOP, Pemaquid, ME, (207) 677 3768, boatshop@midcoast.com (13)



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

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

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

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

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

18' Wooden Powerboat, Cruisers Inc. Model 302, blt '63. Marine ply lap strake, oak ribs, mahogany trim, bronze fastened. Hull appears to be in gd cond, nds exterior paint, interior varnish fair. Twin 40hp Evinrude OBs ('68?), cond unknown. 1 engine will turn by hand. Trlr gd, nds paint. Located Oak Harbor WA. Pics on request. \$1,000 obo. Boat owned by Coupeville WA Lions Club and being sold as fund raiser. WARREN IVY, Greenbank, WA, (360) 678 4541, <wjivy@pioner.net> (13)

Too Many Boats, nd to clean out the garage. Currently ready for sale is an 8' plywood pram, 17' Whitehall, & 2 yacht tenders. Please call for more information. Motivated seller. RICK SWAIN, West Paris, ME, (207) 674 2464, RSwain@exploremaine.com (13)



20' Highlander, '53, D&M mahogany cold molded hull, green w/beige deck, main, jib & 2 spinnakers, mooring cover, 2 rudders, 1 is a kick up, swim ladder, motor bracket, Sealion trlr. Boat & trlr in vy gd cond. \$3,200, BO. PAUL SKALKA, Ewing, NJ, (609) 771 1775, <paul_skalka@monet.prs.k12.nj.us> (13)

Folboat, "The Boat in a Bag", 17' 2-person, collapsable kayak. Wooden frame, varnished & in exc cond. Skin bought from Folboat has only 2 light seasons of use. Navy blue deck, black bottom. Incl flotation bladders, 2 dble kayak paddles, spray skirt, & new Folboat carry bags. Also available, compl sail kit, leeboards, rudder, & OB support. \$950 OBO for Folboat, \$250 OBO for sail kit. OR trade Folboat alone for rigid, two person kayak in gd shape.

LEE, Fairhaven, MA, (508) 999-7280, leave message, FINNUS05@aol.com (13)

17' Folbot, 2-person kayak, non-folding type w/ mahogany coamings. Orig flip up, flip down seat backs, paddles, paddle covers, poncho & OB bracket. Canvas in gd cond w/no leaks. Asking \$350. I travel some and may be able to help w/ delivery.

HENRY CHAMPAGNEY, Greenback, TN (865) 856 5853, h2champs@aol.com (13)

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

Appledore Pod. \$600.

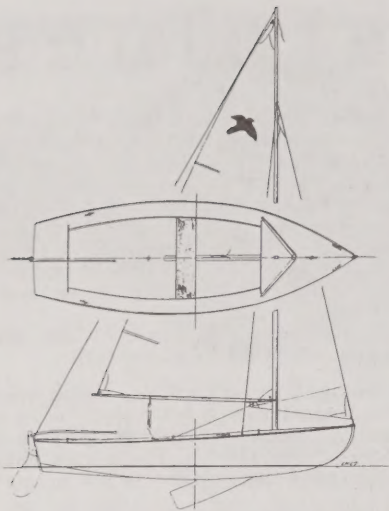
PETER FLEMING, Foxboro, MA, (508) 698-2941. (13)

18' Oslo, Norwegian one design racing sloop blt about '50, One of a few imported into the USA. Clinker built, copper riveted over laminated oak frames. Hollow Sitka mast w/all rigging plus spare mast. Hull sound, nds compl refinishing, minor repairs & new sails. Incl home built wooden trailer w/new axle, wheels & tires. Free to a good home. ANDY STEEVER, Davidson, NC, (704) 896 8888. (13)



Chesapeake Skipjack Sharpie Evelyn, LOA 28', LOD 26', LWL 24', Beam 8', Draft 36". Displacement 8,000lbs. Blt '70, oak frames, 3/4" marine plywood skin, FG sheathing, shoal draft keel. 4 bunks, galley sink, 20gal fresh water, head & holding tank w/deck pump out. Universal Atomic 4, runs great, freshwater cooling, thermostat, 65a alternator, electronic ignition, crankcase ventilator, electric fuel pump, 6gal fuel tank, water lift exhaust, bronze prop. Traditional looking, rugged, wood/glass/epoxy mast, galv standing rigging, mainsail & working job. Well maintained weekender for small family cruising in protected inshore & coastal waters. Hauled at Triad Boatworks in Mattapoisett, MA. Price: \$15,000.

