



Special Features This Issue
"Tar & Oakum" – "Building Coor"
"The Best Aluminum Skiff There Ever Was"

messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 24 – Number 1

May 15, 2006



messing about in BOATS

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

Volume 24 – Number 1
May 15, 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**

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Book Review
- 8 "Tar" and "Oakum"
- 10 Cruising the Gulf Stream in January
- 11 Buoy Racing
- 12 Monocacy Canoeing Madness
- 13 On the Big Sea Clam Boats
- 14 Signaling by Gestures & Postures
- 16 The Best Aluminum Skiff There Ever Was
- 18 Building Coot
- 21 It Had to Happen Someday
- 22 Cape Cod Workboat
- 23 Bobcat & Chibacco... a Few Notes on Sister Ships
- 24 Oriental Groan-a-hackles
- 25 NOAA's New Direction... Charts at No Cost
- 26 Bolger on Design - Proa-60
- 29 Atlantic White Cedar
- 30 Trade Directory
- 36 Classified Marketplace
- 39 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

Richard Smith's boat building project is pictured arriving in his backyard through the air, he tells us more about it in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



This issue starts us on our next year of publication, our 24th. I usually have something to say about our onward course in this anniversary Issue #1 of each succeeding volume. Well, nothing large scale looms, it will continue to be business as usual as we head for our 25th anniversary year when maybe we might somehow celebrate.

Last year I mentioned how the back issue binders in the shelving atop my computer desk had reached the end of the available space and that I had yet to put the most recent three years into binders and speculated on where to put them. Well, I doubled the capacity of the adjacent file top by constructing a simple two-decker shelf atop the cabinet and that made us good through the current 2006 year.

Then what? Well, this will no longer be a problem (such a problem!) as soon as we get our all new computer desk set-up in place. Yes, after maybe a dozen years of no major changes in the office furnishing (in 2005 we did lay down some handy self stick carpet tiles over the long splintering original fir flooring when the splinters became a problem for summertime barefoot office attire), the office will soon have this 10' long woodgrain countertop set atop low file cabinets with a 6' long triple decker shelving setup atop it and there will now be TWO computers here. Remarkable.

This came about because a friend from bygone days closed his marketing consulting business and sold his office condo. Amongst the stuff he had to get rid of was a surplus PC computer and before he tossed it he offered it to me because it has in it Delorme topo map software (semi-obsolete, two years old, the newest version just out is going into his home PC).

He and I are long time topo map nuts from years of off-road motorcycling all over backwoods New England. I have just about all of backwoods New England topos collected over 30 years or so, but many are now outdated and replacements now cost about \$10 each. This semi-obsolete Delorme software has latest (2004) versions aboard it and features for manipulating it. This will help me in planning some anticipated rides this year, on both mountain bike and trail bike.

I have wanted to be able to play with these computer maps for some time but the topo maps software was not available for my old Mac Power PC and buying a new PC just for this was not, as real business people say, cost effective. Apparently the 5% or so of Macs in today's computer world don't warrant this map software production in Mac format.

But, I digress (hi, Robb), back to the office set-up. Along the outside 14' wall we will now have Jane's business desk and files and then this 10' long countertop set at desk height with the two computers side by side. Over it, excluding the window midway along the wall, will be all my life's work since 1983 lined up on shelving. I should be able to sit in my comfy big computer chair within reach of needed files and back issues (and my topo map plaything). All should be in place by summer, it's taking a while as I'm clearing out old stuff from the existing files as I relocate them into the new (to me, they are castoffs from my daughter's former home office when she moved) file cabinets.

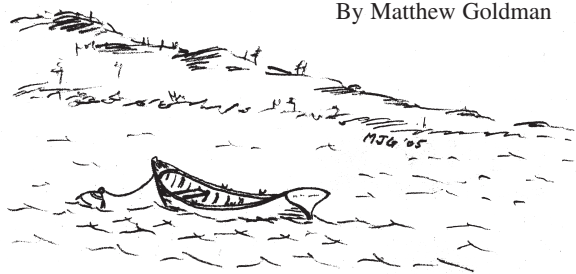
I must tell you an anecdote about the level of sophistication of this publishing office. As we are registered in town as a "home business office" in a residential zone, we have to pay a personal property tax on the equipment we use in our business each year. For many years the assessors (without ever a visit to see) had arbitrarily set a value on our office furnishings and equipment listed on an "order of list" we must file annually and it had gotten up to around \$5,000. I let it go as at \$11/\$1,000 valuation it was costing me only about \$55 a year. Then came a major revaluation of the town and hired guns came into town to visit every piece of property to see that it was honestly evaluated.

A young professional man appeared one day at our door and announced he was to look over the property for this revaluation, and we said go ahead. He also announced that, as we had a business in our home, he would also have to see the business office. Okay. He came up the stairs and turned into my former childhood bedroom now serving as the business office and stared for a moment. "Is this it?" he asked. "Sure is," we replied.

Our next annual personal property tax bill reflected a downsizing of the value of our furnishings and equipment to about \$1,300. The tax shrank to about \$14, okay with me. I lugged in my quarterly \$3.57 tax payments faithfully until last February 1 when the nice lady at the Town Hall tax collector's office (this is a very small town) handed it back to me. They no longer wanted it, our personal property tax had sunk below the fiscally significant level and was no longer worth bothering to collect.

Well, now with all this office updating, the addition of a used Acer 40X Max PC, a new woodgrain desktop, new(er) filing cabinets and all, will we once again surface into the town's view as taxable? We'll find out after we file next years' order of list.

By Matthew Goldman



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

It was blowing like fury all night. This morning it was out of the west at 50 knots, the gusts were at least twice that. When I arrived at the shop, the boss shook his head. "It's much too windy to work," he said. "We'd better go sailing instead." We rigged my sloop with a storm jib, took two and a quarter reefs in the main, and cast off from the mooring. I never knew that I owned a planing boat. Our little sails were wing and wing, our keel was completely out of the water, we were down by the stern, our wake would have drowned a whale.

The wind increased to Force 14, the lubber's line was strained until it nearly parted. We pitched so severely we nearly spilled the last of our fluid dynamics. The seas were tremendous. We rose with each swell until we could see Cincinnati, then surfed down the fronts, the wave lengths were 40 miles. In ten minutes' time we had passed Cape Cod and were on our way to Europe. "Just keep your eyes open to pick up the Eiffel Tower," I said and, sure enough, there it was on the horizon.

Four more waves and we entered the English Channel. The next wave took us right over the Isle of Jersey, the next over Guernsey, the next over Alderney. There were cows in the luff and cows in the lee, and cows in the aspect ratio. I uncovered a pair of sleeping Jerseys tucked up beneath the jib sheets and a big fat Alderney had her tail caught in the relative bearing. Tomorrow I'll tell you how all of those cows got home.

We rounded Le Havre and went up the Seine on a wave so large that it left us stranded on top of a café table in Montmartre. A good thing, too. It was nearly noon and we had four Guernseys wedged five ways in the galley. We started with café espresso and croissants, then digressed by way of a zesty omelet. After lunch we wrung out our socks and hung them from the spreaders, the waves were so huge it was easy to reach that high.

Then we moored my boat to one of the waiters and climbed the Eiffel Tower. The view was superb. I could see my lovely wife hard at work earning money to support my boating habit. That always cheers me up. My boss believes that his wife shouldn't have to work, he keeps her busy sanding and scraping his boat. What would we do without the ladies, God bless 'em.

By this time it was getting on for dinner. Knowing how well the French can roast a duck, we cast our net from the Tower and snagged a couple. Then we took the boat to Spain for some oranges. You can't have duck in France without an orange sauce. The tempest had worsened, we sank so low in the troughs of the waves that our keel nearly snagged the Greenwich meridian. We returned just in time for the chef to prepare the sauce. The ducks were most appreciative. We washed them down with plenty of vin ordinaire. Washing ducks is just one of my many talents. Someday I'll have to tell you a few of my others.

After dinner they brought us a bottle of cognac. The French believe it's a cure for "mal de mere." It must have worked, I can scarcely feel a thing. It certainly simplified the navigation. All I did coming home was follow the tiller. It was time to return, but that entailed sailing dead into the wind and tacking would have wasted at least an hour. There was nothing to do but retrace the way we came. I put the rudder into reverse and set a course stern first dead into the storm, wung out all the way. The wind was Force 20, the suction was intense. We were sucked back to our mooring in two hours flat.

I bailed the tender and, pulling hard, caught the last wave which set the dinghy down in my pickup truck. I parked in the yard, when you look out tomorrow you'll see the boat and know what I've told you is true. I made it home just in time to tuck you in. I would have been here sooner except the oars leaked. That's what Grandpa's been doing all day. See, I can prove it, here's a piece of the orange peel in my pocket. Now that's your yarn for tonight, Children, pipe down and go to sleep.

Ideal for young and old
Full flotation stability

Mermaid Stabilizer

FOR SAFE, COMFORTABLE CANOEING AND WINDSURFING

P.O. Box 1072
N. Battleford, Sask.
Canada S9A 3E6
1-800-215-5307

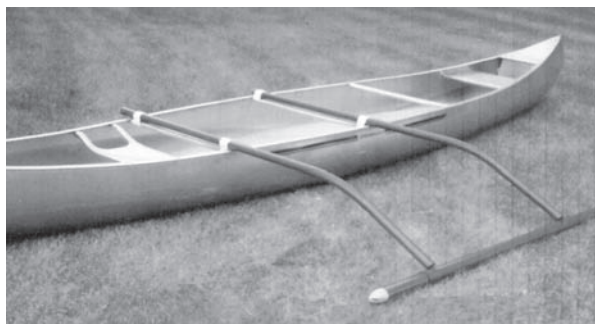
Internet <http://www.w2d.com/mermaid>
E-mail mermaid@w2d.com
Check movie clip



Windsurf Stabilizer

Finally - training wheels for novice surfers and windsurfers. Easily installed - no tools necessary. Provides full flotation stability when picking up your sail and while sailing. Now you can spend more time on your board than in the water.

Only \$159.50 U.S.



Canoe Stabilizer

Ideal for safe, comfortable canoeing. Especially recommended for novice canoers - young or old. Also great for whitewater canoeing, hunting, fishing, or freight. Works on either side, allows for easy docking. Easily installed - no tools necessary.

Only \$159.50 U.S.



Mermaid Canoe Sails

Now - a canoe sail that really works. Attach easily to the canoe stabilizer and presto, you have a sailboat. Comes complete with 1800 sq. in. dacron sail, rudder, lanyard, and sail support. The **Mermaid Canoe Stabilizer Sail** turns a canoe into a mini-catamaran for just a few \$\$\$. It gives trouble free sailing with no expensive renovations to your canoe and it will sail into the wind. The **Mermaid Canoe Sail** also adapts to kayaks and small aluminum boats.

\$499.50

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Pre-Launch Dinner Party

Join us at the Essex (Massachusetts) Shipbuilding Museum on Saturday, May 20, at a Pre-Launch Dinner Party for the *Isabella*, a 38' Essex-built schooner currently under construction at the Burnham Shipyard. This two-masted schooner has been commissioned by Mr. William Greene as a cruising schooner, which he intends to sail with his 13 grandchildren. It is similar in design and construction to fishing schooners built in the 1840s. Master shipbuilder Harold Burnham and his crew have been working on the *Isabella* through the past fall and winter and have scheduled the launch for late spring. During the evening both Mr. Burnham and Mr. Greene will speak about the construction and upcoming launch. All proceeds benefit the Shipbuilding Museum. The Waterline Center is handicap-accessible. Call (978) 768-7541 or visit our website for more information: www.essexshipbuilding-museum.org

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Essex, MA

Adventures & Experiences...

Classic Tow?

No, I don't really tow my Potter with my MG. I was installing a new garage door and had moved the car and boat into the street and they looked so cute together I had to photograph them.

Jerry Barrilleaux, Concord, CA



Classic Carry?

Here's another motorcycle sidecar adaptation for carrying a kayak. That's a Tyee kayak on a box sidecar on my 1982 Honda Ascot motorcycle. A Kiwi Lobo compact kayak would be a better fit.

The Tyee is an early fiberglass kayak built by Linc Hales in the Puget Sound area about the time that foldboats had passed their peak. It was designed as a general purpose kayak and was, and is, used on easier rivers, ponds, lakes, and saltwater. A clip on fin has been retired, replaced by a rubstrip and tiny skeg.

Last fall I sold my Bolger-designed salmon troller (*MAIB*, January 1, 1992) to a family in Petersburg, Alaska. From being skippered by the oldest skipper in a group of

boats operating from Hole in the Wall (Maurelle Islands), she will now be skippered by the youngest.

After Forrest Sebastian graduates from high school he will fish this summer season before going to college. He will be replaced by his younger sister Elsa in a year or two. Nice to see these young entrants into the fishery, both experienced as crew members. Their family business is fishing and trolling with a traditional double ended wooden boat. Their boat, the *Alta E*, has been operating in southeast Alaska since the 1930s.

Lynn Fabian, Great Falls, MT



Thanks for the Memories

Robb White's piece in the April 1 issue about his Evinrude Lightwin Weedless Three brought fond memories rushing back and nearly a tear to my 68-year-old eyes. I still remember the Christmas morning I found the largest box that would fit (barely) beneath the tree with my name on the tag. The bigger surprise was its contents, a Lightwin Weedless Three that hadn't even been on my wish list. Why would it? It was beyond wishing for.

From 1953 to 1976 that engine never had a shop service and, like Robb claimed, never quit. It trolled for trout (spotted weakfish) on the Ringling Flats in Sarasota Bay and bass on Lake Okeechobee. I traveled with me to the University of Florida in Gainesville as soon as I could have a car (1957) and serviced many a fish camp skiff until I finally got a degree 12 years later. It rode along as spare when my grad school roommate and I teamed up to buy a tired Wellcraft runabout with a 60hp Merc and brought us home more than once when the Merc failed.

It makes me both sad and angry still to recall how I lost it. In 1978, my wife and I lived in a small home on Sarasota Bay that featured a boat basin 12' from our bedroom window. She was visiting her parents and I was writing a freelance article late one night when our dog started growling at the window, which was closed. "Shut up," I said, "I'm trying to write." Faithful to a fault, she whined and lay back down.

Before I left for work the next morning at the local daily, I checked our Clark Mills Suncat 16 moored in the basin beneath the bedroom window and the Lightwin Three was gone from the bracket bolted to the transom! I never found it, 'though for weeks I

haunted garage sales, checked outboard repair shops and read the classifieds.

As bad as I still feel about the loss, I feel even worse for how I scolded the dog. I've learned to listen to my dog.

So, thanks, Robb, for the memories. Just keep on keepin' on what you do so well.

Allan Horton, Nokomis, FL

Information of Interest...

The Only Thing Wrong

The only thing wrong with Jim Thayer's "Sailing for Silent Auction" idea in the March 1 issue is that I didn't think of it on my own. I read his letter at our annual Sailors' Awards Brunch soon after. When I went to my eye doctor's office the next week, he had a silent auction set up for a Relay for Life fund raiser.

On my return a week later for a follow-up I brought along two certificates to enter into the auction. One was for an afternoon cruise with a wine & cheese break for four passengers (at least two adults). The second was for one person to crew in our mixed-class sailing races on a Monday evening with a caveat that the winner be at least 16 years old.

I composed a dandy certificate with Print Shop which I saved for future donations.

Richard Ellers, Warren, OH

Two Tides Per Day (Follow-Up)

Doc Regan's musings, "Seasonal Attitude Disorder During an Iowa Winter," in the February 1 issue reminded me of a winter day many years ago. While a blizzard howled, I was at my desk near Montreal, scanning a list of metallurgical research publications to see if there was anything potentially of use to my company. I passed such titles as "Moisture Induced Delayed Spallation and Interfacial Hydrogen Embrittlement of Alumina Scales" and even "Changes in Electrochemical Impedance with Microstructural Development in Thermal Barrier Coatings" without much delay, but I was brought up short by "Corrosion of 300 Series Stainless Steels in Cuban Coastal Waters."

It was the work of a moment to imagine myself being forced to conduct a study like that, sitting in sunglasses and shorts in a deck chair on the after-deck of a motor cruiser anchored just inside the coral reef, with a tall iced drink beside me, on the phone to headquarters, "Yes, boss, everything's coming along nicely. I've completed the first set of experiments off the eastern end of the island and moved a hundred miles west to do the second set. The samples are hanging off the stern right now. Yes, I'm keeping a close eye on them, they should be ready for analysis in a couple of weeks. I'll see you then. Can you have the samples for the third set ready by then?"

We're still many weeks away from boating season here in New England, but luckily my family and I, these days, can afford a week in the Caribbean each February. This year we visited Jamaica, we toured the eastern half of the island and did some scuba diving off the north coast. It was a great place to visit and a nice break from routine.

Once the ice is all gone from the Parker River and I get the dock back in the water, I

will once again be messing about in boats whenever I have the time. I enclose a picture of the boat I built to allow me to row in rougher waters than is possible with a racing shell. It contributes to both physical and mental health. I never go out, even in this boat, without both a mirror attached to my headband and an inflatable vest.

I have had not the slightest response to my letter in the December 15 issue about the conundrum of why there are two high tides a day, even though the pull of the moon does just one rotation of the earth per day, but just in case anyone is interested, I would like to make the question more difficult. Why are there any tides at all? Given that the gravitational force between two objects depends only on the masses of the objects and the distance between them, and that the gravitational attraction of the earth and the moon is balanced by centrifugal force (if it wasn't, the moon would accelerate towards the earth and crash into it), and if we can imagine a little sphere of water as an object, why aren't those forces balanced for any given 1 gram of water in the oceans? And if they are balanced, why does water move around the surface of the earth in perfect co-ordination with the position of the moon?

Peter R. Jepson, Newbury, MA



Oddest of Boat-Related Structures

While visiting our son in France we came across this oddest of boat-related structures, the Pont D'Eau on the Midi Canal, one of old Richelieu's projects. A modern solution to reduce passage time through a "flight" of five successive locks nearby. We were unable to get closer to ascertain the exact nature of how it works, but it appears to be sort of a travel lift device that carries a boat along its rails to the far end of the series of locks.

Alicia & Peter Moore, Ipswich, MA



Opinions...

Pretty Disappointed

I write regarding Robb White's rapturous "Evinrude Lightwin Weedless Three" article in the April 1 issue (actually the misdated March 15 issue. Ed). It's pretty disappointing to see a guy like Robb mounting a defense over his continuing use of a two-stroke engine. His attempt to justify it by the

rationalization that he can do what he likes on his own property is self-serving in the extreme, especially in light of the fact that he has a long history of heaping voluminous criticism upon the silly and irresponsible activities pursued by his own neighbors on their own property. And it is the height of naivety for him to think that the toxic goop he is spewing onto his private property isn't making its way out into the environment beyond his boundary lines in one way or the other.

Brian Salzano, East Patchogue, NY

Appreciating Robb

To those of you who get into a snit over Robb White's writing, chill out, take a breath, and get to know the man a bit better. How 'bout writing him a real snail mail letter? He'll answer, you know, that is as long as you have something to say, maybe something pleasant, poignant, and related to what we all seem to enjoy so much, the various waters, the experiences and livelihoods that involve those waters, and the small boats that ply those same waters. Robb doesn't read or zap back email messages but he'll darn sure answer an honest-to-goodness letter in an envelope and USPS stamp affixed thereto, kind of like the Editor in that respect...

Have you taken the time to notice that while Robb might not be describing how the Atkin Rescue Minor is framed, caulked, and painted or the metallurgy of the inherited family canoe or Lone Star, he is describing the life that goes on around where those boats live. And he sure nuff does so in great detail, we can all agree on that! He describes a way a life that is passing and some that have already passed, but isn't that what it's all about?

Some of you may find it odd, but when I think of Robb White, I envision children swirling about him with dip nets, cast nets, fishing poles, or digging in the sand with sunburned hands for elusive crabs and other critters, of Froot Loops stuck on sandy feet, I mean where else are you going to find this? I find myself smiling at those images and my wife looking at me puzzled. You might reread some of those articles, you'll usually find those children there.

Here's to you Robb, let us read some more of those children's adventures, or of bullnecks and jacksnipes, gator holes, and your Mama's ways.

Ron Bennett, Comfort, TX

Robb White's Terrible Plight

I've been meaning to add my two cents to the Robb White commenatry for some time. Here's my offering:

Have you heard of the terrible plight,
Of a guy by the name of Robb White?

With each written page,

He moves some folks to rage,

While others he fills with delight!

I am, of course, one of the latter.

Michael Rosenthal, Fairfax, CA

This Magazine...

A \$40 Subscription Wouldn't Drive Me Away

I find it hard to believe that some MAIB subscribers drop out because of the cost of a subscription. A \$40 subscription wouldn't drive me away. I don't find everything in an issue to be of the same level of interest, but

there are always plenty that are of interest to me and it is the only publication that comes every two weeks. When I first subscribed I seldom read much of the trip and cruise stories, but after a while I began reading them also.

I am surprised at the amount of info I glean about boatbuilding. My days of large boatbuilding projects are over but one never outgrows wooden boat work totally. I don't build anything now that two old guys can't carry, but I'm always building.

Phil Hackman, Huddleston, VA

Editor Comments: We have a sizeable contingent of retired readers who live on limited incomes and even \$28 a year can become unaffordable when health and housing costs escalate. Raising the price is the easy copout for any product or service facing cost increases. This always results in a thinning out of customers when the new threshold becomes too high. I prefer to instead try to spread around the costs over a larger number of subscribers, hence this year's extra effort at expanding our subscriber base back over the 4,000 needed for long term business survival.

Bout of Sanity

MAIB provides my regular bout of sanity in a crazy world. Robb is a hoot, Chris a delight, Hugh astounding. Your recent photo on your "Commentary" page is more flattering than the drawing.

Steve Turi, Hasbrouck Heights, NJ

Online Subscriptions

In 2005 we sold 17 online subscriptions for MAIB, mostly international, which is what we expected. As of the end of February this year we have had four more online orders.

Sandra Leinweber, Duckworks.com

TRADITIONAL MARINE STOVES



CAST IRON
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
WOOD BURNING
HEATING & COOKING
COMPACT

NAVIGATOR STOVES

409 Double Hill Rd.
East Sound, WA 98245
(360) 376-5161

Vacationing at his island camp on Raquette Lake, Arpad Gerster relished the rich little details of Adirondack life. Up early after a rainy June night, he stopped on a path to spy on a spider "reveling in the fresh meat out of an abundance of flies." Then Gerster watches a robin pecking at ground seeds. "But the best joke I had," he writes, "was with a big reddish brown warty toad who 'hangs out' under our house. He came out, probably for breakfast this morning, when I ran across him. As usual, he stopped when I stopped. Then I took a small stick and squatting down, cautiously approached him. When my stick touched his back, scraping it gently, he acted like our Dandy dog when you scratch him, pushing and bracing up against my stick, first on this side, then on the other, and when I tickled his nose he curved his back in a convex arch, putting his nose vertically down on the ground... I played with him for five minutes or more... went to catch a fly for him, but when I returned he was gone."

