



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“A Patchwork of Boatyards”
“Some Special Ships and Shipyards”

Volume 23 - Number 19

February 15, 2006



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



It is mid-January as I write this and it's been a mild winter so far along our Massachusetts North Shore, the ground isn't frozen at all and the snow of December (only one storm depositing a plowable amount) is all gone. Almost springlike. I even got out for a short ride on my BMW on a 50 degree afternoon. Premature intimations of spring, of course, but those urgings to get on with the projects scheduled for winter, but so far neglected through the Thanksgiving/Christmas season, are stirring.

I have been somewhat smug this winter about these projects, for most of my needs are well under control. The only boat-related project at hand is the transferring of a trimaran conversion I built for my old 17' Seda Viking solo kayak a number of years ago to my 21' Seda Tango double kayak so bicycling/paddling friend Charlie and I can try out sailing the big kayak this summer. The trimaran rig is complete, I used it a few times on the Viking on a local pond but went no further with it. To attach it now to the larger Tango requires redoing the mounting fixtures to fit the Tango hull structure. This is all metal working with aluminum, I fabricate the pieces in my shop and get a friend who can weld aluminum (I weld and braze with oxy/acetylene only) to stick them together. Not too intimidating a task to have ready for warmer waters mid-June.

Non-boating projects of a recreational nature do not loom too large either. My easing back into my old ways on motorcycles is presently well served with my 1975 and 1992 BMW road bikes and my 1972 Ossa dirt bike, all of which require only routine maintenance for use come warmer weather. A 1973 Triumph project bike has been sitting in the back room of the barn for a half dozen years now and I guess it will be sitting for a while yet, I don't feel guilty about it.

My bicycles are also under control. Both mountain bikes (one I ride, the other a loaner) are in operational condition. Two of my four recumbent road bikes are operational. A third, an early collectible, is ready for re-assembly with all its parts reconditioned. A fourth, the long term project, a low rider fitted with a full streamline enclosure, has all the parts pretty much done but it's at where it has been since about 2000 or so, sitting and waiting for me to finish the job. Having bikes to use at hand reduces the urgency for completing the others.

The immediate project at hand is reconditioning the tandem handcycle rig Charlie

and I regularly ride weekly (in season) after a couple of seasons of use. This is a dismantle, recondition, and repaint project. It took only an hour to completely dismantle it and now, once a week, Charlie and I will get together in my shop and the reconditioning will proceed. Plenty time to be ready for April riding season.

There is a more major bicycle project that's been lurking in our minds for a couple of years, an all new off road handcycle trike to replace the one we slapped together back around 1998 from old bicycle parts. It is an awful looking rig, a rough prototype to test our ideas, but it worked so well we went no further with it. This year we'd like to get a new version together by fall utilizing what the prototype taught us. Charlie was an outdoor guy prior to his accident 35 years ago and the renewed access to the woods and trails after 30 years was an inspiration for him.

Well, so what's this boating magazine editor doing with all these non-boating projects? Well, I find them absorbing. My old love of motorcycling, abandoned in 1983 and replaced in 1993 with bicycling, never apparently completely died out, and the bicycling continues unabated, for not only is it great fun both on and off road, it also provides marvelous cardiovascular exercise and leg muscle development along with keeping my sense of balance in tune.

But all is not lost for my boating. Looking beyond the trimaran conversion mentioned I now see a novel new potential project coming into view involving Charlie and I working with Phil Bolger and Susanne Altenburger on a paddle-wheeler design for paraplegics, sort of a handcycle concept adapted to the water. It is an outgrowth of the pedal powered paddle-wheeler currently appearing in the Bolger column, and we should have preliminary information for you in the March 1 issue.

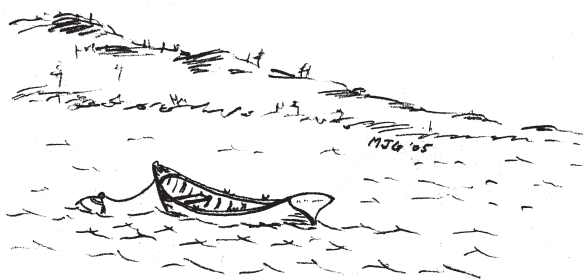
Not enough yet? Well, the Chesapeake Light Craft catalog just came and in leafing through it I came to a halt on Page 14 at the CLC Sail Rig, a trimaran conversion for CLC kayakers. It grabbed me as a logical extension of the already scheduled trimaran conversion for my Tango double. When that is completed, why not fit out my 19' Seda Big Glider solo kayak, unused for a half dozen years, with this CLC rig? I've never built from a kit before, it could be for me, after so long at this, a novel experience.

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On the Cover...

Ginny Filiatrault hard at work in 1969 on one of a series of old wooden (with one fiberglass later on) sailing yachts that caused her to spend some of her 60 years of cruising on the hard in a series of boatyards working on them to keep them going. She tells us all about it in this issue.



By Matthew Goldman

From the Journals of Constant Waterman

We arrived in San Juan sometime in January. The sunshine was very welcome. Our 500' submarine tender, *USS Howard W. Gilmore*, AS 16, sent her hawsers ashore. Braided half of nylon, half of steel, they would keep Puerto Rico from drifting off during the night. We warped ourselves in, made ourselves fast, and settled in for a fortnight. Of course, this was nothing more than a paid vacation, one during which we put in 40 hours plus four section duty. Every fourth night we stayed aboard and repaired any submariners who came to call. Of the three squadrons in our care, only a couple of subs were visiting here, the other 20 were either cruising or lazing at home in Charleston, South Carolina.

San Juan Harbor was filled with naval vessels, mostly American. We were cautioned not to get into trouble (Who? Us, sir?) and to keep away from Old Town where the Shore Patrol with their .45s would not even dare to venture. Other than that, we could go where we wished so long as we remembered that we represented the greatest Navy known between Mars and Venus.

There was no lack of entertainment. There was Morro Castle with her ancient cannons trained at long dead foes, there were markets and shops with colorful native wares, there were constant guided tours through the distillery (is it true they gave you free samples, Jack? Don't shake him like that, he'll be all right by tomorrow), there was night life with Latin music, Latin beauties, and treacherous drinks concocted of local rum, there were quaint cafés and elegant restaurants, and there was the waterfront.

It would have been grand to tell you how I went island hopping sailing a native outrigger, how I was captured by mermaids and forced to... but nothing so picturesque happened, at least not this trip. San Juan was too modern, nearly, too 20th century, almost, a bit too Americanized. But I did wander through the seafood markets down by the piers and try out my high school Spanish. There I was introduced to the dorado, from the Spanish for "gilded," what we know as the dolphin. A blunt browed fish of vibrant, shimmering colors that gradually fade and dull as the creature dies. There were pompano and octopus and brightly colored, unfamiliar fishes and, finally, at a crooked pier, a couple of fish with sails, little Sunfish.

Two of us hired one for the afternoon and scooted about the harbor forgetting, at least for a while, about repairing pumps and valves for submariners. Fortunately we forgot about sharks as well, or about how vulnerable one is hiking one's oh so tender buns way out over the oh so low windward rail. It wasn't until our journey home, cleaving the crystalline water of the bay, that, looking down from the boat deck, 30' up whence one could see the bright, bright bottom clearly at 15 fathoms, I spied a 12' shark alongside our ship. Would that have changed my lurid mind about dangling body parts in the bright Caribbean? Bet your bowline, Skipper!

From the height of 3' the sea is not transparent and who knows what was hungrily lurking beneath our dagger board. However, the porpoises did come by for a visit. Closer and closer they leapt about our little boat until I began to wonder how many 8' porpoises would fit in our tiny cockpit? They chased us around the harbor and we played together all the tropic afternoon. It was lovely to visit these graceful beasts in their backyard, as it were. They never came close enough to pet, for that you must visit the Dingle Dolphin in Dingle Bay, County Kerry. And who knows if that docile creature is still about or beyond? For my visit to Dingle was numerous years ago. As most of my memories these days seem to be...

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December 2005. Winter has arrived. The Sound is empty save for the transient ducks and geese that shift between their summer homes on Arctic tundra and the Chesapeake wintering grounds. Occasionally hardy souls go out to bag a few of the plump waterfowl, but even the hunters have stayed in when the unseasonably cold spell settled over the region.

December is a good time for stargazing over the empty water. We are far enough from the lights of the town and sheltered by Plover Hill. When the street light is out the sky is stunning in its clarity. Unless they are outshone by the full moon, we can see the Geminids.

Coming home each evening after the sun has set, I am treated to a scene reminiscent of those paintings on velvet that usually sport tigers or pay homage to Elvis. Rounding the corner and driving out over the causeway to the Neck, I can see the string of bright Christmas lights that represent towns to the north of us: Salisbury, Hampton, and Seabrook, New Hampshire. The varying temperature gradients at the waters' edge and the warmer dryer air rising off the land make each town's lights twinkle and dance as their light rays are distorted along the journey from source to my eye.



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

On Moonlight Bay

Directly ahead of me is the dark lump of clay and gravel that makes up Great Neck. The lights of homes arranged along its contours wink at me through the evergreen vegetation. On a near full moon night the salt marsh to my right is lined with icy light reflected off the frosted stems. Dark veins of the drainage channels absorb the light into their depths, giving up none of their secrets. As the moon rises higher I might glimpse a sliver of reflection from a clump of mussels or find a bleached cod rack staring back at me like the ghost of summer past.

Even in the worst weather I choose to drive straight up and over the top of Plover Hill rather than take the flat route around along to the mouth of the Ipswich River. The view is more than adequate reward for whatever hair-raising driving conditions I meet on the way up the icy hill. Looking up at the start of the drive I can see the top of the water tower gleaming in the moonlight. No *War of the Worlds* movie can ever design a tripod as massive and omnipotent as this structure seems. Placed at the top of the hill, the tower commands the best view along this stretch of coastline. The men who were engaged in repainting it last year must have had a hard time staying on task.

There is a herd of teenage white-tailed deer that hover around the undergrowth near the tower. They seem to enjoy playing tag with cars coming over the hill, I have to be careful not to start looking seaward until after I've past the deer crossing spot.

Once safely past the top of the hill I can look out cross the Bigelow Bight and on toward Portugal. Most nights there are at least two, and often a half dozen, trawlers out plying their trade. Now and then the lights of a behemoth oil tanker approaching or leaving Boston from the Canadian Maritimes will light up the horizon. An evening under the spell of the moon will affect all but the most hardened cynic. Who can resist the possibilities offered by the glow of buttery moonlight spread across a velvet sea?

There seems to be a couple who can't resist messing about in the moonlight, maybe they have to move their craft from one end of the Sound to the other, perhaps they are just moonstruck. Out to my right there were two small craft skimming along the widening path of moonlight heading up toward Newburyport. I may be interpreting the scene

as I would have wished it to be had I been aboard either boat. The helmsman was obviously trying to stay within the moon's beacon, turning away only when it became dangerous to navigate too close to the day beacon or known clots of lobster traps. What great enjoyment these two boaters were having. Yes, it was a bit nippy, but not anything like the earlier cold snap that had kept even the ducks huddled on shore.

Looking north, I see the shore towns up into Maine spread out in a line of reds, greens, blues, and so many whites and golden yellows they create an electric Victorian Christmas garland. The sight brings back memories of my grandparent's perfect Christmas tree.

The childrens' rhyme, "I see the moon and the moon sees me, the moon sees someone I want to see," comes to mind each time I witness this view. I wonder how many friends might be looking at the moon as I sit and take in this sight. Or worse, how many friends might not be taking a moment to look up and appreciate the moon, the clear sky, and spare a thought for others caught by the same moonbeams.

The pair of small boats have dipped into the back side of the Eagle Creek outlet. They may be residents out to enjoy the evening or that may be the preferred haul-out spot for them. I suppose they might be really avid clam diggers who are getting a jump on the morning's low tide... brrr, that would take a lot of dedication. I won't consider any nefarious reasons for being out on a December night. No criminal elements allowed in my interpretation of this beautiful night's activities!

We will be going into the new year soon and before that we'll have "killed the longest night" as the old Norse seafarers believed. Daylight will be gaining, the sun having supremacy over the moon again as we cycle through the seasons. Soon we'll all be able to join the winter moon runners, and mess about in comfort.

Sitting by the wood stove I let my memories replay a past summer solstice sail on the South Shore as one in a line of happy Melonseed messers. We set off in a gentle breeze, sneaking out of a dusky cove, each boat wearing a green glowstick tied to the end of the sprit. Ghosting along, a dozen boats riding so low in the water that viewers from shore had no reference point as to what we were. Rounding the point out into Plymouth Bay, we were greeted by the enormous rising moon. The intoxicating sight pulled us along, mesmerized.

Caressed by warm shore breezes and lulled by gentle waves, we risked sailing to our doom if the moon hadn't continued her trip up into the soft night sky. As the moon rose, the ribbon of light on the water became more crisply defined and we became aware of our surroundings. We also gained superior night vision aided by the rising orb.

We spent an hour cavorting about in the golden waves, then carefully threaded our way back into the home anchorage, pulling the boats up on the marsh and settling them securely until the coming morning's adventures. We then finished the night around a bonfire, telling ourselves that this was one of the year's highlights, even though it was just the beginning of the sailing season. And it was.

Happy New Year, and Happy Messing About in 2006.

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Most boat people have a vague idea of what a gunkhole is. The best description of one is a snug, secluded, and safe anchorage. It is the type of place in which Captain Kidd would hide out. For boaters the word conjures up thoughts of tropical paradises that the likes of Conrad and Melville wrote so convincingly about. It brings to mind the famous cruising grounds of the Bahamas, the Chesapeake, or the San Juan Islands in the Pacific Northwest, but here on the southernmost spot of the southernmost Great Lake we have to settle for what we can get.

The Great Lakes do offer several world class cruising grounds: Door County in the northwest corner of Lake Michigan, the Apostle Islands of Lake Superior, and probably the most heralded, the North Channel and Georgian Bay on Lake Huron; some 400 miles of open water north of *Carrie Rose's* mooring in the mouth of Montrose Harbor near Chicago.

I have never made it to any of these Great Lake's treasures, a lapse in my 40 years of boating for which I find it hard to forgive myself. Time and again I have heard of the wonders of cruising in the North Channel and Georgian Bay from yachtsmen who have sailed the world, but on my first futile attempt to reach the gunkhole of gunkholes last year I petered out about 100 miles short and headed for home.

This year, though, this year of a new Pope, continued war in Iraq, Michael Jackson's acquittal, rising gas prices, terrorist attacks in London, and Hurricane Katrina, Charlotte and I started out with great expectations of a leisurely journey up the western coast of Lake Michigan to Trawler Fest. Yes, I said Trawler Fest. Who in their right mind would think that any self-respecting wife would consent to such a trip, let alone accompany her husband on it, but off we went.

We have a Nordic Tug 32 called *Carrie Rose*, named after Charlotte's grandmothers. She is #32044 to be exact, a very important factoid for all Nordic Tug owners. She is the last boat built at the old facility and one of the last to be built with lots of teak as opposed to lots of aluminum. This makes *Carrie Rose* distinctive, but a challenge to maintain. After much preparation and sweat we were ready to head out when I noticed an odd occurrence. The tachometer would not move when the engine was started until I goosed the throttle a bit.

I have trained myself over the decades to not ignore the little voices that talk to me. You know, the gremlins that sit at the back of our craniums and, as the oracles of old, predict the future. Predictions that, like most of Greek mythology, consist mainly of dread and not useful recommendations for which stocks and mutual funds to buy to help pad our 401ks.

During my internship I learned to never disregard these subtle hints, but admit to ignoring this one this August 13th of 2005, the day we departed. After pumping the head and filling the water tanks we motored out early in the morning into a northeast wind with white caps and spray crashing over our bow heading for Racine, about a five-hour trek racing along at 10mph.

Somewhere out on the lake, an hour en route, the gremlin's predictions materialized as the voltmeter drooped and the tachometer started doing a jig. Unable to ignore this obvious tomfoolery on the part of the boat, we headed for the first viable harbor up the

Gunkhole

By Dean Raffaelli

coast, Waukegan. We altered course because anything on a boat doing a jig, except maybe the captain and the first mate, is cause for concern. Weighing our options we decided to head for Larsen Marine, a large boat repair and storage facility.

When considering where to pull in for the night on a boat there are various references that are studied listing types of accommodations and amenities available. In boating circles this refers to transient slip numbers, gas, diesel, and pump-out availability service, parts, and, in dire circumstances, haul-out facilities, and lastly how to contact the marina.

It once was when one was just outside the harbor entrance one would call the marina using the VHF radio on Channel 16, but as with everything else in life these days this simple task has become more complicated. The Coast Guard recently reserved Channel 16 only for emergencies and official communications and Channel 9 for hailing other boats and the marina, as in this case. One still must monitor 16 at all times in case of an emergency, but if only one radio is available on which a call from a boating buddy is anticipated, Channel 9, not 16, is the one tuned in. Needless to say it has caused some confusion.

It happens that I am blessed with not one but three radios and hence monitor all channels. This means I get to listen to all types of dribble while waiting for one caller in distress. But it also means I have been able to rescue a few folks in my time after hearing their cries for help.

To get back to contacting marinas, we would in the recent past hail the marina on Channel 16 and then switch to another channel to talk, but now in many cases we find that no one is minding the store. Our tactic is to try Channel 9 first, then Channel 16, and if both garner no answer, start the search for the phone number. Of course, to complicate matters further all the area codes have changed several times since our references were published.

A cell phone is a remarkably fickle device out on the water and should never be relied upon to save one's skin, but seems to be the only thing reliably answered by marinas these days. Once we get through to the harbor master and our slip (33' with starboard tie up) is reserved, we head in.

Harbor entrances with their "red-right-returning" light to the starboard and green light to the port are simultaneously comforting and disquieting. Comforting to go from rolling in the waves and being prey to the hyperactive weather on Lake Michigan to the quiet protected water of the harbor and a drink. Disquieting to suddenly have waves, currents, and trolling fishing craft converge with unfamiliar shoals and rocks.

So as we carefully approached the entrance to Waukegan Harbor with the tachometer wildly fluctuating and crossed the boundary of the harbor mouth that separates the watery world from a land focused one, the miscreant gauges assumed their proper place, but are never to be trusted again.

Remember, this is a story about gunkholes and this was a gunkhole we had to

stumble into to await the parts to fix our ailing diesel. It was within spitting distance of the first Super Fund site, in the midst of large boat moving equipment, enormous gray work and storage sheds, and what seemed like an infinite supply of golf carts, all in constant motion and named for their drivers.

We floated there, tied to a working pier, watching all sorts of expensive craft being lowered or raised into and out of what had become our home. We waited in relative peace while hoping for one of the aforementioned carts to swerve towards us bringing news of delivered parts from far away places. After 4pm we shared our world only with Dan, the night guy who lived in a trailer perched in the middle of the asphalt parking lot that seemed to be baking even on cool days.

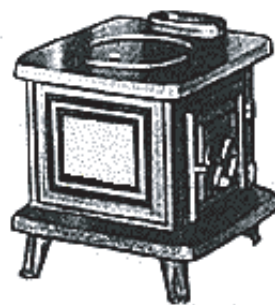
This was our gunkhole world for the first four days of our summer vacation this year. Not a friend's apartment in the Latin Quarter of Paris, nor anchored in a bay off the Bitter End Yacht Club in the BVI, not in a traditional inn in Takayama looking up to the snow covered Japanese Alps, no, not even in the Tuscan Hills outside of Florence sleeping in Alberto's ancestral home guarded by Penny, his handsome German Shepherd... but not bad.

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Activities & Events...

Beetle, Inc. Report

Beetle, Inc. is finishing up another exciting year at its new shop in Wareham, Massachusetts. We have seen a dramatic increase in visitors to the shop and appreciate the support of the Beetle Cat boat community. Our fall schedule focuses on repairs and the making of Beetle Cat parts. That sets us up for new boat production and boat maintenance over the winter and spring. The build out of the shop is just about complete with the addition of a new woodshed and racking of the remainder of the barn for increased Beetle Cat storage capacity.

We were invited to the Chatham Yacht Club for "Beetle Day" on July 9. Bill, Charlie, and Jonathan were cordially welcomed and spent the morning answering questions about such as proper rigging of the boat, racing techniques, and maintenance of the boat. We look forward to visiting more yacht clubs this year.

We showcased a new Beetle Cat and debuted the new "Willy Potts" rowing skiff at the Wooden Boat Show in Newport, Rhode Island, in August. Many stopped by to chat with us. We also enjoyed watching the NEBCA championships and the Hog Island Race Series.

In appreciation of the support from our customers and vendors, we held our 2nd Annual Open House on December 10. Despite the snowstorm the day before, over 250 people came by to share in the celebration. NEBCA and IYRS were on hand to provide information and promote membership, both organizations being strong supporters of the Beetle Cat boat.

Beetle, Inc., 3 Thatcher Ln., Wareham, MA 02571, (508) 295-8585, www.beetlecat.com



Adventures & Experiences...

As a Very Old Model Sailboat Builder

I recently called you regarding the copies of *Winding World* which you advertised and was glad to learn that they were still available. As a very old model sailboat builder whose original sailing experiences were gained at the Conservatory Lake in Central Park, New York, I always found your occasional articles of what was happening with model sailboats in New Zealand most interesting.

Since I still own a very old Boucher schooner that has sailed the Conservatory Lake, the Jardin de Luxembourg in Paris, the Chiemsee in Germany, and the Adriatic in Yugoslavia, it is nice to see what more recent builders are doing.