JIM SQUADRITO, Ipswich, MA, (978) 501 1776, <jsquadrto@avidyne.com> (13)



Little Hustler, 13'6" x 4'10". Beautiful daysailer & trainer. Plywood/epoxy constr w/"Awl Grip" finish. \$6,500. Plans w/2 sail rigs \$65. APPLE CREEK DESIGNS, 9 Farley Ave., Ipswich, MA 01938. (14P)

30' Tahiti, designed by John Hanna, blt '60. Hvy displ, dble ended, gaff rigged sloop. Yanmar 3GM diesel. New mainsail. Compl equipped in gd servicable cond. Recent east coast cruise of 900 miles. Asking \$16,500. Call or write for comprehensive written description. VAL THOMPSON, 166 Spring Hill Farm Rd., Edgcomb, ME, (207) 882 7637. (13)

Rowing Shells, Fernald's Marine now dealer for Alden rowing shells. Over 57 years selling rowing, sailing craft, canoes, kayaks & skiffs at River Parker.

FERNALD'S MARINE, 291 High Rd. (Rte 1A), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312.(TFP)

2 Bart Hawthaway FG Canoes: The Rushton 30lbs & the Pack 21lbs, both in exc cond. Backrests & dbl paddles incl. Price each \$650, less than half new price. Located central FL. TONY FIORE, Palm Coast, FL, (386) 446-5519, <ttfiore@peoplepc.com> (14)

Guppy 13, unique cabin keel sloop slps 2 in only 13'. Blt '74, new sails. On orig trlr, which isn't titled. Eye problems caused change of plans. Located in Wareham, MA. \$1,600 obo. **West Wight Potter**, #239 early model w/wooden spars, gunter rig. New sails. Boat & trlr MA titled & registered. Moored on Cape Cod this summer, but upcoming eye surgery forces me to sell. Located in Watertown, MA. \$2,300 obo MICHAEL O'HEARN, Watertown, MA, (617) 349 8212, mohearn@mail.lesley.edu (14)

West Wight Potter 15, 2003, prem pkg, colored hull & sails, trlr, 2hp Honda, bimini, dodger, nav lites & more. Immaculate. \$9,800OBO ALAN CHAPPUIS, Tarpon Springs, FL, (727) 943 9713. (14)

17' Cape Cod Catboat, FG hull, custom woodworking in cockpit & cabin. Slps 2. Traditional gaff rig. Well cared for. New sail cover & 4-stroke 4hp motor w/less than 10hrs. Hvy duty trlr. \$14,000/OBO. **17' Rana Sailboat**, Norwegian blt mahogany lapstrake. Open cockpit easily accommodates 6+ adults. Sloop rigged. Stainless steel CB. Varnished interior & topsides. Has been stored inside. Trlr. Boat was donated to middle school boat building program. \$2,000 OBO. School nds donation to buy materials for next project. JOHN LARRABEE, Orland, ME, johnbl53@yahoo.com (14)

38

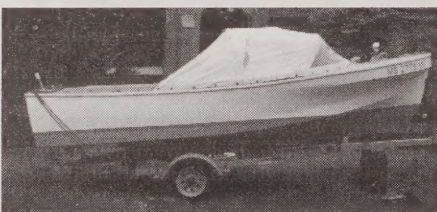
8' FG Sailing Dinghy, by Beetle. Call for particulars. GARRY OSBORN, Stamford, CT, (203) 322-2352. (14)