Gerster, a surgeon from New York City and Hungarian immigrant, kept a vibrant diary of his Adirondack adventures. His notes are filled with bemused encounters with nature, boating, and camp life, recently published in a handsome book by the Adirondack Museum under the unfortunately bland title, *Notes Collected in the Adirondacks, 1895 & 1896*. But aside from the title, these "notes" are anything but bland. A capable artist, Gerster illustrated his diary with skillful line drawings and his writing is fun, vivid, and packed with yarns, goofy anecdotes, nautical adventures, unusual characters, and richly described scenes portraying island life as it was more than a hundred years ago. Surprisingly, Gerster's accounts are strikingly modern, his experiences common to many 21st century wilderness camping and boating treks. Somehow he manages just fine without a GPS, solar radio, or cell phone email. Part of the delight of this book is how much fun Gerster had despite his glaring lack of electronic doodads.

Gerster's greatest joy was his 34lb Rushton canoe, an original from the famous Canton boatbuilder Henry Rushton. I have a similar Rushton (with fiberglass hull) made by Bart Hawthaway, and while a remarkably able craft, sailors during Gerster's era carried huge sails for such tiny little boats. Gerster had his rigged with a 75sf main and a 16sf mizzen that he sailed under wild conditions, not once reporting a spill. One August Saturday he reported, "Wind S and SW blustering, sky overcast. Rigged up sailing canoe and crossed the lake. Shipped lots of water beating into whitecaps and had to change clothes." That's on a 5,500-acre lake with 100 miles of shoreline where winds can whip up a formidable chop.

As a surgeon and man of some wealth, Gerster had a guide and caretaker, Charley Jones, who rowed Gerster's Adirondack Guideboat on most of their fishing and deer-hunting treks. Jones was a man of few words but was Gerster's favorite companion and whose plain and unassuming manner Gerster emulated. Urbane, fluent in several languages, and a reader of classic literature for leisure, Gerster refused to be called "doctor" on his Adirondack trips and scorned the mannered, snotty party circuit beginning to emerge in the region as the gilded age unfolded.

During one very arduous "carry," the regional term for portage, a railroad surveyor offered to help Gerster. "Which in view of



Book Review

Notes Collected in the Adirondacks: 1895 & 1896

By Arpad Geyza Gerster
 Edited by Sidney S. Whelan, Jr.
 2005 - \$29.95
www.adirondackmuseumstore.com

Reviewed by Peter Owens



the sultry heat, I accepted cheerfully," he wrote, describing his dandy helper. "A dudsish fellow of about... he had on patent leather slippers, white duck trousers turned up at the bottom, and a capacious heavy Mackintosh, in one hand a big rifle, in the other a brand new 'dress suitcase'... and was skipping along like a plover, carefully gathering skirts before stepping this way and that, picking dry spots between the many slimy puddles. What wonderful tales of adventure and privation will there be dished up to the sympathetic circle of admiring ladies should he emerge alive," Gerster cracks, adding, "I asked him whether his bathtub was following and he looked at me earnestly and searchingly, then said that he never had carried one yet. I assured him that he ought to, to which he assented." To other dandies who put on fancier airs, Gerster was rude and dismissive.

Gerster was undeterred by mud and hardship and after one long, rainy day and an

arduous carry, he took a rest, then pushed on. "First of all I stepped into a mudhole up to my left knee and felt the ooze entering the top of my boot. But what did this matter in my condition? There is a limit to wetness, beyond which the veriest deluge becomes a matter of indifference."

What is best about this book is how it captures the ritual of island life over two years and four journeys out of the city, enough to absorb the rhythms of the Adirondack vacation. My grandfather vacationed in the Adirondacks for many years and in 1943 bought an island on the St. Lawrence River, hauling a few miles north many familiar Adirondack camp rituals. It was common for the men to first visit the camp in May. For Gerster that was a trip filled with solitude and work repairing the camp after the ravages of a north country winter. He and Charley repaired the roof, prepped the camp, planted seeds, and went fishing only a few weeks after the ice had finally melted but before the trees leafed out and the bugs arrived in earnest.

When I was six I was taken on one of these male spring journeys and one cool day, after a morning perch expedition, I was straddling the boat and dock when both slowly parted company. I ended up doing the splits until I lost my balance and fell into the frigid, cold water and in my grandfather's logbook, he entered that "Pete got baptized" by the river on his first trip. For my family, keeping an island log was a strict requirement that I maintain today a half-century later on Cedar Island, St-Anicet, Quebec.

In August, Gerster returns with the family, his wife and son, and camp life hums with a much more domestic and civilized tune. Each morning the family bathes in the lake and the days are much lazier, marked by elaborate meals, long naps, extended conversation, and mini evening concerts, his wife at the piano, his son at the violin. Gerster sails daily if there's wind and otherwise paddles his Rushton canoe like a kayak or rows "Madam" in the guideboat.

Each August Gerster takes at least two male-only treks up or down a 90-mile stretch of Adirondack lakes linked by the Raquette River to the north or the eight-lake Fulton chain to the south of his camp. Each trek involves lovely stretches of water and mostly short carries less than a mile or two. On one Raquette River trip Gerster sat back and enjoyed. "What a delight to float down the rapid current, twisting in and out between rocks that encumber the channel, each turn of the winding stream unfolding new beauties of this virgin landscape. Overhead the deep blue sky flecked with snow white clouds, under my keel gleams of submerged rock, some mossy, others bare and gleaming, to some adhering the blue paint off ill-steered boats that have ground against them, then elongated sandbanks shaped and carved by the current, then beds of eelgrass and other long stemmed waterplants, gracefully swaying in the current."

In September and October, Gerster hunted for deer, rigging his boat with lights and jumping deer (then still legal for a few weeks a year) or hunting them down with dogs. He wasn't an especially eager big game hunter and on one trip sided with the deer who escaped being hit by one of Gerster's friends. "We examined the spot (where the buck had stood), found the wet bushes but no blood, and I congratulated the

noble fellow on his good judgement and evident success."

He described his fishing with considerably more relish. On one May trip Gerster wrote, "At 'the falls' the pool presented its usual peaceful and picturesque attraction and the fish were jumping in the riffles. We debarked pell-mell and I scrambled down and out on the very ledge of the rock from which we throw the fly. By the time Charley reached there I was playing a fine fellow with scarlet belly (almost like a rainbow trout) and had him in the net after a short, but very sharp, tussle. He weighed 1oz less than 2lbs. It was a merry dance for about 30 minutes when we had landed eight big fat fish, all except one above 1lb, the aggregate weighing 11lbs. As we had fish left at camp, I stopped and said 'enough.' Made a sketch of my creel. Then a workman with a sore leg came up and asked for surgical advice, which he got right cheerfully. By 7:45 we were at home, cooking supper."

The governing ethic among honorable sportsman of the day was to bag plenty but not more than you could eat. Like Gerster, my grandfather reported the "kill" and even drew charts in his log showing the duck kills by breed and day. They gave away to local people what they didn't take home. They weren't squeamish about killing but admired wildlife and were sometimes exuberantly sentimental. Wrote Gerster, "In opening the medicine chest I heard a fine squeak and found the head

of a fat deer mouse peeping out of the mouth of a tunnel worked into the middle of my big bundle of absorbent gauze. The animal looked at me with its pair of wild beady eyes, watched me intently for a full minute, and not considering me an enemy, gave a contented squeak and retired to its motherly duties. Having found her so trustful and nice, I decided to continue my office of host towards the mouse family, exacting as my compensation on the right of visiting once a day to see that everything is going on well."

Gerster captures the excitement of preparing for his journeys, packing every item in anticipation of wind, rain, cold, and sweltering heat. Before my own trips my days are filled with plans and lists and many runs to the hardware store. And Gerster captures the gloom of leaving camp, palpable yet not to be dwelled upon. You pack, close up camp, and head home without ceremony, no looking backward, no regrets allowed.

Some readers will find Gerster's account largely an

artifact of the deep past. His lakes have been ravaged by acid rain and some of today's big lakes are noisy with overpowered cruisers, water skiers, and jetskis. But the Adirondack Park and Preserve, coupled with harsh upstate winters, has conspired to keep the region relatively pristine and anyone with an adventurous spirit comparable to Gerster's can find great pleasure, solitude, and beauty with relative ease. This book is no travelogue, however, but fits nicely into the tradition of travel essay and travel memoir, probably best enjoyed on cold winter nights when spring seems ever so distant.



Gerster's sketch of a Guideboat



Gerster's Camp Oteetiwi, Gerster on left with arm around his son, wife Anna on steps. Above him is a close friend and at right Historian A.L. Donaldson.

Chesuncook Canoe Co.

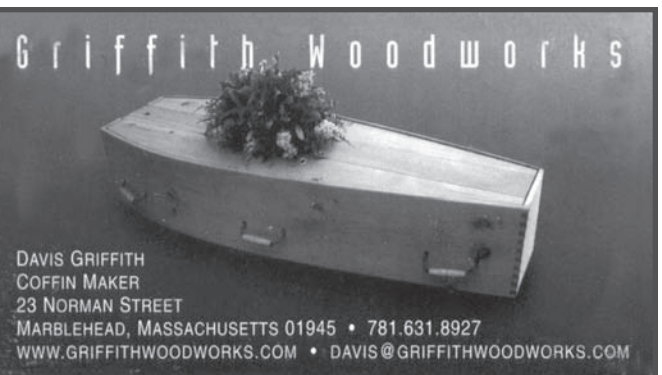
Classic boating at a reasonable cost



Freighters for the River, the lakes and streams

12' to 23' 2 hp to 40 hp

27 Highland Terrace • Ivoryton, CT • 860-575-2750
www.chesuncookcanoe.com <http://www.chesuncookcanoe.com>
Call for business hours & directions



Griffith Woodworks
DAVIS GRIFFITH
COFFIN MAKER
23 NORMAN STREET
MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS 01945 • 781.631.8927
WWW.GRIFFITHWOODWORKS.COM • DAVIS@GRIFFITHWOODWORKS.COM

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.)

How it Began

To begin at the beginning, Mr. Peter Fleming's "Brazilian Adventure" suggested that the reading of *The Times*' "Personal Column" might be a good idea, and so one day in June 1934 I read the advertisement inserted by Mr. A.J. Villiers, whose books about square riggers I had read with so much enjoyment. He asked for applications from boys and men for a "two years' circumnavigation of the globe." That was too good to miss. Feeling that "nothing ventured, nothing won," was a good motto, I wrote to him saying I was sorry I was a girl, but if he considered taking any girls, could I go, too? As it happened he had already promised an American girl that if circumstances permitted she should make the trip from England to America, so it was arranged that the two of us should go and by September I was collecting oilskins, jerseys, and dungarees in a wild state of excitement.

As her hair was fairly dark and mine reddish, we soon became known as "Tar and Oakum." Tar was a few years older than I and she knew a good deal about ships and shipping and had done quite a lot of sailing before. After waiting about for several days we at last got the telegram announcing our sailing date and went down to Harwich. Our cabin seemed much too small at first for two large females and all their goods and chattels. It was about 6' by 8' and if Tar wanted to bend down, I either got into my bunk or went outside altogether. We came on board on Sunday, October 21, about midday, arranged our gear, found out we were in the port watch, and Tar explained vaguely what was what.

When I came out on deck the ship seemed minute. She was 100' in length with a 25' beam, but at sea she was so beautifully proportioned that she was taken for a 2,000 ton ship. Her actual tonnage was 203 gross. At first it seemed about three steps from the poop to the fo'c'sle, but later on the distance seemed to stretch and stretch until it was quite a long way to go.

We didn't sail on the night of the 21st, after all. For one thing, a strong SSW gale sprang up, and for another our cook, Mr. Catchpoll, was nowhere to be found. So the trip really started on October 22, a nasty cold day with a really good sea outside. Our first job wasn't at all my idea of the life of a sailor bold. We were given strips of canvas and told to bind the coconut matting they had in the chart room. Admittedly we had palms, sail twine and needles, but...

Then the pilot came on board and things started happening. I, of course, wandered round like a half-wit, gawping with wide open mouth and tagging along after Tar, who always managed to be in the right place. I'd never been on board anything before, with the exception of the cross-Channel steamers. I'd never even been in a sailing dinghy. So I had plenty to learn.

At Sea in Rough Weather

As soon as we had got out of the harbor I started my attack of seasickness, which lasted a good ten days. I wasn't much good until after it was over, but three days out, just before I gave up entirely, I was sent along to help Tar furl the mizzen topgallant staysail. We were off Beachy Head and it was blowing half a gale. I was past putting things into my newly acquired nautical language and I stared at those long black ladders and upwards where I could see the masthead describing a

"Tar" and "Oakum" A Sea Maid's Romance

By "Oakum"

Reprinted from
The Marine Magazine,
August 15, 1936

Submitted by Robert G. Torgersen



This is an article, published in *The Marine Magazine*, written by my mother, Christine Baker, in 1936, after crossing from England to New York Harbor at the beginning of her trip around the world arranged by her family to see the world and to visit various relatives in the Far East. Her family, at the time, owned various rubber plantations in the Far East and were importers of various goods from the Philippines and vicinity to England in the '30s. The trip was intended as a learning experience before she had to enter the world of an adult. She had just finished secretarial school and this trip was to be a precursor to gainful employment.

As you will see, the ship was the *Joseph Conrad*, now at Mystic Seaport, at which she was a life member from her contributions to that facility of other memorabilia relating to the *Conrad*.

Her trip around the world was, however, interrupted on the crossing from San Francisco to the Philippines, where, to hear it from her, she tripped over my future dad's feet going up the gangplank on the ship on which he was the First Officer. In those days every steamer took several passengers in addition to the bulk cargo. Her wedding took place in Zamboanga, Philippines, with all her relatives present!

— Robert G. Torgersen.

This account of the adventures of a girl who shipped "before the mast" in a sailing ship is a document of extraordinary human interest. The pluck and spirit of the author will be evident to all who read it. Those who have been privileged to meet her are the more amazed, for she is small and slim and by no means like the robust heroines of old-fashioned fiction who went to sea. The *Marine Magazine* has been fortunate to obtain this first account of her experiences.

— Ed., M.M.

horribly erratic circle against the grey sky. Tar was halfway up. I don't know how I started but there I was, clutching frantically and finding my fairy-like feet several sizes larger than I remembered them as I trod thin air in an attempt to find the ratlines. Every time she rolled, I stopped and clung. It took years. And then I met the futtock shrouds.

It was really past a joke, but it had to be tackled, so I grabbed with my hands and climbed fiercely with my feet and after a long time I was there. And then I couldn't find Tar amid the forest of lines until I looked carefully and saw her putting the finishing touches to the staysail, which looked very grey and grubby at such close quarters. After that performance things were just too much for me and I retired to my bunk for three or four days. Tar was simply wonderful, as it was no fun to stand watch and have a wildly seasick companion thrown in as a makeweight.

Once I was on my feet again I was kept pretty busy. Between us we two girls supplied the chafing gear. How I hated it. No one else seemed to have to make any but, of course, someone had to do it. Things seemed to happen very rarely. I mean things like tacking ship, setting sail, and so on. Various odd jobs helped to vary the monotony of chafing gear, helping to serve splices, cleaning brass on Saturdays, painting, and, of course, overhauling buntlines. These jobs were like islands in a sea of chafing gear.

Arrival in Madeira

We sailed into Funchal Bay on Armistice Day and everybody on the island was much too busy firing off salutes to come out and take any notice of us. As a result we had just two hours ashore, and when we got back we heard to our horror that the port watch had to heave up the anchor. There was only 90 fathoms of chain out and it took us an hour and 20 minutes of really hard work. At first we sang and the songs were enough to make your hair curl. Then the Chief got a mouth organ and played that. Then, when no one had any breath left, we just stamped and kept time that way. Towards the end, when it got harder and the flukes caught on the bottom, we just slumped over the bars and went on marking time. Then the Chief would yell at us in Swedish and we'd all give a mighty heave and off we'd go again. I faded out of the picture after we'd finished that much, as there were plenty of people to do the catting and fishing.

Soon after this we were made day workers. More chafing gear. This time we started at 5.30am with coffee and worked until 8am. Half an hour for breakfast and on again until 1pm. There was an hour allowed for lunch and then we went on until 5pm, with a short stop for coffee at 3pm when we started to clear up for the night.

After the weather got warm, and when we were about 200N, I used to climb round in the rigging after 5pm for want of amusement. It took me a long time before I got to the main truck, but once I'd accomplished it it was well worth the trouble. Once, when I was sitting astride the mizzen royal, the flag halliards jerked and up came two very squashed bananas, sent up by Tar as encouragement! She evidently thought I needed refreshment. Sometimes I slid down the backstays but it wasn't very funny as I left most of my shins behind.

About the end of November we were becalmed in the Sargasso. The messboy one

morning threw a tin overboard and in the evening it was about half a mile ahead. She just rolled and rolled in the long oily swells and life on board was miserable. One day I got sick and tired of the 29 other faces and went and sat on the channels with my toes just clear of the sea and read a book. It was a grand change of air and scenery. Needless to say, that was a Sunday.

Rolling Along

Then, after several days of dead calm, we had a good breeze, but from dead aft, which made the ship roll dreadfully. We were six in our mess at this time and we sat three to a side. There were lockers for the lucky ones to sit on and a narrow bench for the others. When we were on the starboard tack the people on the lockers nearly slid under the table while the people on the bench had to lean so far forward that their chips were nearly in the soup. The table was very narrow and had very primitive fiddles over it. We had to wedge our plates into place with the opposite number's plate, and whenever there was an extra roll we just grabbed all we could hold and waited for the worst. It was never safe to have the soup on the table. It was put on the deck and allowed to cavort at will, being seized as it slid by if anyone wanted any more.

We sighted Watling Island (Bahamas) on December 13 and at 1am on the 17th we dropped anchor outside Nassau and waited for the pilot. Next morning Tar and I rushed ashore at the first opportunity and made for a hotel. When we announced that we hadn't had a bath for 56 days and would they let us have one, they couldn't show us the way quickly enough. We got into the room and then alternately had baths from 10am until 1pm.

We sailed on December 19 and I didn't do much work for the next ten days, when we started to pack in readiness for New York. However, there was plenty to do. We had Christmas, and we had it very thoroughly. The carpenter and sailmaker made a tree and it was decorated with tinsel made from strips cut from the silver paper wrappings in cigarette tins, tin stars, and coloured pictures of fruit. The mess room had paper chains hung across, over the captain's seat was pinned a huge Red Ensign, and on the fly there was a little flag for every nationality represented on board, there were seven. On Christmas Day the ship was all dressed up with a flag flying from every possible spot and in an excess of efficiency and helpfulness, I started to hoist the yacht club house flag upside down.

By Boxing Day the weather broke, we were off Hatteras and our tweendeck was in the possession of sailmakers, who were very busy. Our cabin was almost inaccessible at times. The stove was kept red hot and although most people managed to avoid it during the heavy weather we had, I was thrown against it once with an extra heavy roll. There wasn't much room anyway.

Hankering for Sea Again

We arrived in New York on New Year's Eve and went up to Times Square to see 1935 safely started. Soon after the ship left for Rio de Janeiro with us no longer aboard, Tar and I got so tired of seeing the horizon stay still that we went all round New York Harbor in a series of ferryboat rides. We took a tiny apartment while I was in New York and I went with Tar to the travel agency, which is her occupation when she isn't sailing. This

was a great help to me, for when I found that I could go on to Singapore, I had all the information I needed. I booked a passage on a Norwegian motor ship for the middle of May and arranged to go across to San Francisco by bus.

The bus trip was great fun. There was Manuel, the Mexican, who discussed unemployment; there was Peter, the cowboy, who described cow camps and pointed out things like greasewood and coyotes and alfalfa, hitherto only words which appeared with great frequency in the works of Zane Grey; and there were school teachers and small boys and, of course, the bus drivers. Anyhow, I arrived at San Francisco at ten o'clock on May 13 with my ticket to Singapore and 50 American cents to my name.

From Sail to Steam

I got down to the ship which, after the sailing ship, looked huge, and rushed up the gangway, so pleased to be on board again that I fell over my own feet and very nearly went down in a heap. When I recovered myself I found an officer in front of me, grinning. So, being determined to have some "friend at Court," as it were, I grinned back. After that there was the excitement about getting my luggage on board (three suitcases) and getting my things shipshape. After we had sailed in a fog so thick that I was denied the pleasure of seeing the Golden Gate at its most beautiful, as they have now built bridges all over it, I turned in as I'd been two days and two nights, sleepless, on the bus.

Next morning I woke early and, seeing no reason to stay in bed, got up and started to prow round this enormous vessel. I wasn't dressed at all as the lady passenger but had on my guernsey and blue trousers, bearing evidence, in the shape of smears of paint, of the use to which they had previously been subjected. After cautiously peering forward I went up on the bridge deck and walked all round that. Then I found the companion to the bridge and crept up very gently, being only too well accustomed to a hoarse yell to "Get to — out of there!" But to my surprise, there was the same officer and the same grin and he let me come up. Later on, another officer appeared and, after some time, the first man asked if I were interested in ships and said he had to inspect the bilge.

Scaling Ladders Came Easy

I expect I said something to make him think I wanted to come along because he asked me and I accepted his invitation. He didn't quite know what to make of me from the first because, of course, he didn't know anything about the sailing ship. The ship had a deck cargo of logs about 10' high and to get down on to the hatch we either jumped or climbed down a ladder. When he turned round to help me down the ladder he found me in mid-air. That shook him and he was even more shaken to find me hard on his heels at the foot of the various iron ladders, slippery with oil, which led down to the engine room.

The captain knew about the *Conrad* and pretty soon everyone did. But they were all very nice in letting me learn things. I was allowed a wheel every afternoon after lunch and they helped me worry out the noon sight. After a fortnight I was making ventilator covers and deck chairs, and later on I made an entire awning for the engine room hatch. When I wasn't trying to be helpful, two other

girls and I had a great time on board. We made kites and flew them from odd spots, we played deck tennis, and we played various childish games and read books.

In the Far East

We went ashore at Yokohama and I found uncles at Shanghai and Hongkong and the uncle who was the cause of the trip to Singapore. I only stayed with him a week this time as I wanted to go on in the *Corneville* to Java and Philippine outposts. That was a lovely trip and I have lost my heart to a tiny little island called Romblon. If I can I'll go there again one day. Anyhow, by the time Manila was reached I was engaged to the First Officer, who was the first man I'd seen on board the ship. Then I went ashore in Hongkong and down to Singapore two weeks later.

My uncle took me for a lovely two-week motor trip up-country and I saw more of the Malay States than many people who have lived there years. I stayed with a cousin who lives on a rubber plantation 70 miles from the nearest town, and then went back to Singapore.