Conbert H. Benneck, Glastonbury, CT

About Writing and Editing

Your Commentary on preserving the individual writing style of the contributors to *MAIB* reminded me of my years of reporting on the windsurfing and mixed-fleet regattas in which I competed 1982-99, in the middle ten years of which I sailed in 15-20 regattas a year, mostly in Florida.

I had very limited luck with my submissions to the big, established windsurfing and sailing magazines, but I did a lot better with *Southeast Boardsailor*. Like *MAIB*, they paid no honorarium, but unless the regatta had "Over 60," and later "Over 70," age groups so I could be a prize winner, how else was I going to get my name in the paper?

Southeast Boardsailor, now defunct, was a mom-and-pop enterprise operating out of Melbourne, Florida. Mom and pop were 20-something boardsailors and evidently didn't spend much time around the office, a room in their house. They employed some local college students to edit the incoming submissions, kids who apparently knew nothing about sailing. Sometimes I wondered if they knew much English; for example, my "sallied forth," of the competitors to resume racing after a lunch break appeared as "sailed forth." My review of a new set of IYRU (now ISAF) racing rules came out so unintelligible that I successfully demanded a subsequent, unedited rerun.

The editors constantly harped on shortening the regatta reports. Along came a big Bahama windsurfing regatta, which I could not attend, so they decided they would go. They had been stressing brevity in such reports, yet the report on this regatta, no doubt written by the distaff half of the editorial team, spent the first three paragraphs relating how tough it was to get up at 0430, feed the baby, and get it over to grandma's before driving to Miami to catch a plane to the Bahamas. Great stuff for a letter to sympathetic female relatives, but in a regatta report?

In one regatta I particularly remember in July 1987 we floated through a number of races with barely enough wind to move. After the last Sunday race an ominously black thunderstorm with attendant terrifying thunder and lightning came bearing down from the north. For the 20 minutes or so of good wind before the storm was actually upon us everyone hastily re-rigged, launched, and whizzed ecstatically back and forth. As noted in my report, doing it standing up must be more fun, sit-down sailors would never have put back out after the last race of a regatta to just sail around.

In this great new year of 2006 let us hope we can get all those sit-down sailors up on sailboards and yes, while we're at it, all those fixed-seat rowers onto sliding seats. That will improve life on the water for a lotta people.

Bob Awtrey, Fernandina Beach, FL

Designs..

In Praise of the Rob Roy

Paddling my lightweight Rob Roy-style canoe designed by my late friend and mentor, Bart Hawthaway, is truly one of life's simple pleasures. I am pleased to continue building this canoe for individual orders. Please contact me to explore the possibilities.

Length 12', beam 32", depth 11", weight 35lbs or less, in composite/fiberglass and resin construction. A glued lapstrake prototype hull is underway in my shop as an alternative building technique. It may also offer the possibility for a kit version sometime in the future.

Robert M. Wolfertz, P.O. Box 75, Rosemont, NJ 08556, (609) 397-0141



Information of Interest..

Sailboat Plans and Matsushita Blades

I'm retiring again. In September I had both knee joints replaced. The new knees are working much better than the worn-out ones they replaced, faint praise. It is not going to be feasible to continue my businesses of selling plans for my \$200 Sailboat and Matsushita saw blades. I am looking for people who might be interested in doing either.

They aren't big moneymakers. Primarily I have supplied service to boatbuilders. The sailboat plans have shown a good many people how they can easily build a real high performance sailboat inexpensively. Though Matsushita America says they have nationwide distribution, it is obvious from the orders I get that the blades are not generally available.

Dave Carnell, Nutmeg Marine, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850, (910) 686-4184, davecarnell@ec.it.com

More on Dinghy Towing

I appreciated Steve Axon's thoughtful response ("Dinghy Towing," *MAIB* 1/1/06) to my appeal ("You ask us about..." *MAIB*, 11/1/04) for suggestions for reducing the bow wave of my round bottomed pram under tow. Steve's remarks, along with those of readers Ted Bailey and Mark White, who e-mailed me, were helpful and thought provoking. In fact, I carried on an extensive correspondence with Mark on many aspects of boats and boatbuilding, living on islands, and a lot more, all in response to that little letter.

The consensus of suggestions as to improving towing performance was to try lowering the towing eye. The towline originally entered the bow transom and connected with an eye splice through the bow knee. That rather fixed the tow line a little higher than I would have done with eye hardware, but I gave it a try.

Following suggestions and good sense, I lowered the tow line to the bottom of the bow transom. As far as I could see there was little, if any, affect on the bow wave though it may have moved aft a little. In all other respects performance under tow was as good as before, which leads me to think that round bottom prams tow well but ride on a little larger pillow of foam than its flat or shallow V-bottomed cousins.

Richard Smith, Indianola, WA

Someone You'd Want to Take Along

Recently an old steel boat, decked out as a tourist attraction for a time, was purposefully sunk in our harbor to form a scuba diving reef for a hotel. The newspaper account of the occasion did not mention the delivery skipper who sailed the boat to Lahaina from the Pacific Northwest, probably Vancouver or Seattle.

His name was Stan Raynor, a Canadian who had spent years in the South Pacific running a trading schooner between the islands. He had been to Pitcairn on more than one trip. In the living room in his house on Maui was a Pitcairn wheelbarrow which he said was given to him by Fletcher Christian's grandson.

In Canada Stan had worked as a stone mason using just that, stones, to build houses and churches. He was a good man all around, someone you'd want to take along if you had to take to the lifeboats.

Don Peters, Makawao, HI

Belated Holiday Wishes

Best wishes for an environmentally conscious, socially responsible, low stress, non-addictive, gender neutral, winter solstice holiday, practiced within the most joyous traditions of the religious persuasion of your choice but with respect for the religious persuasion of others who choose to practice their own religion as well as those who choose not to practice a religion at all.

Plus, a fiscally successful, personally fulfilling, and medically uncomplicated recognition of the generally accepted calendar year 2006, but not without due respect for the calendars of choice of other cultures whose contributions have helped make our society great, without regard to the race, creed, color, religious, or sexual preferences of the wisher.

Disclaimer: This greeting is subject to clarification or withdrawal. It implies no promise by the wisher to actually implement any of the wishes for her/himself or others and no responsibility for any unintended emotional stress these greetings may bring to those not caught up in the holiday spirit.

Jay Greenbaum

Information Wanted..

Robb White Seminar on Wood?

In the January 1 issue Robb White says "...real wood, properly sawn and seasoned, and of the proper species (tulip poplar, *Liriodendron tulipifera*, almost as light as cedar and as strong as hard maple... 80,000psi) is the strongest for its weight of anything you can build a boat from."

Good news for me, we have lots of tulip poplar here in Virginia. But how come in the good old days they seldom made boats out of it? Typically they'd use white (not red) oak or,

if available, live oak for strength even though susceptible to dry rot, cedar for hull planking, and springy pine or spruce for masts.

I read in a recent issue of *Sea History* the startling fact that "the Chris-Craft Company told its dealers to expect a maximum service life of just six years from the double-planked bottoms of its runabouts."

Certainly this would support Mr. White's kindly opinion of fiberglass. Hey Robb, how about a seminar on wood? Choices, proper sawing and seasoning, and suchlike?

Jock Yellott, Jr., Charlottesville VA

Opinions...

Robb White and Glass Boats

In the January 1 issue, Robb White in his "Fiberglass Boats" article states, "A boat built out of good wood, epoxy, and fiberglass the way we build them is the best way to build a small boat. There is no question about it and that statement is not an opinion... it's a fact." He then went on to say that Kevlar "is so limp you couldn't build a boat out of it." Then he goes on to discuss his experience of 50 years of low-tech, clunky, fiberglass boats. It is a rather weak argument, comparing good wood boats to crude glass boats.

I thoroughly enjoy reading Robb's pearls of wisdom and, in general, I agree with his politics. I suspect that he just wanted to start the year off with a bang now that his anti-plywood diatribe has cooled a bit. He gets bored and tosses something over the fence to see if he can stir up the natives.

If you have the patience, lots of bucks, and behave yourself, Robb just might build a beautiful wood, epoxy, and glass boat for you and it would be a gem. There are others who build beautiful wood, epoxy, glass boats. One of them is Steve Kaulback of Adirondack Guide Boat fame who, like Robb, advertises in *MAIB*. For years Steve has built his exquisite cedar, epoxy, and glass guide boats. A few years ago he and his partner, Dave Rosen, decided to offer their 15' model in Kevlar. The results are interesting. The Kevlar boat is two pounds lighter than the cedar, epoxy, and glass boat. And, as Robb says, Kevlar is bulletproof. The Kevlar boat sells for one-fourth the price of the cedar, epoxy, and glass boat and for every cedar boat sold they sell 50 Kevlar boats.

Apparently the guys at Adirondack Guide Boat were able to build a good boat out of Kevlar.

John Mullen, Dallas, TX

My Favorite Author

I enjoyed the book review on Alexander Kent's *Band of Brothers*. I am still disappointed that no one ever mentions my favorite maritime author Commander (later Captain, later Rear Admiral) Edward Ellsberg. I have read his *On The Bottom* seven times and still would love to read it again. His four WWII non-fiction books and *On The Bottom* should be required reading for all Naval Academy students. Their library does have copies.

Rutherford "Ruddy" Ellis, Jr., Atlanta, GA

This Magazine...

Long Live Fatuous Prolixity

Long may fatuous prolixity live. Long may it spawn new offshoots, long may you keep publishing them. I'm afraid that your writing teacher is in the wrong church. He sounds as if he should be reading *Yachting*. None of that fatuous prolixity there. Your price of admission is a \$10 million dollar yacht with at least 50lbs of Molassol Caviar in the refrigerator and a 10-man paid crew.

His offer to help you edit when he retires gave me the chills. Bob, you just keep doing what you are doing. It's most enjoyable; original, unique, and loads of fun to read when each new issue arrives.

"Long Live Fatuous Prolixity."

Conbert H. Benneck, Glastonbury, CT

Would Not Presume

I have a PhD in English but I would not presume to change a word written by Robb White. As long as you keep on publishing his reflections you'll always get a renewal subscription from me.

Kent Mulliken, Chapel Hill, NC

Pompous Monstrosity

It's difficult to believe that someone teaching writing to college freshmen used "fatuous prolixity" in a letter to the editor. But what's even more amazing is that the letter writer didn't delete this pompous monstrosity when proofreading. I'm grateful not to have attended any of this teacher's classes.

Michael Kaspareck, Williamsburg, VA

A Wonderful Service

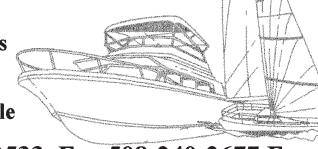
Our 1987 Bay Hen 21 has sold thanks to the ad in *MAIB*. Thanks for this wonderful service in these days of customer "no service."

John Day, Cary, NC



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At the start of the race, *Martha White* is faintly visible at far left background. Foreground left to right are *Lady Maryland*, *Mystic Whaler*, an unidentified boat, *Sultana*, and another unidentified boat in the background.

The *Martha White* is a 65' double gaff rigged, all-wood schooner fashioned after the famous *Bluenose* of Nova Scotia. She was started in 1959 and launched in 1973. New owner Bob Kay uses her as a floating bluegrass stage at the Chestertown city dock most summertime Wednesday evenings. This was her first time entering the schooner race. The following is an approximate log of the voyage.

Monday: Partial crew; Dario Panfili, John Bailey, Bill Robinson (all TSCA members), Chris Rossi, Captain John Drew (licensed Captain), arrive Chestertown, Maryland. Aboard are owner Capt. Bob Kay and first mate Cherri Reese. Despite inclement weather the Captain decides to shove off in order to give the green crew some shakedown time on the way to Fells Point (the gathering place for the race).

Main, fore, jumbo, jib, and Yankee are raised while running down the Devil's Reach of the Chester River. *Martha* does well except for a slow response to port turns. The anchor is dropped near the throat of the Chester River and the crew settles into the onboard routine that includes rations of grog.

Tuesday: *Martha* sails off her anchor for the open bay. Rainy day, but a happy crew arrives with many other schooners to Fells Point, just out of the Inner Harbor in Baltimore. *Martha* is docked at Henderson's Marina next to the beautiful and famous

Dana (foreground) and John perform their daring bowsprit balancing act as they prepare the jib for hoisting.



Martha White and the Great Chesapeake Schooner Race

By John Bailey

Reprinted from the *Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

schooner *When and If* (General George S. Patton's wooden schooner, circa World War II). Captain Bob buys dinner for *Martha's* crew and then we go to the rum party at Woody's for crews only. Mate Bill beats a 20-something at arm wrestling. Not bad for a 50-something. Meanwhile, the rest of us try to have the bartender make some "Dark and Stormies," in this case we get "Light and Misties" (no black rum or ginger beer). Crew strolls the docks of Fells Point admiring the 30 other schooners competing.

Wednesday: Skippers' meeting where we receive our official t-shirts (aka admission to the parties). We join the parade of schooners around the Inner Harbor of Baltimore, complete with many rounds of cannon fire. A mate remembers to hoist the burgees. One is the official red TGCBRS and one is the white TSCA (Traditional Small Craft Association). Big official dinner and party at the Latin Palace complete with chanties and lots of beer. Then we attend the after party on the schooner *Clipper City*. More chanties here and they contain the raw verses. Another crew member, David Barry, joins us.

Thursday: Race day and the start is scheduled for just south of the Bay Bridge at 1:30pm. At 11:00am the *Martha White* shoves off with 30 other schooners for the starting line, which will be two Navy patrol boats just south of the bridge. This is a fun run for sizing up one another. The *Martha* is flying her powerful genoa, fore, and main and moving smartly. Captain John Drew (certified captain) helms the *Martha* to a first over the start line with *Adventure* ahead having to do a penalty 360 degrees around the committee boat for crossing ahead of the gun. *Martha's* bowsprit is only feet before the start line when the gun goes off.

With all the other Class B boats on the chase, *Martha's* crew contemplates cracking on more sail. She still has six more rags she could fly! Meanwhile, the north wind and the seas start to pick up and it begins to rain.

Some boats are doing the wing-on-wing downwind straight for the finish, 80 miles away (or 127 depending on the class). We opt for the reaching strategy which means a gentler ride that increases distance and speed.

The Captain has a rivalry of sorts with another Chestertown boat. She is the schooner replica *Sultana*. As with these old boats, she sports a wooden carved maiden-head, a fine seminude wooden lady. Not to be outdone by speed or tradition, Captain Bob breaks out his secret weapon. From below he emerges with a full-sized, anatomically correct blow-up doll. She has a cigar in her mouth. The captain marches forward and secures Dolly on the bow under the bowsprit. This act has the result of hoots and howls from the now very close *Sultana*.

It is impossible with the wind and the waves to tell if this act is accepted in jest. One can only imagine what a crew made up of 50% women think of this pirate-like maneuver, but it does seem to slow them down. The captain's idea to "smoke 'em" may have worked. *Martha* leaves the insulted schooner on the port quarter as the sun sets somewhere behind the rain clouds.

The wind and waves seem to increase in strength and size. Later we learned that the gusts were about 34kts and the waves were about 6' with occasional 8-footers mixed in. *Martha* seems happy flying through the dusk. Then a strong gust hits her, she almost broaches, and a crack is heard aloft. Pieces of wood are falling on the deck and overboard. Cables and lines are flying. The main topmast is now floating above our heads. So much for "cracking" on more sail. This situation could be bad and, as with most sailing craft, the stresses are transferred from rig-

Martha White reaching along.



ging to spar to rigging. Maybe not the domino effect, but perhaps the schooner effect.

The crew quickly drops the mainsail and genoa to lighten the stress on the remaining rigging. On we go. Attempts at feeding the crew are thwarted by increasing wave action. Pots will not stay on the stove and cooking becomes dangerous. Rations are reduced to crackers and Chris' zucchini bread. Things get so rough that the port-a-potty is dismantled twice, with Cheri in chase, without spilling a drop (hurrah!).

Friday: The *Martha* sails on, but in what direction? It seems the old Constellation compass is stuck at 210 degrees. There is nothing left to do but steer by the wind. Thank goodness that the burgees are still flying in the rigging! The TSCA burgee is clear and reading the wind's direction perfectly!

While sorting out the wreckage it was noted that one of the jib sheets was trailing in the water and did not want to come up from under the aft starboard quarter of the hull. It was most likely fouled on the propeller. It was impossible to sort it all out under the conditions so the boat and the crew slog on.

As the "watches" come and go it is obvious that the crew is tiring of the "sleigh ride" down the bay. After many encounters with ships and other schooners visible and invisible, the *Martha White* crosses the 80-mile Class B finish line at 0426. She is now in it for the long course (127 miles) and going for the coveted "Perpetual Trophy." This is given to one of the smaller boats with the best time for the entire 127-mile course. With a lightening sky, but continued rain, *Martha* crosses the 127-mile finish at about 2300.

Captain John D. tries to sail her into Norfolk Harbor, but with contrary wind and current this was not possible. At this point the engine to prop shaft coupling was checked and found to be disconnected! The line wrapped around the prop must have caused backward pressure that walked the shaft out of its coupling. It is a lucky thing the shaft did not fall out of the boat causing a "real" problem.

We anchor and wait for a tow from the dear old Norfolk *Rebel* with Captain Steve at the wheel. The *Rebel* was the Norfolk schooner/tugboat (tugentine) representative in the first Great Chesapeake Schooner Race some 16 years ago. She came to us accompanied by some playful dolphins and took *Martha* and a tired crew into the wonderful flat and calm Norfolk Harbor, then on to the Rebel Marina. The *Rebel* and Captain Steve's expert boatmanship were like magic maneuvering us in tight quarters and bringing *Martha* safely to a dock. Sadly, most of the fleet was tied up 10 miles across the harbor at Waterside. Practically within minutes of docking a diver and former past schooner crew member introduced himself and offered to investigate our "snagged" line. Within an hour of docking we had a freed-up prop.

Saturday: Now three crew members, Chris, Bill, and David sadly needed to depart. The engine room crew sprang into action and the captain and mate started sorting the mess on deck and aloft. Within a few hours *Martha* was ready to travel. Reluctant to miss the awards party that afternoon, the remaining crew traveled by taxi and paddleboat to Portsmouth's Waterside Park. After some beers and finding out that the event raised over \$9,000 for educational programs, Captain Bob accepted a plaque from which we learned that the *Martha* came in seventh in her class.

The captain and crew were thankful to have finished and, in the spirit of the old sailors, did not "give up the ship." Swapping damage stories became the thing to do. In one case, comparison of spilled pasta sauce on *When and If* to *Martha's* broken spars became laughable. We learned a term for a concept we already were familiar with, which was "schooner time." These great old and not-so-old boats take a special kind of patience, a loving respect and care that knows no conventional time.

Sunday: Time to shove off for Chestertown, 150 miles up the bay. The weather forecast is not good, north and north-west winds. This meant that *Martha* would take it on the nose and the ride would be lumpy, even motor sailing. We were so thankful for all the wonderful hospitality and help at the Rebel marina. Motoring north while trying to hug the lee of the west shore quickly became a "dirty" and bumpy business. Not long after the start the boat had a brief encounter with the bottom of the bay and later the engine's sea coolant system sprang a leak. Undaunted, the crew slogged on. As night approached, the crew all appreciated a safe, calm cove in the Rappahannock River. It is surprising how, within a few minutes, the human desire for food can change from thinking of only saltine crackers to devouring a spaghetti dinner under candlelight.

Monday: The sky is clear, winds are down and now from the west. This means sailing today! *Martha* proudly sails out of the river with jumbo, fore, and main sail. Then, just when you would think nothing else could go wrong, it is discovered that the main gaff is cracked. The captains decide that there is no pressure on that part of the spar on this tack so we sail on. This same tack was held most of the day until Holland Island (just north of Smith) forced us to drop the main and motor on with the foresail and jib. This combination finally made for a smooth ride. On through the night *Martha* motorsails up the bay. Watches pass as do many commercial ships.

Tuesday: At sunrise *Martha* pulls up to the town marina at Chestertown. Home again. The crew has one last breakfast at Ellen's diner and then go their separate ways, taking with them a memory of a wonderful adventure.



Our national TSCA burgee proudly flies from *Martha's* mast.



Imagine, out of Annapolis, seen here at the start, was the eventual winner.

Sultana and *Woodwind*, sister ship to *Imagine*.



Last year Mark Milnes of Key West and New Hampshire (or some place up north) was forwarding emails to me about the Newport, Rhode Island, winter Laser frostbiting fleet. Words Of Wisdom (WOW) written by the week's winner covered stuff like shoveling the snow off the boats before putting them into the water, to how many gloves and how many socks, to how they started, where the wind shifts were, how they set the vang, mark rounding, and such. It was lots of fun.

So this is a little WOW from me from our December 18th races here in sunny Lake Eustis, Florida. Wind about 15, temperature mid 60's, cloudy, cool but not cold. First off the old guy got out there and expected to start with the Wayfarers in the second start as usual. Set my watch for 10 minutes with everything going fine. I was watching the Scots start to see which end of the line they were using. Two Scots started at the committee boat with the gun and another Scot sailed the other way like they thought they had a minute to go. Now I sailed down the line to check it again and the place was full of MC scows and their flag was up now. I looked around and all the Wayfarers were gone, too, and nice Charlie Jensen was coming back for me (probably would happen only in a two boat race.) We were all supposed to go in the first start so Charlie and I started just behind the MC scows. Lesson: Read the race info board on the committee boat and pay attention to the flags.

