

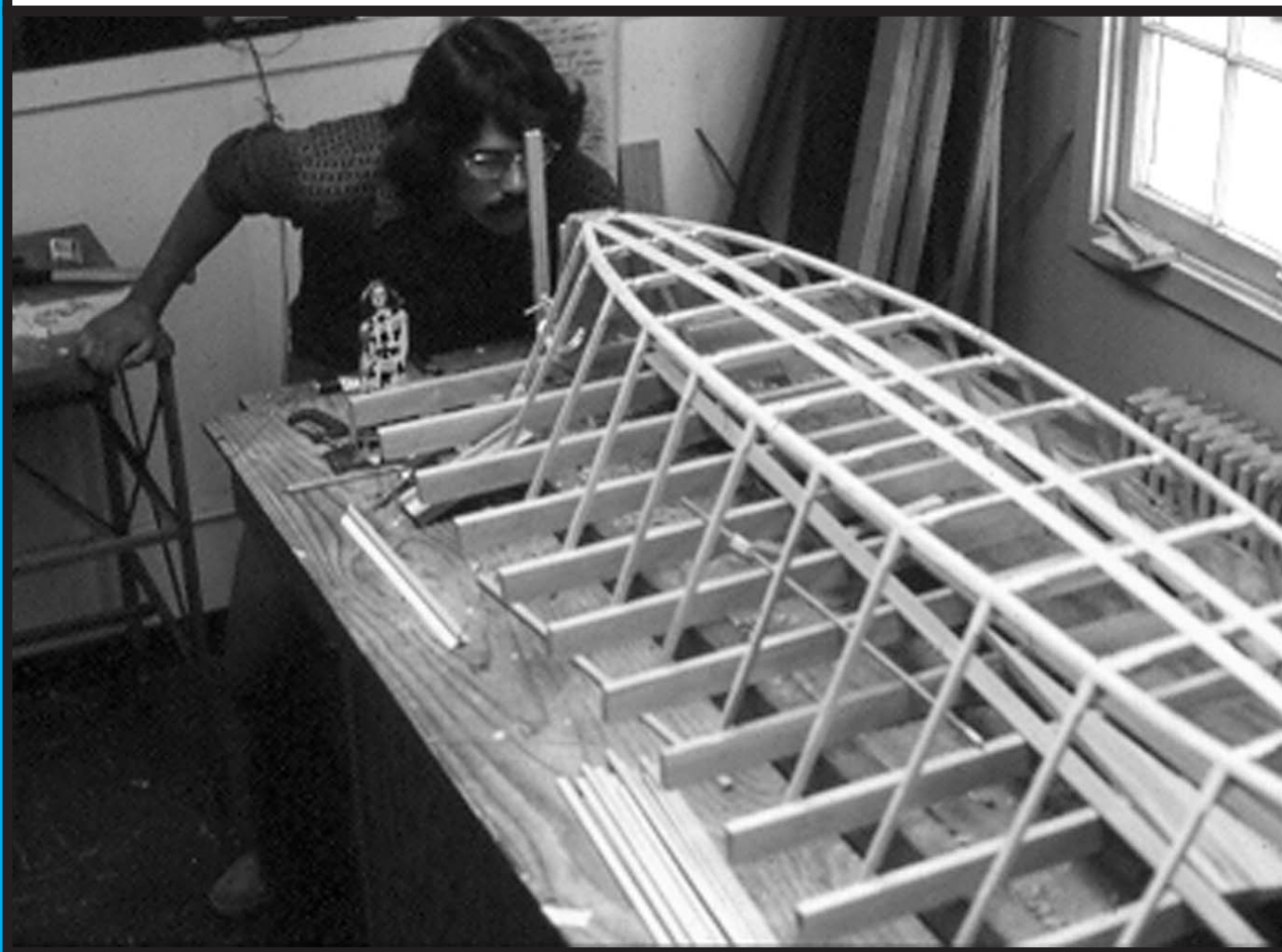


messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
"Model Making for Amateurs"
"Chesapeake Bay Skipjacks Are Not Sloops"

Volume 23 – Number 20

March 1, 2006



messing about in BOATS

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

Volume 23 – Number 200
March 1, 2006



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

Address is 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1043. Telephone is 978-774-0906. There is no machine.

Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks.

Production and subscription fulfillment is by Roberta Freeman.

For circulation or production inquiries or problems, contact:

Roberta Freeman at
officesupport@comcast.net

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



We recently received from an interested reader some extracts from a local newspaper report on Mystic (Connecticut) Seaport Museum's plans for staff reductions for 2006, involving offering early retirement to employees with long years of service (more than 15) to the Museum. Apparently the Seaport has been caught in the cost squeeze affecting a number of similar non-profits. The article mentioned how Seaport attendance peaked in the 1970s at around 600,000 annually and is now about half that. Of course, costs have risen in the intervening 30 years, as have admission prices, now I recall at about \$18. That's a threshold that must inevitably further erode attendance. The descending spiral thing.

I was particularly interested to learn that the public would notice no changes, that the work performed by those who elected to take the retirement package and run would be distributed across the remaining staff. I wonder about cutting costs by getting rid of some long-time good people in a bunch like this and trying to fill the vacuum by sharing what they did amongst those left. It strikes me that the quality of work performed would decline from loss of skilled workers and increased workloads for those left.

Museums are repositories of cultural artifacts germane to each one's field of interest. As such, they are collectively valuable resources for society and are deserving of society's support. Mystic Seaport is such a repository and has acquired a major collection of maritime artifacts and history. This role has well served the public interest in such matters, and indeed, I credit Mystic with helping launch my interest in small boats when I first attended the annual Small Craft Workshop around 1980 to find out more about the boats that had caught my attention on our Massachusetts North Shore, dories in particular. Thus it was instrumental in what has become my livelihood for nearly 25 years now as well as my ongoing enthusiasm for small boats.

The cost squeeze affecting many non-profits is in part due to ambitious aspirations that initially get started on funds that are in hand or available. If and when funding sources shrink, the projects are left hanging out there, perhaps incomplete or, if completed, then in need of ongoing resources for maintenance. Mystic's particular project seems to be the restoration of its big old Rossie Mill, for years just a warehouse for all the stuff they have that is not on public display. With attendance steadily falling since the '70s and the money from the high rolling

'90s also dwindling, this ambitious project became known amongst those associated with the museum as the "black hole."

How to meet the bills? Well, cut payroll, that's a major expense even at the modest wages/salaries that museums pay. Spread the work load amongst those left so the visiting public will not notice the missing staff. Charge the public more to visit, if fewer of the public wish to pay the price, just jack it up so those who will pay will make up the shortfall. This, to me, is a serious flaw in the financial management of non-profits that rely on public interest and support. A museum's collection exists to preserve historical artifacts for the public to be able to access and learn about. Every time the admission price goes up another cohort of potentially interested public decides the threshold is too high and thus no longer affordable.

While long established, "mature" Mystic Seaport struggles with its high level financial problems, two small maritime museums in my neighborhood are in their early stages of growth, still accessible to anyone interested at little or no admission cost and still surviving and growing on the backs of volunteer help and generous area financial contributors and now, having established some credibility, able to acquire grants from various charitable foundations.

The Essex Shipbuilding Museum is some 25 years along from its origins in an old schoolhouse in town, with the mortgage assumed for its acquisition of the actual old Story Shipyard paid off by a grant. It's still a modest cluttered shipyard environment but has been able to feature at times major traditional shipbuilding projects.

The Gloucester Heritage Foundation is about a half-dozen years along, still struggling to hang onto its three acres or so of working Gloucester waterfront as an example of what that is and was amidst the onslaught of waterfront condominiums. It, too, has been able to feature wooden shipbuilding on its historic marine railway, including the restoration of another historic Gloucester artifact, the schooner *Adventure*.

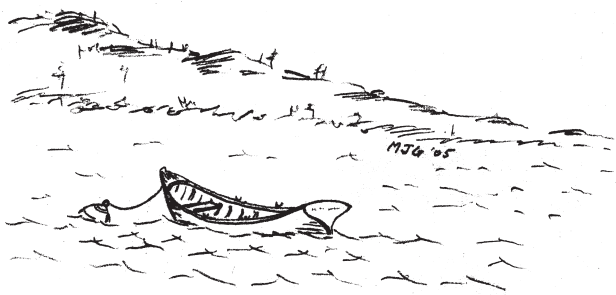
I'm hopeful that those backing and building these two aspiring maritime museums, which already serve the public interest in their particular purposes quite nicely, do not get caught up in the growth mania. Chasing ever more money for ever more ambitious projects becomes an end in itself and increasingly obscures the true purpose the museum was originally established to provide, preserving a piece of our history so we may better comprehend our heritage.

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 Book Review
- 6 Window on the Water
- 7 Discovery of the True Sources of the Mississippi
- 7 Schooner *Nancy Bohlin's* Race to Market
- 8 You write to us about...
- 10 Lobster Bait
- 11 Phosphorescence
- 12 *Ardea's* Journal – Part 2
- 14 19 Going on 20
- 15 Ducks, Slingshots, and Winter Camping
- 16 Beyond the Horizon
- 18 Chesapeake Bay Skipjacks Are Not Sloops
- 19 Capt. Wade Murphy and the *Rebecca T. Ruark*
- 20 First Season with *Viaggio*
- 21 Pussy Cat
- 21 Side Wheel Scow From My Past
- 22 The Boatex 1200
- 23 Butterfly Boat
- 24 Model Making for Amateurs
- 27 PMT
- 28 "On the Ground" in the Antique Boat Business
- 29 Robb White & Sons, Inc. Corporate Report and Statement of Intent
- 30 Bolger on Design
- 32 Trade Directory
- 37 Classified Marketplace
- 39 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

Model boat building as architectural training is something reader Richard Alan Smith undertook to try on his architectural class students a number of years ago at the University of Oregon with interesting results. He tells us about it in this issue



By Matthew Goldman

From the Journals of Constant Waterman

The ice has departed the harbor. Not that salt water freezes much here in Connecticut but, nonetheless, it's good to see it gone. There are still a few inches of snow on the docks and boats, but it's above freezing already and by afternoon some scuppers will be running. And the robins are busy wherever the ground is exposed. In just a few weeks the Yard will awake from its torpor and the Yard crew will rouse the travel lift, which now hunkers, cold and somnolent, over the lift slip. The tractor and pay loader have been active all winter rebuilding the banks with concrete beams and boulders. By early April the plumber will re-introduce fresh water to the docks and the second head, bath, and laundry rooms will once again open for business. Covers will come off boats ashore, those that the wind hasn't helpfully removed, and weekends will discover boat owners looking up at their hulls with thoughtful expressions.

Were my sloop in the water, I'd be tempted to go off sailing today. The air is crisp and new and the water bright from reflecting the low slung sun. Fishers Island, a mere two miles offshore, stands out against the blueness in minute detail, the empty trees, the rocks, the stately houses. Our local ferry, a 40' steel work boat, is over and back several times a day, running all winter except during gale conditions. Fog and snow are no deterrent and the steep, heavy chop when wind and tide collide in the Sound is all in a wet day's work. Scarfed and bemitted Islanders stand on her open deck in every weather, coming to the mainland and retrieving their cars to work or shop or visit.

In the summer time, the skipper's boat is jammed with visitors off to the Island to play a round of golf, sometimes nearly 20 people crowded between the rails. I have to remember to ask him if he's seen the seals this winter. Our seals come down the coast from Maine and spend a couple of months disporting themselves on the rocks outside our harbor. As I recollect, the ocean in Maine is none too warm about this time of year and I can imagine elitist seals bragging to friends, "We thought we'd go south for the winter." Before I began to work at the Yard there was one seal who used to climb on the docks, probably pricing a slip for winter storage, until she found out how many mackerel it cost.

Next winter I'm leaving *MoonWind* in the water. This spring she gets her through-hull fittings renewed and several coats of ablative bottom paint. Aside from zincs, her bottom should be labor free for three seasons. I'll also need to replace the standing rigging, rewire the mast, affix a new VHF antenna, reeve new halyards, re-rig the lazy jacks, let's see, what else? Oh yes, scrub the mast and check the track for nicks, replace the bulbs in all the lamps, and put new boots on the spreaders. And paint the freeboard. I'm hoping to get all done by the first of May. Easy, you say, I work right here in the Yard. Yep, come April I'll begin working here at least seven days a week, some of it even for pay. My boss happens to be an empathetic fellow, he has three boats of his own.

Another month of lassitude before the pressure builds. Now I scuff through the snow as I walk out the pier with wood and tools and notebook. Just a dusting of fresh new powder this morning and everything is clean, pristine, and aglisten, what an astonishing place this world is! The ferry is taking a couple out to the Island, their arms are filled with groceries. Their old Springer Spaniel, her stumpy tail aquiver, is handed aboard, old Abigail, who sports a brand new blue and white bandanna. A seasoned sailor, she eagerly anticipates the crossing. Bon voyage! With any luck she'll be home in 15 minutes.

SCRATCH THE BOATYARD CAT



56-pages/\$18.95



64-pages/\$18.95

Stories of a real cat who lived
in an old-fashioned boatyard.

FLAT HAMMOCK PRESS

Nautical Nonfiction and Coastal Culture



5 Church Street

Mystic, CT 06355

860-572-2722 • Fax 860-572-2755

flathammockpress.com

Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form 24 Issues – 40 Pages Each Issue

Name _____

Mail Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail Orders

24 Issues – \$28 (Payable by Check)

To: Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943

(6 Issue Trial Subscription \$7 Mail Order Only)

Internet Orders

24 Issues – \$32 (Payable by Credit Card)

To: www.duckworksbooks.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted

I have many books on bookshelves, scattered across apartments in three states. All of them fall into three loose categories; books that I have bought or borrowed and never finished reading, books that I have read once only, and books that I go back and read time after time. *The Cradle of the Deep* is of this last group.

One of the problems with boating books for boys is that they are very gender specific. There is almost no way for a girl to identify with the story of characters. In fact, some go so far as to make girls a kind of hindrance to the boys' schemes that must be avoided.

This is a book written by a woman about her life on a ship as a young girl. Her adventures and experiences will fire the imagination and desire for real adventure for both girls and boys, as it fired my imagination when I was young. While not a children's book, I first read the book when I was young, maybe eight or ten years old. The last time I read it was just now, getting ready for this review. The book appeals to me today for many of the same reasons that it did over 30 years ago. It is a well written story with compelling characters and marvelous adventures. And best of all, everything in the book really happened, it's all true. I'll let Ms. Lowell tell you in her own words how she ended up living on shipboard in the first place:

"She ain't any water rat, mam! She's a girlflower, she is, with the tropic heavens for a hothouse, and the scoldin' of the storm fer her when she's bad. An' she knows all that we sailormen know, all the good, 'cause no one of us ever let her hear nothin' else."

It was Old John Henry, one of our sailors, defending me to the wife of an American Consul in an Australian port. She had asked him, as he stood on watch at the gangway, what kind of a "water rat" was the Captain's daughter, living such a rough life among rough men on a schooner. And John Henry, feeling he must uphold the dignity of the Captain's daughter and the genteelness of sailormen, had replied with all the sea poetry he could command.

"But how awful for a girl to be raised on a ship with nothing but men," persisted the woman unconvinced. She hadn't seen me but she had heard the talk of the waterfront and she knew I must be rough, and coarse and low, just awful, raised without the softening feminine influence.

"Awful, hell!" snorted John Henry. "She ain't no damnfool like most women; her Old Man uses a rope's end on her stern often enough to keep the foolishness outen her head."

I was taking it easy, rolled up in the canvas of the mizzen sail which was furled on the mizzen boom. If I hadn't been afraid of women I would have come down to see how different she was from me because I couldn't understand why anyone should think it strange that I lived on a ship with no woman to care for me.

The smell of rotting copra, putrid pearl oysters drying, sandalwood in little bundles piled high on our deck, the fumes from a cargo of guano, and sacks of ivory nuts, these things, the places they came from and the people who brought them to us were the commonplaces of my life. The legends of the sea told me by the sailors on our ship were my fairy tales; the freak storms, the bewildering doldrums in the tropics, and the companionship of old shellback sailors, the foundation of my experience.



Book Review

The Cradle of the Deep

By Joan Lowell
Illustrated by Kurt Wiese
Simon and Schuster, New York, 1929

Reviewed by Russell Lahti



My father's ship, the *Minnie A Caine*, was a four-masted windjammer rigged schooner, engaged in the copra and sandalwood trade between the islands of the South Seas and Australia. I couldn't remember when I wasn't on a ship. Born in Berkeley, California, known in the maritime world as "the sea Captain's bedroom", I was the eleventh child in our family. Four of my brothers and sisters had died in two years. They called me the lick of the pan because I was last and not much of me. No one expected me to grow up, but Father said, "This is the last one and I'm going to save it. I'll take it away from the land and let the sea make it the pick of the puppies." So he took me when I was less than a year old and I lived on shipboard until I was seventeen, and if the sea didn't make me the pick of the puppies, at least it made me the huskiest.

The next section of *The Cradle of the Deep* that I would like to introduce you to is

simply headed, "Grease and Ambergris." This just goes to show that there are rivalries everywhere, even in the vastness of the South Seas:

We were anchored in Double Bay, Sydney, my sixth winter, and Swanson sent word to Father to come aboard the *Mary Winklemund* for dinner. Father sent back word that he would accept free grub even on the *Winklemund*. I was delighted, for I welcomed any opportunity to get off our own vessel. As we were leaving in a small boat to scull over to the *Winklemund*, Father turned to me and said, "Swanson is trying to show off to me what good grub they serve on his packet. I'll paddle you if you dare eat like you enjoy it."

When we boarded the *Mary Winklemund* by means of a Jacob's ladder thrown over the side, Captain Swanson met us. He showed us around his ship, which was newly painted white from stem to stern. He pointed out the ship's fine points, not forgetting to tell us where and how much she excelled ours. Father was getting madder and madder all the time and I was afraid he would blow up and go back without waiting for dinner.

"And just to show you how much better and cheaper I manage my ship," concluded Captain Swanson, "look at this." He reached into a barrel and brought out a small piece of something that looked like dirty marshmallow. "See that, Captain?" he boasted. "Well, I have a whole barrel of it. Used it to oil down the masts this trip, saved me buying oil. Maybe if you was to oil down the sticks on your ship you could sail faster."

Do you see what is coming next?

Father took the substance from his hand, and smelled it, and looked up. I was surprised to see all the mad had gone out of his face. "Got any more of this?" he asked, and there was a twinkle in his eye.

"Naw, I ain't got no more. When we struck hot weather it stunk to high heaven so I throwed it over the side."

"How much have you got left?"

"Just about a bucketful in this barrel," he answered, "and I told the ship's chandler he could have it. He asked me for it."

The hell you say," observed my father, and I thought I saw him smile. "You're a smart old barnacle, aren't you, Swanson?"

Swanson puffed in pride and led the way to the dining saloon. There before us was a meal intended to impress Father with its luxuriousness. I looked at it glumly, remembering Father's words, "I'll paddle you if you eat like you enjoy it." How could anybody eat all that food and not show enjoyment? He must have seen what was in my mind for he slapped me on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Forget it, Joan. Eat all you can and enjoy every bit of it. I'm going to."

I had my mouth full before they were in their chairs, but, once squared away, I never saw Father eat so much or enjoy it so heartily. When he finished he pushed back his chair, looked at Swanson and burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" asked Swanson uncomfortably.

"Nothing, you big squarehead, but did you know what that grease is you threw overboard?"

"Naw, I found it floating off the Gilbert Islands. Saw some sea birds picking at it, so

I put off a boat and investigated. Looked like good grease so I hauled a couple of barrels aboard and used it like I told you to grease down the masts."

"They're fine sticks, Swanson," grinned Father. "They ought to be, greased down with a hundred thousand dollars worth of ambergris."

"Huh? Ambergris?" he gasped.

"Yes, ambergris!" shouted Father. "Worth thirty-two dollars an ounce. And you threw a barrel of it overboard. You threw away a fortune, you goddamned, ignorant, stingy squarehead." And Father lay back in his chair and roared with laughter.

Swanson was livid now. "You think you're smart, don't you?" he yelled "Only don't forget this, there was twice as much stuff there as I took. I know where it is and I'll go back and get it."

"Good luck," laughed Father, "if you can find it again you're entitled to it."

"I'll find it," were the grim parting words of the squarehead captain.

Going back in the small boat to our ship I asked Father what ambergris was.

If you don't know what ambergris is, get a copy of the book and look it up on Page 38. You can also find out how Joan tried to hit it rich the easy way by poisoning the ocean.

Early Mowat's adventures can't hold a candle to what Joan lived through while sailing out of Adelaide, South Australia, with a load of salt for the States, somewhere south of Tasmania.

The noise of the horn began to echo back at me in an eerie tone. I called to Father: "We must be near land. The echo is coming back at me strong." He dashed to the fo'cs'le head, and peered into the thickening mush of fog. The sea was so still that every sound became magnified. In a few minutes the sucksuck sound of water washing against some bulk came to our ears. "Drop the topsails, he bel- lowed, "bring her around." With a violent jerk, the ship came up in the wind and stopped. Ahead of us, not more than five hundred yards away, loomed a giant iceberg. As we watched it, it sank deep in the black water and then, as if it were some living beast, it heaved high out of the sea. The swish of the water around it, the suction of its movements, made a dangerous current. We began to drift nearer to it. Our ship had no power except that of the sails, and the wind had dropped and left them limp and powerless.

"Throw over the kedge anchors," Father ordered. Kedge anchors are small, and used for emergency cases. The men rushed aft and threw one over each side the vessel. They gave weight and pulled us back from drifting head on to the iceberg. For a few minutes they held, but the water around us was a seething mass of cross currents. Other bergs, larger and deeper, were in the offing. We had run into a whole nest of them. A steamer could have backed away, turned around, and left the place of danger, but our ship was helpless to move. The bergs made deep valleys, and whatever wind there was was cut off by their height. The water sounded as if it

were boiling around us. The mate threw over a chip of wood to see which way we were drifting, but the chip just whirled around and went down. A typhoon would have been a welcome visitor then, for at least its wind would have carried us away, but just being becalmed, waiting for the jaws of the iceberg to finish us, was like a terrible nightmare.

Well, the *Minnie A. Caine* drifted along in a world of white icebergs and thick mist all that night and for the next two weeks. The ship must have made it through because Ms. Lowell stayed around long enough to write the tale, but I will leave it up to you to read the book and find out how they survived.

Being a used and out of print book, it may be a bit harder than most to get hold of or, finding it could be used as an excuse to go search each and every used book store, not that I ever needed an excuse myself. If the thrill of the hunt does not appeal, then hustle down to your local independent book seller. He can find the book at the price and condition you want and have it shipped to his store or your home.

Back in June, 2002, when I first wrote this review the online used book seller ABEBooks.com, had 85 copies of *The Cradle of the Deep* available, ranging from \$7 to \$45 for a copy signed by the author. Many good used book sellers are able to acquire used and out-of-print books for a reasonable fee, and most public libraries have public access internet computers. As of July 25, 2005, ABEBooks.com had over 200 copies available.

balmy sailing breezes, gorgeous sunsets off to the west over the Gulf of Mexico, remarkable shelling, perfect sailing breezes,



You are invited to attend the inaugural

Great Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival

☆ April 1 & 2, 2006 ☆

Come sail, row, or paddle your classic or traditional boat. Race and/or "mess about", sing Sea Shanties, chow down and pig out on fresh local seafood. Go for a pre-festival "Gunk Hole" trip. This is a family affair and there will be children's activities, Bring stuff to sell of a nautical flea market nature. There will be stuff to buy. The registration fee includes free on site camping, an awards dinner, coffee and doughnuts, good times, great company and some live music.

Our special Guest Speaker is to be raconteur, boatbuilder, and writer **Robb White**.

Contact us for further information: Florida Gulf Coast Maritime Museum at Cortez P.O. Box 100 Cortez 34215
941 708 4935 Roger.Allen@Manateeclerk.com www.FGCSCF.org

April Springtime in Florida is the best time of the year. Come visit Manatee Co. and Cortez, a unique Florida Fishing Village

Visualize lovely warm sugar sand beaches, crystal clear or turquoise water,

spring blue skies, lovely Anna Maria Sound, manatees, dolphins, egrets

We are in the heart of winter. In December the coast from Southern Maine to the Outer Banks of North Carolina has just come through dangerous wind and ice storms with record snow falling early in the Boston area. Life along the coast of Essex County, Massachusetts, was brought to a standstill. People hurried to return to their coastal homes from wherever they were before the worsening conditions overtook them in the afternoon. With advanced warning backyard birders were able to fill the feeders and put out warm water for the flocks of small birds.

The coastal bird life seemed unaffected by the growing storm system. Ducks of several species floated and dove along the shoreline. Gulls wheeled in the strengthening winds, laughing at the snowy squalls. Keeping their beaks pointed into the wind, they seemed to relish the stronger gusts that tossed them higher. The three resident swans were nowhere to be seen. Knowing their local pond was frozen over and inhospitable, I wondered if they had flown south to the shores around Hingham or north to the warmer outflux off the power plant in Seabrook, New Hampshire.

This trio of swans has been a fixture on the landscape of Great Neck for more than the seven years we've lived here. Originally there were two pairs. With the death of one of the four, its mate chose to stay with its companions. Each year they raise at least three and often five cygnets. As summer dies into fall the young fledge and fly about practicing their aeronautics, then disappear as winter approaches.

Earlier this fall, the Captain witnessed 28 mute swans milling about at the confluence of the Ipswich River and Fox Creeks. That many swans in one place would have been a specta-



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Swan Song

cle. Perhaps the late fall storms had moved a rich seedbed of grasses that had just sprouted? More than likely they were a group of displaced fledglings from several river systems that feed into the Plum Island Sound.

Like purple loosestrife, a pretty but invasive weed that has choked out the native wetlands plant species, mute swans are an exotic importation from Europe. Most experts agree the East Coast populations from Massachusetts to Maryland's Chesapeake shores came from birds brought into the Hudson River Valley and Long Island Sound around 1910-1912 (mute refers to their lack of honking vocalizations, they do hiss and mutter among themselves). As these large and aggressive birds are highly successful in rearing at least two cygnets each year, it wasn't long before the population explosion got out of hand. Adults immigrated north and south, seeking their own territories to defend. When that territory encompasses everything within a four- to ten-acre area, the local population of waterfowl is going to be pushed aside and start to decline. With a life span of 20 to 30 years, once these swans are established, as our trio is on Clark's Pond, the native birds are going to be shut out of their own homes.