There, on October 28, I went on board the *Corneville* again and when the ship came to the Philippines was married to the First Officer. Then we crossed the Pacific to Los Angeles and I stayed with the ship while she was unloading and loading up and down the West Coast. On January 16 she sailed for Yokohama and I boarded a bus again for New York. On the way I met that terrific cold spell early this year and the bus was held up in a blizzard.

The rest of the story is quickly told. I came home in the *Berengaria* and now I am waiting for my husband who will, I hope, be here in September. Then, after a short stay in England, we go together to Norway where fresh adventures await us.

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

It was 4am and huge waves were soaking Glen and me in the cockpit. The north-west wind was so strong, gusting to 40kts, and cold, 50 degrees, that the Gulf Stream water felt good on our faces. We had to pay attention, though, to allow us to steer up the sides of the waves to avoid broaching. Nobody on board had been able to hold down food for several hours and sleep had been difficult. This trip was suddenly a lot less fun than anticipated.

"Only a fool sails north on the Gulf Stream in January," had been the response from Damian McLaughlin when I invited him to join us on a delivery from Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, to New Berne, North Carolina, in January. Doug White was putting together a crew to bring his Beneteau 42, *Turtle Dance*, from Florida up to North Carolina. He needed to make the trip in less than a week so a rhumb line course up the Stream was in order. After the last two weeks of teaching skiing in continuous sub-zero northern Vermont winter, the warm waters of the Stream were inviting to me.

So Glen Findholt, Andrew Becher, and I signed on. Doug is a former delivery skipper for Hatteras and Beneteau. Glen holds a master's license and has significant offshore experience. Andrew has been sailing and racing since age eight in England, Bermuda, and on Lake Champlain. I've been cruising for 30-plus years. Glen and Doug helped me sail *Betty Rose*, my Mariner 36, from Norfolk, Virginia, to Buzzards Bay a few years ago.

Doug had purchased *Turtle Dance* from an owner who had sailed the Newport to Bermuda race in her several times. Given Florida's tax laws, he needed to get her out of state by the end of January. He and Glen had already made a trip to correct the major items in the surveyor's report and said that everything was sound, but we'd need to outfit her a bit.

We arrived in Fort Lauderdale early on a warm and sunny Friday afternoon. After a great lunch at Shark Tail Charlie's we checked out the boat. She was in good shape but pretty bare so we organized a list of needed supplies and set out shopping. The rest of the day was spent at Target for dishes, silverware, and other cabin supplies, and Waste Marine for everything from batten stock to an EPIRB. Finally, after a horrible dinner at the "always open" restaurant we tried out the berths in *Turtle Dance*.

Andrew, Glen and Bill enjoying the Gulf Stream.



Cruising the Gulf Stream in January

By Bill Rowe

Saturday was another beautiful day though the weatherman warned of an approaching severe cold front. Doug and Andrew went food shopping while Glen and I worked on the electrical system and made new battens. We worked out our watch schedule, staggered four-hour watches, so a new man would be on the helm every two hours. Finally we left the dock at 5pm. As we motored through the canal Glen showed us the features of the Nobeltec software on his laptop. It was great fun to pick out the shore side features as the little boat icon on the chart showed us passing them.

We were outside by 6pm. The GPS showed 550nm to Morehead City, North Carolina, the entrance of the ICW to New Berne, North Carolina. The SW breeze built as we sailed out toward the Gulf Stream to the point that we tied in a double reef. Once in the Stream we headed north with *Turtle Dance* moving like an express freight averaging 12kts VMG over the ground per the GPS. As we moved into Sunday the wind clocked around to the NW and freshened into a gale. The temperature dropped from the 70s to the 50s and things got very uncomfortable. The N wind fought against the leftover swells from the SW wind and the Gulf Stream current with resulting irregular 25' waves.

We were just about able to hold our course with a storm jib and double reefed main. We often had to fall off a bit to gain enough way to make it up the side of the waves as the main tended to luff while we were in the troughs. Then, after reaching the top, we rolled and surfed down the other side. The rolling and tossing made us all seasick, a first for me after 40 years of sailing. Stomachs were okay in the cockpit and while lying down but moving around in the cabin was horrible. The only way to stay warm was to get into a bunk since there was no cabin heater.

Finally, on Monday morning the wind shifted to the NW and died. We all still felt like crap as we rolled around in the leftover chop. That night the wind rose again to a near gale and a seam parted on the number one jib while partially furled. In many ways this was worse

than the night before as we were all tired, wet, and cold and not particularly well. The boat behaved very well but we began to be concerned about how it and we were holding up.

In the middle of the night shouting and crashing on deck awakened me. A shackle at the base of one of the running backstays had parted. Doug eased off and, after a frantic few minutes of searching, a replacement shackle was found and things

calmed down a bit. The mainsail leech started to tear in both directions but fortunately stopped at the sail number. In a lull Doug and Glen repaired the rips with sail tape which held it together for the rest of the trip. At least we were tired enough to sleep despite the waves and wind. Glen said that while he was on watch he saw me tossed 8" above my berth while sleeping soundly.

Tuesday the wind finally lessened and everyone felt a lot better and we even put up the big drifter. Doug and Glen taped up a tear in the mainsail leech that we'd been watching enlarge for hours. We tried to hold 30 degrees but eventually drifted east of the Stream. We turned west and motored and sailed back to the west side of the Stream and were able to hold our course of 10 degrees. Andrew made some great pasta and we were all able to eat some. That night the wind rose again and we had to roll in the number one, but at least there was not another gale. We still made 7-9 kts VMG hard on the wind.

The sunrise Wednesday morning was magnificent. It was a beautiful sailing day with a breeze from the SW and a happy crew. Land ho at 1:30pm. We set a course toward the second channel buoy per Doug's GPS. After a half hour or so the shore was a lot closer but no channel marker was in sight. Glen broke out the laptop with the Nobeltec and discovered we were headed straight toward the beach 1.5 miles southwest of the channel. We jibed over to the correct course and soon sighted the channel markers. Doug's GPS had a compass feature that had been turned on by mistake resulting in the incorrect course. That night the Nobeltec crashed as a result of a power glitch and we were without it for the rest of the trip. So much for electronic navigation. (We had paper charts, too.)

We were in the Morehead city channel at 3pm and tied up at the Beaufort dock at 4pm. Hot showers! Great dinner at Stillwaters then, being true sailors, on to the only bars open on a January Wednesday night, Clawson's, and after that closed down, the Dock House. There we met a young couple on a Tayana 42 headed south with absolutely no sailing experience. We advised them to get an experienced crew, but none of us felt like making the trip.

After a cold night on board we motored north in the canal to the Neuse River. The wind was from the north and very cold. There was no warm place on board and I found myself longing for the subzero ski slopes where I would have been better dressed and able to go into a warm building once in a while. Finally, after motoring up the Neuse we arrived at Northwest Creek Marina around 3pm. We took over the lounge for boaters and hot showers. Unfortunately there were no sleeping accommodations. Andrew and Glen elected to sleep in the warm lounge on cushions from the chairs. Doug and I stayed on board, covered by every scrap of blanket and towel we could find. It was just possible to stay warm if I lay on my back without moving. Any movement caused a blast of cold air to penetrate and several minutes of shivering until recovery. Up at 5am, it was 30 degrees in the cabin.

We tied up *Turtle Dance* securely and left her for home. There was still food and drink enough on board for another trip. Glen summed up the experience best. "When I grow up, I hope I'm as smart as Damian".

One of the great joys of small boat sailing is racing round the buoys. I have raced in many different types of boats, including a Flying Junior (15'), a Lido 15, a Pearson Commander (26'), an 11-Metre (an all-out 33' racing sloop designed by Ron Holland), an Olson 25, a Santana 22, and my current boat, an Alerion Express 28. No matter what I was sailing though, my crew and I consistently placed in the top half of the middle third of the bottom quarter of the fleet. I don't like to brag, but it's a pretty distinguished record.

Mostly I race at the club level for fun, although I have done more serious one design racing. Two things stand out with a serious racing program: 1) it is terribly time consuming, and 2) it costs a lot of money to be competitive. Actually, there is a third thing that stands out as well, serious racing brings out the absolute worst in otherwise nice people. That guy who just bought you a drink at the yacht club bar turns into the meanest, nastiest ogre who would gladly mar your brand new paint job on the starting line if it means saving three seconds on the start. After all, there is a perpetual pickle dish to be won or lost (\$2.29 on the K-mart bargain rack), so the stakes are high.

Sailboat racing at any level is a team sport and it is important to have clearly defined roles for each crew member. This is especially true in serious racing programs. Most of my racing has been done on my own boats, and as an owner I have learned that the crew looks to me for spiritual guidance and lunch. My thoughts about racing the boat are not welcomed, but after years of practice I have developed certain skills that even my crew can appreciate. Most important among them, I can write checks at any angle of heel, even in the worst conditions.

I find club racing to be a lot more fun. There are usually a lot of different types of boats all racing against each other with a time adjustment factored in after the race (which provides a handy cover if things don't go well), but it is rare to see a skipper on starboard tack turn apoplectic with rage because he was forced by a port tack boat to adjust his course two degrees to avoid a collision. Club races also tend to be shorter. My current racing program consists of signing up for one design races, even though I frequently cannot make these all-day events, while virtually all of my actual racing is done in the beer can races on Wednesday evenings. The Wednesday night races afford a welcome respite from the rigors of the workday week and the short races are followed by drinks and dinner at the yacht club bar.

Although I have raced sailboats in many places, including Lake Tahoe and Santa Cruz, most of my racing has been done on San Francisco Bay. There are many types of racing that take place on the Bay, from the highest levels of the sport (the Big Boat Series and competitions between the America's Cup boats) to races that are just for fun. I strongly prefer the just-for-fun races. My favorite races of the year are the Three Bridge Fiasco and the Great Pumpkin Round the Islands Race. Both of these are "pursuit" races, meaning the slowest boats start first, stall out halfway round the course, and then watch the faster boats go flying by.

The Three Bridge Fiasco, which is sponsored by the Singlehanded Sailing Society, is a shorthanded race. There are two divisions, one for boats being raced single handed, and

Buoy Racing

By John Tuma

one for boats being raced double handed. The race course is defined by three marks; Blackaller buoy (which is situated about 1/4 mile from the south tower of the Golden Gate Bridge, Red Rock (a small red island about a quarter-mile from the Richmond-San Rafael Bridge), and Yerba Buena Island (which serves as a central point for the Bay Bridge). The marks may be rounded in any order and boats can start across the line in either direction. Last year there were something like 230 boats in the race so the start was mayhem. Good fun, really.

The Three Bridge Fiasco is held on the last weekend in January and, unless there is a storm front blowing through, the winds are very light. It is not uncommon for half the fleet to be swept out the Golden Gate on the inevitable strong ebb, and the race is usually won or lost with the initial decision to go around the course one way or the other. One year, while racing my Olson 25, we picked up half the fleet by anchoring right after our start as they were swept out the Gate. Although we were feeling pretty good about this, the gains were lost as the wind filled in from down current and the whole fleet trundled down upon us with spinnakers flying.

In the last Three Bridge (January 2006) we were late to the start, picked the wrong direction, which meant a long beat from Red Rock to Yerba Buena in 25 to 35 knot winds, but still managed to finish the race. The 5.7 knot ebb was an issue but the strong winds meant that we never lacked power to sail the boat where we wanted to go.

Contrast this with our experience last year (January 2005) when the flood was lighter (only 3.8 knots) but the winds were very light and fickle, setting up a classic buoy racing situation. I should note here that "racing round the buoys" and "buoy racing" are not quite the same thing and should not be confused. I have done both. In round the buoys racing one is competing against other boats. In buoy racing one is competing against a buoy. Last year we worked hard to get around the buoy at the southern end of Yerba Buena Island. After two-and-a-half hours we decided to pack it in. The buoy kept staying strong.

My other favorite race is the Great Pumpkin Regatta which is held on the weekend closest to Halloween. Decent wind is not uncommon at this time of the year, though it does tend to be fickle. The course is a circuit around Angel Island and Alcatraz Island. Racers can go round the course in either direction but the starting line is a regular line and everyone has to start in the same direction. In the most recent Great Pumpkin we were the second to last boat to finish out of 137 boats, which turned out pretty good for us. Prizes were awarded for the top five finishers, the 12th, 16th, and 25th place finishers, and for the last two boats to finish. So we finished in the money.

The year before we got a lousy start, picked the wrong direction, and spent most of the day floating slowly through Raccoon Straits. However, one great feature of this race is the pumpkins that the race committee

drops off at random intervals around the course. We didn't come close to finishing the race, but we did get a pumpkin, a testament to our sailing prowess that sat on the front stoop until it rotted away sometime in January.

Racing can be very technical, although not so much for me. I don't mark my hal-yards and other lines, though I have tried this technique. The idea seems intuitive but either I was marking my lines incorrectly (not bloody likely) or we never encountered the same conditions twice. Either way, the markings were of little use. I do pay attention to the oscillations of the wind but I don't mark the bulkhead with a grease pencil specifying the range. Likewise, I don't have a GPS interfaced into a computer that is running a program that specifies the optimal polars and tells me when to tack. I don't have wind instruments. On my current boat I don't even have a knot meter. I figure I'm either going fast and I'm in front, or I'm going slow and I'm in back. The knot meter doesn't add any more information about the situation, though it does add one more hole to the bottom of the boat.

I have no doubt that technology and a more scientific approach to racing would make me a more successful racer. However, the current tendency of racers to load up on expensive instrumentation seems to me a violation of the spirit of sailing. I race as an excuse to sail, not the other way around. When faced with the choice of spending time learning to use an expensive new navigation computer with a three-way LCD display with repeaters in the cockpit and head or just going sailing, I choose to go sailing.

Despite my Luddite tendencies I take performance seriously. There is nothing appealing about sailing badly. Sails should be properly trimmed, tacks should be crisply executed, and courses should be properly chosen. When sailing to windward we try to go up on the lifts and tack on the headers. When sailing downwind we try to drink beer and go pee. We look for wind shifts and pay attention to changes in wind velocity and direction. We look for relief or assistance from the currents and we've been known to draft on the wakes of larger, faster boats when the opportunities arose.

But racing is more than that. It is about tweaking lines, adjusting sails, actively steering, and just constantly messing around with all the stuff there is to be messed with. What could be more fun than lines and pulleys and cleats and clutches and pistons and pumps and levers, all in constant need of adjustment? The incessant motion drives my wife crazy and there is a lot to be said for that, too.

Even when just out for a pleasure sail I find it hard to sit quietly. It took me a long time to learn to let go and let a boat be poorly sailed, even though the situation sometimes calls for that. And that, ultimately, is why I race, it is an excuse to be absolutely and thoroughly and unapologetically obsessive about sailing.

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



Monocacy Canoeing Madness Jean at Yellow Falls

By Wally Foster

This story begins at one of the Monocacy Canoe Club's fabulous Basic Canoe Courses which always endeavored to match one instructor to each student canoe. Thus one instructor was matched with student Jean and partner June. The students were clearly very intelligent and very responsive to their teacher's instructions. Perhaps overeager, the instructor took every opportunity to teach Jean and June how to make the most efficient eddy turns.

Somehow their intelligence and his teaching failed to merge. Eddy after eddy in basic class was a disaster in execution. Worse, for several trips later in the season there was no improvement despite continued coaching. Still worse, for a few trips the following year eddy after eddy went unconquered. Then, way downriver, this instructor spotted a tandem canoe executing a perfect eddy turn, perfect in approach, perfect in the plant, perfect in the snap turn. Wow! Yup, it was Jean and June. In his report of that trip the instructor described

that eddy turn in complimentary terms. But at the end of the report he couldn't resist a final comment, "Finally."

But what about Yellow Falls? This is what happened. A photographer was standing in mid-stream, perilously perched on a small rock in order to snap an action photo. Along came Jean and June in their first trip, possibly having been coached to punch their way through as opposed to the much slower, controlled approach. And punch they did, scaring the cameraman out of his wits as he snapped one shot and fled to safety. Still sweating profusely he wheeled and got another shot as they sped through Yellow Falls, leaving a motorboat-like wake.

Was it a year later, or just later in the same year, that Jean showed up in a kayak on a Little Falls trip where the trip leader not only got a photo of Jean running the Maryland chute, but awarded Jean the prize for the best run of that chute that day?

You may ask how I know about all these events. Guess.

Adirondack Boat Building School
at **Great Camp Sagamore**
Great Camp Sagamore, PO Box 40,
Raquette Lake, NY 13436
(315) 354-5311 • Email: Sagamore@telenet.net

Schedule 2006

June 16-18: No Octane Regatta
**June 18-24: Build Your Own Ultra Light
Skin-on-Frame Canoe**
July 16-22: Canoe Restoration
July 30-Aug 4: Eldergrands Boat Building
Aug 4-6: Fundamentals of Building a Guide Boat
Aug 6-13: Lapstrake Canoe
Sept 10-16: Cedarstrip Canoe
Sept 17-24: Cedar Canvas Canoe
Sept 24-Oct 1: Cedarstrip Canoe



For more information about the school, classes, and faculty, visit www.adkboatschool.com

Berkshire Boat Building School

Summer Classes in Building the 11' Solo
and the 14' Solo/Tandem Canoes

**Classes at the Berkshire
Boat Building School,
Sheffield, MA**

May 22-26, July 17-21:
Register at www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org

Classes at Other Locations:

The Antique Boat Museum, Clatyon,
NY, in the Thousand Islands
June 4-9: Register at
www.abm.org or lnadolski@abm.org

Great Camp Sagamore, Raquette
Lake, NY, in the Adirondacks
June 18-23: Register at
www.sagamore.org

St. Regis Canoe Outfitters, Saranac
Lake, NY, in the Adirondacks
July 3-7: Register at
info@canoeoutfitters.com

The Lloyd Center, So. Dartmouth,
MA, on Buzzard's Bay
August 14-18: Register at
www.thelloydcenter.org

Build your own ultra-light
skin-on-frame canoe

We also offer individual instruction and boats built to order.
Costs: from \$1,000-\$1,500

Contact Hilary Russell
P.O. Box 578, Sheffield, MA 01257
tel: 413-229-2549 email: hemlockgrange@earthlink.net
< www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org >



I work on the Gloucester (Massachusetts) waterfront. The locals aren't highly polished but they are good hearted and generous. People look out for each other down there and help each other out. It's a special place with its own special kind of belonging. I like pretty much everything about it. The one thing I can't stand is the younger fishermen with their bullshit stories. Well, I've heard it all but haven't seen much to back it up.

I used to fish commercially so know something about the fishing game. That was over 30 years ago. My fishing days are over and I'll tell you why. I first worked the big offshore draggers. It was great but the trips were long and there wasn't much of a break between. Taking care of the boat ate up a lot of time in port.

The big sea clam boats looked like a better berth. Trips were a week or less, they didn't fish in brutal weather, and they were making money. Of course, all the fisheries are dangerous. Clamming is the deadliest of all. When I was young it seemed like nothing could hurt me, but my final trip almost spelled the end.

We had steamed out of Gloucester late morning bound for Cashe's Ledge. We had fine weather and moderate seas. It was a little more unsettled over the ledges but not bad. It had the makings of a good trip. About sunrise the giant clams rise to the surface to feed on herring and mackerel. From a distance the big ones look like killer whales with that rounded black mass showing above the surface and their tongues sticking out like giant dorsal fins. Killer whales hunt in pods. The mighty sea clam hunts alone.

Gino had the wheel, I manned the pulpit, Enzo stood by the winch. A big one surfaced about 100 yards off our starboard bow. Gino brought her head over slowly and eased on toward him. The line led carefully along the deck portside and had been flaked down

On the Big Sea Clam Boats

By Captain Gnat

in fathom long figure-eights in the box just ahead of the house. A big orange float was fixed to the bitter end in case he ran and the forward end made fast to the harpoon. Clam harpoons are big and heavy, nothing like the slender ones used for giant bluefin or swords. Gino put us right on him.

I struck with everything I had. The lance glanced off and shot down quickly to the bottom drawing 60 fathoms of line with it. We moved quickly to keep that line from fouling the wheel. I started hauling back, fathom after fathom, while Enzo tailed. Something attacked from behind and suddenly I was airborne. Terrible burning pain filled my port leg and I was sent flying about 2' off the deck. I was knocked cold when my head fetched up against the ice hole coaming.

An enraged giant she clam had leapt over the starboard rail and attacked. The harpoon must have landed in her nest while she was breastfeeding her young. Gino and Enzo struggled to get a barrel hitch around her and winch her onboard. Fishermen fear nothing more than a giant clam's antlers. They hauled her out. Enzo cut the snatch line. Gino cranked the throttle forward, that big 8v 71t rumbled, the boat surged forward and ran from immediate danger.

I lay unconscious on deck with blood running from my wounded port leg. A big chunk of her starboard antler had been broken off and lodged itself in the wound. That staunched the bleeding somewhat. The boys iced me down right there on deck and called the Coast Guard.

In those days they were still using the old British made H20 Skyminer helicopters. The Brits feel successful when their engi-

neering produces anything that starts and runs for awhile. They are slow to change, too. Anyone who has ever owned an old BSA or Triumph motorcycle can tell you about British engineering.

The Skyminer was propelled by a coal-fired walking beam steam plant. They were slow to get going but durable and could be repaired with simple tools. They featured wrought iron rotors mounted underneath in typically British fashion.

The Brits felt quite certain that it was more desirable to push away from reasonably solid substances like earth or water than to pull towards the vacuum of space. They feared overhead rotors and felt that the very substantial weight, mounted low, lent stability. These machines required deft handling as the rotors could cut down the rigging like some giant weedwacker. Instances of wheelhouses being sliced right off were not unknown.

A small derrick was mounted on the larboard side. They would swing this out to reach beyond the rotors when lowering or retrieving the wicker basket used as a stretcher. It required counterbalance. There was a slot in the port side through which they would run a plank. A tubby crew member would clamber out dragging an appropriate number of bags of coal behind until equilibrium was reached. This may seem odd to the younger generation but that's the way it was. I was mighty glad to see that old Skyminer and to this day would never criticize British engineering.

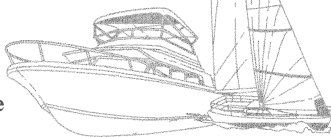
That affair spelled the end of my fishing days. My wife got that big chunk of antler made into a belt buckle and I wear it every day. It's a reminder of how dangerous clamming is. Anyway, I spent enough time fishing to know a thing or two about it. When those young guys start with their stories, I know enough to run for the toilet paper.



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



KAYAKS

Boréal Design

Wilderness Systems – Old Town

CANOEES

Ranger – Old Town – Radisson

Hundreds on Display

FERNALD'S

On the River Parker

Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951

(978) 465-0312

We sell family fun. Here's why.

Marshall Catboats are easy to sail, roomy, strong and stable. Sailors of all ages and abilities are having tons of fun racing and cruising Marshall's from New England to Florida, and even to the West Coast.

Simply a great boat to daysail, race or cruise.

