



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 34 – Number 1

May 2016

Special Features This Issue
Remembering Robert de Gast – In Praise of Small Boats
American Canoes and Canoeists – Jordan Wood Boats
Beginner's Guide to Handy Shop Tools



messing about in BOATS

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

Volume 34 – Number 1
May 2016



US subscription price is \$32 for one year. 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

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Here we go with the first issue of our 34th year, nothing especially significant about that count except that we are still here, surviving that tidal wave of online small boating sites, most of which offer free or very inexpensive information. It has been made plain to us by various responses from online contacts that buying a \$32 subscription for a black and white magazine that arrives only once a month makes no sense when so much more is instantly available online for free and in glorious color, too.

So why carry on? Well, I love doing this and from responses from regular readers with their renewal orders, it continues to be of interest to enough of you to justify indulging myself. The main issue for us is maintaining a large enough paid readership (about 2,000 at this writing) to cover the printing and mailing costs with something left over for us each month to supplement our Social Security. I guess those we hope to reach who might love our approach to small boat fun still find reading printed books and watching black and white movies of interest!

Anyway, I've ranted a bit on this before, so on to something more positive.

Looking back over the past dozen issues, I noted a few items that stood out from our typical random mix of stories from readers, designers, builders, clubs, museums and long ago historical stuff. These stood out not as being somehow better, but rather because they tended to be even further out of mainstream boating today than the rest of us. Popping up unanticipated amongst the many regular contributors' tales that sustain our size were some worthy of a bit of comment here.

Rich Buck's skin-on-frame planing sailboat concept/build expanded the reach of this well established technique from rowing and paddling craft to what he found was a high performance sailboat. Ah, the ongoing striving for lightness and speed!

Johnny Mack's aluminum hi-top *Hildegarde Reinheffer* and his other aluminum boat creations brought this often scorned and maligned form of construction to our pages with as much enthusiasm as that enjoyed by those who work in wood. Not only that but he's doing this with outboard power and seeking standing headroom in his "hi-top" configuration.

Not to be outdone, regular contributors Dave Lucas and Dan Rogers brought us their "hi-top" concepts with Dave's plywood *Lurlyne* and Dan's modified fiberglass sailboat hulled *Miss Kathleen*. Outboard powered standup small cruisers may be a coming thing amongst us yet!

Larry Huff didn't break new ground with his own design Hawaiian sailing canoe but he

did remind us of that thousand year old "traditional" approach to getting out on the water.

Dave Lucas and some of the leading edge guys at his Tiki Hut hobbyist boatyard did continue to break new ground with their foam boats constructed entirely of slabs of foam glued up and heavily fiberglassed. From Dave's start with a simple kayak and an 8' pram, "Richard from Apollo Beach" is now undertaking a full size 16' all foam melonseed. Gonna be interesting to see where this leads.

Josh Withe also showed us all how he too has pursued this foam boat concept with some success.

Fred Shell's report on his final Crab Claw catamaran completed a longish ongoing tale of his development of this unique addition to his long line of home builder kits, now over 400 homebuilts from his kits are out there.

We brought back Jim Heter's folding kayak/backpack/tent from a 25 years ago issue to remind us all of its unique utility for getting a boat into the most inaccessible places to paddle. A great concept that for some reason has failed to catch on.

Greg Hopkins and Tom Hruby extolled the virtues and practical realities of solar powered boats, keeping that oncoming technology in our minds as it will likely appear more frequently.

Not be overshadowed by all these amateur efforts, professional John Harris of Chesapeake Light Craft Light Craft shared his design concept for a nesting expedition dinghy, following Brian Forsyth's discussion about converting a Mirror dinghy for such minimalist cruising. Perhaps a developing trend amongst us?

Another approach to this minimalist cruising was Derek Van Loan's *Toy*, a tiny cartoppable sailboat for the solo sailor

And finally for this brief review of some of our 2015 stories, we want to note professional designer (Phil Bolger & Friends) Susanne Altenburger's successful conclusion of a lengthy effort at designing/building a military beach assault craft (SACPAS) that had to be turned into a handy shallow water family cruiser (Gadabout) after the government money went away. And now she's offering up alternative options for building from some basic hull designs.

There was a lot good stuff in our 33rd year, not for free and not in color and only once a month. If, as it seems, you seem to like what we do, we can always use a few more subscribers who agree with you. If you know of any, send them our way. A good way to do so is to buy them \$8 trial subscriptions for three issues. After that they may re-up for full years on their own.

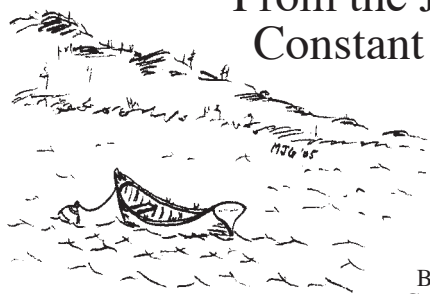
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On the Cover...

The guys at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum are about to undertake a major project, rebuilding the Museum's 1889 nine-log bugeye, *Edna E. Lockwood*. That this ain't no stitch and glue job is illustrated by the arrival at the museum of a shipment of 55' loblolly pine logs pictured on this month's cover. More details are on page 16 in this issue and we hope we will be able to bring you ongoing progress reports when the project gets underway later this year.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

They threatened 50° this afternoon. Of course, they lied, but they got me excited enough to bend on my sails and back *MoonWind* out of her slip and go gallivanting down the sound to count the herring gulls. The reason I got so excited was I hadn't been out sailing since the first week of December. Imagine that! Me, the inveterate what-you-may-call-it, who goes out sailing whenever the mercury gets ecstatic from the all too meager attention of our sun at this time of year.

I buckled on my genuine second-hand wetsuit and my rubber booties to match, in case the big bad ocean decided to souse me, and drove the seven miles down to the boatyard. In order to winter wet, I have to move *MoonWind* back to this marina where I used to work and used to keep her year round, before I got so high tone that I joined a fancy yacht club. Thing is, our yacht club has the same sort of laid back folks who populate the marina, so I now have a fresh population on whom to inflict my stories.

But the yacht club won't let me winter wet in my slip. Guess they're afraid I might go sailing after December 1 and set a bad example for other members. Might start a fad or something. Like frostbite racing or ice boating or going out on lovely winter days when the air is over 40° and the water isn't quite solid.

Not that the water gets solid much hereabouts any more. The oldest geezer I've ever known told me at only third hand that the estuary we know as the Thames River, which is deep enough to hide the submarines they build alongside it, used to freeze over. Not only that, but all of Fishers Island Sound, a couple of miles in width, used to freeze over. Word is, you could drive your brand new Model T truck down the Thames River and right on across the sound to Fishers Island.

Nowadays, if we get an inch of ice in our slip, we rouse up and make a proclamation and ask what the world's coming to. Having recently, last week, as a matter of fact, been voted a provisional member of the Junior Geezers Club, I can now remember things accurately as far back as the '50s. In those days, the Connecticut River used to freeze across several inches thick, a couple of feet of brackish tide notwithstanding. But the little tankers that carried heating oil up river to Hartford ran every day and could usually keep the channel clear by themselves. Occasionally, we'd get a severe cold snap, sub zero weather, by golly, and the Coast Guard would have to send an ice-breaker up to clear the channel.

We had winter in them days, children. The woolly mammoth used to hang out by our wood stove to thaw his tusks. But today it was balmy, 43° in New London, according to the voice on my VHF. Of course, I was underway before I heard this and *MoonWind* wouldn't return to her slip until she'd sailed the algae off her bottom. The thermometer in my kitchen window had said just over 50°, but it only wanted to get me outside to do some work in the garden. But I fooled it and played with my boat instead. Imagine doing yard work while the sun shines and a lovely ten-knot breeze ruffles the sound.

Anyway, I counted all the herring gulls, maybe some of them twice, and wrote a report that I sent to the Bureau of Vital Seagull Statistics in Kennebunkport. Now I can declare my sail as a business trip and write off the twenty cents worth of gas I expended to get *MoonWind* in and out of the harbor. My accountant assures me that, in the interests of solvency, I should sail my boat as often as I can. For once I have to agree with my accountant. I only need to find some way to earn the next twenty cents.



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You write to us about...

Designs...

Seabright Skiff?

There seems to be some confusion in the "Traditional Boat of the Month" article in the March issue. It speaks about the Seabright in all its glory but two things are amiss. The Seabright Skiff has a distinctive "U" shaped transom (not heart shaped) and a box garboard. The picture shows a South Jersey Beach Skiff, or something very close, which has more of a heart shaped transom and a plank keel. The two skiffs have similarities but very different handling characteristics.

From the picture we can see that the skiff doesn't have a "U" shaped transom so it's not a Seabright. If, as the article states, it has a box garboard, then it's not a South Jersey Beach Skiff. Perhaps Gig Harbor has blended the two to create the lovely skiff we see.

Art Poole, Melfa, VA

In Memoriam...

Maggie Duff

If you listen carefully you will hear the sounds of celebration from Fiddlers' Green, the sound of Margaret Chubbuck Duff joining her late husband Peter, who predeceased her in 2008. Maggie left this world for her next great adventure on Boxing Day 2015. Following two strokes in 2008 Maggie (and consequently her family and friends) were afforded a seven year reprise until a third stroke ushered her onward.

Maggie was born in 1934 and grew up in Rockland and South Weymouth, Massachusetts, spending her summers in Wellfleet. She was a 1956 graduate of Tufts University where she and Peter met and where she majored in Art History and minored in Fine Art at the Museum School. Following her graduation, Maggie applied her discerning eye and organizational diligence working for author Richard "Diggory" Venn and for then gallerist and architect Nat Saltonstall.

After Peter's graduation from Tufts and the arrival of their children, Maggie focused her efforts on managing the Duff household and supporting Peter in the establishment of his boat building business, Edey & Duff in Mattapoisett. When her brood fledged, she continued her earlier education, earning a degree in Graphic Design from the Swain School of Design, and applied the skills she developed there with positions at GHR Engineering and the Zeiterion Theater, both in New Bedford, and Abacus Architects in Wareham.

Maggie's personal pursuits included fiber arts, teaching weaving for a number of years and being quite skilled at sewing and knitting. She was a trailblazer in nutrition, preparing, serving and enjoying what was to become the paleo diet years before it was popular, traveling with Peter and their children, either delivering boats Peter had built or sailing in far

away waters, and the warm company of family and friends. Underlying all of this, and perhaps Maggie's crowning achievement, is the grace and fortitude with which she helped Peter navigate 40 years of Parkinson's disease as an interloper in their marriage.

There will be a memorial service in the spring or early summer when the Coreopsis is in bloom. In lieu of flowers or other thoughtful remembrances, please feel free to make a donation in Maggie's name to the American Stroke Association, 7272 Greenville Ave, Dallas, TX 75231, www.strokeassociation.org, (888) 478-7653. For online condolence book, please visit www.saundersdwyer.com.

Opinions...

Praise for Oar Boat

I finally got to see Mississippi Bob's latest opus in the March edition. Personally, I feel a boat should be, well, "boat shaped." I think he's done a marvelous job of getting that shape right. Now that the petunias are poking up through the last of the snow, at least here in Almostcanada, the 'poxwork can begin and Oar Boat will take her place in line at his favorite launch ramp soon.

My "First Command" was a cute little flat iron skiff that my grandpa built in his basement one winter. I have lots of really fond memories of my excursions in that little rowboat. I can't begin to understand how much a small pile of plywood and nails can lead to learning how to be independent and self reliant. Every boy should have one! Even, us more experienced boys.

Good work, Bob.

Dan Rogers, Newport, WA

This Magazine...

Lost Contributors

Over the past few years I've been saddened by the loss of your best contributors, Phil Bolger, Robb White and Hugh Ware. However, Doc Regan is doing very well and that story in the March issue, "Going to Hell as a Pastime," is the best ever.

Bill Rowe, S Hero, VT

Appreciation for MAIB

Thank you so much for all that you have done over the years in helping all of us realize our boat dreams and communicate our individual passions. I have on the table beside me the "Boathouse Copy" of the June 1, 1997 issue, your "Commentary" that was so encompassing and respectful of John (Gardner) which is still relevant today.

This February morning here at the Mystic Seaport Boathouse the volunteer crew is working on the annual maintenance of the livery fleet, the Joel White Catspaw Dinghy, *Sand*, the Pete Culler Good Little Skiff, *Waldo Howland* and the Atkins Skiff, *George*. Over in the John Gardner Boatshop two Beetle Cats, *Lil' Babe* and *Elvira G. Tucker*, are receiving the same dedicated treatment. When I walked out with Supervisor Jim McGuire, the *Tucker*

was under cover outside and *Pip* was in for maintenance. Blink and a boat moves.

Later I visited the nearby Stonington Boat Works where Bill Miller is building a modified "Goldeneye" and prominently resting on the bench was a current issue of your fine magazine.

Sharon Brown, Noank, CT

Literary Award!

I know that *MAIB* does not usually give literary awards, but if you did I would nominate Johnny Mack for the last sentence in paragraph 5, "T.H.E. Scow," in the March issue 2016, to wit:

"...Their heritage (Grumman Sport Boats) made them a boat/canoe, labradoodle/cockapoo sort of mixed hybrid crossbreed beefalo'd GMO mongrelized Franken cruising brocruiser of the first order." Perfect. The late Robb White would approve. Well said, Johnny.

Alan Glos, Cazenovia NY

Thanks to Hagerty Insurance

Dear People at Hagerty, thanks for being there for me. I found you thanks to one of your customers responding to a request I had printed in a very fine monthly boating journal to which I subscribe called *Messing About in Boats*. I believe this would be a perfect place for you to advertise because I am sure there are thousands of boaters who, like me, cannot find a company to insure their boats and this journal targets the small boater/home builder.

Malcolm Fifer, Hayden, AL

Classifieds Work Fine

I just wanted to give you a heads up about your classified section. It works fine! I sold the set of molds for my Melonseed to the Landmark School in Beverly, Massachusetts. Then I completed the purchase of a Piantadosi drop in sliding seat and oars from a fellow *MAIB* reader in New York. And two weeks ago I donated my 14' Cape Cod Oystering Skiff (sharpie) to MIT. I thought they were going to flip it (sell it) and use the proceeds for their sailing program, but the director of the program told me that they were honored to receive it and that they were going to use it in their program.

Richard Honan, Winthrop, MA

Poet's Corner...

Marina at Midnight

By Annie Holmes

A salty sweetness weights the air,
Richer with a seaweed smell.

Halyards tap upon a spar;
A dinghy bumps against a hull.
So still at night I hear the steps
of a heron's feet as he stalks along
After the ploppity sound of fish
Feeding near the dock lights' glow.

My boat rocks gently to a wake
Sent by a long-gone harbor scow.
Her fenders softly squeak in place,
A brass lamp swinging to and fro
Throws shadows on my open book:

Cruising to Find Paradise.

(Chances are I'll never look
I've found mine here, aboard, each night.)

I am interested in raising awareness of a Water Trail we're proposing for our local river. Our river runs parallel to the local highway and goes through five communities close together in a row, each one getting bigger. The whole route is an old Indian route that included the river and a trail alongside it. Our mid Michigan region has given the river approximately ZERO respect, interest or attention. It has a terrible reputation for no reason other than inertia. "Oh, it's a dumb, ugly river."

It's actually quite clean and pretty so we're working to bring it online for the public for the first time ever. Our county just passed legislation providing funds for trails. They're including this water trail in that category.

Our goal is to build six to eight consistent boat launches with consistent pro signage (with data plus interpretive info) and with reliable log jam removal and a website that is kept timely with log jam info. Right now there are just a few muddy banks and about a dozen regular paddlers. We want to get that up to hundreds per year and wide awareness that the river exists and is beautiful.

An interesting thing happened recently. The city college hired architects to make a huge display in the new art museum about

Red Cedar River Project

By Jeff Potter
jeff@outyourbackdoor.com

"re-envisioning the city." The architects came from across the nation. Each one put the river in their designs as a main highlight, the primary natural feature of the area, to tie all other development together. The river was used as a major part of their display, they put a lifelike map of it across the floor and up the walls. I wonder if they understood how close to ZERO the community has considered the river to be.

Well, we want to change that. It was neat to get affirmation of our dream from the outsiders. And finally there's local money to make it happen. They have relied on volunteers, who are great, but all together have handled about 10% of the river's needs. A team of a couple of pro canoeer, pro contractor friends and I are proposing to "gitterdone." Our launch designs will be low key, sustainable, attractive, visible from roadways, etc.

The Red Cedar is a mellow, soft bottom, forested river that's a lot like the reclaimed swampland of our entire mid state region. It's not glamorous but has its charms. It runs through the tiny farm town of Webberville then straight on to a slightly bigger transitioning farm town of Williamston, then straight on to the exurban sprawl of Okemos/Meridian (which don't even have downtowns), then on to the Michigan State University city of East Lansing. The river runs right through campus but they removed their 100-year-old canoe rentals a few years ago due to lack of use. The school song says "on the banks of the Red Cedar," but it's never really been promoted as a resource.

Perhaps that can change now that "local" values and "sustainability" are being embraced. The "U" is doing a lot more to be green. So showing the river some love might be part of that. Beyond the campus the river heads through more forested areas with a paved multi user path along it, right into the heart of the capitol city. All this in about 25 miles.

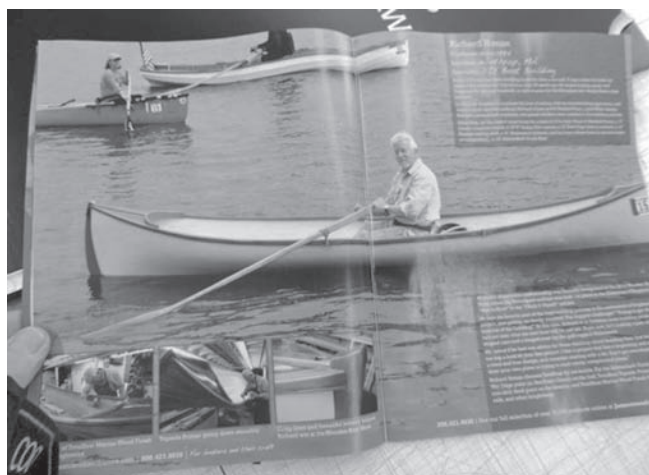
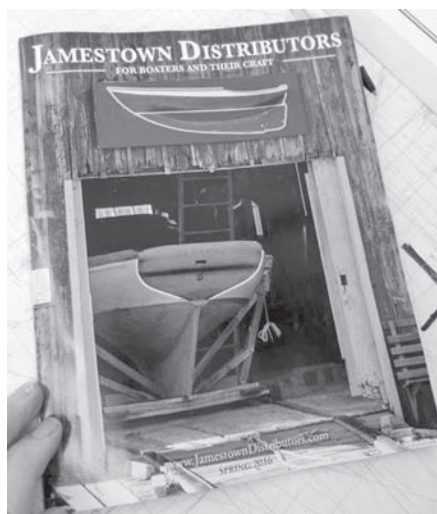
About ten of us have been paddling the river in recent decades. But this is starting to change. Installing proper launches is going to be key to waking up the public about the river.

Jamestown Centerfold

By Richard Honan

I just received the Jamestown Distributors Marine Supply Spring 2016 catalog. They did a little feature on my "Do it Yourself" Boat Building. It may not be *Playboy*, but I finally made the centerfold.

Editor Comments: Google Jamestown Distributors and ask for a catalog if you'd like to see the fine print in this photo.



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American Corporate Miscalculations

By Connie Benneck

(Here is another chapter of my experiences in Europe. Chris Craft showed up at the Paris Boat Show firing off red, white and blue rockets, but by the time the smoke had dissipated Chris Craft had disappeared, never to be seen or heard of again in Europe. When big corporations make a mistake, it's a real big OOPS! Read and grin.)

Paris had started building a new office building and exhibition hall complex in Courbevoie in 1958 when we were there. Courbevoie is a western suburb of Paris. If we start driving up the Champs Elysees, go around the Arc de Triomphe and then down the Avenue des Grande Armees, we pass the corner of Bois de Boulogne on our left. If we continue straight ahead we eventually cross a bridge over the Seine and climb a small hill. We are now in the suburb of Courbevoie and have entered the new, totally modern Ronde Point de la Defense commercial district with high rise office buildings and a spectacular exhibition hall with about seven stories of free open space in the middle of the building.

The first time I went to a CNIT Paris Boat Show at that hall, a boat builder was exhibiting a 60' sailboat on the ground floor, with mast installed and all sails set. What a captivating sight. Standing on a fifth floor balcony of the exhibition hall and looking both down at the boats on display, and up to the ceiling, a gently curved reinforced concrete shell which rested on just three support points, took our breath away.

The French do a masterful job of building modern architectural structures. Downtown Paris maintains its old familiar look and modern buildings have no place in that area, but go outside the central downtown Paris area that is architecturally protected and we will find the most elegant of modern structures. This was the case with the CNIT Exhibition Hall in Courbevoie.

However, what really caught my eye as I wandered around the Boat Show was a stand where an American boat builder, Chris Craft, was exhibiting their various motorboat models. I stopped to have a look and pick up some brochures to see what they were offering French and other potential European buyers.

Their signs read "Chris Craft, la Plus Grande Fabrique de Bateau a Moteur Du Monde" (Chris Craft, the Largest Manufacturer of Motorboats in the World). The models they had on display all had the regular American Chris Craft engines installed. The small 16' boat had a 185hp gasoline engine, the 30' boat with 6" couchettes, two moteurs de 185cv; inverseur hydrauliques" (six berths, 2x185hp motors with hydraulic gearboxes).

Further reading of their posters and display material showed that their boats were also available with engines that ranged in size from 60hp-150hp-185hp-210hp up to 300hp. A small note at the bottom mentioned that they could also supply 2x197hp GM Diesel engines. All the engines mentioned above were the regular Chris Craft gasoline engines that were the standard power plants in all their boats.

As I looked at this, it struck me that someone in Chris Craft management, specifically their Marketing Department, really hadn't done their homework. An American company, "The Largest Manufacturers of Motorboats in the World," was now in Paris trying to sell Europeans gasoline powered motorboats when the only fuel available on waterways was Diesel fuel?

Chris Craft did sell a few motorboats to some gullible Frenchmen who, after taking delivery of their wonderful new "Jolie Bateau Americaine," suddenly went "Ooops" when they tried to find gasoline to feed these thirsty 2x185hp engines. I don't know what the hourly consumption of these engines was, but I could mentally see their owners, lugging jerry cans full of gasoline from the automobile gas station to their boats and then carefully pouring the fuel through a funnel into their fuel tanks. I wondered how many trips back and forth to the gas station that took.

A bit of checking in my engineering books tells me that a gasoline engine will burn about 0.7lbs of gasoline per horsepower/hour. The calculations show that a 185hp gasoline engine burns about 129lbs of fuel per engine per hour. Would you want to hand carry 258lbs of gasoline, at fully taxed French automobile fuel prices, to your boat for each hour of operation of your new "jouet Americaine" (American toy)? I thought not.

The thrill of doing 30 knots while towing a water skier ended abruptly when the owner saw what it was costing him to operate such an American toy. Some of the original owners kept paying their gasoline bills for the fun of it, the wealthy ones. Others rapidly re-engined their 30' long Chris Craft Cavalier, scrapping the twin fuel slurping American gasoline engines with a single economical 30hp Peugeot Diesel engine. No more 30 knots speed, no more water skiing. Now the Chris Craft Cavalier became a displacement vessel doing about 10 knots, but cheap Diesel fuel was available everywhere.

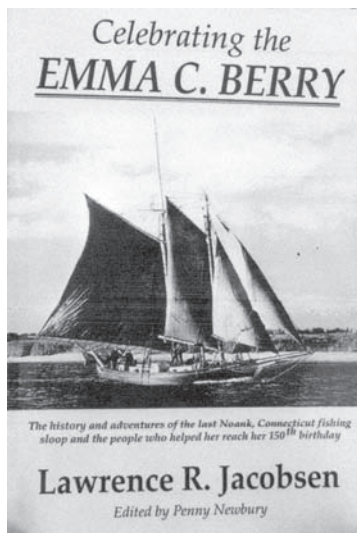
Chris Craft's European sales adventure didn't last very long. It was a classic example from a university business school about the necessity for doing detailed market research before jumping into a new market that they didn't know and didn't understand.



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Celebrating the Emma C. Berry

By Lawrence R. Jacobsen
Noank Historical Society, Noank, CT
Reviewed by Sharon Brown
Reprinted from the JGTSCA Newsletter



Congratulations to the Noank Historical Society Inc, Noank, Connecticut, for the 2015 publication of *Celebrating the Emma C. Berry* by the late Lawrence "Larry" R. Jacobsen. This little gem is a thoroughly researched and entertaining study guide with index and a liberal assortment of photographs knit together by editor Penny Newbury. Drawing on the talents of many, plumbing historical collections from Maine to Florida, this well documented book honors the men and women involved in the design, construction, use and preservation of a quintessential local hull type, a Noank well smack dating from an era of working New England waterfronts.

Now stewarded by Mystic Seaport Museum (Accession No 1969.231) in her original sloop configuration, incredibly she will reach her 150th anniversary this year in good shape. Launched from the Latham Yard in Noank in June 1866, bearing the name of the owner's young daughter, she was an investment intended for fishing and measured 33'2" waterline length by 14'6" beam by 5'7" draft. Throughout her working life she engendered respect and even at her worst, abandoned, was ultimately rescued, rebuilt for a new purpose, extending her life, by men who saw value in her design.

An on the water exhibit, designated a National Historic Landmark in 1994, she is admired annually by thousands of visitors from around the world who see her on the Mystic River only three miles from her Noank launching site.

Jacobsen's quiet passion for the *Emma C. Berry* and the respect he held for the work of his colleagues who have carefully recorded the life of a cultural icon with connections to many local families resonates through the pages. The book is available at Mystic Seaport Stores and online. A second edition is planned for 2016 and the society is actively soliciting further input at noankhist@global.net. Summer celebrations along the river will recognize her 150 year life and honor her community.

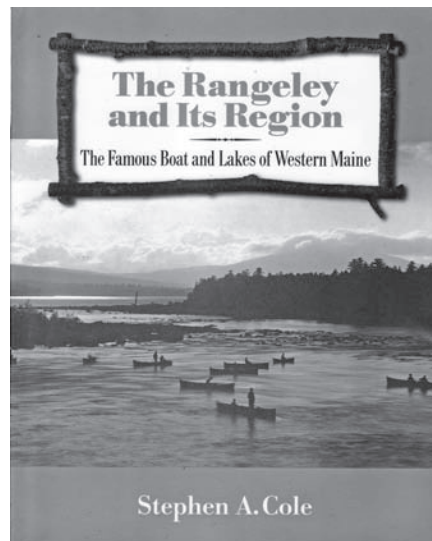
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Book Reviews

The Rangeley and Its Region The Famous Boat and Lakes of Western Maine

By Stephen A Cole
ISBN 978-0-88448-295-6, Paperback, \$30
Tilbury House Publishers, Gardiner, ME
Reviewed by Bob Hicks



The Publisher States

"The Rangeley Lakes were the crucible of Maine's 19th century sporting culture and the Rangeley boat evolved out of this distinctive time and place. As essential to Rangeley as sporting camps, fishing guides and brook trout, the namesake boat remains a true icon. *The Rangeley and Its Region* tells how entwined the boat, people, lakes, town and economy became over a century.

This engaging story includes native voices and historical photographs and touches on sport fishing, rod building, fly tying, boat building, guiding and the summer culture of a remote and treasured town."

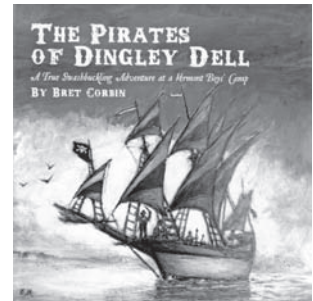
The Reviewer Comments

I bought this book with a Christmas gift card to a local bookstore as the Rangeley boat was part of my earlier boating. Mine was not a proper Rangeley boat, being an Old Town Canoe Co "Lake Rowboat," a Rangeley hull built canoe style which I picked up in need of restoration. I did the whole thing to bring it back, including recanvassing, but it was the experience on the water that stayed with me all these years. It was wonderful to row in choppy water, dry and stable. Jane and I enjoyed a number of outings while I had it. Like so many other things I now wish I

had kept, it got sold along so I could buy the "next boat."

This Tilbury House book is a quality paperback, a pleasure to have as well as read. The Rangeley boat is featured as a fishing "machine," ideal for local Rangeley fishing guides to take out the summer sports who made the long and tedious overland trip over 100 years ago to fish for the fabled Rangeley brook trout in the remote western Maine mountains. The old photos throughout the book illustrate the nature of that seasonal culture that blossomed in late spring and went into winter hibernation in the fall when the "great white eagle of the north" (Maine's long and arduous winter) announced its approach.

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Dear to my heart, the March issue of reprinted an article from the UK *Dinghy Cruising* magazine ("Threading a Maze of Shoals" by Keith Muscott) on eight uninterrupted pages. I could hardly believe my eyes. It was an article on one of my favorite authors and books, Erskine Childers' 1903 spy novel *The Riddle of the Sands*. I had read and re-read this book several times, as well as seen the 1978 film by Christopher and Drummond Challis with Michael York and Simon MacCorkindale in the lead roles.