14' Redwing Sailing Dinghy, Uffa Fox design, mahogany planking & oak frames. Metal centerplate. 145sf sloop rig. Fast & able. Harken hrdwre. Banks sails. Crewsaver buoyancy bags. \$3,950 OBO, must sell, moving. BOB TABB, Lockport, NY, (716) 434-7792, ohcsrt@aol.com (14)

Monhegan Skiff, 12', 2 yrs old. Used vy little. Cedar lapstrake on oak. Stored inside. Perf cond. Incl 3yr old Outlaw trlr. \$1,150. BILL EVERETT, Monroe, NH, (603) 638-2370. (14)

Wayfarer Mk1, '70, FG blt in England. Hull sound but boat nds total restoration. Proctor spars & trlr. Located LI, NY. \$750. A GURA, Douglaston, NY, (718) 428-7837 eves. (14)



Dyer Glamour Girl, '60, 60hp Gray marine. Boat & motor in perf servicable cond (actually quite nice) w/new custom seat cushions & nearly new spray dodger & mooring cover. Quiet, dry & dignified. Asking \$7,500, make an offer. **Rainbow 24'**, S&S design '66. Main, jib, #1 & #2 genoas & spinnaker. All necessary gear onboard. Not Bristol, but she is ready to go & a vy low upkeep boat. Priced to sell \$700. **San Francisco Pelican**, 12'. All gear is there. Neat boat in decent shape, on marginal trlr. \$350 takes it. HARRY DUDLEY, Manchester, MA, (978) 526 1176. (14)

BOATS WANTED

16' Gull Dory, or similar w/gd rowing characteristics. FRANK WARDLEY, Ipswich, MA, (978) 317-7903, pls lv message. (14)

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

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Teak Wishbone Windsurfer Boom, exc cond. \$60, you pay shipping. **Original Windsurfer Brand Sail**, Dacron, dark blue, window. \$75, you pay shipping. ALAN GLOS, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 655-8296, aglos@mail.colgate.edu (13)

SAILS & RIGGING WANTED



Recognize Boat? Nd jib for this 70's FG dinghy, don't know name. If you can identify what it is, and/or have a jib, or set of sails for it I would appreciate hearing from you. CARL KIRKPATRICK, Peterborough, NH, (603) 924 3102, carl@kirk.mv.com (14)

Main & Jib, for O'Day Mariner, Rhodes 19 in gd cond. Jiffy reefing preferred. T. McCORMACK, Trumbull, CT, (203) 268-8696. (14)

GEAR FOR SALE



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

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



as simply messing about in boats.

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

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

Sea Pearl 21 Gear, unused running lights package, motor rudder mount bracket. Trade for lugsails, spars, oars or?
PETER FLEMING, Foxboro, MA, (508) 698-2941. (13)

Chandlers Sale? Nope just doing some clearing out: Size specific items from 30' sloop. Anchors: Plow \$100, fishermans \$100. Sails: Spinnaker \$200, storm jib \$100. Nautech sextant, '76 in custom box, grt cond \$400. Sunfish, FG hull (1 patch) \$100. FG Lonestar 13' sloop (no trlr) \$500. Military surplus handcranked emergency liferaft radio in orig carrying bag \$300 (no idea if it works, no justifiable emergency to find out). 2 small craft canopies that snapped on windshields (?), 1 w/flex windows \$100 & \$150 (for 1 w/windows). Could these be used on sailboats?
ED CASS, Wellington ME, (207) 683 2435, edeshea@tdstelm.net (14)