So go ahead. Take a quick peek at our 15, 18 and 22 footers. Proven designs for over 40 years.

Visit our website or call for a brochure.

www.marshallcat.com

**MARSHALL
CATBOATS.**

508-994-0414

Box P-266

South Dartmouth, MA 02748



Readers of Punch will be familiar with the humorous series of "Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club" which appear periodically in its columns. In this connection, a recent number contained a scheme of signals for conveying provocative messages to distant fellow golfers. Examples of the figures (reproduced here by permission of the Proprietors) and their meanings are as follows: (b) "Don't dawdle so, you are holding up the entire course; and (d) "It is the duty of every golfer to replace the turf."

This is all very amusing but the author possibly did not realize how very closely his code resembles other similar systems of signalling by human attitudes which have been recommended in all seriousness and used in times past. The cliché, "Many a true word is spoken in jest," will now serve to introduce the subject.

Of course, the basic principles of signalling by postures and gestures go back to the birth of the human race, and it is quite likely that the signals of Shem, Ham, and Japheth from the roof of the Ark were intelligible to their father on the dockside. There is no doubt that the signs used by savage tribes, and by the North American Indians in particular, have always been very extensive in scope and very efficient in practice and that these natives have brought sign language to a far greater pitch of perfection than the reputedly more civilized white races ever attempted.

The Red Indians' code, which was understood by all tribes, consisted of blanket signals, signals of motion, and gestures. Of the gestures, the following are the most interesting: the right hand extended flat and edge-wise and moved downwards several times, to indicate that a messenger is being sent. Captain J.W.S. Dorling, Royal Navy, commanding H.M. Signal School, Portsmouth, to whom I am indebted for these notes, suggests that the modern motoring slowing down sign is a variation of this, since the signalers would have to slow down when the messenger was sent. Both hands raised and grasped as if shaking hands meant, "Is it peace?" Captain Dorling compares this with the Chinaman's sign of greeting, by shaking hands with himself.

Signalling by Gestures & Postures

By Commander Hilary P. Mead, R.N.

Reprinted from
The Marine Magazine,
August 15, 1936

Submitted by Robert G. Torgeson

Signals Misunderstood

Unfortunately, even amongst civilized peoples gestures are not always understood, in some cases, indeed, the same sign may have an opposite meaning to two different nationals. This was shown in a recent tragedy when some British naval officers approached the Turkish coast in a small boat. A Turkish patrol made certain signs which were interpreted by the strangers as meaning them to go away. In reality it was an order for them to come nearer for the purpose of being examined. Upon the officers starting to row away, the Turks opened fire in the belief that they were smugglers trying to escape and one officer was killed and another badly wounded.

Throughout the first half of the 19th century several agencies were at work among modern nations to institute schemes of signalling by human attitudes, specially for use at sea or in military operations. Most of these were dependent on code books and were thus useless in an emergency or on occasions when one of the correspondents had left home without his book. In these codes the different postures meant numerals and the meanings could only be found out by looking up the numbers in a book.

The two systems illustrated here, designed in 1809 by Lieutenant Spratt and in 1849 by Commander Eardley-Wilmot, respectively, were both referable to numbers. Figure A shows how the ten numerals could be made with a white handkerchief or scarf, the other Figures B, C, and D show special signs such as commencing, repeat, and cancel. The sign "9" made with the handkerchief

stretched between the left hand and left foot, meant, in Spratt's code, "We are in a very leaky state, relieve us or we perish." The sailor with the sword in the other picture is simply signalling "7" and would have to make several similar numerals before any word or sentence could be conveyed.

The next sketch (4) represents a scheme of United States origin in which messages could be spelt out, or arbitrary sentences signalled, rather in the manner of the golfers' code first mentioned. Here again, unless all the different postures were learned by heart, the people exchanging signals would have to get out their pocketbooks to look them up. Evidently it would be very convenient to be able to send by one gesture even such a short sentence as, "Don't stay long," but the defect of all such codes was that one would have to commit to memory so many elaborate combinations.

But worse for working practically than any of the previous codes was the arrangement provided in the International Code of Signals from 1857 onwards. The quaint creatures in the sketch, whom I have named the "Nit-wits", are trying to send an urgent message and this is done by a most complicated process. The objects held up by the Nit-wits were used to represent a pendant, ball, and square flag, and if their values were looked up in one part of the signal book it was found they meant J and B, and if JB was looked up in another part of the signal book it was found to mean, "Accident, want a surgeon."

It will be agreed that this, and the other systems instanced, were far from speedy and compared badly with the North American Indians' code. It was not until about 1890 that a satisfactory method of manual signalling was settled in Great Britain, when Pasley's mechanical semaphore was adapted to meet the necessity by signalling the arm positions of his machine by the human arms. This is performed with flags held in the hand, or on more informal occasions with the arms alone. Messages are spelled out, very rapid signalling is possible, and the system is so simple as to be learned by a normal boy in a few hours.

(Blocks for Figures 2, 3, 4, and 5 kindly lent by the Society for Nautical research).

Give a Gift Subscription

Gift subscriptions (and subsequent renewals) make up nearly 10% of our readership. Most arrive at Christmas time but throughout the year they come in from families and friends of small boat enthusiasts. So why am I suggesting that you now consider such gift for someone you know who you think will enjoy the magazine? Well, this is part of an effort I am undertaking to build up our paid subscriber list after about five years of gradual decline.

So if you know someone you think would enjoy the magazine, order him (or her) a gift subscription. We will send a gift announcement card with any message you wish to include. If you do not wish to cut out this order form, just send a photocopy, or simply a letter with the name, address, and message, if any. Thank you.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift From _____

Message (if desired) _____

Mail with \$28 check to: *Messing About in Boats*
29 Burley St.
Wenham, MA 01984-1943

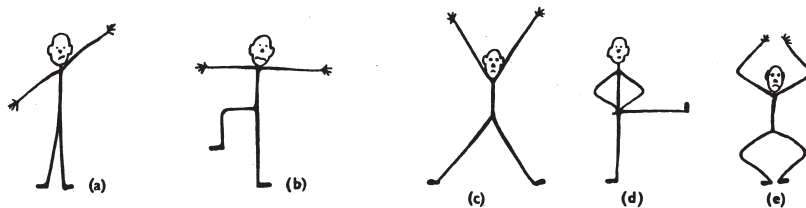


Fig. 1. Golfers' Disciplinary Signals (From "Punch")

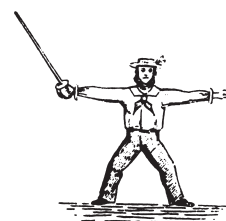


Fig. 3.
From Eardley-Wilmot's
"Dictionary of Signals."

Lieut. Spratt's Homographs



Fig. 2. From the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Arts."

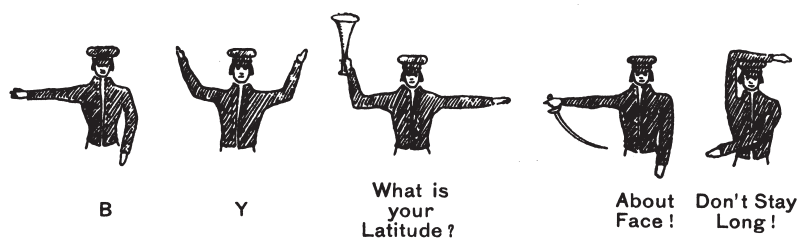


Fig. 4. From "The Brachial Telegraph," by Captain Jenks.

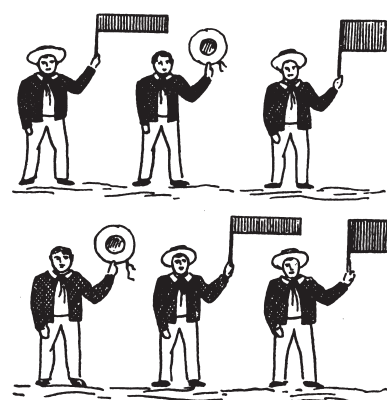


Fig. 5.
"Boat Signals"
From the International Code.



Back in 1978 my wife, Edith, Peaches our poodle, and I lived North of Dade City, Florida, on the Withlacoochie River. This rocky little river doesn't waste its time getting to the Gulf and is not suited to boating other than downstream with a canoe, kayak, inflatable, etc. It is a clean, clear, scenic river with some of the best freshwater fishing in Florida, big bass, pickerel, pan fish, etc. Just throw in a hook with any old bait and catch something.

"Eadie, we just gotta have a boat that will deal with this river, upstream and down, but what? Has to be big, maneuverable, and shallow draft. Kids, Peaches, and friends will all want to go fishing and exploring this river. Also has to be a tough aluminum boat for the rocks and must have a motor for upriver. No, it ain't gonna be a Honkey Drowner. I can think of only two, a West Coast River Dory with outboard? Too expensive. Or Grumman's big, tough 19' square stern canoe. Twelve hundred bucks with Suzuki 2hp, paddles, and all the gear. We can handle that."

A week later she was in the river. Duckboat green, so we could sneak up on those big bass, and sneak we did, all up and down that river. A bow paddler at ready was needed at all times but I could manage her most of the time from the stern with a big beavertail going downstream. Against the current required the trusty Suzuki. The big tough Grumman suffered no damage other than a few rock scratches and all of us had a grand time with her.

After a year or so the kids lost interest, seems the way with the younger modern (?) generation. Eadie, Peaches, and I found ourselves alone in our big Grumman. "Hey Peaches, way up there on your bow seat with your nose in the wind, our boat is too big, ain't it?" It was, but we'll not part with her. I'll make a 15' skiff of her that will do even better than she is doing now.

To work I went, thinking, measuring, marking, ordering stuff, and on and on. With the boat bottom up on saw horses I marked a 15 degree rake transom line just aft of one of

A Cobblers Rambling Tale

The Best Aluminum Skiff There Ever Was (There Was Only One)

By Curtis Nichols

the 13 ribs, 4'-5' forward of the transom and with a duct taped handle on a fine tooth hacksaw blade, cut her off by hand through the keel, rails and all. Six hours and several blisters later I had a 14.5' skiff with no transom and a big piece of fine canoe for the dumpster. Well, maybe a 4.5' pram with a reverse raked transom? Maybe not the dumpster.

Hmmm, no tumblehome back here. No practical reason, but we gotta have tumblehome. Get rid of that aft thwart right there where the stern seat is going to be, put two little clamps on the rail so the rope doesn't slip off, and with a trucker hitch in a dacron rope pull some tumblehome into her. "That's it, Peaches, lots of tumblehome." Peaches supervised this whole project, you know, she liked boats. A high grade piece of cardboard duct taped to the stern produced a template and with a saber saw I cut a 3/16" thick aluminum transom, fitted it perfectly with a file, and off to the Lakeland metal shop. A 3/4" 105 degree forward bend was made at the top of the transom which was welded to the gunnel rails and the transom welded to the hull. "Joe, you know your stuff, what a superb job!"

While there I had two transom knees cut of 1/8" aluminum and bent per a drawing I made. A stop at the old Dade City Lumber Co. on the way home got me the 3/4" white oak for in and out transom blocks and a nice piece of mahogany for a stern seat. A day or two later two 10' sections of HD Bulb T-keel arrived from Grumman and I was ready to finish my little skiff. Two months or more of sawing, sanding, bolting, drilling, riveting,

and finally painting had her ready for a new 7.5 HP Mercury. Still duckboat green, she looked fine indeed with her black Grumman gunnel caps and black Mercury.

Transom knees 16" apart were riveted through the bottom and the 10' Bulb T-keel sections and bolted through the transom and outer full width oak motor block. The inner motor block was full width between the knees under the 3/4" transom bend. "Hey, Peaches, we couldn't tear this up with a 50hp motor." I build everything that way, overkill! The big 20" deep and 10" forward of the transom mahogany stern seat looked a little odd varnished but was a joy to use. Need to paint it to match but never did. Flotation was under this, of course, I sawed the original off, you know. Two three gallon fuel tanks went forward, big river anchor in a bucket right in the bow and finally we are ready for that sea trial.

"Get ready, Peaches, we'll trailer her to Lake Harris where we can wring her out, can't go fast on this little river. Get that worried look off your face, old girl, we know a thing or two about boats, don't we? Now out of that bow seat, we're ready to go." Into Lake Harris she went with me at the helm, Eadie on the center seat, and Peaches on her bow seat with her nose in the wind and away we went. Easy at first to break in the new motor. "Two hours is all you get Merc, hang in there."

Eadie called her a Caboat and Ms. Caboat was amazing. Try as I did I couldn't make her do anything wrong. She never rose her bow getting up on plane which was at less than half throttle, she made almost no wake at any speed, she didn't pound, she wasn't wet, and with only 7.5hp she was fast in spite of the approximately 500lb load. After a 20 hour break-in time I re-propped adding 2" of pitch and she was even faster. I guessed she would do over 20mph wide open. At that speed all she had left behind was a froth. She was perfect! Her underwater hull shape was the key, no rocker and almost no athwartship arch. I knew she would be a good skiff and she exceeded my expecta-

tions. No, Robb, she didn't have that hollow cutwater at the bow, that would have made her just too perfect

We put Ms. Caboat in the Gulf at Bayport, Florida, shortly after the Lake Harris trial and we were hooked. "We just have to explore this Gulf coast with all its little fishing villages and rivers," and explore we did. From Tarpon Springs to Apalachicola, the three of us in trusty Ms. Caboat, often miles offshore. Yes, Robb, we were around your island and St. George, Cedar Key, Anclote, and up most of the rivers, too.

We had the best time of our lives in that little skiff and only once while returning from Anclote Island were we concerned for our safety! A very sudden squall hit us a mile or more out and the shallow Gulf got real nasty in a hurry as it is infamous for doing. Eadie sat on the bottom, Peaches got under my seat, and with some degree of seamanship we picked our way through the mess back to the Anclote River. Ms. Caboat had ridden the big steep waves like a duck. Just go easy with a gentle hand and let her have her way with the big ones, she knows what she can and can't do. Other than a little spray we took on no water. Thanks, Ms. Caboat, now we know what you can do.

Dumb little me got sailboat fever (again), and I traded Ms. Caboat in on a 20' cabin sloop. A year or so later I tried to buy her back, having regained my senses, but the sailboat dealer told me his family really liked Ms. Caboat and she wasn't for sale. Poor little me.

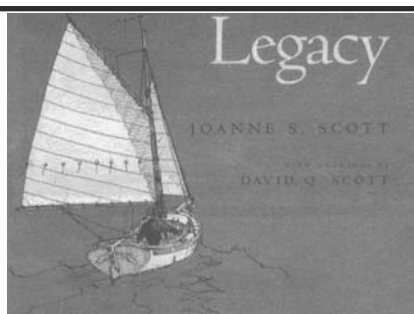
Then I got crazy and tried a 25hp Merc with 24 pitch chopper prop on her. Fast! Too fast! Over 50mph! No problem, she took the weight and speed as though the 7.5 was still there. She did nothing wrong except go too fast. A little scary until we got used to her speed.

We seldom ran her over 30-35 though, about half throttle. I would not put her in the Gulf with that motor. In the photo I am taking friend Mark for a ride. I'll run her up to 40 and he'll think it's 80.

No, I don't have a bald cone head in the photo. That's my nearly white hair all blown up there like it was the time I had blown away a smartass in a 100hp bass boat. He was smarting off about my perfect skiff. With just me and a sand bag in the bow she would do 60. I only did that twice, the skiff did just fine, it was me that got scared. I got over that go fast madness long since. I even downsized the motor on our 1957 Feathercraft Ranger III to a 9.9 Honda electric start remote. Still messing about, just at a slower pace.

About Good Seafood

The best seafood anywhere can be found in the mom-and-pop restaurants from Panacea to Apalachicola, Florida. It doesn't get any better than a big platter piled up with grouper throats, mullet roe, and freshly shucked Apalach oyster all seasoned their unique way and deep fried in very hot lard. Add corn fritters and a big Greek salad with plenty of anchovies and I'm grinnin' like a horse eatin' thistles. It ain't yuppie, it ain't gonna kill you either, is it, Julia Mae? A long time restaurateur in Carabelle, used to be in Sopchoppy also. Ms. Julia Mae's is as good as it gets, or at least it used to be. Two dollars would buy you an oyster sandwich with fries, hush puppies, trimmings, and never less than a bakers dozen of Apalach oysters. Fried or raw, your choice.



By Joanne S. Scott

With Drawings by David Q. Scott

In these days of fiberglass, one could perhaps understand how a sailor could succumb to owning a wooden boat, but four, five, over ten? Here is woven a tale through narrative poetry of the foibles and romance of a sail-smitten family and the steady accumulation of one fine character boat after another.

\$25.00 Available Through

Nimbus Studio

2 Reed Court, Chestertown, MD 21620

Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

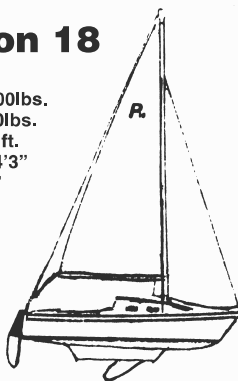
Quantity Ordered @ \$25 _____

Also Available Through
Amazon.com
(Search for Joanne S. Scott)

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

ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

Our 15th Season is Here!

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)

Liverpool, England, 1984 Proviso: This is not a description of the process of outfitting a steel hull. Rather, it tries to capture something of the flavor of one phase of the project. Much had happened in the building of *Coot* before the events I describe here and much was to occur afterward, but I recall this part vividly, as if it had happened last week.

Maggie and I lived with our Springer Spaniel, Daisy, in the attic of a three-story Victorian mansion in Sefton Park, not far from the banks of the Mersey. It was a lovely house, solid and dignified, a bastion against the hyper-energetic Liverpool, a city whose eccentricities were magnetic and difficult to escape.

Our five-room aerie mingled with the tops of huge maples and oaks that sprang up from a carefully preserved 99th century garden. I spent the better part of two years in a corner of that garden outfitting a bare hull. It was an Alan Pape-designed 30' steel cutter of about seven tons. I had it in mind to sail her in the Irish Sea and, eventually back to my home in Seattle.

Our neighbors in the ground floor flat kept a horse in a paddock in back of the conservatory. From time to time Maggie and I galloped the small stallion over the sand path that circled the park and its meandering lake. In the 1890s, Liverpool ship owners and other hard-nosed and competitive entrepreneurial businessmen raced model yachts across that lake when their big boats at the Royal Mersey and Tranmere Sailing Club were up on the hard for the winter. Servants carried them across the road and launched them from one bank and retrieved them from another. The masters wagered heavy bets and imbibed their way through cold winter afternoons before roaring coal fires in sumptuous parlors of houses like ours, or so I was told by our chimney sweep who said that his grandfather, who swept those flues, told him.

I found one of these original plank-on-frame models in an antique shop in Lark Lane, just around the corner from our house. It's here in the room with me as I write this. Her name, *Ursula*, is engraved on a small bronze plaque attached to the poop deck. The boat is 5' long and gaff rigged. She measures 6' from the bottom of the keel to her peak.

Hull being plated.



Building Coot

By Richard Smith



Digging the trench.

An oval, fist-sized hatch just abaft the mast gives access to a bronze handle attached to a chunk of lead ballast in the keel. That's how they were carried over to the lake. I like to reach in there from time to time and feel a little bit of the spectacle of those raucous Sunday afternoon races. The sight of this model, the timeless beauty of its hull, and the huge spread of sail is the last thing I see at night and what I wake up to in the morning. It's a good way to start the day.

Coot was trucked from a steel canal boatbuilder's yard in Evesham to Liverpool and lifted high over the garden wall by a mobile crane. All seven tons of her hung, dull red against an azure sky, high above the rose bushes and hyacinths while we made final adjustments to her temporary nest. I'd dug a trench for her to rest in to reduce the distance between ground and cockpit rail. The crane operator lifted and set her down into the

trench and lifted again as I slipped in wedges until she was level.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," I heard one of our audience say in a chesty Scouse accent.

Settled as she was now, under a giant horse chestnut tree, I proceeded to build a wooden boat inside a steel one. The little Jotul coal-burning stove was fitted first. The stack passed through a metal collar in the tent that covered the deck and I soon had the kettle whistling.

It was tough fitting the dry exhaust system to the air-cooled, single cylinder Ducati with standard plumbing components, but painting the insides of the in-keel water tank was worse. Maggie said that my breath smelled like a paint factory after a few hours with my head stuck down into that tank with a small brush laying on some of the most noxious paint I've used before or since.

The steel plates had been epoxy primed in the mill but every time I drilled a hole through a frame to fasten a batten, it had to be epoxy primed and painted with polyurethane. If I had had more experience those frames would have been drilled out and sprayed in the yard. It would have been easy for them and it was one of the more unpleasant things I had to do. A lot of things were like that.

I should have let the yard pour the lead ballast. A friend helped me cast pigs of lead, we melted scrap lead in a cauldron and poured it into the steel forms I'd welded up. Nasty business that but they fit perfectly into the keel cavity according to the designer's schedule. I welded angles across the top of the cavity to hold them in place and poured in epoxy to fill in the spaces between. We managed to get this hard work done just before the price of lead shot up all over Europe because of the Chernobyl disaster and the insatiable need for lead to seal off the reactor.

I wired the boat and laid slabs of foam insulation between frames before lining the cabin with t&g pine. I fitted a plywood overhead. Everything was removable so that I could get at the steel when necessary. I built other components like the companionway ladder and slides, bulwark trim, and port light frames in iroko up in the flat or in the shop at school. The sole was among the hardest of woods, keruing that I recycled from old boxcar floors.

Fitting out, of course, took longer than I thought it would but I had no deadline and the work provided great pleasure as well as the inevitable disappointments one might expect from such an obsessive amateur involvement with a boat. Much of the time I didn't have a very clear idea of the best way to do something until the job was over, but I managed to take it one step at a time and follow as many instructions as well as I could.

When I'd gotten the inside about the way I wanted it, I gave the hull three coats of two-part polyurethane enamel and a couple of coats of anti-fouling bottom paint. *Coot* sailed through the air again to hover a few last minutes up in the trees before settling onto the truck for her ride to the sea.

A small army of volunteers carried the spars, ant-like, over the fence and along the road to the truck. Her new home would be in Glasson Dock on the River Lune Estuary just south of Lancaster where she'd be tucked in behind lock gates that opened onto the Irish Sea.

She was launched at twilight. While she was still in the slings I checked all sea cocks

and looked everywhere for leaking seams. She was dry. Maggie and I fired up the Ducati and with Daisy up in the bows, we moved out of the slings and over to our slip.

I couldn't get over how beautiful *Coot* looked lying there, in perfect trim, just a little higher in the water than she would be when the final fitting out was done. Away from the trials of her building and the various attempts to reach an all-to-illusive fairness, it looked to me like we had a very pretty hull indeed. Compared with other steel boats in the marina docks, admiring her from different perspectives and seeing her for the first time from some distance. I couldn't believe that I'd done it. It was a huge effort and I basked in the achievement.