What a story, what a film, what seamanship sailing among the Frisian islands off northern Germany and Holland in that small sailboat, a converted life-saving craft. These North Sea islands are very dear to my heart also, since I grew up in that same region, in Rendsburg, to be exact, where the Eider River and Kiel Canal (formerly known as the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal) join waters for a short distance. That's where I hung out as a young kid watching the big ships go by on their way from the Baltic Sea to the North Sea and the Atlantic eventually. I then dreamily went home and looked up their home ports on my atlas and globe, wishing myself aboard to see the world. The war and post-war years in Germany were grim, to put it mildly. Dreaming of boats and ships sailing to distant shores was my escape.

Shipping and Sailing Past the Frisian Islands

My grandfather, the old sea captain, who had retired to the same town, is not blameless, since he had told me many stories of distant ports from Sidney, Australia to Iquique, Chile. But not until my student days did I finally decide to "ship out". I worked one long summer on a 1,000 ton freighter hauling raw paper sheets (the size of thin 4'x8' plywood) from northern Sweden (in the Gulf of Bothnia) to Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Antwerp, along the North Sea coast. And yes, I steered through the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal and down the Elbe River into the North Sea several times, just as *Dulcibella* did.

And then we would steam right by all those low, sandy Frisian islands, the names of which I learned on my first trip by. That was in German, of course, following the mnemonic verse of "Welcher Seemann liegt bei Nancy im Bett?" The first letter of each word is also the first letter of the island's name, in proper order from east to west: Wangeroog, Spiekeroog, Langeoog, Baltrum, Norderney, Juist and Borkum. Believe it or not, even the Kaiser in the film quotes that saying, laughing lustily with his soldiers/sailors. (Strange coincidence: I married a girl named Nancy. So the sailor in bed with Nancy in that verse is definitely me, Reinhard. I'm not sure if my Nancy would "approve this message", in print...)

And then in 2011, I sailed by that string of islands once again on a classic, 75-year-old, 60' racing yawl, the *Peter von Seestermühle* (formerly known as *Peter von Danzig*) on our way from Antigua, Caribbean to Hamburg, Germany. At "Norderney, as the book character Carruthers always insisted, we were suddenly becalmed for a while. Three

The Riddle of the Sands

A Personal Account

By Reinhard Zollitsch
reinhard@maine.edu

of us crew members decided to jump overboard to go swimming, even though skipper Christoph refused to attach the boarding ladder, since he did not want us to mar his newly varnished gunwales. So we climbed back on board via the mizzen bobsstay and boomkins, even me at age 72, unassisted. (Once a gymnast, always a gymnast!)

Clara's Sailing Dinghy

And since I always like to read something that fits into the scenery I am paddling, sailing, hiking or biking by, I had brought along my copy of Erskine Childers' book *The Riddle of the Sands*. Suddenly Skipper Christoph tapped me on the shoulder, beaming: "You know, Clara's little sailing dinghy in the movie, it was mine. And they hired me for a week to teach her how to sail it. And during the filming, I also chauffeured the camera crew around in a small powerboat, for three months. Lots of fun!" I could hardly believe my ears. Our skipper, Christoph von Reibnitz, who grew up behind the Elbe River dikes, was actively involved in the making of this film? Just to make sure that's what he said, I have just e-mailed him to verify this info. He answered immediately, saying exactly the same. So now I even have it in writing.

Dead Reckoning

But best of all, this was the area where Davies, the young skipper of *Dulcibella*, did his impressive navigating with nautical chart, compass and stopwatch only, even in the thickest fog. *MAIB* readers may remember that I too did use (and still do) the old-fashioned dead reckoning method on all my many long coastal solo sea-canoe trips, down the St. Lawrence, around the Gaspé, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, all of Nova Scotia, up the western shore of Newfoundland... Well, check out the table of contents of my website www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com

Mudflats and Sandbanks As Far as You Can See

The sands and mud flats behind the East and North Frisian islands are truly legendary. They are about 270 nautical miles long (from Texel, Holland to Fanö, Denmark) and about 20 nautical miles wide, only interlaced with thin, often very fast running tidal streams. (Pril, pronounced preel; plural: Prile, as they are known in German.) At low tide one can walk from island to island (well, some of them), with an occasional brief swim or wading through those thin, tidal rivers, often marked with tall witches-broom markers, poles with tree brush attached to the tops: brush-up for the port side, brush pointing down, marking the starboard side of the channel.

Anyway, I vividly remember summer vacations in a post-war Red Cross tent camp for kids on the islands of Sylt, Föhr, and in a polder behind dikes in Hedwigenkoog. I was a scrawny little dude, but greatly enjoyed playing in the surf or dunes or going on long walks through the mud flats with our counselors. I even picked up some of the local Frisian/Low German lingo (Low-German, meaning low-land German, spoken in northern rural communities, as opposed to High-German, the German spoken in the higher, southern part of Germany, and now also exclusively in school and on radio/TV.)

Our favorite, silly Low-German phrase was: "Wat is dat? Dat is Watt!" ("What is this here? These are mud flats!" Watt being the German word for mud-flats.) You can see, youngsters are easily entertained. But I went on learning this old Germanic version of Deutsch (similar to Dutch and Flemish). I can understand it very well and even learned to speak it quite well.

The Boats

So you can see that I was fascinated reading about the *The Riddle of the Sands*, but also hearing more about Erskine Childers' own sailing experiences along British and Frisian shores and the boats he used. And then there was more interesting info on the making of the film and the construction of, or better, modifications made to, the boat used in that film, the *Dulcibella*, named after one of Erskine's sisters, which I did not know, for sure. Unfortunately, no mention was made by the author of the article of Clara's boat. But now *MAIB* readers also know its origin and history. How about that? That only leaves Dollmann's big schooner-rigged barge-yacht, *Medusa*. Anybody know its history? Thanks!

So, I am herewith sending a big thank-you to Bob Hicks, the indefatigable editor of *Messing about in Boats*, for including this great UK (ye olde England) *Dinghy Cruising* article for us New England readers. It stirred a lot of fond Frisian childhood memories in me. And *MAIB* readers might also understand why the Davies fellow in the book and film has always been so very dear to my heart: we are both dead reckoning navigators/sailors, a rare breed in these GPS-saturated times. I maintain, I could have navigated and rowed to Juist and Memmert also, as he and Carruthers did in the book/film, in the thick o' fog. We've got the same stuff here in Maine and the Maritimes...:-) Thanks, my man!

www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com
"In Defense of Dead Reckoning" (2005)

"My Turn at the Helm" (2009)

"Peter across the Atlantic" (2011)

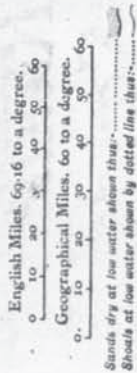
Erskine Childers: *The Riddle of the Sands* (1903).

www.peter-von-seestermuehe.de

Editor Comments: Keith Muscott, the author of that article and editor of the fascinating DCA journal, *Dinghy Cruising*, deserves all the thanks for generously sharing this and many more, articles with us.



to illustrate the cruise of the *Dulcibella*,
and matters relating thereto.



I pulled my autographed copy of Robert de Gast's book, *Five Fair Rivers*, from the shelf after Christmas for some winter reading. I also got out my chart book to follow Robert on his five separate one week long cruises made on the Chesapeake Bay's western shore during the summer and fall of 1994. He sailed, rowed and occasionally motored up the James, York, Rappahannock, Potomac and Patuxent Rivers. The purpose of these cruises was to retrace the 1608 voyages of John Smith. I finished the book on Monday, January 4. The next day Dean Meledones passed on the *Washington Post* obituary announcing Robert's death in Baltimore on January 3.

I was very saddened by Robert's passing. Some of my sadness was learning that he had lived in the Annapolis/Baltimore area for the last three years without my knowledge. Had I known that I most assuredly would have made an effort to reconnect with him after his many years of living in Mexico.

Fiddler, Robert's Dovekie, was Hull #3, built in 1977. He purchased it in Long Island as the second owner in 1987. A two cylinder, two stroke Johnson outboard power head, driving a centrifugal pump, was installed where the Porta Potti is normally stowed in the center of the Dovekie's U-shaped crew seat. The pump suction was on the bottom of the boat under the engine and the discharge was aft, at the waterline, just to the portside of centerline. The unit was noisy and created a vibration in the boat such that Robert was reluctant to use it unless absolutely necessary. I am aware of only one other Dovekie, Hull #110, that had the inboard water jet propulsion unit installed. The cost of the water jet almost doubled the price of the boat.

Robert and Evelyn de Gast hosted the 1991 Annual Shallow Water Sailor Spring Cruise. We transited up the Virginia Interior Passage, behind the barrier islands of the Delmarva Peninsula from their home at Wachapreague, Virginia, to Chincoteague, Virginia. That was the first time I sailed with Robert and his wife. It was a memorable cruise for the company we kept and the unique cruising grounds. I would like to share with you, from my deck log entries, some remembrances I have of Robert and his wife Evelyn as our "local knowledge." My boat was *Zephyrus*, Dovekie #113. My crew mate was Bill Haberer, then an employee of Edey & Duff. (Editorial comments are added in parenthesis).

April 26, 1991: Towed *Zephyrus* to Wachapreague, Virginia, in company with Bill Haberer, Don Hurd and Ferd John with *Dovekie*, Don's Dovekie #107 and John Martin with *Persimmon*, his Dovekie #82.

(Robert and I had many telephone conversations while planning this cruise. He originally proposed a transit from Cape Charles Harbor on the Bay side of the Delmarva Peninsula around Cape Charles and up the east side of the peninsula on the Virginia Interior Passage to Wachapreague. I was concerned that this transit presented challenges in navigation and seamanship that could be problems for both inexperienced sailors and experienced sailors on their first cruise of the season. We compromised on a transit entirely inside the barrier islands).

Warm, sunny weather was a change for a Spring Cruise. Met many old cruising friends and some new ones.

1230. Launched the boat on a canal at a very small marina in strong ebb current. Motored to a float and moored for lunch.

Remembering Robert de Gast

By John Zohlen

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

Helped Mary Slaughter launch her beautifully crafted geodesic Whitehall pulling boat. 1400. Underway in company with the following boats and crews:

Dovekie #3 *Fiddler*: Robert and Evelyn deGast and dog.

Dovekie #13: Phil Sampson and Norm Wolfe.

Dovekie #17 *Waterbed*: Leo Smith and Sandy Lommen.

Dovekie #29 *Chocolate Chip*: Pat Giordano and Jill Dunn.

Dovekie #72 *Sweet Pea*: George and Martha Palfrey.

Dovekie #82 *Persimmon*: John Martin.

Dovekie #106 *Heron*: Dean Meledones, Mary Slaughter and son Damon.

Dovekie #107 *Dovekie*: Don Hurd and Ferd John.

Dovekie #113 *Zephyrus*: John Zohlen and Bill Haberer.

Shearwater #2 *Dancing Feather*: Peter and Charlotte Soechting.

McGregor #26 *About Time*: Bob Ahlers and Carol Mosley.

Bill and John Chewning arrived with *Selah*, their Dovekie #66, but decided not to launch into the current. They eventually day sailed on the Chesapeake Bay side of the peninsula. We all experienced some problems clearing the waterfront because of the now strongly flooding tide, narrow canal and shallow water. Towed *Chocolate Chip* clear of the ramp and released Pat and Jill. The 1990 Evinrude 4hp outboard had plenty of power to tow another boat.

(I had sailed my Dovekie for seven years without a motor but, with back surgery two months before this cruise, I was advised by the surgeon to henceforth not do a lot of rowing. The Evinrude was purchased new and being used for the first time.)

After grounding twice ourselves we towed them off. (*Chocolate Chip* was driven on a mud shoal by the current and we could only get within 30' from them before grounding ourselves. Bill did a nice job with the heaving line!) Set sail in a SE wind, 8-10

knots, and began sailing north through the barrier islands that protect the Delmarva Peninsula from the Atlantic Ocean.

(Many of these barrier island are owned by the National Conservancy.)

Began transiting the well marked Virginia Interior Passage (VIP). The serpentine canals were only 50'-100' wide with flat muddy banks. The islands were low and covered with grass and reeds. Birds abounded. Ran north in a group, following the de Gasts to Metomkin Inlet. I would like to have poked our nose out onto the Atlantic but the breakers offshore were discouraging. An ebb tide against a SE wind.

1700. Beached the boat with the others on a sand bar, 100 yards wide and 500 yards long at the entrance to the inlet. A sandy beach with the surf rolling in on the other side. Many horseshoe crabs in the shoals. The island was a shell hunter's bonanza. Picked up some Texas sized oyster shells. Held social hour and renewed old acquaintances. About 1830 returned to the boat, pushed off and moved off the beach to anchor. Made dinner and got ready to turn in. A full moon was rising in the east over the pounding surf. The salt air smelled good.

April 27, 1991: Anchored as before. Sometime during the night the boat grounded out on the falling tide. Both Bill and I awoke, noted the event and reaffirmed our wisdom for being in a flat bottomed Dovekie in this situation. Rolled over and went back to sleep.

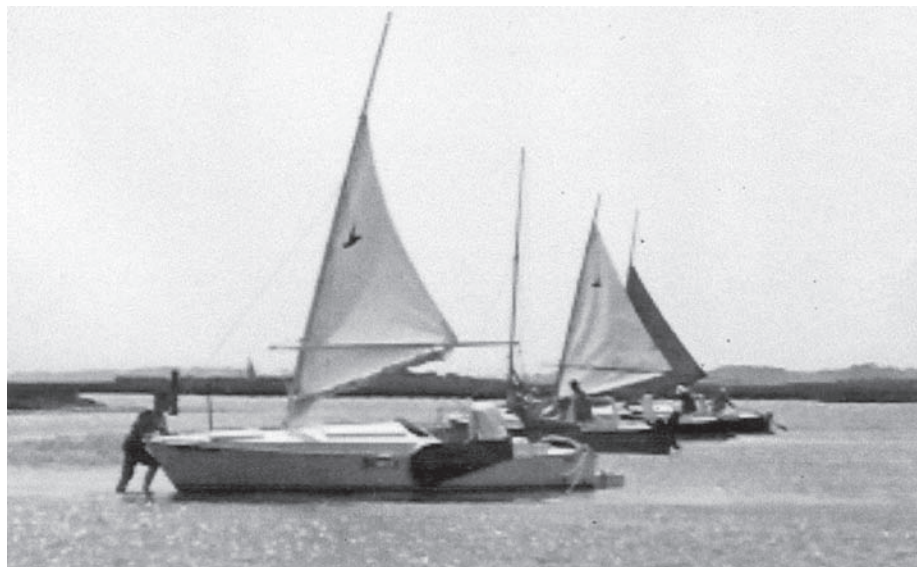
0630. Awoke and noted *Fiddler* high and dry on the beach. Robert de Gast was walking their dog. The water was 100' from their boat. We ate breakfast and went ashore to do some more shell hunting. When we came back the water was 50' from *Fiddler*. More messing around.

0900. The water was now 30' from *Fiddler* and receding. Whoops! (I have pictures to show this!)

The full moon last night had caused a higher than normal tide and *Fiddler* had not reanchored after supper. No problem for a Dovekie. *Fiddler* was lightened, turned around and a group lifted her back into the water.

(Robert took a lot of kidding, including from Evelyn, about being the "local knowledge" and sitting high and dry! I did not participate in the salvage operation because of my back surgery. I did photograph the "rescue.")

930. Underway. Winds SE, 8-10 knots. Rejoined the Virginia Interior Passage and



began running north up Metomkin Bay. Sail ho! Dovekie #96, *Rumpus*, off to port. Hanson Robbins and his daughter Katy had launched late Friday evening and sailed north to find us. They joined up and we all continued our serpentine route north past Gargathy Inlet. Again there were spectacular breakers off the inlet. The canals and creeks were full of birds and a few flounder fishermen in jon boats and garveys. There were many fishing boats in the vicinity of the inlet, but no sailboats. The current going out the inlet must have been two knots.

1215. Beached just north of Gargathy Inlet for lunch. More shell hunting.

1315. Underway again. A nice bit of helmsmanship by Bill with a strong SE wind launching into a strong counter current. Continued running north with winds increasing. With the leeboards up and the rudder trailing the helm was getting very "hard mouthed" after several exciting gusts. We rounded up into Woman Bay. Anchored in a foot of water and put a reef in the sail. Others followed.

(*Fiddler* rounded up into Woman Bay with the other boats but her momentum drove her hard onto the mud bank. The anchor was unnecessary. Robert and Evelyn tried to push off after the sail was reefed. The boat would not budge. Robert slipped over the bow and tried pushing the boat aft. He sank to his knees in mud. Eventually *Fiddler* floated free and Robert crawled back aboard with legs full of mud. Evelyn give him an earful about bring all that mud into their boat. Poor Robert was not doing well in his "Mr Local Knowledge" role that day.)

Underway again with a much easier helm. We had been running neck and neck with Hanson and Katy in *Rumpus* all day. Don Hurd and Ferd John in *Dovekie* joined up for a three way race up Bogues Bay. What fun! Then Don lost control in a gust and *Dovekie* rounded up and grounded on the mud bank. Out Ferd jumped to push off and down he sank to his knees in the mud. And then there were only two boats flying along at hull speed in an increasing afternoon sea breeze, SE 15-18 knots.

(I still remember this "mini race" well. We all had taken in one reef. On board *Zephyrus* Bill and I experimented with raising and lowering the board(s), raising and lowering the rudder blade, taking in and starting the snorter to change the sail draft, moving crew weight forward and aft and laying on the side deck with an arm hooked around the amidships standing room coaming to prevent sliding. Anything to increase speed! The crews on *Rumpus* and *Dovekie* were doing the same. After two hours of racing the three boats were never separated by more than 100 yards until *Dovekie* went into the bank.)

Entered Chincoteague Channel and sailed up to the Highway 175 drawbridge.

1630. Moored to the Chincoteague public boat landing seawall. The other boats moored, some going outboard. What a sail! We were at hull speed most of the day. Bill and I walked to the Coast Guard station to ask about tomorrow's weather. Strong winds predicted throughout the evening, turning half gale from the east with rain in the afternoon.

(That was back in the days when I did not have a VHF radio, much less a mobile phone to monitor the weather. Seaman's eye was the rule!)

We and others decided to recover the boats that night. While friends of the de Gasts took the first load of crew back to Wachapre-

ague to pick up cars and trailers, Bill and I found a nearby restaurant. Cold beer and oysters on the half shell and, yes, a plate of fried oysters! It does not get any better. Joined the de Gasts and returned to Wachapreague to pick up the van. Drove back to Chincoteague.

2230. Recovered the boat along with five other boats and crews. We "camped on the hard" at the public landing. Talked late into the night with a full moon overhead. Fell asleep exhausted.

April 28, 1991: Parked as before.

0730. Woke and made eggs for breakfast. Said goodbyes and drove to Assateague Island (Maryland) and the Chincoteague National Wildlife Refuge. Joined the Mel-edones and hiked through part of the refuge in search of wild ponies.

(The wild ponies are descendants of horses that were shipwrecked on the island in the 1700s.)

No joy. Left and drove to the beach area. There were a dozen horses there right next to the cars.

(After breakfast several of us walked to the Coast Guard station Sunday morning. We wanted to tell them that two of our cruise participants were missing, the Soechtings in *Dancing Feather*. We were not concerned for their safety because they were excellent sailors and they were sailing on a well founded Shearwater. We were explaining this to the Coast Guardsmen in their office while looking down the Chincoteague Channel. Suddenly there appeared a Shearwater coming up the channel.)

The Soechtings arrived, having spent the night at the public landing at the south end of the island. They had grounded Saturday afternoon in their Shearwater and had to wait three hours for the tide to float them free. With all boats accounted for, we crossed the bridge and drove to Edgewater, Maryland. Home and hot showers. A fantastic cruise. Good winds. Challenging navigation and as always, good friends.

Robert and Evelyn de Gast were gracious hosts for that 1991 cruise. I sailed with the de Gasts one more time, a Spring Cruise on the Little Choptank River. Robert's on water mishaps continued on that cruise. The shrouds on *Fiddler* were secured to the chain plates with good quality, stainless steel snap shackles instead of the standard lashings. On a broad reach with other boats nearby the windward shackle opened and *Fiddler's* mast and sail went over the side. Fortunately no one was hurt.

Robert would call occasionally when he came to Annapolis to visit family. He gave me the signed copy of *Five Fair Rivers* during one of his visits to the city. To this day it is one of my treasures.

Like many other Shallow Water Sailors, Robert had a great love of nature and sailing. His fondest wish was that the "five faire rivers" would not deteriorate further from his observations in 1994. He planned to take his grandchildren "on some grand cruises." He eventually wanted his grandchildren to inherit *Fiddler* AND the rivers. I hope those grandchildren understand the significance of his wishes. From all of your shallow water sailing friends, Robert, we wish you faire winds.

Five Fair Rivers Sailing the James, York, Rappahannock, Potomac and Patuxent

By Robert De Gast

Alone, with not much more than a notebook, a sleeping bag and insect repellent, the author sails, motors and, at times, rows up the shallows of the James, York, Rappahannock, Potomac and Patuxent. In cruises spanning three seasons, de Gast follows the shorelines in his Dovekie, *Fiddler*. A devoted sailor, de Gast takes his inspiration for these trips from Captain John Smith who, while exploring the Chesapeake in the early 17th century, found himself mesmerized by the magnificence and unexpected charms of the bay's "fayre and navigable rivers." Travelling in Smith's wake, de Gast records the details of wind and sail, landscape and water, always with an eye toward how things differ from what greeted the Captain almost four hundred years ago.

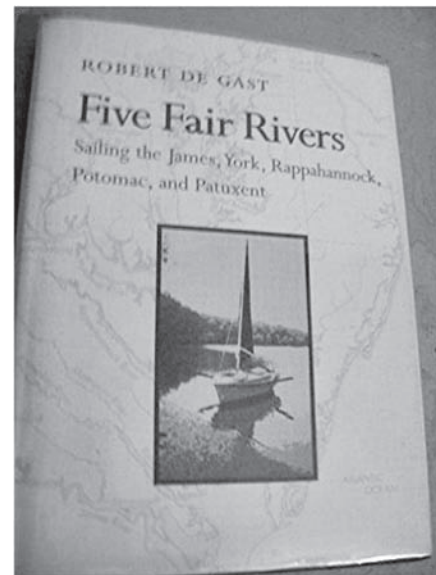
Hardcover: 160 pages

Publisher: Johns Hopkins University Press

September 1995

ISBN-10: 0801850797

ISBN-13: 978-0801850790





For anyone who doubts that Mother Nature supports her rowers, this year's Snow Row should change their mind. As many may recall, at last year's Snow Row we were digging out about 9' of wonderful New England snow and needed to postpone the event to a later date due to this weather. This year, in a controversial gamble, the tides and calendar schedules lined up to have us place the Snow Row in February, an early event. Much consternation was directed our way, but we recognize the Winter Rower as a hearty species and felt confident that he/she would survive the test. Guess we will have to wait to prove that theory.

A blissfully calm and relatively warm day greeted us on race day. One of the best parts of this year's row was the very civilized noon start! By that time, winds were barely present with a 5kt WSW breeze barely noticeable. While temperatures were hovering at 32°, the sun was out giving it a much warmer feel and since there were 85 boats on the beach, no one was thinking about the conditions!

A Great Season Opener

Snow Row 2016 Sets Course Records

By Michael DeKoster
Photos by Richard Green & Kay Wild

What a sight the whole event must be! Boats and crews descend on the beach. Volunteers and spectators descend on the Boat House. Coxswains and coaches descend on the registration table. Rowers prep boats and bring them to the water's edge. Chase boats and spectator boats move into position. Trucks and trailers scramble for parking. With a few words and a flurry of activity rowers race to their boats and await the start. And then all the chaos and commotion takes a breath until all hell breaks loose!

The conditions were primed for a fast race but expectations were exceeded. A blistering 27:31 time was laid down by the overall winners (former HLM youth rowers in the 1990s) Scott Bradford and Joe Stanley in their Ocean Shell Double, setting a new course record. In fact, the top three boats beat the old course record of 29:47 which was held by CMI's "Snow Clue" team from 2015.

A huge round of applause needs to go out to our volunteers! Scores of people each year give up their day to be part of this, to help us pull off this event and to enable the rowing community at large to enjoy this sort of event. Their contribution cannot go unrecognized. The registration personnel, the timers, the counters and table monitors, filming teams, the public address crew, the trash collectors, traffic personnel and the food crew who once again put on an excellent choreographed display in a building with limited services, feeding hundreds of people after the race. A hearty THANK YOU to all!



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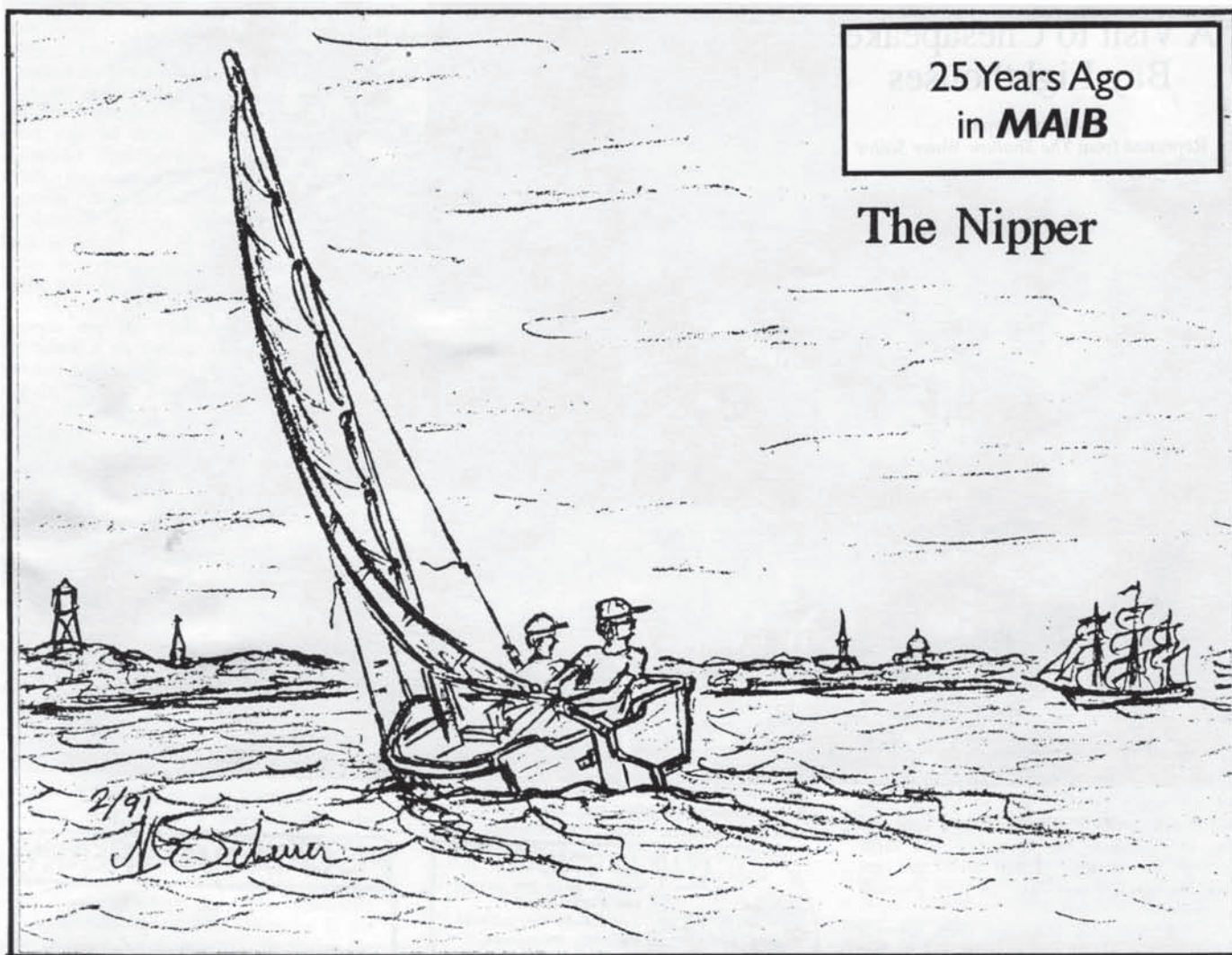


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25 Years Ago
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The Nipper



The only thing the Nipper needed was a sail. Even though my Popular Science book, *Boats Anyone Can Build*, had an appendix devoted to sail lofting, much of the text remained lost on Mom and me. Now Mom could make or mend any sort of clothing or window curtains with her foot-treadle Singer; nevertheless, she had never cut a sail. Dad knew quite a lot about sailboats, and even more about airfoils on aircraft, but he did not pretend to know much about sewing (compared to Mom). The budding boater, on the other hand, could quote line after line from the book, completely unhampered by fundamental understanding of such terms as "draught" or "chord." I didn't have much patience, either. School had started and there wouldn't be much more warm weather for sailing.

Our material was a great spread of stage set canvas Dad had left over from a theatrical project. We cut most of the sail in one piece, adding only a few square feet at the peak. Since the book showed sails having a great number of seams, I persuaded Mom to apply rolled tapes at intervals across the sail, parallel to the seam, which had been angled from the luff to look like the sails in the book. "Close" had been good enough for a lot of our work on the Nipper; little did I know how disastrous that could be when it came to sails.