Too Much Stuff, cleaning out shop. Swivel, twist & fixed bail shackles (4); snatch blocks (2); 1" SS track fairlead spring loaded for 1/2" line (1); AR3 med bow rollers SS (2); SS 30 degree fixed angle rod holders (4); 5/8" galv thimbles (2); 5 loop teak handrails (2); SS 7/16" cheek block (1); Barton mainsheet fiddleblock w/cam & becket swivel (1); 2000 Rule pump (1); bosun's chair w/4 pockets (1); 15' mooring pendant of 1" 3-strand nylon w/ 11" eye & galv eye to eye swivel, 26,000lb rating (1); SS 3/8" x 3" x 6" boom bail (1). Much more. LPG equipment, electronics, fuel pumps, monitors, filters, new 8' FG VHF antenna & more.
JIM TOMKINS, 2783 W. River Rd., Grand island, NY 14072, (716) 773-5268, jtboatwork@aol.com (14)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM: Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55". "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.
GLEN-L, Box 1804MA33, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258 www.Glen-L.com (TFP)



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



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

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

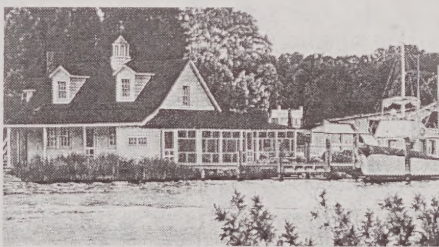
Free Boat Magazines, MAIB since 1994. Some *WoodenBoat*, some books. Come get them in northern New Jersey.
PETE GRAY, (973) 989 7246 work phone, petegray@escapees.com (13)



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

MISCELLANEOUS MARINE RELATED FOR SALE

www.kleppers.org. (TFP)



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

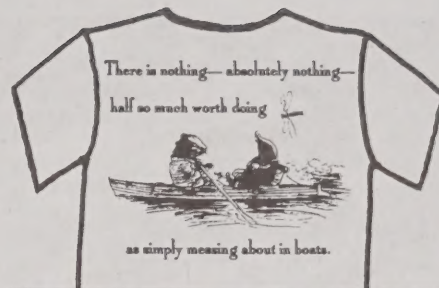
Alden Shells

in eastern New England



"Oarmaster 1" parts
Rowing Sport

Ipswich, MA 978 356-3623



Simply Messing About In Boats

Nautical Apparel & Accessories

from

The Wind in the Willows

The Design Works

toll free 877-637-7464

www.messingabout.com



COLUMBIA TRADING CO.

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

On Line Catalog:
www.columbiatrading.com

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

FEATHERCRAFT FOLDING KAYAKS GALORE

"For The Few Who Expect More"

We Specialize in Folding Kayaks Exclusively

**KLEPPER • FEATHERCRAFT
FOLBOT • NAUTIRAID • POUCH**

All in stock • We ship • Why wait?

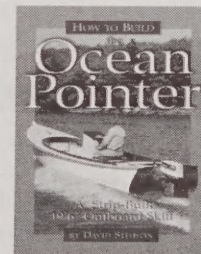
Best Selection in the Whole USA

Save \$\$\$ when you buy from W.F.K.C.

Toll Free (888) 692-8092

Western Folding Kayak Center 6155 Mt. Aukum Rd.
Somerset, CA 95684-0130
www.westernfoldingkayak.com

◆ We buy used Klepper folding kayaks ◆



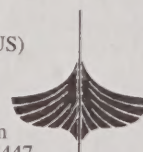
How to Build the Ocean Pointer

A 19'6"

Outboard Skiff
by David Stimson

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

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



Anywhere.
Anytime.
Anyone.



[GO WITH THE FLOW]

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

Discover kayaking in your own backyard!



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

www.heritagekayaks.com

HERITAGE
— KAYAKS —

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

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

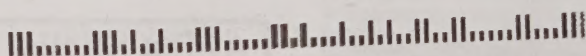
POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

XXI-13

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

messing
about in
BOATS

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



*****3-DIGIT 019

S1 P1

DEAN LAHIKAINEN
PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM
161 E INDIA SQUARE MALL
SALEM MA 01970-3725