On the first downwind run I was still on starboard tack and sailing by the lee to work to the inside at the leeward mark if there was any traffic, and about 50 yards from the leeward mark I wanted to gybe over to port so I could make a better tactical rounding at the mark. When gybing the Laser, as the boom

Laser Stuff from Lake Eustis

By Sam Chapin

lifts to come across and the sheet goes slack, one reaches up just below the mid-boom block, catches the sheet, and pulls about 2' of sheet so the sheet clears the transom comers. If the flip is made too hard the sheet loops over the boom end and that is more trouble. So I gybed and hooked the end of the boom.

Now the sheet was locked. I couldn't pull it in or let it out. This never happened to me before in a race. The boom was out about 45 degrees instead of almost 90. I didn't know how I was going to unwrap it. As a last resort I could turn the boat over, unhook it, and right the boat again. Maybe when I rounded the mark and headed upwind it would fall off. No, it didn't. So heading upwind with knee on tiller so I don't tack, I pulled on the sheet from the becket of the aft boom block and flipped the other sheet back over end of the boom. That worked, but be careful the flagging boom doesn't hit you in the teeth like mine did. Now I don't think I pulled the sheet too vigorously to cause this but I did the same thing the next time around.

I will add that to my practice list: Gybe from run to run without hooking boom. With hooking and then unhooking it.

This is now going on too long for most of you so I will skip the next problems, about

my clothes, the wind shifts, sailing flat, sailing fast, not overstanding, and tactical turns.

The real news of the day was Arlen Bensen in *Maine Squeeze*, Maine Cat 22. The big camping cruiser beach cat, sailing Portsmouth (single handed), flipped at the end of the second race. Wow, did he have help. Glenda Libby bailed out of the Flying Scot she was crewing on to save the boat she helped drive down from New Jersey. Don Browning single handed the Scot around the edges as Glenda had been his crew. Charlie Jensen and Sam circled in Lasers. Two crash boats and the committee boat motored around for 45 minutes testing various ideas. Arlen stood on the in-the-water hull admiring the bottoms of his new hulls and contemplating how far into the mud the mast was working. Finally they got lines on the bow and stern of the top hull to form a bridle and motored the whole thing away from the mast down side. Up she came and, yes, the mast and square topped sail had been in the mud. Been there and done that on smaller boats. Now most of the mud falls inside the boat.

We were another hour at the docks with MC, Flying Scot, Wayfarer, Rebel, and Laser sailors taking turns bailing, balancing, and giving advice. It was a great day for Arlen as he knows what will turn it over and what it takes to right and bail out the lower hull. He did it on the right day and at the end of the second race so everyone was available to help. He turned over near shore toward the end of the race where the wind shifts were so sharp and random. The main was cleated and he single handed. Well, now we all know.

Maybe it is better to be nice than to be fast.

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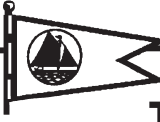
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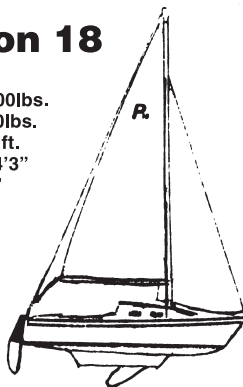
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Ardea's Journal

Part I

A Cruise on Penobscot Bay

By Shearwaters

Ardea and True North

By Harry Mote
Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*

Ardea and *True North* arrived at the Rockport, Maine, public launch ramp late afternoon Saturday, July 16. Our plan, discussed at dinner in town that evening, was to go farther south and east than last year, to see new places and more of places we had visited only briefly. We would first go southeast to Isle au Haut via the Brimstone Islands, then north to Mt. Desert Island and Somes Sound, up around the top of Mt. Desert, west to Blue Hill, and then down through Eggemoggin Reach and back to Rockland.

Sunday July 17: Plenty of wind. About mid-morning, with both boats rigged, a very pretty schooner sailed into the harbor. The schooner *Stephan Taber* dropped her sails and, assisted by a yawl boat, came into the Outward Bound station adjacent to the public ramp area to drop off a few students, a very pretty sight.

We had decided that the first leg of the cruise would be to cross to Fox Islands Thorofare and head south to the Brimstones and Isle au Haut the next day. It was launch time so the crews gammed. We decided that with this much wind on the bay it could be a two-reef reach and very wet. So we decided to make our first day a land cruise of some of the towns up the coast via Route 1. Gayle had been reading her cruising guide and consequently became our tour guide with *Ardea's* Horse as transport. Following are highlights.

In Camden, we enjoyed an outdoor art show in a park that overlooked Camden's beautiful harbor which included several nice schooners and a beautiful wooden motor yacht of about 70' with varnished deckhouses.

In Searsport we visited the Penobscot Marine Museum. We arrived there at about 1645, 15 minutes before closing. The friendly staff gave us some basic information about the museum and time to visit two small boat sheds with nice exhibits of unrestored small boats. The museum is on the site of the original Searsport Village and includes some original buildings, including the First Congregational Church, which is still active. Its origins go back to 1813 when the west side of Penobscot Bay was a wilderness and a small group organized a parish. It's a nice museum and worth revisiting on another trip.

Our last stop was Bucksport on the Penobscot River. We followed Route 1 east across Verona Island to Bucksport and we were able to look back across the water to the original Fort Knox, the more famous one came later on the west side of the river. Fort Knox was the first fort in Maine to be built of granite. It is pentagonal in outline, was begun in 1844, and named after Major General Henry Knox, the first U.S. Secretary of War and Commander of Artillery in the American Revolution. The British had controlled the lower Penobscot River during the American Revolution and the War of 1812 and the fort was built against subsequent invasions. The concern was control of Maine's lumber wealth and Bangor, the lumber capital. Although the fort was garrisoned in subse-



quent times of conflict, an enemy ship never threatened the Penobscot River and its towns. The fort is another place that deserves a subsequent visit.

Monday, July 18: Paid our modest launch and retrieval fee of \$5. Long-term parking is virtually unlimited, "over on the grass" and seems secure. Several out-of-state sailors and kayakers used it while we were there. My recollection is that it was Paul Follansbee's launch recommendation to Nick last year. This public facility is near the main Rockland Harbor public dock which offers pumpout, showers, and water. It is within easy walking distance to town shops, including a good marine store called Hamilton Marine.

The weather forecast was morning fog and a 5kt to 10kt southerly so *Ardea* and *True North* headed east to Fox Islands Thorofare, foghorn in hand. Fortunately, we had enough breeze to sail and make good progress which means that we could hear. We signaled when prudent and heard responses. We heard but rarely saw the boats that passed us.

Upon entering the thorofare visibility significantly improved. As we sailed about sightseeing, two large schooners sailed through eastbound. One was a pinky schooner that we had seen in Rockland. We

spent the night in Seal Cove, just SE of North Haven off the thorofare, an anchorage we liked last year. We peeked into Perry Creek, a picturesque but popular anchorage, as we went by but it seemed too crowded, as it did last year. Seal Cove was shallow and we had it all to ourselves.

Tuesday, July 19: The morning's forecast was for widespread fog with a 40% chance of rain and thunderstorms, while Wednesday's was for a new high pressure system that would give us clear weather to enjoy the views from Brimstone and to see Isle au Haut. So we used the day to visit North Haven and planned to spend another night in Seal Cove.

We landed again at the J.O. Brown Boatyard dock for a walk through the boat shop and the town. The Phil Bolger boat that we had seen in the shop last year awaiting some repairs was now on a mooring and still for sale, with her mizzen and boomkin stepped. We estimated her length at about 32'. She had a flush deck and was an attractive boat. Her spars were in the shop being reglued.

Wednesday, July 20: We awoke to a calm, no fog, and a forecast for a clear day with NW winds 5 to 10 kts. While we were preparing for departure Nick decided to try out his new oar. On a trip to Hamilton Marine

to buy a chart before we left Rockland, Nick discovered some nice long oars and bought one about 8' long. He wanted to see if he could scull his Shearwater on a nice quiet morning. Anchor up, he succeeded in making almost a complete loop around *Ardea* before declaring the oar a little flexible, but a success.

We motorsailed out of the thorofare to the east and then south toward the Brimstone Islands until the wind came up. We landed on the small stone crescent beach on the NW side of the larger Brimstone Island. One publication says that the Brimstones are owned by the Nature Conservancy and describes them as "volcanic."

We hiked the short distance to the island's peak at 125' and enjoyed a spectacular, 360-degree view of the small rocky islands, including Little Brimstone, with Vinalhaven to the NW, Isle au Haut to the NE, and the open Atlantic to the south and east. We needed Mary Slaughter to help us identify all the mosses and wildflowers that grew there. Alice said that this wild place would be one of the highlights of the cruise for her.

By noon we had collected a few souvenir polished black stones from the beach and Nick found a few more pieces of driftwood on which to mount his beautifully carved birds. So we headed NE in a light breeze for Isle au Haut, entering its thorofare from the SW past the very pretty gray and white Isle au Haut Light at Robinson Pt. It's 48' high with a small white bridge to the shore. We observed the Coast Pilot's warnings about ledges, most marked by daymarks, and sailed to the thorofare's northern end where we anchored for the night.

Isle au Haut was one of the cruise sight-seeing goals this year, since we did not visit last year because of fog. No point in going if you can't see it. French navigator Samuel Champlain named it "High Island" during his explorations of the Maine coast in 1604. Its height of 543' in its northern portion makes it visible at a considerable distance. It was an impressive landscape as we approached from the SW.

An Acadia National Park brochure said that shell piles indicated the presence of American Indians before Champlain. But it wasn't until after the American Revolution that farmers, fishermen, and boatbuilders came to the island in any numbers. By the 1880s a small summer community, attracted by the beautiful scenery, remoteness, and agreeable weather, had established itself. In 1943, heirs of the community's founder donated portions of Isle au Haut to the federal government as part of Acadia National Park. Thanks to their generosity, visitors enjoy about half of the island and much of its beauty and solitude. While we were there the primary cargo of the ferry seemed to be bikers and hikers of the park.

Isle au Haut is one of the more remote of the Penobscot Bay islands, accessible by a ferry that carries passengers and mail only (no vehicles) from Stonington at Deer Island. It is also home to Linda Greenlaw, fisherman, lobsterman, and author. Greenlaw is featured in the book and the movie *The Perfect Storm*. The book's author, Sebastian Junger, describes Greenlaw as "one of the best sea captains, period, on the East Coast." After the success of Junger's book, Greenlaw, the world's only woman swordboat captain, authored her own book, *The Hungry Ocean*, which is about a 30-day swordfishing voyage.

More relevant to visitors to Isle au Haut is her second book, *The Lobster Chronicles: Life On a Very Small Island*, in which she describes growing up on an island with a small year-round population and her trials as a lobsterman.

We worked ashore, landed at the ferry dock, and walked up the road to the left, parallel to the thorofare, to find the small. U.S. Post Office Linda mentioned in her book. It was about half the size of a one-car garage and staffed for only a few hours in the morning. Then on to the general store, which we had seen from the thorofare, another modest building open for only a few hours a day. We arrived in mid-afternoon, just after the store had closed. But the clerk let us in since we needed only few small items. *True North* needed bread and we were happy to find that they sold ice cream, too.

On we walked up the road until we came to a sign that directed us to the Isle au Haut Congregational Church, built in approximately 1857. We walked up the hill over a wooden walkway through a field. The church is a small wooden building, but architecturally impressive with a very pretty spire, shown on the chart and visible from the bay on our approach.

We walked back down the road to see what the south side of the "town" looked like. We had seen notices that Linda and her mother had just published a cookbook, for sale in a gift shop, south along the road.

Isle au Haut was definitely worth putting on our itinerary. It has an appealing non-commercial, off-the-beaten-track feel to it, but seems downtrodden to me. There are financial incentive plans available to attract more year-round residents and I can see why. I can also see the attraction of the remoteness and solitude of the place to vacationers. It would be worth another visit to hike some of the trails in the park. The view from the island's 543' peak must be spectacular, and the small islands around Isle au Haut are beautiful.

Thursday, July 21: Another day like Wednesday, light air, but a clear, absolutely glorious day. We left Isle au Haut Thorofare via the north end and ghosted NE, running between Pell and Burnt Islands toward Swans Island. We were making 3kts-4kts over the ground by about noon as long as we had a fair current.

About halfway to Swans a beautiful schooner, hard on the wind, making good progress in the light air, passed us to starboard. It turned out to be the schooner *Brilliant* from Mystic Seaport on one of her cruises. She is one of the beautiful sights typical of Penobscot Bay.

Our plan was to have a look at Burnt Coat Harbor on the south side of Swans. A cruising guide said it was busy, primarily with lobster boats. But it turned out to be very picturesque, with a beautiful lighthouse at Hockamock Head and a shallow upper end away from the lobster industry which would provide peace and quiet for a SWS. We decided to continue around to Mackerel Cove, our anchorage of last year, which would give us a clear shot to Mount Desert Island in the morning.

We entered York Narrows and took the channel to the right between Orono and Swans Islands. As we entered Mackerel Cove we saw a large, two-masted schooner over toward the ferry dock just beginning to get her sails up, with her main already raised.

As we sailed toward her, up went her foresail, then staysail and jib. Her anchor had come up in the meantime. With an assist from her diesel she fell off, her sails filled, and she began to gather way, a truly beautiful sight. Her name was *Taber Boy*, a 92' educational vessel we later learned. She was a large steel schooner with a clipper bow, high freeboard, and a fantail.

Ardea and *True North* anchored in the SW corner of Mackerel, approximately where we did last year. We had established the routine of monitoring a VHF channel on the hour during the day. In the afternoon, each boat, on alternate days, would announce that the cocktail flag would be raised at about 1700 or 1730, even though neither of us had a cocktail flag. The crews of one boat would then row to the host vessel for that evening, saving us line handling and anchoring when it was time to make dinner and button up for mosquitoes.

Friday, July 22: Headed north out of Mackerel Cove into Blue Hill Bay toward Bass Harbor Bar, which connects Great Gott Island with Bass Harbor Head, the southernmost tip of Mt. Desert Island. It was the most direct route for us into the Western Way and Southwest Harbor. The difference in the charted depths on either side of the bar can be two to four times the depths of the bay, 8' to 15' in places. The Coast Pilot says that in bad weather this difference can cause breakers. For us, in the present idyllic weather, it simply caused a very fast current, interesting nonetheless.

It was that time, the need for services of a portapottie dump, water, etc., and the luxury of a shower. There were three marinas in Southwest Harbor listed on an internet source of Penobscot Bay facilities that provide pumpout. Hinckley, the famous yacht builder, was one of them. It turned out to be a busy place with virtually no room at the docks and the dock staff gave discouraging responses when we mentioned pumpout and portapotties.

We wound up at a large marina at the end of the harbor called Great Harbor Marine, whose staff was helpful and courteous. The marina provided water, garbage dump, portapottie dump, and showers. The showers were the nicest and cleanest we had encountered in a public or private marina facility. There was also a West Marine close by, as well as a restaurant. The only charge was a transient fee of \$5 per shower, free to people who were staying at moorings and docks. Since Great Harbor had only diesel, we went off to Beals Lobster Pound to buy a couple of gallons of gasoline and then returned to our anchorage just outside the mooring field in the NW corner of the harbor.

We had arrived at Southwest Harbor at about 1100, and after we had done our chores the clock was pushing 1400 with a new front coming through and severe thunderstorms predicted just to the north of us. So we decided to stay where we were and relax the rest of the day.

We had two visitors that afternoon. John Carroll, owner of Dovekie Nutmeg back in Colorado and his young daughter, Amelia, rowed over in a beautiful peapod, built traditionally by a local builder. John and his family were on vacation for three weeks staying in John's parents' house nearby. He visited *True North* first and then rowed to *Ardea*. After he introduced himself, I said that I thought he might be coming over to tell us

we shouldn't anchor where we were. He said we'd be fine and that the holding ground was good. He answered questions about the area and offered us the use of a mooring, if we wanted it.

Amelia had soloed in the peapod yesterday and wanted to row back. So we said our goodbyes and John told Amelia that he would row partway and she could row the rest.

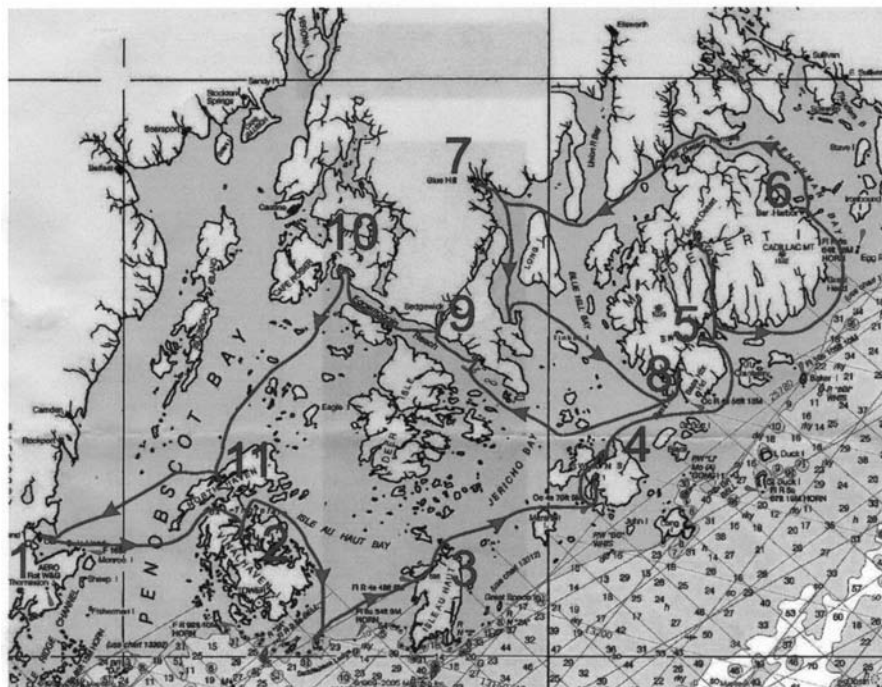
Our second visitor had been out sailing that afternoon, saw our boats, and rowed over in what appeared to be the large version of the Nut Shell pram. Nick was alongside

Ardea in his dinghy at the time and between the two of us we were able to answer our visitor's questions about the boats. He was helpful with information about places on our itinerary, including the suggestion that out near Schoodic Peninsula would be one of the best places for spectacular views of Cadillac Mt. He had spent summers here most of his life, retired to the area five or six years ago, and said that he finally come to live in his "spiritual home."

Glad we stayed put. If we hadn't, we would not have met these nice people.

(To Be Continued)

The Track of *Ardea* and True North



Ports of Call

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------|------|------------------------------|------|
| 1. Launch - Rockland | 7/18 | 6. Anchor - Bar Harbor | 7/23 |
| 2. Anchor - Seal Cove | 7/18 | 7. Anchor - Blue Hill Harbor | 7/24 |
| 2. Visit - North Haven | 7/19 | 8. Anchor - Bass Harbor | 7/25 |
| 2. Anchor - Seal Cove | 7/19 | 9. Anchor - Benjamin River | 7/26 |
| 3. Anchor - Isle au Haut | 7/20 | 10. Anchor - Buck's Harbor | 7/27 |
| 4. Anchor - Mackerel Cove | 7/21 | 11. Anchor - Pulpit Harbor | 7/28 |
| 5. Anchor - South West Harbor | 7/22 | 1. Retrieve - Rockland | 7/29 |

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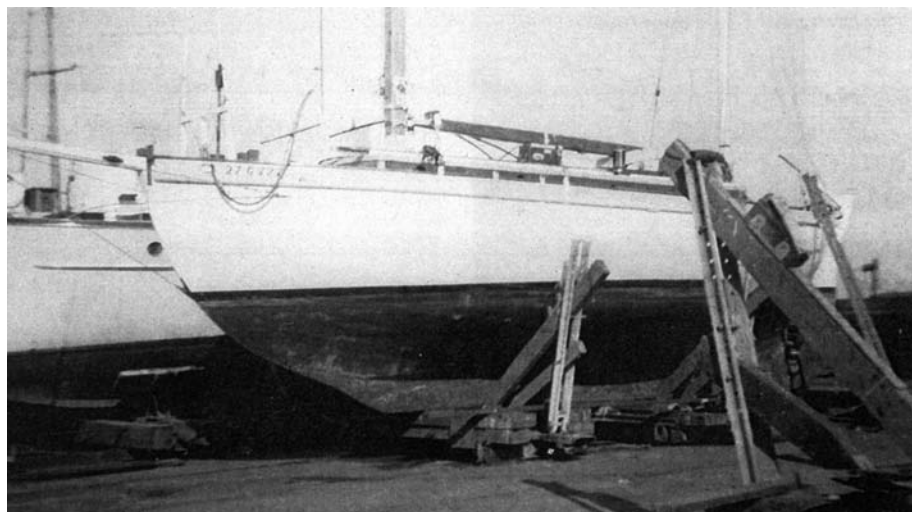


Walt Cole Boatyard, where I lived with my dad in 1948.



Sailing with my dad to Catalina Island on his Seagoer yawl in 1948.

Our 37' John Hanna-designed Carol ketch *Bojac*, our first boat, in a yard in Wilmington, California.