Head, tack and clew were reinforced with additional layers of canvas, then grommets were hammered into place. Dad had

bought a special tool for putting grommets into fabric, but we found that our ball-peen hammer alone worked about as well.

Over the span of a week I laboriously stitched a length of supple quarter-inch manila along the luff and foot while listening to favorite evening radio programs such as *The Lone Ranger*, *Tom Mix* and *The Green Hornet*. The ends of this line were opened, tapered, relaid and whipped, just as the book instructed. The stitching and whipping were done with some waxed flax twine we kept handy for whipping the ends of line for Scout projects. Our needles were shoemakers' needles once used by my grandfather. We had no sailmakers' palm, but Mom had enough thimbles to put one on each finger; and I did. The stitching was good and tight, and I suppose it puckered up the hem enough to introduce a suggestion of draught.

For fastening the slides, the boat shop had sold us little bronze clamps with pointy jaws designed to be hammered onto the luff rope. Simply seizing them with more of the waxed flax would have been better.

The Nipper's hull and rig fittings are noteworthy because they worked so well, even though: only the rudder pintles, one gudgeon, the luff slides and the mast track were what you'd call "proper marine hardware."

The head stay and shrouds were ordinary galvanized steel twisted-strand guy wire which we bent around steel thimbles

and secured with crude splices sheathed with solder. Mast tangs and chainplates were common plated steel "mending straps" from the neighborhood hardware store; the kind with four staggered holes. I remember wishing they'd made those things with the holes centered properly so they would look better on a boat. The turnbuckles, too, were the plain hardware store variety with galvanized bodies and bent-rod eyebolts.

The masthead sheave was a sash-weight pulley Dad had salvaged from a window years before and kept in a box of similar stuff. It was a little rusty, but still kind of neat because it had two rows of sharp teeth designed to grip the sides of a close-fitted slot in wood, and therefore required no screws to secure it. A squirt of machine oil took care of the rust.

The sheet block also came from the hardware store and cost less than a dollar. Compare that with the price of a small block from Schaefer. Keep in mind that the Nipper's home waters were a thousand miles from the nearest salt water, and she was always stored on the rafters of our garage.

I had wanted a real gooseneck for the boom, somehow feeling that it was the key article of sailing hardware. But Dad wasn't eager to pay the price of a genuine bronze gooseneck at the boat shop, and my allowance wouldn't even come close. In the end I fabricated a perfectly serviceable gooseneck from a steel gate hinge, a pair of



mending straps and a stove bolt with a wingnut. Of course, if I'd known then about Phil Bolger and the simple sprit rigs he favors, I could have done just fine without a gooseneck fitting at all. Still, I learned a whole lot more from that experience than if we'd simply bought the fitting.

Finally, on an Indian summer weekend in October, we loaded the Nipper into the utility trailer and went up to Diamond Lake in Michigan. At that time it was home to the largest Snipe-class racing fleet anywhere.

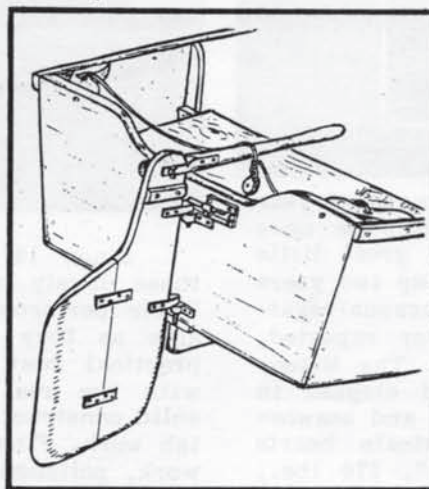
The whole family went along, so I had quite a group of wellwishers when Dad and I bore off on a run away from shore.

The turn onto a reach revealed a fault in my design; the Nipper wanted to nose up into the wind, even with full weather helm. I was not yet a practitioner of salty language, but there were dark thoughts, confirmed by a discussion of the evidence that the daggerboard had been positioned too far forward. After months of work and years of dreams (see "A Summer's Sidewalk Skiff" and "Rebuilding The Bottomless Boat" in previous issues of "Boats") this was a bitter disappointment. I was heartbroken. How could this have happened? We knew that the board should be located at the center of the sailplan, leaving the rudder more or less neutral. However, in locating the trunk ahead of a bottom frame, whose position had been dictated by existing topsides frames, I had compromised the design too much.

The Boy Scout motto is "be prepared," and we had brought along a stout paddle made by fastening a plywood blade and T-grip to a broken hickory handle from a garden hoe. Dad held this alongside the lee of the rudder and the increased lateral plane aft enabled us to progress upwind and return to the launch point. Our quick fix out on

the water suggested what might be done instead of rebuilding the daggerboard trunk; just enlarge the rudder.

It was the following spring before we could prove whether our "barn door" rudder modification would hold the Nipper on course. Indomitable little boat that she was, she needed only a little weather helm. However, the large white pine rudder exhibited a new quirk; it floated right up out of the gudgeons! We simply lashed it down for the trial. Later Dad suggested that a gate bolt, from the hardware store, of course, would keep the buoyant rudder in place. With that simple addition the Nipper was complete.



A typical daysail would have the whole family driving down to Lake Maxinkuckee by Culver, Indiana. There was a large municipal park on the north shore and a launch ramp for fishermen over on the southwest side. We would launch the Nipper at whichever point made for the fairest wind. Then one of my younger

brothers and I would sail across the lake while the rest of the family enjoyed the park. With the prevailing westerly or SW winds, we usually sailed toward the park where Mom would have a picnic supper ready for us when we completed the crossing.

In the evening we hoped Mom and Dad would say yes to a run around the lake in one of the Chris Craft runabouts at the public pier, which offered rides for fifty cents a head. It only cost a quarter for the more sedate tour boat, but that was pretty dull compared to the magnificent varnished mahogany double cockpit "speedboats," as we called them. The stern cockpit was considered best because it was wetter.

With her undersized, mostly flat sail, the Nipper was never what anyone would call fast. In fact, she was downright slow compared to the prams at Scout camp. Besides the rough cotton sail and the misplaced daggerboard, other flaws conspired to retard performance. For one, the chine seams leaked like the proverbial sieve, so she usually had water swashing around under the floorboards. We learned never to venture out without a soup can bailer and a couple of sponges. Then, except for the quarter-inch fir plywood bottom and one-by-two frames, most of what we added was stouter than needed, so she ended up displacing a good deal more than the nimble prams. Even worse, where the prams had vee bottoms with quarters sweeping up to graceful transoms, the Nipper had a large boxy transom no reasonable attempt to trim would lift clear of the water.

However, we understood little of all that at the time, and so, until outgrowing her in perception as well as size, the Nipper taught me and my brothers timeless lessons.

At least we were out on the water, which was where everyone wanted to be, if only they had a boat, right? You bet!

Flaws notwithstanding, the Nipper was our passage to other fun involving boats. I've already mentioned the speedboats. On our crossings of Lake Maxinkuckee, people would slow their outboards for a better look; and if they didn't, we enjoyed challenging their wakes. Others in sailboats would wave and ask what kind she was, to which we were proud to reply that we'd built her ourselves. And out on Lake Maxinkuckee, we would hope to spy the O.W. Fowler, a forty-foot full rigged ship (three masts, all square rigged except for headsails and spanker) that the Culver Military Academy used for sail training. A dandy ship she was, built of wood by a shipwright at the school. From a distance she looked like a full-blown China clipper.

We also made float trips in the Nipper, down the St. Joseph River between South Bend, Indiana and Niles, Michigan, and on the Tippyeanoe River along the places Dad had been raised, Delong, Leiter's Ford and Monterey. We would pilot the boat using the rudder and a pair of paddles, leaving the rest of the rig at home.

One of these excursions was an overnight campout with another Scout from my troop. We lashed our bedrolls, provisions and my old pup tent on the bow thwart, knowing that the floorboards would be awash from time to time.

The South Bend police hailed us at the outskirts of town, having been alerted by some concerned citizen that "two boys in a

tiny little boat were drifting down the river," or some such. The officers let us continue after assurances that our parents knew what we were up to and that we could handle a boat.

Stops were made along the way for exploring the riverbank. It was late afternoon by the time we set up camp in a field above the river near Niles. Our supper was standard fare for campouts where fancy cooking for advancement in Scout rank was not involved; simply chili heated over a small fire and a few of Mom's cookies washed down with Wyler's dehydrated lemonade.

After dark, Kent and I hiked into town to lighten our pockets of the spending money we'd brought along. The only places open on a Saturday night were a drugstore, a movie house, a gasoline station and a candy shop. How satisfying it was telling the lady in the candy shop, "we've come down the river from South Bend in our own boat and we have a camp out south of town."

Next morning we hiked into town again to attend Mass at the Catholic church, something our troop always did on campouts. Later Dad met us at the portage above the dam where we loaded the Nipper and our gear into the utility trailer.

Nowadays lots of folks keep boats of all kinds by riverfront homes and there are concrete ramps with plenty of parking space. But during the 1950's, there were

only flat-bottomed fishing skiffs and a few canoes because the St. Joe was generally thought too nasty and polluted, with dangerous currents and whirlpools that could "just suck a boat right under." Nuts! We knew better. The Nipper would sure spin around in a whirlpool, but never once was sucked under.

Some years later, long after my three brothers had taken their turns learning to sail in the Nipper, I spent a Saturday morning on Lake Michigan showing the ropes to a friend who was learning to sail. By that time I also owned a Snipe one-design sloop and sort of hoped my friend might be interested in buying the dink. I hadn't been out in the Nipper for ten years and had dusted her off from storage in my parents' garage just for this occasion. Well, my friend weighed well over two hundred pounds and the boat would barely move in the moderate breeze without help from a paddle. Trimmed for a close reach we were lucky to make good a course ninety degrees from the wind. The full extent of her inadequacies became obvious.

So, after loading her back on top of my car, we swung by the marine office to post a For Sale sign on the bulletin board. No sooner had we returned home when a fellow phoned for an appointment to see the boat. He and a friend were looking for something cheap to sail off the beach during summer vacation. We were still hosing sand out of

the bilge when two guys drove up in a Volkswagen convertible.

"Hey! Whaddayawant ferri?"

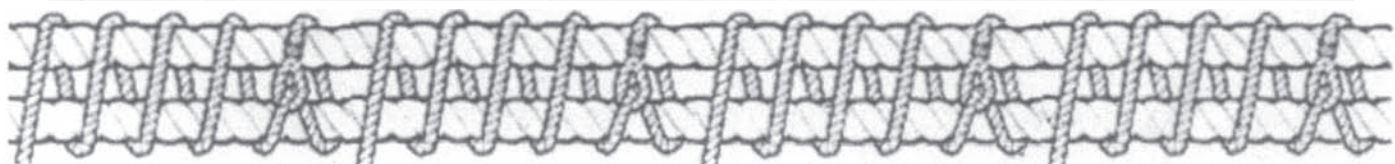
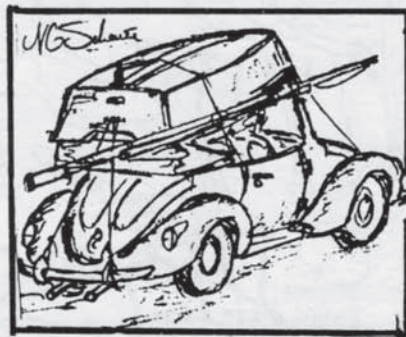
"How'bout fifty bucks?"

"Itzadeal!"

The sale just about repaid every dime ever spent on the Nipper; not bad for a boat that leaked and sailed as badly as she did.

We set the hull on the open-top VW with the windshield supporting the bow, lashed the spars alongside, stowed the sailbag, rudder and daggerboard in the back seat, and off they went. It was the last I ever saw of my old Nipper.

Moby Nick



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Delivery of the loblolly pine logs needed for the restoration of the nine log bottom hull of the 1889 bugeye *Edna E. Lockwood* was made to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in early March. A registered National Historic Landmark since 1994, *Edna E. Lockwood* is recognized as the world's last historic log bottomed bugeye still under sail. The historic restoration will be undertaken in full public view through 2018 and is expected to take 25 months, with work on the logs beginning this September.

"After a two year search we are delighted to announce *Edna's* loblolly pine logs have been secured," said CBMM President Kristen Greenaway. "And all thanks to a very generous donation by Paul M. Jones Lumber Co of Snow Hill, Maryland."

With transportation costs of the logs generously underwritten by individual donors, the pine logs were taken to St Michaels over several truckloads and submerged in the Miles River for preservation until the restoration project continues later this year. Photos of the log delivery can be found at bit.ly/EdnasLogArrivalPhotos.

Johnson Lumber of Easton, Maryland, delivered the 16 loblolly pine logs (allowing overages if needed for the project) averaging 55' long with 10' circumferences. The logs were discovered at the back of a private stand of pines in Machipongo, Virginia, recently felled by Paul M. Jones Lumber Co, where they laid for a couple of weeks.



CBMM Shipwright Joe Connor balances on one of the loblolly pine logs.

Johnson Lumber of Easton, Maryland, delivered the loblolly pine logs.



Chesapeake Bay

Maritime

Museum News

1889 *Edna E. Lockwood* Historic Restoration Logs Arrive



The 1889 log bottom bugeye *Edna E. Lockwood*, as seen at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland, with one of the loblolly pine logs that will be used for her log hull restoration in the foreground.

"This project took a village just to get the logs to campus," continued Greenaway. "Because of the enormous weight of these logs, Alan Johnson, a long time supporter of the museum, had to transport the logs three or four at a time over several trips from Snow Hill to his own yard in Easton, where they waited until delivery to the museum this past Saturday."

Built in 1889 by John B. Harrison on Tilghman Island for Daniel W. Haddaway, *Edna E. Lockwood* dredged for oysters through winter and carried freight, such as lumber, grain and produce, after the dredging season ended. She worked faithfully for many owners, mainly out of Cambridge, Maryland, until she stopped "drudging" in 1967. In 1973 *Edna* was donated to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum by John R. Kimberly.

"This type of boat building is specific to the Chesapeake Bay," said CBMM Chief Curator Pete Leshner. "Just as Native American dugout canoes were formed by carving out one log, a bugeye's hull is unique in that it is constructed by hewing a set of logs to shape and pinning them together as a unit. Over the next two years, museum guests will have incredible opportunities to watch the restoration progress and to see a boat built in a way you can find nowhere else, and in full public view."



Several of the logs after delivery soaking up in the Miles River where they will remain preserved before the restoration project continues later this year.



Small Craft Rentals

More people will have the opportunity to get out on the water this summer with the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's small craft rental program. The program launches this Memorial Day weekend, Saturday May 28, and continues weekends and select weekdays through August 28. Boats will be launched from the museum's floating docks, located near the Steamboat Building on CBMM's 18-acre waterfront campus. Participation is limited by the number of boats available, with reservations required.

Built over the years in CBMM's boatyard through the Apprentice for a Day program, the fleet of boats includes small wooden sailing skiffs, single and tandem kayaks and rowboats that are perfect for singles, couples or families. For participants wishing to sail, but without basic sailing experience, CBMM is also offering private sailing lessons which include up to four participants per session and are available to each participant at \$50 per hour or \$300 per person for a full day lesson from 10-4pm. Five days advanced registration is required for sailing lessons.

"We're a museum that brings people closer to the Chesapeake Bay, so getting people out on the water for a first-hand experience is absolutely central to our mission," said CBMM President Kris-

ten Greenaway. "Come join us this summer and you too can mess about in boats that you'll find nowhere else."

The small craft boat rental program began in 2015 through the generous seed money support of donors to the Jim Greenaway Memorial Fund. The fund is named after CBMM President Kristen Greenaway's late father, an avid sailor, furniture manufacturer and boat builder, who passed away in January 2015. The program will be operating on weekends beginning May 28 and continuing through June 19 and will expand to include Wednesdays through Sundays on June 22 through August 28. Hourly and daily rental reservations can be made from 10am to 4pm, with all boats returning to the museum's docks no later than 5pm.

"You can take one of our boats out for as little as one hour to an entire day," said CBMM Boatyard Program Manager Jennifer Kuhn. "For our guests it's a unique chance to play around on the Miles River in a hand-crafted wooden vessel." Boat renters must be 16 years of age or older, with minors accompanied by an adult unless a boater safety certificate is presented. All participants must be physically able to get in and out of a small boat without assistance. Life jackets will be provided. In the event of small craft warnings or inclement weather, the programs will be cancelled. Daily and hourly rates vary per vessel with discounts to CBMM members. Advanced reservations are required by contacting Allison Speight at aspeight@cbmm.org or (410) 745-4941.



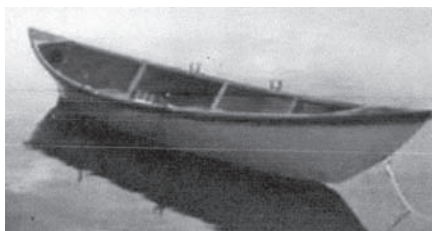
Phil Bolger loved small boats and enthusiastically describes 31 of his designs in his book, *Small Boats*, published in 1973. Dave Gentry built the first boat in the book, the Amesbury Skiff Mippet, using his skin-on-frame technique. I think Tom Jones may have recommended the book to me when he encouraged me to build a boat of my own, while working with him at Yank Boat Works in Tuckahoe, New Jersey.

I used to hang with some of the Ocean City lifeguards and liked watching them row the surf boats out through the breakers. Bolger's dory intrigued me and it seemed to me to be a boat I might be able to row easily single handed through the Ocean City surf. Dorries are featured in the movie *Captains Courageous* and in a famous painting by Winslow Homer. They have a certain mystique and a reputation for being able to handle ugly weather. Bolger's design also appeared to be suitable for a first attempt at boat building.

I built it upside down on a strongback in the garage loft, after ensuring the completed boat would fit through the window in the gable end. Bolger specified 6mm plywood for the planking and mahogany or Douglas fir for the framing. Butt blocking was employed for the sides and bottom as scarfing plywood was way beyond my abilities. I wanted it to be as light and fast as possible so I used lauan underlayment for the plywood and western red cedar for the natural wood. The cedar was a good choice but the underlayment delaminated after

Bolger's Light Dory Type V

By Bruce Robbins



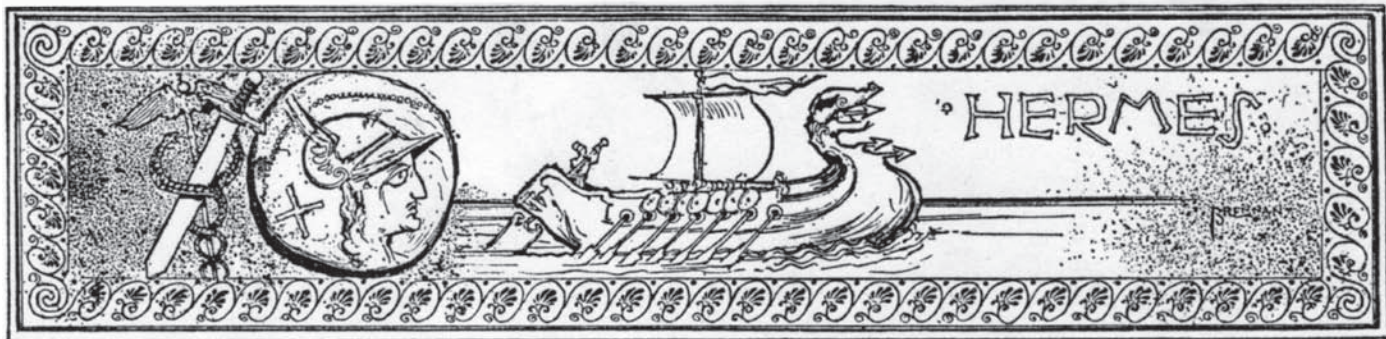
ten years of no maintenance and storage upside down without a cover. Yes, that was stupid and inexcusable! Perhaps any plywood would have fared no better. I was able to keep the painted 16' boat to 75lbs, which was light enough for me to carry across the beach on one shoulder. However, in any breeze this was a bit awkward to manage.

The new design was double ended with a pointy stern rather than the previous tombstone. The boat is 48" wide at the gunwales but only 24" at the widest on the bottom, even with external chine logs. It was extremely tender and tricky to get into and out of. However, once I sat down, and if I could stay centered, it was very seaworthy. Once or twice, when rowing in the surf, I slid to the side while broaching and fell right out of her! A piece of nonskid stair tread on the seat fixed that problem. It had a bit too

much freeboard for rowing in breezy weather on the Tuckahoe River, as the wind liked to push it around. It was in rougher water that its qualities were most appreciated. The high ends carried her over breakers without shipping any water. I towed her as a tender behind a 30' Alberg from New Jersey to Maine and back without any difficulties.

She was glued up with epoxy and fastened with bronze screws. The stem and sternposts were the most difficult part of the build, as they were laminated with eight layers of the plywood and then had to be molded and beveled to fit. The chine logs were external and just as easy to fit as the gunwales. The paint, inside and out, was Sears basement epoxy. She turned out to be loads of fun to row in almost any except the windiest conditions and was rugged enough for my purposes. I suppose I could have put a foot through her bottom if I stepped down hard in the middle, but I was aware and refrained from doing so. None of the glued joints failed except for one of the rowlock socket blocks. Actually, the glue joint held and the block split, leaving a bit of cedar stuck to the plywood side. I replaced it with an oak block.

Looking back, I now wish I had taken the bit of trouble to keep her covered. I imagine she would be as pleasant as ever to row and would make a wonderful platform for my grandkids' instruction. Now I'm beginning to think about enlisting them to help build another!



2016 Kennebec Project

The Kennebec restoration for the 2016 Assembly auction has been the major focus for the Chapter since last fall when we took possession of a rather tired assembly of what would appear to most people as firewood. The Kennebec Charles River "1915" model canoe was generously donated to us by Josee Shelley of Owl's Head, Maine, with some help from Benson Gray.

On Saturday, December 5, a large contingent of Norumbega members descended upon the canoe shop to assist in canvassing the hull. Previous sessions included stripping the hull, making the wood repairs, cleaning and sanding to get it ready for the canvas. The interior of the hull received three coats of varnish and certainly looked much better than it did when it arrived.

Helpers on December 5 included Roger Andrews, Tom Bickford, Bill Clements, Michael Clarke, John Fiske, John Fitzgerald, Ted Harrigan, Steve Hulbert, Lawton Gaines, Will Graves, Jeff Marchand, Larry Meyer and Jeff Morrill. It was a pretty big crowd for a small shop but, by rolling most of the larger shop tools out to the porch, there was enough room for everyone to get involved.

The #10 canvas was tightly stretched between the back wall of the shop to the trailer hitch on the old Chevy parked in the yard. Once the canoe hull was dropped into the canvas envelope we carefully placed about 200lbs of cement blocks in it to provide downward tension on the canvas and the stapling began. With members taking turns stretching the canvas and driving the staples everyone had a chance for some hands on experience with this task.

The canvassing of a canoe always looms as a difficult task for those who have not done it, but once you have seen it done and have had a hand in doing it suddenly it seems a little easier.



Stretching and stapling the canvas on the Kennebec canoe. The cement blocks provide a constant 200lbs of downward tension on the canvas. Fore and aft tension is provided by a comealong hooked to the rear wall of the shop. (Photo by John Fitzgerald)

Norumbega Chapter WCHA News

By Steve Lapey



Michael Clarke, Bill Clements Steve Lapey and Will Graves all get involved in stretching and stapling the canvas at the stern end of the Kennebec. (Photo by Jeff Morrill)

Here at the canoe shop we have been using an Arrow T-50 stapler with $\frac{9}{16}$ " stainless steel staples to attach the canvas to canoe hulls. The T-50 works well with the regular steel staples but it has always been prone to jamming when using the stainless staples. Wouldn't it be nice to have a stapler that will shoot staples all day long without jamming?

Bill Clements arrived with his electric stapler, a Duo-fast Carpet Pro that shoots a narrow staple much more securely into the wood and so fast it was making my head spin just watching. In addition, while the T-50 was jamming up after shooting about a dozen staples the Carpet Pro never missed a beat. Now for the bad news, the stainless steel staples for the Duo-fast machine are no longer available. Here we were ready to order one of these Carpet Pro machines but unless the stainless staples become available we will have to continue to fight with the T-50.



Bill Clements brought this Duo-fast electric stapler to demonstrate how much better it is. (Photo by Jeff Morrill)



The Duo-fast making quick work of stapling the canvas to the stem of the canoe. This part of the process always seems to take a lot of time and effort, with the proper tool the task goes faster and easier. (Photo by Jeff Morrill)

Filling the Kennebec

On Saturday, December 12, Lawton Gaines took time off from skiing in New Hampshire to come down to Groveland to help apply the filler to the Kennebec canoe. After thoroughly mixing the filler, we applied it with a roller and rubbed it in in the usual manner. With two of us working, the task was completed in less than two hours and now the canoe has been raised to the rafters where it will rest while the filler completely cures, at least five weeks.

As the filler cures we will be working on the outwales and the rail caps, the decks and the thwart. Craig Kitchen has the seats in his shop and he will have them caned very soon.



Lawton applying filler to the Kennebec. The 9" roller appears to be the fastest and easiest way to put the filler on. (Photo by Steve Lapey)



Roger Andrews' Old Town Project

By Steve Lapey
Photos by Roger Andrews

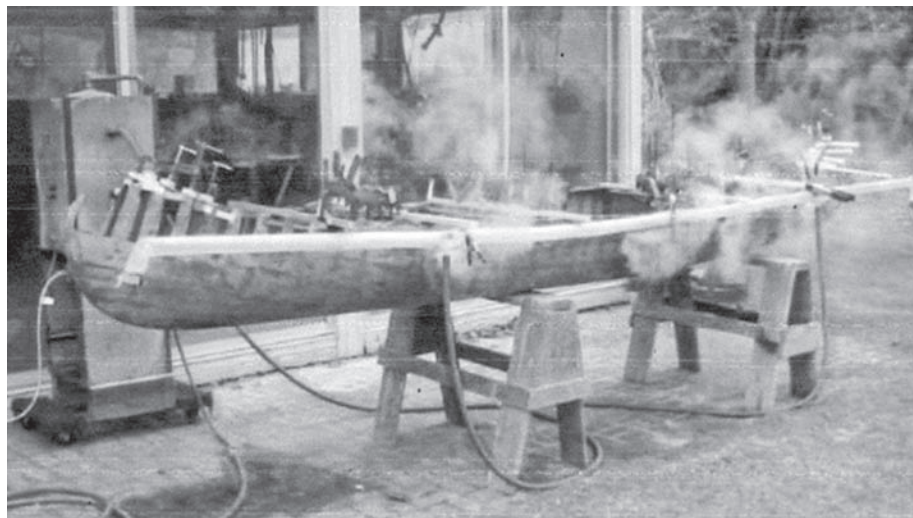
Last October Roger Andrews stopped by the canoe shop with a derelict Old Town hanging out of the bed of his truck and asked if it was worth restoring. It was rotted at the ends, the inwales were broken and the outwales were in tatters. It had its share of broken ribs and planking and it had been covered with fiberglass. The quick answer, of course, was "yes" and he was off to the races.

A serial number search on the WCHA web site revealed that it was a 16' HW model. Construction began in July of 1941 and it was shipped to Worcester, Massachusetts, in May of 1943. While it is a wartime canoe it was made with brass tacks and hardware. If it had been made with the steel tacks and hardware it may not have been worth the extensive repairs that it needs.

Seats, thwarts, decks, inwales and outwales are in line for replacement parts. The keel will have to be replaced along with a dozen or so ribs and a lot of planking. Both stems have substantial damage and will need new wood scarfed in to make them serviceable. Other than this it is a very nice canoe and Roger is looking forward to the learning process as he continues the restoration.

After stripping the canoe down to its bare frame it became apparent that before more work could be done the inwales and the stems had to be in place and secure or else what was left of the hull would soon be falling apart.

New inwales were milled of white oak. The plan was to bend them in place using the poly tube process recommended by Greg

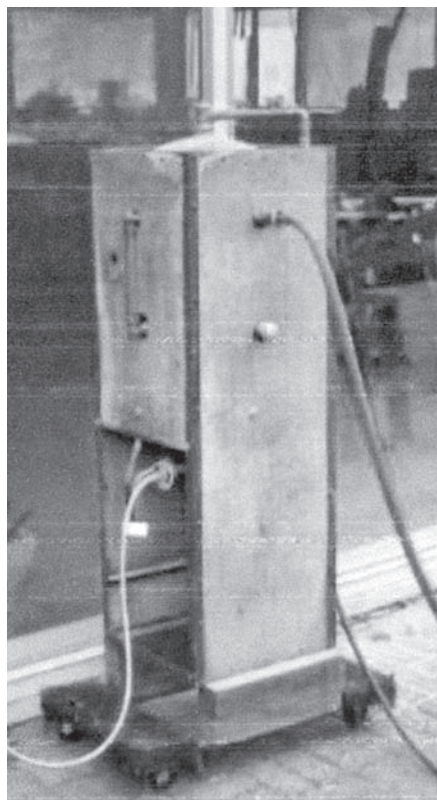


Roger has an Old Town that came in pretty rough shape, he is giving it new life. Here a new inwale is in the poly tube being steamed and in about a half hour it will be ready to bend and be clamped in place.