In Connecticut the midwinter waterfowl census of 1963 recorded only 143 mute swans, in the late 1990s that figure had grown to 1,500, then 20% of the entire Atlantic Coast population. Due to the favor-

able climate and rich food sources in the Chesapeake Bay area, the current population stands at close to four times that number. They may be a nuisance in larger numbers, but our family here are delightful to watch.

Our cottage sits on the middle brow of a hill overlooking Plum Island Sound. We are about 30' above the water and can get a swan's eye view of most everything happening on the water. The swans frequently strafe the area with low altitude forays between the pond and the river mouth behind us. If I'm in the yard or have the door open I hear them before I see them. Their wing feathers part the air in such a way as to create an accompaniment of rusty hinge music. At first I thought that it was heavy exhalations through their nares, moving such massive bodies through the air would have to make you huff and puff. The more closely I observed them, the more obvious it became that it was the long flight pinions that were slicing the air and playing the tune.

No classic cartoonist could have ever drawn a more amusing creature on take-off and landing. Each time I watch them take off or land I can hear a vaudevillian musical accompaniment. Pictures of grace and regal demeanor when settled on the water, anatomically suggestive as they preen one another in courtship, swans are very large and awkward, close to being ugly ducks when standing on dry land. Once airborne they are awe-inspiring, with the elegance of a dowager duchess in full costume.

The devotion of the trio is heart warming. Each year they successfully raise three to five babies. From late March through the end of November the trio is actively involved in rearing its family. The nest has to be added to, they rotate their choice among a few built over the years. A prolonged courtship settles any ruffled feathers between the breeding pair. I don't know what gender the third swan might be, so am guessing that it's an aunt who may or may not be adding to the clutch.

As the season progresses, each bird takes a turn sitting on the eggs, or at least the two females do. There are always two out on patrol, or one out eating, the other standing guard close to the nesting bird. With the hatching of the cygnets, everyone is active, riding herd on the little olive drab bundles of fluff. There is good forage on the pond and the babies soon grow close to their adult size. As the summer winds down and the beach is left empty of midweek sunbathers, the adults start to bring the young through the tall reed beds and out into the Sound for a taste of the bigger world. Watching the young learn to fly is hysterically funny. You find yourself at the edge of your seat, rooting for "your bird" to get off the water before his/her siblings can master it.

The babies hang about even after the adults have told them, "It's time to go find your own spot." Flights of eight large birds stop any work in the yard or conversations across a neighbor's fence, jaws go slack and heads shake with wonder that anything that big could fly. If bumblebees shouldn't be able to fly, then swans have to be on the same team. But they do, and it's a sight to behold (and listen to).

By the end of December the pond was frozen, the shoreline rimmed with icy rocks. This year's flight of swans had left for parts unknown, the last sighting had been seen. I miss my swan song but am cheered to think that when next I hear it, spring will be following close behind.

Wing Systems Touring Shell The 1 Boat Fleet



A breakthrough in performance, versatility, safety, and value. Wing's Touring shell converts in minutes from single or double rowing shell into a single or double touring kayak. Easy enough for a child to handle, fast on smooth water, safe in open water. Cartop it anywhere. Touring Shell with one Plantedosi RoWing - \$2,035, Touring shell as single kayak - \$1,675. Order directly for free shipping. Or call for more information and dealers.

Wing Systems

P.O. Box 568, Dept. 2A3

Oyster Bay, NY 11711

For Orders: (516) 922-2655 Collect



KAYAKS

Boréal Design

Wilderness Systems - Old Town

CANOES

Ranger - Old Town - Radisson

Hundreds on Display

FERNALD'S

On the River Parker

Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951

(978) 465-0312

St. Peters, Missouri, July 25, 1832. To Dr. Addison Phileo: Dear sir, I arrived at this place yesterday, July 25, from an expedition through the Chippewa country on the sources of the Mississippi, accompanied by a detachment of troops under command of Lieut. Allen of the 5th Infantry.

A commanding influence has been exercised, in former years, over some parts of this extensive region by the Northwest Company, and since its fall, by the Hudson's Bay Company, who oppose our traders strenuously on the lines and supply their Clerks with high wines to attract the Indian population to their posts. Political and commercial power go together, and the former is made subservient to the latter. Medals and flags are, I am informed, distributed by them to the Indians living within the boundaries of the United States. Old prejudices are kept alive and new ones excited. The strife for furs merges everything else. And if it is not marked by the sanguinary acts which characterized the last year's competition for the fur trade carried on amongst themselves, it is not less ardently, recklessly, and successfully pursued with respect to American Traders.

Many of the Chippewas on Lake Superior, and in the region of Lac de Flambeau, still visit the British posts in Upper Canada to procure the presents which are annually distributed there. We met a large party in canoes who were destined for the British post at Penetanguishine. And these men would pass Fort Brady on their outward and inward route.

To counteract the political influence thus exerted has been among the objects of the expedition, and to keep them at peace with the government and with each other. The latter has been a task of difficulty, as the state of hostile feeling among the Chippewas

Discovery of the True Sources of the Mississippi

By Henry R. Schoolcraft, from a letter to the *Galenian* of August 22, 1832

Submitted by Dick Winslow

and Sioux has acquired the inveteracy of an hereditary feud. War parties are continually trespassing upon the territorial boundaries of each other. And fresh scalps have been danced, after the Indian manner, at Red Lake, at Cass Lake, and at Leech Lake during the time of my passing through the country. War has been the engrossing theme, and it has not been an easy task to declare pacific maxims and enforce them with arguments which a savage people could appreciate while the war drum, and scalp yell were sent forth from other parts of the premises.

We found the waters of the Mississippi in a good state for ascending, and I availed myself of this circumstance to carry into effect the desire of visiting its actual sources, a point which has continued to be problematical in our geography. Pike placed it at Leech Lake in 1806. Gov. Cass carried it much further north and left it at Red Cedar Lake in 1832. But it was then ascertained that its sources were considerably north and west of that lake. I encamped the expedition with the troops and heavy baggage at the last named lake, and proceeded up the river in five small birch canoes capable of containing one man and his bed, in addition to the Indian and Canadian who conducted it.

The Mississippi, above this point, expands into several lakes, the largest of which is called Traverse. A few miles above this it is formed at the junction of a southwest and northwest branch. We ascended the former, through a number of lakes, to its source in a small creek, being an inlet into a lake. From thence we made a portage of six miles with our canoes into La Birche, or Itasca Lake, (the latter being a derivation from veritas caput) which is the true source of this celebrated stream, being at the same time its most western and most northern head.

This lake is about seven miles long, having somewhat the shape of the letter Y. It has clear water and pleasant woody shores. It has a single island upon which I landed, caused some trees to be felled, and hoisted the national flag. We left this flag flying and proceeded down the Northwest or main fork. A descent of about 180 miles brought us back to our party at Red Cedar, or Cass Lake.

Very respectfully, dear sir, your friend and obedient servant, Henry R. Schoolcraft, U.S. Indian Agent.

(Schoolcraft, Henry Rowe, March 28, 1793-December 10, 1864, explorer, ethnologist, was born in Albany County, New York. He began his explorations with a visit to the mineral regions of southern Missouri and Arkansas in 1817-18, then Indian country. He was sent on the Cass exploring expedition in 1820 to the upper Mississippi and the Lake Superior copper region. His *Narrative Journal of Travels through the Northwestern Regions of the United States...to the Sources of the Mississippi River* appeared in 1821. Later in 1832, he made another expedition to the sources of the Mississippi, which he described in *Narrative of an Expedition through the Upper Mississippi to Itasca Lake, the Actual Source of the Mississippi* in 1834.)

Schooner Nancy Bohlin's Race to Market

By Richard Schaab

Back in the days when a fleet of fishing schooners were fishing the Grand Banks, it was common that when one schooner had a hold full of fish and decided to sail home the other schooners would follow to try to be first home and get the best price for fish at Gloucester or Boston.

It would become a race with every schooner flying all sail, including top sails, regardless of how hard the wind was blowing. Captain Tommy of *Nancy Bohlin* had been up all night watching his vessel which he was driving to the limit under full sail in a gale of wind. At daybreak he went below, telling the three men on watch to let him know if it worsened. Tommy was a hard driver, but he knew when to let up on his vessel if the storm got bad enough. For the many times he had arrived in port with his topmasts blown off he always had the alibi that there was a flaw in them.

Anyway, while he was below trying to get a wink of sleep the *Nannie* got hit by a white squall and knocked down on her beam ends. When she righted herself she left her

mainmast in the water. Tommy hove her to with a double reef in her foresail and proceeded to get the main gaff, mainsail, and main boom off the fallen mast. While he was doing this a large barque hove to close by and hailed Tommy asking if they could take the crew off. Tommy told him they were all right and to go about his business.

Casting off the fallen mainmast, Tommy took off the foresail and put the main, gaff, boom and mainsail on the foremast. He had to put in a reef because the foremast was shorter than the main. Thus jury rigged as a sloop he continued to drive her hard all the way to Gloucester.

Three days later Tommy met the captain of the barque which had just got in that morning. He asked the captain where he had been all this time. The reply was that they had been hove to for the gale, the same gale that the *Nancy Bohlin* had sailed home in. I must confess that it was stories like this that made a wild sailor out of me.

KLEPPER
FOLDING KAYAKS

www.klepperwest.com

We Specialize Exclusively in Folding Kayaks

Klepper West

6155 Mt. Aukum Rd.

Somerset, CA 95684-0130

Factory Direct
BEST PRICES

Toll Free: 888-692-8092

KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull

Traditional looking Yacht Tender

Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing

Row & Sail Models

BAY of MAINE BOATS

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

You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

The Gougeons on Canadagua Lake

I have suggested to my very good friend from Rochester, New York, that he should write to Robb White and relate his ice boating experience with the Gougeon brothers. My friend is a far better raconteur than I but if he doesn't write, the gist of the tale is as follows.

Canadagua Lake, one of the finger lakes, is situated south of Rochester, New York, and is the home of the Canadagua Yacht Club. Thirty years ago, more or less, the "ice boat boys" on the lake thought they were pretty hot stuff and passed the word far and wide that they would hold a DN Iceboat regatta and welcomed all to participate. So, prior to the big weekend they sharpened and trued up their runners, tightened their rigging, and prayed for good ice. They had good weather but very light air when sailors from near and far arrived.

The ones from afar were the Gougeon brothers. They casually set up their boats with rigging so loose the mast would flop from side to side. To make a long story short, the brothers won every race by huge margins and in light air would sail all over the lake while the Canadagua boys stood around and watched. Not only are the Gougeons masters of the Epoxy world, they are damn good sailors!

So if you would, drop this note on Robb White's desk. I enjoyed his article and am ordering Meade's new book. I, too, will use nothing but the West System™ products.

Jim Kidd, Yalaha, FL

Now To Stay Healthy

My wife died a little over a year ago, and finally I decided I could no longer tolerate the crowds that have come to the desert area in and around Scottsdale, Arizona. I bought some acreage a few miles from the Colorado River and its system of dams and lakes. I am now 17 miles from the launch ramp at Kathryn's Landing on Lake Mohave. I have a 16' small pontoon boat here that I trailered over from the Phoenix area. The problem now is to stay healthy enough to be able to get back on the water. In the meantime, I want to read about boats and lakes and rivers. I wish you well with your publication, and God Bless.

Dr. James Munson, Golden Valley, AZ

Free Boat Disposal

This note is to let you know that months after my free boats ads and my letter about them, which you published, one of the free boats, the Penn Yan, finally has an owner and is going back near Penn Yan for restoration. I'm not religious, but I can't deny that the Lord works in mysterious ways. That's one I won't have to dispose of.

With all the environmental regulations, which I support, disposal really isn't a do-it-yourself kind of thing anymore. The risks of attempting an illegal boat disposal (burning) are just too great. If I'm going to be on the evening news, I don't want it to be for something stupid like that.

I thought you'd be amused by the approach taken by a customer in Sweden,

where boat disposal is something to put on the Christmas card (no comment).

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT



Information of Interest...

Charity Begins At Home

Along in the early spring our local Hospice outfit begins canvassing for donations for their silent auction. One of the principals is an old student of mine so I got a personal contact. Some discussion revealed that an afternoon of sailing would be a nice donation. Well somebody bid 70 bucks and never got in touch. We couldn't follow up because the record was lost. No use speculating on the reasons for not collecting. I had figured on a nice nearby park with a no motorboat lake. I would lay on a nice snack of Brie and crackers with a bottle of cheap champagne, of which I would get my share. I contemplated a family or maybe two couples.

I signed on for the same deal this year and my old student sucked it up as the centerpiece of a family reunion. It worked out fine since I knew many of the folks and was welcome at the heavily laden table.

This is a dandy idea for anybody in the sailboat business and nearly as attractive for any other enthusiast. All your out-of-pocket expenses are deductible and the clever types could work in some safety gear, maybe even a GPS. Blue blazer? Anyway, it's something to think about. It's for a good cause, promotes sailing, and could be a lot of fun.

Jim Thayer, Collbran, CO



Gronicle (Continued)

Having just been assured by the osteopath that my right leg has not been pulled beyond the point of no return, I hasten to thank Capt. Gnat for his fine historical presentation on the gronicle, it is greatly appreciated.

One thing I would like to request is a sketch or schematic diagram of how the device was used to control the mast position-

ing on lateen-rigged Mediterranean craft. I would estimate that at least 3,000 MAIB subscribers would be intensely interested.

Neal Small, Brooklyn, NY

Opinions...

Some Thoughts

Here are some thoughts I have had while reading various issues of the magazine.

I'm down to two boats now (not counting the little ones that I made for my grandchildren to play with), a 17' Nylox outboard runabout (*F.O.R.D. MAIB* December 1, 2002) and a 12'9" plywood runabout my dad and I made in 1957 (seen in *F.O.R.D.* article). The 14' Sea King (*MAIB*, October 15, 2005) and the 12'6" Viking (*MAIB*, April 15, 1999) got traded last summer for a Karmann Ghia. Old Volkswagens are my other interest. It runs but needs work. I will probably work on it before starting anymore boatbuilding projects. If I do another boat project, it will probably be putting a cabin on *F.O.R.D.* Or, since my neighbor gave me an old Sears 3.5hp outboard motor, maybe I can get it running for the summer.

An interesting thing happened here recently. An acquaintance who lives a few miles down the road (and has about 20 old Volkswagens) came over with an 8hp Mercury outboard he had recently bought. He had some questions about how to put it on a boat. As I looked at it in the back of his truck, I saw the motor from the Sea King boat that I had traded for the Karmann Ghia. He had bought the Mercury from the guy I traded the boats to (who lives in a town 150 miles from me) and had picked up the boats as part of the deal. Maybe I haven't seen the last of these boats yet.

Boyd Mefferd and others have offered free boats in the classified ad section. I recommend establishing a "Free Stuff" category in this section. Maybe that would encourage interest in getting boats out on the water. Boyd has commented on the difficulty of finding someone to take a free boat. Some of the boats I have acquired have been free, or very low cost. I would like to pick up another free one, maybe a rowboat, for working on sometime in the future, but the ones listed are always on the East Coast and I am in California. Does anyone know how to get a free East Coast boat to California... for free?

I should call Boyd to talk to him. My mother's name was Mefferd. Maybe we are related? Is interest in old boats genetic? There was probably an old sea captain who is a common ancestor.

In the December 15, 2005 issue (which arrived here in January 2006) Doc Regan asked people to send him stories on how their boats got their names. I don't have email so I will tell the story of *F.O.R.D.* here. The boat was found stripped and abandoned on the side of a road so I thought of the name *Lost & Found* since I intended on repairing and using it. My son, whose trailer we were using to bring it home, painted *F.O.R.D.* (Found On Road Dead) on the transom with a spray paint can so that became its name. Today it is the boat I use the most. It has been to Lake Shasta and Lake Powell.

There are many good articles and writers in *MAIB*. The kind of articles that I like the best are ones about boats that readers

have made, showing line drawings and tables of offsets.

I think the writer that I like the best is the editor, Bob Hicks. You sometimes comment on boating things you have done, which makes me want to see more stories from you. Please ignore any criticisms you may receive on your writing or your magazine and continue to do it your way. Interesting that your training was in electrical engineering. So was mine.

Many people have commented on Robb White. I think I have seen somewhere in his writings something about carrying a sheet of plywood on a motorcycle. If this is correct, please ask him to explain how it is done.

"Beyond the Horizon" by Hugh Ware is very interesting. I wish he would emphasize the bad news less and tell us more about the good things people are doing with boats. He mentioned the car ferry *John Atlantic Burr* that operated on Lake Powell. I spent the summer of 1990 (summer is seven months long in the Utah desert) doing maintenance work on rental houseboats at Bullfrog Marina, which is on one end of its run, and watched it go back and forth across the lake several times every day. It was still operating there when I visited the lake in 2003.

There seems to be some controversy about the use of polyester resin to build boats. Some people say that only epoxy resin should be used and boats made with polyester resin are no good. I disagree. A boat made with epoxy will probably be stronger and last longer, but for my type of boating, where the boat spends most of its time on a trailer, polyester works just fine, especially considering the cost difference. The 12'9" boat mentioned above was made with marine plywood and polyester resin in 1957. It has been used every year since then and is still in excellent shape.

Craig Wilson, Groveland, CA

Projects...

Frugal Boating

I have had several small boats but only bothered to name the latest, which I rebuilt last winter. I took up sailing small boats in 1999 and started dinghy cruising in my O'Day Daysailer 3 on the Allegheny Reservoir (northwest Pennsylvania, a lovely lake surrounded by forest) in 2003. I sailed, fished, and hiked during the day. I slept and ate on the boat using a 10'x12' tarp for a boom tent. I made friends with two guys who spent July and August living on shanty boats made from old pontoon boats.

The O'Day was okay, but a better place for eating and sleeping would be nice. I considered a pontoon boat, but felt it too big and too much trouble. I looked at building the Shanteuse, a mini houseboat, and decided that using an old fiberglass boat for the basic hull would be the quick and least expensive way to a mini houseboat.

I bought a 1969 Glastron 15' Tri Hull with trailer for \$50, removed and replaced the rotten plywood floor, transom, and stringers, built a 6'x6'x8' long cabin with a 5' long deck on the front. I used 15 of the aluminum ribs from my old satellite dish for cabin framing. The sides are 1/4" lauan with a polycarb roof. It has large doors front and back and large windows on each side. They can be closed to make it bug and weather

tight. I bought new tires and lights for the trailer. Total cost was \$500. I used an existing 3hp Seagull motor to move about, 4mph max. The Seagull is to be replaced this year with a 1971 Johnson 20hp bartered from one of the shanty boat guys.

In 2005 I spent 55 days on the reservoir, typically a week or two at a time with time home in between (70 miles away). I tied a Sunfish alongside for sailing and moved the two boats around together. This year I may replace the Sunfish with the Daysailer. My wife is still working, but says she would visit more with the Daysailer (only four days last year). My name for the houseboat, *Frugal*.

Mike Vossler, Wellsville, NY

Powered Picnic Cat

My kids have the sailing Picnic Cat but I have set up a Picnic Launch from a hull without sail, centerboard, or tiller but with a small keel. Very pleasant.

Mark Hamilton, Northport, FL



This Magazine...

Helping Hand

I'm planning to give a *MAIB* subscription to anyone who buys an 18-footer or above, and this year I'll put a subscription form on the back of each handout at the boat shows. Hopefully this will help a little bit with the subscriptions.

Bill Haggerty, Chesuncook Canoes, Ivoryton, CT

Fatuous Prolivity (Continued)

I was amused by your recent commentary about the college writing teacher who felt infected by "fatuous prolivity" emanating from your publication. Fatuous prolivity is actually a disease incubated by English professors. They are convinced they see the disease all around them, but in fact they are the hosts and carriers.

It's a disease that sprouts spontaneously during meetings of English departments across the nation. Imagine being locked in a room with 20 or 30 of these folks, each of them bleating incessantly in sordid states of high excitement over the dreadful crimes against language they see all around them. After ten minutes or so the air turns to an odd shade of yellow and begins swirling counterclockwise with violent updrafts of moisture and high heat. Sometimes sparks jump from tongue to tongue and voices rumble with such indignation that the ground shakes.

I confess to being a writing teacher at your own state university, too often trapped in these heated tempests, and I can tell you that when the door opens, frightening gusts roar through the corridors of high thought. If this air could be bottled it could be used to drive whole fleets of becalmed boats.

I would have thought that *Messing About in Boats* might serve as an antidote to

such professorial vapors. But once infected the afflicted swirl helplessly away in whirligigs of cacophonous bleating, never to be listened to again.

Peter Owen, Marstons Mills, MA

In Memoriam...

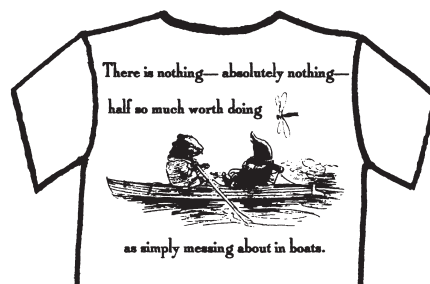
Joe Seliga (1911-2005)

Joe Seliga of Ely, Minnesota, widely known master canoe builder, died in December, 2005 at age 94 of cancer. Together with his wife of 68 years, Nora (who died five years ago), they built more than 650 traditional wood/canvas canoes bearing their imprint, "Built by Nora & Joe Seliga." Each would take 100 to 200 hours to build. The waiting list for a canoe was always lengthy, they typically turned out 10-12 a year. In recent years they sold for somewhere around \$4,000 apiece. Seliga was still at work less than two weeks before his death, working on a partially finished canoe with the help of his son-in-law.

The Seliga canoes were especially suited to travel in the northern lakes area because they were maneuverable on rivers but able to track well across open lakes. Seliga canoes have traveled north of the Arctic Circle.

Early in his life Seliga started to make his famous canoes on the weekends and evenings after a day's work in the mines, repairing one that had been damaged on a trip he took with his father. There was no sign on his workshop attached to his house in Ely. Everyone in town knew him. Fifteen years ago Seliga's workshop went up in flames. By this time he was in his early 80s, but he had no intention of slowing down and was soon back to work.

A book about his life, *The Art of the Canoe with Joe Seliga*, by Jerry Stelmok, was published in 2002.



Simply Messing About In Boats Nautical Apparel & Accessories

from
The Wind in the Willows
The Design Works
toll free 877-637-7464
www.messingabout.com

Tony Lopes was as good in a storm as any man in the Chatham lobster fleet. He had his stories, too. Like the time he was dismayed in the December nawtheastah of '78. He lost both his main and mizzen in a single howling hurricane gust and, when he finally reached shore, both his hands were frozen to his oar grips engulfed by blocks of ice as big as catchers' mitts. Truthfully.

"Things happen quick in a storm," Tony told the boys at Monomoy Liars Tavern over and over again, year after year.

Tony wasn't afraid of storms, but he didn't defy them either. He kept a back-up sail tucked in the bow and carried three oars. When he left the harbor this late November dawn it was still dark, the sky filled with stars, a good sign. Tacking against a warmish southwest breeze, Tony got stuck on the idea that he never learned to swim. "How come?" his grandson Curly had asked him over Sunday dinner.

"Sounds stupid, don't it?" Tony asked.

Curly was only 12 but he had a smart mouth on him.

"Yeah," Curly said, eyes wide in playful disbelief.

"I ain't the only one. We don't want to spend a lot of time drowning. The water's cold and when it's time to go, why fight it?" Tony asked.

Curly thought that was one of the dumbest things he'd ever heard, but he held his tongue because he loved to hear his grandfather work up a good argument.

"I don't know a man in the fleet who can swim ten foot," Tony said. "It sounds dumb, boy, but it ain't."

"But they do use motors, don't they?" his daughter Anna, Curly's mom, asked with a triumphant grin. She was a professional accountant who did Tony's books, "such as they were," she often grumbled.

"Motors break when you most need 'em," he said flatly. "I know men froze to death fixin' their motors in same time I row home workin' up a sweat."

By the time he reached his traps that November morning the wind had switched hard to the northeast and the sky had turned a nasty purple gray. The water at Halfmoon Shoal glowed silver and erupted with peels of tense white waves licking above the shallows. His buoys tilted like nervous soldiers pointing to the southwest as if calling in unison, "Git home, old fool."

Tony almost headed home but figured he'd try the first row of pots on the way by the channel's edge. He curled windward into a port tack and hooked his first pot. He dumped seven big lobsters into his bin and baited the trap. To Tony seven lobsters was good as gold, a harbinger of a great haul, especially these days. So rather than head home, he worked the first row, 20 pots and 62 keepers, most two-pounders. Truthfully.

He worked feverishly hauling pots, dropping his mizzen sail altogether and letting his reefed main luff, fluttering furiously against the wind. But soon the headwind drew him away from his pots and Tony had to beat back over the shoal to regain his deeper rows. He could see it was working up to a gale but he couldn't give up now. He could get halfway through the winter with this haul.

So he beat to windward and set course ahead of the pots, planning to weigh anchor once he hit the channel. Then he could drop his sail and lower himself along each line of

Lobster Bait

(Fiction)

By Peter Owens



pots, using the anchor and pot lines like a mountain climber easing down a cliff. Tony had done this a lot of times in worse wind but never on a day as promising as this one.

When he was a good 20 yards upwind from the first pot in the second line he dropped his main and scurried forward to release the anchor chain. He grasped the anchor and stepped forward onto the foredeck. His foot slipped and Tony flopped on his butt, twisting frantically to grab the mainmast. The end of his anchor chain looped around his boot on its way out, and for a moment Tony was stretched out like a drawn pig, the anchor chain tugging on his leg while Tony grasped the mast to keep from being pulled overboard. He cursed himself and with one hand let go of the mast to try to untwist his leg from the chain and then wham, the anchor caught the channel's edge and yanked him over and down.