A Patchwork of Boatyards

By Ginny D. Filiatrault



“Having fun yet?” A phrase often heard in my 60 years of “messing about in boats.” Sailing and cruising offer exhilaration and wanderlust, however, the arduous repair and maintenance that accompany this lifestyle is not for everyone and oftentimes not much fun. I enjoyed all the aspects of this wonderful life. Yes, I am overly obsessed and, yes, I am labeled as such!

Through these 60 years I confess I’ve worked far more on boats than I’ve cruised, am I crazy or what? In the ‘50s I “worked the docks” as a teenager in Southern California. I sanded hulls by raft for pay and lived on my wooden ketch. Sincere dedication, although there were times the thought of packing up my numerous tools, heading for the High Sierras, and building a small log cabin was very strong. However, I opted to stay with boats and I am still having fun to boot!

Boatyards have become a very intricate patchwork of my life. Finding the right boatyard is never easy, particularly if you have an emergency like we did in 2002. We had to make a hasty decision to locate a yard to fit our needs. Upon searching in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, it brought back memories of 60 years of hauling my various sailboats.

Having actually grown up living aboard in the ‘40s with my dad on his Seagoer wooden yawl in an old boat yard in Newport Beach, California, I am not a novice to the diversities of yards. Back in the ‘40s there were only strong wooden cradles. Actually, I always felt my boats were more secure in a cradle in comparison to a travel lift, especially for a wooden boat. The paints in the olden days were not as high tech, however, they were still quite toxic and most of us old timers were not equipped with respirators, safety goggles, and paper suits. Wearing a damp bandanna across my face was the only protection to keep out the dust and fumes. Not good, but what did we know back then, prior to fiberglass boats?

The old yard in Newport Beach, California, built by Walt Cole, has now been torn down and replaced by a fancy condominium, but it still brings back a myriad of memories for me. I learned early about repairing wooden hulls and the importance of keeping the rot and teredoos from taking over. The yard included a small marina and, when not in our slip, my dad and I were sailing weekends to Catalina Island or we would spend time walking through other old boat-

yards looking over boats, many of which had been abandoned broken dreams. It was always heartbreaking to see these neglected vessels. Even today there are boatyards with derelict boats that have been left to weather and fall prey to being scuttled.

When I was barely 18 I married, moved aboard our 37' wooden John Hanna-designed Carol ketch (later re-rigged as a sloop), and spent my honeymoon at Colonial Boatyard in Wilmington, California. Yard owner Augie and his workmen were quite surprised to see the "Just Married" banner waving in the rigging! With my wet bandanna tied across my face to protect myself from breathing the old Triple C (Cape Cod Copper) bottom paint, I sanded in the midst of a cloud of red dust. I didn't look much like a new bride! I'd take time to climb the ladder and brew coffee on my diesel stove for the friendly yard workers. The camaraderie in those old "do-it-yourself" boatyards was truly unforgettable.

Finally heading south on our cruise to Mexico, Central America, and beyond we visited Golfito, Costa Rica, where we had an unexpected grounding. We powered into the back bay to visit a new friend. As we were beckoned toward the dock, my lead line indicated very shoal water. I yelled, "Back her down," however, we were hard aground as the tide raced out. With our long, straight keel we sat upright in the mud and prepared to clean the bottom. I was startled when our friend disappeared into the jungle but returned quickly carrying a basket of fruit along with a helper to scrub our hull! No boat charges here for careening our boat! Of course, we carried our own paints and supplies as there were no marine stores in this part of the world, only lots of hard work to get our "floating home" clean for the sail to the Galapagos!

Hauling out in the cradle at the Balboa Yacht Club on the Pacific side of the Panama Canal in 1961 was undoubtedly one of the most exciting experiences I have ever encountered. Waiting for the rising tide and then actually surfing into the wooden cradle gave me some very anxious moments. Once *Bojac* was nestled in the cradle, the workman at the controls pushed the throttle at the appointed time. My heart skipped a few beats as I held onto the shrouds and our boat jumped forward and out of the breakers! At an uphill slant we began the hull work in the hot tropical sun. A very different haul-out in contrast to our Fort Lauderdale boatyard stint we had in 2002.

In 1965, now owning and living aboard my 50' wooden John Alden ketch *Windsong* in New Orleans, Louisiana, we discovered boatyards were harder to locate and more expensive. Preparing for a race to Isla Mujeres, Mexico, we located a yard on the Tchefuncte River, just north of Lake Pontchartrain. We had to hire men to do all the work. A real luxury for me as by then I was caring for my 16-month-old daughter Bonnie. Cooking for nine men and my baby on that long distance sailboat race is yet another challenging tale.

Fortunately Slidell, Louisiana, offered another type of boatyard, far less expensive, where we could do our own work with friendly oyster luggers and shrimpers and their families. We thoroughly enjoyed their camaraderie as we shared buckets of freshly boiled shrimp and raw oysters together. A real family affair! My daughter, then four years old, happily played around the boat as her parents

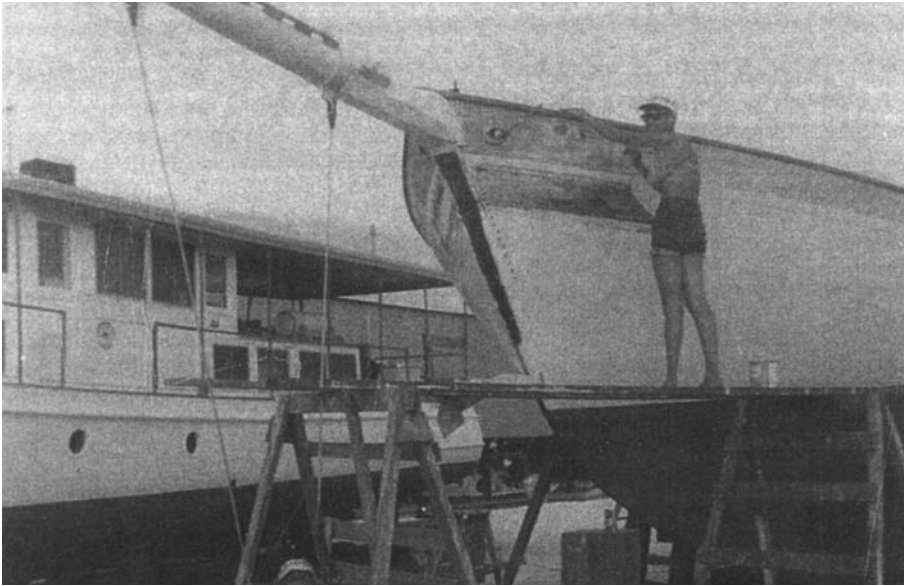


Bojac on the hard at the Balboa Yacht Club in the Panama Canal Zone in 1961.



Working on my 50' John Alden ketch *Windsong* in a yard in Slidell, Louisiana in 1969.



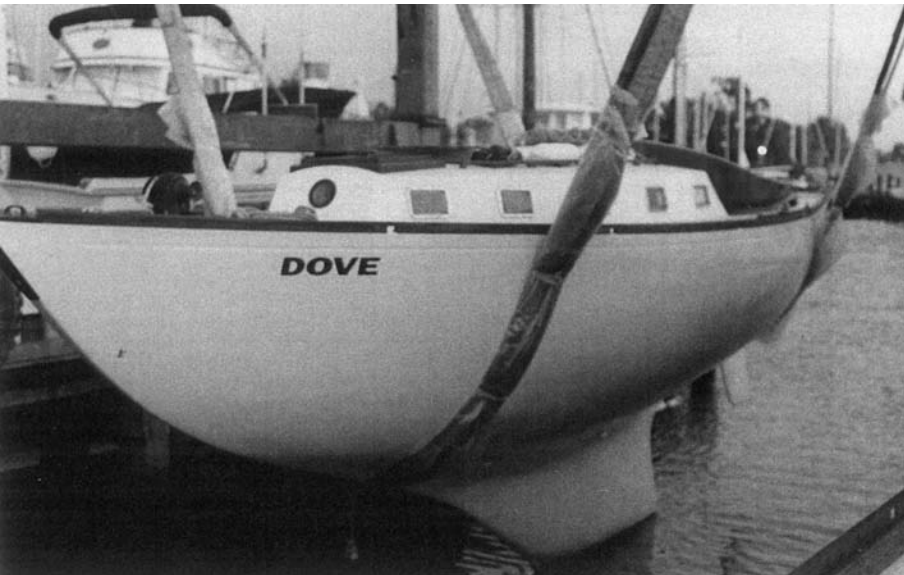


My daughter Bonnie joins me working on *Windsong* in Slidell in 1972.



Windsong hauled out in Marathon, Florida in 1972.

Dove, a 1969 Nautor Swan 36 I purchased in 1989, start of six years of epoxy work for me.



worked on the scaffolding with sanders. Spending Christmas holidays on the hard was always a festive occasion, although Bonnie was concerned whether Santa would be able to find us in the secluded bayou boatyard.

Unstepping masts or removing engines occurred many times through the years. Quite often boatyards were not accessible for these projects so “do-it-yourself” was the name of the game. We used other boats, one time we pulled our main mast with the yardarm of a 82’ Brixham Trawler which proved to work well.

Also, we unstepped our 65’ mast next to a barge hauling gravel in Madisonville, Louisiana. The operator was quite cooperative and after the job was completed we powered back to our dock with the mast lying on our deck. We usually pulled the engine with the boom and a chain hoist (called a come-along or handy billy), saving many dollars by not going to a boatyard. Of course, other cruisers were always near to give advice and a helping hand.

As the many years passed and I lived aboard various wooden boats, I found hauling rather frequently was vitally important due to teredoos, electrolysis, or rot, all serious conditions. Moving to South Florida I found yards were plentiful and there were “do-it-yourself” yards also available, however, quite expensive.

Marathon, in the Florida Keys (1972), was perfect as we found a cradle to protect *Windsong*’s frames and planking. Again we shared the yard with the shrimping community who were hardworking families and always full of stories to share. My daughter Bonnie was able to enjoy the clear magical waters for swimming when not helping with a few minor boat chores.

Very memorable was the haul-out in 1974 at Spencer’s Yard in West Palm Beach, and I truly felt like a “queen.” With *Windsong* having her frames sistered and planking repaired by the professional yard men, Bonnie and I enjoyed the nearby beaches, still lived aboard, luxuriated in the elegant showers and laundromat, and were protected by the friendly security guards. This experience was pure joy, although never to happen again as prices for these luxuries became out of financial reach for a purist like me.

“Do-it-yourself” yards became my only source for hauling as the years passed. In 1989 I purchased a 1969 Nautor Swan 36. *Dove* was hauled at a well-known yard in Fort Lauderdale named River Bend, famous for hauling cruising boats and for folks who wanted to do their own work and purchase their own supplies. It was to be a quick “in and out” as I was ready to cast off my lines and go cruising. Was I in for a huge shock! My first fiberglass boat and I knew nothing about osmosis, blisters, and delamination. Unfortunately, I soon discovered I had a very sick boat. Six years laying up a new hull was a test of my patience, endurance, and fortitude, not to mention expensive, even with my doing all the tedious work myself. Six years of epoxy work was an education in itself. River Bend staff was extremely cooperative, leaving me to struggle on my own with the rigors of yet another boatyard story!

In 2002 I found myself once again just completing a two month stay on the hard at River Bend Boatyard. *Jonathan*, our 42’ wooden and cold molded sloop, fell ill to a small electrolysis problem. A haul-out was an urgent decision as we had developed

unexplained seeping water which would mean disaster if not promptly repaired, so yet another boatyard stay, however, not so long this time. And again, River Bend was most helpful and friendly.

Through these 60-plus years not only have boatyards changed and become more expensive, but also I've discovered that boat owners and their boats have drastically changed. There are fancier yachts with wealthier owners who have the means to hire professional help and are able to install expensive electronics and luxuries. It is encouraging to know there are still purists around, however, few and far between.

And the boatyard chatter, the cherished camaraderie, has taken on a different appearance. Ah, what has happened to the good old days and the fellow "do-it-yourselfers" offering a helping hand? However, there is still the joy of meeting sailors from different countries and all those salty yarns. We come from various backgrounds but share the same commitment to this great life!

Now in 2005 we have a new project, *Kittiwake*, a wooden 26' Sea Bird yawl designed by Tom Day, the past editor of *Rudder* magazine, and built in 1949. However, this time we bought a small house on a 1/4 acre of land to do our extensive restoration. No

boatyards to pay now as we can work right here in our own yard. We are quite anxious to finish *Kittiwake* and begin gunkholing! We are chomping at the bit to discover some peaceful coves here in SW Florida.

Similar to my grandmother's lovely old patchwork quilt that has been treasured and passed on through the generations, hopefully the boating traditions of the past will be remembered and continued as a cherished lifestyle! Join me in a toast to all the glorious days with sandpaper, grinders, scrapers, rollers, epoxy, paint, fiberglass cloth, and paint brushes in hand on the hard!

"Are we having fun yet?"

Still at it in 2005, our latest project *Kittiwake*, a Sea Bird Yawl, in our own backyard in Florida. Jacques and I are already anxious to finish up and get out there gunkholing.



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My father's business as a marine freight forwarder occasionally took him to the piers on the Brooklyn and Staten Island waterfronts, and sometimes on a Saturday I would accompany him. My memories of these visits are of dark, cavernous sheds looming with mountains of sorted bales of raw rubber, sacks of castor and cocoa beans, and cases of tea, fragrant with sharp foreign odors and trepidatious underfoot with rough wooden planks. Visible close-up through the large shed doors were the rust-streaked, salt-stained sides of the deep-sea freighters. Outside on the stringpiece between the shed and the ship was the swaying gangway by which we ascended to the deck. There, in those casual tort-free days, I would roam through the clutter of stacked hatch covers and watch the stevedores loading slings in the depths of the holds to the accompaniment of the syncopated clatter of the leaky steam winches. Thus came about my lifelong interest in ships and shipbuilding.

Later, while we were living at my aunt's house on Staten Island, my father arranged for me to spend Saturdays on the Dalzell steam tugs, mostly servicing tankers on the Kill Van Kull, the narrow waterway between the north shore of Staten Island and New Jersey. The *Dalzellace*, *Dalzellance*, *Dalzellaird*, and *Dalzellea* were WWI wooden Shipping Board boats with coal-fired Scotch boilers and condensing compound steam engines, and the *John J. Timmens*, a smaller and older vessel which had a singular, non-condensing "steeple" compound engine (and whose engineer, I remember, was for some reason in a continual rage at the captain).

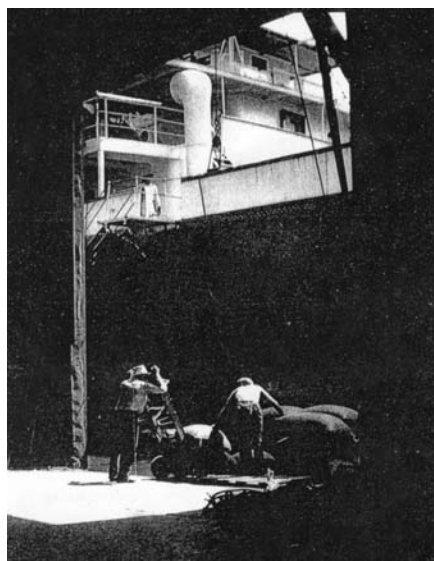


Usually I would meet the tug early in the morning at some pier in St. George, Staten Island (by arrangements made by my father with the dispatcher), and spend most of the day aboard it along the Kill Van Kull as the tug assisted with the movements of the many tankers on that waterway. Once we made a trip across the harbor to Red Hook in Brooklyn. The professional skill of the crews was spectacular, coming alongside a huge moving tanker to put the skipper aboard to direct the docking required the use of a long wooden ladder steadied by the deckhand and was no mean feat, but these men could handle their several hundred tons of tug with the delicacy of a knife and fork.

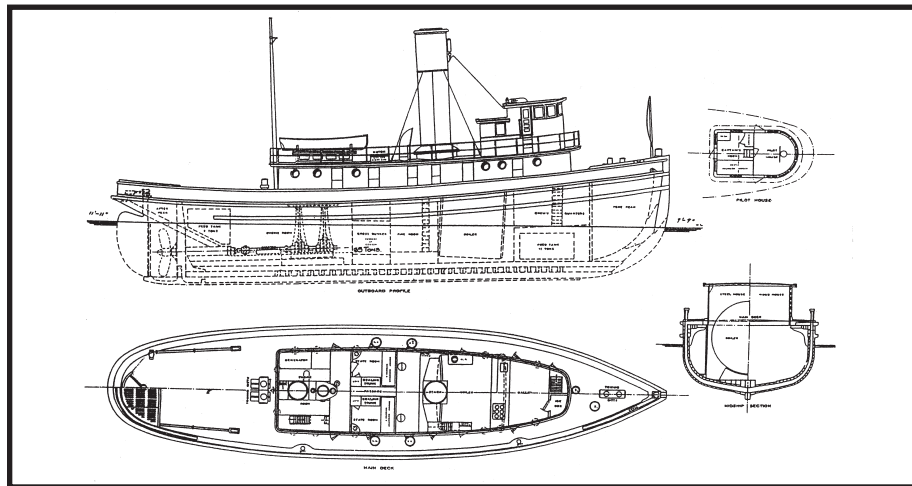
One instance is engraved in my memory (luckily not my tombstone), when a tug made a bow-on landing at a pier to pick me up. The procedure was for the boat to just touch the

Some Special Ships and Shipyards

By Philip Thiel



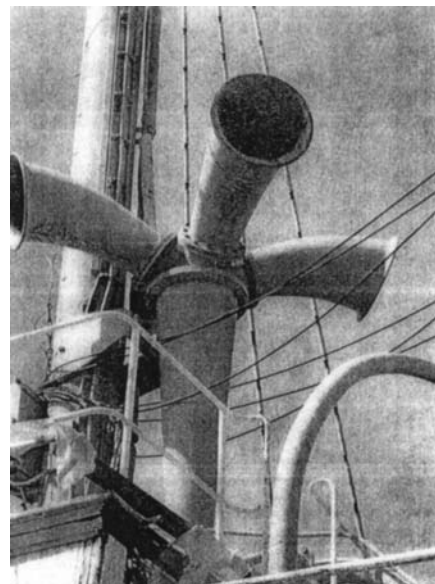
pier and immediately back off but this time, for some reason, I was a bit slow in stepping aboard via the bow fender and found myself starting a "split" with one foot on the pier and the other on the retreating tug. Incredibly, the captain, with several bells and a jingle in signals to the engineer, was able to stop and reverse the direction of this massive object in what must have been a fraction of a second and save me from a very nasty ducking.



Another sort of skill was demonstrated by the cook and much appreciated by a growing adolescent. This culinary master in the forward end of the deckhouse served multi-course meals of roasts, vegetables, potatoes, breads, pies, and coffee at the L-shaped seating around the table across from his big black coal stove. The aromas of all this combined with those of soft coal smoke, hot oil, wet steam, and brackish water is unforgettable.

Sometimes I would spend Saturdays visiting the shops and docks of the U.S. Lighthouse Service adjacent to the ferry terminal at St. George. In that innocent era there were no problems with security and liability and I was free to wander unescorted and at will throughout the city.

In the machine shops I watched precision drilling of the flanges of cast iron fog horns with the skillful use of hammer and cold chisel to correct the spotting of the drill within the bolt circle, the choreography of the turret lathe in its sequence of operations on hexagonal bar stock advancing through a collet chuck under a continuous bath of coolant, and the deft control of the operator of the spinning lathe using yard-long tools to change great discs into bowl-shaped forms.

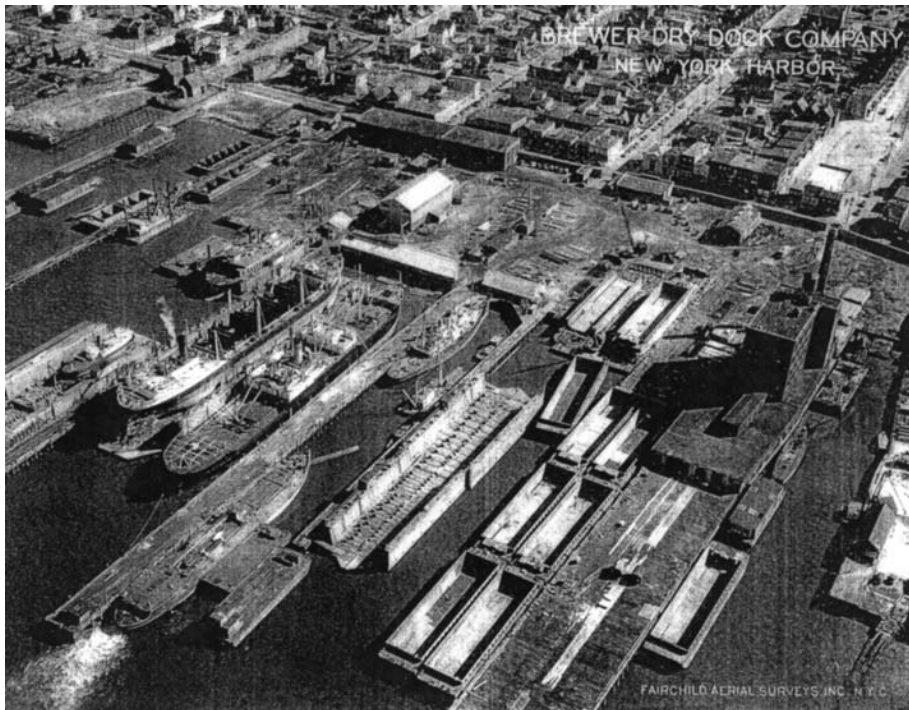


In the docks were the floating equipment of the Service (subsequently gathered into the U.S. Coast Guard) and I acquired a set of blueprints of both a 60' motor buoy

tender and the standard steam-powered light ship. Hours of study of these drawings engendered a respectful appreciation of the organic relationships involved in their design and construction. As the ultimate act of worship I made scale models of both.