I proceeded with the fitting out, a thousand and one little projects from installing the head and taking care of all standing and running rigging to sorting out the galley and general accommodations. *Coot* would be our home away from home for many

months before we left on trials and sailed her back to Liverpool.

One day I found an old book of hardwood samples that the shop teacher at the School of Architecture had thrown out. There were over 50 species, most of them exotic or, at any rate, unknown to me. The small blocks were 2"x3"x1/4" and included gurjun from Burma, African walnut, silky oak from West Africa, Japanese katsura, rauli beech from Chili, Borneo white seraya, mora from Trinidad, and so on. I had great fun making a mosaic of them on a small cabin tabletop and gluing them in place. After the epoxy had gone off I set about sanding them to a fine smooth surface. It was a beautiful job and I was exceedingly proud of my work.

The next morning I didn't want to get out of bed. I was able to boost Daisy out the companionway hatch for her morning duty but fell back into my berth with a splitting headache. I turned on the electric heater but couldn't begin to build a coal fire. I was freezing and my nose was running. I ached all over, classic flu symptoms, or so I thought. I

was in bed for several days and barely conscious most of the time. My friends, Derek and Jill, who lived on a catamaran along the dock, managed to get tea and a little soup down me from time to time and looked after Daisy until Maggie came up at the weekend. It took weeks to get through the lingering affects of whatever I thought I had.

Some time later I had occasion to describe the incident to someone I met from the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. He thought, as I should have, that it had something to do with inhaling that cocktail of tropical dust, much of which may have been toxic, the sort of stuff that poison darts are made of. In any event, he said, there was no known antidote for such poisoning. It didn't help either, he said, (and I should have known) to be confined in such a small space with a coal-burning stove that was undoubtedly chucking out plenty of carbon monoxide.

Boatbuilding is a dangerous pursuit, especially so for the amateur who may be quite innocent of the hazards involved or who discovers them after the fact. I was so



Epoxy primed and flying through the air.

Cabin looking aft.



Coot in her corner of the garden.



Galley detail.



Cabin looking forward past saloon to fo'cs'l double berth and head.

involved with the wonderful and demanding work of turning 6mm sheets of steel into a hull and building a wood boat inside that common sense failed me. It had done so at other times. I cringe every time I remember painting the bilge of a wooden Folkboat with the highly toxic Cuprinol back in the '70s and laying food down there on that poison-saturated wood where it was nice and cool.

The hazards of boatbuilding are perhaps not as great as those we face driving to work every morning or to the supermarket with a cell phone in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other while we try to change CDs or manage quarreling youngsters in the back seat. But it's something like that, this business of boatbuilding. It's very complicated with several things apt to be happening at the same time. It's extremely rewarding but inherently more dangerous than staying in bed. It suffers fools gladly and can, in an instant, cut off a finger. We need a lot of luck. But boatbuilding, in all its guises is, for an amateur like me, the most rewarding of pursuits. If I could think of anything I might enjoy half as much, I'd certainly give it up tomorrow.

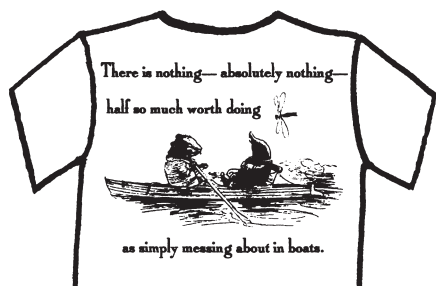


ALDEN OCEAN SHELL & STAR
APPLEDORE POD
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
EASTERN 18 COMMERCIAL OB
BRIDGES POINT 24
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930



Ready for launching.

A good looking cutter.



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



One of the major advantages of computer controlled router cut kits is the amazing amount of detail and precision that can be designed into parts. For instance, imagine the bottom board of a 17' Adirondack Guide boat design we are putting together. It consists of two tapered lengths of 6mm plywood (each made up of three separate interlocked pieces).

One of these lengths of plywood is just slightly smaller (about 1/4") all around than the other, so that when the entire six-piece assembly is glued together it forms a keel or bottom board (to use guide boat terminology) with a neatly rabbeted "shelf" to receive the garboard planks. Furthermore, the length of ply that will be on the inside has a series of square and rectangular holes that locate the inner stems, the ribs, and other internal pieces. Thus, this bottom board not only constitutes the entire bottom of the boat, but also controls where everything else is located. It would be virtually impossible to assemble the boat without it.

So, wouldn't you know it, when we did the glue-up of the bottom board for the guide boat we are building something somehow slipped and we didn't catch the problem until the next day. The finishing nails that fit through pre-drilled holes in the inner and outer pieces of ply and hold the two pieces in register with one another slipped out of their holes and the two pieces must have wandered as the clamps were being tightened. The assembly was unusable as it was.

What to do? This highlights one of the major differences between "high tech" boat building with computer generated pieces and traditional boat building. When you ruin a piece of a traditionally built boat you can (however reluctantly) make another, assuming you have the material. It takes time, but you are doing again the same thing you did

It Had To Happen Someday

By Dave Jackson

the first time. With a piece of the sort we had ruined, the choices are much different. Reproducing a piece of that sort by hand ranges from very time consuming to the truly daunting, depending on the complexity. The only other possibility is to have new pieces router cut, but that often involves major delay, since computer-controlled routers are often booked for weeks ahead.

Out of pure desperation we had to think. Cured epoxy is a one-way street, there isn't any solvent we know of. The only thing that will soften it is heat. But as a matter of fact, it doesn't take a whole lot of heat, even a temperature of 150°F may cause a significant loss of strength in some epoxies and 200°F will easily do the job. So we tried using heat guns and putty knives. The idea is that you direct the heat gun mainly at the putty knife (unless you really like the smell of burning wood) and force the putty knife gradually into the offending seam.

The good news was that the bottom board did start to come apart before we scorched the wood too badly. The bad news was that two of us using two heat guns, putty knives, and chisels were only able to separate a foot or so of the 16' length of bottom board in an hour. It was easy to do the math concerning how long the rest should take. Furthermore, while the board was surrendering it was not doing so gracefully. It seemed very likely we would burn something, break one of the planks, or otherwise mess things up so much that the pieces would not be usable. Further thought was necessary. At last, inspi-

ration. If controlled heat would do the trick, what about the steambox? And that did it.

So here's our recipe for separating epoxied pieces. Stick the piece or pieces you wish to separate into your steambox. Not necessarily for as long as you would if you were going to bend them, you are just trying to heat up the glue line. Solid wood and marine grade ply should tolerate this treatment, but try to strike a balance between getting the job done and risking delamination of your ply.

If one of the two pieces you are trying to separate is limber (bendable), bend it back so you are separating only one small area or line of glue at a time. Most glues seem to have lower strength when you "peel" the pieces instead of just pulling.

The joint will only remain separable for a minute or two at a time. Work fast, and when resistance increases, put it back in the steam box again. We're not sure just how long you could continue to do this, but we had our plank in six or eight times and it continued to soften, although maybe less so after the first time or two.

After we got things apart we had to decide what to do about the old glue. Although it still seemed sound (and we had incontrovertible knowledge that it was firmly attached), we still decided to remove it. Since now the glue was exposed, heat guns and carbide scrapers did the job handily.

Once we got started on the right track, two of us separated and cleaned up all the pieces in less than three hours, way less time than it would have taken to make new ones. As always, I would be happy to hear from others with suggestions concerning how they have dealt with this or similar problems. Call me at (203) 414-0937 or email me at <Dojackson@aol.com>



Class legal, High Performance, Wooden Opti Pram Kit
All parts pre-cut for easy assembly.

Kits & limited edition hulls available

Build a kit with your family
at our Boat Building Loft

The Atlantic Coast Championship 2005 (thephotoboat.com)

Build a Wooden Opti...and leave the "glass" behind

Contact: Peter Hess, Wooden Opti Shop, Norwalk, CT

(203) 831- 0426 E-mail woodenOptishop@aol.com

<http://hometown.aol.com/WoodenOptiShop>

Sherpa

A John Welsford design
9' 0" x 4' 7"



'Sherpa', a new design by New Zealand boat designer John Welsford, combines easily-driven lines with a surprising amount of capacity; this is a big small boat. Oars, sail or power—all are satisfying experiences.

Our kits are precision-cut by CNC routers from BS1088 mahogany plywood. Fastenings and fittings are bronze, stainless steel and nylon. They assemble easily on a furnished building jig, along with our illustrated building manual.

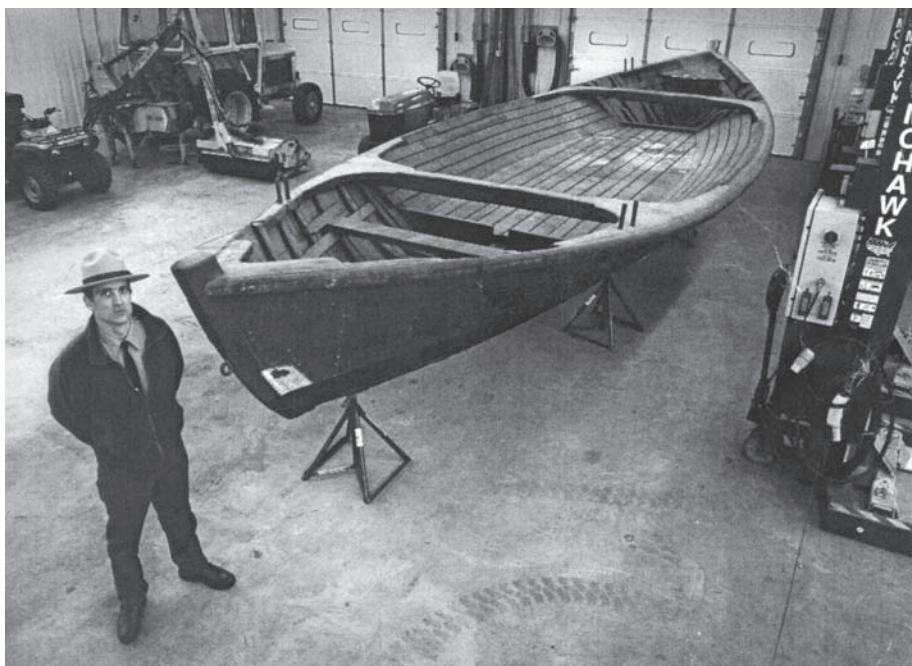
Drop us a line or email for a free color brochure.



KENT ISLAND BOAT WORKS

www.kibw.com
320C Drummer Drive, Grasonville, MD 21638

410-827-WOOD



Many people have forgotten the Cape Cod of yore, when an abundance of salt hay was munched by contented dairy cows. An old scow may remind you. Cape Cod National Seashore plans to unveil the 150-year-old workboat, now kept in one of their maintenance garages in Wellfleet, this spring.

The scow, rumored to be one of the surviving few in New England, is in

Cape Cod Workboat

By Doreen Leggett
Photo by Barry Donahue
Reprinted from *The Cape Cod Voice*

remarkably good condition. After she was used as a barge to haul salt marsh

hay from Nauset Marsh and for weir or trap fishing, she was used by the French Cable Company.

Seashore historian Bill Burke says some will quibble with the word "scow" because her ends are pointy. Scows are square. But researcher Jim Mitchell, who used to work at the Seashore, found the definition loose enough to fit the boat. She "captures the imagination," says Burke, who says he was enthralled with her. "Her form is something you have never seen before, so flat and, wide. She's kind of like a Viking boat."

The other draw is that the boat is a portal to history. The plan is to build a shelter at the Salt Pond Visitor Center using \$10,000 recently received. Burke says the boat dates back to the 1850s and was first owned by John Mulford Hopkins. It was "a happening" time on the Cape, prosperous years with whaling, farming, and other industries, says Burke. Provincetown was the richest town in the state.

The boat was made for working. She was rowed, had a step for a mast so she could be sailed, and because of her dory-like ends, could be taken on the water on a decent day. A square-ended boat is at the mercy of waves.

"She is a versatile boat which is why she survived so long," Burke says. The boat was used by the French Cable company to maintain underwater cable. They took good care of her before they donated her to Orleans Historical Society, which gave her to the Seashore after putting \$4,000 worth of work into her. She's been sitting there for 30 years.

SMALL CRAFT. BIG OPPORTUNITY TO SHARE, LEARN AND SAIL.

It's the 37th annual Small Craft Weekend at Mystic Seaport, June 3-4. Featuring nearly 100 different kinds of boats, it's a great opportunity to share boats and knowledge with other enthusiasts. And get out on the water in a variety of sailboats rowing and paddling craft. For more information, call 860.572.0711 x5019. Or e-mail jgscw@mysticseaport.org



MYSTIC SEAPORT

THE MUSEUM OF AMERICA AND THE SEA

Bobcat & Chebacco

A Few Notes on Sister Ships

By Marston Clough

I built my Bolger Bobcat because my brother had a Beetle Cat mast and sail (but no longer had a hull) and because it looked like a challenging but worthwhile project. I had previously built a couple of Bolger Teals, a cedar strip Wee Lassie from Mac McCarthy's plans, and a Platt Montfort geodesic Whitehall.

The Bobcat project was as interesting and challenging as I had hoped. I started in October 1997. After laying out and cutting the pieces, I loosely assembled it in my cellar; it was still winter and I wanted to see how it looked. It looked great. In the spring I removed the assembled parts and moved the project to the back deck, nailing the frame supports to the deck and proceeded to build the hull. It took a few months for me to complete her hull and I launched her in August '98.

Bobcat is very light and as she slaps along one is very aware of being on the water. One sits very low and gets to see the world from nearly waterline level. I often don't bother to shift my body when I tack. She is easy to launch and set up. Maintenance is easy. Each summer I seemed to get a little better at sailing her. I made the following notes in 2004 about sailing the Bobcat.

In previous summers I found that my favorite position was to sit on the floorboards, feet crosswise, and just stay put. I enjoy sailing from the lee position, sighting along the deck so near to the water, though a sharp eye needs to be maintained by peeking over the "high side."

This year (2004) I sailed the Bobcat a little more actively. I made sort of a tiller extender by inserting a knotted rope through the end of the tiller handle so that I could shift my weight forward, sitting on the side deck. While not as fully functional as a solid extender, it was easy to use and didn't get in the way in the small cockpit.

The Bobcat is sensitive to weight shifting, even my light 140lbs will bring the bow high if I am on the after seat, shifting forward levels her out. She acts, then, like a sailing dinghy which is no surprise. Shifting my weight forward, and out, on the deck has made the sailing more active and I tend to play a little more with centerboard position and tacking and all.

During the summer (2004) I was able to sail in company with an Areys Pond 14-footer for a few minutes, long enough to make some quick comparisons but not long enough for exhaustive analysis. Her skipper noted that I was slipping sideways more than he was, partly a function of my centerboard position. He could see what I couldn't, that my centerboard didn't extend very far down. He also noted that I didn't have any battens in. That said, I was able to keep him close on a couple of tacks in light but steady winds in Tashmoo. We were not affected by waves at all. We did not have the opportunity to race. My wife was onboard, which provided another hundred pounds for my light hull. I was pleased by Bobcat's performance but curious if I could get more.

The centerboard also affects tacking, dramatically sometimes. Mr. Bolger kindly



informed me that I should put the centerboard fully down and put the tiller over more slowly when coming about. I tried both adjustments, sailing through the tack more gradually, and smiled when I realized the improvement.

I also sailed in company with a fiberglass version of the Beetle Cat (Barnstable 12 or some similar name). It looked exactly like a Beetle except glass). That boat had two persons and two small dogs and I was easily able to sail with them, and at times faster than them, but we didn't sail a triangular, course, just tacked about. The only time I felt they were faster was when I broke off with them and sailed upwind without them, when they finally started upwind they caught up with me faster than I liked. Overall, though, good performance by the Bobcat

Near the end of August we had a moderately strong wind and my tiny Bobcat broke free from her borrowed mooring. Actually, she pulled the giant mooring ball and some chain along with her, which was a surprise since the mooring, largely unused, was occasionally used by larger vessels. Be careful when you borrow a mooring! No damage was done, except to my plans, and the season was pretty much over.

Some time passed. I borrowed a *WoodenBoat* article about the Chebacco (which I had seen even before I built the Bobcat) and then discovered the Chebacco website and found it encouraging and very informative. The boat shapes are very similar so I was ready to start another project. In August 2001 I bought the Chebacco plans and started laying out some frames and molds the first winter, working on sails the next year, moving outdoors in the fall of 2003, continuing outside in 2004, and finally launching in August 2005. Chebacco is a much larger project and I got a much larger boat.

Chebacco is light, too, for her size but requires a bigger trailer. She moves more smoothly in light winds than Bobcat in equal wind. In Chebacco I have a proper seat, I am higher above the water, and I have room to move.

I'm going to sell the Bobcat, but at times I'm sure I'll miss her.



Burt's Canoes

Traditional Wood/Canvas Canoes

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

SOLID COMFORT BOATS

Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampan



HUGH HORTON SMALL BOATS

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

Are you familiar with striking coincidences? Do the way things and people suddenly appear in your life sometimes seem truly odd? Well, I had such an experience just this week.

The day before, I had returned from a six-week trip to that part of the planet which, before Political Correctness and Multiculturalism, we used to call the Orient, viz Japan, Taiwan, and China. This had been one of those love/hate business cum pleasure events.

Still tottering under jet lag and not having totally recovered from driving on the wrong side of the road in Japan, I had to go to the Post Office to pick up my collected mail. The pleasant lady at the Post Office had slid the collection basket across the counter and on top was one of my life's special pleasures, *MAIB*, February 15, 2006. Back in the car I placed the basket on the passenger seat and got behind the wheel.

I reached over picked up the copy. As is my wont, which drives my wife crazy, I just opened it randomly. There to behold was Peter Spectre's article, "The Gronicle Chronicle." Wow!

I run a one-person mechanical engineering business that has recently been focused in two distinct but technically highly related areas, metal marine fittings and hardware and the completely automated production of lady's underwear. Both of these areas were motivations for my trip.

Before we get down to the real meat of this piece, metal marine fittings and hardware, let me digress and quickly dispense with the second item first. To the truly nautically uninitiated this might have some fleeting interest and hopefully will also show the complexities of life of a mechanical design engineer and that it is not all "beer and skittles!"

The design objective here is to design and build a complete set of interlocking manufacturing and material handling devices for the making of lady's underwear. When in full operation these devices will operate 24/7 for one year without any human intervention. Fabric, in rolls 3m long and 2m in diameter, will be computer coordinated, on-time delivered by the manufacturer to the plant in barcoded disposable reinforced waterproof cardboard cassettes. The exposed leading fabric edge will be fitted with a heat sealed plastic coupling. This coupling will be picked up by the first machine in the production line as the fabric cassette is automatically conveyed into the building. Bagged, packaged, boxed,

Oriental Groan-a-hackles

By David Banks

labeled, palletted, containerized shipments will emerge from the other end of the complex. These containers will be placed automatically on rail flatcars to head for the nearest port. The containers will carry the destination markings of Sears, Wal-Mart, J.C. Penny, etc. You will be pleased to learn, I'm sure, the true motive pushing for this leading edge technical work. It is not for crass financial benefit but to help remove the need for exploitative garment sweatshops (wry smile).

Actually, the garment industry has chosen lady's underwear for this revolutionary industrial experiment because of the rapidly diminishing size of the items involved. It has been reported that the young women currently working sewing these garments are having, in addition to their more usual difficulties, cases of incredibly severe debilitating eye strain. The garments now contain so little fabric that they are just unable to see what they are stitching.

According to my mother, my grandmother, born in 1868, wore divided two-leg underwear with a waist drawstring at least until 1938. It was recently commented on in an interest segment in the *Garment Press* that 203 items of the latest current fashion could be made could be made from the fabric in one pair of Grandma's drawers. I suspect that advances in home central heating, and possibly other things, too, may account for these changes. At this point in time it is uncertain how this project will affect the underwear industries bottom line.

Now to the primary business at hand. The real driving force for my trip, and I tell you it takes a mighty force to get me on an airplane or these days even into an airport, is marine hardware. I just love gleaming stainless steel and quality machined and cast bronze marine hardware. It might even be called a fetish!

At home our mantel piece is decorated with an arrangement of seven different sized, different era, highly polished cast bronze cranze irons. Our front doorbell pull is an adaption of a bronze belaying pin. This belaying pin was from one of the square rig-

gers laid up in San Francisco Harbor during the '49 Gold Rush. It had been retrieved and kept safe by my great-grandfather and used by him in the diggings as a defending knobkerrie. I have momentarily considered taking the belaying pin to the Antiques Road Show. They could well find it interesting despite its untraceable provenance.

Hopefully this is where Peter Spectre and my paths cross, the intersection of historic marine activity with the metal technology of the time. In a nutshell, they couldn't use what they couldn't make! This is where we are currently at a tremendous advantage. By their standards we can today make almost anything. Unfortunately, the requirement for sophisticated metal fixings for transoceanic sailing vessels has largely dried up.

My trip to the Orient went in the order of China, Taiwan, and Japan. Sociology as well as metallurgy guided the origin of this order. Something I can perhaps go into in more detail in a subsequent piece.

In all three countries, I am pleased to report to Peter, gronicle manufacture is, at this moment, moving right along. Each of the three countries has a somewhat different take. To those in the know, of which I am sure Peter is one, the national gronicle nuances stand out like a sore thumb or as plain as a pike staff. Lock, stock, and barrel the lesser antipodean metal workers are starting to focus on the gronicle. They are right in there 24/7 growing the gronicle business. India, though, is the sleeping gronicle giant.

One problem I encountered while abroad was the local pronunciation of the word gronicle or gronacle. It seems there is no native Chinese, Taiwanese, or Japanese word for gronicle. This could be because the extreme versatility demonstrated by the gronicle in fore and aft rigged ships just isn't there with the junk rig. Unlike in the U.S. and Britain there was just no driving force for its adoption.

My knowledge of Oriental languages is truly miniscule. By my Oriental standards my 100-word vocabulary of high school French feels fluent and masterful. Part of the problem is that one cannot even phoneticize what one sees written. My title for this piece came from my best efforts to get onto paper the local pronunciation of gronicle/gronacle by one of the Chinese bronze founders that I met. With this man I was at times uncertain, even with my drop-dead, good-looking 30-year-old lady translator by my side, that we were indeed talking about the same thing.

In part this could be explained by the fact that during this interview the founder and his young barefoot assistant were moving and pouring 100-pound crucibles of molten metal. The broken English accent of the bronze founder reminded me of a fellow I once knew. His father was German and his mother Greek. He had spent up to age 11 in the Welsh mountains where his father had been chief engineer of the Rheilffordd Ffestiniog steam cog railway. At age 12 the family had moved to the Ozarks where he had spent his adolescence mixing mainly with the children of coal miners. But who am I to comment on accents, you should hear my attempts at Mandarin, or perhaps you shouldn't.

Stay tuned when we get into more detailed descriptions of Oriental metalworking and other curiosities of historic sailing ship hardware. Till then! Ah-So!