As he went over Tony could hear the bone in his leg snap with an electric shock of pain and cold as he was sucked down into the frigid water. Above the water's surface Tony's flailing arms disappeared like a diving cormorant and the anchor line slipped from a cleated coil he'd set to give the anchor purchase. The gale and waves lifted the bow and flung his boat sideways to the wind and waves. In moments the boat was heaved several lengths, the coil of anchor line yanked out in fits and starts before suddenly snapping hard against the cleat, the boat wrenching with a sudden powerful shock against the taut tether of her anchor's final loop. The floundering boat swung bow to wind with a hard bang, just as Tony planned.

Before this crushing snap Tony had flailed beneath the surface, clawing toward the bright silver surface against the weight of anchor and its lengthy chain rode. He was doing his best to swim upward when the line snapped taut and suddenly he was ripped down, face torn over the sand of the channel's edge. The other bone in his leg broke as the line slapped hard against hull, the shriek of masts and thwarts, planks, ribs, and gunwales all so violently heaved to, bow into wind and waves.

Under the frigid water Tony hung in silence like live bait flailing from a taut and quivering hook, aimlessly fluttering with life but not for long. Oddly his greatest sensation was not in his shattered leg but from spasms of cold, and because cold was no stranger Tony was already reaching for his knife, a reflex deeper for him than breathing. He was a goner, he knew, unless he took the leg off. He had always worried that he'd die at sea and had always imagined himself separated

from his boat, wondering if he'd have the guts to inhale water and finish the job quickly. Now here he was tied to his boat and to the bottom, festooned like a floppy mackerel sewed to a hook waiting for a tuna or as likely a shark to pull him into the deep, his lungs near bursting before the merciful end.

His knife was razor sharp and he'd always used it with deft skill to pop open an oyster, shuck a quahog, peel back a fillet, or slice the eyes from a blue-eyed scallop. He could use his knife with precise skill whether dead drunk, blindfolded, deep in conversation, any or each. Tony understood that if he wanted to live he had to cut his leg off above the loop where the anchor rode held his foot and boot and leg in one offish tangle.

In very cold water a man loses the graceful cooperation of his muscles. His whole body goes into an ungodly twitch, jerking about like a freshly filleted fish. Worse yet, he often gasps when he should hold his breath. Even a skilled swimmer will flail at the water, muscles all akimbo.

Tony had known shocking cold and his fillet job this time was far from his best. Before he'd fully separated the tendon behind his knee the knife twisted from his hand and tumbled down the slope of the channel wall. He paused helplessly, his body quaking from a desperate need to gasp for air, hanging in an icy limbo that felt like fire. He had one final clumsy reflex to grab the anchor chain with one hand to pull himself down to that fibrous tendon that he grasped in his teeth and cut like a warm string of nylon. And then he was free and pulled himself up the chain and anchor line to the surface where he gasped desperately for breath.

He hauled himself into the boat as he had at other times gaffed an immense tuna, except this time he was the tuna, so it all felt strangely backward as though he had become his own doomed prey. He tied a buoy line hard around the bleeding stub below his pulsating knee. He shuddered with wild shocks of excruciating burning everywhere as though he had been doused in gas and set fire.

His hands were numb and rubbery but he hauled the halyard to raise the main sail as though his strangely foreign hands belonged to phantom mate. When the sail was up and fluttering wildly in the wind, Tony grasped a hatchet he kept stowed for just this very problem and crashed it down over the anchor line. The line snapped and the hatchet flipped out of his numb, rubbery hands into the water, but she was free and heaved back with the first bow wave.

He lunged to the tiller and fell face-first into the cockpit ribs, having not yet realized his leg was gone. He pulled himself back up and wrenched the bow off the wind onto the homeward tack as he set off for home, shivering beyond any semblance of control. Tony wrapped himself in the mizzen and beat hard to windward, his lobster bins scratching with desperate, frantic claws, the wind howling, waves blasting his port bow, waves spraying into his face.

When they got him warm and properly sewed up at the hospital, Tony greeted a weeping, grateful, and angry family. His daughter, Anna, made him promise never to go to sea again, and he promised he would not. A lie, of course.

The next day young Curly came back to the hospital when things had settled down and the old man and his grandson thought they were alone.

"If I could swim, you'd be at my funeral now," Tony insisted as if in mid-argument.

Curly looked up, completely baffled, his stomach still aching from horrific remorse at how close he'd come to losing his grandpop. "What are you talkin' about?" Curly demanded.

"If I couldha swum, I'd ah cut that leg and then," Tony said, shaking his head no, "I'd ah swum straight up to fetch some air." Tony looked at Curly like that was all anyone had to know.

"Yeahhhh?" Curly said.

"Yessir. There you go. If I'd ah been another damned fool swimmer," Tony croaked, "I'd ah been dead. If you gonna be

a fisherman, it don't make no sense to learn to swim. It clutters up your thinkin', son."

His daughter Anna, lingering outside the hospital curtain designating Tony's room, curled inside, "Okay, Mr. Smartypants, I'll bite. So why would a swimmer be dead and you, the brilliant non-swimmer, manage to survive?"

Tony had them both gawking. College girl and her son, a college boy in-the-making. Swimmers both, smart as whips, and completely stumped.

"I cain't swim so all's I got is that anchor line, the long way back to air. But if can swim, I come straight up for air, current

drags me away from my boat, and I just wave goodbye. I swim for that boat like a damned fool. And I'm dead, drifting into the cold, dark sea."

"So, swimming just complicates things?" Anna asked.

Tony looked at Curly and shrugged. "Lobster bait."

"Mom," the boy exclaimed confidently. "I get it. It's just so obvious, Ma."

Tony grinned. Life was good again.

(Peter Owens is the author of *Rips*, a nautical novel.)

It was a calm summer night 20 miles off the New Jersey shore in the summer of 1958, but it just as well might have happened last year. We were on a rescue mission on the Coast Guard Cutter *Agassiz* with a trawler in tow. I was standing the towing watch.

The *Agassiz* did a lot of rescue work while I was a crew member. On this night we were towing a fishing vessel that was as large as ourselves into port, probably 30 to 40 tons. We were not moving very fast, maybe 6-7kts.

We did our offshore towing on a long line, usually about 600' behind. After we would get a vessel hooked up we would then slowly work up to a speed that seemed to work well. As our speed increased the tow line would stretch and we would have to adjust its length so both vessels were on the same face of different waves.

When the skipper was happy with the speed and position of the tow we would wrap some chafing gear around the towing line to protect it where it passed over the rail. This was usually canvas wrapped around the line and this would be covered with a large piece of leather and lashed in place with marlin. After the chafing gear was on the crew could go below until it was their watch.

We always kept one man on the after deck as a towing watch. This person wore a set of sound powered phones that were connected to another set that the helmsman wore. This way we had communication between the bridge and the after deck.

The duties of the towing watch were simple. First, don't fall overboard. Next,

Phosphorescence

By Mississippi Bob

keep the bridge informed of any changes in the tow, and last, keep the towline wet where it was made up on the towing bit.

Our towing line was a single piece of nylon about 2-1/2" diameter and 900' long. Our ship only had one and the skipper made sure that it was well cared for. Nylon line will stretch a lot. It can stretch up to 30% before it breaks. We never tested this but even with the tow on the same wave face as our ship there was always some movement within the line. Over a period of time this internal movement within the line would create heat enough that it could melt, and then fuse, the fibers within the line. This was especially noticeable where the line was made up on the towing bitts. This is why the line was always kept wet. The man on watch would catch buckets of water out of the ocean and throw them on the bitts and the line.

Our policy was that we would never leave the safety of our perch next to Charlie Nobel without first reporting to the helmsman our intent, then we would report back as soon as this was done. Our skipper was as careful with his men as he was with the tow line.

On this night I had just come on watch at midnight and as my eyes got accustomed

to the dark it became obvious that the bow wave of the tow was very visible in the darkness. The tow was about 600' behind us but the bow wave seemed to glow in the dark.

When I got my first bucket of water and threw it on the bitts I got a great surprise, the bitts lit up like a thousand fire flies. "Wow," I thought, "I have been breathing that stale air in the crew's quarters too long." The four-hour watch seemed to fly by, I never had so much fun throwing water on the bitts. During that time I was noticing little flashes of light all around me. The water was alive. Our wake was lit by the turbulence of our screws and the towline would rise and fall and rise again with little sparkers all over it.

It was such a nice night that after my watch I headed for the bridge to share my experience with the boys up there. They had been noticing it, too. The OD was an old-timer, a chief bosun. He was probably all of 35 or so and was a real man of the world. He had been around. "Phosphorescence," he said, "happens a lot when the water gets warm. Little tiny critters that light up when they get disturbed, Billions of them."

It was my first experience with these little critters but not my last. That night I stayed on the bridge for a bit longer and got a real show. A group of dolphins arrived and played in our bow wave. They were like lines of fire under water and their bodies seemed to glow because they were disturbing all the little critters, just as our bow wave was doing. Some nights it just is hard to go to bed even though you know you really need the sleep.



Harry Bryan Designed **21' Handy Billy**

First time in Fiberglass!!!
25 horsepower, 18 knot, Quiet, Efficient
Center Console, Elegant, Traditional

Southport Island Marine, LLC
P.O. Box 320, Southport, ME 04576
(207) 633-6009
www.southportislandmarine.com

"Life's Too Short To Own An Ugly Boat"
(Ask about our "Life's Too Short..." Boutique
Bumper Stickers, Shirts, etc.)

Saturday, 23 July: We had a couple of short periods of rain during the night but no thunderstorms. By daybreak we had a clearing sky with a good NW breeze, another spectacular day.

The tide was low sometime around 0600 or 0700 and I had to retrieve about 20' of anchor line to keep our stern from swinging onto the beach with the change in wind direction to NW. The evening before we had put out enough scope to accommodate the approximately 10.2' of tidal rise and fall.

We were now swinging back and forth over about 2' of crystal clear water with good lighting. It's fun to hang over the gunwale in these conditions and watch the bottom go by. There was an abundance of starfish of various sizes, some up to about 8" in diameter and in a variety of colors, pinks, grays, blue grays, yellows, and oranges. There were small sea urchins, large barnacles attached to shells, and a few hermit crabs scurrying about. Always fascinating.

In addition to the usual gulls and small birds, black guillemots are everywhere in these parts, a small, chunky, black seabird with white oval wing patches. Guillemots seem to love this rocky environment and nest in rock crevices. It was not uncommon to hear the calls of common loons and to see them occasionally. Juvenile loons spend their first three years on the coast before going inland to the lakes in summer to breed.

We saw seals in many of the harbors we visited. We occasionally saw them among the lobster buoys while crossing bays. Going into Southwest Harbor along the side of the channel trying to avoid lobster buoys, I remember seeing a face in the water that so looked like a large dog that I was taken aback for a split second until we got closer and I realized it was a seal. After he or she looked us over, it dove.

So today it was off to Somes Sound and farther east. We sailed out of Southwest Harbor between Clark Point and Greening Island, almost to the Narrows at the mouth of Somes Sound in the brisk NW breeze. We then motored north to Somesville, dead into the wind funneling down the sound, enjoying the beauty of the only fjord on the East Coast of the U.S., according to one guide. It is 4.5 miles long and 0.2 mile wide. Acadia and St. Sauveur Mountains on the west side are 600' at their peaks and Norumbega Mountain on the east is 800'. And then there is Cadillac Mountain on the east side of Mt. Desert Island at 1,530'. The Coast Pilot says Cadillac is the "highest point along the eastern coastline of the United States. On a clear day the mountain is visible from 35 to 45 miles to seaward." There were a few beautiful homes along the way and a couple of marinas in the upper end of the sound.

Somes Harbor turned out to be a very nice small anchorage with plenty of room for SWSers. It had a public landing within walking distance of the town. Gayle, still studiously reading her cruising guide, suggested we walk up to the bookstore and Somesville's small museum and garden. We enjoyed the bookstore and walked across the street to the museum, but its hours didn't coincide with ours. The museum grounds did give us a beautiful view out across a millpond and the foundation and spillway of the mill that had been there, with the harbor in the background, a fabulous vista.

We had set an ambitious itinerary for today, Bar Harbor. So we ran back down the

Ardea's Journal

Part 2

A Cruise on Penobscot Bay

By Shearwaters

Ardea and True North

By Harry Mote

Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*

sound with a single reef tucked in to make the ride relaxing enough to enjoy the scenery. The NW breeze whistled its way down the sound, often changing direction enough to threaten a jibe. Cruising guides, as well as a local sailor we met in Rockland, warned us to be wary of the downdrafts that come down into the sound like williwaws.

We rounded Smallidge Point, north of Greening Island, to take the Eastern Way past Southeast Harbor and south of Bear Island with its very pretty lighthouse. As we sailed between the red bell buoy and Bear Island at about 1400, the Friendship sloops were rounding the bell buoy as a windward mark of their annual race. We had read about the Friendship sloop race, which was scheduled to start at 1300 today, and we had seen a few of the sloops staging at various harbors in our travels. A Friendship that we had seen sail into Great Harbor Marina at Southwest Harbor late the afternoon before appeared to be in fifth place. So it was fun to be able to see at least a part of the race.

Although we didn't have time to go east toward Schoodic Peninsula, we did have good views of Cadillac Mountain, with smaller mountains in the foreground, as we rounded the SE corner of Mt. Desert Island. The rocky scenery along the entire eastern side of the island is spectacular. It is probably what everyone imagines a rocky coast should look like. The sea swells rolling in from the Gulf of Maine and breaking on the rocks make the effect dramatic.

As we approached the entrance to Bar Harbor we saw a pair of bald eagles that probably had a nest somewhere up on Sols Cliff. We entered Bar Harbor between the end of the breakwater and Bar Harbor and anchored at the edge of the mooring area in the NW part of the harbor, out near Bar Island and east of the "bar" that makes Bar Harbor.

We rowed ashore for dinner. This was Saturday night in midsummer in Bar Harbor, one of the biggest names in Maine tourism. Gayle spotted a taxi driver and asked his advice about restaurants. We decided to walk about half a block up the street, away from the busy waterfront to a restaurant called Galyn's, one of the taxi driver's recommendations. We looked at the menus in the window, liked what we saw, and went in. The food and ambiance were great and there were some good beers on tap. Just what we needed after a long, fabulous day.

Sunday, 24 July: We sailed north, out between Bar and Sheep Porcupine Islands into Frenchman Bay. We were tacking against a NW wind that was variable in direction and velocity. Once out in the bay we shook out our single reef for more power to make better progress against the small chop. But as we rounded Sand Point the wind increased and we tucked the reef back in. At this point we were able to lay a close-hauled course west in Eastern Bay. We were headed for Mt. Desert Narrows where we would lower our mainmasts to go under the Mt.

Desert Island bridge which has a vertical clearance of 25' and it was near high water.

This backwater had no buoys, of course. So we SWSers looked at soundings and landmarks on our charts and determined that the best approach to the bridge was to the south of a ledge and visible rock. A nod from the friendly captain of what looked like a clam dredge working in the area indicated that we had chosen the right approach. So we lined up for the center opening and went through with a strong, fair current into Western Bay.

Masts raised again, we sailed west, still with a single reef, south of Oak Point, around the bottom of Newbury Neck and the top of Long Island, into Blue Hill Harbor, close reaching most of the way. Ledges and rocks block the mouth of the inner harbor to deep draft boats. But a buoyed channel to the east leads the way in. As strangers to these parts we chose the buoyed channel, which makes a dogleg into the inner harbor and then another dogleg into the western part of the harbor, where we anchored.

Cruising guides talk about the beauty of this harbor. Blue Hill, up behind the town of Blue Hill, is indeed a hazy blue from a distance with an elevation of 934'. The surrounding landscape and buildings are very picturesque, a very pretty place to be. As usual the boat watching was equally pleasant. Tied to a moored float not too far from where we anchored was a 24' Pete Culler outboard motorboat that I have always liked, with what looked like a Bolger mortar box dinghy in its cockpit.

Monday, 25 July: Part of the charm of Blue Hill's inner harbor is that there are rock islands in a number of places and much of the harbor, especially up toward the town dock, dries out. One of the guides warns about this. This morning the tide was just about low when we decided to try to row into the town dock for a look and some minor provisioning. Nick and Gayle and I, in two dinghies, explored small shallow channels that we thought might allow us to reach the town about half a mile away. We were unsuccessful and the mud flats looked too intimidating for walking.

We motored out of the harbor and started tacking south down Blue Hill Bay toward Bass Harbor at the bottom of Mt. Desert Island, a harbor we hadn't seen, and we were in need of the usual services once again. The forecast was for mixed weather and the big dark cloud that we had been watching coming down Blue Hill behind us got darker and finally caught up and let loose much rain, lightning, and thunder. This had not been in the forecast to the best of our recollection. We took refuge in Allen Cove at Harriman Point for lunch, to dry out, and until the weather improved. The cove was so nice it was tempting to stay there.

Later that afternoon, given the light air and lateness of the day, we motorsailed the rest of the way to Bass Harbor. We arrived at about 1700 and most of the facilities in the harbor had closed for the day. The harbor is primarily commercial, dense with lobster boats, moored floats, small commercial vessels, and a couple of marinas. Near the mouth of the harbor is Morris Yachts, a builder of high-quality fiberglass cruising/racing sailboats. We were able to tie up to marina floats for the night.

Tuesday, 26 July: We got our chores out of the way in short order this morning. Then we headed west for Eggemoggin

Reach, via Casco Passage, in light air. Saw two large schooners, always a beautiful sight. The breeze picked up as we left the west side of the Passage and we enjoyed a nice sail to the Reach.

We sailed past the WoodenBoat facility, at Brooklin where we had toured the magazine offices and boatbuilding school with Mike O'Brien last year, and then on to Center Harbor. We had ducked into this beautiful little harbor to repair *True North's* leeboard last year and wanted to revisit to see more of it, especially the Brooklin Boat Yard. *Ardea* and *True North* anchored off the yard at the upper end of the harbor along the edge of the mooring fleet, where there is always room for SWsers, and rowed in for an self-guided tour of the place.

The late Joel White, an MIT-trained naval architect, started the Brooklin Boat Yard in 1960. He is the son of E.B. White, one of America's best essayists, probably most well known for his children's books such as *Charlotte's Web* and *Stuart Little*. Joel White designed a number of very nice boats that are traditional looking above the waterline, including the W Class yachts. He modified the keel of the N.G. Herreshoff 12-1/2 to produce the Haven 12-1/2. The re-design includes a centerboard to reduce draft, which made this able little boat more practical for more people. Those who know Edey & Duff know the Saconnet, a Joel White design.

Joel's son Steve now operates the Brooklin Boat Yard. The yard specializes in the service and repair of wooden boats and new construction in cold molded, vacuum bagged wood composites which produce exceptionally strong, light hulls. The yard's current primary project in its new 120' main shop is the complete restoration of the 74' commuter yacht *Aphrodite*. She was built in 1937 by Purdy Boat Company in Port Washington, New York, for John Hay Whitney, who commuted to Wall Street in her from Manhasset, Long Island, for many years. She has a sleek looking bustle stern and is painted black with varnished mahogany deckhouses and trim. During WWII she saw duty as part of the Coast Guard's reserve fleet.

"Restoration," as performed in this case, is the replacement, piece by piece, of every piece of wood, fastening, and component until all is new, according to a now accepted procedure for projects like this developed by organizations like the International Yacht Restoration School in Newport, Rhode Island. At the time of our visit the *Aphrodite's* hull was virtually completed with topsides and bottom painted and shafts, struts, and propellers installed. The reconstruction of the deck, deckhouses, and interior were well advanced. Her original power was a pair of 800hp Packard diesels. We were told at the shop that her new 1,000hp Caterpillar diesels would push *Aphrodite* to 40 kts.

The main shop's previous big project was a 50' cold molded racer/cruiser with carbon spars and rudder and a 9' fin keel, designed by the yard's in-house naval architect, Robert Stephens. Above the waterline she has a pleasing sheer and overhangs. She was launched in June, 2003, and we saw her on a mooring at the mouth of the harbor.

Also on moorings in this little harbor was a Quiet Tune, an Araminta, and two Rozinantes, all designed by L. Francis Herreshoff. There was even a Sea Bird yawl, a 25' V-bottomed cruiser that dates back to

Tom Day and *The Rudder* magazine of the 1940s. Out near the mouth of the harbor, off the yacht club, was a fleet of Beetle cats as well as a fleet of 12-1/2s. To a boat watcher this little harbor and the Brooklin Boat Yard is a small piece of paradise and definitely one of the highlights of the cruise for me.

We left Center Harbor for the Benjamin River, a couple of miles farther west in the Reach, to anchor for the night. This was another harbor we'd only given a quick look last year. This time it looked like a good refuge from the forecast rain, wind, and thunderstorms.

Wednesday, 27 July: The forecasted rain and thunderstorms never materialized. We awoke to typical Maine early morning light fog but an otherwise beautiful day. According to this morning's forecast the arrival of the new front and its weather was postponed for a day. But we were happy to be able to spend the night in this peaceful, pretty place. The harbor provided the usual good Penobscot Bay boat watching. It included a pretty lapstrake, cat yawl daysailer, two more Rozinantes, a nice yawl, and a pretty little Tancook-type schooner.

We sailed farther west to Buck's Harbor at the end of the Reach, a favorite from last year. *Ardea* and *True North* took moorings, which included showers, to wait out the bad weather. In the meantime it was a beautiful day and we enjoyed the nautical scene, watching boats come and go. That afternoon the schooner *Grace Bailey*, which appeared to be an old coaster now in the windjammer trade, came into harbor and anchored for the night.

We did our usual rowing tour of the harbor. It included several pretty boats, including a Concordia yawl, and a local yacht club sailing program race underway. It's fun to watch kids sailing and having fun.

The showers were great, too. The air temperature was in the 70s and the afternoon sun was warm so I chose one of the outdoor showers with a view of the harbor. They are wooden stalls that looked like they had been power washed with a bleach solution to make the bare wood clean and almost white. I could just see over the top of the stall, which gave me a nice view of the harbor as I showered. Delightful.

Well, we finally got our thunderstorm. Late in the afternoon the air got wet, the wind made noises in the trees, and the sky began to flash and rumble in the distance. The storm seemed slow moving and it eventually rained well into the night. The wind went from the prevailing SW to NW.

Thursday, 28 July: We awoke to another beautiful Maine morning, except no morning fog, just clear, crisp wind out of the NW. We headed for Pulpit Harbor, another favorite from last year. This would be our last night afloat. We had had good weather with good sightseeing and sailing. *Ardea's* and *True North's* crews decided to get a day's jump on the trip home, which meant we would retrieve on Friday, a day early. Pulpit would give us a straight shot to Rockland the next morning.

We were able to sail off the mooring at Buck's to our anchorage at Pulpit on the nice NW breeze, broad reaching most of the way. The clear dry air gave us fabulous views of the surrounding islands, with the Camden hills to the west, a smoky blue against a light blue sky. We sailed west of Great Spruce Head toward Pulpit.

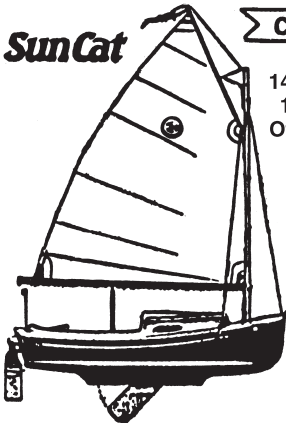
An attractive, three-masted schooner called *Kathryn B.* followed us into Pulpit. She rounded up, dropped anchor with a rattle of chain, and lowered her sails. She was steel, V-bottomed, fairly new, well kept, and probably built for the windjammer trade. Shortly thereafter, *Grace Bailey* sailed in, followed by another two-master whose name I did not get. This scene is almost a commonplace in these parts and rare in most others.

Pulpit gets rave reviews in the cruising guides. It is said to be on every cruiser's itinerary. The osprey nest on Pulpit Rock at the entrance is said to have been there for over 150 years. The nest of sticks just keeps getting larger.

The sunsets are spectacular. The gam this evening was aboard *True North*. Afterward we were able to row back to *Ardea* and get settled in the cockpit in time to see the sun set over Camden Hills with Pulpit Rock silhouetted in the entrance to the harbor.

Friday, 29 July: Typical Maine morning with early morning light fog which lifted early. We were able to sail out of the harbor on the light SW breeze and then it died. So we motorsailed slowly, hoping the wind would come back. It did, in about a half hour, and we had a beautiful day and a glorious close reach to Rockland on about an 8-10kt. breeze. About a third of the way across, what we think was a U.S. Navy frigate steamed north up the bay at a good clip with a Coast Guard escort in the lead. We could see the sailors in their whites lined up along the rails on two decks as she steamed by. When her wake finally reached us it was like ocean swells.

At Rockland we retrieved, prepared for the road, had showers, and decided to do some last minute shopping and then have an early dinner so that *True North* and crew could hit the road for Illinois via Niagara Falls. We were early enough for Happy Hour at what become a favorite restaurant in Rockland. We had \$2 pints of some of the best local brews. We drank to the good weather, good sailing, great scenery, and the fun we'd had and said our goodbyes until another time. *True North* headed home and Alice and I sat on a bench staring out across the harbor past Owls Head Light and across the bay until dusk and mosquitoes drove us into the boat. We would head home in the morning.