But the summer after this I got a job as a shipfitter's helper at one of the shipyards on the Kill Van Kull. This was arranged with the help of Martin Kindlund, a naval architect (Webb, '01) who lived near my aunt. The yard, in industrial Port Richmond, was a 30-minute bus ride from upper middle-class Westerleigh and I commuted daily in working clothes. At first I was assigned to the plate shop where I worked with thin strips of soapstone and light wood patterns to mark

out the irregular shapes of the large heavy steel plates and with hammer and center-punch to locate the position of the many rivet holes, and then with the heavy-duty shears that cut the plates to shape and the presses which punched or drilled the holes. This was light and interesting work, carried out in the open yard and airy shed, and my boss was a gentle and forgiving man.



These plates were destined as replacements for the worn and corroded bottom of the saddleback coal bunker over the boilers of one of the coastwise colliers of the Tracy fleet, then under repair at the yard. The procedure for fitting the new plates was to position them over their supporting frames and fasten them thereto with temporary bolts at intervals along the line of punched holes. The intentionally undersized holes would then be reamed out to proper size for the subsequent insertion and heading up of hot rivets.

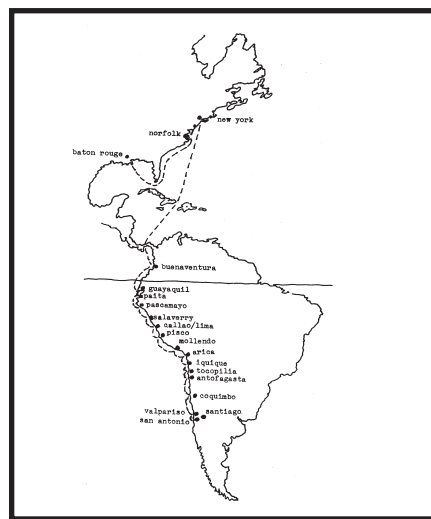
My part in this operation was to crawl over the curved top of the boiler and under the slanting bottom of the bunker to insert the temporary bolts in the positions indicated by my new boss, whose job was the installation of the plates. His indication was made by jabbing motions of the pointed end of a spud wrench through a hole at the intended location.

What made this procedure particularly interesting was that the space between the boiler and the bunker was about 18", requiring me to lay on my back, that the top of the boiler was covered with a thick coat of fine coal dust, that the only illumination in this black, narrow space was an inadequate extension light, and that my boss, an impatient man, had a complete lack of empathetic awareness of, or sympathy for, my newness to the operation and communicated by hammering on the plates a few inches above my ear. It is enough to say that this was a period of accelerating maturity in the realities of the working world.

I should also say that the possibility that the shipyard might have a locker and wash-room for its employees never occurred to me and that, thoroughly begrimed with coal dust as I was, I enjoyed much personal space on the crowded bus rides home.

After my graduation from high school in 1938 my father arranged a two-month summer ocean voyage for me on a small Danish freighter on an out-and-back return trip to the west coast of South America between New York and ports in Columbia, Ecuador, Peru, and Chile. The ship was the *Laila*, and ever since this little sweetheart of 2,900 tons cargo capacity has been the stan-

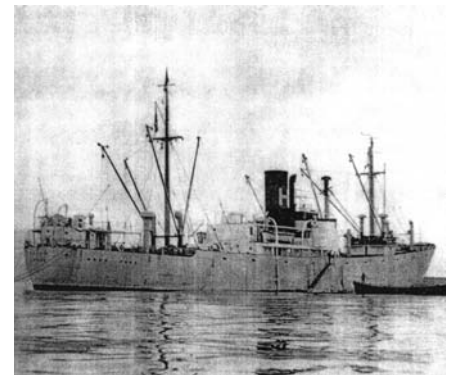
dard by which I measured all others. With two Scotch oil-fired boilers she was powered by the somewhat unconventional Bauer-Wach system with a three-cylinder compound reciprocating engine to which was coupled an exhaust steam turbine with single reduction gearing and a chain drive. She also had a moderately raked stem with a cutaway forefoot and a tumblehome cruiser stern.



We left on a bright Saturday morning from a pier in Brooklyn down to the marks with a full cargo that included a 15-ton bulldozer, and returned eight weeks later with a cargo of sacks of raw sugar and ingots of copper. I was signed on the ship's articles as a "supercargo," but in reality was a passenger, paying \$1 a day for my food.

After the first day's assignment of futilely trying to type a manifest while the ship was rolling 30 degrees port and starboard, I had no duties but to enjoy myself. This included getting stuck in the shaft alley escape, where I could have been trapped for weeks before anyone thought of looking there, and courting sunstroke in the foremast cross-trees while transiting the Panama Canal, to say nothing of photographing the ship's wake hanging over the stern. If I'd slipped I would have been 40 miles astern before my absence was noted.

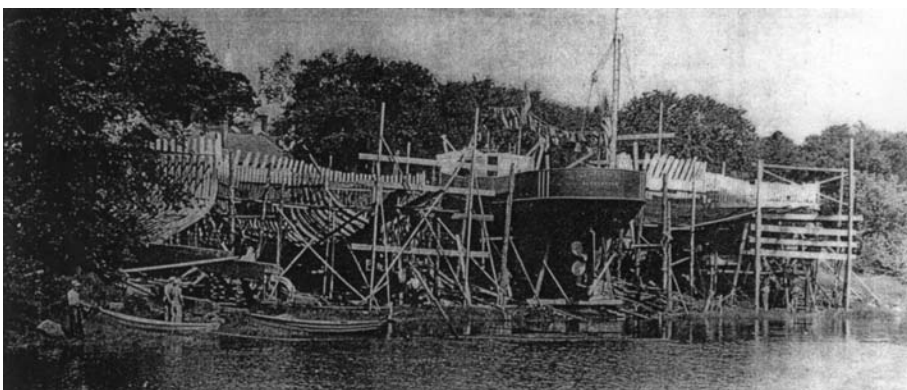
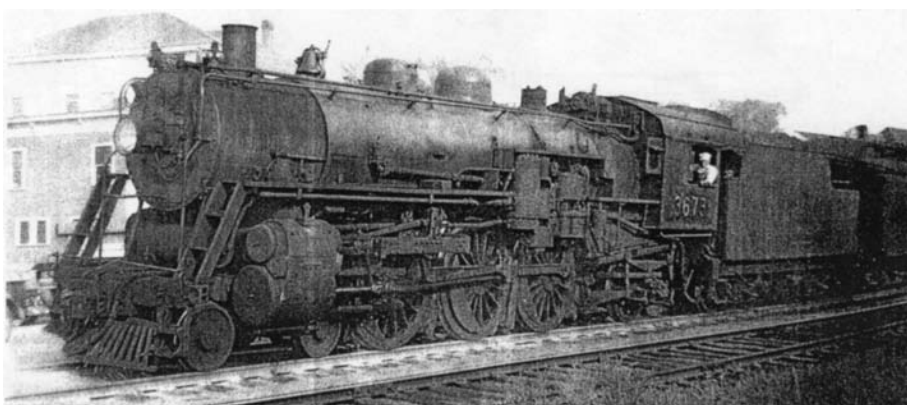
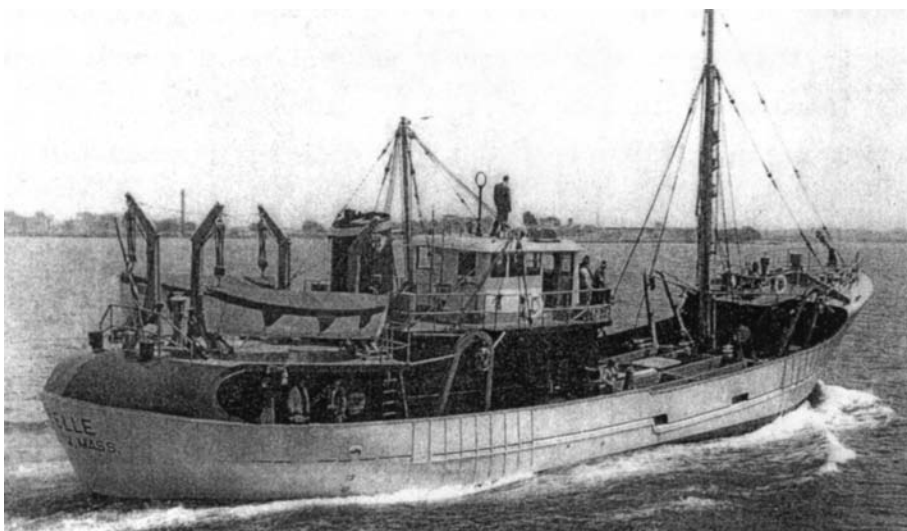
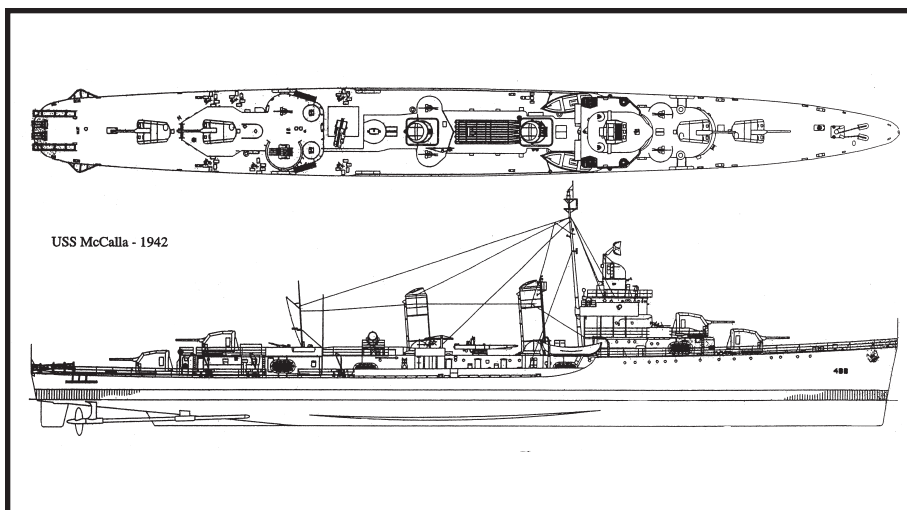
But it also included the midnight scrounging of an oven fresh loaf of bread once a week from Harry the cook and eating the whole crust while watching the phosphorescence in the ship's wake, and exploring small seaport towns while the ship was moored off-shore to buoys discharging cargo into barges alongside. I left the ship briefly at Valparaiso, Chile, and traveled inland to Santiago to spend a few days with a friend of my sister living there. From there I took the train to San Antonio to await the arrival of the ship on its way northbound. I think I must have been a bother at times, because in a sort of atonement I made a little model of the ship and presented it to the captain before the voyage ended.



Later that year I discovered Chapelle's recently published *Yacht Designing and Planning* and things began to take a more serious turn. When I heard that he was associated with a new enterprise in Ipswich, Massachusetts, concerned with the construction of yachts based on traditional American sailing craft, an interested friend and I made a pilgrimage to the yard. This had the immediate consequences of the discovery of the delights of small-town New England and the future consequences of work in the Ipswich yard, and one in Essex, under different circumstances.

In the autumn of 1939 I entered Webb Institute of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, then at its original location at Webb and Sedgewick Avenues in the Bronx, New York. Then followed three summers of required "practical work" in the profession, afloat or ashore.

The first summer was spent as an engine room cadet aboard the *Malchace*, of the Mallory Line, running coastwise between Norfolk, Virginia, and Baton Rouge, Louisiana, with a southbound cargo of bulk soda ash in the hold and caustic soda in eight tankcars on deck. She was a WWI Shipping Board boat, of 5,740 tons deadweight, with two oil-fired Scotch boilers and a triple expansion reciprocating steam engine, with which I became very familiar. Years later I found that she was sunk in April, 1942 by the U-160 off Cape Lookout, North Carolina.



The next summer I was back in Ipswich, where the yard was now concerned with building 50' steel landing barges, composite minesweepers (steel frames, wooden planking), and 110' wooden sub-chasers. Here my mentors were, at first, Sid Stamp, a former English shipfitter who guided my efforts in steel fabrication, and Geerd Hendel, a German naval architect in charge of the design office. Also at work in this office was Dana Story, of nearby Essex, with whom I would have many later adventures,

My final summer work experience for Webb was back on the Kill van Kull at the Bethlehem Steel yard. Here they were building C-1 cargo ships for the U.S. Maritime Commission and destroyers for the U.S. Navy. I was assigned to the "holes gang" on the destroyers and my job was to precisely locate the cutouts to be made in the structural members for the runs of cables and pipes. This took me out on the building ways on ships at all stages of construction and provided further experience in real world practicalities. These included examples of accelerated welding, de-fingering with pneumatic reamers, what to expect when working under hot riveting, and where were the likely locations for surreptitious snoozes.

After graduation from Webb in the spring of 1943 I went to work for George Colley (Webb '12) in Boston. Here I worked mostly on plans for several sizes of side-fishing trawlers, as well as on a build-it-yourself ferryboat for Lake Champlain. Mr. Colley's concern for the crew's working conditions and comfort in their arduous service was a revelation and inspiration for me. With this work in Boston I could live in Ipswich with a one-hour commute on the Boston and Maine Railroad, equipped with the last remaining open vestibule wooden coaches with blue velour seats in American mainline service, pulled by handsome Pacific (4-6-2) coal-burning locomotives.

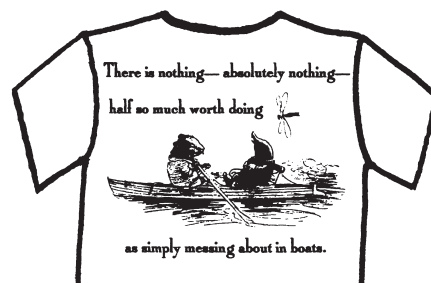
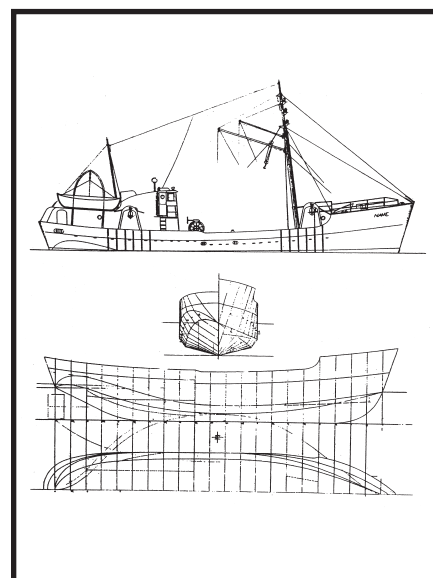
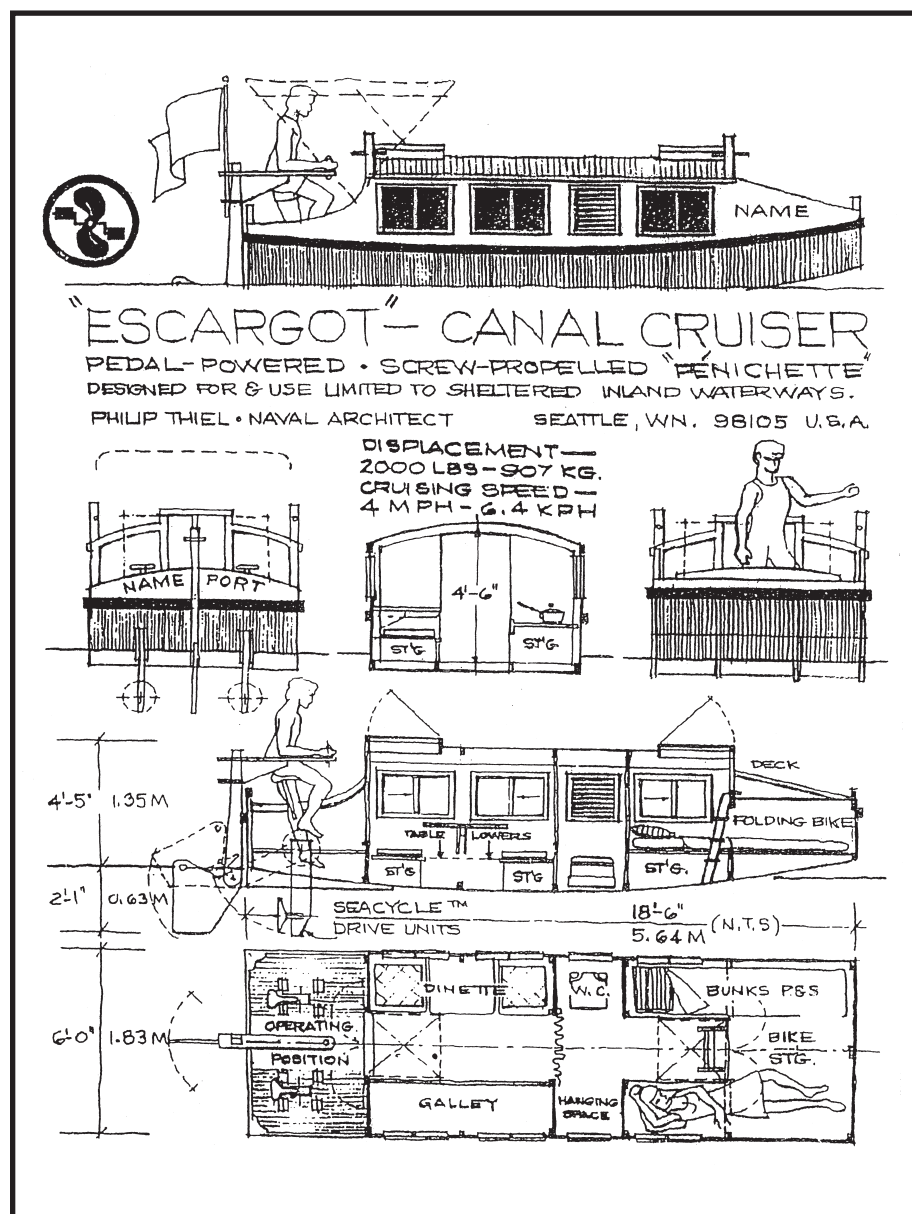
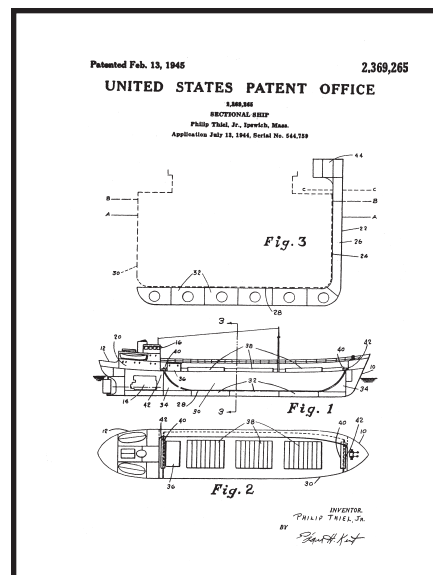
Mr. Colley's untimely death in 1945 compelled the closure of the office, but coincided with Dana Story's decision to reopen his family's Essex shipyard with a contract for building a 100' sawn-frame wooden dragger for Gloucester interests. As a partner in this venture I designed the hull, assisted in its lofting, and subsequently took advantage of the opportunity to round out my yard experience in this type of construction by lining plank. Dana's book, *Growing Up in a Shipyard*, provides an eloquent account of all this and the human side of a small-town New England shipyard dating from 1650.

While at Webb I wrote a senior thesis on the design of a "sectional" ship in which the cargo holds formed a part of the hull but could be detached in port and exchanged with others to reduce the idle in-port downtime. The novelty of this concept was rewarded in 1945 with a patent (#2,369,265), and when this expired 17 years later it was applied in the form of the LASH system as a variation of the present containerization operation.

While working in Boston I developed some ideas for the simplified construction of small steel craft and now Isadore Bromfield, who owned the 130' side trawler *Lark*, and who manufactured trawl winches at a yard in East Boston, asked me to design a steel trawler which could be built without the usual shipyard equipment and skills. I worked up a design for a double chine simplified hull form with a double bottom ballast

This was followed by the offer of an instructorship at MIT to teach naval architecture. There was also the possibility to take other courses at MIT while doing this and this was a major factor in the next event. The teaching was an enjoyable challenge but the

This was not to lessen my love for ships in the slightest, but to provide greater opportunities for the exercise of my aesthetic design interests in spatial/social issues and applications. I am still an (associate) member of the SNAME and have introduced a freehand drawing course at Webb. One of my designs for a human-powered canal cruising boat has achieved a certain success in England and Germany, and I take great delight in cruising the backcountry French canals every autumn, savoring the varieties of the civic spaces in the towns and villages thus encountered.



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When most people hear the word falcon, more than likely they get an image of a beautiful bird of prey soaring high above or diving after its meal with its talons at the ready. Or some might recall a small model of car manufactured by Ford some years ago.

Solidly embedded in my mind is the 14' centerboard sloop that I built back in the late 1940s when I was 14 years old. Every month I would devour each issue of *Mechanics Illustrated* cover to cover, paying special interest to the boatbuilding plans that were in just about every issue. When I first saw the plans for the 14' sloop Falcon I fell totally in love and knew I just had to build her.