ForteRTS
www.forteRTS.com

Battens, Carbon Spars, Poles, Gaffs, Tiller Extenders

Forte braided tubular tapered battens improve durability and save weight. Need new spars for a custom boat? Replacement spars for a current design? Call us for a quotation. You will be pleasantly surprised! Aerospace quality construction at affordable prices.

14 Lorenz Ind. Pkwy., Ledyard, CT 06339-1946 • (774) 644-1965
www.forterts.com contact@forterts.com



At last NOAA's Office of Coast Survey is offering raster based navigation chart downloads at no cost, but how to use them? Several boating friends alerted me about this long sought after offering. The public pays the salaries of the government's chart makers, so why must we pay big money to get this information? Well now, finally, we can at least download marine charts for free. BUT, to effectively use them there are a few hurdles to jump through and they are not all free. To download the chart files go to <http://chartmaker.ncd.noaa.gov/>. But first, I suggest downloading the Improved On-line Chart Catalogs of the States of interest at <http://chartmaker.ncd.noaa.gov/staff/what-snew.htm>.

For example, if I am in the planning stages of a cruise to the Chester River on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, I should first download and print the pdf file for the State of Maryland, which provides the key to the chart numbers for Maryland waters. I find that I need chart #12272 that covers the Chester River. I go to the first web page above, click to get to the chart download page and order #12272. The chart begins to download. Now these are pretty large files. The #12272 file is 4.4Mb, so if I had a slow connection I might have to read this *MAIB* issue nearly all the way through before the chart finally finishes downloading.

The file will contain a number of sub-files with the largest being the 12272_1.KAP file, this is the main chart of the Chester River. Now I will need a program that will show the chart. I have not found a free program to do this but I did find a very nice plug-in that works with Adobe's Photoshop program. It's a small file that drops into the Photoshop's plug-in directory and it works fine, but it costs \$20.

Photoshop is a very costly program but I used the same plug-in with my Photoshop Elements 2 program and it worked fine. I can get the student version of Elements 2 for as little as \$30 and, in fact, I just got a piece of digital equipment that had the more current version, Photoshop Elements 3, packaged with it at no extra cost. The plug-in is called BSB Import and can be found at <http://www.apocgraphy.com/Charts/Default.htm>.

So now I can load the chart into Photoshop Elements and view it. What's

NOAA's New Direction Charts at No Cost

By Ken Murphy

next? In my case I wanted the chart to load into my navigation program, GarTrip (this is a \$35 program downloadable from <http://www.gartrip.de/>). There are many such programs but this is the one I've used for ten years and it has been kept up and improved over the years by Heinrich Pfeifer from Germany.

To use in GarTrip the chart file has to be converted to a common raster file format such as GIF. As this is a very large file, care must be taken to not freeze up the computer as I did the first time trying to convert the KAP file to a JPG file using the Photoshop Elements program. I found that if I cut the chart in half and converted each half one at a time, this was workable. For chart #12272 all I had to do was cut off the main bay part of the chart in which I had no interest. I then saved the file as a GIF file. It worked fine. In fact, I learned later that staying with a GIF file and not a JPG file all goes well, even for full size charts.

Now I added the GIF file to all my other chart files in my GarTrip chart directory. Now there is one more critical step to use the chart. It must be calibrated. So in the GarTrip program I pick out two points on extreme corners of the chart and type in their LATs and LONs. The chart is now calibrated. I tested it out with waypoints and tracks I already had and the calibration checked out very well. This is much, much easier than having to scan in paper charts and the calibration is far more accurate.

So now I can plan cruises and create accurate waypoints and routes. For a Chesapeake cruise, I place a waypoint at the mouth of every river and creek as well as several near navigation problem areas such as shallow water around points of land so I can steer away from danger spots.

But now what to do? The chart is still in the computer and there is no hard copy for use onboard. The waypoints and routes can be

uploaded into my GPS, but the chart cannot. I need a paper chart. Well, for another 20 bucks there is available, from the same company as the plug-in, a little program that will break up the chart into page size pieces and print them out. I have done the same process simply using another Adobe program called Corel Draw that takes an oversized image and prints sections of the image one at a time. The resulting charts are useable charts, though they are small and not waterproof.

Another thing I do is to print out a small version of the GarTrip chart with all the waypoints noted, this way I can remember the name and location of the all waypoints I've uploaded into the GPS. Total cost to get and use all the "free" charts wanted is \$30 for Photoshop Elements #2, \$20 for the BSB Import plug-in, \$35 for GarTrip, for a total of \$85.

Please let me know if you hear of new developments concerning navigation software and hardware. I'd be glad to write up any new developments for the *MAIB* troops. Send your emails to <kgmurphy@comcast.net>



COLUMBIA TRADING CO.

**BUY - SELL
FREE BOOK
CATALOG**

- Nautical Books
- Ship Models
- Marine Art & Antiques

On Line Catalog:
www.columbiatradings.com

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

HAUTHAWAY ULTRA-LIGHT CARTOP BOATS

Custom Hand-Layup
Lightweight Fiberglass

RUSHTON CLASSICS

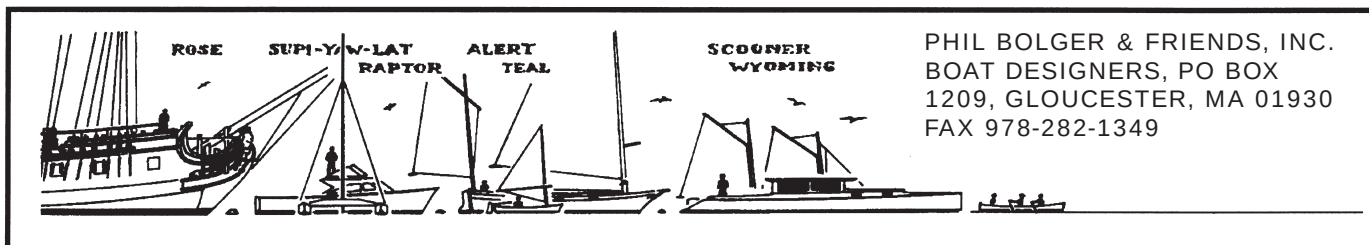


23lb Rob Roy "Bucktail"
Double Paddling
5.5' Open Cockpit
Full Decks

ARCTIC - GREENLAND
34lb "Seal-Bear"
17.75' Sea Kayak

19-LB TO 29-LB MODELS

CALL!
CAL-TEK KAYAKS
P.O. Box 202
Kingston, MA 02364
(781) 585-5666



Two types of proas are known in the 'West' for the last generation or two. With float and crew upwind from hull, mast, sail, and rudder the original (and by definition) Pacific proa had always appealed with its minimalist approach using just one skinny mainhull supported by a smallish outrigger. The wind's heeling force would be compensated by crew weight and thus transferred into forward motion, with the much smaller and lighter float just being the 'safety' when sailing and for asymmetric but sufficient balance at rest.

After an earlier design around 1970, we most recently pursued this approach in our 20' daysailer Bolger Proa-20, presented in *MAIB* as our Design #664 in the August 1, 2003 issue. This Bolger Proa-60 study is a variant on this theme, but with the windward hull/float not being a minimalist sporting proposition assumed to be flying a good part of the time while the crew is hiking out on the bridges. Rather, as a globe-trotting live-aboard proposition, her windward hull is of full length and similar beam geometry carrying close to the same displacement as the leeward hull. Being a cruiser, that hull will rarely be allowed to fly in good winds, instead running along, heeling lightly, with minimal hull drag and just enough draft to reliably immerse her lateral plane located in that windward hull.

The western invention of the so-called Atlantic Proa is somewhat closer to a catamaran with two nearly or fully identical hulls, with the mast in the windward hull and the lee hull taking all the heeling force as load until it is either submerged, the windward hull and mast are sent flying until the craft capsizes over the leeward hull, or just until mast breakage due to inherently inferior or bracing opportunities. Serious back-and-

Bolger on Design

Bolger Proa-60

Concept Study
60'x 25'6" x 1'6" x
1,600/2,400sf

forth between followers of both geometries have been fought out elsewhere on grounds of safety, speed potential, etc.

Our Proa-60 certainly seems to feature attributes of Atlantic proas but remains a Pacific proa by rig location in the leeward hull just outside her master cabin and traditional stability geometries, with the ballast weight to windward of a full length windward hull, built out with lateral plane solutions and additional cabins, while still addressing often quoted terminal capsize concerns in this geometry. Perhaps best known of the Atlantic proas, since he coined the term and spectacularly demonstrated it across the Atlantic, is Dick Newick's seminal *Cheers* which came in third in an OSTAR right behind much larger monohulls.

Being of similar age we've known each other for decades and will never be in any type of rivalry due to our distinctly different design philosophical approach expressed in our bodies of work. Dick's signature style, as expressed in dramatically shaped hull and connecting structures, will remain his in any record of design history. But we have occasionally picked each other's brain on a number of design-related issues. Since he had been aware of our various ruminations and design efforts on proas, we came to kick

around some ideas while he was working on a 56' liveaboard globe-trotting Atlantic proa.

Triggered by this opportunity to share thoughts with the senior designer of multi-hulls, and proas in particular, we could not schedule any ambitions for a full fledged speculative design of a cruising proa afterwards, we've been socked in with "must complete" design obligations for a long time. But we struck the iron while it was hot and caught the moment by conceptualizing our thinking in this Proa-60 study. It appears to be a distinct addition to the proa canon.

Ancient and modern proas do indeed bring a different idea to the realm of sailing. Developed by indigenous people in parts of central/western Pacific as simple light craft for fast passages across atolls and between islands, the underlying principles of a proa are quite different, and thus either baffling or intriguing, to the minds of sailors familiar with conventional hull shapes and rigs symmetric on both sides.

Put simply, a sailing proa never tacks or gibes, at least not on purpose... Instead of rotating the hull and rig to make good to windward, for instance, the same sides of hulls, mast, and sail always face the wind. Rather a proa shunts, meaning that it is brought to a dead stop during which adjustments to rig, rudder, and lateral plane are made that allow it to begin sailing in the reverse direction with same capability it just used sailing forward.

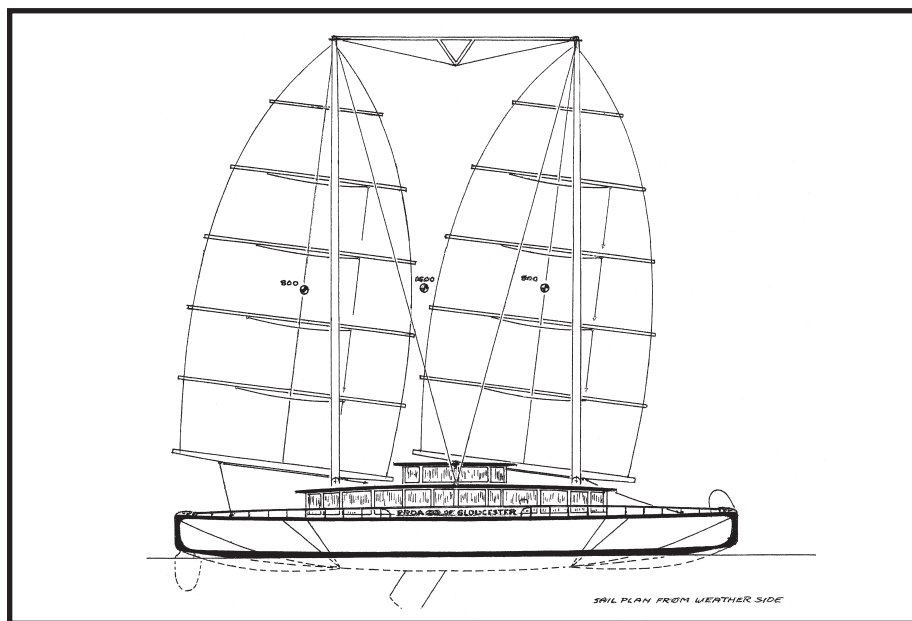
Therefore there is no dedicated stern or optimized bow shape. Instead of the symmetry along the centerline of the conventional sailing craft, the proa must be symmetric in terms of hull ends, rig function, rudder, and lateral plane action. If a proa is "improved" by making it able to tack, jibe, with purpose-shaped efficient bow and stern, plus the usual locating of lateral plane and rudder, it is not a proa anymore but a catamaran.

With proas being symmetrical fore and aft rather than from port to starboard, the language of referring to, and using, a proa is different as well. Simplifying the language should help overcome the counterintuitive references necessary for talking Pacific proa.

First off, we'll refer to its three principal hull components as just the leeward hull, the bridge, and the windward hull. Desirability of anthropological precision notwithstanding, western homogenization of indigenous terms used across tens of thousands of square miles and various tribal territories is likely as arbitrary as using plain descriptive terms.

Second, we call the hulls' sides toward each other the inboard sides, etc.

Next, which end do you call what? She is ambidextrous, after all! Even though she does not tack or jibe, we propose to use the western context of port and starboard and therefore its associated colors of red and green. Since on a Pacific proa the control position is to windward of the sails and facing them, sailing to the left we will call being on the red bow while going to the right will



be called being on the green bow. Sounds intuitive enough. And, again, shunting means that the proa is brought to a dead stop during which adjustments to rig, rudder, and lateral plane are made that allow it to now begin sailing in the reverse direction.

Now imagine a play-by-play account of a proa championship in correct proa talk. Or just picture yourself, used to regular monohull/catamaran maneuvering and reflexes, trying to really understand what she can and cannot do and how you'd keep her and yourself out of trouble as you zip through the summer anchorage. If you really get good at this, try a full, wind-powered dead stop by rapidly manipulating this de facto square rig's capability to brake the craft. They used to do this even with five-masted square-riggers.

Which brings us at last to this concept study for Bolger Proa-60, significantly larger than our Proa-20, though not in the class with those square riggers. This proposal shares with the super-simplified 20' daysailer its more affordable assembly from plywood, the utility of demountability/disassembleability for more compact storage and overland transportability, and, of course, its strong family relations to what we've called the Christmas tree rig. Since the interaction of rig and the two hulls is the most obvious topic of discussion in any proa proposal, quite a lot must be said about it. First some background on our rig choice.

Her TwoMasted Christmas Tree Rig

With the Christmas tree rig we propose a symmetric, curved boom/batten, square sail derivative. Apart from rather dramatic and unexpected appearance (remotely but unrelatedly reminiscent of west Pacific crabclaw silhouette rotated 90 degrees), it has advantages in simplicity of gear and effectiveness when reefed. This version here is the latest upgrade of the geometries involved, losing some complexity and chafe potential inherent in earlier efforts while detailing further cruising proa correct bi-directional helm based reefing procedure and hardware geometries.

In single-masted form, the rig had been tested on Phil's Canard (#440), specified on other monohull designs as well, and in the context of the Pacific proa's geometry had seemed particularly intriguing in its potentialities. *MAIB* of July 15, 2003, reported on Joseph Norwood's execution of Phil's Christmas tree proa concept most recently presented in Chapter 24 of *Boats With An Open Mind* (1994). Norwood's confirmation of the rig's utility for proas warranted its inclusion in #664.

For this 60' proposal a two-masted geometry would yield the most sail area on two masts that could still fold to within her own length! Her two masted rig looks advanced/post-modern and yet somewhat traditional... It usually carries one 800sf sail per mast for a working sail total of 1600sf. Also shown is the light air ghoster of an identical third sail hoisted to the brace strut for a total of 2,400sf of sail for tri-plane power, rather intriguing for a rig geometry featuring just two shortish semi-freestanding masts braced to each other by one masthead strut and stayed to windward by one shroud per mast both running to a single hard point on the windward hull.

We did draw a single masted rig for an appearance closer to that of Bolger Proa-20 but found too many disadvantages to warrant showing it in this concept study for a cruiser, a

racing version might offer some opportunities, given enough manpower and mania aboard.

As we see it, a problem with (almost) all proa rigs is a shift of the center of effort from one shunt to the other, which has to be handled either aerodynamically by some directional addition of sail area that has to be set/taken down for each tack or hydrodynamically by altering the lateral plane.

To match the proa specific bi-directionality character we are proposing a distinct and likely unprecedented combination of aerodynamic and hydrodynamic solutions.

Aerodynamic Solutions

In our first proposal, the Christmas tree proa, this was addressed by shifting the balance point of the sail. But this first put an undue stress on the mast and second made the reefing arrangements either too crude for a larger scale version or unacceptably complicated.

In our revised Bolger Proa-20 daysailer version, reacting to Norwood's experiment, we accepted the shift of the center of sail area and dealt with it hydrodynamically.

On the Proa-60 we again accepted this shift of sail area from stem to stern while we further fine-tuned the sail geometry and its controls, reducing chafe and further simplifying using this rig in the process. Apart from other advantages, such as shorter masts and less sail area per stick, using two masts happens to offer less movement of sail area per given direction than a single-masted geometry would.

Hydrodynamic Opportunities

Our solution in the Bolger Proa-20 was the rotating leeboard (360 degrees for casual beaching on either bow), fine on a daysailer and even doable on a larger scale, given mechanical assistance. It assumes putting a part of the lateral plane loading on a powerful rudder, as we've done in monohulls.

Here on the Proa-60 these rudders are located on the leeward hull and work embedded in slots in the ends of the hull which in turn pivot about two large internal bearings to steer the boat. In other words, the rudders work mounted inside extensions faired like bows, hung on bearings outside the leeward hull's two watertight semi-circular transoms.

We raise the forward facing blade through an arc of over 190 degrees, lifting it out of the water and beyond plumb vertical to allow its retraction to well within her overall length in marinas, locks, etc. Dramatic rudder blade arc would add graphically to this proa's visual stimulus. One could consider interconnecting the blades to balance each other's weight, allowing directional deployment with relatively modest exertion during shunting. The bow rudder is quick to retract in shunting and not vulnerable in a grounding, while the active stern rudder can swing back on impact without losing all its ability to steer the boat.

In light of the shifting of her sail area per shunt, we decided to help balance her with two head-to-head mounted centerboards. These two weighty items can be interconnected as well to minimize the effort required to reverse the boat's direction, pulling up that rope/wire linkage via a block and short length of line to a moderate winch will end up retracting both boards on demand. She carries these two centerboards in the windward hull located near her windward chine for the following reason.

Addressing Pacific Proa-inherent Risks of Capsizing and Rig-destructive Gybing Self-Correcting Geometry Against Terminal Capsizing

Under unexpected sudden and strong wind gusts, particularly during night passages, there is a risk of wind pressure on the sail overcoming the windward hull's counterweight and lifting this and heeling the craft all the way to capsizing angle. This risk is exacerbated in wave conditions that may help suddenly throw the windward hull or drop the leeward hull to effectively produce a dangerous heeling angle even with much less measured wind.

We think that at least the wind generated risks can plausibly be reduced significantly by designed-in self-correction geometry that should be reliable enough for offshore passages of a Pacific proa, assuming extensive testing of the idea under controlled conditions have confirmed the idea.

We located the two centerboards in the windward hull while the rudders are integrated into the ends of the masts carrying leeward hull. The point is to maintain secure steering while lateral plane function progressively diminishes as the windward hull lifts unexpectedly. This should allow the leeward hull (along with the rest of her) to veer to leeward, hanging on just that rudder and that outside chine until the potential capsizing energy has been bled into increased speed and diminishes due to much reduced leverage on her rig acting on a less favorable sail angle. Due to presumed sudden nature of the gust, combined with sleeping crew, all this assumes no adjustments of the sheets. And we also assume hydraulic steering, as the sudden increase in rudder pressure on the wheel would be hard to manage without the sheer grunt of a zero-feedback pump and actuator combination.

Furthermore, following common proa practice, we still added asymmetric reserve buoyancy by shifting to leeward the maximum width of the cabin plan in the leeward hull, pulling out this buoyancy as far forward and aft as possible in a long fair curve. In order to keep that hull to within 8' width plus rubrail, her leeward hull sections are both somewhat asymmetric to leeward and cut off to windward.

Mast-Breaking Gybing

Following the just described logic of this self-correcting centerboard to rudder geometry, it is not inconceivable that due to wave action, continued crew inattention, or shifts in wind direction along the surface of confused seas, the craft could continue to turn towards downwind until the unadjusted sheeting angle of the sails may set her on a course of eventual gybing. But it would take a near comatose crew to not be alerted by motion and sound of this spectacular sequence of capsize threat and prevention.

Getting the windward hull to fly takes nothing but mania or just inattention in rising winds. But that smooth flight continues only until the self-correction geometry produces a likely hard, thundering, jarring landing of that hull under the helm some 30, 45, or even 60 degrees off her initial course. The crew is now presumed to be thoroughly awake and alert enough to pay out her sheets, return her to her original course with the sails at near feathering angles and much reduced forward speed, while controlled sail area reduction starts by reefing of her after sail first in order

to enhance that self-correcting geometry until both sails are reduced to areas that match wind and sea conditions and the need for forward progress.

Or, after the hard landing of the windward hull, the shaken crew is stirred to action and just drops both halyards unceremoniously, leaving bare masts. The messy billowing pile of cloth on top of the booms is eventually tidied up by setting up all the reef lines until no significant area of cloth can get out of control during what may be just the midpoint in the rise of wind speed towards full gale.

This does not mean that gybing is not a threat. We think that, apart from extreme fluky shifts in wind direction, typically accompanied, though, by other warning signs inshore and offshore, a likely gybing threat may suddenly emerge sailing on lakes, in narrow waters such as cuts and passes between islands, but most likely in riverine conditions. Here fluky winds are predictable, with sudden crossing boat traffic or a sudden floating obstacle in her path, the avoidance of which may leave no other course correction choice but a 120-180 degree turn of the craft which would end in gybing risk.

In that case, the sheets would be eased to allow the battened sail to swing across the (former) leeward hull and over the bridge. The masts are semi-freestanding and certainly can absorb the drag of the weathercocking sails without any shroud support. Quick action would put diesel power in the water for immediate solution of this course alteration until sailing seems again like a good idea.

We've done many freestanding masts on monohulls. On this proa multihull, with this much weight to windward acting against first heeling of the whole craft and then outright lifting of the windward hull, she very much benefits from the addition of the two shrouds to windward to reliably transmit sail generated heeling power at a favorable wire angle to the windward hull. This supports the masts against breakage to leeward, while also unloading the bridge and mast tabernacle

structure from the dramatic stresses it would have to transmit in order to lift the windward hull even just under normal heeling conditions, common in any type of monohull.

There is one more angle on this subject. Her masts are stepped in tabernacles angled to allow resting the mastheads over the windward hull's opposite ends to do on deck masthead work or dropping the sticks to shoot bridges and, of course, ducking as low as possible against severe blows at anchor, etc. In the near inconceivable situation where feathering the sails over the hull and bridge and immediate dropping of the sails to unload adverse strain on the masts would still be seen as insufficient, then the mastheads brace would be dropped first to then allow lowering the masts across the bridge over the other hull! It is hard to imagine when this emergency might arise. Anticipating a severe gale from the wrong side of the leeward hull, while being on an exposed dock or even tucked inside a marina, being able to then drop the sticks in this fashion is one of the few scenarios in our minds.