Sun Cat

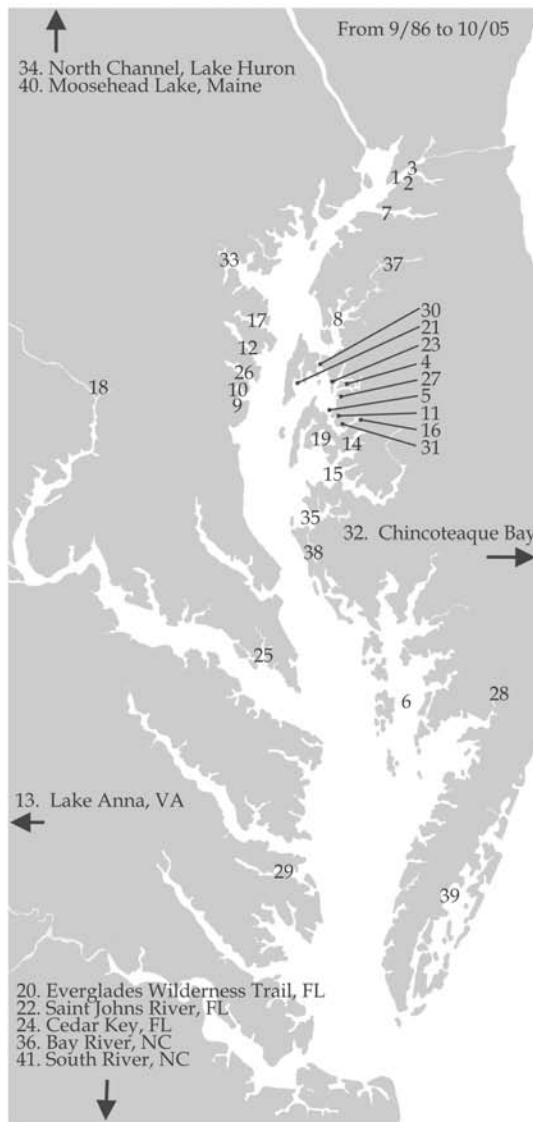
COM-PAC

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

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

The Log of the *Sanity*

1. Elk Neck River
9/86
2. Cabin John Creek
9/86
3. Bohemia River & C&D Canal
9/86
4. Wye River
10/86, 4/87, 10/88, 8/94, 11/94, 5/97, 9/97,
8/98, 9/98, 8/99, 9/99, 5/01, 7/01, 6/03, 7/03
10/03, 5/04
5. Miles River & St. Michaels
4/87, 7/94, 10/94, 10/97, 4/03
6. Smith Island & Tangiers Sound
5/87
7. Sassafras River
5/87, 8/87, 9/87, 7/88, 8/90, 9/91, 4/04
8. Chester River
11/87, 5/97, 5/98, 6/98, 10/00, 5/05, 10/05
9. West River
8/88
10. Rhode River
8/88, 4/89
11. Leeds Creek
4/89, 7/90, 8/95, 8/97
12. Severn River
6/89, 7/89
13. Lake Anna, VA
8/89, 9/90
14. Fred Avon River
10/89
15. Choptank River
10/89, 9/90, 5/99, 9/01
16. Goldsborough Creek
6/90
17. Magothy River
6/90
18. Potomac River, near DC
9/90, 10/94
19. Broad Creek
10/90
20. Everglades Wilderness Trail, FL
2/91
21. Eastern Bay, Shipping &
Warehouse Creeks
7/91, 8/91, 6/92, 8/93, 10/93, 5/94, 6/95,
7/95, 9/95, 9/95, 10/95, 8/96, 9/96, 10/96,
10/98, 7/99, 7/00, 5/02
22. Saint Johns River, FL
2/92
23. Greenwood Creek
8/92
24. Cedar Key, FL
3/93
25. Saint Marys River
8/94, 9/00, 5/03, 9/03, 6/04
26. South River
9/94, 5/03
27. Woodland Creek
9/94, 9/94, 7/97, 8/99
28. Pocomoke River
10/94, 10/95
29. Piankatank River
5/95, 5/96
30. Prospect Bay & Kirwin Creek
6/97
31. Hunting Creek
8/97
32. Chincoteague Bay
5/98
33. Baltimore Harbor
6/00
34. North Channel, Lake Huron
8/00
35. Little Choptank River
5/01
36. Bay River, NC
5/02
37. Upper Chester River
9/02
38. Tailor Island
9/02
39. Hog Island
10/02
40. Moosehead Lake, ME
7/04
41. South River, NC
9/05



19 Going on 20

By Ken Murphy

Being retired, I have the time to look back on my past adventures. I just scanned in 1,300 of my 4,000 slide library. What fun it was to look at myself and my family when we were 30 years younger. I am now in the process of finding songs that will go with the scanned-in pictures to make DVDs for my kids. My attempt at immortality.

Another treasure is my logs of the good ship *The Sanity*, a Bay Hen 21. Reading through them I can relive my on-the-water adventures. I strongly suggest that all mess-abouts keep boat logs. I found that early morning on the boat is a perfect time to write your impressions of your trip while you sip hot coffee and listen to the quiet.

One thing about keeping a boat log is that, over time, there is a great accumulation of adventures to be savored. One way to depict this accumulation is shown on the accompanying chart. It tells a 19-year story. I imagine there are other boaters with similar stories. The chart shows the locations of 109 cruises taken with *The Sanity* over the past 19 years. Rounded off, that's about six cruises a year. The great majority were three days' worth, so we're getting close to a whole year on the water.

The chart doesn't give any hint of the memories and adventures built up over that time. It doesn't show the good and hearty friendships developed while sailing in company with the Shallow Water Sailors nor the varied impressions left by earth, sea, and sky on the five senses. Moonrise, sunset, the wind across the cheeks (both sets, as I have taken showers on the foredeck in the dark of night, actually a delightful thing to do in warm weather).

Then there are the mistakes to be learned from. Careless anchoring resulting in a drift across a creek and a rude awakening when the mast started banging on some tree limbs. What a scramble ensued to get off the shore and back into deep water, all in the pitch black. I try to forget such adventures and focus on the long beam reaches when the wind was gentle and the company buoyant. It is good to face a winter armed with such memories.



UNIQUE ARAN, CELTIC, AND GUERNSEY SWEATERS HAND KNIT FROM NATURAL, UNDYED WOOD SPUN IN MAINE.

THE YARN IN THESE SWEATERS IS SPUN AT BARTLETT YARDS ON A SPINNING MULE SYSTEM CREATED NEARLY 200 YEARS AGO. SINCE IT RETAINS ITS NATURAL LANOLIN, IT IS WATER RESISTANT.

BEAUTIFUL, RUGGED, AND STRIKING, THESE SWEATERS WILL KEEP YOU WARM AT WORK OR PLAY.

FOR SAMPLE PHOTOS VISIT US AT OUR WEB SITE OR E-MAIL FOR INFORMATION.

www.sv-moonshadow.com
sweaters@sv-moonshadow.com

The Douglas Oarlock



Perfect 6 deg. oar pitch
1/2" shaft – \$50 a pair

Rowing Sport (978) 356-3623
www.rowingsport.com

After I wrote that story about baiting up the bullnecks I got to thinking about ducks. I like ducks. I like their attitude. They just live for the moment and don't worry about anything. They take it as it comes sort of like the 95-year-old man who married the 17-year-old girl. When the doctor tried to warn him of the danger in that situation, he said, "Well, if it kills her, it kills her." Anyway, ducks think they can fly away from anything and don't have sense enough to notice that old Charley and Bessy fell from the sky while they were leaving. They just fly happily to another place and eat a little more corn. You know, I seem to have patterned my life sort of like that... working pretty good so far.

When I was young I used to hunt summer ducks back in the Ochlocknee River swamp. What it is like back there is a little meandering river which has meandered all out through the woods and left a bunch of little oxbow ponds completely isolated from the main river. It is a long way back in there with no good road. The river itself is only navigable in a boat when it is pretty high and our fall is usually so dry that it is just a trickle... hard to get to... unless you are a duck... or me. I used to drag a tin canoe (yes, Virginia) back there and camp and kill ducks. The reason I wanted the canoe was because the water in those cutoff holes is cold and deep and I have never shot a duck in my life that didn't fall in cold and deep water.

Before the parallel evolution that caused errant geniuses all over the world to simultaneously invent the tin canoe the day after tin was invented, I used to have to pull off all my clothes and swim for the darn duck. Whooee, not only was the water cold, there were some kind of little animals or plants in the weeds that bit hell out of me. Of course, while I was floundering around out there getting the duck I was too numb to notice, but after I had put my clothes back on (kind of hard to do without a towel) I started itching all over.

It was aggravating having to drag the tin canoe that four or five miles through the woods, but it wasn't nearly as aggravating as swimming for those ducks was and, besides, I always left the canoe down there and the next season it would still be there... if I could find it. You know, all those landmarks look the same back in a place like that but it is still easy to find the way out. I'd just walk uphill for a while and pretty soon I'd come to something recognizable, but lateral searches are kind of confusing. I don't know where all them damned tin canoes went to. I have swum for a duck a lot of times I tell you.

Another duck story is about this terrible old man I used to mess around with. He was awful. He was the original owner of the bait store and the father of the old man (about my age) who runs it now. I could write a whole book about him but it would be an awful book. Some of the stories are interesting, though. One time I took him to St. Marks where the federal wildlife refuge is. That's another government project that failed to do what it was supposed to do. Back in the '30s the government took over about 50 miles of the marshy coast around the St. Marks River. That was a good thing because that place was one of the most wonderful wildlife habitats in the world... as good as Aransas Pass in Texas. Then they ran the CCC boys and the WPA in there and ruined it for good. What they did was build a bunch of dikes to separate the fresh water from the salt. After all that fooling

Ducks, Slingshots, and Winter Camping

By Robb White

around a lot of the ducks started bypassing the place and the geese completely changed their flyway and have never come back.

I don't understand government projects at all. Now they say they need billions to "restore" the Everglades. What the hell are they going to do with the money? Three or four of those big Komatsu excavators would be all it would take to dig a bunch of holes in those dikes they built and let the water run out into those cane fields and that would be that. In the St. Marks refuge one of the imported alien grass species they introduced to "improve" that place has gotten out of hand so they are having to herbicide the whole fresh water side and start all over. Jesus. Just send Mr. Komatsu down one of the "hiking trails" and dig a hole in the levee and let the ocean back in there with that noxious freshwater grass and see how it likes living in a salt marsh.

I sort of got off the subject of Mr. Terrible and the ducks but I haven't forgotten. We launched the boat (old Lone Star semi-vee aluminum with an old 5hp Johnson pump-prime-style engine) at the boat ramp by the old Spanish Fort (San Marcos De Apalachee) and started easing down the river to go fishing on the oyster bars out by the mouth where there were plenty of redfish and sheepheads. As soon as we got going good the old man noticed these little ducks (lesser scaups... oh, Lordy... I have to interrupt again, but this isn't a rant at least).

When Wes was a boy he and I were fishing out in the bay out from our old coast house in the winter with his cousin. We were catching these little white trout (similar to a speckled trout but without specks... "speckless trout" we called them). There were these little tiny ducks flying by. Sometimes they would light in the water and mess around diving down into the grass beds. "What kind of little tiny ducks are those?" asked the cousin. "I don't know, 'less 'ey're scaups," answered Wes.

So the scaups were flushing ahead of the boat and flying a little way and setting back down... just living for the moment. As that cycle repeated itself they became more and more habituated... probably said to themselves, "Here them sombitches come again. Ain't nothing to them though. We are perfectly safe in this federally protected refuge. We'll stay here a little longer and eat some more of these periwinkles off this grass... ain't they delicious?" Finally they let us get so close that, as they took off, Mr. Terrible stood up in the bow of the boat and reached in his pocket and pulled out a tiny slingshot and killed one in the air with a piece of lead he had cut off an automobile wheel weight with a pair of electrician's pliers (I have discovered that intricate and correct detail is important when dealing with the readership of this magazine).

Fortunately there was not a federal game warden hiding in the needle rushes and we were able to retrieve the little duck and hide him without getting locked up, and fortunately the old man was so disgusted with how tiny he was that I was able to convince

him not to do that anymore. You know he is the same one who rigged up an electric fuel pump to pump a 3/8" hose of water up his britches leg so he could stand up in the boat at the crowded speckled trout hole and pee for ten minutes in front of all those people.

As another aside, my grandson and Jane were forced to make a slingshot while they were stranded at his school waiting for some complication to become resolved. They didn't have any materials or tools except for some big rubber bands which prompted the idea in the first place. They broke and gnawed a little crotch out of a pecan limb they found in the school yard and used his shoe laces to tie with and made a pouch out of a piece of used duct tape I had been using to keep the radio antenna pulled down on Jane's car so it would quit hanging up on bushes in the woods all the time.

Need detail? I thought so. It is one of those non-retractable stainless steel wires that comes out at a rakish angle above the door... catches on limbs and stuff when you forget and back up. It is so strong that it will eventually break the limb loose and spring back and hit the top of the car and make a very startling noise. You know jacklegger is a wonderful thing for the evolution of technology. That duct tape is a much better slingshot bucket than leather. I am glad they didn't have a pair of electrician's pliers or the wheels would be out of balance. Even at that, I bet there isn't a single scaup left at that school yard.

We used to go camping down at the coast all the time when the boys were little. Hell, we used to keep them out of school in the wintertime if the weather was too good for school. That was back when it was possible to learn some of the essentials they taught in schools from other sources so, if you missed a day or two, it wasn't quite so catastrophic as it is now that they have to learn soccer, ballet, and "computer science" and all, too. We always went to the coast if one of them was sick. Lying in the warm sun on a little palm and cedar island is the best way in the world to cure the school flu. Now sick children have to go to school so they won't miss the next in the sequence of computerized math games. I'll control myself now and finish the story.

There is nothing in the world like lying in your sleeping bag on a little high spot in the marsh on a cold, perfectly clear, absolutely calm winter night so far from any civilization that you can't see the glow in the sky of any manmade light. One of my favorite places is east of Econfinia Creek (there are two Econfinia Creeks, this is the one east of St. Marks). It is far enough from Tallahassee that you can't see that light and far enough from Perry that you can't see that either. The coast is a little higher there and there are plenty of places to camp. There is even a little cedar and palm island about a mile offshore out on the flats, but I like to be closer to the marsh so I can listen to the ducks.

Boy, they love to whoop it up at night. They are like a bunch of cooped up, constipated businessmen turned aloose at a wild convention. Mostly they'll be redheads but I have seen all sorts of ducks down at the coast. We even have a few European widgeons show up around here. You know if you can fly a hundred miles an hour and only live for the moment so you don't have to check any baggage you can take off any time you want to and the whole world is yours. Dang.

International Scene

The world's attention turned to piracy and Somalia. The attack on the *Seabourn Spirit* (more below) seems to have triggered international actions to suppress the pirates. The IMO will ask the UN Security Council for action, probably military in nature. A lack of a centralized Somali government allows tribal chieftains to operate at least one mother ship that controls small boat attacks on shipping. In one week five ships were hijacked and nine ships were being held for ransom. Thirty-two attacks have occurred since mid-March.

Random Bits: Shipping costs have risen 34% in the last year, said one report. The market in used bulkers is slow but a little livelier for tankers while charter rates for smaller container ships fell. A leading tanker manager says that overworked port state inspectors are turning a blind eye on substandard tankers. The International Labour Organisation wants implementation of safety and health guidelines for India's controversial shipbreaking industry.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

As usual, ships ran into trouble and mariners died as they went about the world's business.

At Haiyang Island in the Yellow Sea the small cargo ship *Liaopuyun-777* suddenly capsized while offloading 100 tonnes of bricks. Only 27 of 46 people on board were rescued. The extra people were onboard because a local ferry had been shut down.

About 55 miles off Venezuela's Lake Maracaibo Channel, the LPG tanker *Maersk Holyhead* inexplicably managed to collide with the coal-carrying bulkier *Pequot*. No loss of coal or LPG but the fuel tank of the *Maersk Holyhead* was punctured. It stopped leaking two days later.

Two of four Moroccan stowaways were found dead on a fertilizer-carrying bulkier upon its arrival in Western Australia.

The Scottish trawler *Harvest* was run down by the supply vessel *Strilmoy* in the North Sea. All on the trawler were saved by a nearby vessel.

The Korean freighter *Samho Brother* overturned after colliding with the *TS Hong Kong* off northern Taiwan. All 14 crew members were saved. Authorities thought at first that they would sink the benzene-laden *Samho Brother* but decided to try to burn off the toxic chemical.

A crack in the hull of the tanker *Doria* leaked no oil at sea but dumped up to 80 tonnes of bunker oil onto a drydock at Durban when the ship was taken out of the water. And so on.

Last month's business for Coast Guard District 14 in Hawaii: 17 high seas house calls on patients with problems ranging from food poisoning to an arm severed in an accident. These resulted in three helicopter evacuations plus five other evacuations by C-130 aircraft from islands from Guam to Midway, five people brought to shore by boats or cutters, and four instances where the District provided ground transportation or flight surgeon advice.

But the District didn't have to handle a leg amputation case that happened when a plane handler became pinned under the wheels of the F/A-18 *Honet* he was helping park on the carrier *USS Kitty Hawk*. That accident happened off Okinawa.

Beyond The Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Grey Fleets

Russia re-delivered the Kilo class cruise missile submarine *INS Sindghush* (S55) to the Indian Navy after two years of installing improvements.

Singapore signed a contract for two Vastergotland class conventional submarines. They will be upgraded and converted for tropical service before going into service in 2010, when they will replace some of that Navy's Challenger class subs.

The U.S. Navy delivered two of four Kidd class destroyers to Taiwan but the Taiwan parliament balked at paying for six sets of PAC-3 anti-missile systems, eight diesel submarines, and 12 P-3C anti-submarine aircraft. Work on the other two Kidd class destroyers was delayed by Louisiana's hurricanes. The four warships served about half their effective lifetimes in the U.S. Navy.

Ottawa plans to upgrade its Armed Forces within the next five years so they are equally effective at home and abroad, and the Canadian Navy would like to add two amphibious assault ships to the two 28,000-tonne supply ships now in the works at \$2.1 billion. These ships have been "planned" for almost 11 years.

The German Navy took delivery of two Class 212A submarines and will get two more in the next two years. The conventionally powered submarines can operate underwater for as long as three weeks. The Canadian Navy is still having problems with its four leased ex-Royal Navy attack submarines. *HMCS Windsor* made an emergency surfacing after a transformer meltdown and the other three subs are under repair.

The Royal Navy realizes that it can no longer be a bluewater navy but must support "complex irregular warfare with new era enemies," so it is developing a Versatile Maritime Force that now has 32 warships, 15 submarines, 97 frontline aircraft, one Royal Marine Commando brigade, and 38,000 staff.

Off Nicaragua, two Royal Marine snipers in the frigate *HMS Cumberland*'s helicopter shot out the four engines of a fast boat and it was captured with E200 millionsworth of pure cocaine still on board.

About 65 Royal Navy ships are going to get high quality satellite digital TV reception on five channels 24 hours a day under a new contract signed recently. Now they get only one channel.

And a senior Royal Navy commander said its Trident nuclear submarines may not be replaced.

India and Russia participated in joint naval exercises with Russia sending its Pacific flagship, the missile cruiser *Varyag*, plus two anti-submarine vessels, a tanker, and a tug.

The Danes donated the 1979-built fisheries patrol vessel *Tobias Hainyeko* to Namibia where it will become a major component of its fledgling navy.

The U.S. Navy trains as it will fight so it can fight as it trained, but things got rough when the billion dollar destroyers *USS Winston S. Churchill* and *USS McFaul* were practicing "shouldering" tactics off the Florida coast. The Cold War tactic is used to protect high-value ships, think "aircraft carriers," without actual recourse to weapons. At

midday, with good visibility and calm seas, the two destroyers were rushing around at 30kts or so and managed to bump \$1.3 million in damages and no injuries.

Naval shipbuilding programs are still in flux. In Taiwan, controversy about how a firm got the contract to build 29 missile boats stopped their production pending a probe.

The Royal Navy has pushed back its schedule for when two new aircraft carriers will go into service and announced that it has no real date for this in-service decision. Secret French-Anglo talks discussed the terms on which France might build parts of these two carriers plus one carrier for itself. A possible win-win situation here?

The U.S. Navy is going ahead with construction of its new Littoral Combat Ship even though Congress has yet to authorize and appropriate funds. The Navy is allowed to use research and development monies without Congressional consent.

White Fleets

The month's big excitement in the cruising world was *Seabourn Cruise Line's* almost too successful attempt to keep 150 passengers from being bored while onboard the cruise line's *Seabourn Spirit*. They were cruising in the Red Sea well off Somalia when several small boats, each carrying four or five pirates, tried to intercept the vessel. The cruise ship turned away and speeded up as the pirates fired guns and rocket-propelled grenades at the ship. One grenade hit and exploded, injuring a crewman. An unexploded grenade was later removed by a U.S. Navy ordnance team. Apparently the *Seabourn Spirit* was not quite defenseless. It was equipped with a non-lethal weapon, a long-range acoustic device (LRAD) that is a loudhailer and also can emit a very loud noise that sounds like a domestic smoke alarm but with a 150-decibel output. An LRAD can cause permanent hearing damage nearly 1,000' away. By the way, the company is evaluating whether to continue offering luxury cruises off Somalia.

A lesser excitement was when a Canadian passenger fell and suffered life-threatening injuries on the *Galaxy* when 150 miles off Grand Isle, Louisiana. The cruise ship headed towards shore to shorten the flight of the approaching Coast Guard HH-65 Dolphin helicopter and the man was taken to a New Orleans hospital.

They That Go Back and Forth

Since Sydney ferries have been having lots of fender benders lately (at least ten crunchies into the Circular Quay and whatnot since the year's start), Australian authorities are installing "black boxes" and global positioning systems to improve safety.

And an Australian man hit the accelerator instead of the brake as a ferry pulled out on the Murray River and, splash, he drowned. Observers said he was talking on a cell phone.

The Egyptian passenger ship *Pride of Al Salam 95* with 1,466 pilgrims returning from Mecca was struck by the Cypriot bulkier *Pearl of Jebel* in the Gulf of Suez. The passenger ship sank two miles from the entrance to the Suez Canal, two passengers died and 98 others were injured in a general panic.

About 15 died when an overloaded ferry capsized in the Arabian Sea off southern Pakistan. The passengers were going to a memorial service for three people who died in a boat accident.

In the Kammon Strait between two Japanese islands, the South Korean ferry *Panstar Dream* collided with the South Korean freighter *Korex Incheon*. No injuries, but some embarrassment.

The upper Amazon is so low that at least one ferry sits on a sandbank in a dry mid-stream. Greenpeace blames excess logging for the 40-year drought.

In India, two state governors proudly laid the foundation stone for a bridge. That was in 1994 and the bridge still does not exist. Eight people lost their lives when a substituting ferry capsized.

Starting in February, Puget Sound ferry passengers will have the opportunity to learn anti-terrorism tactics while commuting. Programs range from training videos to actual classes.

The sizable, but badly overloaded, Senegalese ferry *Joola* sank in 2002, carrying with it almost 2,000 passengers, and only 64 were saved. Now a replacement, the *Wilis*, is finally in service.

Legalities

The Russian master of the small cargo ship *Baltyskiy 202* brought his vessel safely into Teignmouth in Devon and anchored. He then took a drink or two or three because the voyage from Ireland had been long and in atrocious weather. In due course, a pilot boarded, noticed the master was unsteady on his feet, but took the ship into port anyway. The pilot then turned control back to the master, who proceeded to collide with the moored pilot boat *Sid Hook*, causing about £30,000 worth of damage. He was found to be drunk and was fined £4,000 plus costs of £55.

Nature

Greenpeace's flagship *Rainbow Warrior II* was checking the health of a coral reef in the southern Philippines when it ran aground on the reef. The environmental organization apologized, paid a fine of nearly \$7,000, and pointed out that the chart was in error by 1.5 miles.

New Zealand sank the former frigate *HMNZS Wellington* (ex-Royal Navy *HMS Bacchante*) as an artificial reef near Wellington.

And Australia will soon sink its retired frigate *HMAS Canberra* somewhere off its coast. It will join four other warships sunk as fishing spots.

Turkish maritime authorities will be relieved when a planned pipeline is built that will bypass the Turkish Straits (consisting of the Straits of Istanbul and Canakkale) and the Sea of Marmara. The possible results of an oil spill in the heart of Istanbul or anywhere on the 200-mile passage has given some of them white hairs.

Pollution comes in many shapes and colors. Sussex beaches recently saw hundreds of pink hippopotamuses, toy dogs, and red-legged turkeys. The toys washed ashore after the cargo ship *Bunga Pelangi* lost four containers somewhere between China and Southampton.

The sea gives up but the sea also takes, a wave wiped four containers off the *Endeavour* and all containers sank off the Welsh coast. Inside were 92 tons of whisky.

Metal-Bashing

French engineering firm Alstom, close to bankruptcy last year, signed a contract to build two 3,000-passenger cruise ships for a

European firm They will be delivered in June 2008 and March 2009.

Samsung Heavy Industries, the world's number three shipbuilder, signed a contract with Russia's state-owned Sovcomflot to build three ice-breaking tankers. Each can break ice while going in either direction. The order marked the Korean firm's entry into ice-breaking tanker business. South Korea will have a 6,000-ton ice-breaker built that will support that country's Antarctic exploration efforts.

Britain's VT shipbuilding and the Netherlands' Merwede Shipyard agreed to cooperate on naval warship programs outside of the U.K. Their first challenge is to get the contract for several Dutch offshore patrol vessels.

Philadelphia's Aker Philadelphia Shipyard (formerly Kvaerner Philadelphia Shipyard) will build ten 46,000-dwt double-hull tankers for American Shipping Corp., which will charter them to the Overseas Shipholding Group.

Prices for ships to be scrapped rose again above \$400 per light displacement ton. One company sold its 1965-built tanker *Enias* for \$3.2 million. It had acquired the former *Esso San Sebastian* 11 years ago for \$3.8 million.

Territorial Imperatives

The Russian Defense Minister said his country does not plan to establish naval bases in the Indian Ocean because "it's a lot easier to airlift forces to a designated coast."

India's Navy Chief said his Navy "must gear up for a global role." To that end, the Navy is in the process of buying the U.S. Navy's Austin class amphibious transport dock *USS Trenton* (LPD-14, commissioned in 1971) and will get demonstrations of the French Mistral class landing vessel.

And a retired Japanese navy admiral told a Taiwanese interviewer that he considered mainland China to be weak or limited in a navy's four major missions areas: strategic deterrence, projection of sea power, sea control, and sea lane security, and its only reliable weapon was its ICBMs. He thought that U.S. and Japanese aircraft could negate China's 70 submarines, but Taiwan needed both maritime patrol aircraft (P-3Cs, see an earlier item) and an improved 4CISR (hold on now, "command, control, communications, computers, intelligence, surveillance, and reconnaissance") system. Thirty years ago it was considered daring to clump "command" and "control" together as C2 or C-squared!

Port Congestion

Congestion at West Coast ports last month was "medium" due to some railroad problems while congestion at East Coast ports was "low." "Medium" indicates the potential for congestion, not the real thing. Availability of shorthaul trucking was adequate on both coasts although there were complaints about long wait times and enough labor was available.

Glitches in Australian Customs Service computers caused near gridlock in Australian ports. Shippers said they were losing millions (\$2.6 million by one estimate) each day and the Service is considering offering compensation. A fix will take weeks.