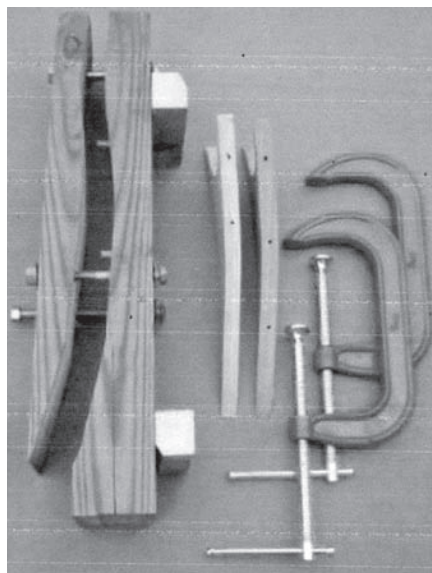
Nolan and John Fitzgerald. Putting the entire inwale in the poly tube allows the new wood to be bent right alongside the old inwale and clamped in place. Roger reports that it is a relatively easy one man task.

For the steam bending Roger was able to borrow a steam generator from Lowell's Boat Shop, in Amesbury, Massachusetts, for a few days. This shop built boiler holds about ten gallons of water and is fired by a propane burner. It is not pretty, but when it gets up to temp it produces a lot of steam.

The new decks, one of ash and the other of white oak were bent to shape in a special fixture that Roger made. Between a couple of heavy duty C-clamps and a pair of "bolts enough pressure was available to put the desired curve into the wood.



Lowell's Boat Shop in Amesbury provided this propane fired steam generator for the project. It holds about ten gallons of water and will provide steam all day long,



This is the clamping fixture for bending the HW decks. The cauls were cut from a piece of pressure treated 4"x6" timber.

As of early March the inwales are in place and the stems have been made. With the cold weather making shop work difficult the project will be on hold for the next month or two. There are going to be about 20 new ribs to be milled and bent and the usual amount of new planking to be tacked on.

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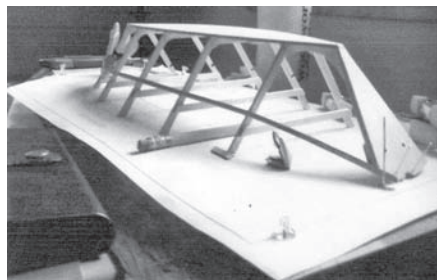
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This is the boat you want under you when you are out playing with the high rollers, the ones out in the open sea around the Grand Banks. Or the German or Browns or Roseway or Baccoro or LaHarve or St Pierre or any of those offshore banks where the big fish live. Or used to live, back in the 1880s. This boat will be a bit tiddy and get blown around a bit until you land couple of hundred pounds of halibut, that's incentive to get busy fishing and not gawk about at the sea birds and scenery.

The Banks Dory was a product of technology and mass production. The concept of a flat bottomed boat, or "plat" as it was called on the northwest coast of France and Portugal, was known in the early 1500s but awaited the next step in plank making technology from pit sawing to water powered vertical saws, of which there were many in the North American Colonies. Again the French got involved with flat bottomed "battoes" used in fur trading in the mid 1600s. Their bottom fore and aft planks were held together with oak cleats. Natural grown crooks with close to a 90° angle were fastened to the bottom boards and provided the frames on which to hang the lapped side planks.

These boats were involved in an arms race at the east end of the Great Lakes in New York when in 1756 Col John Bradstreet called boat builders from the coast of Maine to the Chesapeake to meet in Schenectady to build 1,200 35' to 45' bateaux, which they did, jumped in them in 1758 and went up the Mohawk, over the Oneida Carrying Place, down the Oswego to Lake Ontario then north to take Fort Frontenac at the east end of Lake Ontario from the French.

The rest is history, as they say, but important to us is that the victorious boat builders returned home with a whole new appreciation for building boats out of planks. They started building "dorees," as the French called them, for inshore fisheries, hand lining mostly, until along came a new technology called trawl fishing in the 1820s which used hundreds of baited hooks at a time instead of just two or three. This fishery was very successful and moved offshore to the Grand Banks. In the process our dory became more stretched out with higher ends to handle those open ocean swells.



Note multiple curves from simple shapes in this model of 20' Grand Banks Dory, courtesy of Woodweb. com

Dories became very popular because they were cheap to build and lent themselves to mass production using closely guarded patterns and molds. Nails became more plentiful at this point which speeded fabrication. Plus, once their thwarts were removed, their shape allowed stacking, as many as six or eight high on decks of the mother ship schooners.

Lengths were standardized at 14', 14½', 15', 15½' and 16' as measured on the bot-



<https://facebook.com/www.jgtsc.org>

Traditional Boat of the Month The Banks Dory

By Mr Cleat
Reprinted from the John Gardner
Chapter TSCSA Newsletter



Winslow Homer's "Fog Warning", courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, in the Public Domain.

toms, since that was the part fabricated first. Hundreds of thousands were built. The 15½' dory was 19'8" at the sheer, used by Canadian fishermen at St Pierre and Miquelon for halibut. Production centered at Salisbury Point, Massachusetts, near present day Amesbury, producing fishing dories for the Grand Banks and from Higgins & Gifford in Gloucester, builders of Centennial Johnson's dory which crossed the Atlantic in 1876 in 86 days as well as a 19' dory for the Andrews brothers of Beverly which crossed in 46 days, two years late.

This continued into the 20th century until the next fishing technology arrived, the trawl net, first over the side, then astern as dragger engines grew stronger. But the romance of the lone fisherman in his dory was firmly established in our national con-

sciousness. The dory holds a special place in our American lore of the sea. No more "traditional" boat, particularly here in New England, can be found.

Is it practical to build today? It remains one of the most straightforward of the traditional boats to build. Is it practical to use? Well, that is where it gets a little controversial. Its strengths are that it is simple to build, stacks well and rows pretty well when loaded.

Except for the first, these attributes are not high on the recreational user's list who does not find himself rowing a heavy load when out to sea. That is why the poor dory has been pushed out of shape, its hull rounded for stability under sail, freeboard lowered and lightened for speed under oar. These boats, all of which retain the family name "Dory," the Swampscott, the Alpha, Nahant, etc are not the subject here, we will consider them another day. Let's stick with the original Banks Dory.

Why build one today? Well, looks for one. They look salty. Those laps, that sheer and that tombstone transom. Ability to carry a load, for another, which could be important if you are carrying your camping gear from Juneau to Seattle. Seaworthiness for another, particularly if you are doing any open ocean crossings or, at a minimum, rowing open reaches along the coast. Rowing ability, as well, as long as you are in no hurry and can play the currents, as in Maine or Puget Sound.

Where do we find these boats? Of course, being traditionalists, we build them. John Gardner's *The Dory Book* has some excellent examples as well as background reading. If we would like a head start or jump into using our new boat right away? We could buy one. Lowell's in Amesbury, Massachusetts, a National Historical Landmark, has been building them for 223 years. Or at the Dory Shop in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, a UNESCO World Heritage Site if you would like to take advantage of the Canadian dollar. Or, as a compromise, build one in a class at either of those places or this summer August 28 to September 3 at Woodenboat School. Alternatively, come join us at our Community Boathouse at the University of Connecticut Avery Point Campus in Groton, Connecticut, Friday nights and build a modern plywood version.



Newly Built Banks Dories, courtesy of Lowell's Boat Shop.

Either way, you will end up with an icon of which you will be proud as you watch her swing on her mooring reflecting her salty image in the still morning's water or when rowing her, heavily laden, through some really rough water.

If we are going to build, remember Billy Atkin's admonition, "Shipmates, make no changes to her design and you'll have the boat of your dreams." Designer Michael Storer

does the math for us. Stability is a function of beam and weight. The beam factor is measured as length times the beam, times the beam squared (LxBxB) so downsizing a boat by decreasing its beam has a cubic effect in the wrong direction. Proportionally decreasing the length and beam makes the narrow bottom even narrower and the smaller dory very tippy. There was a reason that the most popular size Banks Dory was 14' on the bottom and 18½' long (see *Chapelle's American Small Sailing Craft*, Figure 29).

And heavy, the originals were roughly 450lbs all up, plus gear. Most recreational users want to pull their boat up on a beach instead of launching over the side of a schooner, so light plywood versions, say 280lbs with crew, are popular. The two stability factors multiply out, so if you decrease the weight and also the beam, you can end up with a boat with 80% less stability than the longer, wider, heavier original.

That being said, I still have a soft spot in my heart for Bolger's Gloucester Gull since it is the only boat in which I ever won a rowing race. It is light and fast and a manageable 15' overall. Of course, the race was held on an inland lake in calm water and no wind (the Gull tends to get blown about a bit). But her owner successfully towed her across Muscongus Bay behind his catboat (she tows beautifully, remember those photos of dories strung out behind the fishing schooners). Once, at our Maine Island Trail island, our kids had great fun rowing on and off the beach while we parents pitched camp and started boiling a batch of freshly dug mussels for supper.

So built traditionally, long and heavy, kept in the water to soak up and put on some weight and you will have a fine expedition boat. Follow Will Ansel's example and build one in the woods out back of your house (see his wonderful series of photos on how to build in *WB* #246, September/October 2015). The result was a 19' boat capable of carrying gear, friends and family to nearby islands and since it is decked, crawl in and spend the night. Note that he did not cut a hole in the bottom for a motor well, but rather clamped a bracket on the rail. A perfect location for one of those new high thrust electric trolling motors, let your imagination run wild and take some expeditions, even if in your mind as you sit by the winter's fire. That's the true fun of owning a Banks Dory.

Enjoy.

Around the Boat Shops In the Home Shops

Peter Vermilya continues in planking his Delaware Ducker, he will be rigging it for sail as well as oar. Carl Kaufman has done a dry fit on his *Maude and Emeline* plank and bottom, he plans for it to be ready for use this summer in Block Island Harbor. Mike Magee is fitting out the interior of his Jersey Beach Skiff; he is planning to take it to the Maine TSCA's Small Reach Regatta this summer.

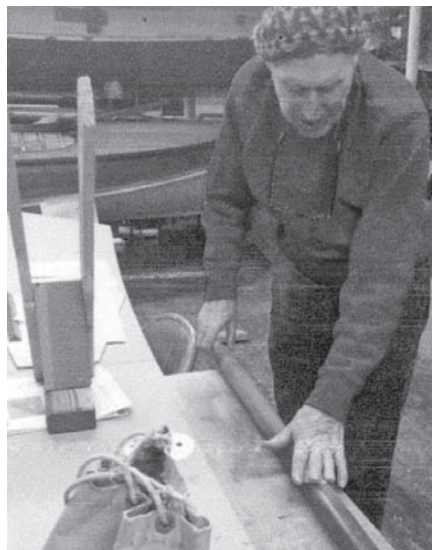
At the Avery Point Community Boat House

John Symons is applying the umpteenth coat of see your face in varnish to the beautiful deck of his mahogany runabout. We look forward to a ride this summer. Alongside, Dan Nelson and team are assembling

pieces of a replacement dory for our Avery Point Dory fleet. Dan has plenty of incentive since he is next in line in our queue and he just received shipment of one of the first kits from Chesapeake Light Craft for their Southwester Dory. All this activity as we dodge a dozen oars hanging from the rafters as we repair, refinish and releather in preparation for the coming season.



Bill Armitage cutting the keyhole in the tombstone transom for the Avery Point Dory.



Rob Pittaway sanding a dory oar, preparatory to paint and releathering.



Dan Nelson with his team: Dane Rochelle, David Tang, Andy Strode, Phil Behney and Steve Barton assembling the dory transom.

At the Seaport Boathouse and John Gardner Boat Shop

Repair and refinishing the Boathouse Rental Fleet continues apace as the odd warm day reminds us that Spring Opening cannot be far away. At the Boathouse; *Sand*, the Cat-

spaw dinghy, *Waldo Howland*, the Culler Good Little Skiff and *George*, John Atkin's personal flat bottomed skiff, all made it out the door, making room so *Gideon Manchester*, the Stonington Livery Skiff that staff uses as chase boat could come in along with *Elysea*, the Boston Whitehall. Meanwhile, in the John Gardner Boat Shop it was a glorious day when Beetle Cat *Lisa's* bottom refastening was completed, primed and painted and flipped over for interior work. Beetle Cat *Elvira Tucker* made it out the door to wait near the ground to swell up a bit prior to caulking for summer so Beetle Cat *Pip* could come in for some putty and paint.



Ed Rothman and Ted Stanton finish priming *Lisa's* topsides prior to flipping her over.



Boathouse Leader Al Burnett scraping bottom paint on *Gideon Manchester*.

Fred Fisher and Rich Traskos start on scraping *Elysea's* bottom.



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Gray Fleet

The US Navy suffered a modest embarrassment when the supposedly wonderfully perfect DDG 1000 *Zumwalt* class destroyers that were expected to be the “be all, end all” of ships, stealthy, powerful, fast, armed to the teeth, able to leap buildings with a single bound. Well, they turned out to be a whole lot less stealthy than believed. Designed weirdly with all sorts of angles and fancy chemical coating, the Zumwalts looked great on paper and in the lab, however, in reality they gave off a signature easily seen on radar thanks to a poorly designed mast. Oops.

The much touted *USS Milwaukee* that suffered an embarrassing “engine casualty” after she was accepted by the Navy and ordered to join the fleet has been sent from Virginia to Florida under her own power but with severe speed restrictions. On her initial voyage she suffered a fuel valve failure and her clutches did not release until they were blown to bits, destroying gears and forcing steel filings into the oil lines that in turn sent metal to sundry parts of the engines. Initially the Navy blamed the engine manufacturer but extensive tests by Lockheed found no design fault and suggested that it may be a software issue. The Navy now wants to blame “operator error” for the failure (sure, blame the lowly seaman just out of boot camp). The *USS Fort Worth* (LCS-3), sister ship of the *Milwaukee*, suddenly had similar problems but the Gold Braids say there is no connection. This seems to be a SNAFU escalating into a FUBAR.

The DOD announced, with great jubilation, that it only had 869 Flag Officers in the military, several less than the cap placed on DOD by Congress. This is a whole lot less than the 1,000 plus that existed only six years ago when The Hill went ballistic over the number of admirals and generals floating around.

The press has had a field day for many years about the quantity of flag officers, noting the significant rise in number since World War II. The numbers do look daunting but fail to consider two significant issues, modern technology and salaries of executives. Virtually all the flag officers will leave the military for civilian jobs at obnoxiously higher wages than they were paid in the service. One mere example is an office furniture company in a small city of approximately 25,000 people here in Iowa. The town itself is a typical rundown river city that saw its better days in the late 1800s. The firm’s top officers make many millions of dollars per year in salary, and stock options and benefits are outrageous. A Four Star Admiral can make about \$16,000 per month (\$192,000 per year). A similar position in industry would earn about \$4 million in a small corporation like this one. Check out the salaries of top level executives in Fortune 500 companies!

China has continued its expansion in the South China Sea. Despite constant (read that “monthly”) diplomatic complaints from western and RIMPAC nations, artificial islands are created, military bases established and harassment of other nation’s ships commence. Furthermore, the DOD noted that China has greatly increased its defense spending. While the US is mired in the sand of the Middle East, China has patiently inserted itself into a superior position of power in Asia.

The UN Permanent Court of Arbitration ruled that the case between the Philippines 22 – *Messing About in Boats*, May 2016



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

and China could be heard. China has strenuously built up uninhabited islands or created islands from shallows and immediately recognizing them as an element of their territory that all other nations must abide to the rules regarding territorial waters. China insists that the “new” territorial lines extend past Taiwan, much closer to the outer Philippine Islands, the Spratly Islands and the Paracel Islands in the South China Sea and much closer to Viet Nam and Malaysia. Not only have Chinese Navy ships harassed merchant ships, it has established radar stations on many of the newly created islands. Roughly put, China claims all the sea lanes in the South China Sea from Taiwan to Indonesia.

The US Navy increased pressure on Congress by sharing intelligence on these sea lanes of communication in Chinese claimed regions. Evidently not only have radar installations cropped up on the evolving islands, CIA and Navy reports indicate important additional Chinese military construction around which the Navy has neither the ships nor resources to patrol.

Japan and the US Marine Corps practiced joint amphibious landings in the Pacific. Japan, traditionally, has maintained only a defensive posture vis a vis their military, but with China exercising aggressiveness in the region, Japan recognizes that it may have to depend on itself to protect Nippon interests.

Merchant Marine

Three new towboats have been built with Z-drives, a topic mentioned in a past column. Actually, Z-drives are fancy but powerful prop driven units similar to bow thrusters because they can rotate 360°. These towboats are categorically a major improvement because they use less fuel and provide much greater maneuverability. Captains have discovered the need for additional training and experience in order to navigate with this new technology, but the gain is far better than the pain.

Concordia Maritime contracted with an unknown oil company for the use of the Panamex tanker *Stena Progress*. The Swedish company noted that unlike previous contracts, this one is a multiyear agreement. Such partnerships make booking, sailing schedules and profit stability easier for both parties. The ship will fly a Bermuda flag.

The 13th Annual Bunker and Fuel Oil Conference is scheduled for June 27-28 in Houston. Confirmed speakers include Capt Chris Roberts of Aegean Bunkering, Mikkel Vestergaard from Dan-Bunkering, Liberian International Ship Registry representative Kevin Coyle and a grand assortment of others discussing such topics as quantifying the impact of low oil prices, changes in supply and demand, excess sulfur fuels and risks for early adopters of LNG fuel. I can’t wait.

Tanker refrigeration is hot. Drewry Shipping Consultants believe that the number

of reefer container ships may grow by 20% in as short a time as three years. Refrigerated shipping has increased about 5% a year and will soon exceed 100 million metric tons. Hapag-Lloyd is paying attention and ordered five new ships able to hold 2,100 temperature controlled containers. United Arab Shipping ordered 3,500 containers and contracted with CN railroad for 200 EcoTherm containers. Fruits such as grapes blueberries, apples, pears and citrus will pour into the US from Peru, Uruguay and Argentina.

Congress received a report from the Merchant Marine that bemoans the need for over 7,000 officers and crew within the next couple of years. The Merchant Marine Academy and various Maritime Academies will produce only about 900 per year.

Accidents

Yet another refugee boat from the Middle East sank, drowning 25, but 15 survived as they attempted to flee Syria for Turkey. These few will join another 12,000 in a camp along the Turkey/Macedonia border. The almost daily flow of small boats weighed down by incredible numbers of people means an almost daily tragedy of sinking boats, dead women and children adrift in the ocean and struggling refugees heading to internment camps with little food, water, shelter, medical care, etc.

The *Rafelia II*, a ferry plying the waters of Bali Strait, capsized and sank, a fairly common circumstance in the Western Pacific. The ferry carried between 40-70 passengers and 14 crewmembers when it lost stability and rolled over. Nearby local fishing boats saved 50 people. Rumors were that the ship was very leaky before it left Gilimanuk.

Passengers on the *Pannenkoekenboot 3*, a 32-meter river cruiser, enjoyed additional entertainment when their boat lost engine power and exchanged paint with a tanker barge laden with gas. Quick use of bow thrusters avoided a serious collision and no one was injured.

YouTube is an enjoyable place to find laughs, especially when you are viewing boating accidents that make you wonder whether all of us Homo Sapiens really did evolve. One example of human idiocy was a motor craft anchored in the middle of a port’s shipping lane. Along came a freighter headed directly for said motor craft whose captain suddenly tried to start his motor but could not. Panic ensued. Other boaters called for him to toss a line so he could be pulled out of the way. He had none available. The passengers all screamed and howled in deathly fashion but no one jumped overboard to swim away from the collision. Fortunately the freighter missed him with an inch to spare. For the record, none of them were wearing life vests. Please, dear Lord, don’t let these people procreate.

Environment

The Dead Zone at the mouth of the Mississippi has grown to over 6,474 square miles. No plant or animal life can survive in these waters deficient in oxygen because of agricultural chemical runoffs from Minnesota to Louisiana. This area is larger than Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. Specifically, phosphates from agricultural chemicals react easily with oxygen tying up oxygen radicals and leaving complex inorganic compounds that prove deadly to fish and aqueous plants.

Wisconsin kayakers are attempting to

rid Lake Onalaska of water lettuce, an invasive free floating plant that has entered North American waters from its natural habitat in South America. It clogs waterways and impedes navigation. While the plant is illegal in most states, many pond owners have purchased the plant online and like it because of its colorful flowers. Supposedly water lettuce is intolerant of cold weather but the prolific amount of it in Minnesota and Wisconsin belie that supposition.

US Fish and Wildlife Service added ten new freshwater fish to its list of injurious species. Among the new culprits are Crucian carp, Eurasian minnow, Prussian carp, roach, stone moroko, Amur sleeper, Nile perch, European perch, zander and catfish. A freshwater crayfish called the yappy was also on the "Wanted Dead or Alive" poster.

Students in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, were surprised to find a blue crab in their nets. Normally a denizen of salt water, the blue crab can survive in fresh water and has been found as far north as La Crosse, Wisconsin. Sharks have been found near St Louis. Wayfaring strangers?

Small Boats

No fewer than 34 separate groups kayaked or canoed the Mississippi from its source to the Gulf of Mexico last year, and seven other groups paddled from the Twin Cities to Louisiana. Augsburg College had a "river semester" whereby students could spend the summer floating from Minneapolis to Greenville, Mississippi, obtaining credit for it. Upper Iowa University did not have those kinds of courses back in the middle '60s. Their students stood long hours in bio and chemistry labs trying not to explode glassware, start chemical fires or stab themselves. This author failed in all three areas and switched majors from pharmacy to history.

Big River magazine featured an older man who loved to ride his bike, and he loved his canoe. Having reached the age where he could no longer lift the canoe to the top of his car (an endeavor that I, too, find difficult), he conjured up a proper solution without bankrupting his estate. He purchased one of those fold-up bikes that are often seen around marinas, got a couple of old bicycle wheels and made himself a canoe carrier. He then developed a way to attach his carrier to his bike. He can put his canoe on the bike tired carrier with ease, fasten it to his bike and off he goes. What is great is that he can then fold up the bike, fold up the carrier and use them to balance off his canoe. When he lands he just does everything in reverse. He can canoe for many a mile and then simply bike back with his little craft following. Very kewl.

The *West Wight Potter Digest*, an online conversation among Potter Yachters, has recently been discussing the size of motor for the WWP-15. Many suggest a 2hp or 3hp motor but many use an electric motor. Most of this group uses a Minn-Kota 45lb or 55lb thrust (about \$200) plus the necessary deep cycle 12-volt battery. Personally, I wanted to consider this for my own *Genny Sea* but ended up buying (and abusing) a Mariner 5hp. Unfortunately the wind and current of the Mississippi have shown me some rugged conditions in which I was very happy to have that much power, however, I have never had to push the motor to its limits. The disadvantage to this particular gas motor is that occasionally it simply does not start easily, usually when I need power immediately. The

electric motor is ready to go with a push of a button. Does the Minn-Kota provide enough power when needed against wind and tide? The expensive Torquedo may have the power but the cost is high. The Small Boat Community still needs to cogitate on this subject.

Big River

The Driftless Area remains the subject of sundry studies from anthropologists to environmentalists. Also known as the Paleozoic Plateau, this 24,000 square mile region of Northeast Iowa, Southeast Minnesota and Northwest Wisconsin was missed by the last glacier and is noted for its deep river valleys, hard flowing streams and limestone palisades. A new multimillion dollar center is being constructed in Allamakee County for a visitor's center and research site. Ironically, Allamakee County was the only county in Iowa without a Conservation Commission and it was forced to accept the money for the center. FYI, I was raised in Allamakee County. Far be it from us to have tourists, researchers and others spending money in our county!

Commercial fishermen along the Mississippi have noticed a significant decrease in carp in their catches. The sale of smoked carp locally and exportation of the fish to Europe has stopped for lack of a catch. Biologists on the Missouri River have noticed the same loss of common carp. Asian carp, a notorious foreign invader, is plentiful. Some have blamed the Corps of Engineers (they are always an easy target) for dredging in the main channels causing silt backup in the backwaters. Some claim it is a natural cycle. Others blame the sunfish family for eating all the carp eggs. And a few others claim the fault lies in the numerous locks and dams between the Twin Cities and St Louis that have altered the natural environment of the river. My brother blames Obama.

Winter floods have created awful damage in Arkansas and Missouri. Lack of freezing temperatures and heavy rains in November put cities along the Mississippi under water. Both Interstate 44 and Interstate 55 were closed because of flood waters (making it hell for the snowbirds to motor off to Florida for the duration of the winter). The Big River rose 13' in three days in December, a time when the water is usually very quiet. St Louis had its third highest crest in history on New Years Day, and Cape Girardeau, Missouri, topped its highest record at the same time. Vicksburg, Tennessee, suffered three different loose barges slamming into bridges, while New Orleans had to open the Bonnet Carre Spillway to avoid a flood.

Odds and Ends

While piracy has declined somewhat along the east coast of Africa, it has increased elsewhere, notably in the Caribbean. The Windward and Leeward Islands are portrayed as paradise where cruisers can lounge in clear blue waters anchored in a lonely bay. Unfortunately criminals looking for weapons, passports, anything that can be used from the boat itself, electronics, plus supplies and fuel are hitting more and more boats. The modern Blackbeards rule the seas again.

The *MT Maximus* was hijacked last month 300 miles south of Lagos but the Nigerian Navy found it, recovered it and arrested the pirates. A Nigerian Commodore proudly turned the ship over to the owners. While the criminals are still holding three

crewmembers, the rest were rescued. The pirates renamed the ship *MT Elvis* and were trying to sell 4,700 metric tons of fuel.

Blue Water Recoveries and Oman's Ministry of Heritage and Culture discovered a sunken ship from Vasco da Gama's Portuguese Armada to India in 1502. The ship went down in foul weather in 1503. The treasure included coins, the ship's bell and other rare antiquities. Using historical documents and survivor reports preserved through the centuries, the finders believe that the ship is the *nau Esmeralda* that was commanded by Vicente Sodre. Blue Water archeologists are ecstatic over the discovery.

Florida sailors are in a tizzy because the state's legislature is working on a bill to allow anchoring in only a few specific places rather than wherever the boater wants to drop hook. Evidently the owners of expensive condos on both coasts of Florida don't like looking out their picture windows at derelict boats gathering gull poop. This may seem draconian in light of the centuries old custom of stopping anywhere as long as it isn't in a high traffic zone.

Normally I would get on my soapbox and scream like the mad Irishman that I am, however, during my recent vacation to the Winter Wonderland of the Gold Coast I observed a fleet of neglected boats. Several marinas held several dying or dead craft, and a walk along the St Petersburg Marina had many boats that hadn't had a human aboard in years. Worse, on the water near Indian Rocks at least one boat was on her beam-ends awaiting a proper funeral. It was very sad. But to ban anchoring outside of marinas seems ludicrous.

It may be my opinion only but it seems that the bigger the boat the less it sails. Karen Larsen of *Good Old Boat* wrote that the farther away you are from your boat the less you sail. That's pretty logical but viewing some lovely yachts in Florida that looked pretty lonely brought tears to the cockles of me Irish heart.

GOOD OLD BOAT

For the Love of Sailboats

Cruising sailboats
Trailerable sailboats
Homebuilt sailboats
Large and small sailboats
Good old sailboats

The magazine that every do-it-yourself sailor needs



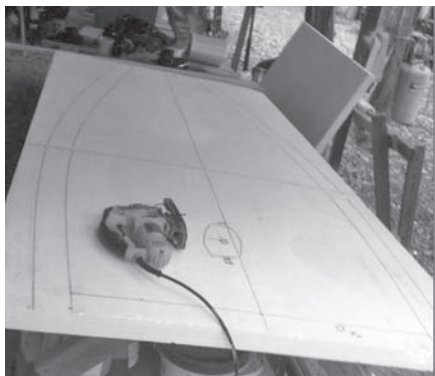


Good Old Boat

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There are a couple of new foam boat projects in the shop. This one is my light-weight 8' dinghy. The fancy glass ones that you can buy are solid but really heavy, 70lbs or more. We have two of those around here and hate them. I wanted one that's light enough to handle but still be strong. I glassed this one with 20oz triaxial cloth, it came out to be about 40lbs.v



I just stack it up and glass it. Here I am filling with a homemade filler made with latex paint, micro balloons and a little cabosil. It dries fast and sands easily.



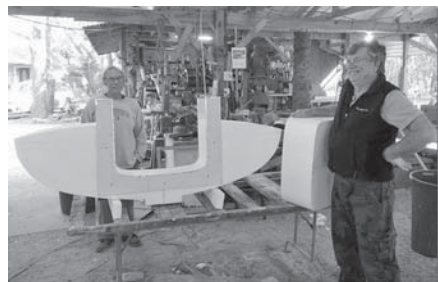
From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

The other foam project is a little more ambitious. Richard from Apollo Beach is making a 16' Melonseed from solid foam. We wanted him to do it here so we could see how it's done and we have the shop space available at the moment. Helpers were abundant to see how he was going to do it. Those sections are from the Delftship program and tracings from my set of molds? Richard is a perfectionist and, just like you and me, doubles and triple checks everything before he cuts.



He takes these giant blocks of foam and, using templates he made, cuts the exact shapes he needs. I got a call from Bob from way up in Spring Hill to see if he could come down to see my foam kayaks and I told him, "hell yes, come on down," and got him involved with some of this work. The hot wire makes cutting this 10" foam easy as pie.