My financial position at the time meant working on a very tight budget. Any income at that time came from a pretty good-sized paper route (over 60 customers) and miscellaneous odd jobs I could pick up around town. I started out getting some of that wide brown paper that the local markets had on a large roll that they used to wrap just about everything up in back in those days. When I asked for 30¢ of it the man behind the counter asked what I was going to do with it, and when I told him that I wanted to draw full size plans for a 14' sailboat he rolled off 40' and only charged me a quarter.

I set up a table using sawhorses and some Homasote in the barn behind the house and set out drawing the plans full scale. First came the stem which was made in two pieces scarfed and bolted together. Then the four frames were drawn and finally the transom. Looking at the drawings full size and making rough measurements on the floor, I started to wonder if I could really do this.

One of my friends at the time was Roger Clemens whose father owned a small lumber yard down at the far end of our street. When I met with Mr. Clemens and told him what I wanted to do, he welcomed me with open arms. Without his help in supplying me with materials at his cost and letting two of his shop workers help by getting the pieces milled to size, I never would have been able to make my Falcon become a reality.

The plans and directions in *Mechanics Illustrated* called for doing all the construction in proper boatbuilding ways such as using white oak for framing, mast step and partner, deck beams, clamps, chines, carlins, keel, inner keel, stem, etc. Marine plywood was required for the hull, transom, decking, and centerboard well. Fastenings were to be bronze and Sitka spruce for the mast and boom. Marine glues and paint to be used throughout.

Well now. If I was to take this expensive route I never would be able to sail this boat that I had fallen in love with. It was like, sure I'd like to drive a Caddy but reality has me getting around in a beat-up old Chevy. The only way I could make my boat come to life was by using local red oak throughout and exterior grade plywood which back then came with more layers, fewer plugs, and I think better glue. Fastenings would be galvanized and spars would be made of fir. I did use resorcinol glue because it was inexpensive back then. All of the primer and paints were oil based house paint. Varnish was the economy brand from the local hardware store.

To get started I made a form for the keel and frame locations and fastened it securely to the floor at a good working height, the hull being built upside down. I made up the stem, frames, and transom and positioned them on the form. Keel, chines, and clamps were all fastened in place. I put the three deck beams

Falcon

By David Simonds

that went clamp to clamp in place to strengthen things when the plywood was put on the sides and bottom. Glue was applied anywhere wood met wood and fastened with galvanized screws.

I definitely don't want to make it sound easy. It took a lot of time figuring things out, sawing angles and bevels, always measuring and marking twice and sawing once, trimming a little here and there, and a lot of planing to make things fit just right.

The plywood sides went on without too much trouble. The time and trouble came with the bottom plywood, especially at the forward end. I wound up with braces from the overhead slowly forcing it down into place, all the while keeping it covered with rags soaked in boiling water. It was a slow process but turned out successfully. The outer keel was put on and the slot for the centerboard was cut. Sanded and with a coat of primer applied she was ready to be taken off the form and turned right side up. What a project! Many hands made light work of it and a great party afterwards.

After getting her set up on low sawhorses and braced securely it was time to build the rest of the deck beams, mast partner and step, breasthook, and, of course, the centerboard well or trunk if you prefer. The well consisted of a post at each end, the plywood sides, and what I will call the well bedlogs, one on each side. The posts went all the way through the slot to be even with the outer keel and each were fastened there and the forward post was also fastened at the top to a deck beam at the forward end of the cockpit. The bedlogs on each side were bolted all the way through with carriage bolts, the heads being let in flush in the outer keel. Extra care was taken in its construction. Glue was liberally applied and the inside pre-finished with primer and paint. The hole for the centerboard pivot pin was precisely drilled and a cotton wick soaked in and coated with tar was put in position between the bedlogs and inner keel and the bolts tightened down.

Due to my limited budget I deviated from the instructions from time to time. The centerboard itself I made from plywood with a cutout at the low point that I poured full of lead made by melting a whole bunch of lead fishing sinkers. I put a piece of galvanized pipe through the well for the board to pivot on, securing the pipe with a bolt and rubber washers and tar to make it water tight. The line to raise and lower the board just ran through a hole in the centerboard well cap and forward to a cleat on the cap. The whole setup seemed to work pretty well.

With everything put together except putting on the plywood decking, I gave the whole inside a good coat of primer. The forward decking came back a little over 5' and the after deck came forward just under 3'. The side decking was about a foot on each side, making a cockpit area roughly 5' long by 3-1/2' wide. The deck had a nice shaped crown to it and the plywood deck went on with a fair amount of ease.

The next step was canvassing the deck, something I didn't know too much about. The canvas I got was not the heavyweight stuff so it was fairly easy to handle. I did my best at putting a liberal amount of paint all

over the decking and then laying the canvas on and stretching and tacking it all around and along the inside of the cockpit. Immediately after tacking I brushed paint into the canvas, thoroughly saturating it with the hope that it would bond securely with the paint under it. Inspection the next day proved that it did.

Removable floor boards were installed along with cap on the centerboard well. Cockpit coamings went on as well as the rubrails and a small block around the mast partners. The last to go on was a nice piece of oak about 3' long and 6" wide, half of it sticking out forward to make a proud bowsprit.

Now came the long tedious job of painting both inside and out with two coats. Getting the inside up under the decking had to be one of the hardest jobs of the whole project. The rudder was made out of plywood and oak with an oak tiller. The tiller, cockpit coamings, rubrails, centerboard well cap, mast hole block, and bowsprit were all varnished.

The mast, which I made out of fir, was box style. Two wide pieces for the sides with smaller ones for the edge and filler blocks put in where needed. The whole assembly was shaped, glued, and fastened together. It turned out to be a lot stronger than I expected. The boom was made from two pieces of fir glued together and then sawn and planed to shape. Both spars received many coats of varnish.

I was fortunate to be able to get most of the hardware and rigging locally and at reasonable prices except for a few items like sail track and gooseneck for the mast and boom which I got through Merriman Bros. in Boston.

The boat was as good as done and here I was with no money left to buy the sails. The sails for Falcon were made by Alan Clarke Sailmakers of New York and sold for \$80 for the main and jib. For the next month I took on any job that I could get my hands on and managed to get about \$30 together. I was going crazy as the days turned into weeks and I don't know what I would have done if my older sister hadn't come through for me. One evening at the supper table she gave me the \$50 I needed and said, "Pay me back when you can, I can't stand to see you like this." I never hugged my sisters ("YUCK") but this time I hugged her tight even though she kept pushing me away.

The sails finally arrived and I stepped the mast and rigged everything outside the barn. I hoisted the sails, they set beautifully, and with family and friends there it was a momentous occasion in my life. I had to be the happiest young lad in the world.

Building this boat had to be the most involved project that I took on as a youth. Looking back now I realize it taught me a lot more than just how to build a boat. Like how to figure things out on my own, independence, economics, determination, patience, how to deal with people, and, of course, pride along with other things that I was to meet in life's road ahead.

The launching of my Falcon took place at our cottage on Muddy Pond. Fully rigged and with all gear aboard she floated perfectly on her lines and, most important of all, she didn't leak a drop of water. With the rudder hung on the transom and the centerboard lowered, I hoisted the main and jib. The sails filled with the gentle breeze and we glided silently toward the open water in the middle of the pond. I was totally amazed at how well she sailed. She went to windward easily on a close haul, tacked effortlessly, and reached

with much more speed than I had expected. Sailing downwind with the sails wing-on-wing and the board almost all the way up she seemed to want to leap up on top of the water.

It wasn't long before I wanted more than Muddy Pond's small size and fluky winds had to offer. I wound up mooring my Falcon at the summer home of a good friend that was located on Quaboag Lake in Brookfield, Massachusetts. I kept it there for much of the next five years that I owned it. Quaboag was a much better lake for sailing, being fairly large with much steadier winds.

My friends also had two sailboats at their cottage, one being a dinghy and the other a 14' open knockabout type sloop. When we had summer get togethers, two or three guys and gals would get in the knockabout and the same in my Falcon. Then we'd attack each other in a sail by, bow to bow, the windward boat having the advantage. As we'd pass by each other really close we'd throw buckets of water, splash water with paddle or hands or any way we could to try and get the most water into the other's boat. If the windward boat hit the leeward boat's shroud or touched it in any way it meant disqualification. The object was to see who could get the most water into the other's boat in a set number of passes. My Falcon being decked over so much was just about always the winner even though we didn't always get the windward advantage. We would sail all over that beautiful lake summer after summer. I think back about how it was such a great way we teenagers spent our summers and what a happy time it was.

One last great adventure that took place with my Falcon happened the fourth summer that I had her. Three of us good friends trailered her up to Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire. We found a small marina located in the southwest part of the lake near West Alton that let us launch and leave the car and trailer there. It had been a five-hour trip up from Brookfield and was already mid-afternoon. We stowed our gear aboard and set sail. The late afternoon breeze took us a couple of miles to one of the nearby islands where we pulled the boat up and spent the night.

The next day the breeze really picked up and we were able to sail up to the islands off of Glendale and Weir's Beach. One couldn't ask for a better day for sailing. As the wind came around out of the northwest and increased we decided that we better head back. We cut a small sapling from one of the islands for a whiskerpole and, with sails winged out, we raced before the wind almost planing at times. Crossing the real wide part of the lake that was called "The Broads" was a real thrill because the waves built up to a pretty good size and it was like surfing down them at times.

It was late evening and the sun was setting when we got back to the marina and hauled the boat. Darkness was upon us as we made our way back up along the shore road where we found a small rustic campground to spend the night. Tired but really happy about the way our adventure went, we all slept a little late the next morning. With all our gear loaded we bid farewell to the lake and headed back to Brookfield.

After having sailed my Falcon for five summers, the time came for me to let her go. I got the news in the mail that I was due to be drafted into the service within the next couple of months, so I immediately put the boat up for sale. A nice young couple from

Webster, Massachusetts, bought her and kept her at their home located on Lake Chargoggagogg-manchaugagoggchaubunagungmaugg, also known as Webster Lake (I'm not kidding, check it out. My spelling is questionable.) I'm told that according to Indian lore it translates into something like this, "You fish on your side of the lake, I'll fish on my side of the lake, and nobody fish in the middle." True? I don't know.

I wound up being drafted into the U.S. Army (I wanted Navy) and did my tour in Korea. After getting home from the service a little over two years later I learned that my Falcon was still being sailed on that beautiful lake. It made me feel good to know that my Falcon that I had fallen in love with so many years before was still thrusting her proud bow through the clear waters of that lake and that someone else was enjoying her as much as I had. Good things do happen.

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I was somewhat surprised to read in this magazine's "You write to us about..." section in the January 1, 2006 issue, that Captain Gnat is of the opinion that the use of gronicles was discontinued by 1858; then he makes the bold claim... baseless, given the evidence... that "the gronicle has passed into obscurity." Obviously he isn't familiar with the literature; see, for example, the old *Mariner's Catalog* (International Marine Publishing Company, Camden, Maine, seven volumes published annually beginning in 1972).

Various correspondents have suggested that the modern gronicle (note that some scholars refer to it as a gronacle) had its origins in the Acme Foundry and Machine Shop of Belleville, North Dakota, in 1953, when the base metal of mild steel of the original model was replaced with a nickel-silver alloy and the band in way of the clewnet was made of phosphor bronze which was said to allow superior stiffness with resiliency. The steel of Acme's pre-case-hardened gronicle was said to have been of the Swedish type, as the first owner of the Acme Foundry was Sven Svensonson, the son of Sven Svenson, the grandson of Sven Sven, the great-grandson of Sven ("The Hammer") of Oland.

The introduction of the Acme Patented Gronicle ("Case-Hardened the Way Nature Intended It to Be") is said to have marked a new era in durability and functionality; that is because it was case hardened in a hot oil bath, then cooled in a vacuum chamber under a liquid nitrogen mist. As the inferior mild steel gronicles are reputedly still manufactured by various Taiwanese foundries, however, always look for the Acme trademark.

I have read that over the years since 1953 the Acme company introduced several variations on their original patented model: in 1963, the Mod II, a miniature bronze gronicle with a raised clewnet, especially fabricated for sailing canoes; in 1974, a new, superior version, the Mod III, which featured a square-sectioned clewnet for improved bearing at the fraglinch; and in 1986, the Mod IV, with a titanium band in place of phosphor bronze in way of the clewnet, which was specially machined without

The Gronicle Chronicle

By Peter H. Spectre

threads (some enthusiasts were trying to use the Mod III for competition rowing, but the word is that the threaded clewnet could interfere with the sliding seat's wheels under certain conditions; furthermore, the phosphor-bronze reinforcing band could fail when flexed under stress).

Even though gronicles seem to have been used to great advantage in modern sailing vessels, there are those who say they are at their best in the more traditional rigs. Unfortunately, finding case-hardened Acmes in sizes appropriate for the larger vessels has become quite difficult, as the Acme company seems to have gone out of business during the last recession and the Asian foundries have yet to take up the slack. In their absence I have heard that some sailors have substituted a wire seizing for the gronicle, which seems like an obvious solution, but they have found to their dismay that it has an adverse effect on the tension of the tuckerstay. It is better to use a fragnut, some say, especially if you can find one with the same metallic composition as the Acme gronicle; the tuckerstay will then remain taut no matter the tack the vessel is on. Best, a fragnut will look much better than a wire seizing. After all, we want our traditional vessels to continue to look traditional, do we not?

Those thinking about collecting gronicles for their antique value should know that many experts recommend that they stay away from non-Acme's with a "BS" stamp, however exceptional they may seem. I've heard that most sellers of these claim that they are most genuine (as you know, there are three grades... "genuine," "more genuine," and "most genuine," which sounds like a lot of legalistic hair-splitting to me, but you know the antiques business) when in fact the "BS" type are said to be, at best, only genuine and therefore hardly worth collecting.

Several of my correspondents have seen these "BS" style gronicles from time to time, though I have not. In fact, they are said to be particularly common on Long Island Sound, for reasons that are difficult to understand they are said to be especially prized by members of the New York Yacht Club. Experts say that if you carefully examine the ear in way of the clewnet on a "BS" type you will find some particularly crude brazing. It is also said that a brazed gronicle is inherently weak and will eventually fall, usually just when you need it most. Most serious collectors say that the Acme is the only way to go.

I have heard that back in 1972 Acme sued the Wood Neck Marine Antiques Exchange in Sippewissett, Massachusetts, for patent infringement and that the case was settled out of court. If that is true I suspect the gronicles marked "TS" were the ones at issue in that case, as many experts have noted that the proprietors of the Exchange were well known for having counterfeited cast marine hardware. Mr. Fred Brooks of the Exchange, in fact, is reputed to be the real expert on gronicles, though getting in touch with him isn't easy. The Exchange suspended operations back in the early '90s and I have heard that Mr. Brooks is now living "somewhere near Puerto Vajarta," though I somehow doubt that as he can't speak Spanish.

By the way, despite all the documentation there still are those who think there is no such thing as a gronicle (or gronacle). Walter J. Simmons, for example, in his boatbuilder's dictionary *Pigeons and Gudgeons* (Duck Trap Press, Lincolnville Beach, Maine), claims that the gronicle is a spurious term for a non-existent object. He also claims that I invented the word for reasons unknown. If that is so, why are there records indicating that the Acme Foundry and Machine Shop was awarded the Ironmonger Institute's Gold Medal in 1954, specifically for their revolutionary case-hardened model, and why is it said that a patent infringement suit involving the device was settled out of court in 1972? You can't receive an award or have your socks sued off for something that doesn't exist.

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I had to reactivate the old real Grumman Sport Boat last fall. It is in its original configuration and in its original location after a long, long hiatus. There it sits down at our big swampy pond in the little creek that connects the north and south ends through the "divide." Back when my family first came here in 1886 they attempted to raise rice in that pond and set a bunch of people to work ditching and built a dam across the narrow part between the north and south ends of the pond. That's the south end you are looking at astern of the boat.

It didn't work. All those natural weeds choked out the rice. That's the old, original (?), weedless (?) Evinrude Lightwin on the stern there. That boat and that engine have stayed down there in the weather so much that most of the paint has weathered off the engine. In a torrential rain the boat will fill up and sink down so the head of the engine is barely above water, but there is enough flotation in the stern seat to save it. The reason it is down there ready to go like that is because we have been baiting up bullnecks (ringnecked ducks).

You can't see a ring on their necks... it's on their bills... but they have big, thick, short necks ("bullnecks"). They are very small diving ducks that fly like a bullet. To me there is no flying thing as spectacular as a flight of bullnecks. We harbor them on the big old swampy pond, or did before it went dry. Now the old pond is full again and full of all the weeds and stuff that grew there during the drought. It is an ideal duck habitat and the wood ducks (we call them "summer ducks" because they are here year round) are thick as fleas down there, but the bullnecks who spend the summers up north were late this year.

Summer ducks are dabblers and will get out of the water and walk around in the woods and eat acorns and things so they aren't as vulnerable to corn baiting as bullnecks. They stay down there around our pond all the time but bullnecks love corn and, if you bait up a good-sized lake, they'll flock in there and get shot by the dozens. Somehow duck hunters have some kind of agreement with the government that allows the ones with plenty of money to get away with murder. It is illegal to pour corn in the water and then shoot the ducks that come to eat it, but it is not illegal to drain a big pond and plant corn in it and then, just before duck season, run a combine through the whole field and harvest the corn and just let it pour out of the corn picker onto the ground and then flood the pond (or pump it full... some of these rich people around here have an 8" well and an irrigation pump running off of an 8V92 Detroit diesel engine... (500 hp... will fill a pond in a hurry). We think that is a travesty.

Jane and I had been spreading 200 pounds of corn a week in the old pond using the old Chickenfeed boat and that 3hp engine. I was afraid that the bullnecks would have forgotten about their old refuge during the five years the pond has been dry, and it looked like they had because they weren't coming to the deep holes we had spread the corn in (bullnecks can dive 40' deep) during the week before opening day of duck season. We saw a few canvasbacks and I heard some mallards over there in the north end in Summer Duck City but no bullnecks.

It cooled off for opening day (November 19) though and I was down in the woods hunting deer when daylight came and I heard the duck hunters open up down on Lake Iamonia (about seven miles away as the

Bullnecks

By Robb White

duck flies). It didn't take long for them to kill or run off the few ducks that were lingering around where their pre-season corn used to be (the officials at public lakes are very diligent). I heard a few summer ducks fly over me on their way to our pond but not many.

Our rich neighbor over across the road has a little (maybe 15 acre) duck pond but it is no competition for our 70 (plus or minus) acres of ideal habitat and I didn't hear a single shot from over there. I know those people were out there in their blinds with their L.L. Beans on and I know they were disappointed when they came back to the "lodge" empty handed. Hell, some of them had probably flown all the way down from no telling where in the Lear jet for opening day. The trouble was that their corn was in water too deep for wood ducks to reach and the bullnecks were still up north.

Then, the second week of duck season, I saw all that weather on the weather channel coming across up north and I said, "Jane, let's go get some more corn... bullnecks are coming." We hurried to the corn store and loaded up the trunk of the Kia until the springs squatted to the axle (I am not sure it has any springs... drives about like a go-cart). We poled the heavy loaded Grumman out to where it wasn't too weedy for the little three to run and moseyed out to the deep part. You know, that's one thing I have discovered. A heavily loaded boat will run in lily pads better than a light boat. I think it is because it pushes the lily pads aside instead of trying to run over them and getting them sucked onto the bottom and dragging on all those Grumman rivets sticking out all along the keel. If Grumman made airplanes like they do boats they wouldn't be able to fly. Flat bottomed boats ain't worth a flip in weeds.

We baited three deep, clear holes. I unzipped the string and held the 50# sack on my lap and let the corn dribble over the transom into the prop wash of the old engine. The pond is very clear and I could see the yellow corn swirling as it sank. You know the objective is not to feed the darn ducks but just to give them a little outlet for their cravings. All ducks are greedy but I think bullnecks are the most craving of all. They live for the moment and I think that if they can find a kernel of corn every now and then they'll stay and eat natural food instead of flying off to get shot gobbling some real bait. That's the theory anyway.

We did the last baiting job on Wednesday and then the cold weather came down here and we had a delightful day and night of steady winter rain. Like in the old Ray Charles song, it felt like it was raining all over the world. It has been a very dry fall (which is usual down here). I shot one deer that was standing in the fire lane, and when he fell it puffed up a cloud of dust. I had to dust him off like you beat a rug before I skinned him. I shot some more deer during and after the rain (the limit is 12 in Georgia and I aim to get them all... all these children ate the seven I killed last year by the middle of the summer). I had deer hanging all over the screen porch where I store scrap (?) wood that week.

I didn't go anywhere near the pond but while I was hunting I thought I heard the whistle of bullnecks high in the sky and hoped they had found our offering. Then, early on the second Saturday of duck season, I was down in the woods when legal day came and I heard what sounded like a war down at Lake Iamonia. It only lasted about 30 seconds, though. There were a few scattered shots after the initial barrage and I heard three shots from the rich man's pond across the road and then I heard a thousand wings. I hurried down to where I could see the pond and got Momma's tiny binoculars (genuine Zeiss... my mother's retirement present from 50 years working for the Red Cross) out of my pocket and watched them land.

You know, bullnecks don't just fly in and flop like mallards. They make a real production of landing on the water. For one thing, they always make a circuit or two of the whole situation to see what's what. Bullnecks fly about 100 mph and they bank in unison in a most spectacular way. Their wings whistle most marvelously the whole time. The landing of all those bullnecks was some dramatic stuff, I tell you. They hit the water doing about 50... turned 30 acres white. I was mesmerized.