Although major seaports around the world are making valiant efforts to ready themselves for the ultra-large container ships and their cargoes, some experts have predict-

ed that special regional seaports may have to be created, perhaps far from the normal port cities. Shanghai, China's largest port and gateway for the central part of China, has realized that it cannot handle the 8,000TEU ships that are entering service and so it will build a deep-water port on Yangshan Island, about 17 miles downriver from Shanghai. Full development of the port will take 15 years.

Desired by many is an all-water passage from Asia to East Coast ports, thus bypassing West Coast ports, but the Panama Canal will not be able to handle the growth in both tonnage and number of transits after 2008 unless it builds another canal or somehow expands the existing facilities. So predicts a study commissioned by a shipping line. But can Panama afford the expenditures required? One alternative would be to create ports at the Pacific end of the Canal to receive the biggest container ships and trans-ship their containers across the Isthmus by train to feeder ships on the Caribbean side. A company is betting \$1 billion on two such regional distribution ports, one at Cristobal on the Atlantic end and the other at Balboa.

French reports say that Maersk, the largest container shipping firm in the world, plans to build a new generation of ships that can carry up to 15,000 TEU. A shortened version is reported to be under construction at a company-owned shipyard and could enter service in 2006, thus giving the company a five-year jump over its competitors. The ultimate 15,000-TEU carrier may be 180' (55m) wide by 1,329' (405m) long with 22 rows across of containers.

Early last year containers were in short supply, but they are beginning to pile up at U.S. and European ports. Container ownership is equally divided between the shipping companies and lessors.

Odd Bits

The replica sailing ship *Little Dove* ran aground near Pelican Point in Western Australia. The original, the *Duyfken* (Little Dove in Dutch), probably ran aground many times when it was the first European ship to visit and chart Australia's shores. That was in 1606, 164 years before Captain Cook and *HMS Endeavour* showed up to do the same thing.

The U.S. Coast Guard is mulling whether to compute stability limits for small boats by assuming passengers have gotten heavier. Its "average passenger" now weighs only 140 pounds.

In 1967 Sir Francis Chichester made the first solo non-stop circumnavigation of the world in *Gipsy Moth IV*. Now the old boat has been taken out of the Greenwich Museum and is sailing around the world again, its crew assisted by three strong teams of young novice sailors on each of 28 legs.

In the future, ships owned by British shipowner FT Everard will have two qualified navigating officers on the bridge when in pilotage waters. The company learned an expensive lesson last January when its tanker *Amenity* collided with the *Tor Diana* off Grimsby, U.K. The *Amenity's* master was the only officer on the bridge and apparently became overloaded.

The U.S. Navy, Ocean Technology Foundation, English Heritage, and the University of New Hampshire are among collaborators that will join forces to search for the remains of John Paul Jones' warship *Bon Homme Richard*. It sank in 1779 as a result of its winning battle against *HMS Serapis*.

The oldest skipjack in the world is the *Rebecca T. Ruark*, built in 1886. She is not a true skipjack at all. She is a sloop. There is a difference, as her owner Capt. Wade H. Murphy, Jr. explained to us one warm, sunny morning in October 2005.

A Chesapeake Bay Sloop has a round bottom, a round (apple cheek) bow, and carvel plank on frame. It also has a mast that is almost plumb to the deck and a fidded topmast, a gaff mainsail, a topsail, club-footed jib, and a flying jib.

They eventually had centerboards built into them and the full keel of the early sloops became less favored for the shallow waters of the Chesapeake. The old keel sloops were called, "he-sloops."

These were the forerunners of the skipjack. They were costly and time consuming to build and required the many skills of a master boatbuilder. Over time the building materials became more difficult to obtain in sizes and lengths required, which caused the cost to rise. Demand arose for a more inexpensive workboat to do the same job and be simpler and quicker to construct, often by the owner himself. Thus the skipjack evolved.

A skipjack has a similar hull profile, sharp clipper bow, long bowsprit with tailboards, similar sheer, and square (rectangular) transom. But some of the differences are that the mast is raked back over the deck and the "sloop rig" has a triangular mainsail (leg o'mutton) and a single oversize jib on a clubfoot. The planking is crossplanked (herringbone) at angles on bottom with a chunk built forefoot, chunks of wood drift bolted together and hand shaped. The sides are fore and aft planked, all on a strongback and bulkhead building frame, attached to a centerboard and keel backbone.

The last sloop with the traditional sail plan was the *J.T. Leonard*. She was built in 1882 on Taylors Island in Dorchester County, Maryland. Her builder was Moses H. Geoghegan. The *Leonard* was named after one of three owners who shared in the construction costs. The total cost, sails and all, came to \$3,000. It took about a year to build a sloop.

The *Leonard* dredged oysters and carried freight on the Chesapeake for 83 years

Chesapeake Bay Skipjacks Are Not Sloops

By Greg Grundtisch



and retired in 1965. In 1966 she was purchased for \$8,000 by the Talbot County Historical Society, and transferred to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in 1968.

This was to be the beginning of the end for the last traditionally rigged sloop on the bay. The museum, with all volunteers, towed her to Jim Richards' (locally known as "Mr. Jim") yard in Dorchester County for caulking and cosmetic repairs only. It was cost prohibitive to make her seaworthy at the time. In 1974 the museum built its own marine railway and the staff would often caulk her seams to keep her floating with the aid of several pumps.

Then a decision had to be made as to the future of the *Leonard*. The "experts" were consulted and it was decided that restoration was an impossibility. This decision was based on the finances of the museum at the time. They thought she should be kept floating as long as possible and then all her "exhibitable" parts would be salvaged for a future exhibit, along with a scale model!

When I learned this from the museum, books, and a conversation I had with Capt. Murphy, I was amazed by this short-sighted

mistake. Several things could have been done to save her and I think should have been. This is history, not just another old boat to restore. Yes, money is always an issue, but I see the museum now, and as a member I see the financial report. She could have been saved. Maybe she could have been protected for a number of years on a railway and then restored as they do now with other old bay boats. They simply did not look ahead and it is too bad, now there are none!

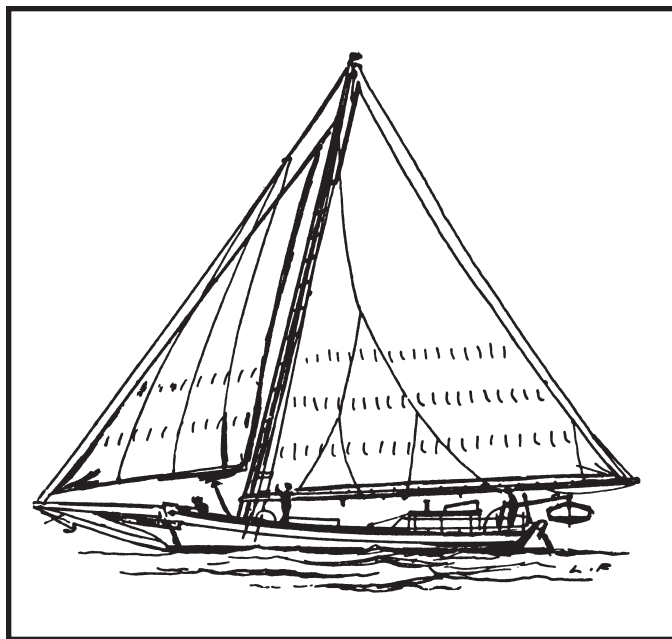
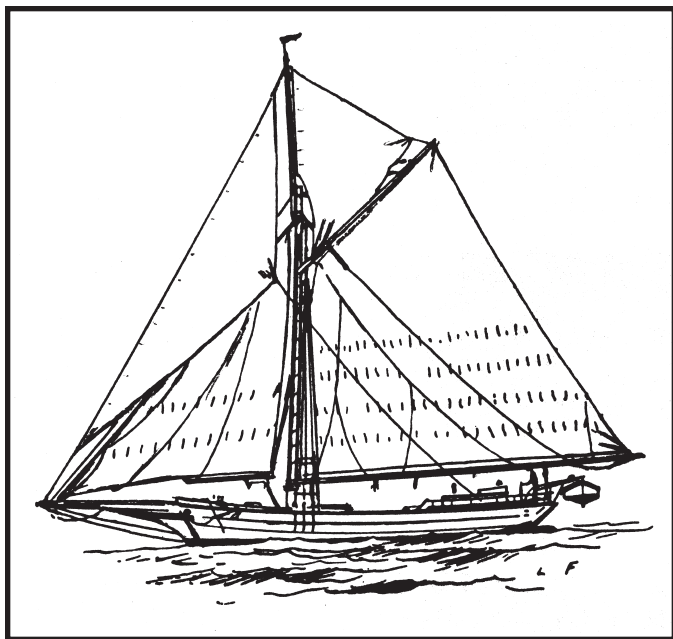
Well, there is one, the *Rebecca T. Ruark*. She is sailing with a skipjack sail plan but is still a sloop nevertheless. She will be around for a very long time to come. She has historic landmark status, but more importantly she is in the hands of Capt. Wade Murphy. He is a heart and soul Chesapeake waterman and would never allow anything to happen that would cause the *Ruark* to go the way of the *Leonard*. "It just ain't goin' to happen."

I have found a number of books that are very interesting reading in regard to the Chesapeake Bay and the various boats that are unique to the region as well as several about skipjacks and sloops and the oyster, and crab fisheries. If you enjoy the Chesapeake Bay you will like the following:

Chesapeake Bay Sloops, by Thomas C. Gillmer; *Notes On Chesapeake Bay Skipjacks*, by Howard I. Chapelle; *Chesapeake Bay Skipjacks*, by Pat Vojtech; *A Heritage In Wood: The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's Small Craft Collection*, Richard J.S. Dodds and Pete Lesher, Editors; *Chesapeake Bay Sailing Craft*, by M.V. Brewington; *They Live By The Wind*, by Wendel P. Bradley. Also check the museum's website, cbmm.org.

There are also several skipjacks around the bay that will take passengers on hourly charters. The *Rebecca T. Ruark* out of Tilghman, Maryland, is the best you will ever be on, without question. I very highly recommend it. More on that later.

In spite of my criticism of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum for failing to keep the *J.T. Leonard* intact and possibly a seaworthy on-water exhibit, this is an outstanding museum. It is well worth your time to explore it. The location on the Miles River in St. Michaels on the Maryland



Eastern Shore is beautiful, but go soon as there seems to be a great desire to obscure this grand waterway with condos. The museum has an extensive collection of boats of the region, recreational, commercial, and workboats. It is constantly growing and improving, and is host to many boat related events, including the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival, an antique boat show, an oysterfest, and several art shows, just to name a few.

As a final note, Mr. Jim Richards was a very knowledgeable, skilled, talented boat-builder and restorer and very knowledgeable about the Chesapeake and its maritime history. He was working on a Bugeye for his own use when he became aware he was going to die. I last saw what I think was that boat in disrepair in a slip at a Cambridge, Maryland, marina. I had read somewhere that it was for sale, and someone bought it and was going to restore it. Anyone have any idea what

became of it? I would like to find out if it is still around. Happy sails!

Greg Grundtisch 256 Iroquois Ave., Lancaster, NY 14086, <grundy@fantasiadesign.com>

Editor Comments: Greg is building a half-size replica of the famous skipjack *Messenger* on a frame backbone acquired from me (another project I was never going to complete!) and has hopes of bringing *Dreamcatcher* to the MASCF in October.

Capt. Wade Murphy and the *Rebecca T. Ruark*

By Greg Grundtisch



The *Rebecca T. Ruark* is the oldest skipjack remaining. She is actually a Chesapeake Sloop but she is rigged as a skipjack. Her owner, Capt. Wade Murphy, is a fifth generation Chesapeake waterman. Skipjacks were the last boats to work dredging oysters under sail. There are very few of the skipjack fleet remaining. The few that are left are falling into disrepair due to the costs to keep them alive, or used as charter boats taking out passengers for two to three-hour sails. No one dredges under sail anymore.

Capt. Murphy takes passengers out on the Bay when he isn't oystering or crabbing. But this isn't your ordinary two-hour boat ride, and defiantly not your ordinary captain. The *Rebecca T. Ruark* is history. She is listed as a National Historic Landmark (watermark?). A sail on this boat is a very unique experience. Capt. Murphy will not only educate and inform you about some of the unique features of the Chesapeake, he is quite an entertainer and storyteller. He is high energy to say the least. From the beginning to the end he is talking, telling jokes, explaining the life cycles of crabs and oysters, bay ecology, Maryland fisheries regulations and how they relate to Virginia, and how it doesn't relate to common sense.

He explained how he has researched the original builder (Moses Geoghegan) and

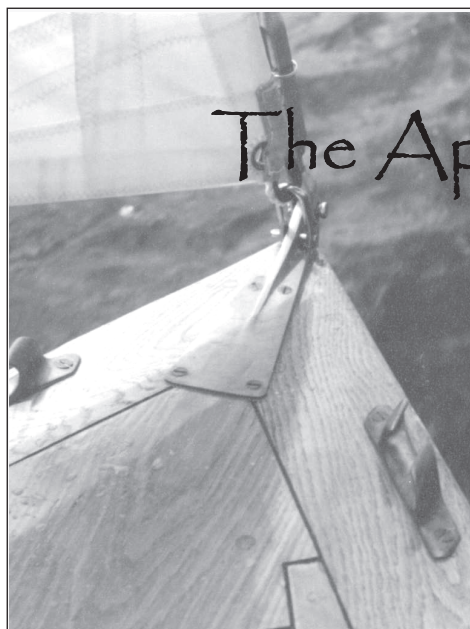
found the Ruark family burial plots and who she was named after. I explained to the captain that I was a truck driver from New York, which means I pretty much know everything. That really got the good captain going.

He also told of how the *Rebecca T. Ruark* went down one fateful day in November 1999 and the story of how she was raised with the help of some quick-thinking people. As it turned out that was probably the best thing that could have happened as it led to the historic landmark status, thus providing some of the funding to keep her properly maintained.

Going out on this boat you can hoist the sails, take a turn at the wheel, dredge oysters, or just sit back and enjoy the bay and the

entertainment. I have been on many charter boat rides in many parts of the country and none compare to this. This is a one-of-a-kind sailing experience that you will thoroughly enjoy. The next time you are on Maryland's Eastern Shore, go see Capt. Murphy and the *Rebecca T. Ruark*, you will have a great time. I intentionally left out some of the details so as to not spoil the fun of hearing them from the Captain himself should you get to sail on his charter.

For more information regarding this boat, the captain, charters, etc., contact Capt. Wade H. Murphy, 21308 Phillips Rd., Tilghman, MD 21671, (410) 886-2176, (410) 829-3976 (cell), www.skipjack.org



Looking for the right boat?

The Apprenticeshop

Building and Restoring
Quality Wooden Boats
Since 1971

Bring us your own design ideas
or choose from our extensive
boat catalogue.

Atlantic Challenge

Craftsmanship, Community, Traditions of the Sea

643 Main Street Rockland, Maine
207-594-1800 · www.atlanticchallenge.com

The summer of 2005 was the first season I had with my homebuilt 16' skiff *Viaggio*. She was launched in late summer of 2004 and I only had her out for a little rowing around Wethersfield Cove in Connecticut. Next thing I knew it was time to think about other things, like preparing for winter. Over the winter I made mental plans for the next summer. I was able to purchase a 2002 9.9hp Honda leftover at a good price here in Connecticut. A few other supplies and I was ready.

I finally found a good day when the Connecticut River had gone down from spring runoff. This was mid-June so it took a while. Although the motor was run by the dealer it had not been started for about three months since it was a late winter purchase. After many pulls and playing with the choke the first sputter/chug/gasp/cough occurred and finally a running motor. After some warmup things smoothed out nicely. I cruised around Wethersfield Cove for about 45 minutes at slow speed as recommended and with some apprehension headed out to the river. For about two hours I got to know the boat and motor better.

I must say I was thrilled with this first trip. All the work was worth it. *Viaggio* moved along much faster than I expected. I didn't build and power her for speed since I'm after an easy ride for observing and taking photos of the river and also wish to enjoy the quiet of rowing close in to shore to checkout wildlife. Plenty of room for gear and passengers. It just turned out to be a wonderful day.

Over the summer there were more great trips. I got to see Hartford from the river. It looks good as the skyline is changing. There is a new convention center, Marriott Hotel,

First Season with *Viaggio*

By Martin C. De Filippo

and ground was just broken for a science center. All this is on the banks of the river. There is also a performance area and the seating is on the grassy slope of the riverbank.

I also went south of Wethersfield to Rocky Hill, past the Rocky Hill/Glastonbury ferry, oldest continuously running in the U.S., and on to Cromwell. This part of the river is not very populated and there isn't too much riverside construction. I hope it stays that way.

So that's mostly how it went, exploring a river I've been by and over all my life. A whole new perspective. Some observations: Stay home on the weekends. Heavy traffic and large wakes, which I learned can make for an uncomfortable ride in a flat bottom skiff. Not that I didn't expect it, I've read what you folks have written about this type of boat. While it wasn't fun for me it's nice to see the river being enjoyed by so many. Weekdays were just plain pleasant.

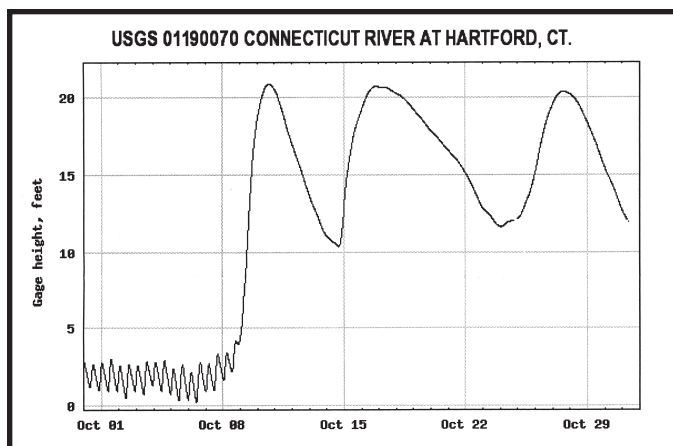
Something that was unexpected were the comments the boat received. It's a flat bottom plywood skiff with some mahogany trim, nothing I would call fancy. I think people really like to look at wooden boats, especially if they have a somewhat classic look. I was hailed to a dock at a marina by a guy who was waving and calling me. I couldn't imagine why. All he wanted was a closer look and he asked numerous question about the construction. He said it would be his next

project. Anyway, I really enjoyed all the times I heard "nice boat."

My last planned trip was to take a fall foliage cruise but Mother Nature had other ideas. Our late summer early fall was hot and dry. I saw large trees in distress with the beginning of wilt on some leaves. The trees were very late to change color. Just when we started to get close to color Mother Nature decided to catch up on rain. The month of October produced 16.32" of rain in Hartford. Just plain unbelievable. The flood stage for the river is 16' in Hartford. Around October 9 it was at about 22'. All the ramps were underwater and debris filled the river just like in the spring.

For the rest of the month the lowest it got was about 11' with two more peaks above 20'. As of early December things are still not normal. The town docks are still out there well offshore. They look weird because you can see the first few sections are vertical from where they are attached, then there is a 90 degree bend for the sections above water. They may winter in the ice. So I look forward to next season for more adventures. I'm shooting for more weekdays off because I hope to cut back work as I approach my mid-60s. Not retiring, just trying something else.

For those of us here in the north it's time to make plans for next season. One of the benefits of not being able to mess about year round is getting a chance to do some planning for next season. It's a nice break for reading and getting new ideas for future trips. Then comes the anticipation of the first boating day. It all adds to the excitement. Remember, get going on the boat work early. Leave the grass until it's up to the top of the trailer tires. That's a good gauge. I wish you well.



By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com

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

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

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

COLUMBIA TRADING CO.

**BUY - SELL
FREE BOOK
CATALOG**

- Nautical Books
- Ship Models
- Marine Art & Antiques

On Line Catalog:
www.columbiatrading.com

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

Pussy Cat

15'0" x 6'0"

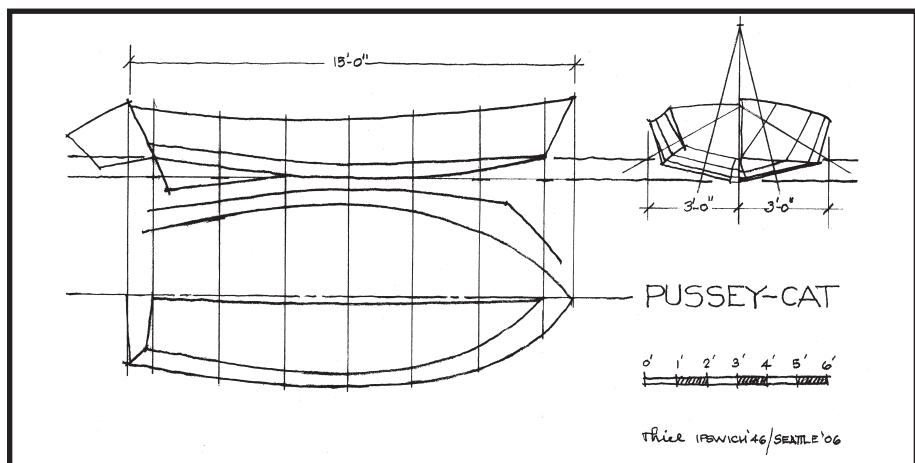
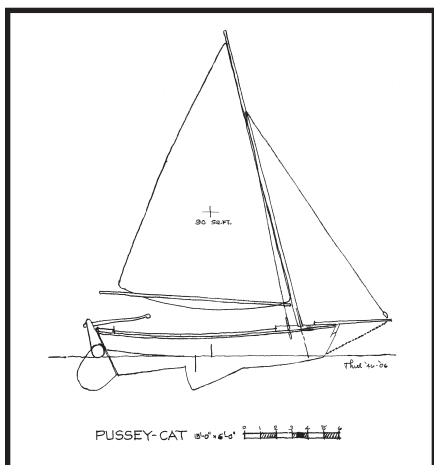
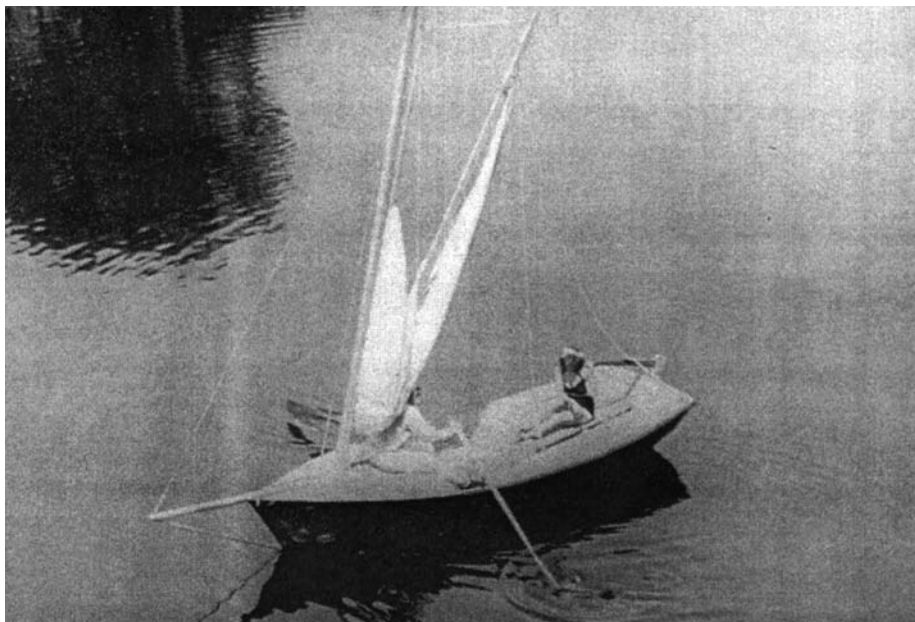
Centerboard Catboat

By Phil Thiel

This is a redrawn sketch of a little boat I designed some time about 1946 when I was working at the Story yard in Essex, Massachusetts, and living as the caretaker at the Emerson Howard House on Turkey Shore Road in Ipswich. I built her in the backyard there and kept her moored in front on the tidal Ipswich River. I didn't have much time to use her, and while I was out of town during a storm she ended up derelict on a marsh downstream. But sometime later another one was built in Essex and put to good use around the marshes in that area.

A bit narrow for a catboat, she had a galvanized steel plate keel as ballast. The bowsprit is to give a better lead to the forestay and could be omitted.

Philip Thiel, Sea/Land Design, 4720 Seventh Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105



Side Wheel Scow

From My Past

By Bob Austin

My second self-designed and built boat, and only power boat, was this paddle wheel-er pictured taken on Alamitos Bay, Long Beach, California, in 1958. Part of the bay was still being dredged and reshaped for recreational use, note the pile of spoil in background of photo.

Power was a one-horse Briggs and Stratton engine which I had bought at a mower shop for \$15. I added a centrifugal clutch, which drove a pulley on a counter-shaft, which drove the paddle shaft via a chain-and-sprocket final drive. Reduction was about 12/15:1. It would cruise at three knots and burn about a half-gallon of regular per hour. I once pulled up to a fuel dock and topped up for \$.08, which gave me 30 minutes or so of motoring.

The name, *Aianahou*, was due to our having just moved to California from Hawaii the previous winter and I was still under the spell of the Islands. If I recall, it means "good friend" in Hawaiian.

Despite the fun I had with my sidewheel scow, all the rest of my projects were built for paddle, oar, and/or sail. My latest, what I

am calling a "Stickleback on steroids," is a 22'x7' cruising version of Iain Oughtred's fine 15'8" plywood lapstrake dory. If it looks as good and performs as well as my edition of the latter, I will be a happy man. Presently

I am within 20 hours or so of finishing the bare hull. I hope to rig her much as Oughtred's Caledonia yawl and launch her in time for the lower Chesapeake's summer 2006 season.



Every sailor loves his or her first boat, and I am no exception. In spite of living in Iowa where anything damp is immediately drained to make more corn fields or surrounded by concrete for hog manure storage, I have had a long, long dream of sailing going back to the *Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner* in high school English and Robert Louis Stevenson's books given to me by my grandmother. Once I was firmly but forcefully sent to unwanted retirement and total financial dependence on my wife, I started looking for my dream boat.