Bob did get out in one of the boats and not only loved the boat but also the Greenland style paddle. He went home and made himself a paddle and ordered the full size patterns from Duckworks. I think Chuck only charges \$25 for them.



Visitors from Minneapolis, Penny and her sister Jill, stayed with us for a few days. Penny and Helen shared a house in Virginia 45 years ago when they were both Army nurses and haven't seen each other since. We took boat rides every day, either on our river in *Helen Marie* or longer trips in the faster *Lurlyne*. The weather was perfect all week. I liked Penny although I may have insulted her, I told her that she is just like a female ME.



Howard is making a little rocking boat for a new grandson. These little boats are not as easy as you would imagine.



Paul Anderson had a shop fire caused by a cordless battery charger. He escaped with minor damage and smoke stink but what the hell, is nothing safe.



Jim's boat was in the water in early March so we got to do some comparisons with my *Lurlyne*. Both of these boat hulls came from the same set of offsets, the 22' John Atkin "Ninigret." Jim finished his to the plans and I didn't. His hull is lightweight $\frac{3}{8}$ " lapstrake and mine is $\frac{3}{8}$ " plywood with many layers of fiberglass. That and the addition of my cabin adds at least 500lbs to my boat that his doesn't have. His 50hp motor pushes his boat a little faster than my 60hp, but 25mph is about as fast as we want to go anyway because they start to float above the water at that speed. The hull design is unlike any other I've seen, it has a dog leg about 8' from the stern. By that I mean that the keel is not straight, it bends up at the back. That's why

they run at this bow up angle while the stern is still flat with the water. I get over 8mpg mileage. These boats are very seaworthy and handle choppy water very well.



I named this boat after my mother. My dad was in the Army Air Corps in WWII so I figured that a little "nose art" would be appropriate. You know how much I like a boat with style. The site I ordered from has lots of different stickers. These 12" ones cost about \$15 each. Here's the site:

<http://www.military-graphics.com/>



Richard is coming along with his solid foam melonseed. We've all seem foam boats before but nothing like this one. It's like he took a giant block of foam and carved a boat from it. He's using a special high density foam so this one is really solid.



I'll finish with this shot of *Sweet Pea* that Judy from Apalachicola sent me. It's the Fenwick Williams 18' catboat that Howard and I built. It's just out of the shop from getting some rehab work. Judy sure takes better care of her boats better than we do. I've never had a boat that I could see a reflection from it's hull and check out that straight water line stripe.



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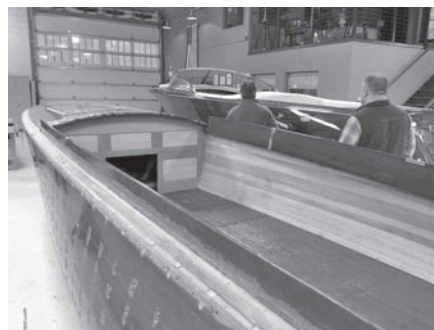
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Declaring victory and quitting the field never works for Uncle Sam and, no surprise, it didn't work for me either. Nothing makes the TODO list grow like crossing everything off. I think it was barely a week ago, that I said, oh soooooo smugly, that all the important jobs were wound up. That we were ready for our commissioning ceremony and initial launch. That was, of course, THEN. Back when I really didn't think that the rudder tube was gonna leak. Before I discovered that the trailer tires and wheels don't match. No, I don't mean that they are clashing colors or something easy. One sticks out and jams the fender, the other one does not. Before I discovered that, as often as not, *Miss Kathleen* sticks to her trailer. No, not just an annoyance here either, we're talking about tearing stuff loose when she does sort of roll for the water and breaking the two speed winch when it's time to get everybody back aboard the trailer. And stuff like that doesn't even begin to account for all the stuff that I KNEW ABOUT.

This is all pretty much a monster of my own creating. In order to make it to our recent ceremony, I had to "declare victory" and drag her outside and get her back up on the trailer. Too tall by a couple feet to get back inside now. And in a totally boffo performance, I had dragged the building cart off into the woods and behind a snow berm to await spring. So this burgeoning list of stuff has been consigned to the driveway and sub freezing temperatures. And in many ways, "...that's the day the music died..." So much for true confessions.

There has been a pile of niggling details and a few rather large efforts put forth over the past few days. A couple were even successful, sort of. And in the course of events, I even borrowed space in Dean's heavy machinery repair shop. It was nice to be back under cover for some of this stuff. The bumper was in how far I had to drive away from all my tools and supplies and such. I probably took at least two carloads of equipment over there and still managed to not have the stuff I really needed.

Everybody who works this way KNOWS that the longest distance between two points is a short cut. And I spent hours and hours attempting to save an hour by not just driving home and back with whatever it was that I needed. You know, trying to do it a completely different way in order to use the drill bit that was too big, or small. Make do without the handsaw I needed or the router that I really should have used instead of the box knife. Stuff like that. So after three days of commuter building I once again declared victory and quit the field. *Miss Kathleen* is now back out in the driveway.

But I do have some pretty compromising pictures and a sort of funny story to share about Duck'pox and what I can do with Goose Juice when it's already late at night and you haven't even had lunch yet.

Going...



The Birthing of *Miss Kathleen*

Chapter 8.0 - Hubris.

By Dan Rogers



Going...



Going...



GONE!!!

And from here I have to bend to the left. TWICE. And wriggle up under the side deck and around the motor well. Then, and only then, do I discover that the chisel I did manage to bring along will not be of much use without the hammer I left someplace back in the cockpit, probably next to the flashlight, that I really now need to make sure that I didn't already leave the hammer on the last wriggle in.

There's a bit more than these pictures show. Most of the day that it took to attempt to burn the boat down with over hot 'pox was spent lying across the motor mount that I soooooo thoughtfully bolted in at sternum level, attempting to remove the plugs and filler pieces that I put in there before I sealed it all up and glassed over and closed off with a quarter sheet of 3/4" MDO and hid behind the motor that was, in turn, closed in from below with an intricate set of panels and from above with a large hatch. And only then did I discover a small but persistent stream of water finding its circuitous way from stern tube to bilge.

Except by the time I got everything disassembled and inspected (from a distance with a flashlight, while poking my head in the galley stowage locker about 'midships) there were actually TWO streams of by then frozen water. The other one came more or less from the cockpit to motor well drain, or at least in that general area. And that one was a bit trickier to diagnose.

I was getting a bit testy about this whole state of affairs when it really should have been quittin' time. I had already called Chuck at his World Wide HQ. I explained to him that I was going to need to boost my supply of Duck'pox from its normal couple day cure time to a whole lot faster. I told him that my ambient temps were sort of around those where the refrigerator icemaker can turn out a whole Super Bowl party worth of cubes.

I'm pretty sure I could hear Chuck giggling at my hubris in the background. He's much too much a gentleman to really tell me what he was most certainly thinking. You could say that things were looking a bit desperate. Chuck pointed out that I probably wouldn't even get the resin to pump outta the spigot at that rather unTexas temperature. So we concocted a plan to warm the stuff up with the heat gun that I forgot to bring over and to run the accelerator up to 20% of the total goo.

What I didn't exactly explain was that I intended to sort of fill a couple of quart jar sized depressions in the bottom of the hull with this magic elixir. That, and to get it to stay put while I turned to something more solid, the boat would need to be tilted up at a 30° angle. Oh yeah, and that I'd need to be wriggling back into this labyrinth with the mixture sloshing around in a coffee can that I would have to push with my forehead or whatever body part might be brought to bear on the situation. Not Chuck's problem. But decidedly mine.

I managed to forget what the pump is supposed to put out per squirt. But after placing the resin jug on a rack over Dean's wood stove for a while, I began the sloooooowwww process of getting over 50 squirts of the still really viscous stuff into my coffee can. Then 50 squirts of the hardener. Then it was supposed to take all of four times that many plunges of the Goose Juice plunger to make this stuff kick any time before Labor Day. I started manfully to get the itty bitty squirter to spit in a controlled fashion. Phooey on that.

After a number of splats and sploots and such, I pretty much lost patience with the whole thing. So I took that silly little soap dispenser out of the bottle and just poured the stuff in. After I got Dean's really cool heavy lift trolley crane hooked up to the trailer tongue and got all 22' feet of *Miss Kathleen* angled up at a kinda scarey angle toward the night sky, I wriggled back inside her more private regions with my witch's brew in a sticky coffee can.

I poured the stuff into any place that it would pour into. I painted it on anyplace it would paint onto. Then I put glass tape over anyplace it would tape over, kinda like making a swimming pool cover out of strips and expecting it to stay put until the water freezes under it. Sort of.

Did I mention that it's really uncomfortable for a guy born when Truman was still in his first term as POTUS to crawl into this hole? Well, after another hour of balancing on a pretty bent up xyphoid process, I was more than ready to make for an "exuent stage left."

It was getting really late and I really hadn't even stopped for lunch yet. Hungry, tired and pretty impatient with the whole thing. That's when I decided to feel around the outside of the hull, where the goo was pooled inside. Getting HOT.

Let's see, now we're in a borrowed shop, a dozen miles from home. There's still ice on the highway in between. Dean did already mention that he would not be kindly disposed if I burned his shop down. A sentiment I can fully appreciate. Getting hotter.

Part 1

I'm afraid that I'm developing an unfortunate pattern this time of year. During the previous Winter Building Season (2014-15) I created a Frankenbot. It had a specific mission profile intended, provide shelter and a degree of comfort for skipper, and a possible companion, for extended periods. This was the 17' cabin/shanty boat that was named *Roughneck*. Her first planned voyage was slated to be the First Annual Saltchuck Drizzle Cruise. And the FASDC was set for essentially the same time period as the current effort, or Second Annual SDC.

There were, truth to be told, TWO rather large Frankenbots churned out during the six months of that official Winter Building season. Well, that's not strictly true either. The night crew did do a complete overhaul on *Punkin' Seed* the 13' Glen-L that, among other things, received a complete centerboard trunk transplant and complete 'pox encapsulation, trailer overhaul and complete rig transmogrification. So come that March we had mostly completed *Roughneck*.



And kinda completed *Strumpet*.



And pretty much overhauled *Punkin' Seed*.



I opened up the cocoon I had rigged over the scene of the crime to conserve some of them exotherms Chuck told me about. Still hotter. I turned the heater down to just the fan mode. I opened up the doors at both ends of the shop to help out with things. I suppose it was about 20 above zero at that time. Not real nice for the crew still left to stand a fire watch. Maybe a bit cooler.

After another hour of what the medical establishment calls "watchful waiting" I figured that things were returning to equilib-

rium. After a pretty fretful night I was back on station about zero six. Wow. That stuff was pretty much rock hard when I crawled down inside and pushed on it with my thumb. Not quite what the doctor ordered, but maybe it'll work.

Now, just as soon as I can get the trailer messed with again we'll go find an unfrozen patch of water to dip her sweet oculo into and see if the dripping has stopped.

Yep, the longest distance between two points, is most certainly a short cut...

Lonely Splendor The Old Road Warriors Reunite!

By Dan Rogers

And, at final bed check, not a one of them was completely ready to participate in the first voyage of the New Season. As Game Day rapidly approached I was forced to sideline all the new talent and call in our old standby, *Lady Bug*.



Of course, her trailer needed a new axle and *Big Ole*, the peripatetic Chevy van, needed a complete brake job, new tires and shocks for this trip. The same van that has hauled *Lady Bug* and me up and down about 50,000 miles of highway over a period that now exceeds ten years. Long trips, spur of the moment sailing expeditions and attendance at far flung messabouts. We're quite a team. And we made our way across the state and around to the South Puget Sound cruising grounds, and Harstine Island in particular. The event was a success but one essential truth came to me while trying to sleep in that pint sized cabin while the rain hammered its way into my psyche. Next time come with a comfortable boat with stand-up headroom and a pilot house with cushy sea and inside steering.

After considerable trials and tribulation, *Roughneck* was deemed not good enough for the trips I had in mind. She went to a less demanding owner and I started in on another vessel, longer, more graceful and built with greater care. Built on a tight schedule that led directly to the long anticipated Second Annual Drizzle Cruise.

Her name is *Miss Kathleen* and a great deal of effort has been lavished on her, as faithful followers of this saga know. As it got down to crunch time the outfitting pace had picked up markedly. We've done several

launching tests and sea trials. Most of those have had serious complications. We've got a persistent leak that seems to be related to prop wash driving water under pressure in someplace around the rudder. I've only thought I had it figured out. Several times now.

She resists coming off her trailer, more than a little. As a result I've messed with and modified just about everything I can mess with and modify. That one has been fought to a stalemate. I probably need to get some serious welding done and add several feet to the tongue. Also, it's not simple the way it's put together But it gets worse.

Over about 45mph the boat and trailer have a decided tendency to become unstable. Not a good thing. The conventional wisdom is to add weight to the tongue. So I added a couple of 60lb sandbags to see if that would be enough. Nope. I moved the boat about 4' forward to shift the CG and add weight to the hitch ball. No help. So I crawled under and moved the axle back another foot. Surely that will be enough weight. Nope.

So I took the whole rig over to the public scales, disconnected the trailer and put just the tongue weight against the slab. Holy cow! Somehow I had piled on a total of 560lbs! That's about three times the recommended amount. Further analysis sends me to the axle itself. Apparently it's not nearly as substantial as I thought. Turns out it's good for a maximum of 1,500lbs on an actual gross vehicle weight of twice that. I've probably got it wriggling and jiggling between the springs at a furious rate.

That old pattern is repeating itself. Déjà vu, all over again. With just days left before I'm supposed to show up for this group cruise of my own creation, the one that portends to be rather uncomfortable in an open cockpit, and in a pup tent sized cabin, I've had to trade horses in midstream. Again. *Miss Kathleen* has been parked in her enclosed storage unit to await some pretty complex modifications to that damn trailer.

In lonely splendor.



And good old reliable and really little *Lady Bug* has to pull a rabbit out of the hat. Again. So far she's gotten a new set of wheels and tires, a different motor, some quickie 'glass repairs to the motor well and the first two coats of a "30 yard paint job."



She passed her launch test.



Just about time to load out and hit the road. Again...



Part 2

I could probably just blame it on the season. Political Season. I've done another "flip-flop." First I was going hellbent for election to get *Miss Kathleen* ready for a long road trip and inaugural cruise the second weekend in March. Finally I decided that the list of stuff to fix, modify and finish was just too hard.

So I put that little girl away and got out her older sister. I'll admit to making a similar swap just a year ago. I was then hellbent for election to get THAT boat and trailer trip worthy. We did a quickie underway trial. I did a solo launch on a deserted ramp and motored the unrigged sailboat *Lady Bug* upstream on a deserted river. Just above freezing, getting dark and starting to rain.

The test was primarily of the little air-cooled 5hp Mariner outboard, this one the second motor of a near identical set of twins.

I killed the first one last summer while running it too hot in the maybe not so brilliant idea motor well that I had cut into *Lady Bug's* cockpit sole and through her otherwise solid bottom. So this time I figured that I'd dispense with all that sound attenuation stuff and just let the packet rumble and clatter unabatedly at my feet. So after a mile or so away from the dock, I slowed the motor and waited to see how Mr Mariner would idle when heated up. Let's just say that little motor got real quiet. Real quiet. Just like the last time.

I mentioned that we were a mile or so UPSTREAM for a reason. Call it a basic lack of faith on my part. An hour or so later we had managed to sail by the hull only and steer by the rudder in close enough to the proper shore to actually make a rather perfect landing behind the seawall and next to the ramp service dock. At that point I was officially out of boats, motors and tow vehicles. Nothing seemed to be working out. Like those caricatures of a '49er alongside his Conestoga wagon emblazoned with "California or Bust!" on the wagon top. A busted wheel and the rather comment "Busted." I hauled the boat out and drove home in the driving rain. Yep, busted.

At this point I started composing a note to the respective forums that I was not going to attend this year's Drizzle Cruise. It had gotten just too hard. And that sentiment lasted until about when I sat down to this keyboard. I started looking up online sources for stuff that I would still need to buy to get my Plan A back into action.

Flip. Flop. Flip flop.

Back to storage went *Lady Bug* along with a promise to return soon and get her operational. Home came *Miss Kathleen* with a plan to get her trailer working properly and at least tackle some of the more essential of the TODO's in the next few days. A trip to The Big City had my car filled with a shiny new 3,500# capacity axle and all the trimmings. This meant waiting for the freezing rain to at least slow down for a few hours. So when this morning dawned pretty bright and kinda sunny, work started with a flourish. Just like old times.

Right off the bat it was obvious that nothing about this task was going to go well the first, or second, time. I had figured that I could simply leave the leaf springs in place and add the U-bolts and assorted flange pieces to them. Wrong. I had everything I needed to hook up to the now standard 1 3/4" wide springs. Not the 2" ones that glared back at me from the not real warm driveway.



Nope. Not gonna fit. Of course, today was Saturday. The Main Emporium of Axle Delights was closed. Perhaps fortunately, a call to a semi local farm supply store gave the glimmer of hope that parts could be obtained. And yes they were at near half the original price of the axle that wasn't going to fit without changing everything. So it goes. So as darkness and coldness reappeared.



I guess you could say, "Just like old times." The clatter of pneumatic tools, overscored with yelps from pinched fingers and groans from plugged carpal tunnels and non-bending arthritic fingers. Yep, just like old times.



Part Three

I just had a most remarkable conversation with a guy who not only looks like George Zimmer (you know, the gravel voiced guy who does those commercials for Men's Warehouse?) Sure you do. The guy who ends every spot with the iconic, "You're going to like the way you look, I guarantee it." But he even sounds like George.

Except instead of hawking haberdashery, this guy's name is Larry and he's the hand therapist who, upon hearing about my plan to sail in the Texas 200 last year, gave me a rather strident choice. "Well then, don't come crying back to me!" I guess you could say that this was an instance of the doctor firing the patient. No doubt I deserved it.

Well, I did come crying back to him. It's now about a year later, thousands upon thousands of orthopedic insults to carpal and tunnels and sinews and bones later. Compared to rebuilding boat trailers and ripping hulls apart and turning perfectly good pine trees into noise and dust, sailing in the TX200 is pretty darn tame. I guess you could say that it was a hat in hand moment. Worse, I keep dropping my hat. Fingers don't quite press all the way together these days.

I admit to being an obfuscation merchant on occasion. Analogy and double entendre come piling out of my writer's tool bag with all the effusion of an opened hydrant in the ghetto in July. And I also gotta admit that

Larry is one fine metaphor merchant in his own right. We were talking about my Xrays and surgical history and other really depressing stuff. He paused for effect and fired a withering broadside.

"Listen, Dan." (This is the same phrase that Kate uses on me at moments when I've just dragged another boat home. It's the phrase that evokes memories of being sent to the Principal's Office back in third grade. It's the introduction to a verbal slap upside the head.) I winced as Larry continued, "If you knew you were only going to have one more bag of Oreos to last you for the rest of your life, would you gobble them down all at once?"

I would have broken out in applause. It was a magnum soliloquy. An Oscar performance. But my hands were both wrapped in hot wax and insulating blankets. Besides, banging my upper extremities together in percussive fashion is just what Larry's been warning me about. So all I could muster was a rather feeble, "...it's that bad, huh?" Wow, only one bag of Oreos left, huh?

I really doubt there are all that many Frankenbot builders in captivity. I can't be the ONLY one. However, the rest of 'em tend not to openly admit to such a personality flaw. Most of the Real Boat Builder guys I know of tend to put their creations together from relatively small pieces. Most of 'em don't have to lift whole boat cabins into place as if they were still 18 and trying to impress a pretty girl. And probably even fewer of the RBBs are constantly lifting heavy trailer parts into place in a snow covered driveway.

Only one bag of Oreo's...

Part 4

Marine Forecast;

Puget Sound and Hood Canal

2:44am PST, Friday, March 11, 2016

Today N wind to 10kt becoming SE in the afternoon. Wind waves 1' or less. Patchy fog in the morning. A chance of showers in the afternoon.

Tonight S wind to 10kt rising to 15kt to 25kt after midnight. Wind waves 1' or less building to 2' to 4' after midnight.

Showers likely in the evening then showers after midnight.

Saturday's wind 10kt to 20kt rising to 15kt to 25kt in the afternoon. Wind waves 2' ft or less building to 2' to 4' in the afternoon. Rain.

Saturday night S wind 10kt to 20kt becoming 5kt to 15kt after midnight. Wind waves 1' to 3'.

Sunday variable wind 5kt to 15kt becoming S 20kt to 30kt in the afternoon. Wind waves 2' or less building to 3' to 5' in the afternoon.

Sunday night SW wind 20kt to 30kt easing to 15kt to 25kt after midnight. Wind waves 3' to 5'.

Zone Forecast;

Hood Canal Area Including the Cities of Hoodport, Brinnon

3:23am PST, Friday, March 11, 2016

Coastal flood advisory in effect until 9am PST this morning, today mostly cloudy. Patchy fog in the morning. A chance of showers in the afternoon. Highs in the upper 40s to mid 50s. North wind to 10mph becoming east in the afternoon.

Tonight windy. Showers likely in the evening then showers after midnight. Rainfall amounts a tenth to a quarter of an inch possible. Lows in the upper 30's to mid 40's. South wind to 10mph increasing to southwest 20mph to 30mph after midnight.

Saturday breezy rain. Rainfall amounts 1/4" to 1/2" possible. Highs near 50°. Southwest wind 15mph to 25mph decreasing to 10mph to 15mph in the afternoon.

Saturday night showers. Rainfall amounts 1/4" to 1/2" possible. Lows near 40°. South wind 10mph to 15mph.

Sunday...windy...rain. Rainfall amounts 1" to 3" possible. Highs in the mid 40's to lower 50's. East wind 10mph to 15 mph increasing to southwest 15mph to 30mph with gusts to 40mph in the afternoon.

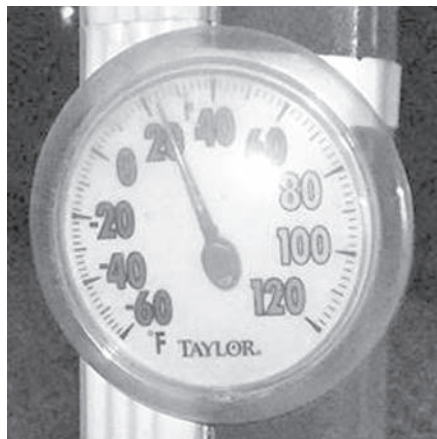
If you don't like the weather, just wait a few minutes.

This is all from sundown Thursday to noon on Friday. My consolation cruise after we cancelled the Driz. (A small slice of North Idaho.)



Part 5

Logic would say, well, Logic doesn't exactly talk. But the logical conclusion to seeing this at 0500 would be to try another form of entertainment for a while, maybe for several months.



And there is another logical inference that we should draw. If absolutely NOBODY else will admit to doing something that appears to be both an obvious and wildly brilliant way to solve a common problem, there is likely to be a serious flaw in your reasoning.

That said, the Boss rolled me out of bed really, really early this morning, about zero-four to be more precise. I guess he was even more anxious to see how things had worked out from last night's experiment with Duck'pox under rather harsh conditions.

I've been experiencing a pronounced prop helix "kick" from *Miss Kathleen's* rudder as I increase rpms, so if I want to run 4 or 5 knots, after I get the motor revved up and drop the tiller that I steer from in the cockpit, it has become somewhat a mad dash to get all the way forward before we slew in a circle. So I consulted Sam, the aeronautical genius.

We talked about dihedrals and Bernoulli and angles of incidence and all sorts of erudite palaver. He got out an ancient textbook. You've perhaps heard of such a thing. No batteries, or micro chips or "apps," just pages and drawings and even a cover. Pretty arcane, antediluvian maybe, for this day and age. We discussed cluster plotted data around a normal distribution. Pretty heady stuff. So finally I asked Sam, "Well, how come my rudder wants to swing soooooo wildly when the motor is running fast?" A cloud came over his face and he said, "Well, maybe the boat just likes it that way..."

And maybe she does. I don't. So talk turned to another truly ancient device, the box kite. And another harbinger of repeated disaster, Charlie Brown. Poor ol' Charlie Brown would spend much of the year attempting to get his kite aloft. No matter what, that kite would crash, usually in a kite eating tree. I had a kite like that. Actually I had several kites like that. As long as I was running lickity split down a road with no overhead wires or branches I might keep it wobbling and sashaying back and forth just above ground level. But just a moment of slowing or even a brief stop to catch my breath, and CRASH. The commonly accepted meme in those days was to increase the tail. Maybe you remember doing that?

And it was possible to add lengths of ripped up bedsheet and rolls of newsprint up

to a point. Then the damn thing was too long to not drag on the ground and get snagged and, well, crash. I didn't know it then but what I thought was simple chunks of muslin and rolled up *Spokesman Review* editorial pages were actually vortex generators and an effort to extend the pivoting axis to a point of reducing the percentage of chord. It didn't ever really work with my kite.

But just maybe it would work with *Miss Kathleen's* rudder. Could be Charlie Brown was really on to something, just ahead of his time. Could be. So, after experimenting with several different mockups, I was getting better results with an arrangement that placed the pivot at about 5% of chord. And I thought while I was at it, I'd experiment with a sort of end plate affair as well. I say, "sort of end plate" as it was originally placed there as a convenience in construction. I needed a simple way to hold all the parts together while I gave it one last operational test. And since Sam figured a vortex generator or vestigial wing of some sort might help stabilize the foil in a rather unpredictable set of flow patterns, I decided to leave it in place after it got all glassed up.

Now back to zero dark 30 and temps hovering below where Mr Fahrenheit figured was a good place to freeze water at sea level. It's the middle of March. Today is St Paddy's Day. Day after tomorrow the celestial teeter-totter is even, the Spring Equinox happens. And still our local weather menu has those white flakes and puddles showing for days to come, except for today and maybe tomorrow. So if I really want to give the boat a test, and not also need to bring a team of sled dogs along to the launch ramp, today's the day.

So I was out there in the cold and rain last night urging all those little 'Pox People to grab up a partner and dance faster. OK, I can't put the boat back into the shop without a major undertaking to get her off the trailer, back onto the building cart and then squeaked under the door frame. And then I'd just have to retrace my steps right away to go test the results. Soooooooo this was a case for an extra shot or two of the Goose Juice accelerator stuff Miss Cindy dispatched by post rider all the way from her emporium of mystical delights down in the hill country of Texas to us here on the very edge of the known world in Almostcanada.

And you know what? It actually seemed to be working. The whole shebang was even getting sticky enough that when I went out to check on chemical progress, my rubber gloves got stuck to the surface. So I tried to push the bubbles and such in with a roll of paper towels.



A guy can look for shortcuts when his hand therapist has already warned of impending digital doom from cold exposure and his knees don't really want to crouch on cold pavement and stuff like that. Maybe you know somebody like that. Besides, it lent a festive air to the carryings on.

And I'll admit to needing a bit of entertainment at that point. Besides, something rather interesting was happening when I attempted to get the 'pox warmed up a bit with that heat gun in the foreground. Seems the Duckgoo warmed up to the point of just running back out of the cloth and into a mess on the pavement. There's probably another technical discussion that will explain such behavior. But my knees were hurting and it was either raining or snowing or both. So I wrapped the whole thing up in a tarp and let a small space heater take over for the rest of the night.



So, about the time the sun was coming up over St Louis I had a more or less solid rudder mod to go test.



So, just as soon as I can bend my fingers around the steering wheel we'll be off to see what sort of engineering breakthroughs are in the wind. This could just be something else...



Since sometime in January I have launched the new girl, *Miss Kathleen*, dozens of times. More often than not it was just a test of some damnfool hairball invention of mine. Trailer, hitch receiver, wiring, motor mount. You name it, it's been the reason we were repeatedly in and out of the water over the past two months. Lots and lots of "boating" this year already.

I even made an overnight hop in *Lady Bug*. One of the biggest problems with an overnight boat trip at 48° north latitude in the dregs of winter is the nightly descent of thermometers into the low 20s and even down to the teens. But another obstacle to overnight at anchor bliss is something a bit less objectively recordable.

It still gets dark really early. Before 1700 even. In an itty bitty cabin boat like *Lady Bug* there's really only a very short list of things to do for entertainment and most of the things on that list involve huddling up in my sleeping bag and trying to stay warm. Yeah. Boring. My vow was to get *Miss Kathleen* up to operational readiness so I could luxuriate in standing headroom and a rather expansive cabin.

Like I was saying, I've been underway and pierside gobs of times already this calendar year. But finding playmates has been particularly challenging. So, without hesitation I scheduled a longer multi day trip when Dean said he could take his houseboat out for a day hop that could, if need be, morph into an overnight voyage. Dean's the guy who built the humongous house boat.



The one that we launched and commissioned alongside *Miss Kathleen* back on Groundhog Day. Dean has a few irons in the fire, boatwise, as well. For starters, he had plans to launch at a dirt ramp that doesn't have a dock alongside, not on my hit parade at the moment. At any rate, that notion added a new wrinkle to the mix.

So I was to launch at a place called Cusick, named after a guy who was both a local riverboat captain and a convicted murderer a little more than a hundred years ago.



First Day of Spring

By Dan Rogers

Cusick is located in a pretty expansive river valley. The white stuff on the mountain tops is pretty recent but the calendar says "spring equinox eve" and we're going boating, no matter what.