One year the rich man flew over our pond in his Lear jet and noticed those ducks. Then, about daylight every morning that same jet flew very low over the pond and scared the ducks off. Do you think I was dismayed and perplexed and helpless? Hell no, I had gone to school with his pilot and all I had to do was go to the airport and have a few words with him when he landed... haven't seen that jet over our place again. You want to know what I said? "Which seat you sit in?" I asked and when he told me he sat in the left seat, I said, "Well, if you fly over that pond and notice a little flash of light from down there you better swap seats in a hurry."



The new rowboat now has a name. I am superstitious and feel that this is a must. I really felt that I was pushing my luck by even considering splashing a boat without a name. From now on the new rowboat will be *Ratty's Boat*. I was thinking real hard one day, feeling badly because the boat had no name, then I saw myself in the mirror and looked at the T-shirt that I was wearing and the name came to me. *Ratty's Boat* came home from its second in-water test and got a paint job, name, and a Minnesota license that made it an officially registered water craft until December of 2007.

The boat may be a wooden boat but it has a couple coats of epoxy over the entire boat inside and out. To paint this boat it must be treated like an epoxy boat. First thing is to get rid of the amine blush. I don't understand the chemistry involved but I have learned the hard way that this waxy blush can really screw up a paint or varnish job. You may not even see or feel the blush but, believe me, it is there. Fortunately it comes off easily with soapy water. I like to wash the boat thoroughly before I begin any final sanding. When the boat is sanded smooth with 100 or 120 grit the time has come to apply a prime for the paint.

I happen to like Interlux products. For the amateur builder it is hard to find a better finish than Interlux Bright Side. Bright Side is a medium hard enamel that flows on well with a brush. I don't understand why many builders choose to use the two-component paints that are out there. Those paints are for the pros and even they mess up sometimes. Some of these paints are very toxic and I certainly won't recommend them to any amateur.

I really like Bright Side. It has a primer that should be applied first. This primer is a

In My Shop - 7

By Mississippi Bob

soft, easily sandable paint. One thick coat is applied, then when it is dry most of this paint is sanded back off with finer grit papers. The primer should be translucent by the time sanding is done. This coat of paint should have filled the small pin holes and scratches left from the 120 grit paper.

When ready to put on a finish coat, what can I say? It has taken me 60 years of painting things to learn to brush toward the finished part. I recently learned that it works better that way. I have also learned to go around the boat from right to left. Buy a decent brush and take care of it. Paint loads into a brush by capillary action. A beat-up old brush that has bristles going every which way won't hold paint very well. The bristles must lay close together, then the paint will travel up between the bristles and slide back out when the brush is pulled across the surface being painted. I just learned that recently. If I live long enough I might become a decent painter.

For varnish I have found that a cheap foam brush seems to work quite well. I don't understand why. There is a lot that I don't know about finishing but I can get a good workboat finish and that is my goal.

On my second outing I realized that the outriggers for the oars didn't work well at all at the forward rowing station. I needed something to lift the oar locks to keep the oars off my knees and also spread them a bit wider. I could have built another set of outriggers but

I decided that I could build up a wedge that would allow my existing outriggers to work at both stations.

While all the painting and varnishing was going on I built a centerboard and rudder. They were both built out of two layers of 9mil plywood. I wanted the boards heavy enough so they were not terribly buoyant. I laminated the foils with two layers of some 20oz woven roving in the center between the two plywood panels. This made them quite heavy and also created a very hard edge that I could fair down to.

The jury is still out on how this boat will be steered. I started out by mounting a short cross beam on top the rudder head and attached a rope to either end. The passenger, or should I say coxswain, can hold these lines and steer very effectively. The rudder comes off when I row solo, it seems that it is not needed when I'm alone in the boat.

I am going to try using a push-pull stick attached to the starboard side of the cross beam and see how that works. I have considered a tiller but it would have to be a long one and the passenger would have to sit sideways in the boat. I may yet build a tiller for sailing but it would have to be fairly long and I would need a hiking stick to get any meaningful rudder angle.

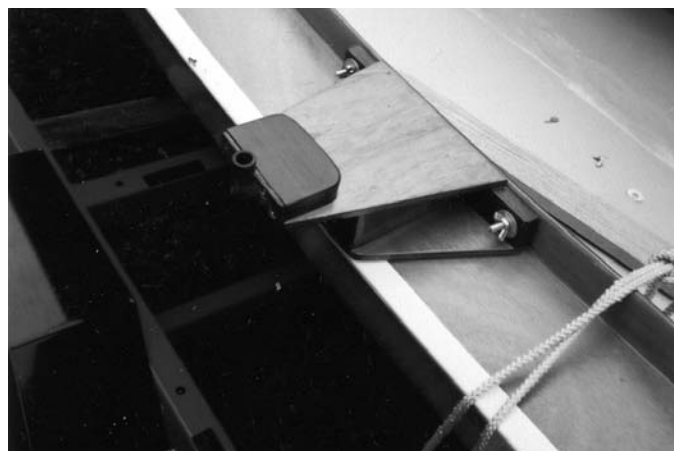
Fall has turned into winter and the boat has been stored upside down for the winter. All boat work seems to have stopped as we approach the holiday season. I have replaced my old wood burner with a new larger one so after the holidays are over and I get my life back I can warm up the shop much faster and I can probably keep it warmer on the really cold days.

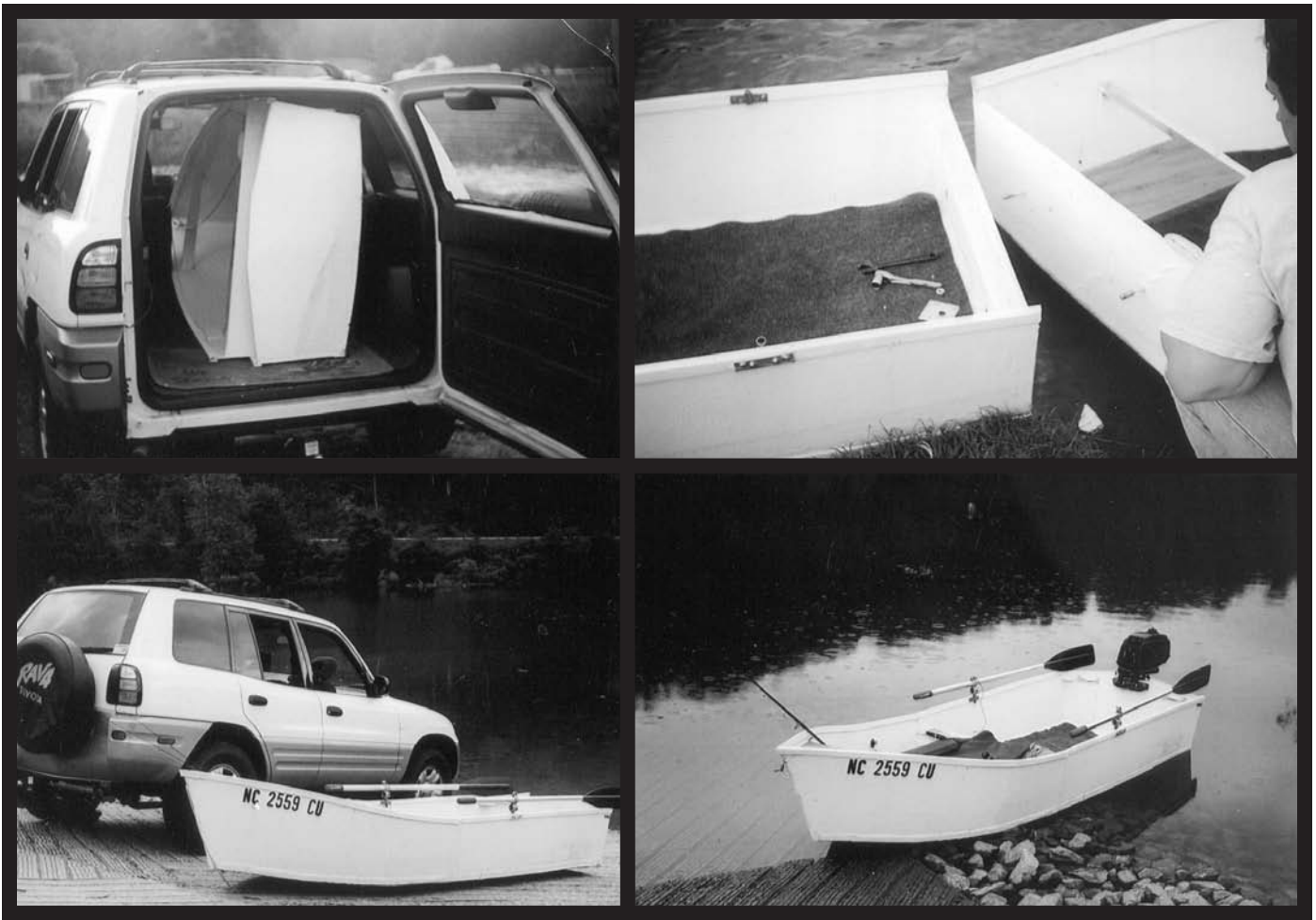


At the oars in the solo rowing station.
Outrigger and wedge sitting on forward deck.



Ratty's Boat ready to travel on its new trailer.
Detail of the outrigger in the rear solo station.





An SUV Boat?

Addressing a recent article contrasting the liabilities of car topping and trailering, I took the law into my own hands. Since both options are a drag, especially on the Interstate, I decided to build a two-part nesting red fish boat that would fit into an SUV, van, or pickup bed.

With assistance from UNCC civil engineering student John Honeycutt, we pulled it off. The 10' SUV boat assembles with two bolts in less than five minutes and planes at half throttle with a 3-1/2hp motor.

If there is sufficient reader interest I will get instructions and a bottom template together. The boat is made from two sheets of plywood plus the transom.

Prof. Robert Dalley, Engineering & Technology Dept., Western Carolina University, (828) 227-2163,
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Lately there have been several mentions of the World Wide Web in connection with this magazine and its recalcitrant editor. It occurred to me that there might be quite a few members of the messing community who do not mess with that miracle of the modern world but whose curiosity may have been aroused by those mentions. Just because one chooses to abstain from enthusiastic participation in something does not mean that they want to be completely ignorant.

Take me, for example. I am not crazy about either the Democrats or the Republicans but that does not mean that I can find bliss by merely being ignorant. I try to keep up with what the hell those sons of bitches are trying to do to me. It is not necessary to immerse oneself in a cesspool to find out what's in there. You can find out from somebody who has had a little cesspool experience. I know a few people who are involved with the government from whom I am able to get a little insider information and I, myself, have had a little experience with the internet so, for those who would like to know what it contains without becoming contaminated, here goes.

I'll start off with porn: Whew, y'all, like Herman Melville said in *Typee* about the young women dancers of the South Pacific, "It is more than a sensible young man can stand." Somehow modern mores have enabled a state of exhibitionism that is truly mind boggling. What happened to subtlety and imagination? I mean, to take the personal exhibition displayed on the internet any further would require the use of tools such as proctoscopes.

Not only is such exposure within easy reach, it is almost unavoidable. These porn magnates (I read somewhere that the porn industry is bigger than the automobile industry in the U.S.) have a cute trick where, when you are trying to type in a familiar and common internet address in the little hole (I do not know all the terms for all this... you'll have to consult a nerd), all you have to do is make the slightest error in the <http://www> thing to get the shock of your life... if you are a sensible young man.

Not only that, but they will hide the little "X" that you have to move the little arrow to so you can mash the button and get rid of the damned thing. It's a mess. I understand that there are services you can subscribe to to prevent that, and the library where I normally do my internet stuff has such a setup. The library computers are so uptight that you can't get your email through the service called "Hotmail."

Another feature of the internet is the amazing "search engines" and the most powerful of those boogers is "Google" ("Dogpile" comes in a distant second). All you have to do is type in anything on your mind in the little window where the little thing is blinking and then put the little arrow on the "Search" button, tap, and Google will find every mention of that thing that ever occurred in the world. I don't know how in hell it works but it is frightening.

If some narcissus were to type "Robb White" in there he will get 800,000 things to look at. Somewhere in all that will even be a letter written from one bishop to another about my grandfather's performance as an Episcopal missionary in the Philippines in 1905... a "fitness report" if you will. He was an "evangelical of a different kind." There are a lot of mentions of my connection with this and other magazines, too. There are

The Internet Explained

By Robb White

vapid "chats" exposing my ignorance of almost everything and some very intelligent rebuttals to those chats.

If you forget the quotation marks and just type Robb White, Google will search each word individually and you'll get a bunch of white racist nonsense. You know the head turd of the KKK's last name is "Robb." The most terrifying thing about the amazing capability of Google is that typing your own name might come up with things you don't want everybody in the near universe to know... like your phone number, address, social security number, and the status of your property tax bill.

They have a lot of social clubs on the internet which are easy to join. Once you have jumped through the hoops you can "chat" with the all the other members of those clubs simultaneously. I, myself, am a member of three of those clubs. One is the Atkin boat club. In there are a bunch of people who are fans of the Atkins, William and John. It is easy to link to Pat Atkin's (John's widow's) website and look at all the plans she has for sale. The members of the club will often post photos of Atkin boats and drawings of boats that are not in the catalog anymore. There is a lot of speculative discussion in there about what's what.

The reason I joined was to try to find out if anybody knows of another Seabright tunnel boat like the one Alex Hadden built (*Noble Cab*) or my bastardized Rescue Minor. I haven't found out what I want to know yet, but I did discover that some people don't like the way I bastardized the stern on my boat. "To each his own," I say.

Another club I belong to is the AOMCI (Antique Outboard Motor Club International). Whew, what a thing. There are so many classified ads on there that I believe one could "scroll" for hours and hours looking for some little object. I have done that. I need a coil for my old Elto Pal but haven't found one yet. I think I will modify one of those completely unified modern ignition thingamajigs like they put on weed eaters and stuff where there is this lump of plastic with a spark plug wire coming out of it and nothing else... no points, no condenser, nothing. If you whip any kind of magnet anywhere near one of those things it'll bite hell out of you. An old Elto set up like that would be a Pal indeed... if you could figure out how to circumvent the cursed Tillotson carburetor. Another thing you can do on there is look up any Michigan Wheel outboard motor propeller by the cryptic and meaningless number stamped on the hub.

There are a lot of those kinds of things on the internet. Despite the prevalence of the rapacious doings of commercial enterprise and the apparently random horrors of vandals ("hacker nerds") there are examples of true altruism on there.

There is a very kind man who, with his wife, has worked very hard to set up a wonderful website where you can find out almost anything you want to know about old Caille outboard motors, including all the old advertisements giving pictures, specifications, descriptions, and old prices (Caille model numbers are the same as the price).

There is a man in Germany who has "posted" almost every OMC outboard motor brochure from 1950 until 1975. From that I learned that the fifty-to-one mix was first introduced in '65 and from then through '67 they made a 50/1 of the dearly beloved old-style, two-cylinder 3hp (the one with the weedless foot and both high and low speed knobs). In '68 they changed it to a fiberglass hood, no high speed adjustment, and the second worst throttle arrangement on any outboard... on the starboard side like a gearshift lever. The worst throttle arrangement was the 5hp of the same era... had the throttle on the port side... had to reach all the way over the motor to get to it.

Then there is eBay. I won't go into all the intricacies of that but you can buy absolutely anything on there in an auction style situation. I saw that a woman had rented advertisement space across her chest and got \$15,000 for it on the eBay. I even saw a picture of the space offered... didn't look like it was worth all that much to me.

If you, in a fit of self indulgence, once traded your old trusty Plymouth Valiant in on a high mileage GTO, you can buy another Valiant even better on the eBay... or the high mileage GTO, too, if the bull came back and left you a big, steaming pile from the stock market. Me, I have a lifetime supply of almost everything so I try to stay away from eBay all I can.

Now to the boat related part of this in an attempt to vindicate this serious departure from relevance to the boat world. There is another interesting "club" and that's the *WoodenBoat* forum. On there is not only one of the most lengthy "strings" of salesman style jokes I ever saw and a run of fairly tame bikini pictures of scrawny women but thousands of chats about almost every boat related and non-boat related thing you can think of. Because a lot of the people who post are very knowledgeable (Dave Carnell, for one) it is possible to learn a good bit of actual knowledge from reading the chat on the *WB* forum. Not only are all kinds of maritime subjects discussed in depth and great detail but the members often post plans and beautiful or comical photographs on there.

One sequence of photographs showed these three dudes launching a jet ski out of the back of an SUV. They backed it down into the water but I guess forgot to set the brake when they waded around to rassle the See Doo out the tail gate, and the car rolled down the ramp until it was completely submerged with only a few bubbles showing where it was. The jet ski, however, floated free and the last picture in the sequence shows one of the dudes sitting on it gesticulating to the other two dudes, one of which is pointing and gesticulating at the position of the sunken car while the other is pointing towards the bank as if to show where their next effort needs to be directed.

The members of the forum copy links to other websites with interesting stuff. Once I clicked on this little blue thing and called up the website of a British manufacturer of a very small two-cylinder, two-cycle inboard engine which was claimed to be the quietest and most vibration free of sailboat auxiliary motors. All that information is well and good but what is really interesting to me about the forum is that I don't believe there is any better place to explore the outer limits of human nature.

Driving in a car is another good place (if not so accessible) because somehow the

isolation of being inside with the windows rolled up and the doors locked gives drivers a feeling of immunity from the necessity to comply with more restrictive conventions of human behavior. I mean you can see a woman in a car stopped at the light with all her makeup and jewelry on looking in the rear view mirror to pat her hair just so and then stick her finger three joints deep into one of her nostrils to make sure all is right up in there, too. You see people making rude gestures at one another which they would never make if they were outside the car like, say, walking down the street or in a crowded elevator where somebody could get his or her hands around his neck. Rude, little, wizened up old men flip the finger at rude, big, tattooed young rednecks as if they were perfectly safe in the big Grand Marquis with the windows rolled up.

They might be but I believe a chat room such as the *WoodenBoat* forum is a better place to work out the frustrations of the restraints imposed upon us all by the workaday world and apparently so do a lot of other people. I mean, some of these rednecks will deliberately run over you if you make them mad enough whereas, the perfect (?) anonymity of the internet makes anybody virtually immune from retaliation for how he or she acts.

The forum is "moderated" by this guy named Scot and, supposedly, if one were to get too ugly (or, Scot forbid, profane) he would get his ass "Scotted." His chat would be deleted and his name struck forever from the roster of the welcome. Despite that possibility there is a lot of downright belligerent fury evident on the forum. There are these

people called "trolls" on there who try to stir up trouble just for trouble's sake.

I had a friend like that when I was in the Navy. His favorite trick was to go up to some drunk at a bar and tell him that another drunk had said something derogatory about his momma. Then when the resulting brawl rolled out into the parking lot, he would break the radio aerial off the nearest automobile and flagellate the participants to make sure they kept up the pace. That's what these trolls on the *WB* forum do except, unlike my friend, they don't have to keep poised to run. The flagellated members are completely impotent. All they can do is call on this Scot to throw the bastard out except they can't even say "bastard." It is interesting.

One of the most interesting things about it is that the forum provides these little yellow faces sort of like what Wal Mart uses to show how much they love the community where the super center is enhancing local business. Any forumite can punctuate his or her (quite a few... mostly Republicans) chat with these little expressive things. There are smiling ones, frowning ones, winking ones, and even little yellow faces sticking out their tongues at you. There is a little face to punctuate any remark.

As a matter of fact, some forumites don't actually chat at all. They sit silent at their computers and make facial expressions at the other chatters. I predict that automobiles will soon have a little thing in the back window where the driver can display a little yellow face appropriate to his or her mood. Not only are there these little faces but forumites have special abbreviations sort of like

the fool military so they won't have to type actual meaningful and correctly spelled words and sentences. The military does it so that officers won't have to reveal to low life (but well educated) enlisted men that they can't spell worth a flip.

Though forumites are presumably a classless society where the inability to spell or understand grammar is not frowned upon (they have a yellow face for that), I think a lot of them let their need to chat overload their ability to type so they use a lot of cultish abbreviations. A reply to a particularly amusing chat might simply consist of the letters "LOL" which mean "laughing out loud." Then there is "ROTFL," which means "rolling on the floor laughing," and even "ROTFLMAO," which means "rolling on the floor laughing my ass off." Communication skills have sunk a long way, folks.

I am not participating in the internet anymore. I never did have email capability anyway because I want somebody who wants to put his or her (not many) two cents in directly to me and who expects a reply to have to put their 39¢ in the post office first so I have no actual internet hookup myself. I got banned from the library for rolling on the floor laughing my ass off and I infected my daughter-in-law's computer with a virus so virulent that it could not be "cleaned" by the nerdiest of nerds. She says I did it by looking at porn but I think I got it off one of the trolls on the *WoodenBoat* forum.

You know some people are real sensitive about what you say about their mommas particularly when the remark is followed by "ROTFLMAO."