The first tack was to subscribe to every possible sailing magazine: *MAIB*, *Shallow Water Sailor*, *Latitudes and Attitudes*, *Sail*, *WoodenBoat*, *Small Boat Advisory*, *Practical Sailing*, etc., etc., ad nauseum. Immediately I was drawn to the 65' Tayana or a 43' Beneteau. Did I mention that my wife is a Medical Technologist?

Realizing that it might be a better start to my nautical adventures to try a small boat, I read in *Sail*, or some other silly, irrational magazine, that learning to sail in a dinghy is

The Boatex 1200

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

the best education possible. Some many months later the *Sail* editor mentioned he left his megayacht to actually try sailing a dinghy and turned turtle within throwing distance of the dock. I decided that a dinghy was the boat for me.

After investing bundles of my wife's money in books and videotapes on sailing, I started working the Web to find the perfect dinghy (although the wife, "Miss Frozen Finland 1959," said the only dinghy around here was me). I spent a plethora of hours viewing, emailing, reading literature, checking ads, and reviewing my savings account before I firmly decided that the choice boat for me was the Boatex 1200.

Boatex LTD of Canada was founded by Aaron Poole who created the initial boats from fiberglass ranging from 7' rowboats to 30' sailing craft. His son, Roger, took over in recent years. My first positive mark came because Boatex makes each boat as it is ordered and not in some large factory owned by some larger corporation like Campbell Soup or Time-Warner. I liked the idea of talking directly to the builder.

The second positive mark was that the price was right, significantly less than some of the assembly line boats. At \$3,600, the 1200 was within my projected range, and because I was able to get one of the Boat Show specials, I actually paid less than that. Shipping was a problem since the U.S. Border Patrol at the Canadian line sees anything other than a fish as a terrorist weapon. It took a few months to arrive in Corn Patch, Iowa.

A third positive mark was that the Boatex 1200 came with all the sails and hal-yards necessary to flop directly from the truck to the water. There was no need for additional equipment except for a jaunty sailing cap, a shirt with the boat's name embroidered on the chest, some appropriate sandals, several trips to the tanning parlor, and some hair lightener so I could look the part, as well as sundry nautical decorations for the house like a ship's wheel at the entrance, a ship's bell by the patio, and a ship's clock on the

mantle (honestly, the clock was a gift from the World War II crew of the *U.S.S. Richmond* when I gave an after dinner speech at their reunion).

Because I did not know a shroud from a stay, I liked the concept of a keel stepped mast. This is both a positive and negative issue. I wouldn't have to muck about with additional lines, but if I did not step the mast properly and happened to capsize I'd get to scuba dive for the mast or buy another. An additional drawback is that in stepping or unstepping the mast I would have to be careful to bring the pole straight up or down, otherwise I'd rip out the mast hole in the fore-deck, an experience I learned the hard way. The good news is that, as a fiberglass boat, repairs are relatively easy although not necessarily inexpensive.

The boat is easy to sail and can proffer a decent speed. It tracks well because of an excellent full length skeg. The Boatex 1200 may not glide as swiftly as the multihulls but it does better than some of the larger sailboats in the Iowa ponds. It is a good, solid, and sturdy boat that will keep dry if sailed properly. I have capsized a few times but always due to my stupidity, twice standing up to make an adjustment while on a beam reach (my solid girth well above the center of gravity provided experiential learning in physics), and once when one of my knots came loose sending my main sheet athwart ship in heavy winds when beginners should have stayed home.

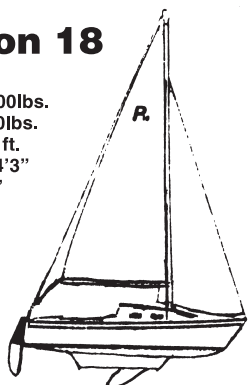
The Boatex is a wonderful little dinghy which sails easily. It is a great little beginner sailor that has beautiful lines and the looks of a fine boat. I had a medium blue stripe on the hull and in the sail which really looks sharp.

Boatex 1200, Locust Hill, Ontario, Canada, (800) 596-5545.

Precision 18

Displacement 1100lbs.
Ballast, Lead, 350lbs.
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.
Draft, Bd. Down 4'3"
Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"
LOA 17'5"
LWL 15'5"
Beam 7'5"

15' C.B.
16' B.K.
18' - 21' - 23'



FERNALD'S MARINE

291 High Rd., Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

PADDLES & OARS



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

SHAW & TENNEY

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

Specifications

Length: 12'
Beam: 58"
Weight: 145lbs
Draft: 4" daggerboard up
Draft: 2'4" daggerboard down
Cost: \$3,695 U.S.



I think I have mentioned that there is a real hardship situation down on our little stretch of the coast. There have always been just a few small towns with a few people making a living at various fisheries like oysters, shrimp, crabs, clams, mullet, and offshore hook and line boats working groupers and red snappers. Various things came together to absolutely ruin a lot of the work and then the amazing sprouting of these damned condominiums and the building of these flakeboard villas all over the place is just plain crowding and taxing the regular old-stock people away.

Every house in Carrabelle is for sale. Nobody wants condomites sitting up there on their balconies sipping their Chardonnay and looking down their noses at the little house with the tiny yard, the old, rusty pickup, and the little flower bed dying in the shade of all that opulence. A small concrete block house is worth \$500,000, is taxed accordingly, and the people are out of work. They could get janitorial style jobs but they are proud. A whole culture is vanishing in a hurry. Pretty soon there will be two kinds of Southern refugees scattered around and it will take an expert at Southern dialects to tell who was displaced by what from where.

Some people don't like to be pushed out of business, though. There are a lot of people down here named Crum. I used to work for Tom Crum over in Carrabelle and I used to rent boats from some other Crums halfway between Carrabelle and Panama (yes, Virginia, there is a Panama but you better hurry because it ain't going to be peaceful long). The most warlike of the resisters is Ronald Crum from Panama. We read about him in the paper all the time. He is the most logical of the anti net-ban warriors. His contention is that the 500sf maximum is all right but he says that the amendment did not specify clearly enough in the portion that said "no entangling nets" and that the Fish and Wildlife Commission overstepped their authority when they arbitrarily specified a 1" square mesh size for mullet nets, and he is right.

A 1" net gills the little 8" fish that run with the legal-sized fish and you can't get them out of the net without killing them. The FWC is adamantly resisting any modification of their ruling though, so there it is. Crum is also a shrimper and looks at the 500' rule on shrimp trawls differently from government authorities. He contends that the frontal area of the trawl should be 500', not all the webbing in the whole thing taken apart and all the pieces laid out on the ground to be measured. A legal trawl is not hardly any bigger than what they used to use as a "try net" just to take a sample to see if there were enough shrimp to set the big nets. Not only that, but they weren't making any money even before the ban because of cheap, frozen, imported shrimp and high-priced fuel and insurance and all. Now shrimping is absolutely dead in the Gulf of Mexico except for one or two oddball operations.

One oddity is those butterfly net boats invented down in Louisiana. Some free thinker over there made the first one about 1950 and they have been improving the model ever since. The Vietnamese made one that was so effective the State of Louisiana outlawed it. There are a lot of different variations but they all work sort of the same way. Instead of dragging a net on the bottom with those huge, heavy doors pulling sideways

Butterfly Boat

By Robb White

and that chain cutting through the mud and grass, a pair of butterfly nets stick out from the sides of the boat on a welded frame and don't touch the bottom at all. The chain is real small and just serves to keep the bottom of the net pulled down.

They are ecological because they mostly only catch shrimp (the "bycatch" of a regular shrimping rig varies upwards from 27lbs of something else that used to be alive to 1lb of shrimp). Not only that, but they are so easy to handle that they are dumped about every five or ten minutes and everything that's in the net is still alive and can be thrown back. Not only that, but white shrimp are the ones that stay up off the bottom and they are the biggest and best. Not only that,

but without those doors and the big chain it doesn't take much horsepower to pull the nets. Not only that, but it is a small boat situation.

So Ronald Crum got to thinking and cobbled up a little outboard powered version of a butterfly boat powered by a four-stroke outboard motor. He has caught 15,000 pounds of shrimp with it in the three years he has been perfecting the rig... says it will work all night on ten gallons of gas. Not only that, but there are a few discriminating people who actually have sense enough to know that a big white shrimp, live off the boat, is worth more money than an inferior (there is no shrimp better than the Atlantic white shrimp... all the others are inferior) foreign shrimp raised in a pond so polluted that antibiotics have to be added to the shrimp feed. So Ronald Crum, with his various enterprises, is not starving to death in Panama.

The boat is just one of those flat bottomed Carolina Skiffs about 20' long. I think the engine is about a 100hp Yamaha four stroke. He doesn't need all that horsepower except he likes to say he has the fastest shrimp boat ever. I don't understand all I know about that rig... it is most highly evolved... but I do know that the net hangs down under that frame and there isn't much dragging in the water. That's the parking lot of "Crum's Mini Mall." Mr. Crum sells all sorts of stuff in there. That's about the only place I know that stocks handmade cast nets. I hope the condos don't shade out his flowerbed and tax him out of there. Hell, he'll probably just start selling Chardonnay in there and carry on.



SOLID COMFORT BOATS

Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampans



HUGH HORTON SMALL BOATS

29474 Old North River Rd.
Mt. Clemens, MI 48045
(586) 468-6456
<huhorton@tir.com>

CHESUNCOOK CANOE CO.

Classic boating at reasonable cost



Freighters for the Sound, the
River, lakes and streams
12' to 23' 2hp to 40hp
27 Highland Terrace • Ivoryton, CT • 860-575-2750
www.chesuncookcanoe.com
<http://www.chesuncookcanoe.com>
Call for business hours & directions



Lofted drawings and station half models on display in studio.



Thinking about spiling.

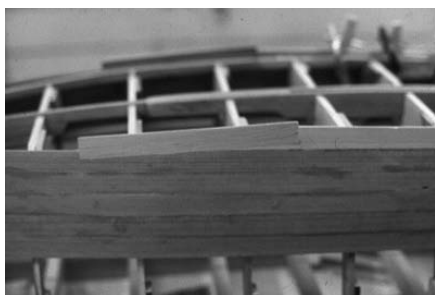


Chapelle cruising sharpie bottom planking.



Ditto planking.

Ditto planking inlay.



Model Making for Amateurs

An Architect Looks at Boats

By Richard Alan Smith
(Copyright R A Smith
First American Serial Rights)

"Boats are quite the loveliest of things; and *Ben Bow* seemed to us to be among the loveliest of all..." (from *Of Yachts and Men* by William Atkin, p. 184).

The sculptor Horatio Greenough, inspired by the clipper ships of his day, proclaimed that form should follow function and 20th century architecture used the idea as manifesto. Architects began to think that buildings could become independent of architectural history and so they turned to the design of cars, airplanes, grain elevators, and ships for insight. Twentieth century architects such as Le Corbusier, Walter Gropius, and others made buildings that looked like ships. Frank Lloyd Wright's famous "Robie House" was called "steamboat architecture." Buildings were sited in the way that ships met the sea plunked down anywhere, they were seen to be international, to their setting, fit for any climate, any weather.

They sprouted funnels, hatches, deck chairs, and guardrails on their flat roofs. "Machines for living in," Le Corbusier called them; machines, like aircraft and passenger liners that presented unbroken views of distant horizons. The new architecture would evoke the great adventure of travel across the oceans of the world; for a time, architecture and naval architecture became allied.

With this precedent in mind and believing that boats are quite the loveliest of things, I set about inventing a project that would give my students of architecture at the University of Oregon a first-hand experience of boats and the art and practice of building them. We would get as close to the work of yacht designers as we could. We would read the intentions of the designers in their plans, and specifications and learn the techniques necessary to build scale replicas as close to the original as reasonable for an amateur effort.

I wanted to see how students, most of whom had built nothing more complex than a birdhouse, could follow the building instructions of professional yacht designers. They were, after all, spending at least five years learning to make drawings that would instruct others in building, it seemed reasonable that they should have a similar experience.

Lofting: After an introduction to the design, construction, and use of small boats we undertook to learn the fundamentals of lofting. Each student selected a boat from the *Motor Boating Ideal Series*, books by Chapelle and Herreshoff, and a few other plans that I had. Selection was arbitrary, often having to do with names such as *Twilight*, *Caper*, *Happy*, *Thunderbird*, and *New Hope*.

I discouraged choosing designs that required taking on the daunting complexities of lofting round bottomed hulls and their difficult transoms. Flat bottom boats, however, were not sufficiently challenging to some builders who held doggedly to round bottom selections.

My only experience, apart from a few summers sailing, was that I had built my

boat, a William Atkin designed 18' flat bottomed cruising sloop he called the Red Onion. I could pass on what little I knew but most of what we did came from books, many of which were found in the Eugene Public library. The architecture library had no books on naval architecture.

With the large number of instructional books available to the amateur boatbuilder, very little teaching in a formal sense was necessary. The studio became awash in books and magazines and students enjoyed a kind of academic freedom unaffected by the limited and peculiar experience of their teacher.

Lofted drawings represented the first abstraction of an increasingly precise method that would result in a model boat. Terms such as body, half breadth and profile, sheer, buttock, and waterline were learned as necessary to an understanding of the drawings and used to ease communication between us all.

We cut battens and used ducks to hold them in place. With eyes right down against the paper, offset points were collected and battens placed in hot pursuit of the illusive fair line. We talked about a fair line becoming sweet and wondered if that was what the optical corrections found in Greek temples was all about. The Greeks were after refinement, too, but entasis wasn't sweetness, or so we thought.

Once the 1-1/2" to the foot lines drawings were done, half models were derived from the profile and body plans. It was exciting to see the three-dimensional models spring from the flat drawings and to gain a new appreciation of the family of lines that defined each boat.

Some students put two halves together and made a whole model, getting even closer to the real thing. They turned and twisted, raised and lowered their boats, holding them up to the light and looking from various angles before returning them to their cradles. When we tacked the lofted drawings and half models to the wall it became obvious that some attracted more comments than others.

Some had read that the sheer line was central to the matter of appearance. Others felt that the overall profile was as important. There was some opinion that the stem line and whether it was curved or straight, plumb or clipper had much to do with the overall appearance. Some students seemed to immediately identify with one boat or another (usually their own) and became indifferent to all others.

Someone noticed that many Atkin designs, of whatever length, had the same size portholes. My own 18' sailboat had the same 4" ports as a 44' auxiliary. This provoked a lot of talk as we wondered what the designer had in mind. We saw that by keeping the same shape and size the Atkin boats demonstrated a strong kinship with each other and, more importantly, the port lights were a strong clue as to the actual size of the boat.

I recounted tacking up 4-1/2" diameter black paper patterns to the cabin sides of Red Onion before cutting out the 4" openings specified on the Sail Plan. The whole boat shrank before my eyes, just a fraction of an inch, and the boat lost its special character, it looked almost toy-like. I had averted a major disaster and it taught me an important lesson: If you think you can improve upon the work of a yacht designer like William Atkin, think again.

A student reasoned that the smaller aperture cut less out of the cabin sides, making them structurally stronger than they

would be with larger openings. The sides could be lighter, less weight above the waterline. The port light itself would be tougher because it was smaller. A Thunderbird builder said the weight wouldn't amount to anything, that they were too small and old-fashioned looking, not modern.

Defenders said that the 4" port light was all that was needed, port lights weren't like house windows. When you pressed your face up to a port it offered the same view out, perhaps more, as a larger window would from further back; it also made it harder to see in. But wouldn't it be too dark?

I read a piece from William Atkin's *For Yachts and Men*: "Now shipmates, gather around the galley range of the cutter *Fore An' Aft*, for here indeed is a room..."

Well, some thought, maybe there was a place for snug and cozy, especially after a day spent with the horizon. Students passed that book around a lot and I saw very little of it for a year or so.

Building: From this point on some students worked in pairs but most carried on by themselves in the close company of others. We held occasional small seminars with a local boatbuilder, but in general boatbuilding methods described in Sam Rabl, Chapelle, the *Motor Boating Series*, and a few other good books and magazine articles sufficed.

The vertically structured architectural studios at the University of Oregon brought together students from First Year to Graduate level but the work produced showed little or no variance because of age or experience. More able students taught the less experienced. Some who had struggled with the vagaries of architectural design found a new aptitude and enthusiasm for the demands of boat building, a few others who thrived in building design experienced frustration from time to time with the project and its exacting nature.

A spirit of cooperation prevailed throughout the exercise. One student brought in an electric steam iron and became an expert consultant when it came to bending frames and planking. She got to know what could be expected from oak, ash, and the softwoods, sometimes trading bent frames for labor in the planking of her strip-planked hull. Students who mastered the various spiling techniques gave freely of their time to help others. The same was true of cutting and fitting deadwood, building frames, arranging hatches and centerboards, etc.

Woods used in the models were usually the same as specified in the drawings or as recommended in various references. Here in the Pacific Northwest that meant Douglas fir, western red cedar, Port Orford and Alaskan yellow cedar, and aircraft plywood to meet scale requirements. A few good boards provided materials and one student cut and met the requirements of many others in his "mill." White oak was used for steamed and sawn frames and Douglas fir for sawn frames, deadwood, and keels. Planking was cut and planed from the cedars using hand, jig, and band saws. The school shop became a timber yard redolent of a boat yard.

Students could measure the quality of their work by comparing what they were doing with what was going on around them. Grading was unnecessary, the work spoke for itself for all to see. Mutual kibitzing ran rampant attracting curious students and staff from more conventional design studios.

Boats varied in size from a 15-1/2' Sam Rabl Titmouse to the formidable William and

John Atkin designed Missie and Laurie, a 45' flat bottomed centerboard sloop. The Atkin scale behemoth approached dinghy proportions and the builders seemed to step into some world between models and real boats. They didn't really consider it a model as they condescended to using glue instead of bronze wood screws to fasten oak butt blocks between frames.

Round bottom boats generally proved more demanding for their builders, construction was slower, probably reflecting the experience of most full size amateur efforts with this hull type. A 22' Charles D. Mower catboat presented extraordinary problems both lofting and building but patience was the builder's friend.

The project lasted one term, about 12 weeks in all. The Hereschoff Rozinante rewarded all eyes from lofted drawings to unfinished model. It became more beautiful with each plank and captured the heart of the builder who spent far too much time working on her according to other instructors whose assignments suffered.

Students worked in the design studios officially three afternoons a week but they could be found steaming frames, planking hulls, and talking over the problems of the day early in the morning, throughout lunch, and well into the evening. Some took to working all night, any time they could claim would find them bent over their boats. They were driven by enthusiasm and the visible results of the happy marriage between theory and fine craftsmanship.

The two builders of a Chapelle designed double-ended 30' sharpie cruiser produced one of the more exacting models in the class. From lofted drawings, through the precise union between building jig and molds, to the fitting of stem pieces and planking, the work approached perfection. All eyes were on her when she was lifted from the moulds and turned over to reveal the exquisite reward of good work.

Twilight: A plank-on-frame model of the William Atkin designed *Twilight*, a 26' flat-bottomed sloop, hangs in my living room. The great English architect, Edwin Lutyens, was fond of ships in the living room of his clients and I know why. It never fails to attract attention, more than a painting or piece of furniture, and seems to trigger curiosity from just about anyone regardless of age or experience with boats. Visitors like to run their hands along her gunnels and peer through the port lights. We string it with lights every Christmas.

Twilight moved to England with me and back again, its last trip being aboard a container ship from Southampton to Seattle. The crossing left her much the worse for wear and I spent several enjoyable weeks restoring her to the high standards achieved by her original student builders. Her wood had weathered and my new bulwarks and graving pieces highlight the rich honey tones of the 20-year-old scantlings.

Twilight has western red cedar planking with Alaskan yellow cedar bulwarks and a Douglas fir deck. She is fitted with a barn door rudder, built as shown in the plans (but without drift pins), a removable deckhouse, and new companionway and hatch slides. She always reminds me of William Atkin's description of her in *Motor Boating*:

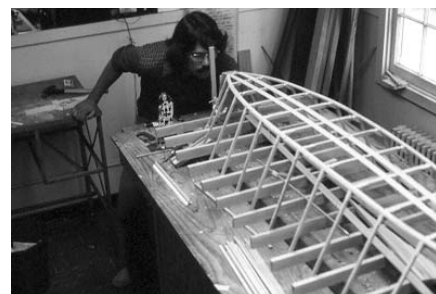
"The design for this month shows a unique, if somewhat old-fashioned sloop. A sloop of flat bottom model dedicated to all



Ditto off the forms.



Ditto centerboard trunk detail.



Atkin Missie and Laurie in frame.



Ditto planked and off the forms.

Happy Thunderbird builder.





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

ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

**Starting our 15th
Season in March!**

**Would you like to read
more, lots more, about
sea kayaking?**

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker will
bring you 40 pages monthly all
about sea kayaking, 10 times a
year (March through December)

**All this for only \$22
(10 issues)**

Like to see a sample issue?
Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Send check for \$22 payable to:
Atlantic Coastal Kayaker
P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938
(978) 356-6112 (Phone & Fax)

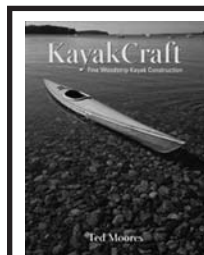
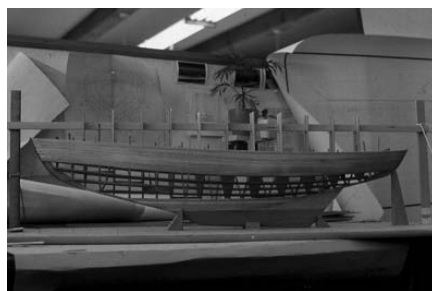


Completed TBird with redesigned windows.



Thunderbird transom and lazarette detail.

The elegant Rozinante.



KayakCraft by Ted Moores

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

packed with Ted's tips and
techniques, so results will be great.
185 pgs., softcover
\$19.95 + \$4.50 postage
The WoodenBoat Store
P.O. Box 78
Brooklin, ME 04616
www.woodenboatstore.com
Call toll free 1-800-273-7447



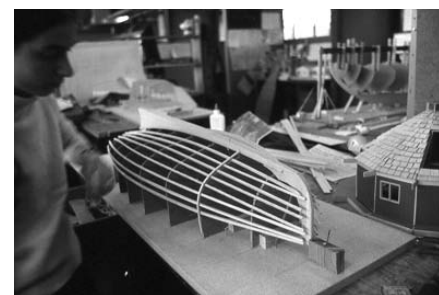
and sundry boat minded folks who are in
quest of a useful, reasonably easy-to-build,
inexpensive, able, shoal draft, single-handed,
shipshape little packet, and one affording
adequate living accommodations for those of
us who, despite the excitement and glitter of
present day living, appreciate that the sim-
plicity in boats, as in all things, has many
soothing aspects."

When we build boats in miniature we
better possess them. Small things are like
that. There is good sense in thinking that hap-
piness with boats is inversely proportional to
the waterline length and for many this
includes very small boats. The model boat
doesn't threaten, it captures something primi-
tive in our senses like the universal sensa-
tion of affection we feel when holding a
puppy, a kitten, or a small child. A fine
dinghy can speak to our protective and nur-
turing instincts.

I never tire of looking at *Twilight* hang-
ing there, all 39" of her. She confounds many
of my sailing friends with her old-fashioned
beauty. She is a strange piece of furniture,
hanging there as she does, but I always find
something new in her, some detail, some
thoughtful subtlety of design or construction,
a new awareness of how she'd be in a sea-
way, how she'd take the ground. I sometimes
wonder if the "real thing" would bring
more happiness?



Steaming frames.



Mower catboat in frame.

Twilight.



There is an old, worn-out saying that has been going around for years... "old sailors never die, they just buy trawlers." Like me. I get requests via the internet from all over the world about how to convert a sailboat into a power boat! This has come about from my publicizing my conversion of a brand new 1998 Nimble Bay Hen into a power cruiser that I call my PMT (Poor Man's Trawler) *Amenity*. It seems like most of the requests come from those over 60!

I've always had a love for being on the water; canoe camping in my teen years, teaching whitewater canoeing with the Wilmington (Delaware) Trail Club, and then my first real sailboat, a 1994 West Wight Potter 15 and membership in the ECPA (East Coast Potter Association). The ECPA was a really fun group but mostly into daysailing.

Overnighting in a Potter 15 was not really the best. Nonetheless a couple of us guys wanted to cruise instead of daysail. I vividly recall crossing the full width of the Chesapeake Bay in my P-15 (to the Eastern Shore) for the first time. Talk about scared! Like it is said, "there is a lot of water there, and that is just the top!"

The P-15 stands for "West Wight Potter 15," the original ones being built many, many years ago out of wood on the western coast of the Isle of Wight offshore from England. There are many sea stories about folks sailing this diminutive 15-footer across the Atlantic from the East Coast to the U.K., from California to Hawaii, etc. Later in its history the P-15 design was sold to a company in California which now makes the P-15 out of fiberglass and a somewhat similar boat called the Potter 19.

I christened my Potter 15' *Just Wight* (sounded like I had a lisp or talked like Elmer Fudd). I soon discovered that overnighting in a P-15 is quite cramped in that the keel enclosure was right in the middle of the cabin. The P-19 uses a dagger board which I never liked.

After visiting the Nimble exhibit (Nimble Mid-Atlantic) at a boat show I fell in love with the Nimble Bay Hen, a 21-footer, sharpie hulled cat and especially that I could order one with real bronze portlights. One of the main features I liked was the internal twin bilge boards on each side, making for a cabin that was wide and unobstructed.

Since I'm a solo cruiser I would just roll out my sleeping bag on the cabin sole and have lots of room. As the years rocketed by I discovered many things. It was getting more and more difficult to raise the mast on its hinged tabernacle, my neck was getting sore from looking up at the sail, I liked heeling less and less, and it was getting harder and harder each year to pull up my pants while laying on my back.

So at about age 68 I bit the bullet, removed all the sail rig, and with my 5hp Honda 4-stroke I began cruising about for a week or two at a time in my now stinkpot PMT Bay Hen. I remained a member of the ECPA and although my engine was quiet I always stayed back a ways to let the real sailors have their quiet time. Now and then I would be called upon to tow a broken boat, pull somebody off the sand or mud, deliver skittish wives and children to the ECPA picnic spot, haul the food and beer, etc.