And like so often in these parts, I've got the place all to myself. This particular stretch of river runs about 50 miles between dams, a rather impressive puddle. The current was running in excess of 2 knots, but that easily driven hull mused right along "up hill" at around 5 knots SOG. Nice. After about an hour I made it to the place Dean had planned to launch.

I really couldn't get in to help so anchored and watched the show.



And all in all, things went pretty smoothly. The next leg was a bit more of a problem. Dean's boat is an electric boat in progress. The batteries and solar panel recharging system still have some perfecting to do. We settled in to swim upstream to a mutual friend's place. Harry has a real nice house on the river with a dock where Dean had planned to recharge his batteries. I ran on ahead to check the place out while Dean proceeded at a more sedate pace.



My new rudder setup worked real well in a strong side current situation. Presto, we were in and tied along Harry's dock.



Then, a phone call from Dean confirmed that he wasn't going to have enough 'trons to make the full run up river to Harry's place. Bat-taaaabinnng and we were off to the rescue.



I'm pleased to report that even without the proper towing bitt and other towing appurtenances that are still on the drawing table, we were able to pull "The Dean of Pend Oreille" without difficulty. And without much further adieu all hands were secured alongside Harry's pier.

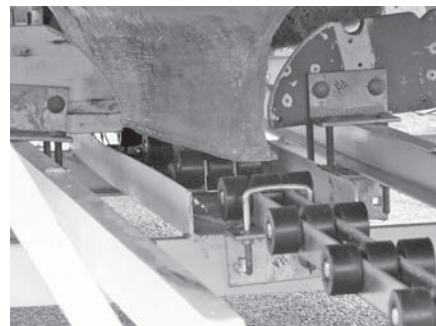


And this brought an opportunity. Dean's boat was going to need several hours on the charger. So, with a shuttle from Harry, Dean and I were each able to leave our boats where they were for the night. In my case, I had a few hours to make some more changes to the trailer, sans boat.



Foremost among those mods was a set of roller bunks that I put in as a keel roller setup. Granted, there is always something else to move, something to cut, something to drill, something to cut off and so forth any time you try to make a major change to a Frankeninvention. But as freezing temps returned to the driveway where I had to work things were looking somewhat OK.

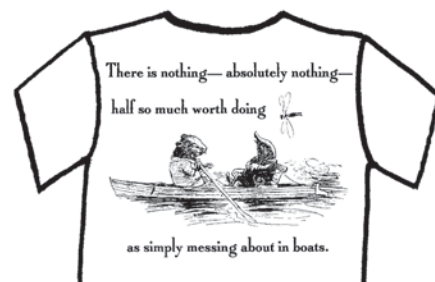
We continued the voyage come morning, yet Dean's electrical system wasn't providing adequate push. So back into the tug-boat mode *Miss Kathleen* and I went. And,



Otherwise the six miles back to Dean's launch point went pretty much without a hitch.

The rest of the jaunt was uneventful. I was pierside and *Miss Kathleen* was soon back on the modified trailer without much complication.

And now the forecast was for a solid week of rain, topped off with some more snow. I truly wonder why we were the ONLY ones out on the river when the sun was shining. It was the First Day of Spring, after all.



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as sunny and nice as it was (in the sun), I discovered that my towlines, still wet from the day before, remained frozen in a pile in the cockpit footwell.

Just Build the Boat Why Don't Ya!!

Part 2

By Steph Smith

At the end of the last installment (March) we had the strakes all assembled and laying out on horses and the long bench. The weather here in New Mexico has been uncooperative and slowed progress. You may ask, why is this guy building boats in the state with the least amount of surface water in the nation? Well, this is where my job is and also I have a reason for building boats, it is a Robb White concept that if it is hot in a fabric shed in the New Mexico sun, the wood is hot. There is not much need for penetrating epoxy, at this temperature all epoxy penetrates. There is the requirement for slow hardener and small batches because as we all know pot life is short, as is life in general. Nice and dry so the wood is dry. I have had to resort to some penetrating epoxy for edge sealing because of low temperatures (see picture).

The next picture shows strakes being sanded, sand now while they are flat, soon to be boat shaped. The CNC kit comes with station moulds for station 9, 15 and 21 that are to be hot glued in as I stack the strakes which are hot glued together to make sure that the final fit is true and fair and level on top. We also need some cradles to get the relationship to the DWL correct on the bottom, so see picture showing taking the mould and laying out the cradle by adding the strake thickness and attaching to the long bench and checking with a straight line the depth, from the drawings, of the cradles on the bottom.

There is the problem of the cradle being cut flat where the strakes and the boat are not flat, so judging from where the station is, some grinder adjustment was made to the shape of the cradles. These cradles are just to suggest the real shape which is imparted to the strakes by the station moulds inside the build provided in the CNC kit. The center line mould station 15 is fine on the station line, the ends forward 9 and stern 21 need to move a little bit forward to get them to fit, the actual plywood mold is not centered on the station line but has its trailing edge on the station line.

Second installment height from DWL.



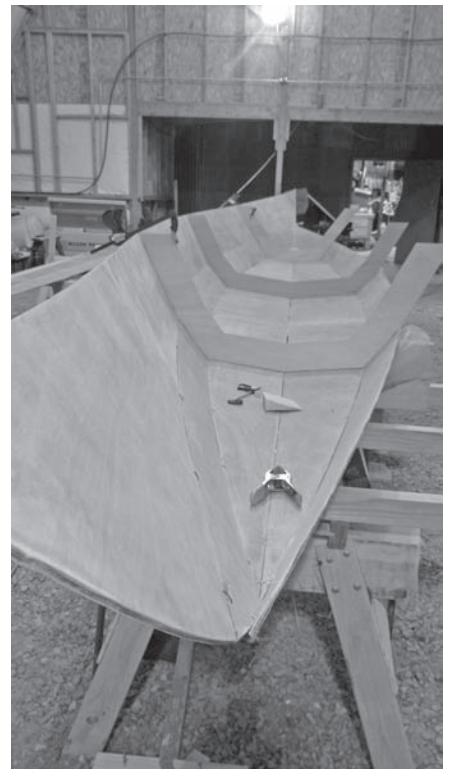
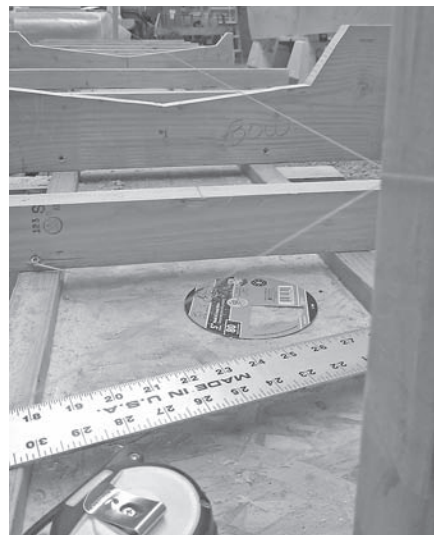
Sealed edges.



Sanding panels while they are still flat.



Cutting out cradles.



Port side upper 1.



Portside upper 2.



We all strive to adapt to new conditions that are defining our own lives. The story of this particular circumstance requires a bit of background. After a 35-year Naval career and six more in the employ of civilian activities, my bride of going on 53 years now and I decided that we had always wanted to live on the water, free of a land home and able to move when the mood struck. Our choice, after some deliberation, was a big, slow Selene Solo pilot house trawler, some 43' of stable, leisure living.

We avoided a land base for 11 years, working our way north to Maine and beyond until late September and heading south to Florida and the Bahamas as soon as the temperatures began to drop. Our travel log can be found at <http://www.mytripjournal.com/Wrighthom>.

Solomons, Maryland, became a mid-point for our liveaboard lifestyle with an uncrowded anchorage, nearby Navy base and a decidedly friendly community. We became familiar with the Calvert Marine Museum (CMM) where the convenient dinghy dock was a good landing for shore excursions. A few months each year were spent at their Patuxent Small Craft Guild (PSCG) with a group of fellow volunteers under boatright George Surgent. This group of mostly retired sailors kept busy restoring canoes and building or repairing all manner of traditional Chesapeake watercraft. Twice a year we would leave this delightful pastime to head off for parts north or south.

The decision to transition to a land home permanently came along with the need to see more of six preschool grandchildren and a hip replacement for the first mate, the trawler found a new owner on the trip north in June 2015. The first mate came through the hip operation with flying colors and we quickly settled into our condo across from the museum in Solomons. As luck would

Carol Jeanne A Shallow Water Powerboat

By Bill Wright
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

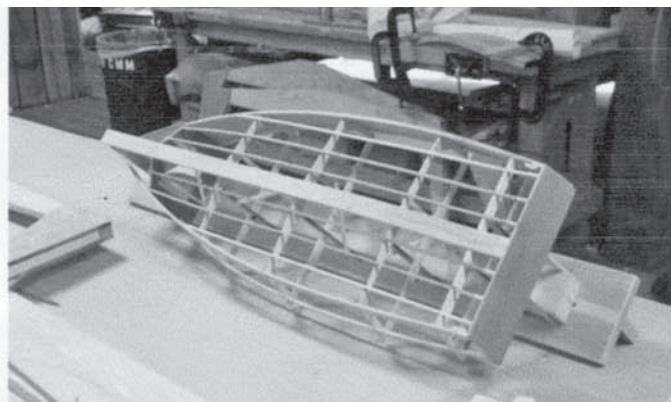
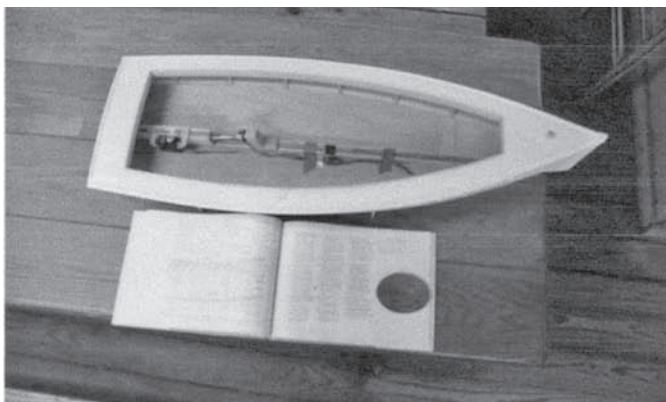
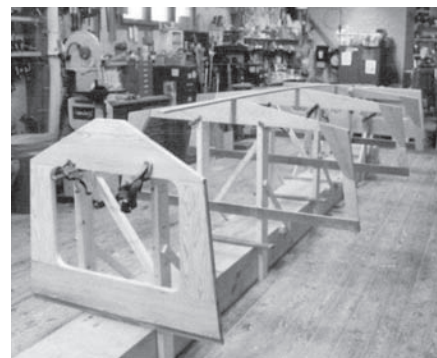
have it, the PSCG volunteers were looking at their 2016 building plan and had chosen a traditional Smith Island Crab Scraper as a winter project. They had also been in contact with Annapolis Hybrid Marine (AHM) about electric propulsion for the scraper. As a newly "boatless" person, this combination had a great deal of appeal to me.

Alan Suydam, a long standing member of the Guild and gifted model boat builder, agreed to head up the project. While we followed the lines of *Dartene* in Paula J. Johnson's book, *The Workboats of Smith Island*, there were to be some modifications in addition to the electric propulsion. This beautiful 30' craft had been ideally suited for "scraping" the eel grass for soft shell crabs in the shallows of Smith and Tangier Island in the middle of the Chesapeake. A low freeboard, flat bottom and sharply rising bow made the hard work easier for these waterman. She was sturdy with thick planked sides and bottom, driven by a strong diesel, even complete with a beer keg fuel tank forward.

Our version, named *Carol Jeanne* for the wife with the new hip, would be just 20' to meet the boat shop capacity. Further, to match the electric propulsion with a lighter structure, the hull and sides would be formed with marine plywood over a less bulky frame of Douglas fir. Last, the freeboard was increased by 6" to accommodate the grandchildren, and their worried parents. In short, she would look like the workboat of old but run a lot quieter, at less cost and with a decidedly reduced displacement.

To get a handle on these changes, Alan first built an 18" radio controlled model that was run about in the museum boat basin and a local swimming pool. This gave the Guild some idea of the dynamic character of the hull form within reasonable scaling bounds of motor rpm and weight distribution. Next came a construction model of 40" that had more precise framing exposed to assist the builders. Between the two models and a detailed set of lofted lines, the construction began in the traditional way with the frames hung upside down along a strongback fixed to the shop floor.

Our joint venture partners at AHM, Sally Reuther and David Diquinzio, visited often and provided the technical advice for the motor, battery bank and associated control equipment. The models were on display at their booth at the Annapolis Sailboat Show in October. The *Carol Jeanne* plans to use the Thoosa 7000 HT motor and a bank of 48-volt AGM batteries from Northstar. There are still lots of technical details to finalize about prop size, rudder placement and size and the overall weight distribution for the vessel. But at this point the Guild feels confident that she will be in the water by this April in time for the annual CMM Maritime Festival.



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In Praise of Small Boats

Where have they all gone?

by Andy Biggs

MUCH HAS BEEN written about the benefits of sailing a small boat and certainly the writing of Charles Stock contributed greatly to this debate. However, returning to regular sailing after a 25-year gap has shown that the pastime has changed in this time. The likes of Sir Ben Ainslie may have put sailing into the media spotlight but has the number of people taking part increased? I wondered if the passion of getting afloat just for the enjoyment of it has gone?

We all start pastimes for various reasons, and for many our parents play an important role in stimulating this initial interest. My father had started sailing on the River Cam in Cambridge in an 8ft 6in long dinghy called *Resin*. We now all take modern glues for granted and the ease with which we can laminate wood. However, in the 1940s synthetic resin adhesives were very new. During WWII Aerolite 300 was developed and used in the construction of the Mosquito aircraft. To test the strength of this glue, the sales manager of Aero Research Ltd. (ARL) Mr. FB Priest built *Resin* in 1942. The company was based near Cambridge and by 1959 the boat was owned by my father. The hull was cold moulded using two layers of 2inch wide plywood strips and weighed only 62lb once finished.

After this he bought a new *Enterprise* from Moores of Wroxham, which he described as a piece of furniture, but it was his third boat that has really brought back memories of sailing and perhaps provides an insight to the motivation behind buying a boat again.

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*,
Journal of the Dinghy Cruising
Association UK
dinghycruising.org.uk

Those who have read AC Stock's *Sailing Just for Fun* will have noticed that he considered other classes of boat before finally choosing a Fairy Falcon. One of those boats was the Wavecrest, designed by Alan Eckford, who was responsible for the Fleetwind sailing dinghy and the larger Spitfire sailing cruiser. He was an interesting person who also designed a floating caravan.

There seems to be very little information about the Wavecrest and it never reached the popularity of the Lysander, but my father was impressed by the design and built one from a part completed hull in 1964. I remember him describing the Lysander in less than favourable terms and that it would never sail properly. Once completed we had several memorable holidays on it, with my parents sleeping in the cabin and myself under a 'tarp' in the cockpit. There were only two sheets of drawings but these include all the information required to build the boat. However, there seems little record of the class now or if any are

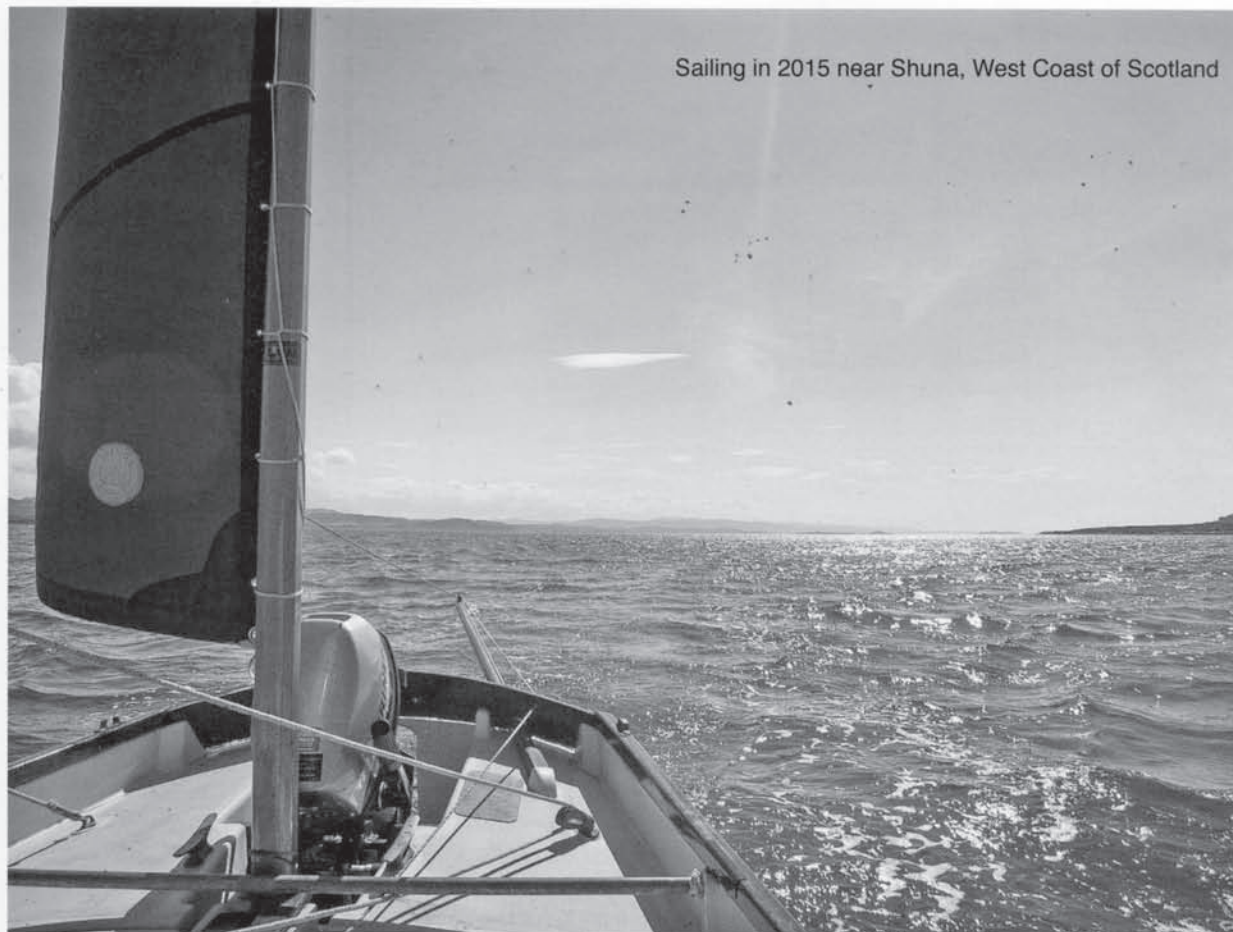
still in use. The design would make an ideal boat for those who want a little more protection than a cockpit tent and our trips in it would have fitted well into the ethos of the DCA. It would be great to hear others' experiences of the class.

At this time there were many other small cabin sailing boats on the market and sailing was a popular pastime. In more recent years Swallow Yachts, based in Wales, have been producing an interesting range of boats that aim to re-capture the flexibility of the small cabin trailer-sailer.

Like many others, my early sailing was through dinghy racing and I had never thought of cruising in a dinghy, although I was aware of the exploits of Frank Dye. But after a number of years of travelling to competitions around the country and even abroad, I became interested in the new places we visited, rather than the actual sailing and sold my boat. So after a number of years of mountaineering, sea kayaking and

Sailing on Kielder Water, July 2015, with Bill Haylock, whose enthusiasm encouraged us to join the DCA





Sailing in 2015 near Shuna, West Coast of Scotland

watching other boats, my partner finally told me to go and buy a boat and stop day-dreaming. We wanted to repeat some of the trips we'd completed in the kayaks and also wanted the flexibility offered by trailer sailing.

One range of boats that has maintained the aim of simplicity and flexibility over time is the Drascombe. I remember my father pointing one out to me, while on holiday in Wales during the early 1970s while looking over the Dovey Estuary. Even then he described it as the ideal boat and pointed out how easily it glided through the water.

With the desire to undertake extended trips and therefore a need to live on board, the choice of a Drascombe Coaster was easy to make. We found a 20 year-old second hand boat, with a good trailer and recent outboard for sale on the Drascombe website. Now nearly 3 years later and approaching my 54th birthday I can honestly say that the boat's design continues to impress, as does its ease and flexibility of use.

Certainly the design of deck, cabin and interior moulding have been given considerable thought, which contribute to the success of the boat. However, I do think of the Coaster as a 'dinghy with lid' and sail it accordingly. Although it may be larger than many boats in the DCA, the motives behind its use are the same. The original Drascombe Lugger is now approaching its 50th anniversary and all credit must go to its designer, John Watkinson, for its enduring appeal.

The boat is named *Kathleen*, after my mother's middle name and has taken us to the South Coast, Norfolk Boards, West Coast of Scotland and the Lake District, where we have joined Coniston Sailing Club. During many of these trips I do look back to see how things have changed in the last 30 years.

This first came to light while on the Norfolk Boards, soon after buying the boat. Several local sailors I met spoke about how the number of hire boats had reduced but the ones left were now larger. The

growth of the large-sized multi-family cruiser had arrived, but it was also noticeable that it was still possible to hire engine-less sailing boats. Meeting local boat owners is always interesting, especially the owner of a Rover design of boat. It was a wooden, cold moulded hull, 16 feet long and designed by John Westall of 505 fame. You could see the similarity in the two boats. The owner felt there were only 14 ever built and he sailed around the Broads, spending nights under its forward cabin. It appeared to sail very well in the light airs of the Broads. I remember reading recently in the sailing press that marinas were having to develop their facilities so they could manage an ever-increasing size of boat. This fact was further reinforced during a recent cruise in the Oban area on the West Coast of Scotland. We'd anchored in a small bay called Ardinamir which is on the east side of Luing, and walked over for a coffee in the new visitor centre at Cullipool. This is a very impressive building and

The author, aged four, about to set sail



they hope to have showers fitted for next year. Talking with one of the local people, they explained that fewer yachts were now using the Ardinamir anchorage, because of the increase in boat size in recent years. The entrance is quite tight and certainly at a low water spring tide there is less than 2 metres of water

Certainly the efforts of organisations such as the DCA and Drascombe Association have continued to encourage the sailing of small boats just for the fun of it. It was pleasing to read that the DCA had a good presence at the dinghy show and perhaps the RYA

will begin to understand they need to represent all aspects of the sport, not just the competitive top end or coaching awards, and help dismiss the perception that sailing is reserved for the rich. *(They are doing just that, as those of us who liaise with the RYA know well –Ed)* A quick search on eBay will soon reveal a considerable number of very affordable boats and most clubs will have a graveyard, where a number of very serviceable boats can be found, which could soon be back on the water with a little TLC.

There also seems to be an attitude that fills so much of modern life, where we must have the latest new

and most expensive gear before even starting to take part. We seem to want other people to make decisions for us and have this belief that there is some piece of technology we can buy that will guarantee our safety.

However, it is pleasing to see clubs like Coniston making efforts to encourage participation through youth training programmes. I have always seen sailing as a very family based activity, where different ages can participate together. However, access to water through good slipways is still a barrier to raising participation. Sailing also requires a high level of skill which takes time to acquire and in a world of instant gratification not all are prepared to make this sacrifice.

We all can take some responsibility to promote and encourage others to try our sport, while organisations such as the DCA, RYA and Drascombe Association can provide a more formal response to those in officialdom who continually wish to hamper our pleasure through legislation and restrictions, because of their ignorance and perception about what they may feel is a risk, as well as looking at us as another way to raise revenue. Ensuring we do not allow this attitude to dissuade us should mean we continue to sail just for the pleasure of it and encourage others to follow in our wake. AB

My father's Wavecrest in 1965, sailing on the River Ouse



AMERICAN CANOES AND CANOEISTS.

Reprinted from *Munsey's Magazine* 1894

*The speedy and beautiful little craft which the white man copied from the Indian—
The canoe clubs of the United States and Canada, their camps, their
cruises, and their champions.*

By Frank W. Crane.

EVER since the American Indian was discovered, the benign influences of civilization have been steadily relegating him to more limited quarters. At the same time they have laid hold upon some of the more desirable products of his handicraft, and by judicious improvements have made them attractive to the highly cultured mortals of this modern age. This is particularly true of the canoe. The Indian may die without being able to shake off the load of curses which has been heaped upon his name, but his canoe will live, honored and admired by those who now cheerily paddle their frail bark down quiet streams, once his, and bordered by refreshing woods and meadows, which were once his hunting grounds.

The early travelers to these shores all had something to say about the peculiar boats used by the natives. That redoubtable explorer, Captain John Smith, gives us a very interesting description of the canoes he saw among the Indians of Virginia. "These," he says, "they make of one tree, by burning and scratching away the coales with stones and shels, till they have made it in forme of a trough. Some of them are an elne deep and fortie or fiftie foote in length, and some will beare 40 men, but the most ordinary are smaller, and will beare 10, 20, or 30, according to their bignesse. Instead of Oares, they use Paddles and sticks, with which they will rowe faster than our Barges."

Purchas, also, in his quaint book of "Pilgrimages," mentions several varieties of canoes, all built on the same plan. Those seen by James Hall,

who was killed by the Indians in 1612, while attempting to find a northwest passage to Asia, were twenty feet long and two and a half feet broad, "so light that one may carry many of them at once; so swift that no ship is able with any wind to hold way with them, and yet use but one oare, which they hold by the middle, in the midst of their boat, broad at both ends, wherewith they row forwards and backwards at pleasure."

The canoe being essentially an American craft, it is fitting that in this country its use should meet with heartiest favor. But it is only within the past few years that its possibilities for enjoyment and sport have been generally recognized. Those who might justly be called the fathers of canoeing may yet be seen at the annual encampments, and although they may not be as active in racing as in their earlier years, their enthusiasm is not a whit less keen.

Whatever else canoeists may be, they are loyal to their sport. It has sometimes been said that canoeing is but the stepping stone to yachting. That may be true, but it is also a truer fact that very few canoeists ever entirely renounce their first love for their graceful little boats. There is a certain freedom and romantic fascination about the sport, which is irresistible. Among its devotees are numbered not only hundreds of energetic young men, but the middle aged, and even those verging toward the point which the world calls old. And the ladies must not be forgotten, for many of the fair sex have learned to paddle their own canoes as

easily, and perhaps more gracefully, if not quite as rapidly, as their brethren who strive for the dainty silken banners awarded to the victors in the races.

As an organized sport, canoeing may be said to date from the birth of the American Canoe Association in 1880. The founders of that body have lived to see their work meet with a success of which, fourteen years ago, they could hardly have dreamed. They met at Crosbyside, Lake George, at the home of Mr. N. H. Bishop, and at the first meet, held a few days later, barely a score of canoeists were present. William L. Alden of New York City, one of the original members of the New York Canoe Club, was the first commodore.

The association now numbers over a thousand members, including representatives from hundreds of canoe clubs. Its growth was so rapid that within a few years it was found necessary to subdivide it. There are now four divisions—the Northern, taking in all of Canada; the Eastern, which covers New England; the Atlantic, including all the Atlantic seaboard south of the New York and Connecticut boundary line, together with the principal rivers; and the Central, taking in those portions of New York State and Pennsylvania back from the coast line, and practically all the rest of the United States outside of the other divisions. There is, however, a Western Canoe Association, which is a separate organization.

Every year the association holds a grand meet. Some of the localities where the canoeists have pitched their camps in the past have been among the Thousand Islands, at Lake George and Lake Champlain, at Stony Lake in Ontario, and on Jessup's Neck on Peconic Bay, Long Island. The meet was held at this latter place in 1890, and it was essentially different from all others in that it was the first salt water meet. The tides, and the ocean breezes, which were occasionally almost too strong for the tiny craft, were a little perplexing at first to many of the canoeists who came from inland districts. This year's meet, which has just closed, was at Croton Point, on the Hudson.

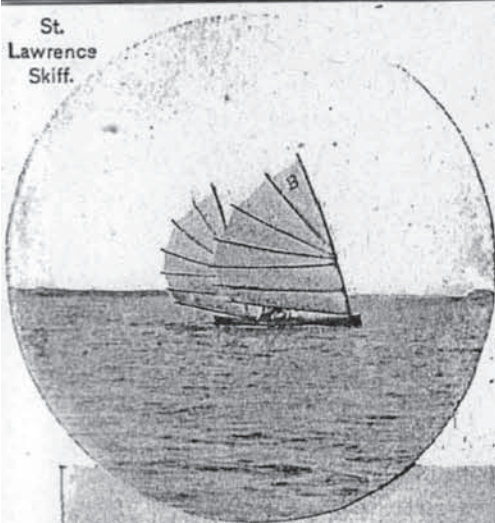
It is not the racing interest alone that sustains the popularity of these yearly canoe encampments. Of course, racing is a very prominent feature, as all of the crack sailors and paddlers are brought together on common ground to try for the coveted prizes. That which really appeals most powerfully to the majority, however, is the hearty, whole souled fellowship pervading the entire camp life. There is an absolute freedom which permits every man to do just about as he pleases; and there are many pleasant meetings of old friends who perhaps have not seen each other since the last gathering of canoeists. These, with the racing, the cruising, and the varied amusements that each day brings forth, give the canoe camp a charm of its own which cannot be found elsewhere.