On Christmas Tree Spar Curves and Cloth Camber

The full length battens civilize that much sail area per sheet. Our experience on the monohull showed it to weathercock unexpectedly well, without problems due to its curvature. In fact, the curvature helps preload the cloth's leading edge(s), giving it relative steadiness for aerodynamically super clean efficiency, particularly marching upwind, without the drag of any conventional mast ahead of it. Here are basic Christmas Tree Rig issues and opportunities of addressing them.

Which curvature? Deciding on a particular built-in symmetric curvature will obviously allow for both endless desktop ruminations and empirical field testing of a variety of curves exposed to a variety of conditions on a variety of hulls. After all, a light air curve would not necessarily be a perfect

match for high wind conditions. And yet, people live with sheeting angle limits on jibs and genoas all the time, imperfectly mitigated with a network of whisker poles, trip lines, guy wires, etc., etc., and we would, of course, reef anyway in harder blows until just sections of the same curve are actually exposed to the wind, in effect flattening the sail and thus much reducing the drag potential of too much belly in strong winds.

Adjustable boom and battens? On a cruiser, and certainly on a racer, we could build much more bendy battens and boom and then preload them via wire and turnbuckles, like any bendy mast, for particular racing courses and wind conditions. We might want to do this on the fly with a self-locking electric actuator pulling on a batten span the spars on demand to different curvatures for each leg of a triangular race course for instance. We'd use high voltage/low amps electrics to minimize wire diameter and corresponding weight aloft.

Each batten a different curve? We may indeed find that we will prefer different curvatures, not just across different wind conditions but for each batten on the way to the masthead.

Each sail panel with different camber? Plain onboard experience or high-end scientific theorizing will suggest utility in cutting each panel to different camber/belly. We would expect that the lower de facto lighter air boom and battens will likely have more than those near the masthead which have to stand in heavy weather.

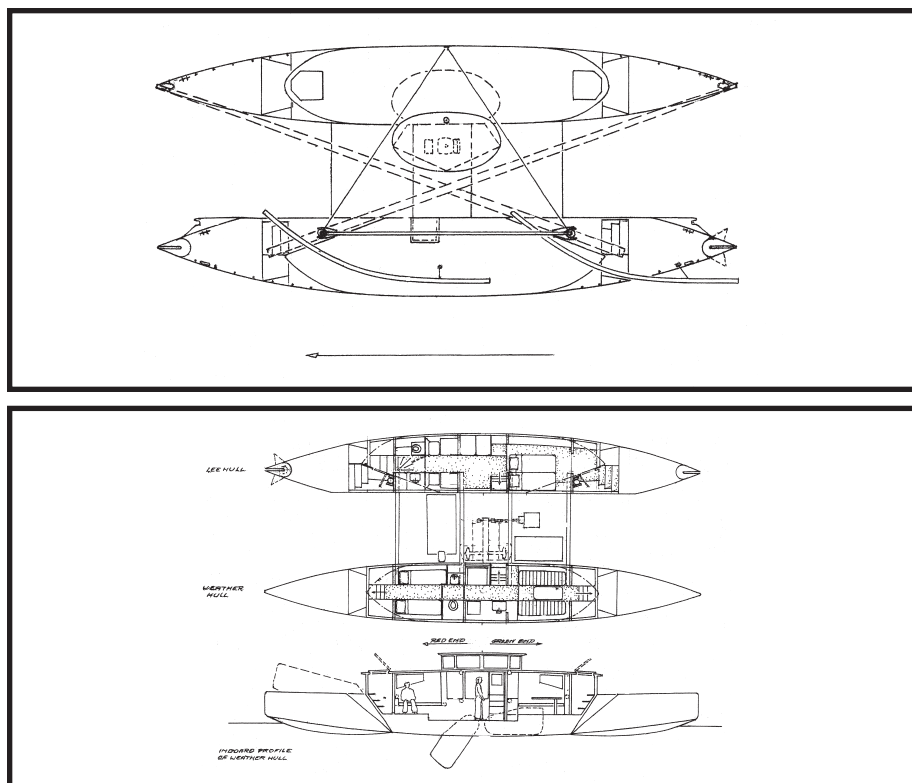
Each panel of different cloth weight? As proposed years ago on our Chinese gaff rig geometry, we should seriously examine the opportunity to build the sail with increasingly heavier cloth the higher each panel is, as again(!) the upper two panels will essentially have to stand way into a gale while the larger lower areas are reefed early and thus unexposed to the stresses inherent in rising winds.

The third sail on Proa-60? This third sail between the two masts is only intended for light weather boost and can thus be cut to and hung off light air correct cloth camber and spar curves and be built of lightest cloth. The overall shape and dimensions are identical to those of the other two working sails, and it requires just one halyard to the center of the mastheads brace, typically tied to in slack fashion off either boom's inward end, plus its boom downhaul. To set this sail we'd be on the leeward housetop connecting and raising it manually right there.

While this ballooning list of options will no doubt further be added to by high end racers, on a global cruiser where rugged simplicity and field repairability are paramount, we would want to simplify.

We might define/find our preferred curve which matches our hull, use that curve without any scaling down of it from the boom on up across all battens to see the progressively shorter upper battens get progressively flatter in their actual curvature, thus not worrying a thing about cloth camber/belly per panel, building it essentially flat for easy repair/replacement far away, letting the boom and battens define the cloth's shape along the wind flow while carefully metering the cloth weight to the rising stresses of the panels the higher up they are.

In the next issue we'll go into handling this particular rig and discuss this proposal's two-masted version, along with her hulls shape and structures, her ergonomics, and her dinghies and auxiliary propulsion.



Sometimes conveying a little knowledge can be a dangerous thing. Although I usually try to make sure when I open my mouth that a light shined down in there will strike enough solid fact that it won't shine out all the way to the ground, I sort of casually mentioned a type of boatbuilding wood without going into the subject (to the point of exhaustion of all the readers and a further aggravation of my carpal tunnel syndrome), but that was a mistake. So put that flashlight down and get ready, gentle readers. I am fixing to give you some facts.

Atlantic white cedar (*Chamaecyparis thyoides*, named by Linnaeus, and I bet he never built a boat in his life) used to be a very common boatbuilding wood and is very good for that purpose. The reason the famous Rushton Canoes were so light was because he built them before all the ancient cedar bogs along the Atlantic coast had been completely cut over. I have never seen any wood from a Rushton boat, but I have seen some mighty good Atlantic white cedar... annual rings about like fingerprints. We are lucky enough to own some wood like that and I treasure it highly because it is the last I am ever liable to see. I'll explain why before I get down to the taxonomy and phylogeny of the species.

Atlantic white cedar likes to grow in wet places. I've heard that the very best bogs were in New Jersey but I wouldn't know firsthand. I'll try to stick with what I do know. There is what they call a relict population of what southerners call "juniper" in the Apalachicola River flood plain. It is out of place these days and isolated from connection with any other significant stand of Atlantic white cedar. They say that it is left over from the Ice Age when the climate down here was colder and dryer and the Apalachicola system was one of the few rivers still running any significant water into the Gulf.

Other peculiar species of plants lived there, too, and two extremely endangered coniferous trees (gopherwood, *Torreya taxifolia*, and Florida yew, *Taxus floridana*, both in the family *Taxaceae*) do not live anywhere else in the world. Anyway, the river swamp is

Atlantic White Cedar

By Robb White

what they call Karst geology and the level of the water table determines how wet it is down where the junipers and cypresses grow and, except for short, intense droughts, it has been wet down in there ever since the ice caps retreated the last time... too wet to get a mule, an ox, or a machine to the best of the trees so there they stayed.

Thankfully, most of the land now belongs to the Apalachicola National Forest and is supposed to be protected, but you know how these damned politicians are. A lot of that land belongs to St. Joe Paper Company (DuPont) and they know how to raise little runt pine trees in boggy conditions and have exactly what it takes to log swampy land. During this last drought they hauled a world of old growth juniper out of the Apalachicola river swamp and I bought 1,500 board feet of carefully picked, perfectly clear, 17', 5/4 flitches... some of them nearly 30" wide at the big end. It sort of made me feel sick to do that but most St. Joe wood went for siding on trendy restaurants and boutiques and I think a little boat is a better place for it... at least that's my excuse.

I also put some boat builders up north onto the news and I know of at least one big inboard striped bass boat that was built from Apalach juniper and some of those wonderful wood boatbuilding schools got some, too. Which, did you know that Lance Lee, who was one of the first teachers to arise like Phoenix from the ashes of the wood skiff business, has retired? I remember when he was about a boy. Time sure does fly, doesn't it?

Anyway, Atlantic white cedar is in the same family (*Cupressaceae*) with all cedars and junipers and a bunch of other non-pine conifers. Cypresses and redwoods are in the family *Taxoideae*. Cedars and junipers are in the same subfamily (*Cupressoideae*). Common names for them are all so regionally confused that nothing makes any sense

except for the Latin for getting the information across state lines. I understand that as far north as the Chesapeake, Atlantic white cedar is called juniper and red cedar, which is in the genus *Juniperus*, is called cedar.

There are two red cedar species on the Gulf. One, *J. virginiana*, ranges much further north than the other strictly coastal red cedar, *J. silicicola*, and both of them were clearcut most horribly for the pencil trade. Cedar Key, where the big spring messabout is held (the first full weekend in May), is a good example of that. There are still a few cedar trees down there but nothing like the pure stands that were the hallmark of that coast. Eastern red cedar ("aromatic") was a real good boatbuilding wood though you would play hell trying to find a tree straight and clear enough to build even a Wee Lassie from down here anymore.

There is still a little good juniper on federal land in the Apalachicola river swamp. I am here to tell you that an old-growth purestand juniper swamp is a spooky place about dusk dark. It isn't hard to imagine that some other relic from the Ice Age isn't wandering around in there... maybe a dire wolf. Whoo... maybe if I was to beat this GPS on my leg a little bit harder the batteries might get combobulated enough to make it work again.

Postscript

An observant reader may notice that I left out another eastern cedar, northern white cedar (*Thuja occidentalis*). I did that because I haven't had any hands-on experience with it and wouldn't want to overstep myself.

Another Postscript

Some other especially keen observers might have noticed something that they might have mistaken for a typographical error but it isn't. "Relic" and "relict" are two separate words. Relic just means old and out of place. I am a relic. "Relict" is a paleontological term meaning old, out of place and... isolated. Due to the influence of this magazine, I ain't as isolated as I used to be. I have thrown the fax machine out, though. Phooey on people sending me advertisements printed on my paper with my ink.



SunCat COM-PAC

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

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



Lutra Voyager
14 feet 6 inches

Stability you can count on

Arrowhead Custom Boats and Canoe
4113 Guadalupe
Austin, Texas 78751
(512) 302-0033

Plans and custom boats to 30 feet
www.arrowheadboats.com

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 Dories, Kayaks & Other Small Boats

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

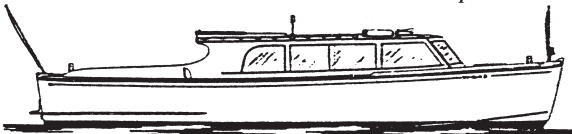


Robb White & Sons, Inc.

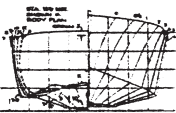
Custom Small Boats
Forty Years

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

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>



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

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

16 Foot Melon Seed Skiff





ROAR 2

14' x 4' x 75 lbs.
Jigless Taped Seam
\$15 Plans - \$1 Info on 16 Boats

JIM MICHALAK

118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL
62254

Plans & Kits



Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$4.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95
NOW ON DVD ALSO

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



<gaboats.com>



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

A Top-Rated Sea Kayak

*The Coho: "Of all the boats I have reviewed,
the Coho is my hands-down favorite....*

*I would recommend [her] to
anyone, whether novice or
an experienced paddler,"*

V.S.—Sea Kayaker Magazine
Oct. 1998

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



Pygmy Boats Inc.

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

THE SIMMONS



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

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

Information packet - \$1

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



Sea-Skiff 18
pictured

- 17'1" x 5'7"
- 5" draft
- 20-40 HP
- Plans - \$40 US

Sea-Skiff 20
twice that size

- 19'4" x 7'6"
- 10" draft
- 50-70 HP
- Plans - \$55 US

Sea-Skiff 22
20% bigger than
the 20

- 21'6" x 3'8"
- 12" draft
- 70-90 HP
- cabin versions
sketched
- Plans - \$55 US



ATKIN

NEWLY EXPANDED Atkin illustrated
catalog. Containing more than 300 Atkin
designs and new text. Famed Atkin double-
enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising
yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities and
houseboats. \$15.00 U.S. and Canada (post paid)
and \$22.00 U.S. 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

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

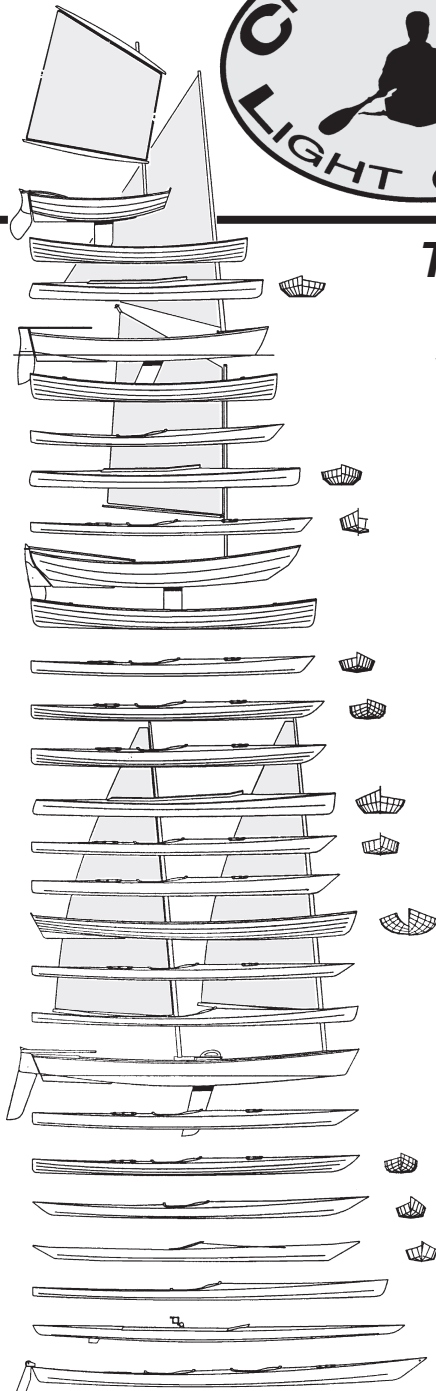
WESTON FARMER

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



**The Best
Boats
You Can
Build.**

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

Chesapeake Light Craft

1805 George Ave. Annapolis, MD 21401

410 267 0137

info@clcboats.com

www.clcboats.com

DUCKWORKS BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



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

low prices, fast service

www.duckworksbbs.com



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>



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



SWIFTY 12

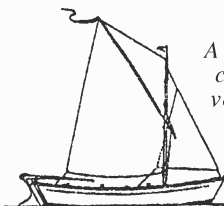
A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$1175. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Demonstration video, \$23, VHS or DVD.



SHELL BOATS

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

CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER



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

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

or contact:
CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER
The Old School,
Brundish Road,
Raveningham,
Norwich, NR14 6NT
U.K.
Tel/Fax: 01508 548675



SEAWORTHY
SMALL SHIPS

WOODEN POND MODEL KITS



MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL

Rubber Band & Sail Powered Kits
Pre-Shaped & Drilled Parts
Brass, Copper & Stainless Hardware
Great Fun in Pool, Pond, or Sea • Order Yours Today
Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted
Other Kits & Plans Available, catalog \$1.00

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

Visit our Home Page at
<http://www.seaworthysmallships.com>

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



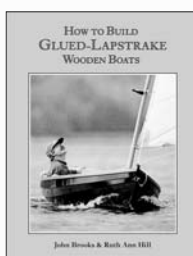
www.woodenboat.com



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



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



BUILDING SMALL BOATS



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



Supplies

Small-Craft & Cruising Sails

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

Aerodynamic designs in
white, cream, tanbark and
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

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

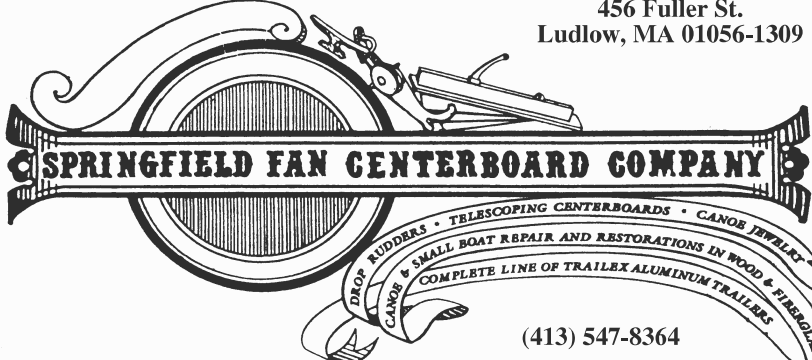
We Deliver
ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

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



We ship UPS

456 Fuller St.
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309



SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY

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

(413) 547-8364

PolySail International

**WHITE POLYTARP SAILS
& SAIL KITS**

22 SUNBLEST COURT
FISHERS, IN 46038-1175
PH: 317-915-1454
EMAIL: POLYSAIL@AOL.COM
WEB SITE: WWW.POLYSAIL.COM

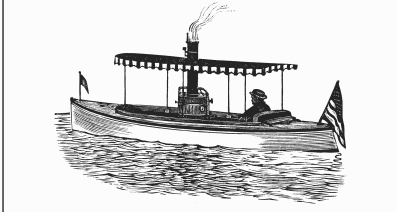
Wood Canoe Hardware



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



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

PADDLES & OARS



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

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



MAS EPOXIES

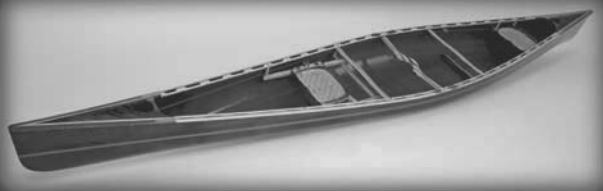
"With my wooden canoes starting at \$55,000.00, my clients expect me to build boats using only the finest materials available.

For me that meant switching to MAS epoxies over 10 years ago.

When I watch the wonder and excitement on peoples faces as they touch and admire one of my newly finished canoes, I know that I have MAS Epoxies to thank.

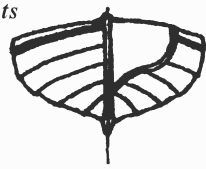
MAS is not just another epoxy, it is my epoxy."
-Philip Greene, owner, Woodsong Canoes

It's NO Blush, not Low Blush!



www.masepoxies.com 1-888-627-3769

**William Clements
Boat Builder
Since 1980**



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

**WOOD BOAT and CANOE
RESTORATION SUPPLIES and TOOLS**

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

For free catalog call (800) 896-9536

**GOT A PRODUCT SMALL BOAT
OWNERS / BUILDERS CAN USE?**

**HERE'S A PLACE TO LET 4,000
SUBSCRIBERS KNOW ABOUT IT**

ONLY \$22.50 PER ISSUE

**CALL BOB HICKS AT (978) 774-0906
7-10AM FOR FULL PARTICULARS**

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS



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

Quality Cedar Strips MAS Epoxy Supplies • Tools



CANOE, KAYAK & ROWING BOAT KITS

the **NEWFOUND**
WOODWORKS inc.

603-744-6872
www.newfound.com



ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

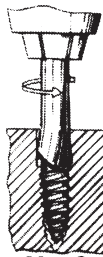
Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick.
New supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

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

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

YOUR PRODUCT HERE
FOR ONLY
\$12/ISSUE

For details
(978) 774-0906

officesupport@comcast.net

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 \$197.00

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**

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

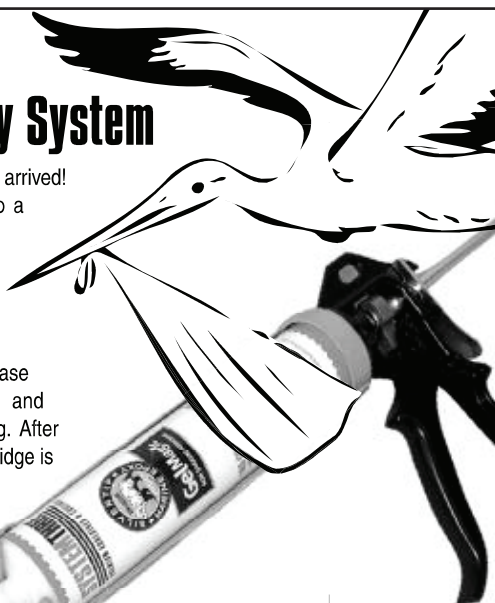
Smithfield, RI 02917-0704

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

A Whole New Delivery System

Simplicity in epoxy adhesive use has finally arrived!
Just drop System Three's new cartridge into a
standard size caulking gun, add a mixer
tip, squeeze and apply. What could be
easier?

Only need a little bit and
don't want to use a tip? Then squeeze out
some into a cup, mix and apply. In either case
the cartridge properly measures the resin and
hardener and can never get the ratio wrong. After
you're done put the cap back on and the cartridge is
ready to go whenever you next need it.



Three different epoxy adhesives to choose from:
QuickCure 5, T-88 Structural Adhesive, SilverTip GelMagic

System Three SilverTip Marine Product Series
• products on purpose •

SYSTEMTHREE



Get your Free Epoxy Book today, Call: 1.800.333.5514 or Visit us at: www.systemthree.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

SWANSON BOAT COMPANY TALLOW

Oar Lubricant 1/4 & 1/2 pint sizes
Rodger C. Swanson 420 Broad Street
(860) 299-6502 Windsor, CT 06095

E-mail: RodgerSwanson412@comcast.net

Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE



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)



20' Motor Launch, Kingston lobster boat, George Chaisson built '16. Has been well maintained. 12hp SB12Yanmar Diesel. \$8,000 obo.
FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510 (01)



Dovekie #29, '81, gd cond, bow cb, seats, custom wood/plexiglass hatch covers, cockpit tent/back porch, factory motor mount, 4hp ob, anchors, oars & a sweep, wind vane, ladder, fenders, insect screens, & more, PLUS new custom heavy duty adjustable-height trailer (for launching almost anywhere), new fabric cruising hatch covers, & new custom cockpit cover. Purchased and fitted it out for cruising last Spring but now must sell. Photos at http://web.stcloudstate.edu/lroth/dovekie_infol.htm. Great deal at \$4,000.
LARRY ROTH, St. Cloud, MN, (320) 654-8863, LROth@stcloudstate.edu (1)

Whilly Boat, 14'6"x4'7", Iain Oughtred design. Balanced lug rig. Built '03 by Rob Barker. All Mahogany. Dark green w/bright interior. W/Loadrite trlr. \$5,500 obo.
DAVID MORENO, Philadelphia PA, (215) 483-7147 (eves), dmoreno@pobox.upenn.edu (1)

Compac 19/11, beige w/brown trim. Great weekender or daysailer. Slps 4 (2 adults & 2 children). Compl package: bow & stern pulpits, ss life lines & rigging, roller furling headsail, solar vent on forward hatch, built-in compass & knotmeter, all fittings bronze w/operating, screened ports, 12v system w/cabin & navigational lights, anchor, chain & 100' rode, stern mounted boarding ladder, misc. dock & mooring lines, fenders, life vests & Hutch galv tilt trlr. All you need to do is just add water! Great, stable, comfortable boat. One owner but must sell due to health reasons.
BILL KENT, Clinton, IL, (217) 935-5530 (2)

'90 Sea Pearl, sand colored w/maroon trim, newer sails, camping tent for hold, full boat cover, '95 Nissan 3.5hp. On Hutchins trlr. All in gd shape. \$4,000.
JOHN JOHNSON, Colonial Beach, VA, (804) 224-1538 (1)

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.