I later joined the SWS (Shallow Water Sailors) founded mostly for a group of Dovekie sailors. Now and then it has been my pleasure to be of some type of small serv-

PMT

By Bill Zeitler

Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*

ice to this nice group that does cruise here and there from time to time.

Here are a few comments on conversion of my Bay Hen, now named *Amenity*, but used to be called *Sales Call* from when I used to work for a living. Worry not, I did pay all proper respects to Neptune, etc. when I changed the name.

The new Nimble Bay Hen I bought had no flotation. A trip to Home Depot to buy slabs of foam (and some liquid nails cement) took care of by that stuffing a lot of foam up in the bow area and at other places in her here and there so if I were swamped the boat would not only float but would float in a good position for recovery. It was a lot of fun trying to calculate the specific gravity of fiberglass, the specific gravity of a Honda 5, etc., so I could somewhat scientifically use the right amount of foam in the correct places.

Then, with not a little trepidation, I blocked up the twin bilge boards, drilled holes in the bilge board enclosures, took great care to use stainless steel bolts, proper fender washers, and proper sealant to lock the boards in the up position. In retrospect I think a little bit of board extending down into the water would have made for better tracking. A couple of years ago I bought a 6hp 4-stroke Yamaha (two cylinders vs. the one lung Honda 5). Now things are much smoother at low rpm and I have yet to black out from the acceleration of 6hp vs 5hp. There was the problem that the Yamaha was a very tight fit into the engine well.

By the way, I think the term we are all used to using, "outboard motors," is wrong. Motors have an external source of power (as in electric motors), outboard engine would be a more accurate term. I think outboards have been called many other names, especially by real sailors.

At any rate, the fit was so tight the engine cooling check stream would not squirt down the well, but into the cockpit, so I hooked up a small rubber hose and now pipe the stream over the starboard gunwale. This not only works great but I can easily check the stream now and then to make sure my all important impeller is still okay. Also, I keep a 2hp 4-stroke engine in the starboard cockpit locker as an emergency "get home" engine. I can do 3kts with 2hp and usually cruise at 6kts with the 6hp Yamaha using only about 1/3 gallon of gas an hour.

I set the Yamaha throttle mark at the "Start Position" for typical cruising rpms. Revving the engine to higher rpms does not add much to my speed, especially since I am usually not in a hurry unless it is to cross the shipping channel. Like my mother taught us kids, I do make sure to look both ways!

With it getting harder and harder each year to pull up my pants in a supine position, I bought a low camping cot and placed it against the starboard bulkhead. With the addition of a 5" thick foam slab, real sheets, real blankets (if cold out), and a pillow it is quite like a real bunk. I can now sit on the cot's edge with my feet on the carpeted deck with my head just brushing the overhead. I'm about 5'6" and shrinking!

Other items I carry when cruising include a shortwave radio (for long, dark,

and boring nights), a mini battery-powered color TV (no, not to watch Oprah, but mostly for the noon TV news to see the weather and cloud patterns (I call it my PMWF... "Poor Man's Weather Fax"), a switchable red and white fluorescent (low power consumption cabin light to check things (the anchor, strange noises, or pee, etc.) in the middle of the night without ruining my night vision, a garden solar-powered light for a bit of cabin ambience and, of course, a forehead LED light to read by. I have also found that some sipping from a bottle of coffee brandy usually helps me to fall asleep.

I often tell landlubbers that I can go from Wilmington, Delaware, to Annapolis, Maryland, in two hours by car but it takes two days in my boat down Chesapeake Bay. I've done that trip many times from the very top of the Elk River, down the Bay, overnighting at Fairlee Creek, and then up the Severn River to Annapolis.

I've had many wonderful (and a few times just a bit hairy) adventures with *Amenity*, including this past year when I ran over a beluga whale that lost its way and wandered up the Delaware River. I did have a good laugh one day while trailering back home. I was stopped at a red light when a road crew truck pulled up beside me. A chap leaned out the window and yelled, "Hey mon, what does *Amenity* mean?" I yelled back, "Look it up in the dictionary."

I indeed love my Bay Hen PMT, but named it *Amenity* rather than *Obsession* since I'm not constantly wanting to be out on the water. I guess some might call it A.A.D.S., "Adult Attention Deficit Syndrome." For me it is quite nice to pull the rope and off I go without worrying about the wind, sail shape, tacking, heeling, sore tummy muscles, etc. Yes, like all of life it is a matter of trade-offs and compromises.

Amenity is just right for me but probably not for everybody. If things go as planned she will end up on a small private lake in southern Illinois with my grandchildren some day.

SPACE FOR RENT

\$24 / ISSUE

Mail ad copy to:

MAIB
29 Burley St.
Wenham, MA 01984

Email ad copy to:

officesupport@comcast.net

It seems as if all our information today comes from some variation of space, and it doesn't matter whether it's outer space, cyberspace, or imaginary space. We've become comfortable with things that are many hands past secondhand and have been digitalized, decoded, processed, interpreted, sanitized, and embellished. I'm sure my hero, Harry Truman, turns in his grave on a regular basis.

The phrase that we've invented to describe people who know firsthand what they're talking about is "on the ground." Study the next network news you watch and see how many times it's used and in what context. It's the exception rather than the rule. Everybody is an expert, but few are really there. I guess we trust communication and information so much that people believe that they don't really have to be there to know all about it. "On the ground" just lends an aura of authenticity.

Admittedly, being "on the ground" in Baghdad or New Orleans isn't such fun and people who gather information run real risks in some circumstances. They also run the risk of not being believed when their information doesn't match the party line. Maybe they were on the ground, but the wrong part of the ground. Was it Mark Twain who said the truth should never get in the way of a good story?

Fortunately for us, being "on the ground" to inspect an antique boat generally doesn't involve being shot at, or even wading in foul water. It does mean getting up off the couch and into some mode of travel. I've talked to people on the phone who are at the most two hours away and still hope to "find something closer," so everything is relative. Serious requirements usually involve serious travel, so lazy people or those who imagine that they are "too busy" are sometimes tempted to buy sight unseen. Here at the boatyard we suspect that people who are too busy to go look at a boat are probably too busy to use one, too, but I guess that's their business.

I won't give information to secretaries who are calling for their bosses. "Please have him call me," I try to request, as politely as possible. If this doesn't work, I add that if he has to have his secretary pursue his hobby for him, his work is his real hobby and he doesn't need a boat. Sometimes an apologetic man calls back himself 30 seconds later. Others cross me off their list.

"On the Ground" in the Antique Boat Business

By Boyd Mefferd

I was born in Missouri and grew up in Missouri. I have the drawing of a Missouri mule wearing the toilet seat for a necklace up in my office. "Show me" isn't fancy or intellectual. It means what it means and maybe is the antithesis of everything that "the information age" stands for. When it comes to looking at boats, "show me" goes a long way and everything else comes in, at least for me, a distant second. I take a dim view of "brokers" who list and sell boats they have never even seen. Their standard disclaimer is "information supplied by the owner and believed, but not guaranteed, to be accurate." In other words, if you want to be sure, go look with your own two eyes.

Maybe because I'm so scornful of information I don't own a computer, so I'll never become a web site groupie (did you hear, so-and-so sold his such-and-such?) who knows all the latest antique boating gossip. That's information I'm happy to get second or third-hand because it is seldom relevant. I would like to know about a good deal before everyone else, and the drawback of the computer for me is that, of course, everyone knows at the same time. In the days of slower communication the good buy often went to the person who was willing and able to drop everything and travel, the proverbial early bird. Now it often seems to go to the crazy bird who will send a deposit or will bid on eBay based on just some vague description. This may work very well some of the time, but Lady Luck is the ruling deity and it doesn't seem like much of a way to run a railroad.

I hear stories of other businesses that have been substantially changed or even ruined by the Internet. It doesn't tend to be very kind to middlemen, and middlemen traditionally have served a function in sorting and authenticating the goods they sell. Antiques often now go straight from the person who found them in the yard sale to the ultimate end collector, or even straight from the person running the yard sale. Print ads have suffered

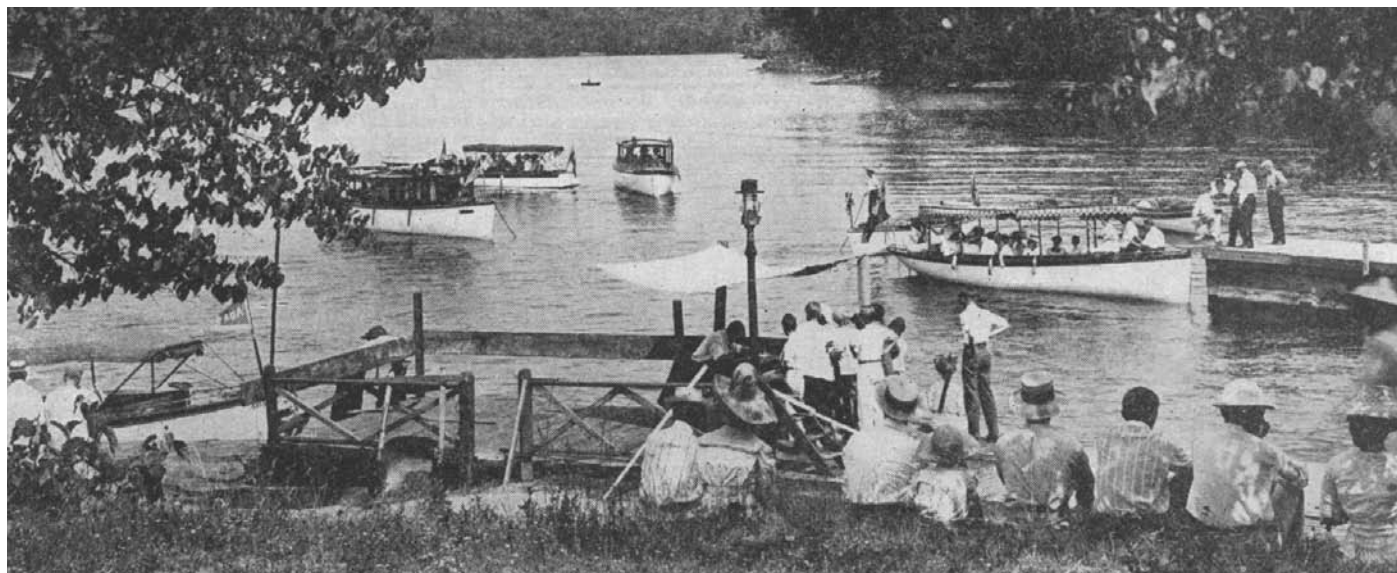
because, in the time it takes to place one, the item may have already been posted and sold, and at a much lower ad cost, too.

Antique shops all too often are packed with things that weren't attractive to the ultimate collector. The good stuff all got sold on eBay. Friends who follow it closely tell me that boats seldom sell for top dollar on eBay and that the majority of real buyers are bottom feeding. This may get us back to "on the ground" because few, if any, bidders go to inspect the merchandise so they tend to stop at a point where they think they can't be hurt too badly. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder and seeing a photo is just seeing, but experiencing the real boat adds an emotional component. Why do you think they invented showrooms? Internet sellers would have you go to the showroom and decide what you want, and then go online and buy from them at a lower price. This presents a real challenge for dealers with high overhead.

The mantra of the middleman is, of course, to buy low and sell high. I see an eBay-based business as buying high, beating out every other fool, and then offering up the item again in the hope of finding an even bigger fool. This may work in some cases for some people, but if you've built a business based on truth, quality, and service it doesn't seem like a viable alternative.

The problem facing people like me, who trade in "used" merchandise, is that there is no dependable source where I can buy inventory at a level that will tolerate much mark-up. As I make plans to travel and inspect a boat, I always compete with someone who will click on "buy now" or do its equivalent of impulse buying. I'm trying to be "on the ground" and they're off in space. The fool who buys sight unseen comes from all walks of life. I remember hearing an interview with the rapper Ice T, who said that he was headed off to Harvard to teach people how to be real. Only a big restoration bill will teach some people the value of being real, and too often that turns them against the hobby in general rather than realizing that their mistakes were made from haste. If they'd had a real "on the ground" mentality, or even hired a surveyor to have it for them, maybe it would have all turned out fine. It will be interesting to see what direction the future of our hobby takes.

Boyd's Boats, Canton, CT



Well, you know late this January will end my 45th year as a commercial boat-builder. I think it will end a little bit like it started. At the first it was Jane and me working together on weekends at our little concrete house in eastern Puerto Rico (near the town of Rio Blanco). We were building plywood prams all alike as fast as we could turn them out... without the benefit of electricity. Of course, we took a good bit of time out to go to the coast for research and development.

Now Jane is retired from the school teaching business and both the sons have found out what I knew all along... that building one-off small wood boats was not a way to make a good living no matter how good they are or how much they cost or how many people want one. Though both sons can do it as well as I can, unlike me, they are not driven by any kind of compulsion strong enough to force them to live in abject poverty. They ain't all that crazy about worn-out old cars and dilapidated housing and doing without restaurants or vacations to famous and exotic places.

Son Sam, who is with me part-time now, will most probably become pretty scarce around the shop when his daughter (an only child... redheaded) begins to go to school next fall. Hell, he is pretty scarce now and I don't blame him. I am pretty scarce myself. The boat in the shop has been in the works for about a year and it ain't nothing but a little outboard skiff. Fortunately the prospective customer is a very understanding person.

Though production at Robb White & Sons is way down, I know damn well that my compulsion will continue unabated. When old Sam goes back into profitable employment it will be me and Jane and the income might be so low that we might have to do without the benefits of electricity again. There will be a lot of research and development. We ain't going to be building plywood prams, though.

So, one might ask, "What will you and Jane build?" Anything we bloody dammit want to is what. You know I have griped quite a few asses through the years with my arrogant attitude in regard to my "business." My father, for one, thought I would never measure up. Well, I guess I don't if you start measuring from the same place you do the length of a cat's tail. I work hard, though. I mean, I might be the only person eligible for full Social Security (which would pay me \$68 a month) who is putting a roof on a house down here at Dog's Island this August instead of pissing and moaning about how slow the government aid agencies are and how hard it is to find anybody who wants to do an honest day's work.

I can't afford to go to the gym to work out and I do not jog but can still carry a roll of rolled roofing up a ladder. Of course, I used to be able to carry 15 rolls up a 40' extension ladder and only have to blow for five minutes before I took up the tar. Now, it is three rolls and a 9' stepladder, and while I take the afternoon off Jane carries the tar. What I am saying is that somehow my lifestyle has kept me in fair shape whereas there are a lot of successful men who couldn't even take up the tar... let alone put the damned roof on there in the blazing August sun of Florida. I don't think they work as hard as I do. I think those who appraise me negatively are measuring from the wrong place... too busy piling up money to do their research and development.

Robb White & Sons, Inc. Corporate Report and Statement of Intent

By Robb White

Whew, gracious, what a rant. Anyway, despite the fact that there is no operating capital, old Robb White & Sons is in pretty good fiscal shape. All that junk machinery and the real estate are long paid for and all of it still works. Now if I could just figure out a way to pay off these damned property taxes for the last time like you do a payment book I could relax a little, but I can't. I figured out the income tax situation a long time ago. All you have to do is not make any money and you won't have to pay taxes.

Oh well, I guess I owe the government a little something for driving on the road and sending my children through the schools and all so I won't complain too much, but I do believe they could send a SWAT team down to the shop and learn a little frugality to apply to their methods and save us all a little money. The "physical plant" has reached an equilibrium with its state of decrepitude. I have way too much lumber and other "supplies" which are arranged in junkpiles all over the place and because of that impossible to inventory, and I am afraid that here lately I have begun to forget what all I do have and where it might be but one thing I do know.

I have an ample supply of 3/4" ring shanked bronze nails left over from back in the early '60s when I thought that plywood was the wave of the future for the profitable small craft manufacturer. Yeah, right. I have about 30lbs left over. Not only that but I have about 10lbs of little bronze washers that I ordered specially to use as roves on those nails when I went to building conventional lap strake boats. My poplar planking was too thin for square shank copper rivets and the bronze nails were better.

As a matter of fact, a ring shank nail and a proper size rove is a real good lap fastener. When you set the rove it stays set and all it takes is the least little tappety tap with a tiny gasket cutting hammer to head it up. I much prefer that set up to copper. Of course, I glue laps now and that's much better. Anyway those nails and roves are what I am nailing this rolled roofing down with... deluxe. Jane puts the roves on the point of the nails and hands them to me and I nail them down. Works good. The rove enlarges the head of the nail to just the right size for tar paper. Of course, we have to pay RW&S for those and pay sales tax and all so we won't be guilty of corporate malfeasance or anything. You know we had to buy the Rescue Minor. What do you think we paid for it? Ain't none of your beeswax is what.

Future needs: Well, I thought our purchasing agent needed to order a new box of those coarsest Scotch Brite pads. You know we do about all our sanding with a big edge sander and those belts last a long time in our application. I think the one on there now has been on there for two years. We never sand epoxy at all. I scrape the bristles of the first coat off with a hook blade cabinet scraper and then scrub the shine off that and all subsequent coats with the roughest kind of

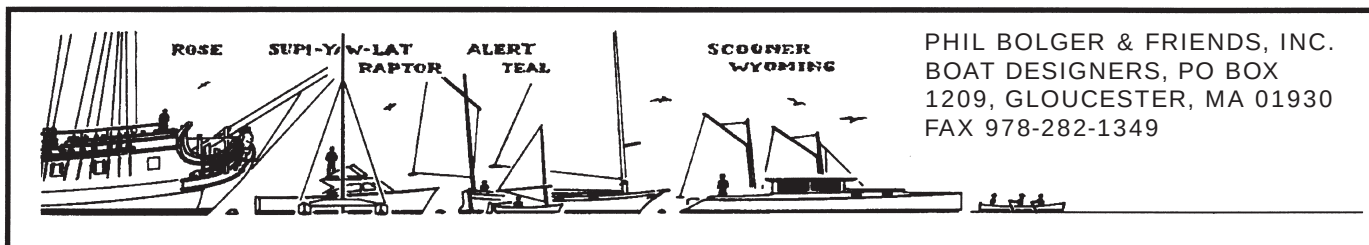
Scotch Brite pad. That's the best way to make sure that the next coat of epoxy will stick and also the paint or varnish job when we finally get through.

I might not have to buy any more Scotch Brite pads quite yet, though. My progressive sister (I have two, the other is regressive) is an experimental gourmet and is always trying out new foods. She left a large supply of this special Norwegian bread down here which she bought thinking that I could eat it because, though it has 15 grams of carbohydrate to the serving, 15 grams of that is "dietary fiber." The diabetes book says that you can subtract dietary fiber from the carbohydrates which means that this special bread has no nutritional value whatsoever and I believe it. The stuff looks and acts exactly like a Scotch Brite pad. I sure can't eat it so I'll hold off on my order until I use it up abrading epoxy.

Future plans: Plans is what. Believe it or not, we have sold quite a few of those sport boat plans and there are a good many of the boats in the works and that special ed class up in Tennessee is just plain manufacturing them. People send me pictures of some of the most exotic mold setups I ever saw. Herreshoff Manufacturing Company would be proud to see that there are folks who make an effort to make a proper set of molds to build a boat instead of doing like I do and stick scraps of wood in the hull in an apparent random manner just to keep things like I think they ought to be for a little while.

I know there are a lot of people who would like to have a real nice small boat but don't think they can afford a new cedar guideboat from Steve Kaulback (or an old Herreshoff 12-1/2 a hundred years old and still in good shape). I believe a lot of those people have the ability to build a real good boat, too. There is a little niche there. I am thinking about the next one to build and then take the lines off of for some more plans. Might be a sort of wide little strip planked fishing canoe just exactly right for someone just my size and exactly suited to my notion. Maybe an Old New improvement (?) project. Maybe a 4hp Atkin style tunnel boat. I'll keep you posted.





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

For eight years Bob Hicks has been active in developing bicycles and tricycles that enable people cursed with spinal cord injuries to get out on country roads for exercise and a change of view. The impressive vehicles he has designed and built fill a much-needed niche in recreational machines for paraplegic folks.

It occurred to us that an arm-powered trailer boat would naturally follow from Bob's work, opening up much small and larger waters to pleasure and workout outings. Having designed several small paddle-wheel boats over the years, and recently produced the improved paddlewheel we've written up in *MAIB*, that looked like a good way to go. Kayaks and rowboats have been tried for this purpose but both require good lower torso control for stability and to produce their power. While Bob's vehicles work with cranks driven by the arms from a braced upper body, Susanne remembers fast three-wheel chairs in '60s Germany that used back-and-forth lever action to drive the wheels through connecting rods, steering with twist pistol grips.

We started with a pedal-powered sidewheeler, Madelyn (#441) that went quite

Bolger on Design

An Outline of an Arm-Powered Sidewheeler for Paraplegic Boaters

well. For simplicity she was driven by pedaling directly on a crankshaft connecting her wheels, but our proposed boat needs to be able to maneuver by reversing on one wheel while going ahead on the other, with separate levers driving the two wheels independently. It's possible that varying the speed of the wheels is all that's needed for directional control; after all, that's how it is done in a rowing boat and it doesn't take much practice to be able to do it subconsciously. However, we've indicated a rudder and done a little thinking about how to steer the rudder

with both hands on the levers and no foot power available. Judging by #669 Becky Thatcher's sternwheel performance we expect this craft to make 3mph with maximum effort and 2mph or a little more for a more lengthy and leisurely outing.

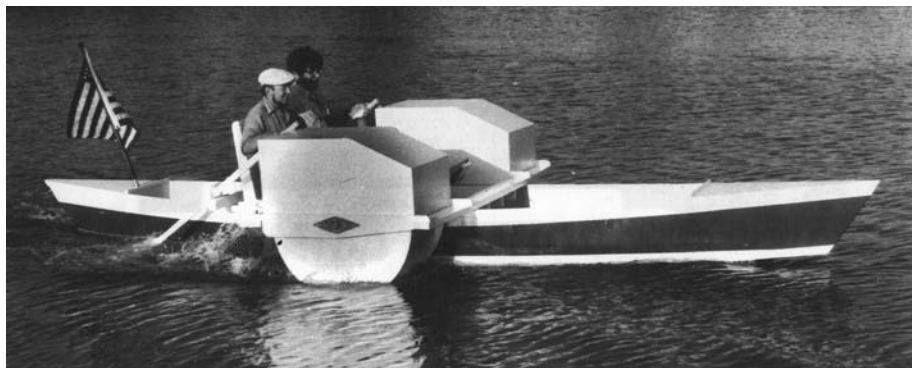
Madelyn was almost 8' breadth over her wheels, which is not only awkward in various situations but created a problem of how to get aboard. We reduced the width of the wheels appropriately to the difference between arm and leg power and recessed them into the hull sides. This got the overall breadth down to 4'9". Sponsons ahead of the wheels gave a surface onto which the crew could slide from wheelchairs and thence into the driving seats. The lever and connecting rod could be easily disconnected with clevis pins to get them out of the way of this maneuver.

We then became concerned about how much the boat would heel while getting into her. The buoyancy of the wheel drums, and of the sponsons, give her plenty of reserve stability but we decided it would be good to have more initial stiffness. To get this we widened the bow end out to the overall breadth, pulling up the hull bottom just ahead of the wheels to deliver water to the wheels. Thus the wheels don't protrude below the main hull bottom and she can lie on the beach without much risk of damaging them. The rest of the hull was carried back as narrow as the inboard faces of the wheels. The rear sponsons are convenient as bins for handy access to provisions and sundries.

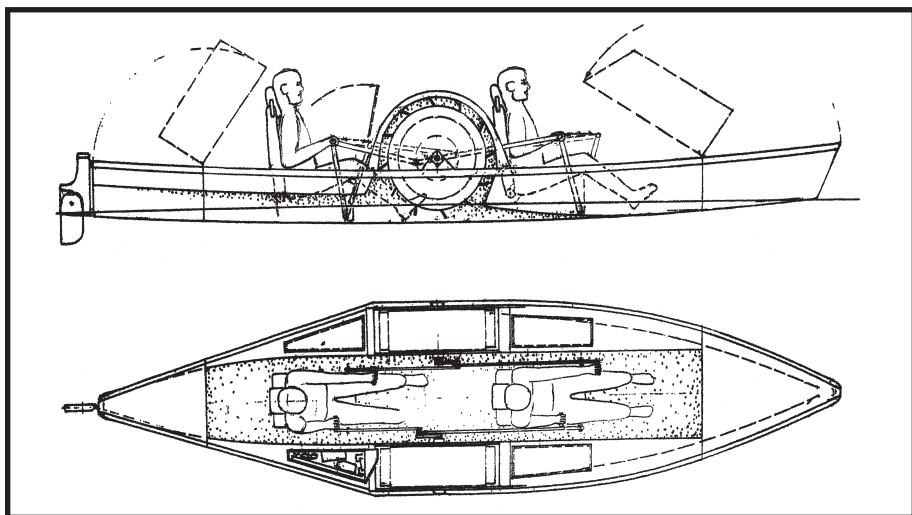
A bulkhead at each hull end cuts off enough positive buoyancy to make sure that, if by any chance the main hull flooded, the boat would float any likely load quite high with stability assured by the buoyancy of the wheel drums. This suggested the option of folding the ends over to reduce the length on a trailer to less than 13' and for storage in, for instance, a small garage. All this still allows an all-prefabricated assembly with no twists and no cut-and-try work.

We consulted Bob about the possibilities of a boat like this and made some alterations in the first concept at his suggestion. He has reviewed the concept with his riding companion and input from the readership is invited. Any volunteer builders to offer boats for rent to paraplegics in their town? Plans will evolve as expert input and time between long overdue commissions allow. Envision three paraplegics and one able-bodied in two boats.