The camp would be far less perfect without the presence of ladies; and so, at a short distance from the main camp, the tents of the canoeists' wives and sisters are set up. The ladies' camp, to retain the Indian's idea, if not his exact mode of life, is always dubbed Squaw Point. There, however, the similarity ends, for the squaws of the white canoeists enjoy a much more cheerful existence than did those of the primitive red men.

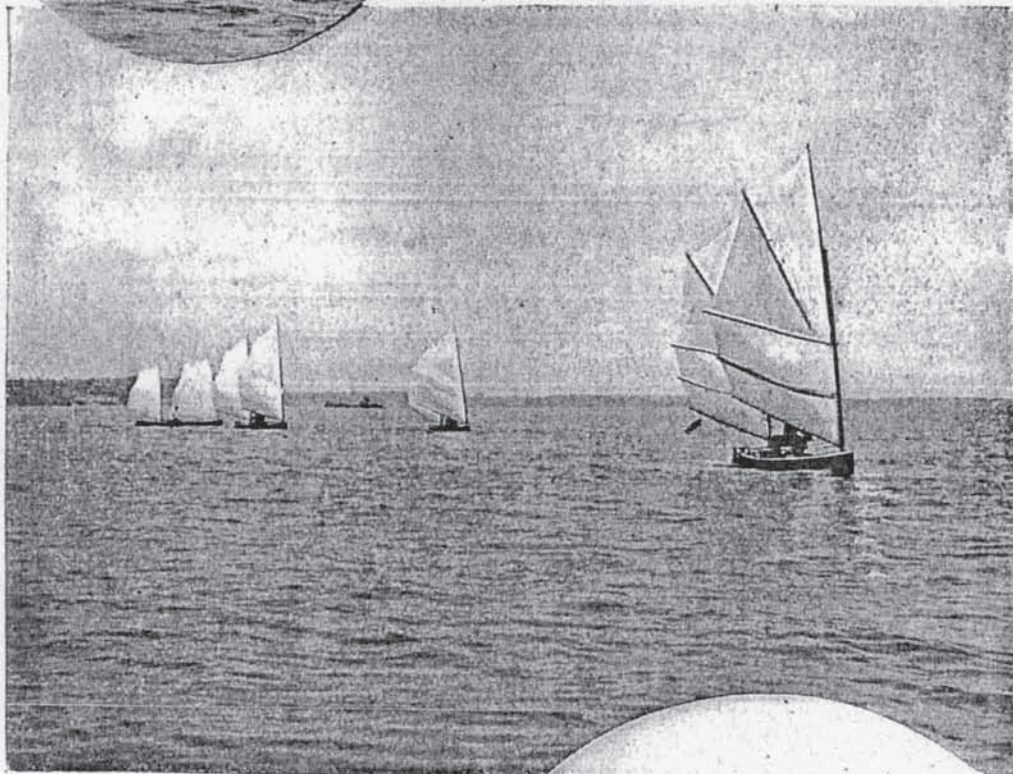
Most of the ladies have their own dainty canoes. Frequently a ladies' paddling race is arranged, and this is a sight which no one who has any respect for himself would lose. At the word "go," as each fair contestant dips her long paddle into the water, first on one side of her little boat and then on the other, a loud shout of approval and encouragement goes up from the spectators on the shore, and the applause given the winner would fill some of our shining political dignitaries with pangs of jealousy.

Then, in the evening, there are the camp fires, perhaps the pleasantest features of the entire camp life. These are held in different parts of the camp, as given by various clubs, and by the commodore and officers of the association. Here the men and women, clad in their picturesque summer costumes, range themselves upon the grass around the

St.
Lawrence
Skiff.



sleeping, the parting good nights are said. Then, singly or in pairs, the group breaks up, as each goes off into the darkness to seek the repose of his own tent. Another delightful day has run its course, and all is still—all but the water whose splashing on the pebbles never ceases, and the glowing embers of the fire, which occasionally crackle and flare up into a temporary brightness, as though loath to die and leave the memory of recent scenes in darkness. Is it any wonder that the canoeist loves his



Maneuvering for a Start.

blazing logs and devote the waning hours of the evening to singing familiar songs, to telling stories of famous canoeists and their deeds, and to listening to the soft music of banjos and mandolins. The stars shed their radiance upon no happier group, and the rippling water on the shore hears no more cheerful sounds than those which come as echoes from the merry party around the canoe camp fire.

As the hour of eleven approaches, when lights must be out, and all are supposed to be



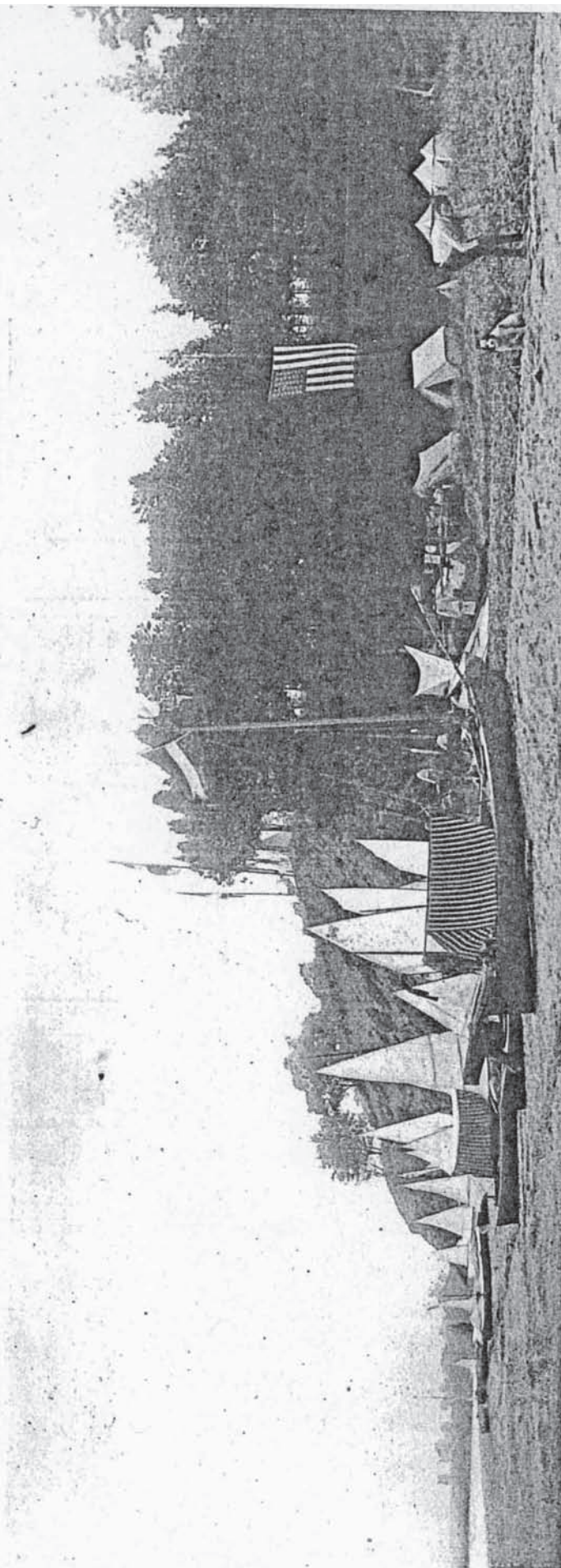
Howard Gray and his Cañoe, the V.

sport, so filled as it is with healthful activity and delightful recreation?

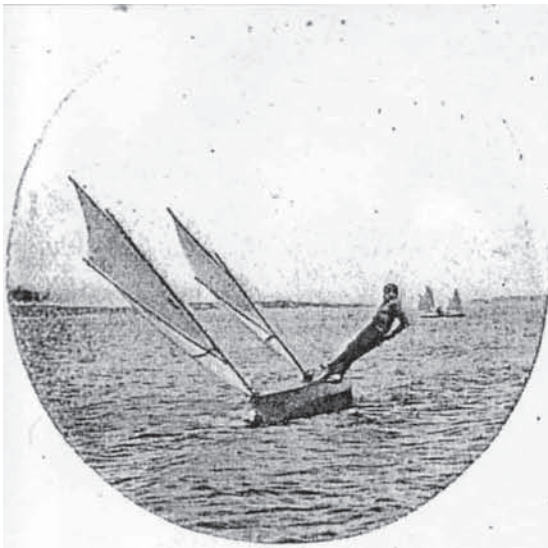
It would not do, even in a very brief article, to omit a word about canoe races and those who have covered themselves with honor in hard fought contests. One who has never had the pleasure of seeing a genuine canoe regatta can have little idea of the variety and excitement which characterize such an event. It takes a high degree of skill to sail a canoe successfully.

The greatest event at the annual meets is the trophy sailing race. During the past two years—that is, in 1892 and 1893—this has been won by Paul Butler, a son of the late General Benjamin F. Butler, and one of the most experienced canoeists in the association. Paul Butler now owns the famous yacht *America*, but he devotes far more attention to his speedy canoe, *Wasp*, than to the large craft. He is the inventor of the sliding seat, now universally used, and has made many other noteworthy improvements. He is a member of the Vesper Canoe Club, of Lowell, Massachusetts. D. S. Goddard and Howard Gray, members of the same club, also stand in the first rank.

In paddling, the Canadians are the recognized leaders, but they have also produced some fine sailors, among whom Ford Jones, of the Brockville Club, Toronto, stands undeniably at the top. For three successive years—in 1889, 1890, and 1891—he won the sailing trophy. It is, however, a singular fact in his case



Canoe Camp at Chesequake Creek, New Jersey.



Paul Butler Sailing the Wasp.

England, and he was also defeated by Reginald S. Blake, of the Brooklyn Canoe Club.

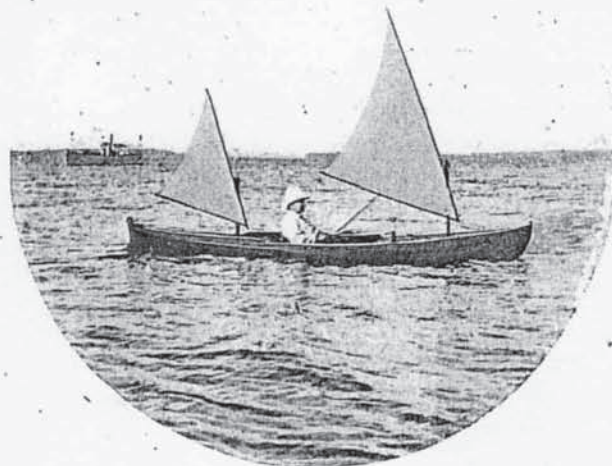
One of the youngest as well as ablest all round canoeists in the association is George P. Douglass, of the Ianthe Club, New Jersey. Last season he divided honors with Charles E. Archbald of the Montreal Canoe Club, who has come rapidly to the front within the past few years.

Mention should also be made of Lafayette W. Seavey and M. T. Bennett as prominent canoeists. The latter and his staunch cruising canoe, Ghost, have been familiar sights at nearly all the association meets.



that although he vanquished many of the ablest sailors with his famous boat Canuck, he met defeat when he came down into New York waters to race for the International Canoe Challenge Cup. The first year he was beaten by H. Lansing Quick, of the Yonkers Club, and in his second attempt by T. E. H. Barrington, of the New York Canoe Club.

The cup was offered by the latter club for the purpose of encouraging international racing, and the first contest took place in 1887, when Warrington Baden-Powell, of the Royal Canoe Club, England, came over to this country. He was beaten by C. Bowyer Vaux. The following year, Walter Stewart came over from



M. T. Bennett's Cruising Canoe, The Ghost.

Growing up on a saltwater estuary in Oregon in a town bustling with maritime activities, Warren, after education and marriage, was drawn back to the waterfront where he pursued a variety of different nautical jobs including commercial fisherman and oceanographic research, and he became fascinated with the timeless, functional beauty of boats. It was inevitable that he would pursue a career in boat building. He did two apprenticeships and attended a boat design college course before founding Jordan Wood Boats in the 1980s. Over the years he has developed several original designs but has also been a keen developer of construction techniques.

The output of 30 years of hands on boat building, trial and error and development of skills he sums up wonderfully in his books, *Jordan Wood Boats*, *Boatbuilding My Way*, which is now in its 3rd edition and has been very well received.

Of his designs Warren says, "In all of my designs I try to incorporate the best qualities of traditional boats that have stood the test of time. I like to employ hull forms that have proven to be the most efficient for their purpose, keeping in mind that the "old salts" who used these boats had only oar, paddle, sail or low powered machinery for propulsion. Their boats simply had to be of efficient design, a concept that makes good sense, even today. This philosophy is integrated into all of my boat building plans."

Warren's construction methods demonstrate remarkable common sense. His boats are designed to be built by traditional or semi traditional methods, often using modern materials like plywood but assembling using transverse frames and/or longitudinal structural members, a system that consistently results in strong and durable boats.

Warren prefers not to use stitch and glue, "Stitch and glue requires the use of large quantities of epoxy which is very messy, toxic and expensive and in some applications saves little, if any, time or weight. When no building jig is used it is extremely hard to keep the various hull parts in perfect alignment and the result is often a boat with humps and twists where there should be only fair, sea kindly lines.

The main reason I disapprove of some of the high tech construction methods is that I do not like the kind of joinery they encourage. After all, building a wooden boat is one of the few endeavours left these days that challenge both hand and mind. A little time and work is required to learn the simple joinery techniques of traditional wooden boat building, but the satisfaction to be gained is enormous and both the trade and the product are deserving of the effort."

If you are considering building a boat but feel more drawn to traditional boat building than stitch or tape and glue methods, then Warren's book and his designs are a very good place to start. Best of all, you get a boat that is not only strong and durable but one which is very pleasing to the eye.

Footloose...

...is designed to be built on an inexpensive ladder frame jig combining both traditional timber construction and use of modern ply to create a boat that will deliver "the laid back, salt and tar, 19th century style of boating," to quote Warren. A multi-purpose 15½' flattie designed for coastal shoals and estuaries, Footloose performs well under her sprit sail, oars or an outboard making her

Designer Focus Warren Jordan of Jordan Wood Boats

Reprinted from *Barnacle Bill*



ideal for day trips, fishing, picnics or just knocking about.

Length: 15'2"

Beam: 5'6"

Draft: 6" Board Up

Hull Weight: Approx 300lbs

Crew: 1-4

Sail Area: 79sf Spritsail with Unstayed Mast

Power: Outboard to 5hp

Perhaps no other type of small craft exemplifies the uncomplicated, carefree boating experience better than the timeless flat bottomed skiff. Flattie skiffs have been around for a very long time. They have been built in every possible size and configuration and have been used for every purpose imaginable, both for work and for pleasure. The reasons for this are simple. Flat bottomed skiffs are easy and economical to build and they are able to do almost anything more complicated types can. They sail and row well and are able to do so in very shallow waters. And when water turns to beach there is no type better adapted to the transition. As a bonus, they can teach all of the basic skills



Footloose sea trials, designer Warren Jordan forward.



She's a fine sailer in light airs.



Footloose with rig struck, Warren at the helm, motoring along effortlessly with low-power outboard.

Footloose trailers very easily on a small simple trailer behind even a compact car.



of construction, maintenance and seamanship that form the nucleus around which you can build a lifetime of boating.

I designed Footloose to fill the broad requirements of boating on the saltwater estuaries of the west coast. I, and many of the local characters, like to sail, fish, crab, clam, camp on the beaches and explore the many backwaters and remote reaches of this area. There is only one boat type, in my estimation, that comes close to filling the bill for all these activities. The versatile flattie skiff.

In Footloose I combined the traditional lines and salty looks of the classic flattie skiff with the ease of building and seamless integrity of plywood construction. This resulted in a considerable savings in building time and a boat that takes well to the trailer. Generous side flare, freeboard and beam provide excellent stability, capacity and sail carrying ability without detracting from her handsome appearance, while her rockered flat bottom and carefully designed hull lines combine to make a boat that is easily propelled by sail, oars or small outboard motor. A fine entry and raked bow minimize pounding in choppy waters and her centerboard and shallow draft make her an ideal beach cruiser.

Simple Construction:

Footloose is designed to be built on a solid but simple and inexpensive ladder frame jig. She is assembled with transverse frames and longitudinal structural members, a system that has proven over many years to result in boats of superior strength and durability.

The five rigid frames are set up on the jig and, with stem, transom, chines and keelson, provide the form to which the marine plywood is fastened. The frames remain an integral part of the boat, providing rigidity to the hull and attachment for the seat risers, inwales and gunwales. A centerboard trunk, thwarts and stern bench finish out the interior joinery. Plywood floorboards, fitted in removable sections between the frames, provide a dry walkway while protecting the bottom from wear.

The sailing rig I chose for Footloose is my favorite, the traditional loose footed sprit. Besides looking right for this type of boat, it embodies the ultimate in simplicity, both in rigging and handling. Among its many virtues, it is inexpensive to fabricate and maintain, requiring no high tech hardware or fittings. The spars can be easily fashioned by hand. It is extremely reliable and displays remarkably good overall performance.

Another of its endearing features is that it spreads the largest area of sail on the shortest spars of any rig. It can be set up or struck in seconds and the whole rig can be rolled up and stowed inside the boat along one side, leaving plenty of room for the crew to row or motor. The 79sf rig is boomless, in traditional fashion, making it very safe for children and those not used to "ducking the boom." The sail plan also specifies a 30" deep reef, a reduction that should handle most conditions encountered.

A Versatile Craft...

...for knocking about in unfavorable conditions of wind or tide, Footloose responds handily to a small (5hp or less) outboard motor, hung on a removable, adjustable bracket mounted to one side of the rudder. The rudder is of moderate draft. It incorporates a quick release stop and a unique tiller that pivots to work with the skip-



Simple but solid construction setup on ladder frame jog showing stem and forward elements.



More construction showing frames and transom set up on ladder frame.

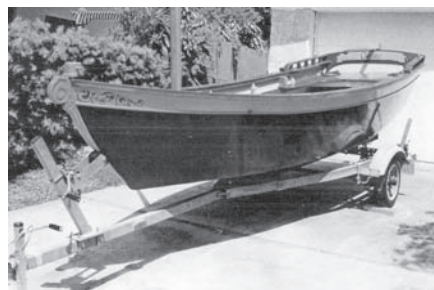
Completed Footloose ready for finish.



per standing for shoal water navigation. For quick and compact stowing, the tiller can be rotated completely around to fold against the blade. With her moderate spread of canvas, Footloose steps out nicely in light airs and will provide much enjoyable knocking about, particularly for those not so much interested in ultimate performance, but in the laid back, salt and tar, 19th century style of boating. And that is what this kind of boat is all about.

The plans for Footloose include detailed large scale construction drawings for all assemblies as well as diagrams for the simple ladder frame jig that allows this transverse framed $\frac{3}{8}$ " plywood hull to be precisely set up and assembled without fear of something going adrift, as is often the case with jigless construction. No lofting is required. Spar and sail plans detailing the rigging of this able craft are included, along with plans for traditional style oars for auxiliary power. To clarify the building process, comprehensive construction notes describing all components are number keyed to the corresponding assemblies in all the drawings.

(Footloose plans are \$68 and can be ordered online at: www.jordanwoodboats.com)



A particularly nicely done Footloose from customer Bill Venz of Pompano Beach, Florida. His added character touches are testimony that these relatively simple boats offer even the novice builder and empty canvas for experimentation and exploration.



Lovely bow detail on Bill Venz's Footloose.



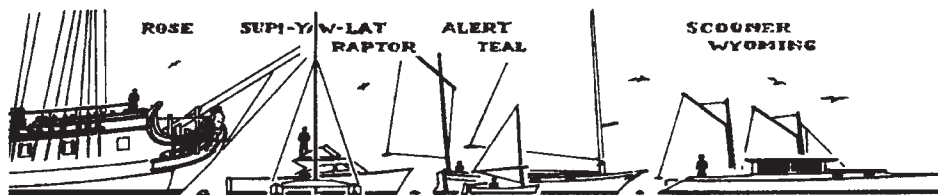
Stern sheets and surround details, more outstanding workmanship from Bill.



Mast bench and forward details.

Another customer build showing sailing rig stowed aboard, all shipshape and ready for adventuring.





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The initial intent for Chebacco 20 was easy trailerability to get around the challenge of endless waiting lists for a mooring or finding oneself going pale with charges for a spot on a float. Or at least this is what was facing us hereabouts. Then Phil responded to a particular request and added a shallow long keel in order to have no bifurcation of the glass house on Design #605, which we looked at in the last issue. Still plausibly undramatic to trailer and launch.

And now this 2'2" keel under this variation on that same hull? It seems worthy of some attention since quite a few folks sail in waters much deeper than our ice age shaped mix of granite bedrock and dead level salt marshes full of meandering tidal streams keeping your reflexes sharp with 8'4" to 12'5" tides.

No doubt we would not need a keel like this to combine the interior layout of the older "Cruising Chebacco," plus her inside/outside doghouse with the greater freeboard and thus cabin volume of the Raised Deck version. But doing a small 1+1 coastal cruiser with a few (as yet undetermined) hundred pounds of ballast addresses some folks' queasiness about taking unballasted boats a bit beyond the immediate inshore waters.

And for days and weeks of cruising, that house lets us get out of rain, fog or just too

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #499 in *MAIB*

Chebacco 21 Keel Cat Yawl Cruiser

21'2"x7'5"x2'2"x10hp

much sun. There'd be ways to sail her from the inside seats. And with two crew aboard, one inside dozing seems attractive until a change of tack awakes the all too relaxed body. Seatbelts?

The half shelter over the forward end of the cockpit always seemed a sensible idea for longer explorations under sail, protection and yet all the noises and most of the wind to stimulate at the helm. With that long keel it seemed like a good idea to add a bit of length to her above the waterline in order to get a bit of rake into her transom to show off that salty outboard hung rudder. And that, in turn, suggests a fine effort of building a matching tiller, carvings and all. Sailing her from under the house overhang, a tiller extension better be as good looking.

Yes, that rudder geometry ruins the elegance of the original's centerline outboard

right behind her rudder, now making the outboard live off either side of the rudder. And it better be a long shaft affair when she's on the wrong tack and we want to power sail reliably past that headland that otherwise may traumatize with a rich range of lee shore scenarios on the cruising brain.

It might be worth looking at more sail area to move her extra weight and wetted surface, plus a bit more mast diameter to counter that ballast deep down.

The ergonomics may be the best of all the sailing layouts so far, with decent bunks forward, minimal galley and head hidden under the two house seats and a full length set of sleepable cockpit benches. Four aboard her for perhaps a long weekend, assuming boom tent and fly screening? Modest stowage volumes on a boat this light suggests minimalism by yachties' standards but would be luxurious compared to what a backpack or a motorbike could carry.

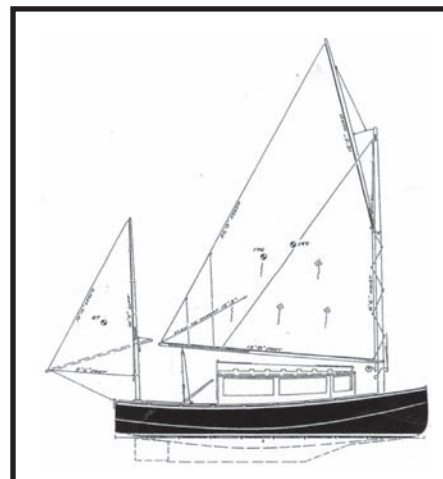
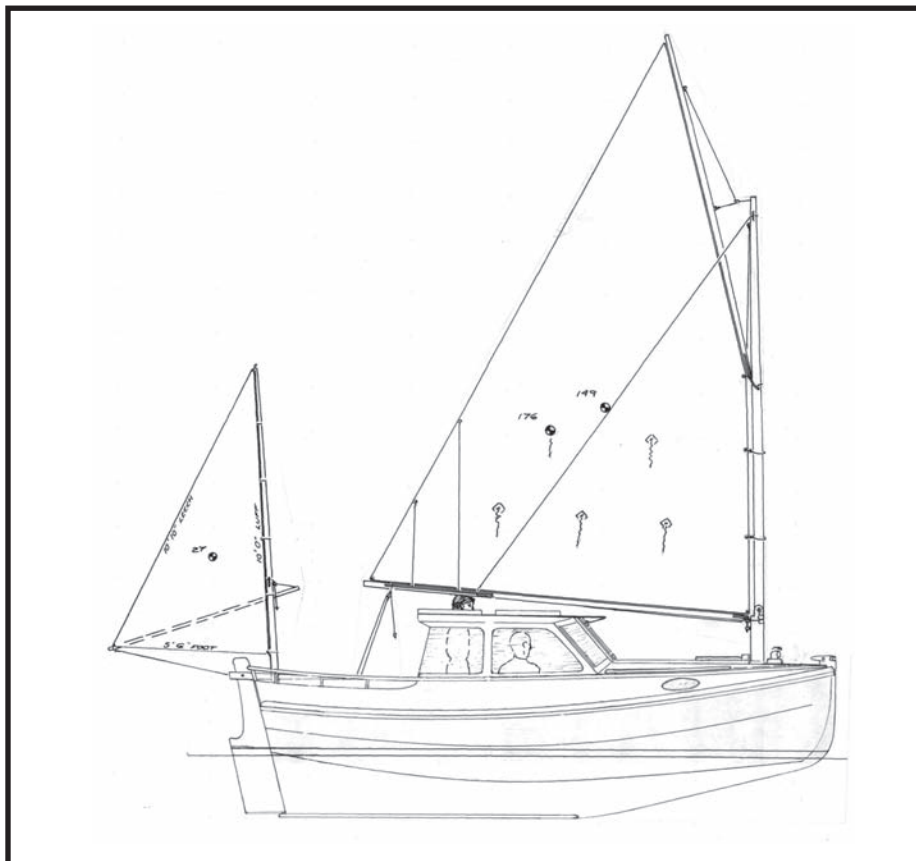
Other than that, this is all following the plywood/epoxy/fiberglass/foam matrix so handy for one off construction while offering as much sinking resistance and even insulation as we'd want to carefully laminate into this ballasted light cruiser.

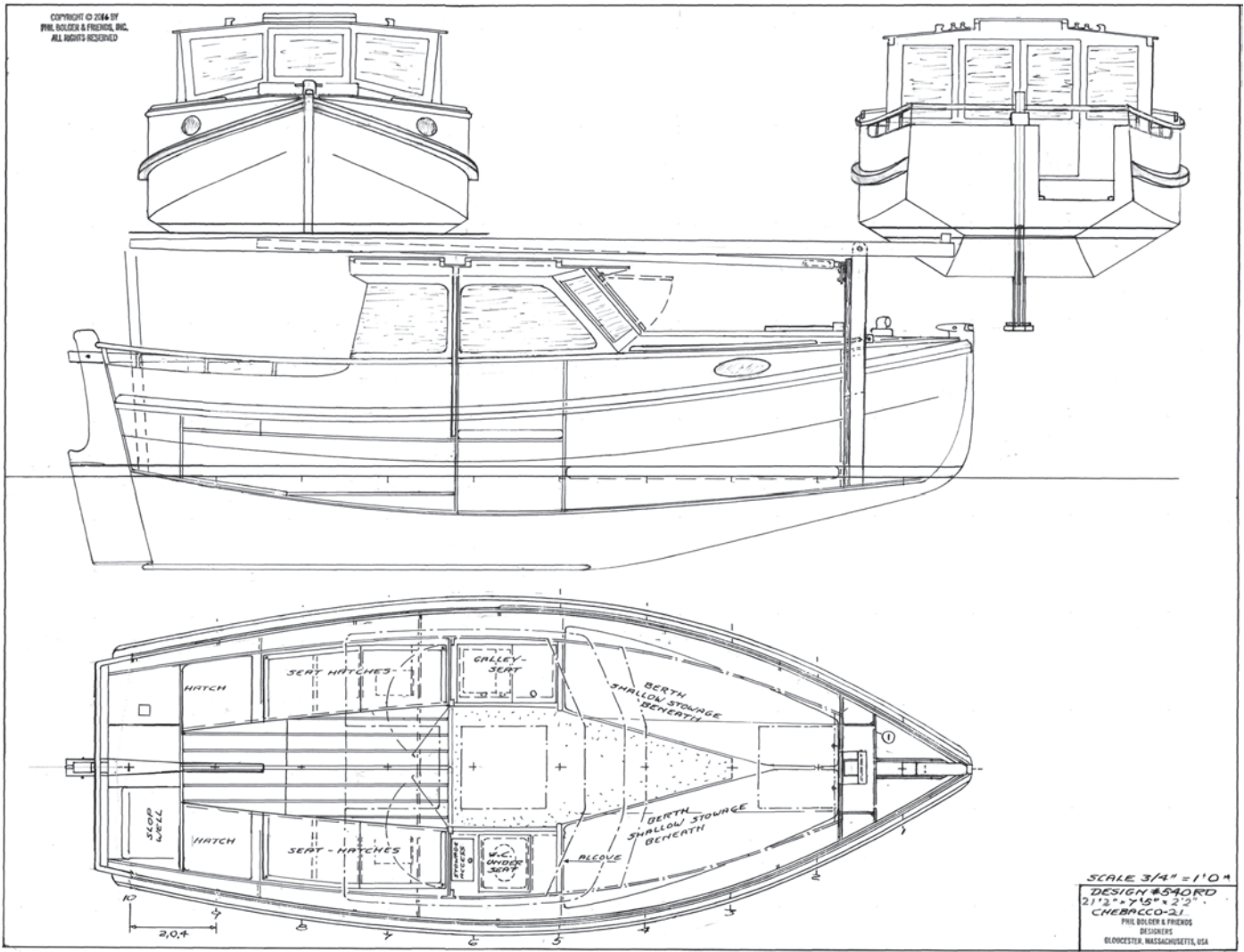
Looks seem inoffensive, if not some better. And gaff sloop and gaff cutter rigs are perfectly conceivable.