Bobcat, Bolger's 12' plywood catboat. Homebuilt '98, West System™ over marine ply w/Beetle Cat sails & spars (old but useable cond). Just finished building Chebacco so Bobcat has to go. Boat & gd trlr \$1,500.
MARSTON CLOUGH, Martha's Vineyard, MA, (508) 693-9190, cloughm@hotmail.com (1)

Melonseed Goat, 13'8"x4'10"x7'7"/2'6". Wt. 270lbs. Oars 7.5'. Sprit sail 80sf, jib 20sf. Galv trlr. See *MAIB* 8/1/02 & www.smallboatforum.com for more info. Price \$5,200. Dinghy, 10'x3'10". Wt 75lbs. Oars 7'. Same construction as Goat. Price \$2,800.
F. PLOUFFE, Pittsfield, MA, (413) 445-4005, FPLOUFFE@nycap.rr.com (1)

10' Power Dory/Tender, vy dry, serviceable boat. Scaled down from Outboard Flat Iron on pg. 266 John Gardner's *Dory Book*. \$200. Will tow dry & true, 4hp ob will serve nicely.
KARL BERARDI, Bedford, NH, (603) 785-1536. (1)

Monfort Classic 10 Dinghy, w/oars & sail rig. 42 lbs. Vy gd cond. No leaks. Rows & sails well, a breeze to cartop. \$350.
KEVIN BRENNAN, Phoenix, MD, (410) 666-8958 eves. (1)

2 Old Canoes, wood now fg covered. 15' & 18'. New decks, rails, seats & thwarts. Bronze fastened. West System™. \$750 ea.
TOM JAGGER, Springvale, ME, (207) 324-2893 (1)

11'-3" Shellback Dinghy, brand new, lapstrake plywood; incl rudder, cb & spars; bright mahogany transom, bright finished open gunwales; nds only final painting & some hardware. \$2,400 obo. **'72 Tartan 26 Sailboat**, Hull #17; sleeps four, in gd shape, new shrouds, structurally sound. Could use some cosmetic work. Stands incl. \$6,000 obo.
MIKE KIRSCH, Beverly, MA, (978) 927-4305, mak24@verizon.net (1)



16' Amesbury Skiff, aka as Sturdee Dory (see www.stur-deeboats.com). Hand laid fg lapstrake, mahogany seats, oak rails, steering console, ss steering wheel, boat cover, galv trlr, tongue jack, bearing buddies, spare tire, new Yamaha 25hp 4-stroke w/power tilt. Over \$10k, new asking \$7,500.
DAVE NALLETT, Keene, NH, (603) 355-1193 or (603) 313-9815 (2)



20' NimbleVagabond, tropical mini-trawler, '91. 30hp Honda 4-stroke, 7' dbl berth, head, sink, dual batts, GPS, VHF, sounder, stereo, solar charger, handrails, trlr. All in exc cond. \$16,900.
TOM HIGGINS, Cedar Key, FL, (352) 543-5503. (1)

Bolger Bobcat, 12-1/2'x6' catboat. Marine plywood, epoxy & fg outside, epoxy & paint inside, all wood surfaces epoxied, interior flotation beneath decks. All fastenings bronze or marine stainless. Mast, boom & gaff compl & varnished. All deck hardware & fastenings supplied (Schaeffer) for thrubolt installation. Plans, instruction book & custom built skid incl. Built w/precision & attention to detail throughout by experienced home builder. Call, set up date, inspect in my basement shop. \$2,500 obo.
RALPH J. ELLIS, Columbia, CT, (860) 228-3178 (2)

Daysailer 1, one of the world's most popular sailboats. All fg w/wood coamings & floorboards. Newer main & jib. Galv. trlr. In vy gd cond, ready to sail. Buy this classic for an asking price of \$1,750.
RON PATTERSON, Antrim NH, (603) 478-1211

Albin 25, fg trawler w/hardtop & aft cabin. Nds motor. Seaworthy long distance cruiser on trlr in central east FL. \$7,000.
JOHN BARTLETT, Ft. Pierce, FL, (772) 979-4293 (1)

16' Flat Bottomed Lapstrake Skiff, 5-1/2' beam. 2pr oarlocks. Dual axle Peterson trlr nds tires. Last registered/afloat 2001. Did not leak. \$1,150 takes all.
JODY REYNOLDS, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 655-2040. (1)

Alberg Sea Sprite 23', classic fg sloop. Vy gd shape. Sleeps 4. Newer genoa, cushions etc. '03 Nissan 6hp 4cycle, few hrs. Tandem trlr w/new axles & springs. \$6,300 for all, \$5,300 wo/motor. Spring launch in Gloucester, MA paid.
PETER GOODWIN, Gloucester, MA, (978) 525-3361, aubreii@hotmail.com (1)

16' Inboard Launch, '54 Dyer "Glamour Girl." FG w/never used re-manufactured 45hp Graymarine engine. Fast, dry & sea kindly. On custom trlr built to carry boat or Kubota type tractor. \$8,500.
ALEC MCMULLIN, Manchester, MA, (978) 526-1082 (1)

Wood Canvas Canoe, 16' antique hull w/canvas removed. In vy gd cond, only 2 planks nd repair. Found in central ME 5 yrs ago. Has look of guideboat, perhaps Rangeley. Vy restorable. Call or email for info or photos by email. Asking \$450.
VI BEAUDREAU, E. Granby, CT, (860) 658-0869, vbeaudreau@hotmail.com (1)



12' Hobie Holder, '80s. 1 or 2 people, easy to rig, easy to sail, easy to plane, easy to right if you goof, self bailing cockpit, hiking strap, 2 piece mast, storage compartment, reefable, daggerboard, kick-up rudder, tiller lock for hands free sailing, very nice cond, slightly oversize tilt trailer w/bearing buddies. \$1,200.
DOCK SHUTER nr Kingston, NY, (845) 247-0508, dkshuter@novocon.net (2)



Friendship Sloop Sea Dog. 25' lod, FSS reg #141, built '73, yellow pine on oak. 1cyl Volvo 7hp. Nds some cosmetics & mast nds refinishing, other spars & sails vy gd. Can be sailed as is if you're not too fussy. Fun day sailer, interior nds completion, bunks & small table in, no cushions. \$8,500oro. Located Buffalo, NY.
GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY, (716) 681-1315, grundy@fantasiadesign.com (2)

24' Rainbow, S&S design, fg hull by Tidewater Boats '63. Small cabin, large protected cockpit, bulb keel, 4hp Johnson kicker. Gd cond. Asking \$1,200.
GORDON TOWLE, Westbrook, CT, (860) 399-5224 (2)

'49 Chris Craft Rivera, compl w/engine (K or KFL?) & most hardware. Nds TLC & new skin. Frames & stringers appear gd. Must see. Can mail photos. In Florida now but can transport. \$3,500 obo.
ART & MITCHIE KORBEL, (954) 761-8193 (2)

Bauer 12, 12'5" sailboat, '97 in gd cond. 6' beam, full batten mainsail, wired for electr ob, Gator galv trlr. \$1,800.
JOHN RUGGERIO, Salem, NH, (603) 898-5395 (2)



Herreshoff 12-1/2, 15'11" lod, w/trlr, boom tent, removable ob bracket, fg. Located in Old Lyme, CT. Price \$5,500.
MAXWELL GREENWOOD, New York, NY, (212) 631-0964 (2)

Wooden Boat Workshop Boat Sale, prices do not incl shipping:



Esabell Rowing Shell, 18'x?" w/Piantadosi sliding seat. Marine plywood stitch & glue construction. Oars not incl. \$2,500.



Adirondack Guide Boat, 17'x40" marine plywood construction. Cherry decks, midship rowing seat w/fore & aft seats. Oarlocks incl. \$2,800.



Eider Open Double Kayak, marine plywood stitch & glue construction, fg cloth exterior. 2 available, 1 green hull, 1 red hull. Both decks varnished. \$1,500 each. Seats not incl.



Lapstrake Canoe, 17'x33", marine plywood stitch & glue construction. Caned seats. 3-part polyurethane finish. Brass stem band. \$2,800. Brass stem band. \$2,800.



Wineglass Wherry, Pigmy Boats, 14'x48", marine plywood construction, fg inside & out. 2 rowing stations. \$2,800.



Authentic Thailand Market Boat, solid teak construction. 2 available. 13'x29" \$2,000 or 9'7"x28" \$1,500.



Mahogany 12' Bullet Speed Boat, '04 Mercury 40hp 3-cylinder w/oil injection, electric start & power tilt, '05 Karvan trlr. \$12,900.
PETER HESS, c/o Wooden Boat Workshop, Norwalk, CT, (203) 831-0426, email: hesswood-works@aol.com (2)



Cedar Strip Canoe, 15'x36" fully restored. New caned seats. \$2,300.



Widgeon Kids Kayak, 14'x24" marine plywood stitch & glue construction, fg cloth exterior, diamond maple wood onlay. Hull painted white. \$2,000.

BOATS WANTED

Dyer Dhow, or like sailing dinghy, w/sailing rig, gd cond.

ROB WIGSTEN, Charlestown, RI, (401) 364-8580, robwigsten@juno.com (1)

Rowboat, lightweight 8'-12', preferably 2 person craft.

DEBORAH HARRIS, Great Barrington, MA, (413) 528-9027, musicmoves@hotmail.com (1)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Compl Sailboat Rig, 37' wood mast, boom, club foot for jib, SS standing rigging. Asking \$300. Some sails available, also.

DAVID KELLAND, Lexington, MA, (781) 861-8981 (2)

GEAR FOR SALE

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.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 Rose-crans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

Palmer IH 264 6-cyl Gas, w/transmission & reduction gear. Gd running cond. \$400. Will trade up or down for 4-cyl gas or Diesel w/gearing. GORDON TOWLE, Westbrook, CT, (860) 399-5224 (2)

Elm Beam, 15"x15"x18" cut from standing elm fall of '05. Will cut down to your requirements. \$300. GORDON TOWLE, Westbrook, CT, (860) 399-5224 (2)

Misc. Gear: Mushroom anchor, 75lbs, \$45. 4 boat stands, 30", \$100/set. Furuno 1623 Radar turns on but does not work, \$45. Several electronic items, RDF, Radar Detector, VHF Radio. Large 12gal ob tank. Gimbaled propane cook stove. \$25. Small coal/ wood stove. \$25. OB bracket for sailboat. \$25. Other things, as I stumble upon them. KARL BERARDI, Bedford, NH, (603) 785-1536. (1)



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)



9" Ash Woods Cleats, matched pair varnished w/stainless steel hardware. \$25 delivered. WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Rd., Garden, MI 49835 (21EOI)

Atlantic White Cedar, 11 flitch cut planks, 9 @ 16", 2 @ 14", 6-13" wide, approx 1" thick. Stored indrs last 20 yrs. Free. Pickup only. TOM PARKER, Whitehall, MI, (231) 766-5020. (1)

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)

GEAR WANATED

Trailer, for O'Day Daysailer. Also runng gear/rigging for above. RICK WALTER, Maplewood, NJ, (908) 242-7665 (cell), r.walter@divsysinc (1)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Boat Kits & Plans, the best selection of 200+ easy to build designs. Catalog \$5.00. **Boatbuilding Supplies**, easy to use, 1:1 marine epoxy resins, glues & putties, fiberglass, bronze & stainless fasteners, paints, flotation foam, steering systems, canoe supplies, hardware & much more. Supplies catalog is free.

CLARKCRAFT, 16-35 Aqualane, Tonawanda, NY 14150, (716) 873-2640, catalogs online at www.clarkcraft.com (8P)



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)



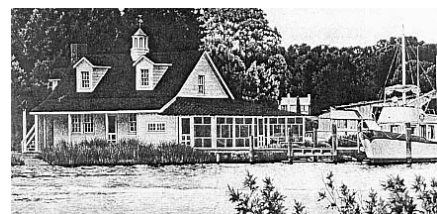
Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

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)

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. Slips up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk. LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486 (TF)



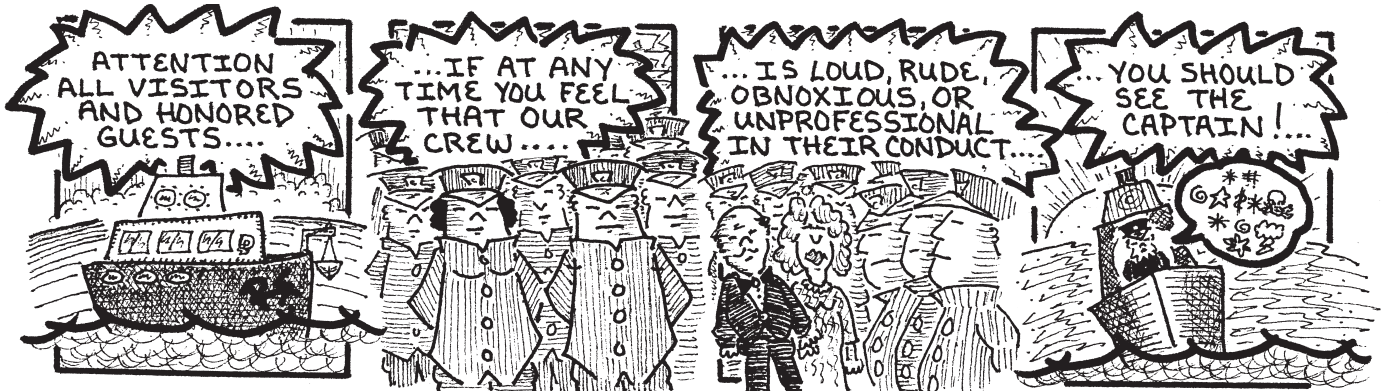
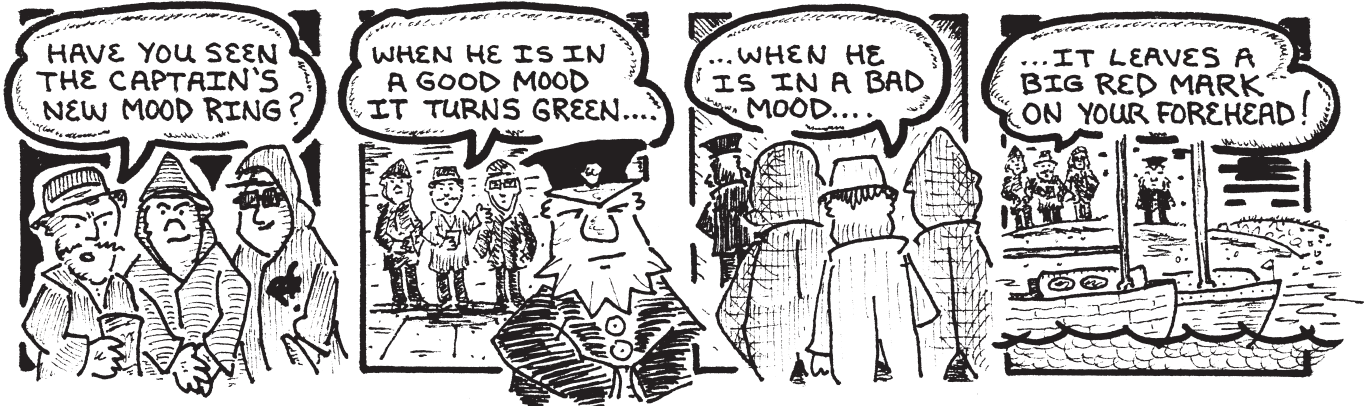
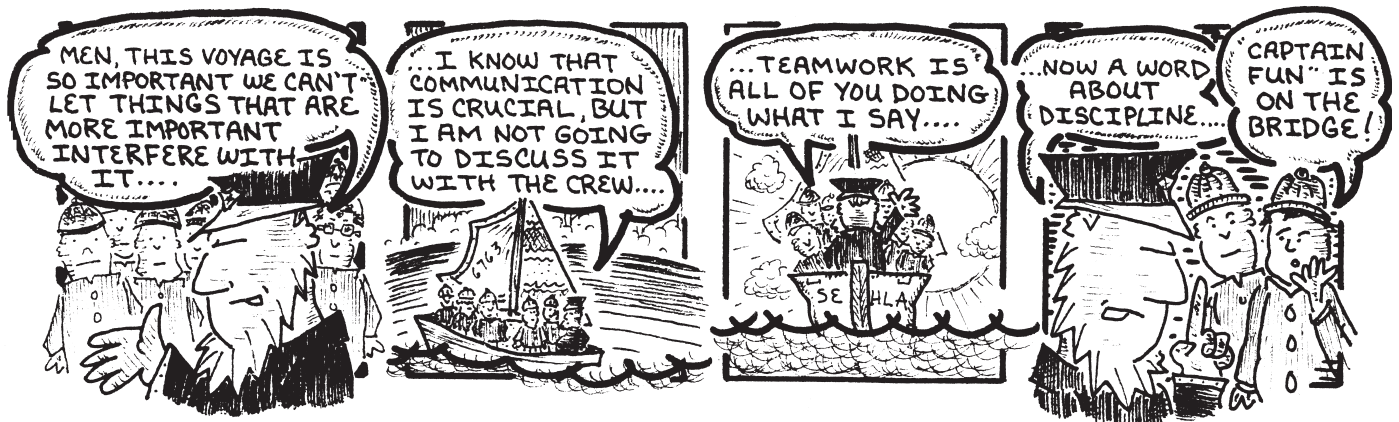
Florida Keys Gem, Big Pine Key. Extraordinary home w/boat slip & lift under. Open water view on a clean canal w/instant water access to the Atlantic or Gulf. Large Caribbean style home w/high ceilings & open floor plan, in the Key Deer Natl Wildlife Refuge & bordering the Great White Heron Natl Wildlife Refuge, boats incl. Asking 7665k FSOB. Visit our website for photos: www.keysgem.com DAVE & PATTI DRABKIN, (305) 872-0841 (1)



Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

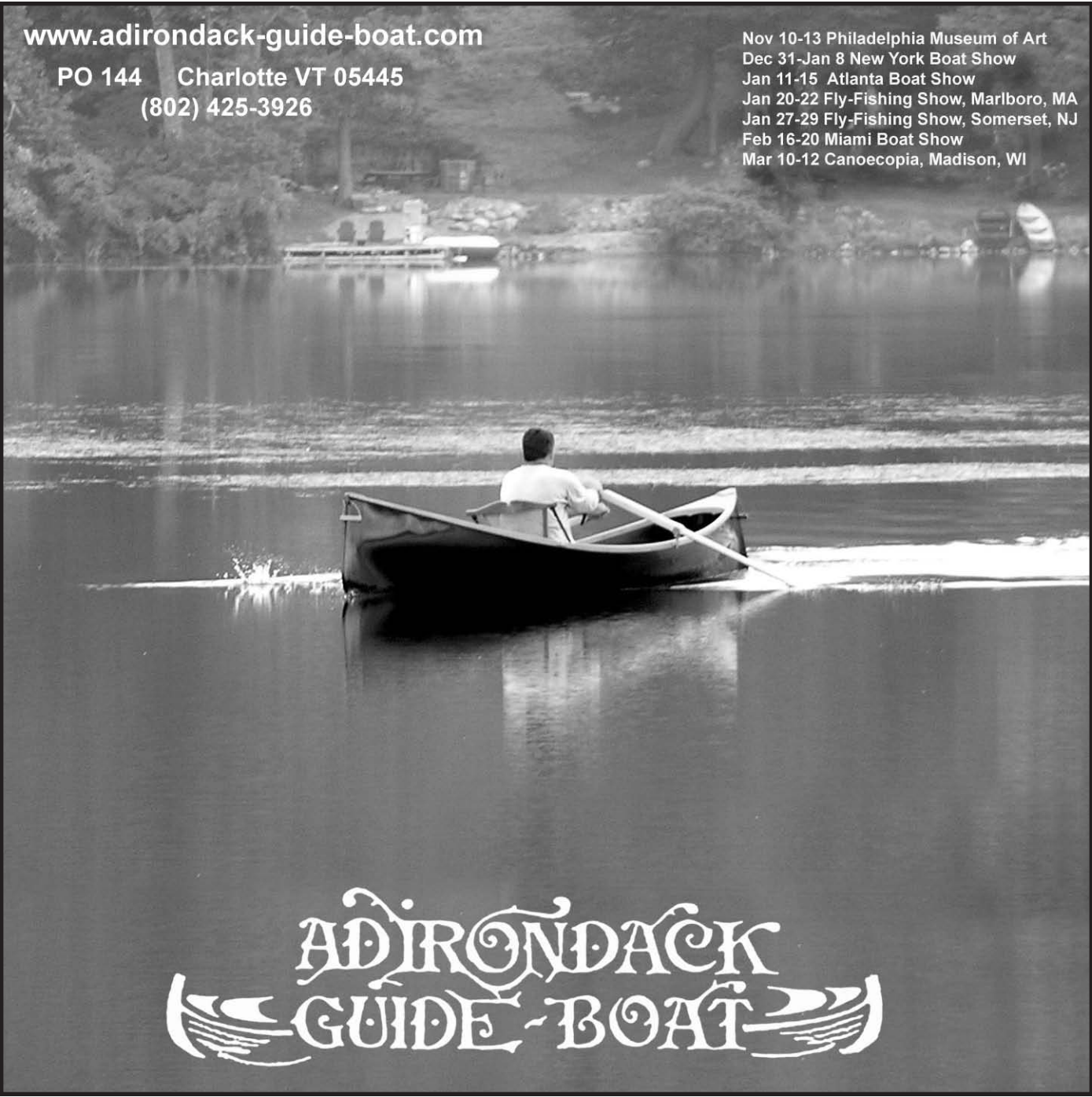
The Captain



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

XXIV-01

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

messing
about in
BOATS

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