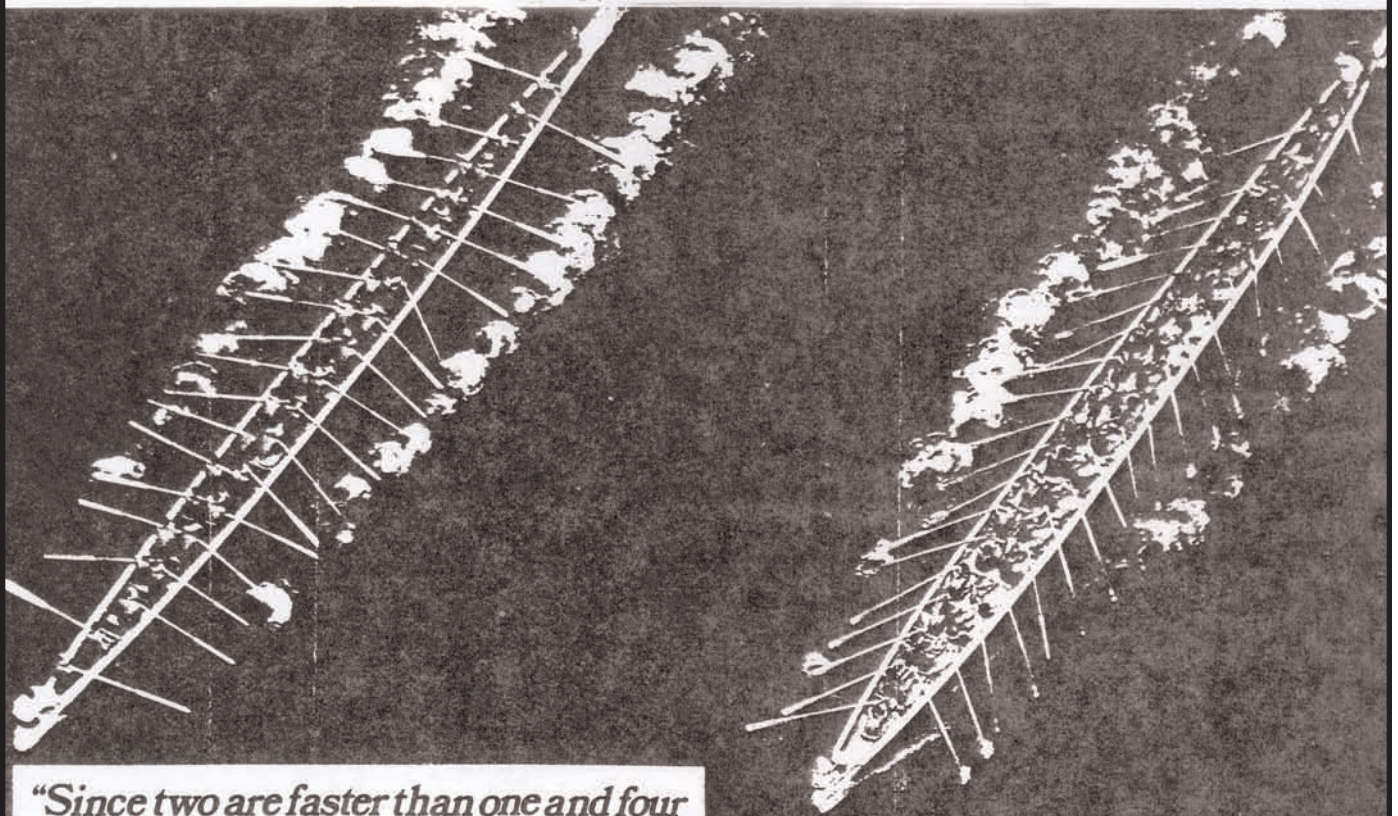
Editor Comments: Charlie and I find the concept has interesting potential but undertaking to build one, not a difficult job, will have to await the completion of our already scheduled bicycling and kayak/tri-maran conversion projects. We do invite input from any readers with an interest in waterborne mobility for persons with disabilities. From such cooperative efforts would come an initial working prototype.



The original paddle wheeler Madelyn, The original paddle wheeler Madelyn.



*"What's nice about the sprit rig is
its simplicity and ease of handling."*



*"Since two are faster than one and four
are faster than two and eight are
faster than four and..."*

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

Custom Small Boats



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

Mast Hoops

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

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

Hansen & Company
Builders of Practical & Impractical Boats

Gloucester Gull Rowing Dorries, Kayaks & Other Small Boats

Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dghansen@verizon.net
Spruce Head, ME 04859



REDD'S POND BOATWORKS

Thad Danielson
1 Norman Street
Marblehead, MA 01945
thaddanielson@comcast.net 781-631-3443 888-686-3443

**Wooden Boat Building, Classic Designs
Traditional Construction and Materials**

R. K. Payne Boats
<http://homepage.mac.com/rkpayneboats>

PH 812.988.0427

16 Foot Melon Seed Skiff

Rex & Kathie Payne
3494 SR 135 North
Nashville, IN 47448



Builders & Restorers

**Reproduction of Charles Lawton
10' Yacht Tender**

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



C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.
HC 61 Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857
(207) 372-8543
email: woodboats@msn.com
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

(607) 547-2658

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

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

AREY'S POND

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

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



14' "CAT"
12' Kitten - 16' Lynx
20' Cruising Cat

Traditional elegance with a fiberglass hull, team trim & floorboards, all fittings solid bronze sitka spruce spars

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

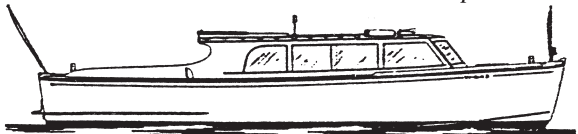


Robb White & Sons, Inc.

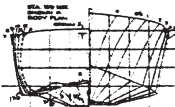
Custom Small Boats
Forty Years

P.O. Box 561
Thomasville, GA 31799

Hadden Boat Company
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



34' W. Atkin tunnel stern
Sea Bright Skiff



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



Build a Boat and Save!

Proven Plans & Kits make it simple to Build your own Boat. Experience the pride of saying, "I built it myself."

Send \$9.95 for Huge Catalog, refundable with order. View our online catalog today:

www.Glen-L.com

Glen-L Marine Designs
Box 1804/AM66
Bellflower, CA 90707
562-630-6258

Plans & Kits



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

Unique Wood-Strip Performance, Sea Kayaks

Kits, Plans & Finished Boats

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

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

WEE PUNKIN



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

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



Designs by Platt Monfort

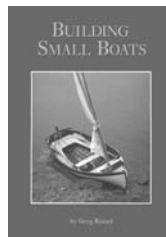
STUDY PLANS BOOK \$4.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95

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



<gaboats.com>



Building Small Boats by Greg Rossell

Traditional lapstrake and plank-on-frame construction methods are featured in this thorough yet reader-friendly book.

278 pgs., hardcover
\$39.95 + \$5.50 postage
The WoodenBoat Store
P.O. Box 78
Brooklin, ME 04616
www.woodenboatstore.com
Call toll free 1-800-273-7447

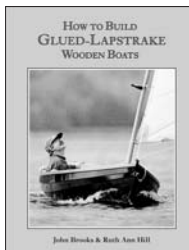


SPACE FOR RENT

\$20 / ISSUE

Mail ad copy to:
MAIB
29 Burley St.
Wenham, MA 01984

Email ad copy to:
officesupport@comcast.net



How to Build Glued-Lapstrake Wooden Boats

by John Brooks and Ruth Ann Hill

You'll understand just what you need to do, to build a terrific boat. A boat that is lightweight, forever appealing to the eye, a boat that doesn't

leak and doesn't require much upkeep.

288 pgs, hardcover
\$39.95 + \$5.50 shipping (US)
The WoodenBoat Store, PO Box 78
Naskeag Rd, Brooklin ME 04616
www.woodenboatstore.com
Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447



SWIFTY 12

A lightweight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price,



including sail, \$1175. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Demonstration video, \$23, VHS or DVD.

SHELL BOATS

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

WESTON FARMER

BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

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

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

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034

PICcup PRAM



11' X 4'5" OA - 100# Empty
Taped Seam Multichine
\$20 Plans - \$1 INFO ON 8 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK
118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254



ATKIN

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

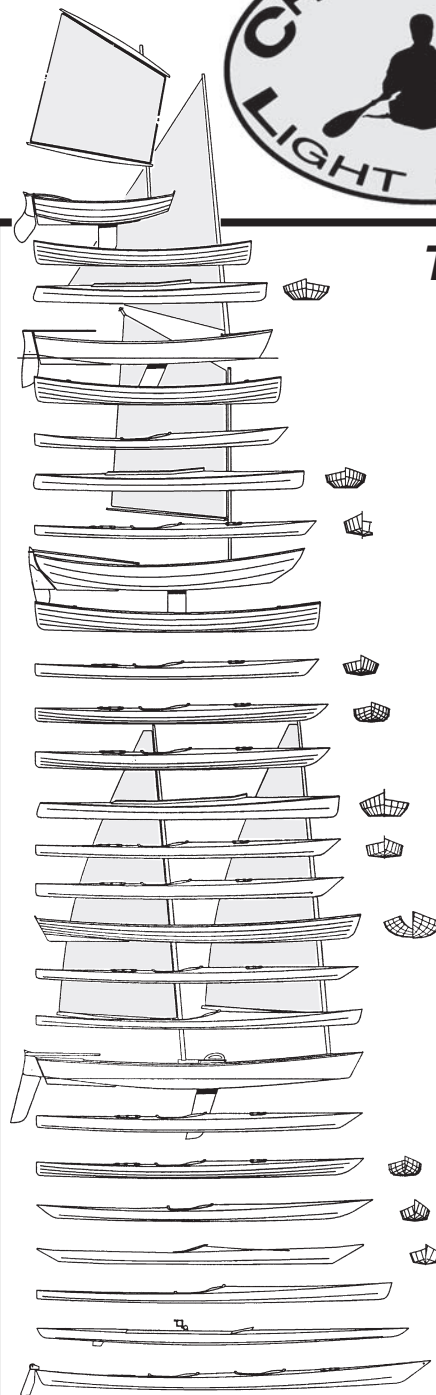
Over 200 designs. Famed Atkin double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities, and houseboats. \$10 U.S., \$15 Canada, \$18 overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

ATKIN DESIGNS

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



**The Best
Boats
You Can
Build.**



DUCKWORKS BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

low prices, fast service

www.duckworksbbbs.com



Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

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

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ Complete construction plans and instructions for \$40 ☐ Study plan packet for Bobcat and 36 other easy-to-build Instant Boats for \$5

BOOKS: ☐ Instant Boats, \$16 ☐ Build the New Instant Boats, \$19.95 ☐ How to Build Your Own Boat, \$20 ☐ Build the Instant Catboat, \$12.95 ☐ How to Build the Gloucester Light Dory, \$7.95 ☐ Keeping a Cutting Edge: Saw Filing, \$7.95 ☐ Boat Modeling with Dynamite Payson, \$19.95 ☐ Bolger's 103 Small Boat Rigs, \$28.95 ☐ Boat Modeling the Easy Way, \$19.95 Add \$1 S&H

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Harold H. Payson & Co.

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

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

Chesapeake Light Craft

1805 George Ave. Annapolis, MD 21401

410 267 0137

info@clcboats.com

www.clcboats.com

Wood Canoe Hardware



CANOE HARDWARE

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

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP

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

Supplies

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS



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

CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS

Pure half hard hand drawn copper made on old Atlas company machines.
3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8"
11 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8"

For sample packet & information send \$3
To order call 603-433-1114 or write

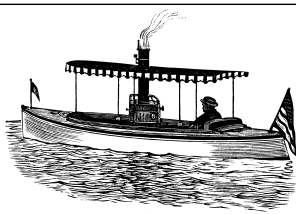
STRAWBERRY BANK MUSEUM
P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

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

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721



Boaters' Cards and Stationery

Business card size with a wood engraving of your boat printed on the front. Your contact info on the back.

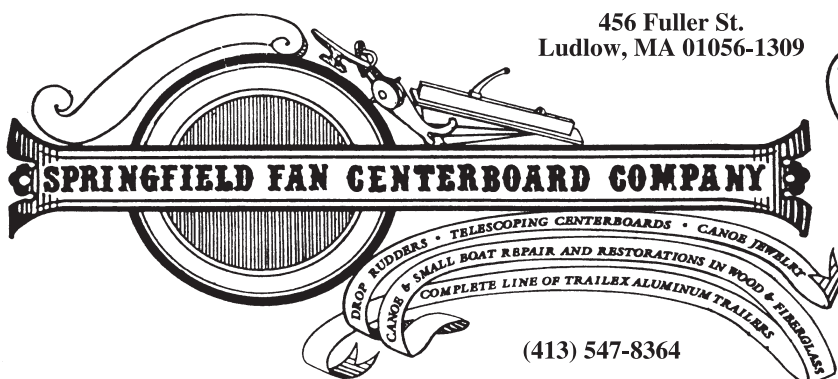
See web page—www.ironworksgraphics.com/iwgstationery.html

Drawing/Notecards of Your Boat

A pencil drawing of your boat, suitable for framing, and 50 notecards with the drawing. Makes a great gift! ~\$150

See web page—www.ironworksgraphics.com/boatdrawings.html

L.S. Baldwin Box 884 Killingworth, CT 06419



456 Fuller St.
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309

(413) 547-8364



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing, and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA Marine

3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571
Ph. (772) 489-4070 — Fax (772) 461-2070
www.raka.com

MAINE COAST LUMBER, INC.

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



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

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

We Deliver
ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

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



We ship UPS

Small-Craft & Cruising Sails

Bermudan, gaff, gunter, lug, sprit, etc.
for skiffs or schooners

Aerodynamic designs in
cream, tanbark, white Oceanus

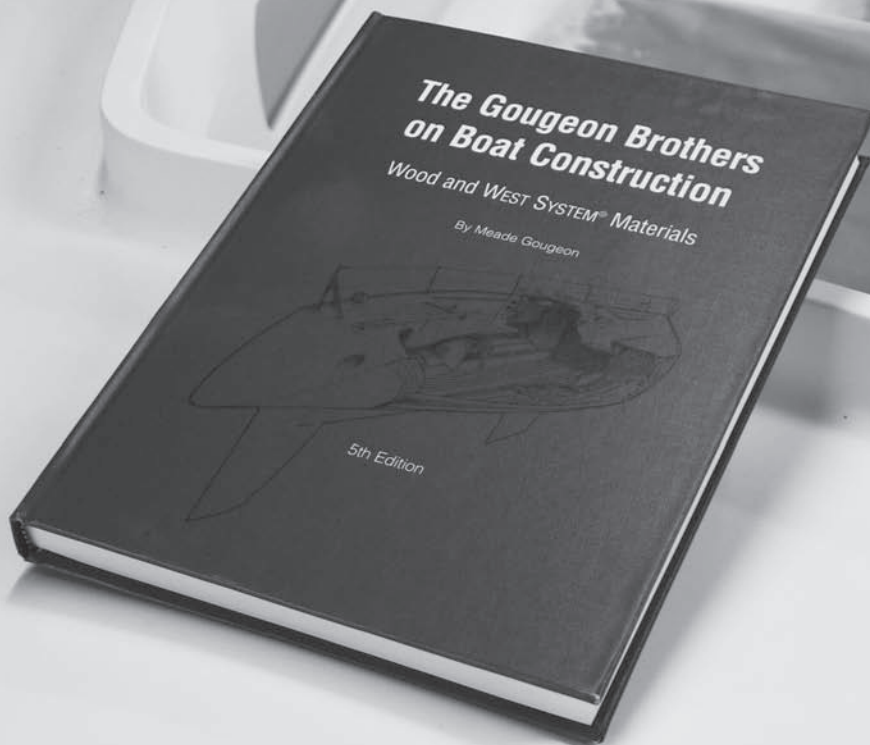
Photos, quotes at
www.dabblersails.com

e-mail - dab@crosslink.net
ph/fax 804-580-8723
or write us at PO Box 235
Wicomico Church, VA 22579



Stuart K. Hopkins, sole prop

Turn your garage into a state-of-the-art boatshop.

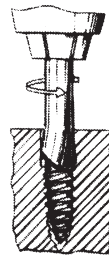


The 5th Edition of *The Gougeon Brothers on Boat Construction* has been fully updated, reorganized and expanded. The detailed, proven techniques will provide you with a practical high-performance technology based on 35 years of experience and innovation. An updated color photo gallery highlights boats built of wood and WEST SYSTEM epoxy, and is sure to provide plenty of inspiration.

**Available through West System dealers
or order direct 866-937-8797 (toll free)
or visit www.westsystem.com**

UNSCREW-UMS™ broken-screw extractors

Remove damaged fastenings. Minimal damage to wood. Hollow tool uses stub as guide. Sizes to remove screws from No. 2 to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.



T&L TOOLS

24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335
Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709
unscrew-ums@tltools.com
www.tltools.com

Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

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

3 Gal. Unit \$147.00

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KNITS

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



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

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

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

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

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

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

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

Quality Cedar Strips MAS Epoxy Supplies • Tools



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



SWANSON BOAT COMPANY

Boat Construction Boat Design
Tallow Oars & Paddles
White Oak, Red Oak, Soft Maple and
Clear Pine Lumber
Working Decoys

Rodger C. Swanson 420 Broad Street
(860) 299-6502 Windsor, CT 06095

E-mail: Rodger.Swanson412@comcast.net

Atlantic White Cedar

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

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307

Smithfield, RI 02917-0704

Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029

Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE

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)

23' Star, Hull # 3344, wood hull with custom trlr, aluminum spars, sails. Bought to restore in '94 for \$500, has lived under cover in driveway since. Nds several deck boards, repair of damage to stem, misc work & lots of refinishing.
GREG AMES, Stony Creek, CT 06405 (203) 710-9665, <gregoryames@comcast.net> (21)

14' Canadian CL14 Sloop, exc cond, galv trlr, 3hp ob. \$2,000. **15' 420 Cat Rig,** gd main, like new spinnaker, trlr, 2 mast steps for sloop conversion. \$800. **Gd Wooden Sailfish,** running when parked. \$100. Also Sunfish parts.
PETER BROWN, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163 (21)



7' One-Sheet Dinghy, Built & launched '03 as a model boat retriever. All best materials used, marine ply, West System™, mahogany thwart, gunwales & knees. Bronze fittings. Designer claims 600lb displacement. It floats my 245lbs with ease. Sell for cost of materials, \$200. Oars incl.
STEVE LEVESQUE, Plainville, MA, (508) 695-5921, or (508) 942-1653 (cell), leave message (21)

OT canoe, '30s?, fg over classic wood hull. Rblt 15yrs ago, nds wales & recaning of seats. \$400. Looking for newer lighter 15'/16" canoe.
"DOC" CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435, <edeshea@tdstelme.net> (21)

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)



Shell Boat 14' Swiftly Sailboat, incl oars, galv trlr & 2hp Honda. Built '00 but used only a few times in fresh water. Essentially brand new. Lapstrake plywood encapsulated in epoxy. Exterior red, deck & seats varnished, remainder of interior cream, all Interlux. \$1,950.
ART PETERSON, Asbury, NJ, (908) 735-5462 (21)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

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

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

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

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



Bolger Light Scooner, 23-1/2', marine ply/epoxy/bronze. Green & cream. See *MAIB* 2/1/04, *Bolger's Thirty Odd Boats*, <http://www.ace.net.au/schooner/build.htm#start> (Tim Fatchen & the *Flying Tadpole* in Australia). Like new cond, used less than 100hrs (crew grew up, moved away). All equip. Trlr, bearing buddies. Motors avail. \$3,800 inv, come see & make offer.
DAVID BOLGIANO, Havre de Grace, MD, (410) 272-6858 (5)

Alden Ocean Shell, 16' single scull rowing shell, '81. Well used but in gd cond. Incl Oarmaster I, Concept II & Alden oarlocks. 3 pr oars; Concept II Hatchets, Mass Macon racing blades & beautiful F. Collar wooden sculls. Neilson-Kellerman Speed-coach. Burnham slings, hangers. Located Ft. Myers, FL. \$750.
LEE WIGHT, Ft. Myers, FL, (239) 267-9183, <lww268@yahoo.com> (21)

12' Butterfly, Barnett Mfg. '69, white hull, light green deck, orig trlr. One of my favorites from my collection, vy compl, vy orig. \$995.
JAN HAWK, St. Petersburg, FL, (727) 709-1509 cell, <robin@hawkdiesel.com> (21)

BOATS WANTED

Edey & Duff Dovekie, will consider all.
JAN HAWK, St. Petersburg, FL, (727) 709-1509 cell, <robin@hawkdiesel.com> (21)

GEAR FOR SALE

Misc Sails, Rudders, Masts.
PETER BROWN, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163 (21)



Inventory Reduction Sale: '77 1hp/1cyl "Cruise & Carry" OB, air cooled, neutral/forward w/nylon carry bag; \$75. **'75 1.5hp/1cyl Evinrude OB,** w/owner's manual, fuel tank has rust but runs grt. \$150. **'84 Johnson 2.5hp/2cyl OB** w/saddle tank & owner's manual. \$300. All one owner.
STERLING HUBBARD, Conway, MA, (413) 369-4035 (21)

There is nothing— absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

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

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the World. T-shirt \$18.00, Long Sleeve T \$23.00, Sweatshirt \$30, Tote Bag \$18. Shipping \$4.75, orders up to \$25, add \$1 for each additional \$25. THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 8372, Silver Spring, MD 20907, Toll free (877) 637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)



New! The Poop Deck Crew T-Shirt, profits from the sale of this T-Shirt support the SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in the US & Canada. Show your support for these gentle giants when you wear your Poop Deck Shirt featuring a Newf Dog and his canine mates including a German Shepherd, Springer Spaniel, English Bulldog, Poodle, Golden Retriever—even a Chihuahua! 100% heavyweight US made blue cotton Tee. Large imprint on front. Sizes M-XL \$17, XXL \$19. S&H \$4.75 on all orders. Send MO or Check.

NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, Tel (207) 442-7237 Email <norsman@care2.com>, Web www.norsgear.com (TFP)



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)

Antique Outboard, restored & refurbished .8hp. Neptune Mighty Mite, Model AA1. About '51. It's all there, even the bottom cover that is often lost. \$200. **Thule System Canoe Carrier**, to fit '99 style Ford Explorer. Custom configured at a cost of over \$380. Has all accessory locks & canoe brackets. Used twice, & looks new. Sold Ford. \$100. STEVE LEVESQUE, Plainville, MA, (508) 695-5921, or cell (508) 942-1653, leave message (21)

Downsizing! Help! No room & cash or? Bow pulpit off 28' sloop. \$100. 25lb CQR anchor. \$200. '50s 3hp Johnson ob, nds carb work. \$300. Also odds & ends. Looking for newer lighter stuff, 2/4/5hp ob, CQR plow/Bruce anchor, for 19'-23' sloops. "DOC" CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435, <edeshea@tdstelme.net> (21)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



Li'l Beauty, the lightest 2 person kayak (29lbs) Photo-info. Building manual postpaid \$25 check to: WALTER HEAD, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, NC 28692 (21P)

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)



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



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)

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)

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)

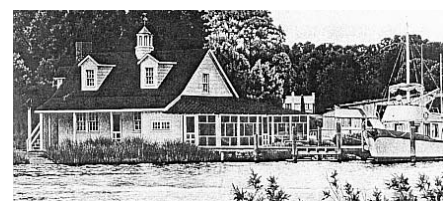
Catalogs/Magazines/Newsletters, which might be of interest. Before I toss these I'm offering them for cost of postage & handling. Packet of 4 *Gazette Annual*, 2000, 2002-04, *Antique Boat Museum Journals*, \$5. Packet of 5 *Winding World*, 2003-05 *New Zealand Model Boat Journals*, \$3. Sent Priority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

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)

300 + Nautical Charts, copied from much earlier surveys of the Western Pacific during WW2 for use on a merchant ship. These charts are described on a list which includes their ID#, area shown & date of survey. The list is being slowly updated to incl sizes. These charts have been keep dry & rolled, a few have wrinkled edges. Send \$10 for list. WILL O. SINCLAIR, 500 E. Rutledge St, Yates Center, KS, 66783, For info, <tugboat97@sbcglobal.net> (21)

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)

WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT



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

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



www.woodenboat.com

messing
about in
BOATS

Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form 24 Issues – 40 Pages Each Issue

Name _____

Mail Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Mail Orders

24 Issues – \$28 (Payable by Check)

To: Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943

(6 Issue Trial Subscription \$7 Mail Order Only)

Internet Orders

24 Issues – \$32 (Payable by Credit Card)

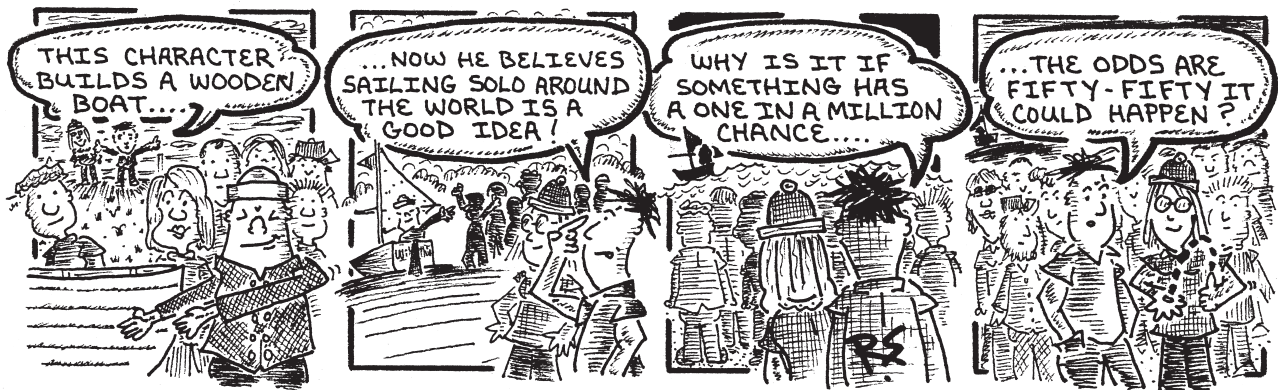
To: www.duckworksbbbs.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted



Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers
Sailing Wannabees



www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

PO 144 Charlotte VT 05445
(802) 425-3926

Nov 10-13 Philadelphia Museum of Art
Dec 31-Jan 8 New York Boat Show
Jan 11-15 Atlanta Boat Show
Jan 20-22 Fly-Fishing Show, Marlboro, MA
Jan 27-29 Fly-Fishing Show, Somerset, NJ
Feb 16-20 Miami Boat Show
Mar 10-12 Canoecon, Madison, WI

ADIRONDACK
GUIDE-BOAT

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

PRST STD
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMT #148

XXIII-20

messing
about in
BOATS

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