Some Boats Restored This Past Year

By Gil Cramer, The Wooden Canoe Shop, Inc., 03583 Rd. 13, Bryan, OH 43506

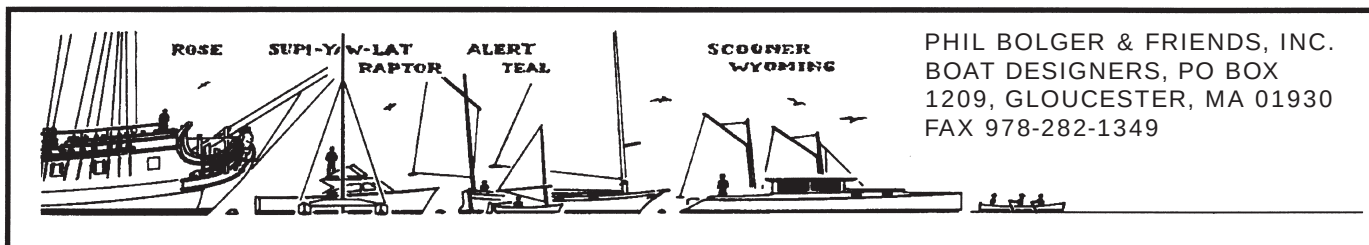
Here are some photos of some boats I restored this past year in my shop:

A 1967 Old Town Whitecap sailboat.



An 1860 hand-powered inboard market hunter's duck boat lined up with nine of eighteen canoes restored for a major outfitter's stores.





In the last issue of *MAIB* we published an account of the performance of the 19'9" pedal-powered sternwheeler Becky Thatcher, our Design # 669. The results were pretty satisfactory, she did what she was supposed to do. They had a good time on her first cruise of 80 miles on the Erie Canal, which is what she was built for. We had her out ourselves on Lake Cayuga, courtesy of Paul Elliot who had done a nice job of building her, and found her good fun and the tiny cabin decidedly workable. She had certainly proved to be a good conversation piece.

Besides some afterthoughts too minor to be worth mentioning ("Where's the best place to put a bookshelf?"), there were two points that seemed worthwhile to try to improve. The most obvious one was that she moved faster and with less effort if she was trimmed down by the head. Paul noticed this early on and we agreed after trying her ourselves. The bow-down flotation increased the drag. The cure was to move the sternwheel axis up, 2" higher seeming about right. Doing this called for adding the same amount to the height of the afterdeck/sternwheel shroud, but no other change in the stern construction.

If the rudders had been raised along with the wheel they would have been shallower than we would like to see. But they were so effective at the designed depth, including when she was in her bow-down trim, that we decided that we could raise them 1" to be that much less in harm's way in a grounding. They were above the line of the hull bottom as it was so they would not be stressed when the hull lay on an even bottom, and aren't at risk from anything the hull has floated over.

The less obvious need was to do something about the action of the experimental skewed paddle blades. A conventional radial paddlewheel carries considerable weight of water up and over as the blades emerge from the water in rotating. This takes power, or effort in the human-powered boat, so Susanne came up with the idea of canting the blades at an angle to the wheel axis that brought them out of water at an angle that drained them effectively. It worked remarkably well, the wake behind the wheel was small and low with none of the cloud of

Bolger on Design

Becky Thatcher's New Flipping Sternwheel

spray normal in sternwheelers. The slip (the difference between the backward speed of the rotating blades and the forward progress of the boat, was quite low and the input effort on the pedals wasn't unpleasantly heavy. There was a distinct chuff-chuffing as the canted blades entered the water at a flat angle. It wasn't annoying, but we would have liked it to be less noticeable.

The really unsatisfactory part was that in reducing the water carried up the wheel when powering ahead, we had increased the amount carried up the forward side of the wheel when it was reversed to back up, reduced the effectiveness of the backing wheel, and increased the input effort. The result was that Becky would not back up reliably. The wheel could be reversed, with a much heavier effort than going ahead on it, but between the slower rotation due to the stronger push needed on the pedals and the less efficient thrust, it was found much more effective to pick up the paddles or poles. This wasn't much trouble in a boat of Becky's size and weight, but we were interested in improving the action of bigger sternwheelers.

For displacement-speed progress paddlewheels are the most efficient and reliable shallow water propulsion of all as they're not only shallow for the thrust they produce, but are immune to the fouling that plagues screw propellers and the obstruction and ingestion that is the weakness of waterjets. Airscrews have those advantages in even greater degree, but they're not very efficient at normal speeds, and most of them, if not all, are intolerably noisy.

After a lot longer time than we had promised Paul, on account of various distractions more than a difficulty of coming up with a fix, Susanne again solved the problem. As shown in the large scale drawing, the existing wheel is retained without alteration

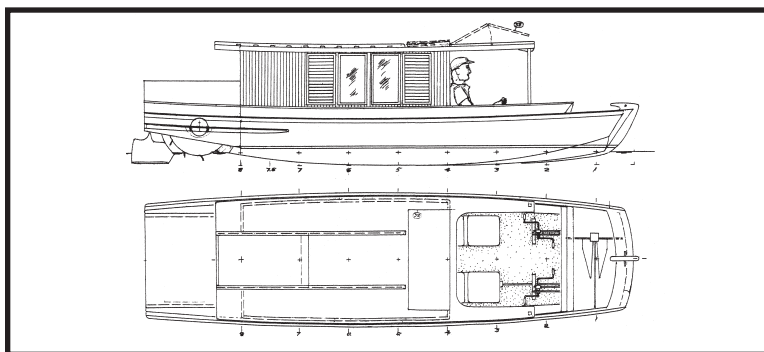
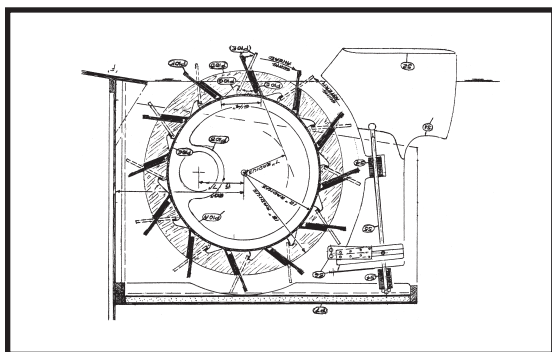
except for raising it as noted above. The skewed blades are retained but are cut down to about half their original protrusion from the drum. Each is given a galvanized strap-hinged blade which covers the fixed blade and protrudes beyond it to replace the area removed from the fixed blade. When the wheel is thrusting ahead, the hinged blade is forced against the fixed blade and acts just as the original full fixed blade did, offering the efficiencies of not having to shovel water up and over. But when the wheel is reversed the hinged blade pivots against a stop to assume the canted angle to the water that the fixed blade has when going ahead. Both the input effort and the effectiveness of the thrust is the same either way. The water is no longer carried up the forward side of the wheel in reverse action. The wheel is equally efficient ahead and astern, except that the rudders are not blown when going astern.

This geometry may not be as efficient as the much more complex feathering paddlewheels which we judged not appropriate for a boat as simple as Becky, but it looks as though it would be more effective to stop a boat or back her up than the feathering wheels. They all have curved-face paddle blades for optimum efficiency in ahead mode, but are not as good in reverse.

An incidental bonus is that the pitch of the hinged paddle blades can be readily altered by changing the stops. Although the cant angle we designed works well, it could be that a small change would improve the action, as can now be easily tried.

Lastly, the original paddlewheel had the blades supported by a sawtooth perimeter of the sides of the mounting drum. The revised design calls for the supporting extension to be a complete disk at the diameter of the remaining fixed blades. We expect this to reduce the noise of the blades entering the water by retaining a cushion of trapped air ahead of each blade. There should also be an improvement in the thrust though it will likely be insignificant.

Plans of Becky Thatcher, our design #669, are available for \$100 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



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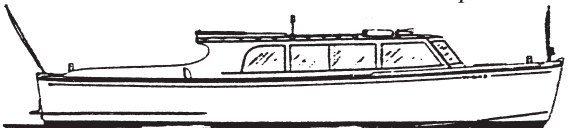


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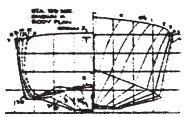
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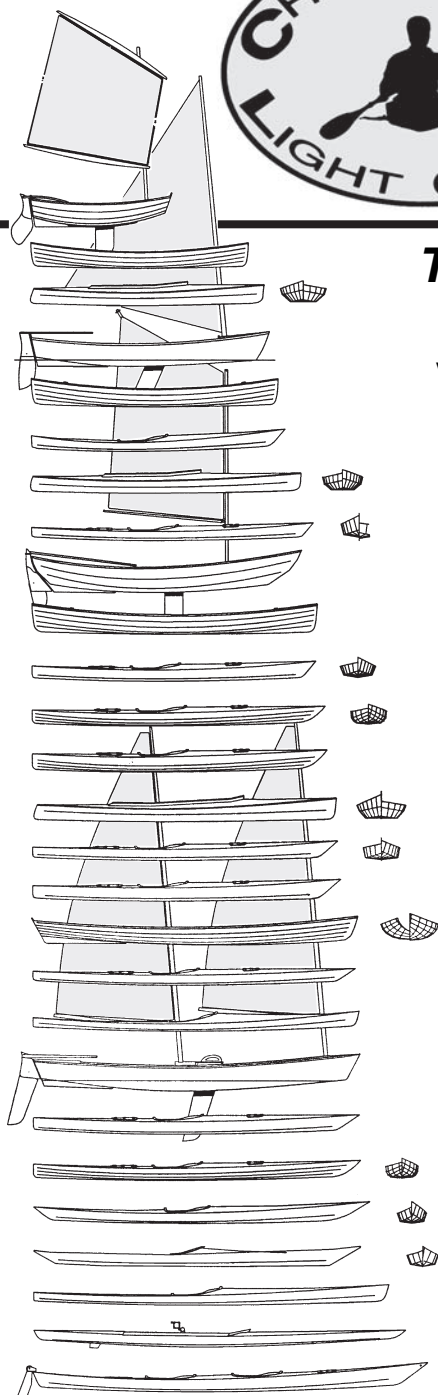
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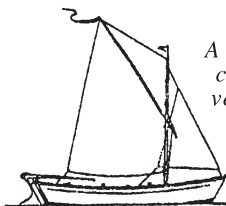
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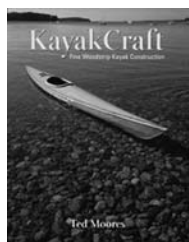
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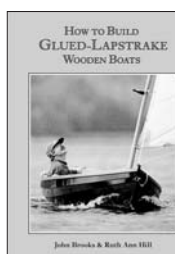
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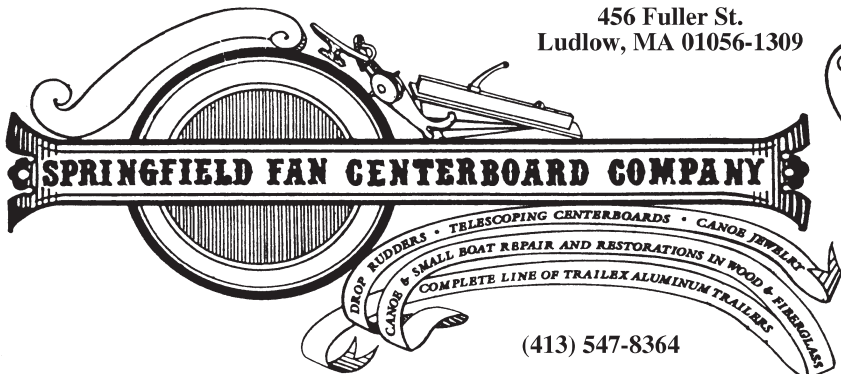
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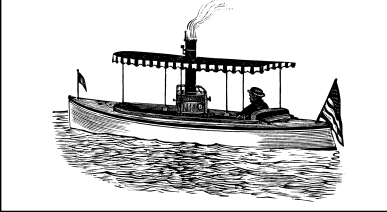
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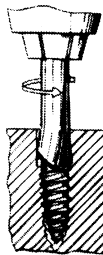
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22' Herreshoff Eagle, ultimate pocket cruiser. Mfd by Nowak & Williams in '76. Sails like new. 7hp Seagull o/b engine. Green hull. Electrical wired. Trailer. Located in Miami (FL) Yacht Club. \$9,500. For more info see www.herreshoffeagle.com.

ROGER BESU, Miami Beach, FL, (305) 970-7136, <besulaw@hotmail.com> (19)

'84 Grady White, w/split windshield, '89 Johnson 235 ob w/jack plate & exc galv roll-on single-axle trlr; motor just gone thru by ob mechanic; boat stored for 10 years by oil worker stationed out of country; controls need to be connected to engine. Located in south Texas. \$5,500.

GROVER PAGANS, Corpus Christi, TX, (361) 442-9351, <grove777@aol.com> (19)



17'9"x3'2" Annapolis Wherry, by Chesapeake Light Craft. Exterior is Sea Green, interior Bristol Beige Interlux Brightsides. Gunwales finished bright. Additional mahogany inner gunwale added during construction because I thought it would improve her looks and it does! Set up for either oar-on-gunwale rowing or a sliding seat. Danforth rowing compass. Legal galy trlr. 2 sets bronze oarlock sockets on oarlock risers. 1 set 6'6" Sitka Spruce oars by Barkley Sound w/leather collars, bronze oarlocks. Custom (read: makeshift) cedar frame w/silver tarp cover (hey, it works!). Built in spring 2000 & used lightly & lovingly. She is quite fast and a pleasure to row, something which I, unfortunately don't have enough time to do. Asking \$2,500 & worth every dime. If you want the Piantadosi Ro-wing and '96" Braca standard carbon fiber oars, you gotta give me another eleven hundred clams 'cause that's what it's gonna cost me to replace 'em. Delivery? Well, if you're serious, maybe I can arrange something. BOB ERRICO, Manahawkin, NJ, (609) 978-0012 leave message, or fax (609) 978-7393 (19)

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Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to officesupport@comcast.net. No telephone ads please.



Marshall Sanderling, '72. *Cranberry* is a classic 18' catboat that has received many recent upgrades & improvements. '04 4-stroke, 5hp Mercury ob. New blocks, lines, VHF antenna w/marine-grade coax, running lights, wiring, electrical panel & Ritchie Navigator compass. All safety equipment. Mast refinished. Motivated seller wants to move up to a larger cat. \$12,500/bo.

BRENT PUTNAM, E. Falmouth (Cape Cod), MA, (508) 540-5662 (eves), <catboatbrent@yahoo.com> (19)

17' Folbot Sea Kayak, older naugahyde covered kit boat, non-folding. In gd clean shape. Incl pair of basic paddles. \$250 firm.

BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (19)

Old Town 17' Tripper Canoe, ABS, green, in gd shape, w/metal/plastic paddles. \$600 firm (new would cost over \$1,000).

ERIC BENDER, Newton, MA, (617) 244-2676, <ebender00@yahoo.com> (20)

Surf Ski, Venturesports Shearwater, 21' Kevlar, '99, grt shape, vy fast, new \$2,500, reduced to \$600. **Old Town Canoe**, 17' Tripper, '94, Royalex, grt shape, \$250. **Maine Lobster Boat**, 21', Eastport, grt shape, w/new trlr, defunct motor, worth \$6,000, selling for \$3,200. **Catalina 25' Sailboat**, swing keel, exc cond, new trlr, teak interior, stand-up head, galley, motor, no mast, all other gear. Slps 4-6, worth \$9,500, selling for \$5,500.

Andy Voikos, Barnstable, MA, (508) 362-2490 <avoikos1@comcast.net> (20)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Cat Ketch Rig, from Beachcomber 25; incl free standing masts, wishbone booms, brand new, never used main that cost \$1,200 and a used mizzen sail; the sails roll up on the mast for simplicity of reefing. Located in south Texas; \$3,500. GROVER PAGANS, Corpus Christi, TX, (361) 442-9351, <grove777@aol.com> (19)

GEAR FOR SALE

Stearns Survival Suit, never used (fortunately), \$200. **Chartkit Chart Plotter**, 20"x24", \$25. **Garelick 4-Step Gunwale Boarding Ladder**, hook width 11", \$20. **Danforth 20H Anchor**, \$75. ELLIOT WILCOX, N. Branford, CT, (203) 488-2192, <ejwilcox@aol.com> (19)

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Forward Facing Rowing, convert your rowboat to forward facing rowing with EZ-ROW. Uses existing oarlock pins & a clamp which affixes rowing system to the gunwales of your boat. FORWARD FACING ROWING, (651) 465-6608, www.ez-row.com (23EOIP)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Clearing Out My Library, 10 entertaining Tristan Jones titles: *Ice!*, *The Incredible Voyage*, *Outward Leg*, *A Star to Steer Her By* (the UK version of *Outward Leg*), *One Hand for Yourself*, *One for the Ship*, *A Steady Trade*, *Saga of a Wayward Sailor*, *Adrift*, *Yarns*, *Somewhere East of Suez*. All 10 for \$50, incl USPS media mail (all 10, not \$5 each). MIKE RUSSELL, Norfolk, VA, <mir1318@peoplepc.com> (20)



Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions \$55. SASE for more info. ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, P.O. Box 256 West Mystic CT 06388 (7P)

Small Boats, for apartment dwellers: Elegant Punt, Weekend Dingy, Stubby, Cabin Boy, Halfling reviewed. Article, send \$5. PAUL AUSTIN, 3521 West Northgate Dr. 1009, Irving TX, 75062, <Sail398@aol.com> (19)



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"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@ec.rr.com>

Catalogs/Magazines/Newsletters, which might be of interest. Before I toss these I'm offering them for cost of postage & handling. Packet of 4 *Gazette Annual*, 2000, 2002-04, Antique Boat Museum Journals, \$5. Packet of 5 *Windling World*, 2003-05 New Zealand Model Boat Journals, \$3. Sent Priority Mail. Call to confirm availability before sending payment. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm. (TF)

Special Interest Publications: *The Gaff Rigged Yachtsman*, 1944 Darrell McClure Cartoon Book. \$5. *Essex: (MA) The Shipbuilding Town*, 1976 Bicentennial History Journal. \$5. *Building the Harvey Gamage*, Warren Paper Co. Color Photo Portfolio. \$5. Sent Priority Mail. Call to confirm availability before sending payment. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm. (TF)



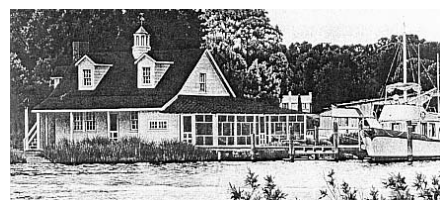
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Boating Book Cleanout: *Sea Kayaking, a Manual for Long Distance Touring*, John Dowd, '81, 240pps, 5-1/2x8-1/2 softcover. \$8. *Wood & Canvas Kayak Building*, George Putz, '90, 136pps, 7-1/2x9 softcover. \$8. *Upgrading Your Small Sailboat for Cruising*, Paul & Marya Butler, '88, 212pps, 7x10 softcover. \$10. *Beyond the Paddle, a Canoeist's Guide to Expedition Skills*, Garrett Conover, '91, 116pps, 8-12x11 softcover. \$10. *More Building Classic Small Craft*, John Gardner, '90, 242pps softcover. \$15. *Form & Function of the Baidarka & The Baidarka as a Living Vessel*, George B. Dyson, '91, 48pps & 32pps softcover. \$8pr. Packet of 12 John Gardner Columns from *National Fisherman* '70-'75. \$5. All prices incl 1st Class or Priority Mail postage. Postage adjusted for multiple purchases combined in one shipment. Call for quote first. Call to confirm availability before sending payment. BOB HICKS, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984-12943, (978) 774-0906 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)

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

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

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





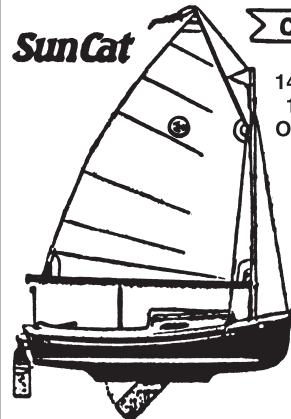
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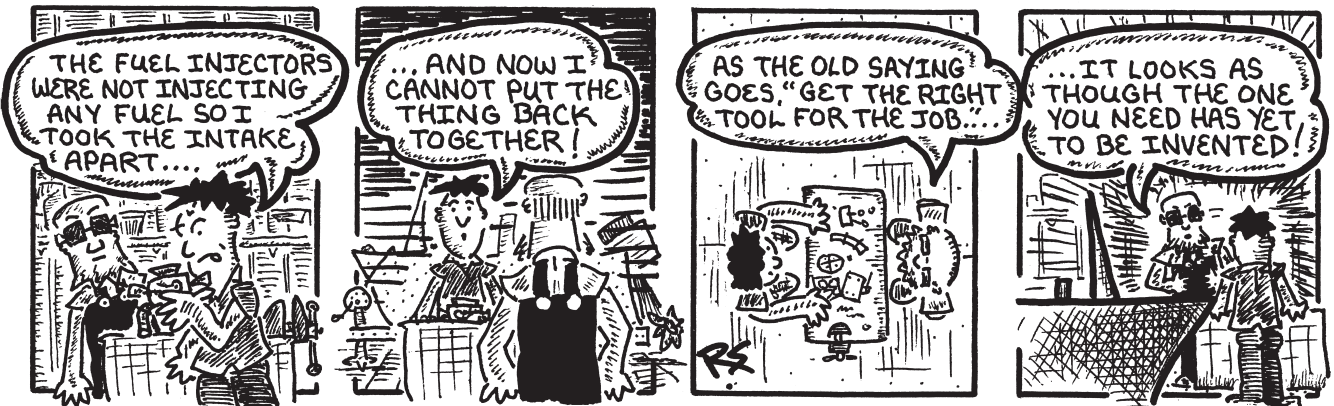
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