Like all the other pieces on the Chebacco Theme, this is just a reasonably plausible study but would not take much work on this end to make her a buildable plan. But first she'll be looked at some more hanging on the cork wall.

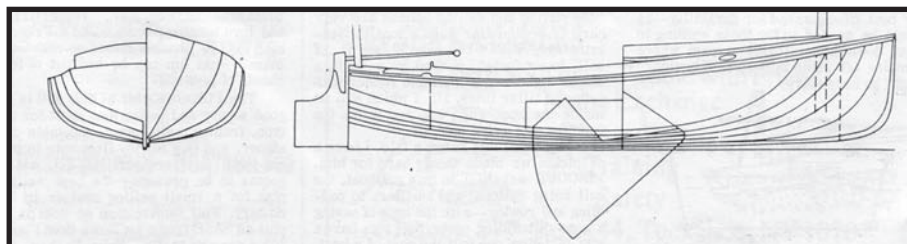
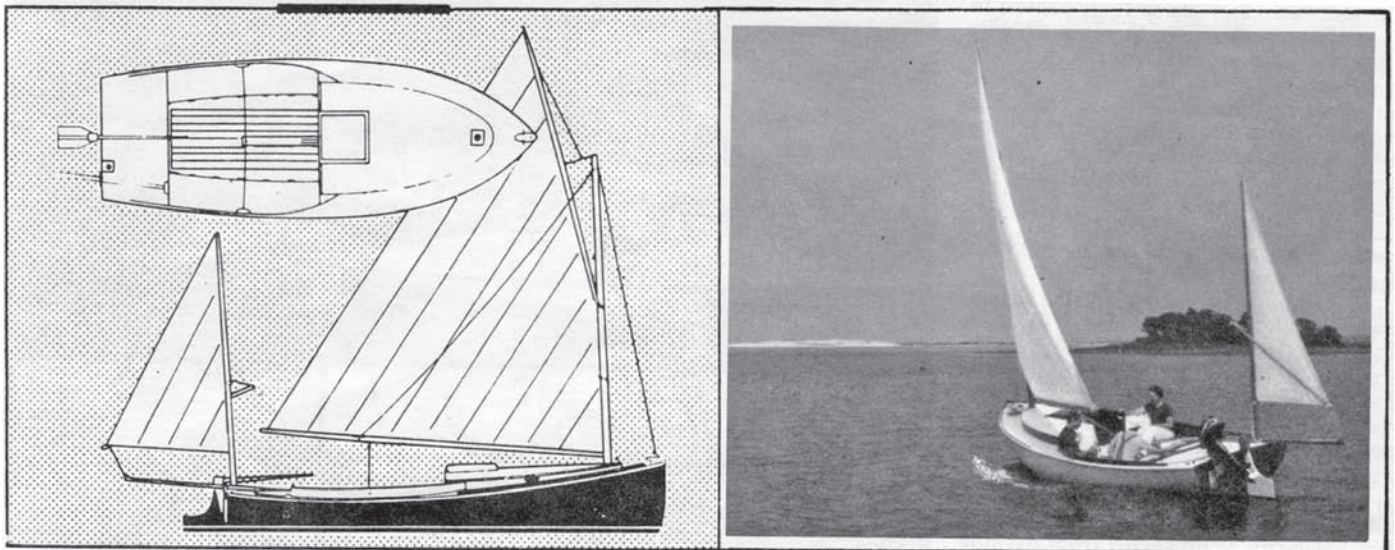
Design Column #499! So what about #500? I'm afraid that no grand reveal is in the offing at this writing. That will happen under whatever Column/Number when something grand like the first of the books is indeed ready for presentation. Still I may take a glass of Pinot Gris or Riesling on the occasion of #500.

The Glass House Chebacco





The original Chebacco 20 from 1984



SKILSAW: A portable cutting tool used to make boards too short.



BELT SANDER: An electric sanding tool commonly used to convert minor touch up jobs into major refinishing jobs.



DRILL PRESS: A tall upright machine useful for suddenly snatching flat metal bar stock out of your hands so that it smacks you in the chest and flings your beer across the room, denting the freshly painted project which you had carefully set in the corner where nothing could get to it.



TABLE SAW: A large stationary power tool commonly used to launch wood projectiles for testing wall integrity. Very effective for digit removal!!



A Beginner's Guide to Handy Shop Tools

By John Nystrom

BAND SAW: A large stationary power saw primarily used by most shops to cut large pieces into smaller pieces that more easily fit into the trash after you cut on the inside of the line instead of the outside edge. Also excels at amputations.



WIRE WHEEL: Cleans paint off bolts and then throws them somewhere under the workbench with the speed of light. Also removes fingerprints and hard earned calluses from fingers in about the time it takes you to say "oh shit." Will easily wind a tee shirt off your back.



OXYACETYLENE TORCH: Used almost entirely for igniting various flammable objects in your shop and creating a fire. Also handy for igniting the grease inside wheel hub out of which you want to remove a bearing race.



TWO TON ENGINE HOIST: A tool for testing the maximum tensile strength of all the crap you forgot to disconnect.



HYDRAULIC FLOOR JACK: Used for lowering an automobile to the ground after you have installed your new brake shoes, trapping the jack handle firmly under the bumper.



HACKSAW: One of a family of cutting tools built on the Ouija board principle. It transforms human energy into a crooked, unpredictable motion and the more you attempt to influence its course, the more dismal your future becomes.



PRY BAR: A tool used to crumple the metal surrounding that clip or bracket you needed to remove in order to replace a 50¢ part.



CHANNEL LOCKS: Used to round off bolt heads. Sometimes used in the creation of blood blisters.



VICE GRIPS: Generally used after pliers to completely round off bolt heads. If nothing else is available, they can also be used to transfer intense welding heat to the palm of your hand.



STRAIGHT SCREWDRIVER: A tool for opening paint cans. Sometimes used to convert common slotted screws into non removable screws and butchering your palms.



PHILLIPS SCREWDRIVER: Normally used to stab the vacuum seals under lids or for opening old style paper and tin oil cans and splashing oil on your shirt, but can also be used, as the name implies, to strip out Phillips screw heads.



PVC PIPE CUTTER: A tool used to make plastic pipe too short.



HAMMER: Originally employed as a weapon of war, the hammer nowadays is used as a kind of divining rod to locate the most expensive parts adjacent to the object you are trying to hit. Also very effective at fingernail removal.



UTILITY KNIFE: Used to open and slice through the contents of cardboard cartons delivered to your front door. Works particularly well on contents such as seats, vinyl records, liquids in plastic bottles, collector magazines, refund checks and rubber or plastic parts. Especially useful for slicing work clothes, but only while in use. These can also be used to initiate a trip to the emergency room so a doctor can sew up the damage.



In the last issue I wrote about the idea of floating the anchor chain/rode over rocks or coral to protect the rode from the rocks and the coral from the chain. A possible means of "floating" the rode are the floats used with swimming pool equipment to keep the hose that runs the bottom sweeper off the bottom. I have about eight of those floats and did some testing with 1/2" line. The floats worked quite well. They needed to be tied in place along the line to keep the floats spaced along the line when using them.

When the speed of a displacement hull increases, the stern "squats" because of hydrodynamic phenomenon by which a vessel moving quickly through the water creates an area of lowered pressure that causes the stern of the ship to "sink." This phenomenon is not much of a problem in deep water but can become a problem in shallow water. This phenomenon is caused when water that should normally flow under the hull encounters resistance due to the close proximity of the hull to the seabed. This causes the water to move faster, creating the low pressure area with lowered water level surface. The amount of squat is related to the speed and displacement of the vessel. Thus, there is less chance of putting the vessel aground at a slow speed in shallow water (a lower speed may also make it easier to get off if a vessel does run aground).

If a boat does go aground, it may be a problem with a fixed keel as the hull leans to one side as the tide goes out. If possible, the boat should be kept upright with some type of support (spinnaker pole?) lashed to the side that is leaning towards the water to hold the boat upright. If that cannot be done, it is necessary to make sure that all the hull openings are closed on the downward side so water does not enter the boat as the tide comes in.

I saw a powerboat that "sank" off Shell Point when it went aground with the stern in deeper water. The stern settled as the tide went out but did not rise when the tide came in because the stern cockpit drains had not been blocked off. The water entered the boat through the openings and filled up most of



the stern section of the boat. If there had been plugs in the scuppers from the outside, the stern would have risen with the tide.

These days an outboard motor is a considerable investment. There are a number of ways to prevent your boat's motor from being stolen. Added to the chain and lock type systems is an electronic one that uses two sensors (something like a contact strip on a door or window). If the sensors are separated, an alarm is triggered over a mobile network. Included in the sensor on the motor is a GPS tracker. All this is according to the manufacturer, outboardwarden.com.

One of the items that keeps coming up in reports on boats sinking is that the pump(s) either failed became clogged (or both). While I have never seen an auger pump on a boat, these are useful devices that do not clog. Near my home in Manatee County were a number of shell pits. Draglines were at the bottom of the pits digging up the shell to be hauled away in dump trucks and used for road fill. Since the holes were 20'-40' deep, there was a need for continuous pumping. What was used were 6" diameter auger pumps. The output was sufficient for the need. All kinds of shell pieces, debris and the like came up with the water. As long as there was electric power for the pump motor, the pump did not fail.

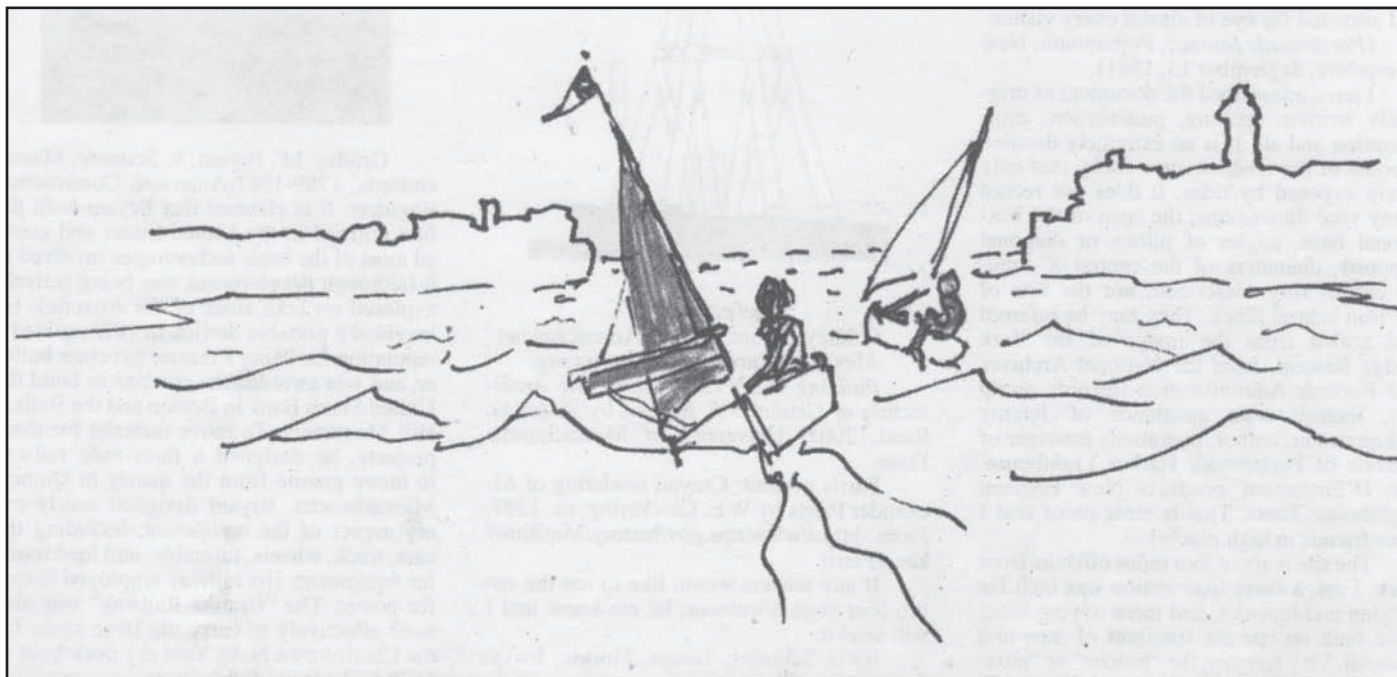
I see all kinds of advertisements and read a good deal of advice on what vehicle should be used for towing a boat. Seldom have I seen anything about the need for the tow vehicle to outweigh the tow so the driver has some control if things go wrong. All the emphasis seems to be on gas mileage and towing package options. After thousands of miles of tow-

ing boats, a 35' Airstream trailer and the like, my major requirement is a heavy, stable vehicle. While not suitable for being immersed, independent electric brakes on the trailer are a nice option as surge brakes on a trailer only work well when everything is in line. If problems arise on a curve the trailer may push the rear of the tow vehicle sideways rather than setting the trailer brakes.

It is also a good idea to have independent brakes on the tow vehicle (dual brake system) so if there is a brake line failure there still is some braking power. I had a brake line fail for the rear wheel brakes while backing down to recover a boat at the launch ramp. The front wheel brakes held and chocks were put behind the rear wheels to hold everything while a solution was worked out. Since the front wheel brakes were working, I carefully finished backing down, had the wheels re-chocked and pulled the boat. I left the boat/trailer combination out of the way and went carefully back to town to have the brake line repaired. Without a dual brake system (and chocks ready for use) my vehicle would have probably been in the water (setting the manual parking brake when I felt the brake failure was another option at that point).

A book I was reading on cruising noted that about 85sf of sail area is needed for each 2,000lbs of displacement. Further research on the web confirmed this estimate of sail area to displacement for non racing sailboats. Our Ranger 26 had a displacement of 5,860lbs and a sail area of 321.75sf (not including the spinnaker) while our Tornado had a displacement of 342lbs and a sail area of 236sf. Although rigged for racing, the Ranger was nowhere as fast as the Tornado because of the displacement, the hull design and the amount of sail area relative to each.

It should be noted in any sail area displacement calculations that a boat's design displacement will probably be less than its in the water displacement after all the gear, stores and people are added. The sail area can always be reduced but it is a bit difficult to add sail area (I will describe one method in the next issue).



Painting from Photographs

By John Guidera

For the past several years I have enjoyed being a guest at Phil Maynard's home in Waldoboro, Maine. While the other guests' prime interests have been overnight passagemaking in small boats, my interest has turned to photography.

I have collected a series of digital photos of Maine scenes which I can use as subject matter for paintings. Much has been written in art journals about painting from photos. All emphasize the caution to not simply copy the photo exactly as it exists. Feel free to leave out buildings, electric utility poles, etc. Add subtle elements that reinforce the viewer to focus on your intended center of interest. I decided to use this subject matter (painting from photos) as a presentation in our February TSCA meeting. The focus of our meeting was marine art, poems and books.

One of the famous lighthouses of Maine is the Pemaquid Point Light. It is easily accessible by road and affords parking to visitors as part of the minimal park entry fee. Entrance to the park allows visitors to tour the light and keeper's house, use the public rest room and visit a community art gallery located in the park. Because of these assets I have visited it many times. If you visit in the spring, summer or early fall you may see plein air painters.

In my presentation I showed the photo I used from a visit last year. In my painting I enhanced the green lawn area and changed the rock placement. Finally, I added yellow dandelion flowers at the suggestion of my chief critic, my wife. And, by the way, I refuse to add birds in flight or chimney smoke to my paintings. I also removed fences and walkways to show how the lighthouse looked during the 19th century. Part of my joy of painting is the skill of knowing what to add or leave out.



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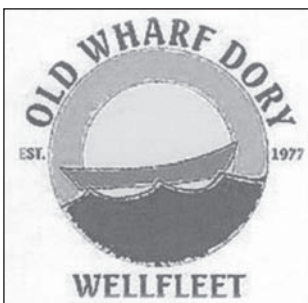
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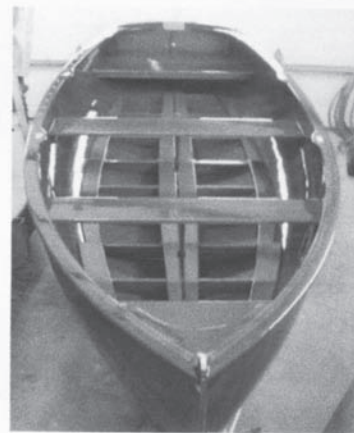
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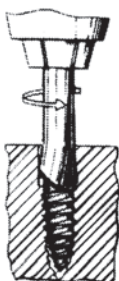
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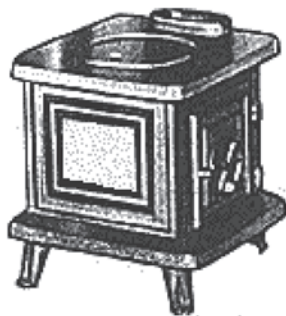
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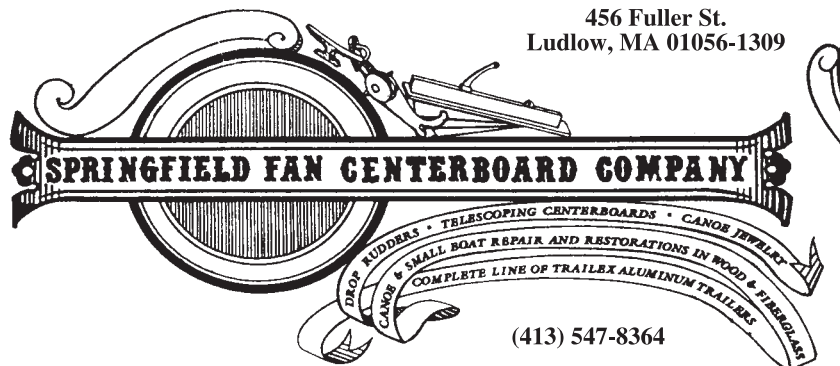
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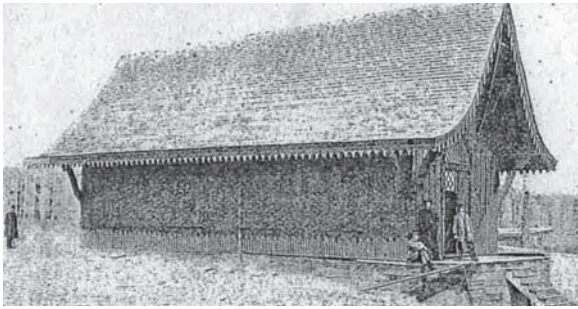


The NYYC Digs in the 1880s

Engravings Reprinted from *Cosmopolitan Magazine* 1888

Submitted by Dick Winslow

Not sure that you'd have wished to enjoy summer fun with the New York Yacht Club bunch back in 1888 as portrayed in the February issue? If not, take a gander at the shoreside digs they enjoyed when not afloat!



The New York Yacht Club's first clubhouse in the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, since occupied by the New Jersey Yacht Club and now to be demolished to make room for a railroad extension.

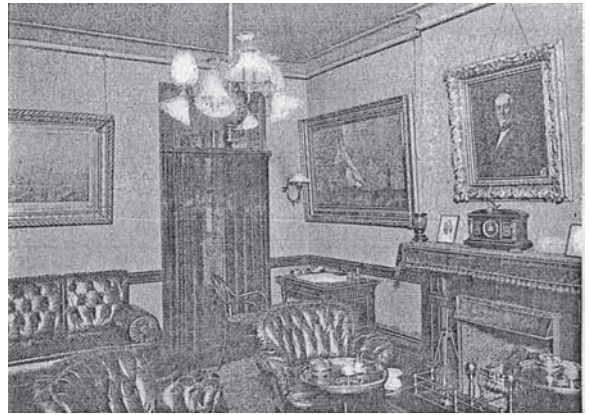


Interior of the New York Yacht Club's first clubhouse. The small room at the back served as a boat house and dry dock.



The New York Yacht Club's second waterfront clubhouse on Staten Island, near Fort Wadsworth.

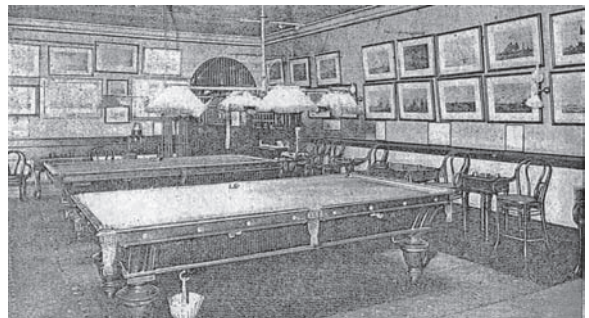
The Entrance Hall to the New York Yacht Club's clubhouse on Madison Avenue in New York City. While it is not as fine as the one now building on West Forty Fourth Street, the "Old Timers" will leave it with regret.



The Reception Room at the Madison Avenue clubhouse. Over the mantel is a portrait of John C. Stevens, the Club's founder and first Commodore.

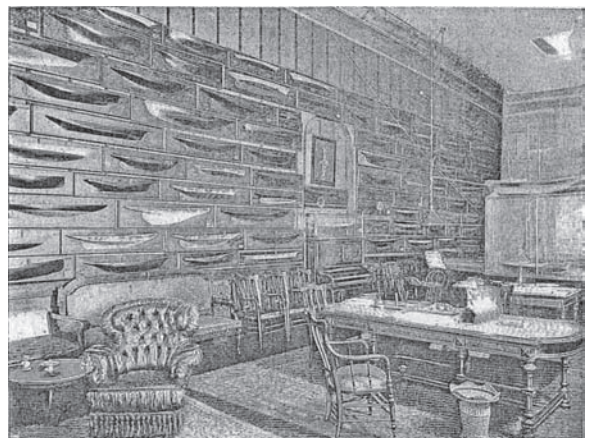


The Library at the Madison Avenue clubhouse, a treasure house of literature bearing upon the sport of yachting.



The Billiard Room at the Madison Avenue clubhouse.

The Model Room at the Madison Avenue clubhouse, whose walls give an epitome of American progress in yacht designing.



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18' Simmons Sea Skiff, w/cuddy cabin, 25hp Honda, trlr, all in new cond. \$3,500. D. RUTHERFORD, Cape May Pt., NJ, (609) 884-7549. (6)

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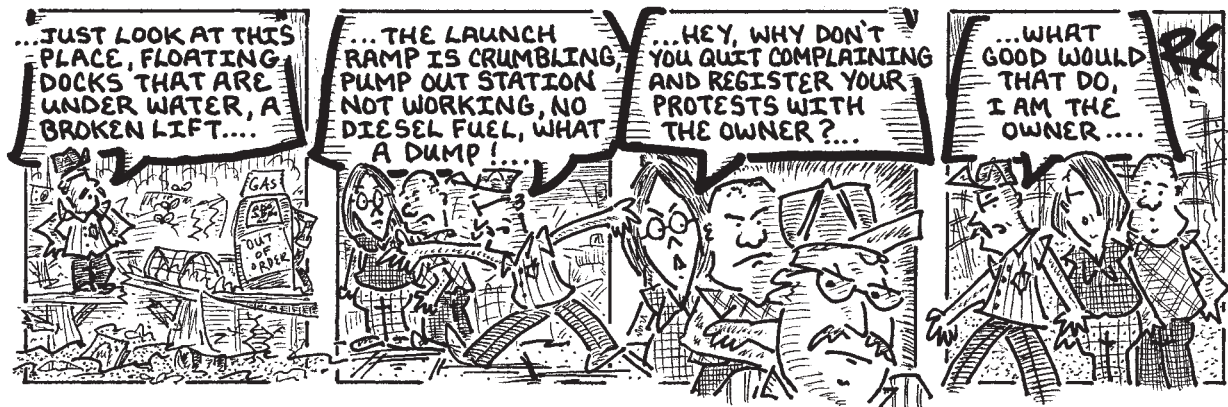
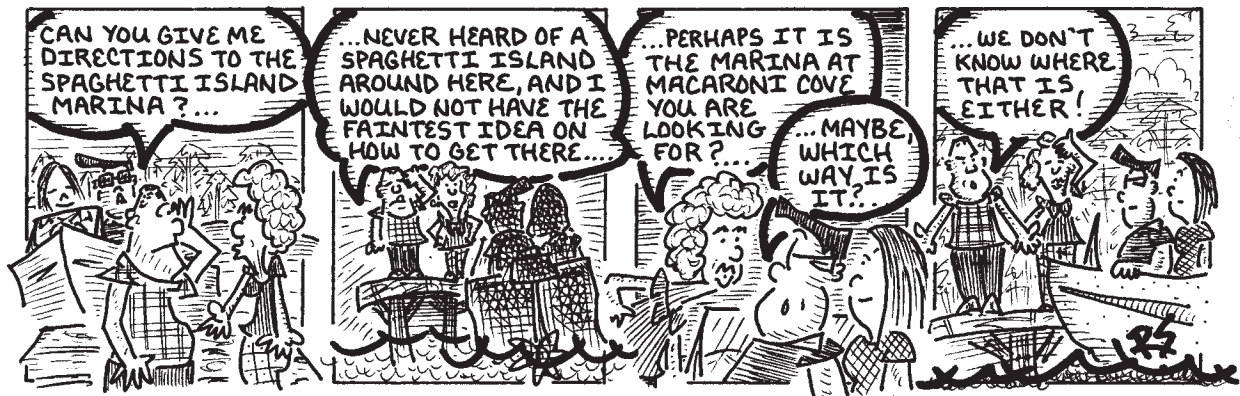
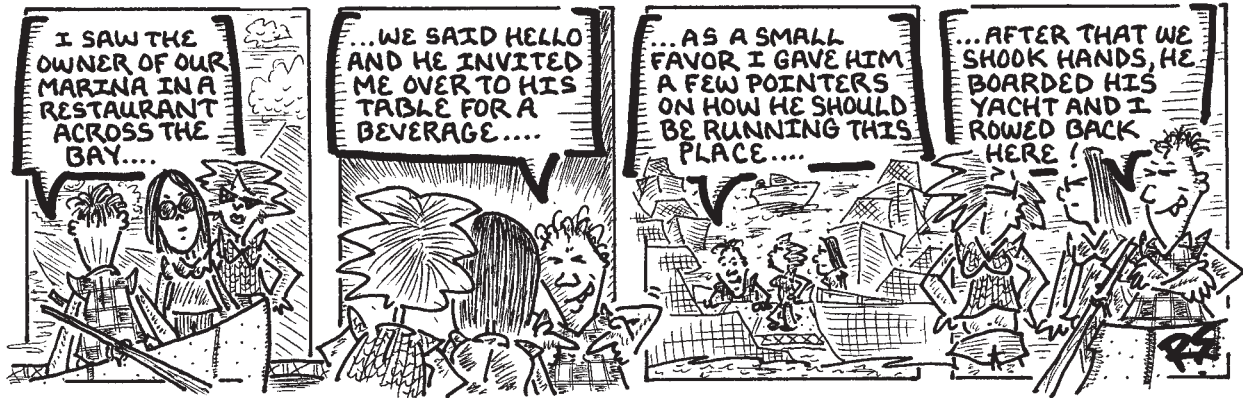
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The March issue of On The Water features a nice article on our boats. Great pictures too. The issue was devoted to fishing boats and fishing gear. In sitting down to pull this ad together....I thought, hmmm, we must have some photos of our boats with fish. The mind indexes such things very nicely.. It even summoned the customers who sent in the photos and the circumstances of the fish being caught. So, as I sorted through the memory bank of photos....I thought, why not put the biggest fish up there. This 70,000 pound humpbacked whale.

A customer, Jake Lemon, bought a 14' Vermont Fishing Dory for a camping trip he'd promised himself in Alaska. Sitka Sound, to be precise. I can't even discover how big Sitka Sound is. But everything out west is bigger than anything in the east. And anything in Alaska is bigger than anything out west. Jake wrote, "After a lay-over day at the first camp, it was time to make a wake. It was predicted socked in weather with head winds 5 to 10 knots. In the stretches between islands, open to the North Pacific, the swells were 3'-4', which were no threat at all. A 10 knot breeze makes a bit of a chop, chop being significantly more of a threat to my little boat (with about 8" of freeboard) than swells. More than once, I received raised eyebrows from power boaters witnessing me so far off shore. This day shaped up to be my toughest day of rowing... into the 10 knot wind. At one point, a Coast Guard Sea Stallion helicopter (these babies are big, deep throated machines) advanced up behind me & hovered a good distance off my starboard beam, protecting me from its massive downwash. They were obviously checking out my sanity, I momentarily took my hand off of the oar & gave them a quick wave. That satisfied them & they fell away to leave me to the circumstance I had created for myself....."

Jake's needs aren't those of your every-day rower. But, isn't it nice to know that such quality and sea-worthiness is there, should there be a need? Quality boats can not make up for stupid boating practices. No rowers or whales were injured in the writing of this ad....except for some blisters on Jake's hands...and smile lines around his eyes.

